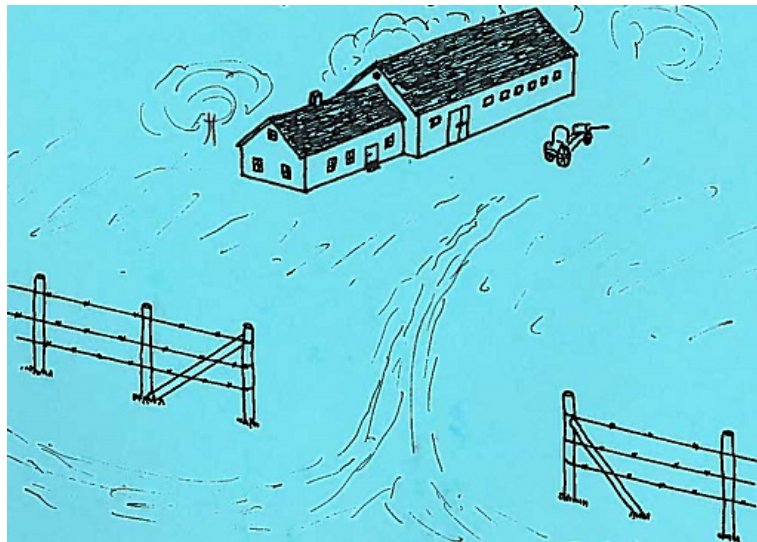


Growing up in Blumenheim

English – Plautdietsch Edition



En Bloomenheim Oppjewossen

Englisch – Plautdietsch Utgow

Jack Driedger

Draft August 25, 2018

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Author's note

The targeted readership of this story is those of us who may have cut our teeth on the Low German language. This may have happened around the Faspas table or in the "big room" where our parents and neighbours visited and cracked sunflower seeds. Some may have been ashamed to admit it was their spoken language at home; some may have spoken it as their first language. Still others may have learned that when their parents wanted a private conversation, they used this strange language called Low German or Plautdietsch.

The number of Mennonites and their friends still conversant in Low German has greatly diminished due to lack of practice. As you read my story, you may find yourself smiling or maybe even chuckling as you recall that time long ago. I hope you will enjoy your struggles reading as much as I enjoyed my struggles writing *Enn Bloomenheim Oppjewossen*.

Jack Driedger
2011

Enleidunk

Miere Joa hab ekj jedocht, ekj sull emol von miene oppwaussende Joaren en Bloomenheim schriewen. Miere Frind haben mie ieremol doatoo aunjuhukt. Daut wia nu Tiet daut ekj mete Sach aunfunk. Schlieslich sad ekj mol looss doamet, un hia es et.

Toom ieeschte Mol schreef ekj dit opp Enjliisch. Ditmol es et opp Plautdietsch. Oba Plautdietsch woat lang nich äwareen jerät. Daut schient soo, en Jieda rät soo Plautdietsch aus am de Schnowel jewossen es. Dise Jeschicht woaren de Läsa soo läsen aus ekj en Bloomenheim hab Plautdietsch jeliheet. Wan ekj eefach aum Enj wia, woo ekj waut sajen sull, must ekj mie opp Hermaun Rampel ooda Jack Thiessen sien Wiededabuak veloten.

Bloomenheim es noch dän vondoagschen Dach aum läwen. Wan eena von Sasketun nom Nuaden opp Numma 11 Huachwajch bat de Staut Ossla foat, sit eena aune rajchte Sied eene Tofel. Dee wiest daut Bloomenheim alf Kilomeeta em Oosten es. Bloomenheim haft sikj sea veendat. Aul de Jebieda waut opp onsen Hoff wieren sent wajch. Doa stonen nu gauns andre Jebieda.

Waut jie hia läsen es mau eene eefache Jeschicht von miene ieeschte twintich Joaren. Ekj hab daut soo beschräwen aus mie daut denkjen kaun. Natieedlich woaren eensje Menschen, dee doobie läwden, daut aundasch behoolen aus ekj. Doa es je dan uk nuscht met looss. Ekj hab kjeene Nomes jebrukt, wiels ekj keenem beleidjen well. Wan ekj opplatst doch wäm beleidicht hab, dan bitte entschulcht mie.

Ekj schriew dit fa miene Elren, Jakob un Maria (Siemess) Driedja, toom Aunjedenkj. Wan miene Elren mie uk nienich omoarmden, wist ekj doch, daut see mie sea goot wieren. Wan dee mie waut vespruaken, wist ekj jeneiw, daut daut soo woaren wudd. Ekj kunn mie doa emma gauns opp veloten, daut miene Elren mie opprechtich behaandlen un met aule Needichkjeiten besorjen wudden.

Wan soo väl aus eene Dutz Läsa daut Vejniecejen jeft, waut ekj hia jeschräwen hab, dan es mie daut Goot. Wäemma mie to dise Sach unjastett haft, to däm saj ekj noch välmol Dankscheen.

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shoe department that was about the size and shape of a small bookcase. At the bottom, you could put your feet under the machine while standing and looking down from the top. An Xray picture showed your feet inside your shoes so you could see whether your toes had enough room.

Saskatoon was a noisy place. Since there was no air conditioning, doors were kept open during hot summer days. Hence, whether one was in a store or on the sidewalk, it was impossible to carry on a conversation when a streetcar rumbled by. You had to pause until the noise died down before you could continue your conversation.

Father carefully parked the car in one of two central locations, either at the Market or at Eatons. From there we walked to do our shopping. I dreaded the elevators at Eatons. They invariably made me motion sick. I hung onto Mother's hand while waiting for the elevator car. Seeing the heavy weights and dangling chains sway through the glass doors as the elevator car moved up and down did not help.

One time we went to an air show at the Saskatoon airport. The largest airplane I remember seeing was a three-engine model. Hucksters shouted, "Hot dogs, fresh hot dogs". I had no idea what a hot dog was. I wanted Father to buy me one, but he told me they were hard-skinned things that I would not like.

When we were downtown, we noticed that many people were looking up at the clear blue sky. As we followed their gaze, we saw an airplane write the words "3 STAR", which was a brand of gasoline sold by the Imperial Oil Company.

Maschien, dee onjefää soo groot wia aus een klijenet Buakschaup. Eena kunn de Feet doarunja stääkjen. Wan eena dan rauf kijikt, kunn eena derch een Derchkijika seenen woo goot de Feet enne Schoo pausten, ea eena sikj dee koft.

En Saskatoon wia daut oba lud. Too de Tiet hauden see nich daut Toobehia de Jebieda auftokjeelen, soo aus vondoag. Wan daut de Somma dan soo rajcht heet wia, haud aulemaun de Däären op. Daut hilt sikj dan jliik auf eena buten ooda bennen wia, wan doa eene Gaussenbonkoa vebie fua, kunn eena sikj met kjeenem vetalen bat daut Jedäwa äwa wia.

Voda leet de Koa entwäda bie Eatons ooda biem Moakjtplauz stonen. Von doa jinj wie dan tofoot. Ekj gruld mie emma, wan wie nom Foastool bie Eatons jinjen. Wan ekj de lange Kjäden derch daut Glaus schoklen sach wan de Foatstool enne Hecht ooda rauf fua, wort mie soorajcht Schis. Ekj wist aul, daut mie dieslich ooda onmaklich woaren wudd, wan wie em Foastool nen jinjen. Wan ekj miene Mame ääre Haunt sea faust hilt, kunn ekj et afens uthoolen.

Eemol fua wie no eene Utstalinj en Saskatoon bie de Loftschepp Stazion. Daut jratste Loftschepp waut ekj mie denkjen kaun, daut ekj doa sach, wia soont met dree Loftschrüwen. Pedlasch schrieen opp Enjlisch, "Hot dogs! Hot dogs!" Ekj wist nich, waut daut wia. Ekj wull haben, mien Voda sull mie eenen kjeepen, oba hee säd, daut wieren soone hoatladaje Dinja, dee wudd ekj nich jleichen. Ekj wundad woo hee daut wist, daut ekj dee nich jleichen wudd.

Aus wie medden enne Staut wieren, wundaden wie, wuarom de Menschen aula enne Hecht kijikten. Aus wie dan uk enne Hecht kijikten, sag wie een Loftschepp dee Wieed 3 STAR met Ruak schreewen. 3 Star wia eene Sort Gasolien, daut de Imperial Oil Haundelsjeschaft vekoft. Soon Jeschriew haud wie noch niemols ea

jeseenen.

I'll never forget the day we went to Saskatoon to see the King and Queen on the occasion of their royal visit in 1939. We dressed up in our Sunday best. As a thirteen-year-old lad, I was embarrassed that I had to make do with a pair of scuffed work boots instead of dress oxfords like those my older brothers had. It was not until several years later that I got my first pair of Sunday oxfords, which cost Father \$1.98.

When we arrived in Saskatoon, Father parked the Model T in Eaton's parking lot for the day. From there we made our way to a suitable place to see King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. It was a warm sultry sunny day. I had never seen so many people before. Hawkers sold balloons, cardboard periscopes, and soft drinks. One boy used a periscope to see the queen over the heads of the crowd. I saw one lady drink an orange drink out of a bottle with a straw. She got lipstick on the straw. How I wished I could have a nice cold orange drink!

After seeing the royal couple, we wended our way back to the car at Eaton's. Mother had packed a gallon thermos of coffee and homemade bread. Father bought some fresh ring bologna. What a delicious lunch! After some shopping and browsing, it was time to go home.

Although the Model T was a reliable car, I was embarrassed when I compared it to my uncles' 1928 Chevrolets. I thought their cars were the greatest. The Model T was high and the corners were sharp. My uncles' '28 Chevs were low with nicely rounded corners. The Model T horn had an embarrassing burp-like sound, whereas my uncle's car horns went "Ahoogah". Now

Ekj woa dän Dach niemols vejäten, aus wie no Saskatoon fuaren dän Kjennich un de Kjennijin seenen, aus de Canada aune 1939 besochten. Wie trocken ons de baste sindachsche Kjeeda doatoo aun. Aus een drettienjoascha Benjel schämd ekj mie, daut ekj vekrauzte Oabeitsschoo enne Städ läaje sindachsche Schoo, soo aus miene groote Breeda hauden, brucken must. Een poa Joa lota kjrieek ekj entlich miene ieeschte läaje sindachsche Schoo. Dee kosten mien Voda \$1.98.

Soo boolt aus wie en Saskatoon wieren, leet Voda dän Motel T bie Eatons oppem Hoff stonen. Von doa jinj wie dan no ne Städ wua wie soo dochten, wie wudden ne goode Jeläajenheit kjrieen, de Kjennichslied to seenen. Daut wia een woama, sonja Dach. Soo väl Menschen haud ekj noch niemols jeseenen. Pedlasch vekoften Loftblösen, Budlen met Zeida, un aulahaunt Scheens toom äten. Bie eene Mumkje, dee sikj de Leppen root jeforwen haud, wort de Stroohaulm root dän see brukt toom Zeida ute Buddel drinkjen. Oba haft mie no Apelsienenzeida jedarscht! Oba too soont aus daut wia bie ons nich Jelt.

Aus wie de Kjennichslied jeseenen hauden, jinj wie trigj no onse Koa bie Eatons. Mutta haud ons een scheenet Vebietsel met ne eengaloonje loftlose Kruck voll heeten Koffe un Tweebak enjepakt. Voda koft ne fresche Zischnikjworscht, un dan haud wie ne scheene Moltiet. Aus wie ons dan noch een Bät enjekoft un enne Stuaren romjekjikjt hauden, wia et Tiet, nohus to foaren.

Wan de Model T uk ne goode Koa wia wua eena sikj opp veloten kunn, schämd ekj mie doch doamet. Fa mie to beseenen, wieren mien Onkel sien 1928 Chevrolet eene väl bätre Koa. Ons Model T wia soo huach un haud soone schoape Akjen. Mien Onkel sien Chev wia schmock läach un haud soone schmocke, runde Akjen. Daut Blodsinkj aum Model T hieed sikj soo

that was a real car horn!

verekjt, aus wan eena soorajcht oppsteeten deed, jääjens mien Onkel sien Chev. Daut Bloddinkj säd "Auga!" Daut wia weenichstens een jescheidet Bloddinkj!

During the depression, Father realized the car had become a luxury he could no longer afford. There was no money for gasoline or license plates. He was forced to place the Model T on blocks and eventually sell it.

Aus et opphieed met Rääjnen, un wie kjeene Arnt aune 1937 kjreejen, sach Voda, daut wie onse Koa musten auntsied fieren. Doa wia kjeen Jelt toom Foaberajcht ooda Gasolien to kjeepen. Schlieslich must wie soogoa de Koa loos woaren.

Shortly after selling the Model T, our economic situation improved sufficiently for Father to purchase his first rubber-tired tractor. Since it was a small Allis Chalmers Model B tractor with a road gear and we had no car, we often used it for transportation to town or to the neighbors.

Daut näakjste Joa kjeem de Rääjen trigj. Wie hauden soone goode Arnt, daut Voda sikj sien ieeschten Gasolienkjätel met Gummreifen koft. Wiels daut een Allis Chalmers Model B wia, un wie nich mea ne Koa hauden, brukt wie däm enne Städ däm Motel T toom oppem Wajch foaren.

There were important reasons why the tractor was never used to go to church. Tractors reminded people of work. Working on Sunday was absolutely forbidden. A tractor at the church would have detracted from the solemn mood of the church service.

Oba no Kjoakj fua wie nich metem Allis Chalmers. Een Kjätel wia toom oppe Stap schaufen. Aum Sindach must eena nich schaufen. De Kjoakj wia ne wichtje Sach. Metem Kjätel aum Sindach no Kjoakj foaren kunn opplatst een Opprua mete Ooms jäwen. Soont wudd mien Voda nich haben wult. Aulsoo fua wie schmock metem Piet un Bogge no Kjoakj.

As economic conditions continued to improve during the early forties, Father was reminded of the convenience of an automobile. I was delighted when he bought a 1927 Pontiac. For me this was a great improvement over the 1927 Model T. Now Father had to learn to operate a standard clutch and gear shift. Although I had not yet driven a car myself, I knew how from watching other drivers. It was a thrill to teach Father!

Aus de drieje Joaren werkjlich äwa wieren, vebätad sikj daut langsam met onse Wirtschoft. Nu daut wie nich mea soo spoaren musten, funk Voda doaraun to denkjen, woo hendich daut wia, wan eena ne Koa haud. Ekj freid mie, aus Voda ne 1927 Pontiac koft. Wan daut uk ne Koa wia vonne 1927 soo aus de Model T, fa mie to beseenen wia de Pontiac ne väl bätre Koa aus de Model T. De Pontiac haud een Jedriew Schwenjel, soo aus aundre Koaren. Soont aus daut haud een Model T nich. Nu must Voda sikj doamet weeten lieren. Wan ekj uk niemols selfst ne Koa jefoaren haud, haud ekj mie daut aul lang beobacht, woo aundre Koafara daut deeden. Ekj wist krakjt waut eena met een Jedriewschwenjel doonen must. Oba Voda wist doa nuscht von. Oba haft mie daut scheen jegonen, Voda ne Koa met een Jedriewschwenjel foaren lieren!

Eventually Father attained a sufficient level of confidence and competence in the operation of the Pontiac that he did not need my coaching any more. One fall day during the slack season, when it was acceptable for me to be in the house occasionally to scan the newspaper, I noticed that Father had something on his mind.

He had just returned from a short trip with the Pontiac all by himself. He was pacing back and forth in our combined kitchen-dining area. He glanced out the window. Then he glanced in my direction. I hid behind the newspaper, pretending not to notice. I was sure that Father would soon have something to say to me. I also felt that it would be something good. Although Father seldom smiled, this time I detected a faint hint of a smile when he thought I was not looking. Father took parenting very seriously.

Without a warning, Father turned around, looked at me, and said, "Would you once like to try to drive?"

"Sure, I could once try", I replied casually to hide my excitement. Soon Father and I were settled down in the car. This time I was in the driver's seat and he was in the passenger's seat. I was determined to show Father that I could drive competently and responsibly.

I easily completed the short drive without a hitch. Although Father did not say a word, I had a feeling that he was pleased with the way I handled the car. Father was careful not to spoil his children with praise, lest they become guilty of pride. The Old Colony Church emphasized the importance of humility. Father was a devout member of the Church.

Mete Tiet wist Voda sikj met däm Pontiac goot jenuach, daut hee däm onen miene Help foaren kunn. Een Hoafst Dach, aus wie de Arnt em Spikja hauden, un de drocke Tiet soomea äwa wia un daut eendoont wia, wan ekj de Zeitunk äwadach laus, sach ekj, daut Voda en Jedanken wia.

Hee wia jrod trigj jekomen von mete Koa opp ne korte Reis foaren. Hee schräd han un trigj, deep en Jedanken. Eensjemol kijkt hee toom Fensta erut, un dan kijkt hee no mie opptoo. Ekj vestuak mie hinja de Zeitunk un deed soo, aus wan ekj von nuscht enwort. Ekj wist jewess, daut Voda waut to sajen haud. Mie feeld sikj daut soo, daut wudd uk waut Goodet sennen, waut Voda to sajen haud. Voda wia nich een frintelja Maun, oba mie leet et soo, aus wan hee ditmol to sikj een kjlienet Bät schmustad, wan hee docht, daut ekj am nich sach. Bie mien Voda wia daut Kjinja opptrakjen ne sea wichtje Sach. Daut wia nich toom Lachen.

Met eenmol fruach Voda mie gauns onverhofs, auf ekj emol selfst wudd jleichen de Koa to foaren.

"Jo, ekj kunn emol proowen," säd ekj soo ruich aus ekj kunn. Ekj wull nich haben, daut daut soo leet, aus wan ekj too sea oppjeräacht wia. Ekj wull mie soo hanstalen, aus wan ekj kjeene Angst haud, ne Koa to foaren.

Voda un ekj sauten dan uk aul boolt beid enne Koa. Ditmol saut ekj aum Stia, un Voda saut biesied aus een Metfoara. Ekj neem mie vää, daut ekj Voda wudd wiesen, daut ekj een gooda, vääsechtja Foara wia. Mie wia daut uk gauns leicht, de korte Reis onen Fäla foaren. Voda säd kjeen Wuat, oba ekj kunn daut goot feelen, daut am daut jefoll, soo aus ekj fua. Voda paust sea opp, daut hee siene Kjinja nich met too väl Low vedoawen deed. Bie de

The next time we were in Saskatoon, Father took me to the Motor License Office and bought my driver's license for fifty cents. There was no driving test. Proof of age and fifty cents was all that was needed for a driver's license. I had reached another milestone towards being one of the big boys.

As surely as autumn followed summer and winter followed autumn, the amount of snow increased until we could no longer use "heeled" vehicles. It was a forgone conclusion that a car was strictly a summer vehicle. Father drained the radiator of the car and took the battery into the house for the winter.

During the long winter months, we used two basic types of horsedrawn sleighs. The bobsleigh was used for heavy loads. It had four runners, which held either a sturdy grain box or a large hayrack, depending upon the need at the time. The caboose or bunk usually had two runners, although some of the larger bunks had four runners. The bunk was designed to carry passengers in relative comfort. It was closed in and heated with a homemade wood stove. We used sawdust soaked with kerosene as kindling to start the fire. The more comfortable bunks were furnished with salvaged car seats.

One winter when Father and I had built a brand new bunk, I was proud to be the first to use it when several neighbor boys and I decided to visit some friends about four miles away. While we were visiting at our friends' house, a typical howling prairie blizzard developed without warning. We soon realized that we had better get home as soon as possible.

ooltkoloniesche Jemeent wia daut sea wichtich, daut een Mensch deemootich wia. Voda wull daut nich haben, daut wie ons met eenmol waut meenen wudden. Voda wia een truhoatja Jemeentenjliet.

Daut näakjste Mol aus wie en Saskatoon wieren, naum Voda mie no daut Mootafoaberajchtsaumt un koft mie een Foaberajcht fa feftich Zent. Ekj brukt nich emol eene Proow derchmoaken toom bewiesen, daut ekj werkjlich foaren kunn. Een Ellabewies un feftich Zent wia aules waut eena brukt, een Foaberajcht to kjrieen. Nu wudd ekj boolt bat doa sennen, daut ekj een groota Jung wia!

Soo secha aus Hoafst Somma nofolcht, un Winta Hoafst nofolcht, kjeem doa emma mea Schnee, soo daut wie nich mea met Rädafotieja foaren kunnen. Daut wia selfstvestentlich, daut ne Koa bloos een Sommafoatich wia. Voda leet daut Wota utem Kjeela, un neem de Batrie em Hus enenn toom Winta.

De Winta spaund wie de Pieed meistens ver twee Fotieja. De Dobbeltschläden wia toom schwoare Lausten fieren. Dee haud vea Kuffen un hilt entwäda een studja Jeträäjdbaks ooda een groota Heibaks, doano aus ons daut fäld. Ne toonje Kabus haud jeweenlich mau twee Kuffen, oba doa wieren uk soone groote Kabusen met vea Kuffen. De Kabus wia zimlich maklich met een kjlienen selfstjemoakten Owen enjerecht. Toom daut Brennholt aunstekjen, brukt wie Soagenspoon met Brenneelj oppjewieekjt. De makelja Kabusen hauden soogoa ne Koarensett nenjestalt.

Een Winta, aus Voda un ekj ne blitzniee Kabuss jebut hauden, freid ekj mie, daut ekj de ieeschta wia doamet to foaren. Ekj kroagd miere Nobasch Junges met mie met to komen, Frind dee onjefää vea Miel auf wonden to besieekjen. Aus wie dan soorajcht em Spazieren wieren, funk daut met eemol gauns onverhofs aun to stiemen. Wie wieren ons uk fuaz eenich, daut wie

ons fekjs oppem Wajch nohus looslajen sullen.

As we frantically hitched the team, the horses sensed the danger of the rapidly developing storm. Hoping to get home before the peak of the blizzard, I urged Tom and Sandy to a trot. That was a mistake. Within minutes, they lost the trail!

Aus wie fekjs aunspaunden, wieren de Pieed aul zimlich fuchtich, aus wan see wisten, daut doa boolt wudd een grootet Onwada sennen. Wiels ekj Tus sennen wull ea daut too sea stiemd, pord ekj Taum un Sandie aun to dreblen. Oba ekj wort fuaz en, daut daut een Fäla wia. En een Poa Minnuten veluaren de Schruggen de Schlädbon.

After some careful thought as to what to do now, a couple of fellows volunteered to search for the trail. In order not to get lost, they shouted and listened for an answering shout from the rest of us in the caboose. Soon we had the horses back on the trail. Since the trail was rapidly being covered under a blanket of snow, we realized that we had to let Tom and Sandy proceed at their own speed.

Na waut dan nu? Om een Stootskje besonn wie ons, waut wie nu doonen musten. Een poa Junges wudden erut gonen, de Schlädbon sieekjen. Wie beräden daut, daut see schrieen wudden, un dan horchen wan wie trigj schrieejen, soo daut see nich vebiestaden. Toom Jlekj haud wie de Pieed dan uk boolt trigj oppe Bon. Wie wisten daut de Bon boolt gauns vestiemt sennen wudd. Nu must ekj mie doaropp veloten, daut Taum un Sandie dän Wajch nohus finjen wudden.

There was only one thing to do. We tied up the reigns to allow Tom and Sandy complete freedom, hoping they would plod their way home. As the realization of our precarious situation began to sink in, we sang and told stories to keep up our spirits. Fortunately, I had taken sufficient firewood with us to keep us warm. Sure enough! Good old Tom and Sandy got us home safe and sound.

Doa wia bloos eenatlei to doonen. Ekj bunk de Lienen toop un leet de Pieed gonen soo aus see wullen, enne Hopninj daut see ons wudden jlekjlich nohus fieren. Nu must wie daut toostonen, daut ons Toostaunt nich sea secha wia. Ons funk aul een bät Schis to woaren. Om proowen bäta to feelen, vetald wie Jeschichten un sungen. Toom Jlekj haud wie jenuach Brenninj, de Kabus woamtohoolen. Met eemol hilden Taum un Sandie stell! Na, waut dan nu? Wie muaken de Däa sachelkjes op. Daut stiemd soo grulich, daut wie nuscht seenen kunnen. Met eemol kunn wie jenuach seenen, daut wie wisten, daut de Schruggen ons werkjlich nohus jefieet hauden. Oba wia wie froo!

If a howling prairie blizzard lasted for several days, all trails would be obliterated under fresh snowdrifts of varying depth and density. The nearest town was six miles distant. People needed to get the mail, coal to heat their homes, and a few grocery staples such as coffee, sugar and

Wan daut emol soorajcht een poa Doag stiemd, wieren aule Schlädbonen vestiemt. Opp Städen wia de Bon unja deepe, hoade Schneedienen. De notste Staut Ossla wia sass Miel auf. Ons wudd boolt de Post, Ätwa, Zocka, Koffe, Mäl, un Kolen fälen. Wäa wudd dan nu de leeshta sennen, no

flour. Nobody relished the thought of being the first to reopen the trail.

The villagers had a very efficient way of sharing this ominous burden. Each family hitched a team of horses to a bob sleigh. Then they all traveled slowly to town in a convoy of eight to ten teams, taking turns at being the leading team. By the time they had traveled to town and back, the new trail had been driven over sixteen to twenty times.

During the Second World War, brother Willie enlisted in the army medical corps. When he was stationed in Regina, he decided to mail order a Federal government surplus army motorcycle. He arranged to have it shipped to our local railroad station. Willie asked me to arrange for brother Henry to pick it up at the station in Hague. If I would uncrate it, service it and get it running, Willie said I could run around with it for a week or so until he could come to get it. Of course, I jumped at the opportunity. This machine attracted a lot of attention, since it was the only one of its kind our area. How we managed not to have any serious injuries is beyond me.

It was not until around 1938 when brother Henry bought the first bicycle in our family. I was thrilled when he allowed me to learn to drive it. I dreamt about having my very own bicycle. In 1942, Father bought me a second hand balloon tired bicycle. What a

Staut to foaren?

De Darpa hauden gooden Rot doafaa. Wan de bestemda Dach doa wia, spaund jieda Enwona een poa Pieed aum Dobbeltschläden. Dan fuaren see aula oppe Gauss, reed toom enne Rieej loosfoaren. Soo boolt aus see aula reed wieren, jinkj et loos. Jeweenlich wieren doa onjefaa tieen Foatieja. Daut dieed nich lang, bat daut väaschte Spaunsel ute Pust wia. Ea de väaschte Pieed too meed worden, fua de Fuamaun met sien Jespaun tosied, soo daut de aundre am aula vebiefoaren kunnen. Nu hauden siene Pieed daut een Deel leichta, wiels tieen Foatieja ver an de Bon oppjefoaren hauden. Soo deed jieda Fuamaun daut om secha to seenen, daut aule Pieed jlikjen sea schaufen musten, de Schlädbon optomoaken. Wan see dan ieescht entlich tus wieren vonne Staut, wia doa ne goede, hoade Bon, wiels de twintich mol äwajefoaren wia.

Aum tweeden Weltkjrigh jinkj mien Brooda Wellem enne Armee aus een Krankenfläaja to deenen. Een Stoot wia hee en Regina aus een Tänendoktahalpa. Aus hee enwort, daut de Rejierunk Mootasikjels to vekjeepen haud waut de Armee nich mea brukt, docht hee soo, hee wudd sikj eent von dee kjeepen. Wellem beräd daut, daut de Mootasikjel wudd no Hegj jeschekjt woaren, wua mien Brooda Hendrikj un ekj däm aufholen wudden. Wellem säd, wan ekj däm Mootasikjel wudd utpaken un em ranen kjrieen, wia am daut eendoont, wan ekj doamet rom fua bat hee nohus komen wudd däm holen. Ekj deed je daut dan uk met Freiden. Daut soon junga Schnäakjat aus ekj doabie kjeen Onjlekj haud, es een Wunda.

Daut dieed bat de 1938, bat mien Brooda Hendrikj daut ieeschte Foaraut en onse Famielje koft. Oba haft mie daut jefreit, daut Hendrikj mie leet sien Foaraut foaren lieren! Ekj wenscht mie emma soo sea, daut ekj emol mien ieejnet Foaraut haben kunn.

delight it was to have it all to myself!
During the early forties, driving around with their bicycles on a Sunday afternoon was a favorite pastime for the boys in the village. The bicycle was also very handy for fetching the cows home from the pasture at milking time.

Aune 1942 koft Voda mie entlich een jebruktet "balloon tired" Foaraut. Oba daut wia mie ne Freid, daut ekj nu werkjlich mien ieejnet Foaraut haud! Aune aunfangs vieetich Joaren wia daut fa de Darpsjunges aum Sindach Nomeddach jeeenlich een Vejniecejen, met äare Foaräda rom foaren. Daut Foaraut wia uk wundaboa hendich toom de Kjiej nohus holen toom malkjen.



Model T car

Model T Koa



Young men with bicycles

Groote Junges met äare Foaräda



Caboose for winter travel

Kabus toom em Winta foaren

to ear infections at that time. I continued to suffer with frequent colds and accompanying ear and throat infections throughout my childhood. I recall being horrendously sick with earaches at night with Mother standing helpless beside my bed while Father was snoring. Although school attendance was compulsory at age seven, my first day of school was postponed until age eight due to my poor health.

During my mother's school days, left-handed children were forced to write with the right hand. In order to make sure a left-handed child did not forget to use his right hand, some teachers tied the child's left hand to his chair. When Mother heard about this from her older siblings, she dreaded her first day of school because she was left-handed. She made sure she could use her right hand before she started school.

When Mother noticed that I too, was left-handed, she encouraged me to right with my right hand. I do not recall having any difficulty learning to use my right hand. In fact, I am grateful that I learned to use my right hand. Today, I find that I am ambidextrous in many activities. This can be an advantage in some situations.

The spoken language of the Old Colony Mennonites was Low German. Their

Moonat gauns doof wia. Mie kaun daut uk noch denkjen, woo jewaultich miene Uaren reeten, aus ekj grulich krank wia. Wan Mutta mie Wauten enne Uaren stopt, dieed daut goanich lang, bat de gauns voll Bloot wieren. Ekj hab Joaren lang aun de Schnopp, schlemmen Hauls un Uarenrietinj jeläden. Ekj weet daut noch, aus Mutta de Nacht biesied mien Bad rotloos stunt un ekj krank wia, wiel Voda schnoakjen deed. Oba haft mie daut schljacht jegonen! No daut Laundesjesaz sullen aule Kjinja aunfangen no School to gonen, soo boolt aus see säwen Joa oolt wieren. Oba wääjens miene Schaubichkjeiten kunn ekj nich no School gonen bat ekj acht Joa oolt wia.

Mutta vetald mie, aus see vere näajentien hundat Joaren en Manitoba no School jinkj, bedwungen see linkjsche Kjinja mete rajchte Haunt to schriewen. Eensje Lierasch bungen soogoa een linkjschet Kjint de linkje Haunt aum Stool, soo daut et must mete rajchte Haunt schriewen lieren. Aus Mutta soont hieed von äare elre Breeda un Sestren, gruld ar no School to gonen, wiels see linkjsch wia. See muak sikj secha, daut see mete rajchte Haunt schriewen kunn, ea see aunfunk no School to gonen.

Aus Mutta daut sach, daut ekj linkjsch wia, muntad see mie opp, met miene rajchte Haunt schriewen lieren, ea ekj mete School aunfunk. Soo väl aus ekj mie denkjen kaun, wia daut doawääjens fa mie kjeene Schwierichkjeit enne School mete rajchte Haunt to schriewen. Toom Jlekj brukt ekj nich mete rajchte Haunt molen lieren. Ekj hab doa ieremol aun jedocht, daut ekj jlekjlich sie, daut ekj hab mete rajchte Haunt schriewen jeliheet, un daut see mie haben toch jeloten, wan ekj mete linkje Haunt mold. Doaderch sie ekj nu jlikjen rajcht met beid Henj. Daut es mie välmol hendich jekomen, daut ekj, toom Biespel, mete linkje Haunt uk mete rajchte Haunt kaun een Homa ooda ne Soag brucken.

Tus räden de Ooltkolonia aula Plautdietsch. Aus see noch äare ieejne School hauden,

written language was High German. In order to become acclimatized to the school environment, where English was spoken, beginners started school after the Easter holidays prior to their first year in Grade One. Brother Willie, who was four years my senior, enjoyed school. By the time I was a beginner, he had already enthusiastically taught me some English and elementary mathematics.

As long as they observed provincial Department of Education regulations, teachers had a lot of freedom in the classroom. The teachers' authority was never questioned by the Old Colony Mennonites. Student promotions and failures were left entirely to their discretion.

Brother Willie was a precocious young lad who asked many questions. Some teachers found this an irritating intrusion upon their authority. Although Mother was a devout Old Colony Mennonite, she was an intelligent lady who had some difficulty conforming to all the constraints imposed upon her by the Church. Maybe she identified with Willie's frustrations. Father also had a keen sense of fairness. Hence, Willie sensed a certain amount of support from his parents.

I suspect my first year teacher unloaded some of his frustrations upon me, since I was Willie's younger brother and tended to be relatively submissive. Hindsight tells me that I was wrongly placed into Grade One Junior for my first school year. At the end of June, I was promoted to Grade One Senior for the next year.

lieeden de Kjinja aula Huachdietsch schriewen un läsen. Oba nu daut see musten enne School Enjlisch vestonen, jinjen de Kjinja no Oostren no School Enjlisch lieren, ea see volstendich em Hoafst toom ieeschte mol mete School aunftungen. Mien Brooda Wellem wia vea Joa ella aus ekj. Däm jinkj daut enne School sea scheen. Aus ekj dan een Aunfenja enne School wia, haud Wellem mie aul verhää Enjlisch un eenfachet Rääkjen jeliieet.

Soo lang aus een Liera de Kjinja lieed waut de Rejierunk velangd, scheen daut soo kunn hee enne School soo doonen aus hee wull. Daut wia gauns dän Liera siene Sach, auf een Scheela von eene Klauss no de näakjste jinkj.

Mien Brooda Wellem wia een ooltnäsja Benjel, dee emma väl to froagen haud. Eensje Lierasch jefoll daut nich sea, aus wan see dochten, hee kjemmad sikj om Dinja waut nich siene Sach wieren. Wiels Mutta kluak un leichtlierich wia, kjeem mie daut ieremol soo vää, aus wan see sikj vedrekjt feeld äwa de ooltkoloniesche Bestrenjungen. Veleicht wia ar daut doaderch dietlich, daut Wellem emma soo nieschierich wia. Voda wia doaropp, daut een Mensch sull rajcht behandelt woaren. Aulsoo wia Wellem sikj zimlich secha, daut onse Elren daut eendoont wia, daut hee emma soo nieschierich wia. Wuarom sull doa dan waut met loos sennen, wan hee enne School soo väl to froagen haud?

Wan ekj trigj denkj aun dise Joaren, jleew ekj, daut de Liera een bät vedrisslich wia, daut Wellem emma soo väl froagen deed. Wiels ekj zimlich toojäwrich wia, wudd mie daut nich wundren, wan de Liera mie doawääjen een bät trigj hilt. Eena wudd denkj, daut hee mie wudd en de tweede Klauss stalen aus ekj een Joa en de ieeschte Klauss jewast wia. Oba nä, hee hilt mie trigj. Ekj sull noch een Joa en de ieeschte Klauss sennen.

The following September we had a new teacher. He must have sensed that something was amiss. When he asked me which grade I was in last year, I told him I was in Grade One Junior. When he asked me which grade I was in now, I proudly informed him I was now in Grade One Senior. I was astounded when he told me that I was not going to be in Grade One Senior but in Grade Two.

About a month later, he called me to his desk. I had no idea what to expect. I hoped I had done nothing wrong. Although our lesson was on page thirty-two of our reader, my teacher asked me to turn to page fifty and read it. Then he asked me to read page two hundred. Imagine my elation when he told me that I was now in Grade Three! Out of ten pupils in Grade Three, I ranked second from the top in academic achievement. I was too young and too happy to realize at the time how unjustly my former teacher had treated me.

Although our new teacher was one of my favorite, he had one most frightening characteristic. When he became angry, his temper was completely out of control. Whenever he strapped a pupil, it seemed that he did not know when to stop hitting. All the pupils were terrified when he went to his desk drawer to get the strap.

Parents in the village delayed sending their children to school in fall as long as possible. Most parents in the village had no interest in seeing their children excel in their schoolwork. They preferred that their children not learn too much about the ungodly ways of this pagan world. Unlike our neighbors, our parents liked to see us do well in school.

Dän näakjsten Septamba haud wie een nieen Liera. Hee woat daut woll jespäat haben, daut et nich en Ordning wia, daut ekj wada enne ieeschte Klauss wia, wiels ekj näajen Joa oolt wia un mie de Schooloabeit väl too leicht wia. Met eemol fruach hee mie en woone Klauss ekj latstet Joa wia. Ekj säd enne ieeschte. Dan fruach hee mie en woone Klauss ekj dit Joa wia. Ekj säd enne ieeschte. "Nä," säd hee, "du best enne tweede Klauss." Ekj wia veduzt, daut ekj nu jrod soo met eemol enne tweede Klauss wia.

Onjefäa een Moonat lota, kroagd hee mie no sien Desch. Ekj wundad, waut dit to bedieden haud. Ekj hopt bloos, daut ekj nuscht Schljachtet jedonen haud. Wiels onse Oppgow oppe tweeundartichste Sied wia, vefieed ekj mie een Bät, aus hee säd ekj sull de feftichste Sied oppschlonen, un dee läsen. Dan säd hee ekj sull de tweehundatste Sied läsen. Denkjunt emol enenn, woo ekj feeld aus de Liera mie säd, daut ekj nu enne dredde Klauss wia! Ut tieen Kjinja enne dredde Klauss, wia ekj de tweed basta Scheela. Ekj wia too junk un onschuldich un lostich toom doaraun denkjen, daut de väaja Liera mie gauns orrajcht behandelt haud.

Oppwool ekj disen nieen Liera väl räakjend, haud hee een Karakta waut grulich toom enjsten wia. Wan hee emol soorajcht doll wort, dan scheen daut soo aus wan hee nich wist von opphieren, wan hee een Kjint schacht. De Scheela wieren aula gauns veenjst, wan hee no siene Deschen Schufloed jinkj dän Reemen hollen.

Wan de School em Septamba aunfunk, hilden de mieeschte Darpslied äare Kjinja soo lang aus mäajlich tus. De mieeschte Elren wia daut gauns eendoont, wan äare Kjinja nich välwaut enne School lieden. Rajcht jesajcht, wullen see nich haben, daut äare Kjinja too väl von de gottlose Welt lieden. Onse Elren wieren een bät aundasch en däm Stekj. An jefoll daut, wan wie enne School goot deden.

Willie and I considered ourselves fortunate to be among the first few students at school in early September. There was something special about the first week of school. The academic workload was very light, because our teacher did not want to have to repeat too much for late coming pupils. There was an exciting quietness in the air. Even the freshly oiled floor hardly creaked. Instead of the fifty or so pupils, there were only about ten or twelve. They tended to be the more studious people. A closeness developed amongst the pupils and between the pupils and the teacher that quickly disappeared when the more boisterous crowd returned to school.

There were two main reasons why children delayed their return to School in fall. Some were needed at home to provide manpower to get the harvesting and threshing completed during favorable weather before winter set in. Secondly, many children as well their parents simply had no enthusiasm for education and used every legitimate excuse they could find to avoid school. Even after harvesting and threshing was completed, attendance continued to be spotty until everybody had finished digging potatoes and butchering pigs.

By November, school attendance was about as regular as could be expected. Preparations for the annual Christmas concert could now begin. Our teacher selected plays, recitations, and carols to involve every student in singing and at least one other presentation. Decorating the school and rearranging the desks was the highlight of our preparations. We could not wait to get at the decorations that had been stored in cardboard boxes a year ago. We knew that, once our desks were rearranged for the concert, academic lessons were finished until after New Year's day. Two days before the concert our teacher put all regular school work aside in order to devote all our energy to rehearsing and polishing up for the big event.

Wellem un ekj jleichten daut, wan doa em Hoafst mau weinich Kjinja enne School wieren. De ieeschte Wääkj wia daut gauns aundasch enne School. Wie kjreejen mau weinich Schooloabeit to doonen, wiels de Liera wull nich too väl toom tweeden mol lieren motten, wan de aundre Scheela aunftungen no School to komen. Daut wia soo wundaboa stell enne School. Soogoa de fresch jeeeljde Flua knoad nich emol, wan eena doa bowen jinkj. Enne Städ soo bie feftich Scheela, wieren doa bloos een Stekj tieen ooda twalw. Daut wieren dan jeeenlich uk de stelre Kjinja. Oba soo boolt aus aul de aundre Scheela trigj wieren, wia daut Stelle äwa.

Doa wieren twee hauptsechtje Uasoaken, wuarom de Kjinja daut trigj no School gonen em Hoafst veschluaden. Eensje Elren fälde de Kjinja tus toom Eifsten un Draschen, soo lang aus daut noch scheen wia verem Winta. Tweedens hauden de Kjinja, un soogoa äare Elren, kjeene Lost enne School wieda to lieren. Aulsoo neemen see jiede Jeläajenheit, vonne School tus to bliewen. Wan daut Eifsten un Draschen uk aula besorjt wia, doawääjens kjeemen de Kjinja doch nich pinkjlich no School, bat daut Schwienschlachten äwa wia.

Em Nowamba fungen de Kjinja aun ernoa pinkjlich no School to komen. Dan wia daut uk aul Tiet, daut de Liera aunftunk aum Wienachtsprograum to denken. Hee socht no paussende Teeautastekja, Wenschen un Leeda soo daut aule Kjinja enne Kua sinjen kunnen, un daut een jieda uk noch eene aundre Roll em Wienachtsprograum spälén kunn. Wie freiden ons, daut de Tiet komen wudd toom de School utstraumen un onse Deschen tosied schuwen. Wan wie dan nu boolt emol kunnen de Papiadoosen mete Schmocksachen, dee wie daut vääje Joa wajch jelajcht hauden, äwadäl holen! Wie wisten, daut wie kjeene Schooloabeit mea doonen wudden bat no Niejoa, soo boolt aus onse Deschen fa daut Wienachts-Program tosied jeschowen wieren. Fa twee Doag deed wie dan nuscht aus fa daut

Wienachtsprograum tooreeden.

Finally, the day of the concert arrived! I could hardly wait until after supper when Father hitched the team of horses to take the family to school for the concert. My excitement continued to grow as the sleigh runners squeaked along the hard-packed trail in the snow, the harnesses jingled, and the horses snorted to remove the accumulating frost from their nostrils. Upon arrival at the school, the clear moonlight revealed several teams already tied to the hitching posts. The horses were covered with blankets to ward off the crisp cold air as thin columns of smoke lazily curled upward from the smoke stacks of the heated sleighs.

Upon entering the school, the hiss of the mantle lamp and the crackling fire in the huge Waterman Waterbury furnace made me feel warm and cozy. As we stomped the snow off our boots, I silently repeated my recitation once more, just to make sure that I really knew it well enough not to stumble.

The pupils had combed their hair and some of the girls even wore a ribbon. Some of the boys were lucky enough to wear a brand new shirt. If I would have had a sister, I am certain Mother would have been tempted to put a ribbon in her hair. However, as a devout Old Colony Mennonite, she would have resisted the temptation to commit such a sin of worldly pride. I was proud of my teacher when he appeared in his store bought suit and tie. It looked as if he had even powdered his face after shaving.

The Old Colony Mennonite Church considered Santa Claus and the Christmas tree akin to idol worship. Since most of the families in our area belonged to the Old Colony Church, our teacher considered it prudent not to have a Christmas tree or a visit from Santa Claus. I do not recall it ever entering the pupils' minds that we should have a tree or a visit from Santa.

Entlich wia de Owent hia, wua wie no jeluat hauden. Ekj kunn daut meist nich aufluaren, bat Voda no Owentkost emol de Pieed aunspaund toom nom Wienachtsprograum foaren. Je noda wie no de School kjeemen, je dolla wia ekj oppjeräacht auf ekj miene Wensch uk werkjlich utwendich wist. De Sälestrenj kjinjaden, de Schnee kjnirscht un de Pieed schnurkjsten daut äare Näsen nich too fruaren. Aus wie no de School kjeemen, scheen de Mon soo kloa, daut doa ne Rieej Schlädes mete Pieed aunjetääjelt kloa to seenen wia. De Pieed wieren aula bedakjt von de Kold to beschutsen, un de Ruak von de Kabusen jinkj sachelkjes jlikj enne Hecht.

Daut feeld sikj oba wundascheen woam un maklich, aus wie enne School nen jinjen un de Mauntellaump juld un daut Fia en däm grooten Owen knostad. Aus wie dän Schnee von onse Steewlen auf trumpften, säd ekj miene Wensch noch eemol opp stelles opp, om secha to sennen, daut ekj dee uk wist.

De Kjinja hauden sikj aula schmock de Hoa jekjamt. Eensje Mejales hauden soogoa een schmocken Baunt enne Hoa. Eensje Junges hauden een gauns nieet Hamd toom ieeschten mol aun. Wan ekj ne Sesta haud jehaut, wudd Mutta daut jejankat haben, ar een schmocken Baunt enne Hoa binjen. Oba aus een trujet, ooltkolonieschet Jemeentenjliet wudd see sikj haben von soone weltliche Stot trigjehoolen. Ons Liera haud een schmocken jekoften Schlips aun. Daut leet soo, aus wan hee soogoa sien Jesecht nom Putsen jepulwat haud.

Bie de ooltkoloniesche Kjoakj wia een Wienachtsboom un een Nätklos een Aufgott. Wiels de mieeschte Lied en onse Omjääjant Ooltkolonia wieren, docht de Liera hee haud bäta wan doa kjeen Wienachtsboom ooda Nätklos enne School wia. Wie Kjinja haben doa uk goanich emol aun jedocht, daut ons een Wienachtsboom ooda een Nätklos fäld.

Finally, the hands on the clock indicated that it was time for the concert to begin. Our teacher stood on the stage and cleared his throat several times before people realized that he was ready to start. An excited hush meant that the time had arrived for the first item. After some nudging and coaxing by our teacher, we gradually got the courage to sing and speak loudly enough that we could actually be heard. The last item of the evening was the most exciting when we all got our paper bag of Christmas treats that the school trustees had prepared. Then it was time for the parents to gather their children and bundle them up for the trip home.

The horses hurried home at a swift trot in anticipation of their stall in the warm barn. When we got into the house Mother coaxed the fire in the kitchen stove back to life. As soon as we quit shivering, we dashed to our beds, undressed to our long johns, and jumped under the warm homemade wool quilts. In no time we were sound asleep.

There was little excitement in school after New Year's Day. Every family in the village took a one-week turn transporting the children to school in winter in an open grain box atop a bob sleigh. To help keep the children's feet from freezing in the bitter cold, the floor of the grain box had about a foot of fresh straw. Upon arrival at the school, we all rushed inside to gather around the huge black round furnace. Here we shared our experiences of the morning. Some had slept in and barely made it on time. Others told of their difficulties getting through the deep snow that had piled up during the night.

After we were settled in our ice-cold desks for classes to begin, we dreaded having to

Entlich weess de Klock daut et Tiet wia, daut Prograum auntofangen. De Liera stunt nu jeduldich opp daut Plautform bat de Lied daut emol enworden, daut hee reed wia, met daut Prograum auntofangen. Aus dan aules stell wort, wist wie, daut wie nu daut ieeschte Stekj hieren wudden. De Liera must ons ieremol denkjen halpen, daut wie luda räden musten, soo daut de Lied ons hieren kunnen. To gooden latst kjeem daut, wua wie aula no jeluat hauden. Wie kjrieegen aula ne Lusch met aulahaunt Scheens toom äten: leednät, Kende, ne Apelsien un veleicht soogoa ne jekofte Kuak. Un dan wia daut Tiet, de kjliene Kjinja auntotrakjen un ons oppem Wajch nohus to brinjen.

De Pieed drebbelden onen noporren jnietsch nohus. See freiden sikj aul em verut toom woamen Staul. Soo boot aus wie bennen wieren, poakad Mutta daut Fia em Owen aun un läd mea Kolen aun. Aus ons nich mea soo sea hubbad, rand wie no onse Baden, trocken ons fekjs ut un kroopen unja de woame Wolldakj. Daut dieed nuscht bat wie faust em Schlop wieren.

No Niejoa passieed doa enne School nich vâl Butajeweenlichet. Daut scheen soo, jieda Dach wia soo aus de vâaja Dach. De Darpslied fieeden de Kjinja friewellich metem Dobbeltschläden un Dobbeltbaks doabowen omsajcht no School, eene Wäakj opp eemol. Em Dobbeltbaks hauden see ne Schicht Stroo enoppjestäakjt, wua de Kjinja bowen setten kunnen. Soo fekjs aus wie enne School wieren, rand wie nom grooten, runden Owen un stunden doa rom, ons opptowoamen. Nu wort vetalt, waut dän zemorjes aula passieet wia. Eensje hauden sikj veschloopen un wieren mau afens too Tiet no School jekomen. Aundre vetalden, woo see hauden derch fresche Schneedienen plieegen must no School to komen.

Aus wie ons entlich fein biem heeten Owen oppjwoamt un bie onse Deschen doljesat

take out our still-frozen books just when we finally got our hands warm. As one of the few pupils who enjoyed school, I looked forward to returning to our lessons after Christmas.

The school library consisted of a cabinet in the back of the room. The glass doors revealed shelves with old sets of Ontario Readers and The Canadian Readers. I recall reading Robinson Crusoe many times as well as some of the old readers that were no longer in use. How I wished we could get some new books for the library, but since the Depression was upon us, that was not to be.

Fortunately, the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool had a mail order lending library. After you mailed a list of the books you wished to read, they sent them to you one at a time. After reading a book, one could return it postage-free by using the original wrapper. All you had to do was to wrap the book with the inside of the wrapper on the outside. Then they mailed you another book until the list was exhausted.

Metal syrup and honey pails served as our lunch kits. Our cloakrooms where we kept our lunches were at the opposite end of the school from the furnace. It was not uncommon for our lunches to be frostbitten by noon. Lunch consisted almost exclusively of jam or syrup sandwiches. Fortunate indeed were the pupils whose parents could afford to provide peanut butter sandwiches. A thermos was a rare luxury.

Outdoor activities at recess were simple but exuberant. In winter, we delighted in pushing each other off the hard snow drift on the north side of the school. If we got a fresh blanket of snow during the night, we

haden, gruld ons, onse ieskolde jefroarne Bieekja äwadäl to holen. Oba wiels ekj eent von mau weinich Scheela wia, dän daut enne School scheen jinkj, freid ekj mie, daut wie nu wada trigj enne School wieren.

Onse School Bibliotäkj wia bloos een eefachet Glausschaup hinjen enne Stow. Doa wieren meistens bloos oole Ontario un kanaudsche Läsbieekja. Mie kaun noch denkjen, daut ekj Robinson Crusoe un aundre oole Bieekja, dee kjeena mea läsen deed, mieremol jeläst hab. Oba hab ekj mie jewensch, daut wie emol niee Bieekja enne School kjrieen wudden. Oba wiels daut de drieje Joaren wieren en Saskatchewan, help daut wenschen nuscht.

Toom Jlekj haud de Saskatchewan Wheat Pool ne Bibliotäkj, wua wie ons derche Post Bieekja bestalen kunnen. Wan eena Bieekja bestald waut eena läsen wull, schekjten see eenem dee eenselwies. Wan eena een Buak jeläst haud, pakt eena daut en daut selwje Papia en, wuamet see daut jeschekjt hauden. Wan eena daut Papia rom dreid soo daut de bennaschte Sied no buten wia, kost daut nuscht een Buak trigj schekjen. Dan schekjten see eenem daut näakjste Buak, un soo wieda, bat eena dee aula jeläst haud.

Wie brukten ladje Zieropp ooda Honnich Amakjes toom ons Äten no School nämen. Wua wie onse Äwarakj opphongen un ons Äten oppen Brat bowa de Kjeleda leeten, wia jäajenäwa von dän grooten Owen. Daut troff sikj dan eensjemol, daut ons Äten opp Meddach een bät jefroaren wia. Toom Äten haud wie meistens entwäda Zieropp ooda Zopsel met Broot. Eensje Kjinja wieren jlekjlich. Dee hauden leednätsbotta met no School. Doa wieren mau weinich Kjinja, dee ne loftloose Buddel hauden toom waut see drunken entwäda kolt ooda heet hoolen.

Waut wie buten oppe Spälstund to doonen hauden, wia mau eefach oba lostich. De Winta schupst wie eena dän aundren von de hoade Schneedien rauf aune nuadne Sied School. Wan wie jrod freschen Schnee

played Fox and Geese the next day. The first thing to do was to make the wheel in the fresh snow. Everybody followed the leader to make a large circular footpath in the snow. Next, we followed the leader to make the spokes of the wheel. Now we were ready to play Fox and Geese. One of us was chosen to be the fox. The fox then chased the rest of us geese. If he tagged somebody, that person became the fox. Any goose that stepped outside the spokes or rim of the wheel to avoid the fox automatically became the next fox. The hub of the wheel was a haven of safety for the geese where the fox could not tag them. It did not take long until there were so many footprints outside the spokes and the rim of the wheel that we had to give up the game until the next snowfall.

Anti-over could be played at any time of year. The players were divided into two teams. To start the game, one team gathered on each side of the school. The team that had the ball selected one member to shout, "Anti-over!" as he threw the ball over the school. The opposing team tried to catch the ball as it came over the roof. If they were successful in catching the ball, they ran around the school and threw the ball at the opposing team. Any players who were hit by the ball had to join the opposite team. The game was over when all players were on one team.

In summer, we played ball, tag, Pump Pump Pull Away, Prisoners' Base or Knock Off The Tin Can. I forget the name of one game that could be played by almost any number of players. The only equipment we needed was two pieces of wood. One was a stick about a half inch thick and two feet long. The other was a peg about an inch thick and four inches in length. Both ends of the peg were sharpened to a pencil point.

A two to three foot square was marked in

de latste Nacht jekräajen hauden, späld wie dän näakjsten Dach Foss un Gauns. Daut ieeschte must wie dan een grootet Raut utklunjen. Wie jinjen aula en ne lange Rieej een grootet Kulla em Schnee moaken. Dan jinj wie enne Rieej toom de Sprääkjen fa daut Raut moaken. Nu wia aules reed toom Foss un Gauns spälen. Eena von ons wia de Foss. Dee aundre wieren aula Jans. De Foss proowd sikj ne Gauns to jriepen. Wan hee eent von de Jans aunschieed, dan wort de Gauns de Foss. Wan ne Gauns biesied daut Raut staupt, wort hee de Foss. De Meddelpunkt von daut Raut wia een Sechaheitsplauz. Wan ne Gauns doa bowen stunt, kunn de Foss däa nich aunschieren. Daut dieed nich lang, bat soo väl Kjinja biesied daut Raut jeklunjt hauden, daut wie nich mea seenen kunnen, wua daut Raut soorajcht wia. Dan wia daut Foss un Gauns spälen derch, bat wie wada freschen Schnee kjrieejen.

Anti-over kunn wie irjents eene Joarestiet spälen. Wie vedeelden ons en twee Sieden. Dan jinkj jieda Sied no äare ieejne Sied von de School. Von de Sied waut dän Baul haud, schmeet eena dän Baul äwa de School no de aundre Sied un schrieech, "Anti over!" Soo fekjs aus eena von de aundre Sied dän Baul to hoolen kjrieej, rand hee no de aundre Sied un schmeet dän Baul mank de Kjinja. Irjent een Kjint waut dän Baul troff, must no de aundre Sied gonen. Daut Spell wia äwa wan aule Kjinja aun eene Sied wieren.

De Somma späld wie Jriepa, Pump Pump Pull Away, Prisoner's Base ooda Knock off the Tin Can. Ekj hab vejäten waut een Spell jenant wort, wua sikj daut jlikj hilt, wooväl Kjinja doa spälden. Aules waut ons doatoo fäld wieren twee Stekja Holt. Een Biet Holt wia een Stock von onjefäa een haulwet Zoll dikj un twee Schoo lank. Daut aundre wia een Stekjel von onjefäa een Zoll dikj un vea Zoll lank. Beid Enja worden jeschoapt soo aus ne Bliesteft.

Dan krauzt wie een twee- bat dreeschoojet

the dirt. In the middle of the square we dug a small hole so about half the length of the peg could protrude at a forty-five degree angle.

To start the game, we positioned the peg in the hole. One player struck the end of the peg downward with his stick to make it flip upward. While the peg was in the air, he hit it with the stick to knock it as far as possible. It was the opponent's job to get the peg back into the square. This was done by hitting the end of the peg, thus flipping it up, and again hitting it while in the air. Each time he did this was counted as one stroke. The player using the least number of strokes to get the peg back into the square was the winner.

Everybody looked forward to the annual spring Arbor Day when our lessons were canceled for the entire day. Every family brought a tool or two to clean up the schoolyard. Some brought a rake or a fork. It was important that we had at least one "fire" fork to control a bonfire of the raked grass and leaves. Those who lived close to school brought a wheelbarrow. It was most important that everybody bring a lunch to be shared during the noon hour. We were especially concerned that there would be enough dessert for all of us.

At nine o'clock, the teacher organized all the pupils into work crews. Some picked up refuse that had accumulated on the schoolyard while others raked. The wheelbarrow operators loaded the raked leaves and dead grass to be piled up in one or two huge piles downwind and well clear of the school buildings.

Shortly before noon, the senior girls unpacked the food and got it organized. They were considered especially privileged because they could see which family had brought what.

At twelve o'clock, the teacher rang the bell

Veakaunt enne leed. Enne Medd growd wie een klijenet Loch soo daut de Halft von dän Stekjel doa bennen wia un de aundre Halft schroz erut stuak.

Toom daut Spell aunfangen, läd wie dän Stekjel en daut Loch. Een Späla neem dan dän Stock un schluach dän Stekjel, soo daut dee enne Hecht schlakst. Wiel de Stekjel enne Loft wia, schluach de Späla däm soo wiet wajch aus hee kunn. Nu must een aundra Späla dän Stekjel trigj em Veakaunt nen kjriien. Toom dit doonen, schluach hee dän Stekjel opp daut Enj soo daut dee enne Hecht klaupt. Wiel de Stekjel enne Hecht wia, schluach hee däm no daut Veakaunt opptoo soo sea aus hee kunn. Jiedatsmol daut hee dit deed, tald daut een Punkt jääjen am. De Späla met de weinichste Punkten jewonn daut Spell.

Em Farjoa freid wie ons emma to Arbor Day. Dän Dach deed wie kjeene Schooloarbeit. Jieda Famielje brocht entwäda ne Forkj ooda ne Hoakj ooda ne Mestkoa no School toom dän Schoolhoff oppriemen. Daut wia wichtich daut wie weenichstens eene Fiaforkj hauden toom daut Toophoakjssel vebrennen. Oba daut wichtichste wia daut een jieda waut to Meddach toom Äten brocht. Wie wieren uzhent beduat auf doa wudd jenuach Nokost fa aulemaun sennen.

Klock nääjen säd de Liera ons waut wie aula to doonen hauden. Eensje lausen Aufgank toop un aundre hoakjten. De Mestkofoara saumelden daut Toophoakjssel toop un fieeden daut opp een Klompen, oba nich too dicht bie de Jebieda, soo daut de Wint von de Jebieda no däm Klompen pust.

Aus et dan meist Meddach wia, pakten de elre Mejales daut Äten ut. Dee wieren jlekjlich, daut see kunnen seenen, wäa daut veschiedne Äten jebrocht haud.

Klock twalw klijnjad de Liera dän Klijnja.

for all to hurry into the school to get washed for lunch. The boys competed to see who got to eat the most pieces of cake. I remember one boy who ate eleven pieces.

After lunch, the outside clean-up was completed. Then came the big moment. Our teacher warned the pupils to stay well clear while he lit the huge pile of leaves and grass. After he was sure the remaining ashes were completely doused with water from the well, the teacher assembled us in the school for a final assessment as to how the day had gone. After standing at attention and singing God Save the King, we were free to go home.

Department of Education regulations required that children attend school until they were fifteen. Children who were especially anxious to be out of school stopped attending when they thought the teacher and local attendance officer would not bother enforcing school attendance laws any more. Being out of school and working full time on the farm was a sure sign of being one of the "big boys".

Soo fekjs aus wie dän Kjinja hieeden, rand wie ons de Henj to Meddach wauschen. De Junges wundaden aul, wää daut mieeschte Jebaknis wudd to äten kjrieen. Emol eet eena von ons Junges alf Bieta opp.

No Meddach dieed daut nich lang bat aules oppjeriemt wia. Dan wia wie entlich bat doa, wua wie aula no jeluat hauden. Aus de Liera sikj secha wia, daut kjeena too dicht biem Klompen Toophoakjssel stunt, stekjt hee däm Klompen aun. Soo boolt aus aul daut Toophoakjssel vebrent wia, hold de Liera Wota vom Borm un goot daut Fia ut. Aus hee sikj secha wia, daut daut Fia ut wia, kjinjad hee wada dän Kjinja toom ons enne School nen roopen. Aus hee ons aula jeloft haud woo sea wie jeschaufft hauden, sunk wie "God Save the Queen" un jinjen meed un froo nohus.

De Rejierunk velangd, daut aule Kjinja no School jinjen bat see feftieen Joa oolt wieren. Soone Kjinja waut daut nich aufluaren kunnen bat see feftieen Joa oolt wieren, hieeden soo boolt opp met no School gonen aus see soo dochten, de Liera wudd sikj aul nich doa met baudren daut see nich enne School wieren. Aus see dan mete School derch wieren un tus schauften aus een Utjewosna, wieren see boolt eena von de groote Junges ooda Mejales.



Hunting in winter

Oppe Jääj em Winta

you looked at this from the front you saw the motto and the surrounding flowers in colored foil with a black background.

Cone-shaped lampshades for coal oil lamps were made from cardboard. These shades helped concentrate light on the tabletop and also kept the glare of the light out of our eyes when reading. The top of the shade had a hole through which the lamp chimney protruded. Since the cardboard got hot and burned if it touched the chimney, we bent a piece of wire and fastened it to the cardboard so that it rested on the lamp chimney instead of the cardboard. Sometimes the shade was decorated with crayons or watercolors or colorful pictures clipped from magazines or catalogs. One could even add a fancy fringe to the edge of the shade.

Although Mother had a lovely, colorful flower garden, I am afraid I took it for granted and failed to appreciate it. Mother took great pride in her garden. One of the first things my aunts did when they came to our place was to look at Mother's garden. Besides flowers, Mother grew cherries, plums, currants, carrots, parsley, leaf lettuce, beets, peas, beans, watermelons, and muskmelons.

Sometimes I picked flowers or leaves from Mother's garden and carefully placed them between the pages of an old mail order catalog. If I left them in there long enough they became pressed flat and dried. These pressed flowers and leaves could be used to make greeting cards.

One summer a killdeer plover had a nest in our garden. It was so well camouflaged that we had to be careful not to step on it. It was on the ground between the rows of garden produce. The edge of the nest consisted of small pebbles. You had to look closely to distinguish the eggs from

sach, sach eena een schmocket Bilt met een Spruch ooda een Bibelvarsch.

Miere Lied muaken Laumpenschorms fa Eeljaumpen von stiewet Papia un Trubben Drot. Wan eena dän Schorm opp een Laumpenzillinda enopp sad, wudd daut Papia too heet woaren. Soo daut daut nich passieed, wort Trubben Drot trajcht jeboagen un en daut Loch en däm Schorm faust jeneit. Dan schieed daut Drot enne Städ daut Papia aum Laumpenzillinda. Aulsoo hauden de Lied wada utjejbelt, woo see waut onen Jelt moaken kunnen.

Mutta haud emma een wundaschmocken Goaden met veschiedne Bloomen. Wan ekj mie trigj denkj, weet ekj, daut ekj Mutta äaren Goaden nich jenuach jerääkjent hab. De Goaden jeef Mutta väl Freid. Daut ieeschte waut miene Tauntes deeden, wan see no Onst kjeemen, wia Mutta äaren Goaden bekjiken. Mutta haud nich bloos schmocke Bloomen em Goaden. Doa wieren Kjoaschen, Plumen, Himbäären, Olbasse, Jalmäären, Zelot, Postanak, Beeten, Zockaschooten, Oaften, Schaublen, Arbusen, Melloonen, Kjarps un weet nich waut aules.

Eensjemol plock ekj Bloomen ooda Bläda utem Goaden un läd dee tweschen de Bläda en een oolen Eatons Kataloo. Wan ekj dee doa lang jenuach leet, wieren dee schmock plaut jedrekjt. Eensjemol brukt ekj dise jedreejde Bloomen un Bläda toom Grusskoaten moaken.

Eenen Somma haud een Kjiewikj een Nast bie ons em Goaden. Daut Nast likjend soo sea de leed, daut eena oppaussen must, daut eena nich doa enopp klunjd. Daut Nast wia oppe leed tweschen twee Rieejen Goadenjemies. Runtom daut Nast wieren kjliene Steena waut meist soo leeten aus

the small stones.

Mother was careful when she hoed the garden not to disturb the killdeer's nest. We got a kick out of the killdeer's antics as it tried to keep us from coming too close. I do not recall whether the eggs hatched or not. I would not be surprised if the cats got to them.

Father and my older brothers hunted gophers in summer and rabbits in winter with a small single shot 22 calibre rifle. After he had explained the necessary precautions to be observed, Father finally allowed me to use the rifle. I must have been about fourteen at the time.

When crawling through a fence, I always carefully laid the gun down first and picked it up after I was on the other side of the fence. Whether loaded or not, one should never point the gun barrel towards any people or any residence. A gun should never be loaded unless one was stalking prey. I was careful to observe Father's warnings.

A box of fifty 22 calibre cartridges cost twenty-five cents. Since a gopher tail fetched a penny, one could get the ammunition paid for if you were an accurate marksman. The price of jackrabbit skins started at a dime. Immediately after skinning the rabbit, we turned the pelt inside out and slipped it onto a board similar in shape to an ironing board about eighteen inches long and seven inches wide at the base. On our next trip to Saskatoon, we visited about four or five hide and fur companies with our rabbit pelts in order to get the best price.

de Eia.

Mutta paust emma sea opp, daut see daut Nast nich vestieed. Daut wia intressaunt waut de Kjiewikj aules deed wan eena too dicht bie daut Nast kjeem. Ekj hab vejäten auf de Eia utbrooden ooda nich. Wundren wudd mie daut nich, wan onse Kauten de junge Kjiewikjs haben oppjefräten.

Voda un miene Breeda jääjaden de Somma Stapmies met ne kjliene tweeuntwintich derchmätasche Flint. De Winta jääjaden see Hosen. Aus Voda mie daut sea dietlich jemoakt haud, woo eena ne Flint hauntieren must om secha to sennen, daut eena nich met eemol een Onjleky haud, jeef hee mie de Frieheit, de Flint to brucken. Ekj wia dan veleicht vieetieen Joa oolt.

Wan eena derch een Tun kroop, must eena ieescht derch dän Tun langen un de Flint aun jantsied hanlajen, un dan derch dän Tun krupen. Eena must de Flint niemols no een Mensch ooda een Jebied optoo Zielen, eendoont woo wietauf un wan doa uk kjeene Patroon enne Flint wia. Eena must nich ea ne Patroon enne Flint stoppen, bat eena ne Raup hinjaraun schlikjen deed. Ekj paust sea opp, daut ekj Voda siene Woarnunk beobachten deed.

Eene Doos met feftich Patroonen kost fiew-untwintich Zent. Wie kjrieegen een Zent fa jieda Stapmusenzoagel. Aulsoo, wan eena jeneiw scheeten deed, wia daut Scheetich betolt. Fa een Hosenfal kjrieegh wie tieen Zent. Wan wie een Hos aufjeladat hauden, streept wie daut Fal soo daut de bennaschte Sied no buten wia opp een Hosenbrat toom drieegen. Daut Hosenbrat haud een Jeschekj aus een Prassdesch, un wia onjefää achteen Zoll lank un unjen säwen Zoll breet. Daut näakjste Mol aus wie no Saskatoon reisden, jinj wie no vea ooda fief Koopmana onse Hosenfals vekjeepen, wuaemma wie dän hechsten Pries kjrieegen.

We lived less than two miles from the South Saskatchewan River. Fishing could be justified since it was a means of procuring food for the table. For bait we caught grasshoppers with a burlap bag held open with a wire hoop at the end of a six to eight foot pole. Father drove the Model T Ford in the pasture at about five miles per hour, while one of my older brothers leaned out of the window to hold the burlap bag about two feet behind the front wheel. The wind held the bag open. As the grasshoppers became air borne when they jumped out of the way, they were scooped into the bag. Then we put the grasshoppers into empty beer or patent medicine bottles.

Our fishing gear consisted of thirty to forty foot lines with hooks tied to a six-foot willow sharpened at one end and pushed about eighteen inches into the soft sand at the water's edge. In order to get the grasshopper-baited hooks into the water, we attached a three or four ounce piece of scrap metal to the end of the line. We grasped the line securely behind the baited hooks, swung the weight in a circle and let go so the baited hooks landed in the river as far from the shore as the length of line allowed. Sometimes we tied a small bell onto the willow to signal a bite. Our catches consisted of chubs, gold eyes and the occasional sucker.

It was peaceful and quiet at the river. Father snoozed in the warm sun. Crows cawed in the distance, water lapped lazily against a few rocks, and the occasional insect buzzed on its way to nowhere.

Young boys were great collectors of everything. It seemed nothing was discarded. Their collections included pieces of string tied together into one long string, bottle caps, buttons, empty sewing thread spools, discarded light bulbs, boxes of all kinds, foil from tobacco packages and

Wie wonden weinja aus twee Miel vom Riefa. Mie jinkj daut Feschen emma scheen. Feschen wia je uk nich bloos een Vejniecejen, wiels Fesch toom äten wieren. Fa Feschlockmeddel brukt wie Graushoppa. Wie jreepen Graushoppa met een Radnasak aum Enj von ne acht schooje heltane Stang wua een Bauntiesa dän Radnasak op hilt. Voda fua sachelkjes metem Model T oppe Weid. Eena von ons saut biesied Voda un hilt dän Radnasak hinja daut Väaraud. De Graushoppa hupsten dan enne Hecht em Radnasak enenn. Dan saumeld wie de Graushoppa toop, un stopten dee en Beabudlen.

Onse Fescharie wia ne dartich bat vieetich schooje Angel met drie Hoakes aun ne sass schooje Wäd jebungen. Aun daut aundre Enj von de Angel bung wie een kjlienet Biet lesa. Hinja daut Biet lesa streept wie een läwendjen Graushoppa opp jieda Hoaken. Wie stuaken de Wäd weenichstens een Schoo em Saunt un bungen de Angel doa aun. Dan neem wie de Angel onjefää drie Schoo vom Enj hinja de Hoakes un dreiden daut Enj een poamol rom un leeten daut loos soo daut daut Enj Angel em Riefa nen fluach. Dan sad wie ons jemietlich dol bat de Angel tekjad un wie ons een Fesch utem Riefa holen kunnen. Jeweenlich jreep wie Häarinjs un Plautfesch. Eensjemol bung wie een Kjinja aun de Angel. Dan kjinjad dee, wan doa een Fesch aune Angel tekjad.

Biem Riefa wia daut ruich un stell. Voda dusseld jemietlich enne Sonn. De Kraujen kjreiden, de Wotawalen plenschaden jäajen de Steena, un too Tieden somd doa een Onjezeffa vebie.

Junge Benjels saumelden sikj aulahaunt toop. Daut scheen soo, nuscht wort wajchjeschmäten. See saumelden Baunt, Buddel Dakjsels, Kjneep, Spoolkjes, utjebrende ellektrische Laumpen, aulahaunt Doosen, blanket Papia von Tobbak, un Gumbenja von Reifenschläaj jeschnäden.

chewing gum wrappers, and rubber bands cut from old bicycle and automobile inner tubes. Boys competed to see who could collect the largest ball of string or tin foil.

Handles for sling shots were made from the fork of a tree branch shaped like the letter Y. Rubber bands cut from car inner tubes provided the propelling power for the pebbles, which were cradled in a piece of leather. Spools and bottle caps served as wheels and pulleys on hand made toys. It is surprising what a young fellow with an imagination and a good pocketknife can produce.

Spring, when the willow bushes were sprouting new leaves, was a good time to make whistles. One needed a nice, green, straight willow branch about five inches long. After tapping the branch all over gently with a jack-knife handle, one could carefully slip the bark off the branch. It was important not to damage the bark. One end of the bark was then plugged, using a half-inch length of the original branch that had been slipped out of the bark. A notch was cut into the bark about an inch from the opposite end. Then this end was partially plugged, using a half inch plug that had the upper third removed. Blowing into the end with the partial plug resulted in a shrill whistle.

Green caragana seedpods could also be made into whistles. First, the sharp end of the pod was removed. Then the rounded side of the pod was carefully opened so the seeds could be removed. Placing the pod between your lips with the round end inside your mouth and blowing hard produced a loud whistle.

Eensje proowden dän jratsten toopjerolden blanken Papia Baul to haben.

Een Slingshot wort von ne Wiedstrucksforkj un Gumbenja von Koaren Reifenschläaj jemoakt. Buddel Dakjsels un Spoolkjes worden jebrukt aus kjliene Räda un Reemschiewen toom Spältich moaken. Daut wia toom wundren waut een Benjel met een bät Jreblen un een goodet Kjnipsmassa moaken kunn.

Em Farjoa wan de Wieden Bescha fresche Bläda kjrieen, wia ne goode Tiet toom Piepdinja moaken. Doatoo fäld eenem een schmocken, jreenen, jlikjen Wieden Aust onjefäa fief Zoll lank. Dan must eena ne Tank onjefäa een Zoll von een Enj em Aust schnieden. Wan eena däm Aust dan leis met een Kjnipsmassastäl runtom kloppad, kunn eena de Baust schmock rauf jlitschen. Daut wia sea wichtich, daut eena de Baust nich beschädjen deed. Dan stopt eena daut aundre Enj met een Stopsel too. Een Stopsel kunn eena von dän aufjeschalden Aust moaken wua eena de Baust rauf jejlitscht haud. En daut Enj wua wie de Tank jeschnäden hauden, stopt wie een Stopsel nen waut een bät op wia soo daut eena en daut Piepdinkj nen pusten kunn. Nu wia daut Piepdinkj foadich.

Eena kunn uk een Piepdinkj moaken von ne Akozje Schoot. Daut ieeschte must eena daut schoape Enj aufkjniepen. Dan muak eena daut aundre Enj sachelkjes op. Dan kunn eena daut Sot erut pulen, wan eena sea oppaust. Eena must sea oppausen, daut eena de Schoot nich beschädjen deed. Nu wia daut Piepdinkj foadich. Toom piepen, must eena daut runde Enj tweschen de Leppen em Mul hoolen. Wan eena jescheit pust, wia daut Piepdinkj zimlich lud. Wan eena miere von dise Akozje Piepdinja tojlikj em Mul haud, hieed sikj daut wundascheen.

If you held a blade of grass between your thumbs, it served as a reed to make a loud noise when you blew through it. It was an accomplishment for any young lad to be able to make these whistles. Handguns were carved out of a piece of soft wood about an inch thick.

The ends of apple boxes were an excellent source of wood for this purpose. A metal rod about a quarter inch thick heated red hot in the kitchen stove was used burn a hole through the length of the gun barrel. Next, we made a plunger to fit the barrel. One end of the plunger was thick enough so it stopped the plunger from going all the way through the barrel. An elastic band fastened to the gun pushed the plunger into the barrel when it was pulled back and released. A notch cut into the handle held the plunger back until you released it. A pea or small pebble served as ammunition. A small wooden peg served as a trigger to release the plunger, which pushed the pea or pebble out of the barrel.

During the summer, young lads spent hours rolling automobile tires. We also rolled a metal ring salvaged from a wooden keg. We rolled the ring by pushing it with a stick shaped like the letter T. The staves salvaged from wooden kegs were made into skis.

Father was a very patient and humble man. He was a craftsman, although he would not admit it. Sometimes he hummed quietly to himself as he looked at a pile of scrap metal. I could tell that he was letting his imagination roam as he studied the shapes and sizes of the different objects. Then he placed a few pieces next to each other as he studied them. Finally, he held them together in various positions. Then he slowly began filing, sawing, and drilling.

If I asked him what he was making, he would just say, "We shall see." As he continued with his project, he acquired that faint hint of a smile on his face with a slight gleam in his eye. I watched him for hours

Een Biet Grauss tweschen de Dumes schauft uk aus een Piepdinkj wan eena tweschen de Dumes pust. Een Benjel waut dise Piepdinja moaken kunn feeld sikj zimlich aum Buck jepenselt.

Een ladja Aupelkausten wia jenuach Holt toom aulahaunt moaken. Eena kunn doavon soogoa ne Flint moaken.

De Somma hab wie Benjels ons vâl met Koareifen kulren vejnieejt. Wie kulladen Rinj waut von kjiene Tonkjies kjeemen. Toom dän Rinkj schuwen haud wie een Stock wua wie opp een Enj een klijenet Bratje aunjenoagelt hauden. Em Winta jlitscht wie em Schnee met Tonnen Bräda.

Voda wia een jeduldja un deemootja Maun. Hee stunt daut nich too, daut hee een Konst Oabeida wia waut boolt waut moaken kunn. Eensjemol somd hee opp stelles to sikj selfst, wiel hee sikj een Klompen Prell bekjijkt. Ekj wist daut hee nu em Jedajchnis wia, waut hee veleicht moaken kunn. Dan läd hee een poa Stekja lesa opp veschiedne Wäaj dicht toop un bekjijkt sikj daut. Dan funk hee sachelkjes aun to fielen un soagen un boaren.

Wan ekj am fruach waut hee moaken deed, säd hee, "Na, wie woaren emol seenen." Aus hee sachelkjes wieda poakad, schmustad hee han un wada emol een bät. Mie wia daut am stundelank beoobachten

as he worked. Every once in a while he asked me to fetch him a tool, which I did with excitement and anticipation. Sometimes Father worked on a project for several days. Meanwhile I tried to guess what he was making. When I finally guessed correctly, Father seemed pleased with his son and with himself.

Father kept everything very low key. He avoided taking pride in his accomplishments and in having a frivolous relationship with his children. The Old Colony Church emphasized humility and discouraged any worldly activity that might provoke the wrath of God. Children must be taught to fear the Lord. Fear of one's parents was somewhat akin to fearing the Lord.

Parents somewhat reluctantly allowed their boys to play softball in summer. We had no ball gloves. Our equipment consisted of a ball and a bat. We played either on the schoolyard or in a pasture. Since any form of athletic competition was frowned upon, we very rarely played ball against a team from another village.

The public schools in the Municipality of Warman organized a sports day annually in the month of June. Schools competed in track and field activities as well as softball. Schools from the Old Colony Mennonite villages seldom participated in the Warman Sports Day. When we were no longer attending school, we attended the Warman Sports Day as spectators. One time when I was at the Sports Day on a particularly hot summer day, I was so thirsty that I blew the entire fifteen cents I had in my possession on three bottles of pop. It was the first time that I tried a bottle of Coca Cola. My conscience bothered me for years that I had spent all my money so frivolously.

During quiet summer evenings, the big boys in our village liked to gather around a small bonfire on the side of the road

intressaunt. Wan ekj daut entlich rajcht roden deed, waut daut sull sennen waut hee muak, wia hee met sien Jung un sikj selfst gauns tofräd.

Voda wia een stella Maun. Wan hee uk goode Oabeit deed, wull hee sikj doa nuscht met meenen. Hee wull nich too leichtsennich met siene Kjinja sennen. De ooltkoloniesche Kjoakj betoond de Deemootichkheit, un root de Jlieda daut mete Welt metmoaken auf. Kjinja lieeden Gottesforcht, un Respakjt fa de Elren wia däm änlich.

De Lied en Bloomenheim jefoll daut nich sea, wan de Jugent Baul späld. Wie hauden kjeene Haunschke toom Baul spälen. Aules waut wie hauden wia een Baulkjneppel un een Baul. Wie spälden entwäda oppem Schoolhoff ooda oppe Darpsweid. Daut wie jäajen aundre Darpa Baul spälden, troff sikj mau seldom, wiels onse Elren doajäajen wieren.

De Distrikjt Schoolen en de Warman Minnissipaul hauden jieda Juni een Sportsdach. De Schoolen streewen uttofinjen, woone School daut baste wia en aulerhaunt Sport. Schoolen von de ooltkoloniesche Jäajenden wieren lang nich emma doa. Aus ekj nich mea no School jinkj, fua wie nom Warman Sportsdach aus Tookjikja. Een Dach wia ekj opp dän Warman Sportsdach aus daut butajeweenlich woam wia. Mie darscht soo schentlich, daut ekj aul miene feftieen Zent aun dree Budlen Zeida vebrukt. Mien Jewessen haft mie nohäa joarenlank jeploacht, daut ekj fa soone Dommheit aul mien Jelt vebrukt haud.

Wan daut emol een soorajcht scheenen Sommaowent wia, saumelden de Darpsjunges sikj oppe Gauss toop. Dan

allowance where they swapped jokes and stories that they would not want the parents to hear.

Sorrel leaves grew abundantly on the edges of our driveway leading from the yard to the village street. Shortly after emerging in early spring these leaves were very tender and juicy. We ate them by the mouthfuls. We boys challenged each other to stuff our mouths with sorrel leaves and eat the entire mouthful without once making a sour face.

In winter we played hockey. The skating rink, which was located on the frozen river, was enclosed by a board and the snow bank that took shape as we shoveled the snow off the rink. Sometimes we played against a team from a neighboring village. Shin pads consisted of Eaton catalogs, horse sweat collars, or binder canvas slats. If the goalkeeper did not have a goal stick, he used a shovel to keep the puck out of the net.

I must have been about twelve years old when I got my first pair of skates from my brother for ten cents. They consisted of an unmatched pair of discarded work boots with blade skates attached to the soles. It wasn't until I was about sixteen that Father bought me a pair of secondhand tube skates. What an improvement they were!

There were several months during the winter when we had no milk for our cereal or cream for our coffee because the cows had dried up and did not produce milk until after they had calved in spring.

When parents went visiting they usually took their preschool children with them. The children entertained themselves while their parents visited in the parlor. Children were expected not to interrupt their parents while they were visiting. One game two or three children could play together was to

stekjten see sikj een klijenet Fia aun, sauten doa rom, un vetalden soon Spos un soone Jeschichten waut de Elren nich hieren sullen.

Opp onsen Utwajch no de Darpsgaus woss vâl Suaromp. De ieeschta Suaromp waut em Farjoa opp kjeem wia sea wâakjlich un sauftich. Wie haben vâl Mulvoll jejäten. Eensjemol eet wie opp ne Wad. Wie prommelden ons aula daut Mul voll Suaromp. Dan funk wie aula tojljkj aun to äten, soo fekjs aus wie kunnen. De ieeschta waut een suaret Jesecht muak haud de Wad veluaren.

Dän Winta späld wie Hockie. De lesbon, waut oppem Riefa wia, haud een Brat runtom. Wan wie dän Schnee von de lesbon raufscheffelden, schmeet wie dän Schnee no de aundre Sied von daut Brat, waut rom de lesbon wia. Eensjemol späld wie jäajen een aundret Darp. Wie brukten oole Eatons Kataloos ooda Pieetschweet Kollasch toom onse Schänebeen beschutzen.

Ekj wia veleicht twalf Joa oolt aus ekj mien ieeschtet poa Schlietschoo fa tieen Zent von mien Brooda koft. Daut wieren een poa aufjelajde Schoo met Schlietschoo aunjeneet. Aus ekj onjefää sastieen Joa oolt wia, koft Voda mie een poa jescheide jebrukte Schlietschoo. Oba daut wieren feine Schlietschoo jäajen de leeschte waut ekj haud.

De Winta wieren doa miere Moonaten wan de Kjeej drieech wieren. Dan haud wie kjeene Malkj fa ons Freestikjs Kost ooda Schmaunt toom Koffe drinkjen bat de Kjeej wada freschmalkjsch wieren.

Wan de Elren spazieren wankten, neemen see jeweenlich äare klijene Kjinja met. De Kjinja musten sikj dan selfst weeten, wiel de Elren unja sikj spazieeden. De Eatons Kataloo tieekjend daut waut see billich utjepriest hauden met een Stiern auf. Toom Vejnneejen blädaden wie derch däm

page through the Eaton catalog and look for the star symbol which marked special sale items. The first child to call out "Star!" and point to it won one point towards his score.

Another form of amusement was to cut out the head of one of the models in a discarded catalog and then place it over the head of other models. A man's had placed over the head of a lady modeling girdles brought howls of laughter. We tried not to laugh too much, lest our parents begin to wonder whether we were up to something naughty.

The Eaton catalog provided the opportunity to window shop and fantasize what it would be like to be able to buy all those wonderful things. I spent many hours perusing the pages.

We had games such as Snakes and Ladders, Ludo, checkers, and my favorite game of crokinole. I became rather good at crokinole. Father was my most challenging opponent. When our teacher and his wife visited us at our house, I delighted in beating him in a game of crokinole hands down. To be able to beat your teacher was quite an accomplishment.

The Old Colony Church considered a deck of cards a tool of the devil. I played my first card game when I was fifteen years old. I was amazed at the way the cards were designed. You could hold a dozen or more in your hand in a fan shape so you could see the corner of each card. Not only that, there was no right side up or upside down! The first card game I learned to play was Pinochle.

Something I often wished I could buy was the series of Big Little Books that Eatons featured in their catalog. They cost fifteen cents each. One could get the complete set at a reduced price. Each book was approximately an inch thick. Hence, the

Kataloo toom seenen, waa de ieeschta wudd sennen een Stiern to seenen. Wan eena een Stiern sach, sad hee fekjs "Star", un schreef daut aun. Wan wie metem Kataloo derch wieren, tald wie de Stierns toop waut wie jeseenen hauden.

Noch eenatlei waut wie deeden wia dan Kopp utschnieden wan doa een Mensch aufjebilt wia. Wan daut een Maunskopp wia, lad wie dan eensjemol awrem Kopp wua eene Mumkje aufjebilt wia de Unjakjeleeda aun haud. Oba hab wie jelacht! Wie proowden nich too lud to lachen, sest wudden de Elren met eenmol wundren waut doa soo sposich wia.

De Eatons Kataloo wia sea intressaunt. Ekj hab mie dan val Stunden bekjikt, aus wie de drieje Joaren hauden. Ekj hab ieremol jedocht, woo fein daut sennen wudd, wan eena sikj aulahaunt kjeepen kunn.

Wie hauden bie ons tus miere Sorten Spell: Snakes and Ladders, Daumbrat, Ludo, un, waut ekj daut baste jleicht, Kjnipsbrat. Ekj kunn zimlich goot Kjnipsbrat spalen. Oba jaaen Voda jewennen, daut wia nich leicht. Ekj freid mie emma, wan ons Liera spazieren kjeem. Jaaen dam kunn ekj emma leicht jewennen.

Bie de ooltkoloniesche Kjoakj wia Koatenspalen ne Sind. Ekj wia feftieen Joa oolt, aus ekj toom ieeschten mol Koaten spald. Ekj wia erstaunt aus ekj de Koaten sach. Eena kunn leicht twalf Koaten opp eemol enne Haunt hoolen. Eena brukt bloos de Akj seenen, dan wist eena woone Koat daut wia. Daut hilt sikj jlikj, auf dee awakopp wieren ooda nich. Daut ieeschte Koatenspell waut ekj spalen lied wia Pinochle.

Ekj wenscht mie emma, daut ekj eenatlei kjeepen kunn. Daut wieren de Big Little Books waut Eatons em Kataloo haud. Dee kosten feftieen Zent daut Stekj. Wan eena sikj aule feftieen Bieekja koft, wieren dee een bat bilja. De Bieekja wieren weens en

designation "big". The pages measured about four by five inches. Hence, the designation "little". The one I recall reading over and over was about Dick Tracy. The book was generously sprinkled with line drawings to illustrate the story. I do not remember how I got the book. One of my cousins must have given it to me.

When I was a teenager, the price of rabbit pelts had gone up to fifty cents. It was one of my best sources of cash in winter. To catch rabbits, I suspended wire snares from a wooden frame about five feet square. A bundle of oats was placed inside the square. If anything startled the rabbits while they were feeding on the oats during the night, they bounded away to safety. As they bounded away, they were caught in the wire snares, usually breaking their necks. In the morning, I retrieved their frozen bodies, thawed them in the barn, and pelted the rabbits.

One reason for saving money was the annual trip to the Saskatoon Exhibition. The neighbor boys and I filled up a car and away we went. Since money was scarce, there was no way we could afford to pay admission to the grounds. We cautiously circled the exhibition until we found a tree of suitable height and proximity to the fence. Some of us would casually sit under the tree as lookouts. One by one, we managed to climb the tree and jump over the fence.

Once inside the fence, we decided to see a few of the sideshows. Since the weather was usually hot, the bottom of the rear tent walls were rolled up part way for air circulation. We went to the back of the tent,

Zoll dikj. Doawäajen nanden see de Big (groot). Oba de Bläda en de Bieekja wieren mau vea bie fief Zoll. Doawäajen nanden see de Bieekja Little (kjljen). Aulsoo wieren daut Big Little Books. Mie kaun een Big Little Book noch sea goot denkjen. Ekj hab daut foaken jeläst. Daut wia ne Jeschicht von Dick Tracy, een Maun waut een Jeheempolizist wia. Ekj jleew mien Fada jeef mie daut Buak.

Aus ekj enne tieen Joaren oolt wia aus doa Kjrlich wia, worden de Hosenfals een schoof diera, bat feftich un fiefunzäwentich Zent. Daut wia miene baste Jeläajenheit, toom de Winta Jelt moaken. Toom Hosen jriepen muak ekj een kjlienet Hock met Hosen schlenjen runtom. Enne Medd läd ekj ne Howagoaw han. De Nacht, uzhent wan de Mon kloa scheen, jinjen de Hosen en daut Hock no de Howagoaw. Wan an met eemol waut veenjst, sprungen see haustich ut daut Hock erut. Dan jripsten an de Schlenjen. Zemorjes hold ekj mie de Hosen. Dee wieren emma doot un hoat jefroaren, wiel de Schlenjen an daut Jenekj jebroaken haud. Dan honk ekj de Hosen em Staul opp, un wan see oppjedeift wieren, ladad ekj dee auf.

Eene Uasoak fa Jelt tooptosaumlen wia daut ekj Jelt haud fa de Utstalinj waut see jieda Somma en Saskatoon hauden. Wan de Dach hia wia, stieejen de Nobaschjunges un ekj enne Koa, un dan wia wie oppem Wajch. Wiels daut Jelt mau knaup wia, wia daut selfstvestentlich, daut wie toom bie de Utstalinj nen gonen nich betolen kunnen. Wie jinjen behutsom velenjd dän Tun, bat wie een Boom fungen waut hecha aus de Tun wia. Dan sad wie ons gauns oschuldich unja dän Boom em Schauten dol. Wan doa kjeena rom wia, klautaden wie opp dän Boom enopp un hupsten äwa dän Tun.

Oppe Utstalinj wieren väl Zelten wua see veschiedne Vejnreejen hauden. Jeweenlich wia daut oppe Utstalinj sonnich un heet. Foaken rolden see daut Zelt unjen een bät opp aune hinjaschte Sied, soo daut de Loft

pretending to rest in the shade from the hot sun. Again, at opportune moments, one by one we slipped in under the tent wall. Sometimes we were quite disgusted when the sideshow was hardly worth the effort.

Although we were naive in many ways, we were not stupid. We were careful not to be hooked on gambling our limited financial resources away to the many hawkers on the midway.

Although Mother often had to manage by herself, she did not relish the job of chopping off a chicken's head. If Father was around, she asked him to do it. I never missed an opportunity to watch Mother butcher chickens. After the head had been chopped off, the body of the chicken jumped and kicked violently, while the head of the chicken lay on the chopping block with closed eyes and gaping beak. Mother then dipped the chicken into a large pot of boiling water to scald it. Then she plucked the feathers. After this she lit several large sheets of newspaper and held the chicken in the flames for a few moments to singe off the fine hairs. Then she removed the pinfeathers.

Next came the most fascinating part. Mother laid the chicken on the table, eviscerated it and cut it up into its various parts. I enjoyed playing with chicken feet, pulling the different muscles that opened and closed the claws. When I blew into the esophagus, the vocal cords responded. I tried to imitate the crowing of a rooster.

I will never forget Mother's delicious soups. Her chicken noodle soup was an unforgettable experience. Another mouth-watering creation was her cabbage borscht with fresh smoked pork or freshly butchered chickens. She also made

een bät nen tocht. Wie sauten ons hinja daut Zelt em Schauten dol. Wan kjeena kijkt, schlikjt wie ons unja de oppjerolde Waunt em Zelt enenn. Eensjemol docht wie daut Vejniecejen meend rajcht nuscht, daut sikj daut nich emol betolt haud, en daut Zelt nentoschlikjen.

Wan wie uk veleicht een bät oschuldich wieren, wieren wie nich domm. Wie pausten opp, daut wie ons nich leeten velocken ons Jelt aun Jlekjspell to vekwosen.

Ekj kijkt emma too, wan Mutta Heena schlachten deed. Wan Mutta sikj uk doamet wist, jleicht see nich een Hon ooda ne Han dän Kopp aufhaken. Wan Voda rom wia, deed hee daut. Wan de Kopp aufjehakt wia, hupst de aufjekopde Han ooda Hon oba sea rom, wiel de Kopp oppem Heiwklotz de Uagen too hilt un de Schnowel op un too jinkj. Dan brieelj Mutta de Han en koakendet Wota. Dan plock see de Fadren ut. Dan stekjt see miere oole veknutschte Zeitungen aun un hilt de Han em Fia toom aul de Hoa aufsenjen. Tolatst plock see de Spielen ut.

Nu wia Mutta bat doa wua mie daut soorajcht intressieed. Mutta läd dän Hon ooda Han oppem Desch un neem aul daut Bennaschte erut. Mie intressieed daut, waut doa aules en een Kjarpa wia: daut Hoat, de Läwa, de Moag un soo wieda. Ekj späld emma mete Feet. Wan ekj aun dee Sänen trock, kunn ekj de Kleiwen op un too moaken, krakjt soo aus een läwendja Hon. Wan ekj en däm Schlauch waut nom Schluckat jinkj nen pust, kunn ekj meist soo kjeien aus een Hon.

Ekj kaun Mutta äare Heenasupp noch emma em Jedajchnis schmakjen. Oba dee schmakjt scheen! Mie rant de Kjewiel soorajcht wan ekj aun äaren Komstborscht met freschet Heenafleesch ooda jerieekjadet Schwiensfleesch denkj!

borscht of sauerkraut and smoked meat and sausages.

Since money was scarce, I discovered a way of acquiring various items such as toys and flashlights without cash. I exchanged breakfast cereal box tops for these items. The only money involved was three cents for a postage stamp.

I was always looking for ways to make money. Advertisements in farm periodicals encouraged boys and girls to sell greeting cards on a commission basis. I tried this a couple of times. I soon learned that there was no market for such frivolities among Old Colony Mennonites.

Some of the advertising fascinated me. The box of toothpicks had a colored picture of lumberjacks on a huge log float with the inscription, "From Canadian woods to Kaybe goods". The general store in town had a sign promoting Benjamin Moore paint that read, "Save the surface and you save all". Salada tea and Coca Cola were always advertised.

I remember reading a short comic strip that invariably appeared in every issue of the Free Press. It showed a family under stress until they discovered the merits of drinking Postum instead of coffee. Another advertisement always showed people admiring something like the Niagara Falls and using the words, "It's enormous!" This was followed by the words, "But not as enormous as Branvin value!" Branvin was a particular brand of wine. Another ad showed the picture of a binder with the caption, "The best binder in the world!"

I tried many ways of making money. Once I bought a case of soft drinks. I placed them in a container of ice-cold water in the

Wiels daut Jelt mau knaup wia, funk ekj ut woo ekj Sachen kjrieen kunn onen Jelt. Wan ekj daut Enj von Freestikjskost Doosen enschekjt, schekjten see mie Spältich un soogoa een kjlienet ellektrischet Licht. Aules waut mie daut kost wia daut dreezentsche Breefmoakj toom de Enja von de Freestikjskost Doosen nen schekjen.

Ekj socht emma woo ekj Jelt moaken kunn. Bekauntmoakungen en de Zeitungen muntaden Kjinja opp toom fa Vedeerst Grusskoaten vekjeepen. Ekj proowd daut. Oba ekj wort boolt en daut de Ooltkolonia sikj nich fa soone Weltsachen intressieeden.

Eensje Bekauntmoakungen wieren mie oppfaulent. Opp ne Tänenpoakadoos wia een Bilt met Kjneppels oppem Wota met Mana doabowen. Unja daut Bilt wia jeschräwen "From Canadian woods to Kaybe goods." Daut Stua en Ossla haud ne Bekauntmoakungstofel fa Benjamin Moore Foaw. Dee säd, "Save the surface and you save all." Salada Tee un Coca Cola wort aulawääjes bekaunt jemoakt.

Ekj kaun en mien Jedajchnis noch emma een sposjet Bilt enne Zeitunk seenen. Opp daut Bilt wia emma ne Famielje waut vedrisslich wia bat see enworden daut de Vedruss gauns veschwunk, wan see Prips (Postum) enne Städ Koffe drunken. Noch eene Bekauntmoakunk weess Menschen dee sikj een Wunda bekjijkten soo aus Niagara Falls. Een Mensch säd, "It's enormous!" Unja daut Bilt wia dan jeschräwen, "But not as enormous as Branvin value." Branvin wia ne Sort Wien. Noch een Bilt waut mie noch denkjten kaun weess een Binja. Unja daut Bilt wia jeschräwen, "De basta Binja enne Welt." Daut wia een McCormick Deering Binja.

Ekj proowd opp veschiedne Wääj Jelt to moaken. Ekj koft een Kausten Budlen voll Zeida. Ekj sad dee en ieskoldet Wota bie

basement and sold them for a profit of one cent per bottle. I soon gave this up since the margin of profit was too small for the amount of work involved.

At one time Mother actually paid me five cents a month for collecting eggs daily from the chicken bam. For this, I was the victim of some sarcasm from my peers who had never heard of being paid by their parents for doing chores.

A visit by the Fuller brush salesman was exciting. It was fascinating to see his display. But oh, everything was so expensive! Old Colony Mennonites had very little practical use for his wares. The only item I recall Mother buying was a block of repellent that was supposed to get rid of houseflies.

Provincial election campaigns were largely ignored because Old Colony Mennonites had little interest in world affairs. They believed that they were in the world but not of the world. Since there were few sources of entertainment, speeches by candidates in the rural schools offered some diversion from everyday life. Although I occasionally listened to political speeches, I resented the hypocrisy of the entire political process.

There were two main political parties in Saskatchewan at the time: the Liberals and the C.C.F. In order to get party supporters to consider the viewpoints of their opponents, I hit upon a novel idea. It cost one cent to mail printed material, provided one wrapped the material in such a way that it was exposed at both ends. I picked up C.C.F. propaganda and mailed it to anybody I suspected of being a Liberal supporter. To a C.C.F. supporter I mailed Liberal propaganda. In each case I stamped my name and return address on the wrapper. Hopefully this would serve two purposes. One was to get party supporters to read the other side of the story, and secondly to confuse them as to

ons em Kjala un vekoft dee fa een Zent diera aus ekj jetolt haud. Ekj hieed doa boolt met opp. De Vedeerst betold sikj nich fa de Oabeit.

Eemol told Mutta mie fief Zent de Moonat fa em Heenastaul Eia utnâmen. Ar jaumad daut woll äwa mie, daut ekj soo jieren Jelt moaken wull. De Darpsjunges wieren doa een bät spietich äwa. See hauden noch niemols jehieet von ne Mutta, dee äa Jung betold fa daut Eia utnâmen!

Mie wia daut emma intressaunt, wan de Fuller Brush Pedla kjeem. Oba wieren dâm siene Sachen dia! Waut hee to vekjeepe haud, wia bie de Ooltkolonia nich vâl wieet. Daut eensje Dinkj waut mie denkjen kaun waut Mutta von am koft, wia waut eena opphenjen deed toom Flieejen wajchhoolen. Mie es daut soo, daut daugd nich vâlwaut.

Wan doa ne prowinsche Wol wia, kjemmaden sea weinich Lied sikj doaram. De Ooltkolonia hauden weinich Interessen fa weltliche Sachen. See meenden see wieren oppe Welt, nich vonne Welt. Wiels doa nich vâl Vejnieejen wia, wia daut emol waut aundret, wan doa een polietische Rädna no de School kjeem. Wan ekj uk han un wada no een polietische Rädna horcht, jefoll mie äa Jeheichel schljacht.

Too de Tiet wieren doa twee polietische Jesalschoften en Saskatchewan: de Liberal un de CCF. Om polietisch Jesalschoft Unjastetta bat doa to kjrieen, daut see no äare Jääjna horchten, schekjt ekj Liberal Literatua no de CCF Hauptkwatia, un CCF Literatua no de Liberal Hauptkwatia. Daut kost bloos een Zent jedrekjtet Stoff schekjen, wan daut soo enjerolt wia, daut et opp jieda Enj erut stuak, soo daut daut to seenen wia, daut daut jedrekjtet Stoff wia. Ekj stampeld mien Nomen doa enopp aus de Schekja. Ekj docht soo, lot see doavon denkjen waut see wellen. Aulsoo haud ekj twee Zwakjen. leeschtens wull ekj haben, de polietische Jesalschoften sullen läsen waut äare Jääjna to sajen hauden.

where I might stand politically.

It was not until I reached my late twenties that I took party politics seriously. I noticed that at Liberal meetings questions from the audience were not being encouraged. Liberal candidates seemed to feel threatened by questions. If the Liberal candidate was not sure of the answer, he and his supporters tended to cower the questioner with a deriding chuckle. Secondly, Liberal candidates' statements tended to be at variance with what I read in our farm newspapers. On the other hand, C.C.F. candidates encouraged questions from the audience. Furthermore, every question was taken seriously and handled with respect. C.C.F. candidates even admitted that they didn't have all the answers. I also noticed that statements by C.C.F. candidates were supported by news items in our farm weekly. I was thirty by the time I cast my first ballot.

Tweedens wull ekj an vedreien, wäm ekj unjastetten deed.

Aus ekj enne hinjaschte twintich Joaren oolt wia, wort mie de Politikj een bät wichtja. Wan een Liberal Rädna de Toohiera fruach, auf see waut to froagen hauden, dan kjeem mie daut soo vää, hee hopt see wudden nuscht froagen. Wan see am waut fruagen, un hee nich de Auntwuat wist, kjeem mie daut soo vää aus wan hee wull een Spos doavon moaken. Tweedens, waut de Liberals säden, stemd lang nich emma met waut ekj enne Zeitunk laus. En däm Stekj scheen daut soo, aus wan de CCF-Kandidoten aundasch wieren. Aus wan see de Toohiera oppmuntaden, Froagen väästotalen. Nich mau bloos daut, daut scheen soo aus wan bie an jieda Froag ne wichtje Sach wia. CCF-Kandidoten stunden soogoa too, wan see nich emma de Auntwuat wisten. Wan ekj enne Zeitunk kjikjt, wort ekj en de CCF-Kandidot haud uk de Woarheit jesajcht. Ekj wia dartich Joa oolt, aus ekj toom ieeschte mol wälen deed.

Sunday was that, just like humans, animals needed a day of rest from their labors. I did not relish the thought of walking a total of ten torturous miles in the hot sun at 30 degrees Celsius.

Opportunities for social activities began to improve after I quit school at age fifteen. When I was sixteen, I became one of the big boys. On pleasant summer Sunday evenings, the young unmarried people strolled on the village street, the girls as a group in front of the boys. Sometimes we sat on the grass on the edge of the ditch beside the road. If a young lad and girl took a fancy for each other, they tried to sidle up to each other when they thought nobody was looking. After dark, they sneaked away from the rest of the group.

In winter, we gathered in homes to play circle games. One circle game was called "The Miller Boy". To start the game, one boy had to be the miller boy. The rest of the group divided into couples. While the miller boy stood in the middle, couples consisting of a boy and a girl walked around him and sang:

"Happy is the miller boy
who lives by himself.
The turning of the wheel
is the gaining of his wealth.
One hand in the hopper
and the other in the sack,
The ladies step forward
and the gents fall back."

At this point, the couples broke up. The miller boy joined the rest of the boys as they walked around an inner circle anti clockwise while the girls walked around clockwise in the outer circle. Everybody joined lustily and sang:

"We're sailing East we're sailing West
We're sailing over the ocean
And every good man
who wants a good wife
Has gotta be quick in his motion."

intressieed mie daut nich sea, teen Miel han un trigj gonen miene Frind besieekjen.

Aus ekj ieescht ute School wia, haud ekj mea Jeläajenheiten toom spazieren. Aus ekj onjefäa sastieen Joa oolt wia, wia ekj eent von de groote Junges. Aun een scheenen Sindachowent, jinjen de groote Junges un Mejales velenjd de Gauss, de Mejales veropp, un de Junges hinjaraun. Eensjemol sad wie ons opp daut Grauss biesied däm Growen dol. Wan een Jung un eene Mejal eena däm aundren intressieed, proowden see toop to setten wan kjeena kijkt. Wan daut ieescht diesta wort, schlikjten see sikj wajch, soo daut see kunnen auleen sennen.

Dän Winta späld de Jugent jesalschoftliche Spell. Wan wie "Miller Boy" spälden, must een Jung de Millajung sennen. Dee aundre jinjen dan aus Poatnasch, een Jung un ne Mejal toop, rom dän Millajung un sungen,

"Happy is the miller boy
who lives by himself,
The turning of the wheel
is the gaining of his wealth.
One hand in the hopper
and the other in the sack.
The ladies step forward
and the gents fall back."

Nu jinjen de Junges un de Mejales utenaunda. De Millajung jinkj nu mete aundre Junges toop aun de bennaschte Sied enne Rund rom, wiels de Mejales aun de butaschte Sied dän aundren Wajch enne Rund romjinjen. Aula sungen nu lostich:

"We're sailing east, we're sailing west,
We're sailing over the ocean,
And every good man
who wants a good wife
Has got to be quick in his motion."

At the end of the word "motion", the girls squealed with excitement as the boys quickly grabbed the hand of a girl. If a boy was fast and lucky, he could end up with his favorite girl. The lad who didn't get a girl was the miller boy for the next game. This was repeated for as long as we wished or until somebody thought of something else we could do.

Although dancing was considered a sin, we sometimes danced to tunes from a harmonica, violin, guitar or mandolin. Brother Willie and I sometimes provided the dance music. Willie played the violin while I corded on my mandolin, which I bought for \$1.60 from a friend. Sometimes the entire dance orchestra consisted of me and my harmonica.

Visits from my urban cousins were always exciting. We looked forward to exchanging an accumulation of "funnies". Some of my cousins' families subscribed to a city daily that included different funnies from those we received with the weekly farm newspapers that Father subscribed to. Some of my favorite comics were Mutt and Jeff, Bringing Up Father with Maggie and Jigs, The Gumps, Popeye, The Captain and the Kids, Moon Mullins with Lord Plushbottom, Uncle Willie and Kayo, Little Orphan Annie, and Gasoline Alley with Skeezix and Uncle Walt. The fact that my peers in the village had absolutely no interest in reading comics tended to further isolate me from them.

As far as I was concerned, daily farm life was no big deal. I could not understand my cousins' fascination with the farm. One of the first things they did upon arrival at our place was to race to the straw shelter in the pasture. The walls of the shelter consisted of two rough log walls two feet apart. The space between them was filled with straw. The ceiling consisted of more logs covered with a layer of straw. This shelter allowed the horses and cows to

Soo fekjs aus see dit jesungen hauden, schrieen de Mejales wiel de Junges aula proowden ne Mejal äare Haunt to hoolen kjrieen. De Jung waut nich ne Mejal kjrieech, wia nu de Millajung. Wie spälden dit bat ons daut eenoolent wia, ooda bat wäm een aundret Spell biefoll.

Bie de ooltkoloniesche Jemeent wia Daunzen ne Sind, oba wie Jugent daunzten doawääjens doch wiel wie Mandolin, Fiddel, ooda Jittoa spälden. Mien Brooda Wellem un ekj spälden mieremol opp een Daunz. Wellem späld de Fiddel un ekj de Mandolin, waut ekj mie fa \$1.60 von een Frint jekoft haud. Eensjemol wia ekj met mien Mulschiera auleen de gaunse Daunzorkjestra.

Wie wieren emma froo wan ons Frintschoff von de Staut ons besocht. Wie wakjselden dan sposje Bilda met an waut wie toop jesaumelt hauden von daut latste Mol aus wie an jeseenen hauden. See kjrieejen aundre sposje Bilda ut äare däächliche Zeitunk en aus wie ut onse wääkjliche Zeitunk en. De sposje Bilda waut ekj daut baste jleicht wieren Mutt and Jeff, Bringing up Father, The Gumps, Popeye, The Captain and the Kids, Moon Mullins, Little Orphan Annie, un Gasoline Alley. Mie wia daut emma schod, daut de Junges en ons Darp nich sposje Bilda intressieeden. Ekj feeld mie dan soo auleen.

Bie mie wia ons Läwen oppe Foarm nuscht besondret. Ekj kunn daut emma nich vestonen, wuarom miene Fadasch soo bejeistat wieren wan see bie ons wieren. Daut ieeschte waut see deeden wan see no ons kjeemen, wia no de Stroo Serrei ranen waut bie ons oppe Weid wia. De Stroo Serrei haud wie soo daut de Pieed un de Kjieej em Schauten gonon kunnen wan daut de Somma heet wia, ooda wan et buten kolt wia ooda wan et räajend.

escape the hot sun in summer and the chill winds in spring and fall.

The straw walls were a great place for sparrow nests. My cousins removed all the eggs and baby sparrows they could find and destroyed them. Since the sparrows were just a nuisance, my parents were quite happy to allow my cousins this amusement. Occasionally they found a mouse nest with a litter of hairless young baby mice. I can still hear the squeamish squeals of my aunt when her sons proudly showed her the pink hairless baby mice they had found. One of my cousins had his very own bedroom where he had the freedom to put his favorite pictures on the wall. I dreamt that someday I would have a room all my own. Realistically, I knew that this would never happen.

De Spoalinja hauden emma Nasta en de Stroo Serrei. Miene Fadasch neemen dan de Eia un de kjliene Spoalinja waut jrod utjebroot wieren ut de Nasta erut un vetiljden dee. Daut wia ons gauns eendoont, wan onse Fadasch doamet een Vejnieceen hauden, wiels de Spoolinkjs bloos een Onjenieceen wieren. Han un wada troff sikj daut, daut see een Piepamus nast voll kjliene, kole, hoaloosje Piepamies fungen. Mie kaun daut noch krakjt denkjen, woo miene Taunte sikj vefieed aus de Junges ar de kjliene noaktje Piepamies weesen. Eent von miene Fadasch haud siene ieejne Stow wua hee de Frieheit haud, Bilda aun de Waunt to haben. Ekj wenscht mie, daut ekj uk noch emol wudd miene ieejne Stow haben. Oba ekj wist uk daut soont niemols woaren wudd.

unshelled peanuts.

We had one favorite rooster that turned out to be quite a pet. During the long winter evenings, Father sometimes brought him into the house and placed him on the back of a kitchen chair as a roost. Coming from the dark chicken bam into the lit-up house made the rooster think morning had arrived and he crowed lustily. To carry the rooster back to the bam, Father placed him on his shoulder as he walked from the house to the bam.

Spring sheep shearing time was interesting. The ewes looked so strange after they had been sheared that the lambs failed to recognize their own mothers. The poor mothers could not understand why their lambs were afraid of them. There was much anxious bleating. The lambs bleated because they were hungry and confused. The ewes were trying to coax their lambs to relieve them of the pressure in their udders. Finally the lambs would venture close enough to recognize the udder with the milk. With considerable relief to both mothers and lambs, the bloated udders were soon emptied of the overflowing milk supply.

Sometimes it was my job to herd our twenty or so sheep. When fetching the cows from the pasture at milking time, I chased them from behind. I had read and seen pictures in books of shepherds walking with their sheep following them. I thought I would try it with our sheep. When it was time to take them home, I called them gently with a "Matz, matz" and started to walk. Sure enough, it worked! At first they answered me with a bleat as they were grazing, watching me out of the

Dan schneffeld hee rom bat hee daut leednätkuarn funk un fraut daut opp. Wan hee romschneffeld pust hee de leednät Schal tosied von daut Kuarn met siene Näs.

Wie hauden uk een besondren Hon waut ons Lieblinkjstia wort. Aus wie de lange Wintaowents hauden, brocht Voda däm eenjemol em Hus nen un sad am opp ne Stoolen Län fa am toom bowen setten. Wiels Voda am vom Diestren en daut dache Hus nen jebrocht haud, docht de Hon daut wia nu zemorjes un kjreid aus aules. Wan Voda dän Hon trigj nom Staul neem, sad hee däm opp sien Schulla. De Hon saut doa gauns ruich bowen, wiel Voda met am nom Staul jinkj. Wiels daut een skeepja Hon wia, nand wie am Mista Skeepja.

Schop schäären em Farjoa wia sea intressaunt. Wan de Muttaschop jeschoaren wieren, leet et dän soo framd, daut äare ieejne Lama an nich kjanden. De oame Muttaschop kunnen daut nich vestonen, wuarom äare Lama fa an Angst hauden. Doa wia väl jaumalichet Jemekja. De Lama mekjaden wiels an no Malkj hungad un see bedusselt wieren. De Muttaschop wullen soo jieren haben, de Lama sullen komen äare volle ledasch ladjen. Entlich kjeemen de Lama dicht bie jenuach, daut see dee volle ledasch sagen. Oba dan wieren de Muttaschop un de Lama froo, de Muttaschop daut äare ledasch dän Druck entlich wort aufjenomen, un de Lama, daut see nu scheene, woame Malkj suen kunnen.

Eensjemol wia daut miene Flicht de Schop heeden. Wan ekj de Kjieej vonne Weid nohus hold toom Malkjen, juach ekj dee von hinjen. Ekj haud jeläst un opp Bilda jeseenen, daut Schop dän Hoad hinjaraun jinjen. Ekj docht soo, ekj sull daut emol met onse Schop proowen. Aus et Tiet wia nohus to gonen, roopt ekj de Schop natjes, "Mats, mats, mats," un funk aun to gonen. Jewess! Daut schauft! leescht beauntwuaden see mie met een Jemekja un gluften no mie wiel see grosden, aus

comers of their eyes. I slowly continued walking towards the farmyard. Reluctant to leave the grass they enjoyed so much, the sheep finally stopped grazing and followed me home.

One day when I was herding sheep, I decided to take the violin with me. When I played the violin, the cows, who were grazing some distance away, looked up and came running towards me. They stood in a circle around me and stared at me with flaring nostrils. I did not feel comfortable when I saw those large nostrils and wide open eyes. I decided not to play the violin in the pasture any more.

wan see noch nich reed wieren toom nohus gonen. Ekj jinkj sachelkjes wieda nohus opptoo un roopt, "Mats, mats, mats." Entlich hieeden see opp met Grosen, un kjeemen mie hinjaraun.

Een Dach, aus ekj Schop heeden deed, neem ekj toom Tietvedrief ne Fiddel met. Aus daut Vee aula en Fräden grosd, doch ekj soo, ekj wudd emol een bät Fiddel spälen. Soont hauden de Kjeej noch niemols jehieet. See kjkjten opp un randen stoakj no mie opptoo. See stunden aula rom mie, kjkjten no mie met groote Uagen un groote Näslajcha un schnurkjesten. Ekj feeld mie nich sea maklich wan ekj no de groote Uagen un Näslajcha kjkjt. Ekj docht, daut wudd bätä sennen, wan ekj niemols mea oppe Weid Fiddel späld.



Farm house in summer

Foarmhus em Somma



School house

Schoolhus

When the soles of my shoes had holes in them, I developed a creative way of remedying the problem of getting thorns in my feet from Russian thistles. I cut out cardboard insoles and put them into my shoes. Even when I attempted to walk on my heels, cardboard soles didn't last very long.

Sometimes we were lucky enough to be picked up by hunters on the way to school. We couldn't understand why they would stop to pick us up and allow us to sit in their nice cars. Neither could we understand why they asked us whether we had seen any prairie chickens and where they might find them. Why would anybody want to come all the way from beautiful Saskatoon to shoot dumb prairie chickens? On a quiet autumn morning, we could hear the popping shot gun blasts.

Most men smoked. To us young farm lads, smoking was a sure sign of manhood. Not having money to buy tobacco and cigarette paper, we made do with whatever materials might be available. On the way to and from school, we went into the poplar bluffs and smoke dried tree leaves. Sometimes we got sick if we imbibed too much. The worst part about getting sick was that our parents or teacher might find out about our smoking rendezvous. Then there was always the danger that the girls might tell on us.

There was slough at the far end of the village. In spring, the water was a couple of feet deep. After school, we caught tadpoles and put them into our empty lunch pails. During the still cool evenings, you could hear the frogs croaking. It was

Wan ekj Lajcha enne Schoosolen haud, wist ekj mie Rot daut ekj nich Kurrei Spekjasch enne Feet kjrieech. Dan schneet ekj mie bennaschte Schoosolen ut von stiewet Papia, un stopt dee enne Schoo. Wan ekj dan uk sea proowd oppe Haken to gonen, dieed daut doch nich lang, bat ekj daut Papia derchjeklunjt haud un wada Spekjasch enne Feet kjrieech.

Eensjemol jlekjt ons daut, daut een Poa Jäaja ons met no School neemen. Wie kunnen daut nich vestonen, daut see ons en äare schmocke Koa metfoaren leeten. Wie kunnen daut uk nich vestonen, wan see ons fruagen, auf wie Raupheena jeseenen hauden, un wua see Raupheena finjen kunnen. Wuarom wudd een Mensch soo domm sennen un daut lange Enj von Saskatoon bat hia komen, toom een Poa Stekj Raupheena scheeten? Wan daut zemorjes em Hoafst soorajcht stell wia, kunn eena de Schrootflinten puffen hieren. Voda schmustad emma, wan hee daut hieed.

Daut scheen soo, aus wan aule Mana schmieekjden. Wie Benjels dochten soo, wan eena schmieekjt, dan wia eena jewess een groota Jung. Wiels wie kjeen Jelt toom Tobbak un Ziggoaren Papia hauden, socht wie no irjentwaut aundret waut wie toom schmieekjen brucken kunnen. Oppem Wajch nohus vonne School jinj wie em Pappelbosch un schmieekjden jedrieenje Bläda. Eensjemol wort ons onmaklich, wan wie too sea jeschmieekjt hauden. Daut dolste to beduaren wan wie ons onmaklich feelden, wia daut entwäda ons Liera ooda onse Elren enwoaren wudden, daut wie jeschmieekjt hauden. Doa wia uk emma de Jefoa, daut de Mejales ons vekloagen wudden.

Opp daut aundre Enj Darp wia een Puddel. Daut Farjoa wia dee emma een poa Schoo deep. Wan wie no School trigj em Darp wieren, jreep wie Kjielpoggen un stopten dee en ons ladjet Ätes Amakje. Aum kjeelen, stellen Sommaowent hieed wie de

good to realize that the long cold winter was finally over.

Although there were many gophers, there were few within fifty feet of the road to school. They were routinely dispatched with the slingshot every boy carried. Robins and meadowlarks were spared as they were considered useful birds. Crows were fair game. Blackbirds were not considered particularly useful and were in some danger of being shot, maybe because their color reminded us of crows. Red-winged blackbirds were usually left alone because they were somewhat rare and exotic.

Poggen kwaksen. Dan wist wie jewess, daut de langa, kolda Winta entlich äwa wia.

Wan doa uk vâl Stapmies wieren, wieren doa mau sea weinich onjefää feftich Schoo vom Wajch, wiels jieda Jung ne slingshot enne Fupp haud. Rootbucks un Aumsels wieren doa vâl. Wiels daut nutzboare Vääjel wieren, schoot wie dee nich. Oba Kraujen wieren ne aundre Sach. Dee schoot wie wan wie ne Jeläajenheit kjrieejen. Spree wieren veleicht nich besonda nutzboa. Eensjemol schoot wie dee. Oba Rootflichtje Spree leet et soo schmock un doa wieren nich vâl. Dee leet wie jeweentlich toch.

ointment was put into a cup of water and heated to boiling. Inhaling the steam provided some relief. For severe chest colds, we spread mustard between layers of cloth. Then we heated this and laid it on the patient's chest for several minutes or until you felt your skin tingle.

Earaches and toothaches were treated by applying heat. Some people claimed you could relieve a toothache by applying a heated onion wrapped in cloth. A trip to the dentist was warranted only when the pain became unbearable. When I had an ingrowing toenail, I was told that fresh cow manure would cure it. I never tried it.

A painful foreign object in the eye was treated by dropping two to three flax seeds in the eye when retiring for the night. This created no discomfort whatsoever. In the morning, the flax seeds and the foreign object could be wiped out of the corner of the eye.

Sprains and dislocations were massaged by people recognized to have innate chiropractic skills. Some "chiropractors" developed considerable expertise. Some of their clientele traveled for miles. Although they might accept small donations, most Mennonite "chiropractors" charged no fees because they considered their skills a special gift from God.

As a child, I was often sick. When we visited people, I recall people asking my parents how old I was. I can still hear the comments of "My, but he's small for that age" and "Is he ever pale". My parents agreed that I was a sickly child.

Kaumfatsaulw met Wota un holden dän Donst en. Wan daut Vekjilde dolla enne Brost wia, schmäad wie Samp un Mäl met Wota toopjerieet oppen Kodda. Dan läd wie doa noch een Kodda enopp un hilden daut äwrem Owen bat daut goot woam wia. Dan läd wie ons daut oppe Brost fa een poa Minnuten, ooda bat ons daut aunfunk to hetsen.

Uarietinj ooda Tänerietinj wort met oppwoamen besorcht. Daut wort jesajcht daut holp uk wan eena ne Zippel oppwoamd, en een Kodda enwekjeld, un aune Back hilt. Nom Tänendokta jinjen Menschen bloos wan et nich mea uttohoolen wia. Aus mie een Teenoagel enne Tee woss, säden see daut wudd halpen, wan ekj em freschen Koomest staupen wudd. Oba daut hab ekj niemols jeproof!

Wan eena waut em Uag haud waut nich erut komen wull, leet wie dree ooda vea Flaus Kjieena em Uag faulen toom schloopen gonen. Eena späad daut goanich emol, wan de Flaus Kjieena em Uag follen. Dän näakjsten Morjen kunn eena de Flaus Kjieena, un waut emma doa noch em Uag wia, ute Uagen Akj rutweschen.

Wan eenem waut tonicht wia, jinkj eena nom Trajchtmoaka. De mieeschte Trajchtmoaka kunnen eenem halpen onen daut see daut jeliieet hauden. Daut wort jejleeft daut Gott an de Fäichkheit jeschonken haud. Doa es kjeen Twiewel daut de Trajchtmoaka väl Menschen jeholpen haben. Wiels see jleewden daut Gott an de Fäichkheit jeschonken haud, foddaden de mieeschte Trajchtmoaka nuscht. Oba jweenlich neemen see daut, wan eena an waut friewellich jeef.

Ekj sie väl krank jewast aus ekj kjlien wia. Wan wie spazieren wankten, fruagen de Lied ieremol wan see no mie kjikjten woo oolt ekj wia. Dan säden see emma, "Oba dee es mau kjlien, un soo blaus!" "Jo," säden miene Elren, "de Jung es mau schaubich."

I recall the horrendous earaches I suffered, especially at night. Mother stood helplessly at my bedside when I cried. Hearing Father snore was not comforting either. I recall saying, "Mother." Mother asked, "What?" "I am so sad." "So am I." When Mother replaced the cotton batten in my ears, it was soaked with blood. To this day doctors who see my scarred eardrums tell me I must have suffered some bad earaches.

When I was about thirteen, brother Willie and I had our tonsils removed. Father took us to the doctor in Saskatoon with the Model T. The operation was performed in the doctor's office. We did not have the luxury of being in the hospital. We were anesthetized with chloroform. We vomited when we woke up. Then it was back onto the Model T and a long ride home. One good thing about this experience was that we got free ice cream when we woke up from the chloroform.

Mie kaun daut noch goot denkjen, woo sea mie de Uaren reeten, besondasch de Nacht. Mutta stunt soo rotloos bie mien Bad wan ekj ut Weedoag hield. Daut ekj Voda kunn schnoakjen hieren, wia mie kjeen Troost. Mie kaun daut noch emma krakjt denkjen, aus ekj eemol "Mame" säd. Sajcht Mutta, "Waut?" Sääd ekj, "Mie jeit daut soo schljacht." Sajcht Mutta, "Jo, mie uk." Wan Mutta mie fresche Wauten em Ua stopt, wieren de Wauten boot gauns voll Bloot. Wan de Doktasch dän vondoagschen Dach en miene Uaren kjikjen, un de venoawde Uadrommels seenen, sajen see emma daut see seenen kjennen, daut ekj sea met Uarietinj jeläden hab.

Aus ekj onjefää drettieen Joa oolt wia, neemen see miene Taunslen erut. Voda neem ons no Saskatoon nom Dokta metem Model T. Wie wieren nich emol em Hospitol toom opperieren. Daut wort aula en dän Dokta siene Jeschaftstow jedonen. Oba hab ekj jekolkjt, aus ekj oppwuak von daut Beteibungsmeddel. Dan jinkj et uk boot trigj oppem Model T nohus. Daut eensje Goodet von dän Dach wia daut ekj frie Eisskriem kjrieech aus ekj oppwuak. De Trubbel wia, daut mien Hauls väl too schlemm wia un ekj mie väl too onmaklich feeld toom Eisskriem äten.

of sugar and coffee.

Baking the buns was also shared by the community. The host family went from household to household with a large batter of dough. At each house, they cut off whatever amount of batter the housewife felt she could handle. The dough was then rolled into balls and baked into buns. The quality of the baking varied according to the expertise of the bakers. Some women hoped people would find out which buns they had baked, while others hoped nobody would ever find out.

If a family suffered unexpected misfortunes, neighbors usually pitched in to help in any way they could. Mother often had me deliver fresh chicken noodle soup to poor Mrs. Wiebe, who was bedridden with arthritis for years. Once I delivered a donation of several pots and pans to some neighbors who had lost all their possessions in a house fire. Being somewhat shy, I did not relish the thought of doing these things. Mother helped me out by telling me what to say.

During the thirties, my oldest brother Henry and the neighbor boys rigged up a telephone, using existing wire fences for the telephone line. A battery-operated Model T ignition coil was used to call the neighbors to the phone. Gradually more people became interested in acquiring a telephone. Obsolete wall phones were purchased. As the distance of coverage grew, some telephone lines were constructed to replace the use of fences.

Since there was a limit to the number of telephones, you could have on one line. we eventually had three separate lines with about eight phones on each. The

De notste Nobasch waut enjeloden wieren holpen de Tweebakjes baken. De Lied wua daut Gaustjebott wia fuaren dan met een grootet Stekj Dieech en ne Bakkomm en de Nobaschoft runt. Bie jiedat Hus wua de Lied wellich wieren met baken halpen, schneeden see dan een Biet Dieech auf, soo groot aus de Lied wellich toom baken wieren. De Tweebakjes leet et lang nich aula äwareen. Eensje Mumkjes wenschten kjeena wudd utfinjen woont äa Jebaknis wia. Aundre freiden sikj wan de Lied utfungen woont äa Jebaknis wia.

De Lied wieren emma reed toom äare Nobasch uthalpen. Mutta haft mie ieremol met fresche Heenasupp no eene Nobasche jeschekjt. De oame Mumkje haft joarenlank em Bad met Rietinj jeläden. Eemol brocht ekj miere Gropes un Kommen no een Poa Lied wäm daut Hus met aul äare Sachen doabennen aufbrend. Wiels ekj een bät bleed wia, jinkj mie daut nich sea scheen no de Nobasch gonen. Mutta help mie dan een bät ut. See säd mie waut ekj to de Lied sajen sull.

Mien elsta Brooda Hendrikj un de Nobaschjunges stalden emol äa ieejnet Tellefoon opp velenjd dän Stacheldrottun. Toom de Nobasch nom Foon roopen, brukten see een Model T Fiakausten. Toom räden brukten see Crystal Set Uafoons. Een Uafoon wia toom horchen, un en daut aundre Uafoon räden see enenn. Sachelkjes intressieeden mea Nobasch sikj to een Tellefoon. See koften oole Tellefoons waut de Tellefoonsjesalschoft aufjelajcht haud. Opp Städen wua doa kjeen Tun wia, fungen see aun Tellefoonpast met Tellefoondräd optostalen. Oba see kunnen nich mea aus acht ooda tieen Tellefoons velenjst een Drot haben.

Daut dieed nich lang, bat see dree Tellefoondräd, jieda met acht bat tieen Tellefoons hauden. De dree Tellefoondräd kjeemen aula bie ons em Hus enenn. Wan

telephone central was located at our house. It was our duty to switch people to other lines as requested. All the work was voluntary, including our telephone switching services. Eavesdropping was very common. If too many people had the receiver off the hook, it became difficult to hear. Usually eavesdroppers were considerate enough to hang up before communication broke down completely.

Around this time, brother Henry and one of the neighbor boys made their first crystal sets with which they were able to tune in CFQC Radio Saskatoon. During clear cold winter nights, they could occasionally get Denver, Colorado. In 1939, CBK Radio at Watrous operated by the CBC came on the air. These primitive crystal sets were capable of pulling in this station as well.

Battery operated vacuum tube radios with headsets and finally with loudspeakers followed the crystal set. For a while, only two households in the village had a loudspeaker radio. During the long winter evenings, the neighbor boys would gather in one of these homes to listen to the radio. The most popular radio programs were western music, hockey broadcasts, and world heavy weight boxing. Although we sensed that our parents did not really approve of our older brother having a radio in his room, the matter was never discussed.

CBC radio aired a farm radio forum. Farm communities were encouraged to form small groups to listen to relevant topics. The radio provided a free guidebook for group discussion after the program. The discussion leader mailed in a summary of the group's consensus. The group that I led soon lost interest after a couple of shows and I carried on by myself for the rest of that winter.

doa wää met wäm aun een aundret Tellefoondrot räden wull, must wie bie ons de Dräd toopstekjen. Aul de Oabeit, soogoa bie ons Tellefoondräd toopstekjen, wia friewellich. Doa wort väl aum Tellefoon beluat. Wan doa too väl beluaden, wort daut soo stell daut eena nuscht hieren kunn. Toom Jlekj wieren de mieeschte Lied soo jescheit, daut doa nich too väl opp eemol beluaden.

Too dise Tiet muaken mien Brooda Hendrikj un eent von de Nobaschjunges een Crystal Set wuamet see no Radiostazion CFQC en Saskatoon horchen kunnen. Eensjemol, wan daut de Winta zeowes sea kloa un kolt wia, kunnen see soogoa Denver, Colorado hieren. Aune 1939 funk CBK Radiostazion bie Watrous aun. Nu kunnen mien Brooda un sien Frint bat dree Radiostazions hieren.

Een Poa Joa lota hauden de Junges Radios met Batries un Ludsprääkja. Fa miere Joaren hauden bloos twee Wirtschoften em Darp een Radio met Ludsprääkja. Aune lange Wintaowents kjeemen de Darpsjunges dan bie eent von dise beid Wirtschoften toop nom Radio horchen. Jeweenlich horchten see no Fiddel un Jittoa Musikj, Hockie, ooda Boxing. Auf de Elren daut jefoll daut de Junges een Radio hauden, wist wie nich, wiels doa nuscht von jerät wort.

CBC Radio haud een Prograum wua see von veschiedne Foarm Sachen räden. See schekjten ons een Buakje met Froagen fa de Toohorcha toom beantwuaden. Fa een Stootskje kjeemen de Darpsjunges no ons Radio horchen un dise Froagen beantwuaden. Dan schekjt ekj dise Auntwuaden no de CBC. Oba daut dieed nich lang, bat dit utjriest un de Junges sikj nich mea doafää intressieeden. Ekj hilt doamet auleen aun bat de Winta äwa wia.

chicks play, scratch and eat. Mother made an enclosure at one end of the pen. The front of this enclosure consisted of a light piece of cloth hung in such a manner that the chicks could enter and exit at their will. If I made an unusual noise, all the chicks quickly scurried into the enclosure for safety. There they were completely quiet until they felt it might be safe to come back out. Eventually one or two chicks cautiously peeked out from under the cloth with a nervous peep to see if all was well. Gradually they all emerged from the enclosure and went back to their activities.

The first day when I returned to school, the little chicks refused to eat. When Mother looked to see what the problem was, all the chicks were chirping shrilly and craning their necks in an attempt to look over the sides of their pen. Mother realized that the chicks missed me.

What to do? Being intelligent and creative, Mother hit upon an idea. She rummaged around in the attic, got the biggest doll she could find, and set it in the pen. Immediately, the chicks chirped contentedly and returned to their scratching and pecking.

After a couple of weeks in the kitchen, the weather was nice enough to place the chicks in an outside wire enclosure. The lower part of the enclosure consisted of a wide board to shelter the chicks from the cool spring breeze. I got a kick out of nailing a potato on the board. The chicks pecked away at it until it was completely consumed.

By now, it was time to till the land and seed the crops. Since our cropland was one to three miles from the farm yard, I didn't see my brothers until they came home from the

soo aus dee spälden un romkleiwden un frauten. Opp een Enj Hock hunk Mutta een Kodda opp, soo daut de Kjikjel sikj doa unja vekrupen kunnen. Wan ekj ernoalud "brrrrrrrrrr" säd, stusden aul de Kjikjel hinja daut Kodda, aus wan see sikj unja ne Kluck vekroopen. Dan wieren see muckstell un horchten, bat see dochten doa wia kjeene Jefoa. Dan kjikjten eent ooda twee Kjikjel een kijlienet bät von unja daut Kodda vää, un kjikjten un horchten auf doa uk kjeene Jefoa wia. Schlieslich wieren see wada aula äwadäl un krauzten un freeten.

Dän ieeschta Dach aus ekj trigj enne School wia frauten de Kjikjel nuscht. Dee rakjhauksden bloos un kjikjten enne Hecht un schlemden. Dan foll Mutta daut bie, daut de Kjikjel sikj no mie bangden.

Na, waut dan nu? Mutta wist sikj aul boolt Rot. See wist krakjt waut see nu doonen must. See jinkj oppem Bän un socht no de jratste Popp waut see finjen kunn. Dan sad see de Popp em Kjikjelhock enenn. Fuaz wieren de Kjikjel gauns tofräd un krauzten un frauten wada.

Om een poa Wäakj wieren de Kjikjel groot jenuach, un daut Wada wia scheen jenuach, daut de Kjikjel nich mea brukten bennen sennen. Wie muaken nu buten een jratret Hock. De unjaschte poa Schoo wieren Bräda. Bowa de Bräda wia een poa Schoo Heenadrot. Wan ekj ne leedschock benna daut Hock aun de Brädawaunt noageld, haken de Kjikjel oba jnietsch, bat see de leedschock gauns oppjefräten hauden. Wiels wie soo väl met an to doonen hauden wiel see Kjikjel kijli wieren, wieren onse Heena emma sea mak. See hauden kjeene Fercht fa Menschen.

Nu funk de Sodeltiet aun. Wiels daut Launt waut wie akaden eene Miel bat dree Miel auf wia, sach ekj miene Breeda nich ea aus wan see no Fierowent nohus kjeemen. Soo

field after a day's work. I watched them unhitch the horses, water them, remove the harnesses and tie them up in the barn. Then they were fed and provided with straw bedding for the night.

I vaguely recall an incident when I could have been seriously injured or even killed by a runaway team. While one of my brothers was about to unhitch a team of horses at the end of a hard day's work, I stood in front of the horses. This was no place for a five-year-old lad. Something must have spooked the horses. Without warning, they bolted forward. I just managed to get out of the way as they took off, wagon, hay rack and all. In their panic, the horses ran towards the pasture and directly into the barbed wire fence. There was considerable damage to wagon, fence and rack. The horses suffered cuts from the barbed wire. Fortunately, I escaped, frightened, but unscathed.

In spring Mother got Father or one of my brothers to plow the garden. I liked watching the plow turn over the soil, exposing the fresh black earth, as the horses arched their necks, straining against the load. The soft plop, plop of the horses' hooves on the dry topsoil, the creaking of the leather harnesses as they were being stretched to their limit and the smell of the fresh soil triggered my anticipation of the sweet cold watermelons we would again enjoy.

Mother had two large gardens to plant. Mother did her work quietly and without complaint, seldom asking for help. As far as the rest of the family was concerned, the gardens were something that just happened. Now as I look back, I realize how hard Mother must have worked while the rest of us took it all for granted. To watch Father, my brothers and I slurping with every bite so as not to lose a drop of the deliciously juicy watermelons was sufficient reward for Mother to be motivated to plant her gardens year after year.

boolt aus see oppem Hoff wieren, rand ekj erut un beobacht woo see de Pieed utspaunden, drenkjen, em Staul nen leiden, foodaden, un soo wieda.

Mie kaun daut noch afens denkjen, daut ekj haud leicht kunt todood komen, aus een poa Pieed utkleiwden wiel eent von miene Breeda dee utspaund. Ekj stunt ver de Pieed, wua een fiefjoascha Schlinjel nienich stonen sull. Met eemol randen de Pieed haustich loos met Woagen un Heibaks hinjaraun. Ekj kjeem afens reed an utem Stich to ranen. De Pieed randen vom Hoff direkjt em Tun, soo daut de Tun tweschen de Pieed wia, bat aules stell stunt. Woagen, Heibaks, Tun un Pieed wieren zimlich beschädicht. Toom Jlekj wia mie nuscht geworden, oba daut haud kunt sea schlemm sennen.

Mutta funk aun Voda un miene Breeda denkjen to halpen, daut et Tiet wia dän Goaden to plieejen. Daut leet schmock, soo aus de Pieed dän Pluach trocken un de Pluachschoaren de leed äwadreiden, soo daut de fresche schwocate leed to seenen wia. Wiels de Pieed äare Heefta dän Stoff enne Hecht pufte un eena de fresche leed rikjt, kunn eene aul meist de kolde Arbusen schmakjen, dee wie en een poa Moonat met Scheenschmak äten wudden.

Mutta haud emma twee groote Goades. See besorjd de Goades gauns auleen, onen sikj bekloagen. See fruach mau selden no Help. Kjeena docht doaraun, daut de Goaden un de scheene Arbusen nich fa selfst wossen. Wan ekj doa nu aun denkj, mott ekj mie meist schämen, daut wie niemols nich emol to Mutta dankscheen jesajcht haben fa aul de lange Doag, waut see emma en aul de Hett em Goaden jeweet haft. Wan see sach woo Voda, miene Breeda un ekj de Arbusen oppeeten un schlurpsten, jeef ar daut jieda Joa dochwoll wada Moot toom Goaden

plaunten un dän Somma äwa weeden.

During summer vacation from school, I had my opportunity to contribute to the operation of the farm. One of my duties was to make sure there was always drinking water for the horses and cattle. This meant pumping water into the trough from the well. We were fortunate that the water table was only about six feet down.

En de Sommamoonaten, em Juli un August, haud ekj de Jeläajenheit mete Wirtschoft to halpen. Eent von miene Veautwuatlichkjeiten wia secha to sennen daut daut Vee emma Wota toom supen haud. Daut meend Wota utem Borm em Troch nen pompen. Wie wieren jlekjlich daut wie bloos sass Schoo deep grown brukten toom scheenet Drinkjeswota kjrieen.

After Mother and Father had milked the cows, I cranked the cream separator. It took a little while until I mastered the skill of turning the separator at just the right speed. Turn the crank too fast: the cream was too thick; turn it too slowly: the cream was too thin. Although I did not relish this job, I enjoyed watching the cats as they lapped the warm foam Mother scooped off the top of the skim milk that came out of the separator.

Wan Voda un Mutta de Kjieej jemolkjen hauden, must ekj de Aufschmauntawrang dreien. Ekj must dan lieren, daut eena de Wrang nich too stoakj uk nich too langsom dreid. Dreid eena too stoakj, dan wia de Schmaunt too dikj. Dreid eena too langsom, dan wia de Schmaunt too denn. Eensje Aufschmauntasch hauden een Kjinja. Wan eena dän Aufschmaunta stoakj jenuach dreid, kjlinjad de Kjinja. Wan eena too stoakj ooda too langsom dreid, hieed de Kjinja opp met kjlinjren. Wan mie dise Oabeit uk nich sea intressieed, intressieed mie daut emma, soo aus de Kauten dän woamen Schum oplekjen waut Mutta von de derchjedreide Malkj aufjeschapt haud.

We used the cream for coffee and whipped topping on pies and cakes that Mother baked. Cream was also a source of cash. One of the neighbors picked up the cream cans from each household once or twice a week with his Model T Ford that he had converted into a closed pick up truck. On his next round, he returned the empty cream cans from the creamery and delivered the cheques.

Dän Schmaunt brukt wie toom Koffe drinkjen. Mutta schmäad uk jeschloagna Schmaunt opp Jebaknis un opp Pei. Wie kunnen uk een bät boa Jelt fa däm Schmaunt kjrieen. Eemol de Wääkj kjeem een Noba Kaunen Schmaunt toopholen von de Lied waut Schmaunt no Saskatoon schekjten. De Noba haud sikj een Model T aus eenteenjen Trock doatoo enjerecht. Daut näakjste mol wan hee Schmaunt toopsaumen kjeem, brocht hee de ladje Kaunen trigj mete Schmaunt Jeltzadels.

Some families shipped their cream in syrup pails. Some of the cream was made into butter. The cream was poured into a large butter chum. Now came another job I dreaded: I had to turn the butter chum round and round, pulling the handle back and forth, until I could hear the clunk of the butter at each turn. Sometimes it took ten

Eensje sea oame Lied, wua daut Jelt sea knaup wia, schekjten Schmaunt em Zieroppsama. Wie brukten uk Schmaunt toom Botta moaken. Wan Mutta däm Schmaunt em Bottafaut jegoten haud, must ekj dän Schwenjel han un trigj trakjen toom daut Bottafaut enne Rund dreien. Wan ekj entlich kunn Botta plumsen hieren, wist ekj

minutes, sometimes it took an hour.

I enjoyed watching Mother knead the butter in a large wooden bowl and form it into one-pound bricks. Butter also served as a source of cash to buy groceries and other needed commodities.

Mother took the buttermilk down to the cellar to cool it off. Now we enjoyed another treat: fresh cold buttermilk with a few small chunks of butter still floating in it. We never heard about cholesterol in those days!

My other chores consisted of cleaning out the bam, collecting eggs from the chicken bam, and weeding the garden. Eggs and garden produce were mainly a source of food for our family. If we had a surplus of eggs, they were sold for cash or traded for groceries in the general store in town.

Grasshoppers could be a big problem. The rural municipality provided grasshopper poison, which consisted of a mixture of bran soaked with an arsenic solution. One of the families located near the centre of the village stored the poison in a bin on their yard. From there the local farmers got their supply of poison as they needed it.

The best time of day to spread grasshopper poison was just before sunrise, when the grasshoppers were still inactive. We put a small pile of poison in a wagon box and drove slowly through the field of grain. As we moved along, we dipped the poison bait by hand with a wooden shingle or small board and spread it on the ground with a sweeping motion. As the sun gradually warmed up the ground, the hungry grasshoppers began to stir and devour the poisoned bran. It was a very effective method of controlling the grasshopper plague.

daut ekj nu boolt opphieren kunn. Eensjemol dieed daut tieen Minnuten, un eensjemol dieed daut bat ne Stund.

Ekj kijkt emma too, wan Mutta enne groote heltane Bottakomm Botta kjnäd. Wan see de Botta jekjnät haud, brukt see een Bottaform toom eenpuntje Bottastekja moaken. Wie brukten de Botta nich bloos toom Äten. Wie kunnen uk Ätwoa em Stua fa de Botta entuschen.

De Bottamalkj neem Mutta em Kjala toom aufkjeelen. Nu haud wie een Scheenschmak: scheene kolde Bottamalkj met kjliene Stekjakjes Botta doabennen drinkjen! Von 'Cholesterol' haud wie noch nich jehieet.

Aundre Oppgowen waut ekj haud wieren däm Staul utmesten, Eia utnämen un em Goaden weeden. Eia un Goadenjemies wia meistens fa ons toom Äten. Wan wie toom äwajen Eia hauden, vekoft wie dee fa boa Jelt ooda wakjselden dee en Ossla em Stua fa Ätwoa en.

Graushoppa wieren eensjemol ne Ploag. De Minnissipaul vesorjd ons met Graushoppa Jeft. See brochten daut Jeft no Bloomenheim un scheffelden daut bie eent von de Enwona em Spikja. Von doa kunn wie soo väl Graushoppa Jeft holen aus ons fäld.

De baste Tiet toom Graushoppa Jeft vestreien wia wiel de Graushoppa noch schleepen ea de Sonn oppkjeem. Wie scheffelden een Klompen Jeft oppem Woagen, un fuaren langsam velenjd daut Flekj un vestreiden daut Jeft met een kjlienet Bratje ooda met ne Schindel. Wan de Sonn oppkjeem un de leed oppwoamd, fungen de hungaje Graushoppa aun Jeft to fräten. Disen Wajch kunn wie de Graushoppa fein kontrollieren.

By the time school started in September, grain harvesting was under way. Four horses pulled the noisy binder around the edge of the field of golden grain. The binder cut the grain stalks, tied them into bundles and dumped them in small piles of five to seven bundles or sheaves in a row. The binder was followed by the stokers. It was their job to place the bundles in stooks so that the heads of grain were up and away from the ground to dry. All members of the family stooked as soon as they were strong enough to lift the sheaves of grain.

Brother Henry had quite a sense of humor. No doubt, it alleviated the dreariness of long work days. One day, when Henry was operating the binder, he spotted a dead rabbit. He had an idea. He carefully stuffed the dead rabbit into the middle of a bundle of grain stalks so that its head protruded above the heads of grain. Laughing to himself in anticipation of young brother Willie's reaction to the discovery of the rabbit, I'm sure the long hours of work that day went by much faster for Henry.

That night at the supper table Willie excitedly told us all about the dead rabbit he found tied up in a bundle of grain. In order to egg on Willie, Henry recalled seeing a rabbit jump up in front of the binder. Just as Henry anticipated, Willie concluded the rabbit must have been accidentally caught up in the binder, killed and tied into a sheaf of grain.

"Hey, we should tell the Free Press about it. Maybe they will publish it and we'll see our names in the paper!" Willie shouted excitedly. Henry could not control himself any longer. He burst into laughter. Willie's chin dropped to the floor. He'd been had again by big brother Henry's wry and unwelcome sense of humor!

Flying ants were a terrible pest at harvest time, especially for the poor soul straddled

Ea de School em Septamba aunfunk, wia wie em Schwunk met eifsten un draschen. Vea Pieed trocken däm Binja rom daut Jeträajdflekj. De Binja schneet daut Jeträajd auf un bunk daut en Goawen. Dan läd de Foara onjefäa fief Goawen opp eemol enne Rieej. Dan musten de Goawen oppjesat soo daut de driejen kunnen. Kjinja lieeden Goawen optosaten soo boolt aus see oolt jenuach wieren.

Mien Brooda Hendrikj wia een bät een Spucht. Hee jleicht emol een bät Spos to haben, daut am de Tiet biem Schaufen nich soo lang wort. Een scheenen Dach, aus Hendrikj oppem Binja saut, sach hee een doodjen Hos. Fuaz voll am bie, woo hee een bät Spos haben kunn. Hee stopt däm doodjen Hos enne Goaw, soo daut de Kopp rutstuak. Dän Dach haft hee dän tietäwa jeschmustat, wan hee doaraun docht, waut sien Brooda Wellem sajen wudd, wan hee dän Hos sach. Ekj jleew dän Dach haft Hendrikj daut oppem Binja setten meist scheen jegenen.

Aus wie dän Owent aula to Owentkost aum Desch sauten, vetald Wellem oba sea bejeistat von dän Hos enne Goaw. Toom Wellem noch een bät noporren, säd Hendrikj hee haud een Hos jeseenen oppsprinjen. Krakjt soo aus Hendrikj sikj docht, jleewd Wellem fuaz daut de Hos todood jekomen wia un enne Goaw jebungen wia.

"Ekj weet waut wie doonen sullen," säd Wellem. "Wie sullen onse wääkjliche Zeitunk, de Free Press, dit schriewen. Dan woa wie onse Nomes enne Zeitunk seenen!" Nu kunn Hendrikj sikj nich mea hoolen. Soo fekjs aus Wellem sach woo Hendrikj lacht, wist hee waut passieet wia. Hendrikj haud am wada toom Dussel jemoakt!

Flieej Eemskje wieren eenjemol ne Past biem Eifsten, uzhent wan eena oppem

high on the binder seat. They crawled all over you and into your shirt. Their bite smarted for hours. Even after you thought you had got rid of them, you would suddenly feel a sharp pain in your neck where an ant had imbedded itself in the hair that protruded from under your cap. Some farmers claimed that, since the top of the binder whip was several feet higher than the head of the teamster, hanging a burlap bag on it attracted the ants to the bag rather than to the operator.

About the time when school commenced, it was time to start threshing. Not every farmer could afford to have his own threshing outfit. A farmer who owned a threshing outfit moved it complete with threshing crew from farm to farm. The threshing outfit and crew consisted of either a steam or gasoline tractor, the threshing machine, and a half dozen or more bundle wagons and teams. Usually the farmer whose crop was being threshed supplied the grain wagons. The threshing crew consisted of twelve or more men. Threshing was a busy and exciting time.

Children were expected to stay home from school when the threshing crew was at their place. They helped move grain wagons and did the regular chores that still needed to be done, such as milking the cows and feeding the chickens. Whenever grain was bagged, children helped by holding the empty bag upright while it was being filled. Children too young to do physical labor had to take care of their younger siblings while their mother and older sisters fed the threshing crew.

The threshing crew received both board and room. Most of the time the meals were tasty and nutritious. The sleeping quarters the men were subjected to was a different matter.

Binja saut. Dee be kroopen eenem aulawääjen, soogoa unjrem Hamd. Daut deed lang wee, wan dee eenem kjneepen. Wan eene uk jleewd eena wia dee entlich aula loos, dan met eemol kjneep eenem eene em Jenekj, wua dee sikj enne Hoa vekropen haud. Doa wort jesajcht, wan eena een Radnasak opp de Binjawipp hunk, dan fluagen de Eemskje doahan, wiels de Sak hecha wia aus de Fuamaun waut oppem Binja saut.

Om de Tiet wan de School aunfunk, funk daut Draschen aun. Doa wieren mau een poa Foarma waut een Draschkausten hauden. Dee waut een Draschkausten hauden, fuaren metem Kjätel un Draschkausten un miere Mana met Pieed un Heibaks erunt draschen. De leejendeema wua see draschten must doatoo seenen daut doa jenuach Jeträajd Fiera wieren.

Wan de Kjätel un Draschkausten met aul de Oabeida kjeem, dan bleewen de Kjinja tus vonne School. De Draschtiet wia ne drocke Tiet. De Kjinja holpen met aul de aundre Oabeit dee emma jedonen must: Äten moaken un no Stap brinjen, Kjееj malkjen, Vee drenkjen un foodren, Eia utnämen, Goadenjemies plekjen un enkaunen, un soo wieda. Wan doa Jeträajd em Sak jeschett wort, musten de Kjinja dän Sak opphoolen. De kjlandre Kjinja musten no de kjanste Kjinja oppausen. Jiedamaun haud et drock.

De Stääkja bleewen aula bie de Lied wua see draschten too Nacht. Jeweenlich schleepen see opp Hei em Spikja ooda oppem Staulenbän. Daut see nich em Bad schloopen kunnen, wia de Stääkja gauns eendoont. See wieren goanich jeneiw. Dee wieren soo meed daut wan see sikj dolläden, schleepen see en ea de Kopp oppem Hei lach.

It was quite a responsibility to provide a crew of men who seemed to have bottomless stomachs five meals a day. Breakfast was served in the farm house at about six in the morning. Around nine o'clock the men were eagerly expecting lunch and coffee, which was delivered to them in the field. The threshing machine kept running while the men took turns devouring their morning lunch. Then the dishes had to be taken home, washed and a big dinner prepared to be delivered out to the field by noon. Around three o'clock the men were ready for another lunch of coffee and sandwiches. Hopefully this would keep them going until supper, for which the men again returned to the house.

After supper, the horses had to be watered and fed and bedded for the night. The men usually slept on piles of hay in a granary. What child would want to miss all this excitement?

If the main course at the noon meal consisted of beans, one of the senior men had the privilege of commenting that tomorrow would likely not be a very good threshing day. Then it was the duty for someone to ask why. After a suitable pause, the senior stated that it would likely be very windy. This invariably resulted in boisterous and enthusiastic guffaws of laughter.

Harvest and threshing was followed by potato digging. This was quite a chore, since every farmer grew enough potatoes for his entire family for the whole winter. Since there was never a guarantee of a good crop, we had to grow a two-year supply. Children as young as six participated by picking potatoes from the ground as they were dug and putting them into a pail, which was then emptied into bags by an adult. By this time it was

Daut wia ne zimliche Veautwuatlichkheit, aul de hungaje Mana fief mol em Dach foodren. Daut scheen soo, aus wan dee niemols saut wieren. To Freestikj kjeemen see om Klock sass zemorjes em Hus äten. Om Klock näajen ut luaden de Mana aul sea no een Vebietsel, wiels see aul een poa Stund jeschaufft hauden von don aus see Freestikj jejäten hauden. Nu eeten see omzajcht bieaun biem Draschen. Soo fekjs aus de Mana jejäten hauden, musten de Frulied aul daut Teetich nohus nämen, daut aula oppwauschen un Meddach moaken. Meddach wort uk no de Stap jebrocht. Meddach stunt de Draschkausten fa ne haulwe Stund stell. Dan musten de Frulied wada fekjs nohus, fekjs oppwauschen un Faspa to Klock dree oppe Stap reed haben. Dan must aul daut Oppwauschtich wada nohus jenomen un Owentkost reed jemoakt.

No Owentkost drenkjen un foodaden de Mana de Pieed. Dan jinkj Maun uk Pieet to Nacht schlophen. Kjeen Wunda, daut de Schoolkjinja tus bliewen wullen dit aula to beobachten.

Wan de Drascha jebrodne Schaublen too Meddach kjrieejen, wisten see aul waut nu passieren wudd. Boolt wudd eena sajen, "Na, daut woat sikj morjen secha nich sea goot draschen." Dan fruach een aundra, "Na, wuarom nich?" Dan säd dee aundra, "Daut woat secha sea windich sennen." Dan lachten see aula.

Soo boolt aus daut Eifsten un Draschen äwa wia, wia et Tiet toom leedschocken utgrogen. Dit wia uk ne zimliche Oabeit, wiels wie jenuach leedschocken jesat hauden fa de gaunse Famielje bat wie näakjsten Hoafst wada fresche leedschocken hauden. De gaunse Famielje wia doamet beschaffticht. Sasjoasche Kjinja wieren oolt jenuach toom leedschocken oppläsen un em Ama lajen. Bie dise Tiet em Hoafst wort et aul zimlich kolt, soo daut

getting late in the season and our hands got pretty cold picking up those cold potatoes as they were dug up from the ground. Unfortunately, potato digging lacked the excitement of threshing.

Next came pig butchering, starting around the beginning of November when the fly season was over. Schoolchildren expected to be kept at home to assist in baby sitting, fetching tools, and running messages between the men outdoors and the women in the kitchen. Families took turns inviting neighbors to assist with pig butchering. Many considered it an honor to be invited to help their neighbors. It was an indication that they possessed at least one of two things: either some equipment that was in short supply and that they were expected to bring with them or, what was even more complimentary, special skills that were greatly appreciated. I recall Mother aying one fall that they had participated in thirteen pig butcherings.

By six in the morning, the invited neighbors gathered around the kitchen table for breakfast. One or two cauldrons of water to scald the freshly killed pigs were near boiling by this time. As soon as there was sufficient daylight, it was time to do the killing. I never failed to watch.

The pigs were aroused from their sleep, and then carefully shot between the eyes with a .22 calibre rifle.

Father usually had the dubious pleasure of doing the shooting. Hindsight tells me that Father derived no pleasure from doing this job. However, since Father did not like to see animals suffer, he wanted to make sure that each pig would drop with the first shot. As soon as the pig dropped, its throat

eenem de Henj fruaren biem leedschocken toopläsen. Ditmol wieren de Kjinja nich gauns soo wellich vonne School tus bliewen, aus bie de Draschtiet.

Aunfangs Nowamba, wan de Flieejen nich mea äwadäl wieren, wia et Tiet toom Schwienschlachten. Aum Schwienschlachtsdach bleewen de Schoolkjinja uk tus vonne School toom halpen. See pausten no de kjliene Kjinja opp, deenden aus Schekjbenjel ooda Schekjmejal, un holpen wuaemma see kunnen. De Lied looden emma äare Nobasch en toom halpen, wan see Schwien schlachten. Eensje Lied feelden sikj zimlich aum Buck jepenselt, wan an toom Schwienschlachten jekroacht word, wiels daut bedied see hauden entwäda waut Toobehia ooda ne besondere Fäichkjeit waut toom Schwienschlachten needich wia. Mie kaun daut noch denkjen, aus miene Elren eenen Hoafst drettieen mol jekroacht wieren.

Aum Schwienschlachtsdach kjeemen de Lied om Klock sass zemorjes to Freestikj. Buten hauden see aul bie eent ooda twee Miagropes aunjelajcht toom de Brieiej reed haben toom de Schwien briejejen. Soo boolt aus daut dach jenuach wia, jinjen de Mana erut de Schwien scheeten. Dan kijikt ekj emma to.

Wan de Schwien daut hieeden daut doa wäa biem Schwienhock wia, kjeemen see aunjerant. See dochten see wudden nu entlich Freestikj kjrieen. An hungad aul sea, wiels see de latste Tiet nuscht hauden to fräten jekjräajen, soo daut de Doarm nich wudden soo voll sennen. Dan wia daut leichta dee rein moaken toom Worscht-stoppen. Oba ditmol wort an nich jefoodat.

Voda haud de twiewelhaaftje lea de Schwien to scheeten. Am wia Tiakjwälarie sea jäajenaun. Hee wist krakjt woo eena een Schwien scheeten must, daut daut nich onneedich väl uthoolen must. Soo boolt aus hee en Schwien jeschoten haud un daut besennungsloos foll, must daut deep

was slit deeply to assure thorough bleeding. Again, this was a job assigned to a select few who developed the skill to do what needed to be done with efficiency and dispatch. Then off to the scalding trough.

This trough was made of wood with a semi circular bottom. A couple of ropes were laid into the trough. Then the dead pig was laid on top of the ropes. Next, the boiling water from the cauldron was poured over the carcass. The ropes were used to roll over the pig several times to finish the scalding. After scalding, the carcass was laid on a ladder on top of the trough and in a matter of minutes the hair had been scraped off.

Next, the carcass was hung up, the belly slit and the insides removed. Although I hated the sight and the smell, I never failed to watch every move. By this time, the women came with a large kneading pan to take the guts into the kitchen where they were cleaned to serve as casings for sausages. The men cut up the meat for spare ribs, hams, bacon, and sausage.

One of the tricks invariably pulled on some unsuspecting soul was to pin a fresh pig's tail on his back. A straight pin was pushed through the thick part of the tail and the protruding end bent to form a hook. It was very easy to hang the tail on the back of a person's jacket without him noticing. Everybody tried to keep a straight face as long as possible and took great delight watching the victim's appendage swing from side to side as he walked.

Sometimes the host provided home made wine. Wine accompanied by good humor made the time go quickly, despite all the work that needed to be done.

jestääkjt soo daut daut jescheit utbleeden deed. Jeweenlich wieren doa een poa Mana en de Nobaschoft, dee dit schekjlich vestunden. Nu wia et Tiet toom daut Schwien met een Pieet oppem Schnee nom Brieejtroch schlafen.

De Brieejtroch wia von Holt jemoakt. De Boddem wia runt. De Mana läden een poa Strenj em Brieejtroch. Dan läden see daut doodje Schwien em Troch un gooten Brieej utem Miagropen opp daut Schwien wiel see daut mete Strenj romdreiden. Wan daut Schwien gauns jebrieecht wia, hoowen miere Mana daut opp, un schoowen ne Lada doa unja. En een poa Minnuten hauden de Mana aul de Hoa aufjeschropt. Nu wort daut Schwien oppjehongen, reed toom utnämen.

Doa wieren een poa Mana waut vestunden een Schwien uttonämen. See schneeden daut Schwien lenjdhan op un neemen aul daut Bennaschte erut. Wan ekj daut Jestank uk nich sea jleicht, doawääjen kijkt ekj emma to, woo daut aula jedonen wort. Nu kjeemen de Mumkjes vom Hus de Doarm holen toom rein moaken toom Worschtstoppen, un de Mana fungen aun daut Fleesch optoschnieden.

Eena kunn sikj doaropp veloten, daut et nu boolt een Spos jäwen wudd. Eent von de Mana neem plietsch ne Koppspald, un stuak dee derch daut dikje Enj vom Schwienszoagel. Dan buach hee daut aundre Enj to een Hoaken. Dan schlikjt hee sikj hinja eent von de Mana, soo daut dee daut nich enwort, un hunk dän Schwienszoagel hinjen aun sien Wanikj. De Mana musten sea oppausen, daut see nich schmustaden, wan de Maun metem Schwienszoagel jinkj, un de Zoagel von Sied to Sied schwaupst.

Han un wada kjeem biem Schwien-schlachten een bät Schnaups äwadäl. Met een bät Schnaups un Spos wia de Dach nich soo lang, wan see uk aula schaufen musten.

Spare ribs were deep-fried in the cauldron while rendering the lard. The lard and spare ribs had to be stirred constantly to keep it at an even boil. Lean pork was ground and necessary spices kneaded into it. Then it was stuffed into the cleaned guts for sausage which, together with the bacon, was smoked a day or two later.

During the winter months, we had time to spend in the house reading, sewing, embroidering, cracking seeds, and playing games. We often visited neighbors during the long evenings.

Chores were a daily routine for the men in the family. First thing in the morning, the cows and horses had to be fed. After breakfast it was time to return to the barn to water the animals and provide more feed in the hayracks and feed troughs. Using a stone boat, the manure had to be loaded and hauled to the manure pile. Around four o'clock in the afternoon the animals were again fed and watered. Just before the men retired for the night, the animals were again fed and straw was spread on the floor in each stall for bedding.

I envied some of our neighbors whose house and barn were joined, especially in winter when they did not have to go outside to do their chores in the barn.

In order to have light where needed in the barn, we had a wire stretching the length of the barn about six feet above the floor. This wire went through the eye of a snap hook. We hung a lantern from this hook. We could then slide the lantern to wherever we needed the light.

We also hung a couple of gopher traps

Wan de Mana daut Fleesch oppjeschnäden hauden, wort daut moagre Fleesch em Fleeschschnieda fienjemolt, Solt un Päpa enenn jekjnät un metem Worschtstoppa enne Doarm jestopt toom Worscht moaken. Daut fate Fleesch un de Rebben jinjen em Miagropen wua see daut Schmolt utbrooden. Dit must dän Tiet äwa jerieet soo daut et nich aunbrend. Wan daut Schmolt dan ieescht utjebroot wia, haud wie wittet Schmolt, Rebspäa, Jreewen un Jreewenschmolt em Miagropen. Enne näakjste poa Doag rieekjaden wie de Worscht, de Schinkjes un daut Spakj.

De Winta haud wie Tiet toom bennen setten un läsen, neien, utneien, Sotknaken un met Spell spälen. De lange Wintaowents wort uk väl bie de Nobasch spazieet un Sot jeknakt.

Daut Vee em Staul must emma pinkjlich besorcht. Soo boolt aus wie zemorjes opp wieren, must wie daut Vee foodren. No Freestikj wia wie wada trigj em Staul toom daut Vee wada foodren, drenkjen un däm Staul utmesten. Wie scheffelden dän Mest oppem Mestschläden un fieeden dän nom Mesthupen. Om Klock vea foodaden un drenjden wie daut Vee wada. Ea wie schloopen jinjen, foodad wie daut Vee auf un streiden Stroo oppe Flua bie jiedat Stekj Vee to Nacht.

Bie miere Lied em Darp brukten see nich erut gonen, wan see em Staul jinjen, wiels doa een Gank wia tweschen daut Hus un däm Staul. Ekj hab mie foaken jewenscht, daut wie daut uk soo hendich hauden.

Om Licht em Staul to haben wan et diesta wort, hunk wie een Latoarn opp een Drot velenjd dän Staulengank. Dan kunn wie dän Latoarn krakjt doa haben wua ons daut Licht fäld.

Wie hongen uk een poa Musfaulen opp

from this wire. When we milked a cow, we clamped the end of its tail in the gopher trap. Then she could not swat us with her tail when we were milking her. Some people used battery clips instead of the gopher trap.

The stone-boat consisted of a flat bed of heavy boards or planks with two runners and a whipple-tree fastened to the front. In winter the stone-boat was used to haul manure from the barn to the manure pile some distance away. Sometimes I used it to hunt rabbits. It took a lot of practice to learn to drive a team of horses hitched to a stone-boat. There was nothing to hold on to in order keep your balance when turning corners or going up or down a snow drift. Fortunately, the snow was usually soft if one happened to falloff.

Sometimes our well ran dry in winter. Then we had to haul water from one of the neighbors about a quarter mile away. We put a couple of barrels onto the stone-boat and put several wooden blocks into each barrel. The wooden blocks helped prevent the water from sloshing over the edge.

We usually had six to ten pigs. They were not kept in a bam. All they needed was a straw stack into which they burrowed to get away from the cold weather. At feeding time, we dumped a warm mixture of chop, table ort and dishwater into a trough. The pigs dashed out of their straw shelter to eat, then dashed back into their shelter out of the cold. One winter a blackbird had apparently forgotten to migrate south. It stayed with the pigs, eating with them during the day and perching on their backs at night to keep warm.

During very cold days, my brothers and I watched the supply of straw dwindle with some apprehension. Sometimes we rationed the straw, hoping Father would not notice. We were hoping the cold

disen Drot. Wan wie de Kjeej molkjen, brukt wie de Musfaulen toom de Kjeej äare Zääjel hoolen. Dan kunnen dee ons nich biem malkjen mete Zääjel schlönen.

Dän Mestschläden, waut wie toom Staul utmesten brukten, wia uk hendich toom Hosen jääjren. Daut wia nich mau jrod soone leichte Sach, met een Pieet verem Mestschläden foaren. Doa wia nuscht toom fausthoolen daut eena nich rauf foll. Een Pieet waut aum Mestschläden jespaut wia, must sea ontlich sennen, wiels doa kjeen Diestel aum Mestschläden wia. Wan eena boajauf fua, wudd de Mestschläden daut Pieet aune Haken foaren, wan eena daut Pieet nich tosied lenkjen deed.

Eensje Wintasch wort ons Borm biem Staul ladich. Dan must ekj Wota von een vieedel Miel auf holen. Ekj sad dan een poa Tonnen oppem Mestschläden un schmeet een poa Kjlats Brennholt en jieda Tonn. Wan doa een poa Kjlats opp daut Wota schwommen, plenschad daut Wota nich soo sea äwa.

Wie hauden jeeenlich soo bie sass Schwien. Fa dän haud wie kjeen Staul. Aules waut dee brukten wia een Strooklumpen wua see too Nacht unja kroopen. Wie foodaden an Schroot, Ort vom Desch un Oppwuschwota onen Seep. Wan de Schwien ons hieeden dit Drank em Schwienstroch jeeten, kjeemen see utem Strooklumpen jerant, frauten fekjs, un randen trigj unja däm Strooklumpen. Eene Winta wia doa ne Spree bie ons dee vejäten haud toom Winta nom Sieden to flieejen. De Winta fraut de Spree mete Schwien un wia met an toop em Strooklumpen too Nacht.

Wan daut de Winta soo kolt wia, gruld wie ons emma, wan wie musten no daut Flekj ne Miel un ne Haulf auf foaren Stroo holen. Eensjemol spoad wie dan een bät Stroo wan wie daut Vee auffoodaden. Wie hopten

weather would break by the time we had to hitch a team of horses to get more straw from the stack a mile and a half away.

The train was the only means of transportation to Saskatoon in winter. It took a sixteen-hour day to get five hours of shopping time in the city. To begin the day, we had to get out of bed about six in the morning to do our chores. Horses and cattle had to be fed and watered and the bam had to be cleaned. It was important that the horses had enough time to eat before taking us to town to catch the train.

By ten in the morning, it was time to get out of our work togs, clean up and get dressed in decent clothes. Then we hitched the horses and we were on our way to town. In town, we arranged for the horses to be kept in the livery bam until we were back from Saskatoon.

Then we were off to the railway station to purchase our sixty-five cent return ticket and wait for the train, which arrived at 12:30 p.m. if it was on time. It was a relief when we finally saw the white smoke billowing from the train's smoke stack in the distance. It felt good to sit in the warm passenger car, watching the harsh winter environment flit past as the wheels c1ickety-c1acked along the steel tracks. At one o'clock, we arrived in Saskatoon. Since the train left at ten minutes to six for the return trip, we had about five hours to shop. At about six-thirty, we were back in town.

As soon we had disembarked from the train, we went to the livery bam to pay the fifty cents due for tending our horses during our absence. By the time the team had taken us home, it was after eight in the evening. After a couple of hours of chores and a quick snack, it was past ten o'clock by the time we got to bed. Needless to say, we had no problem falling asleep. And what a satisfying sleep it was, snuggled

Voda wudd daut nich enwoaren. Wie hopten daut de Kold een bät noloten wudd, bat daut Tiet wia toom Stroo holen.

Wan wie de Winta no Saskatoon fuaren, must wie oppem Zuch reisen. Daut no Saskatoon foaren neem een sastieenstundja Dach. Wie musten dan soo om Klock sas ut zemorjes oppstonen un em Staul besorjen. Daut Vee must jefoodat un jedrenkjt un de Staul must utjemest. Daut wia sea wichtich daut wie de Pieed daut ieeschte besorjden, daut dee reed wieren toom ons no de Staut Ossla nom Zuch brinjen.

Klock tieen wia daut Tiet daut wie ons rein aantroocken. Dan spaund wie aun un brochten ons oppem Wajch no Ossla, wua wie de Pieed utspaunden un en een grooten Staul leiden, bat wie trigj von Saskatoon wieren. De leejendeema von dän Staul foodaden un drenkjen de Pieed fa feftich Zent wiel wie wajch wieren.

Nu jinj wie nom lesabon Stazion dän Trigjfoat no Saskatoon kjeepen. Daut kost ons fiewunzastich Zent. Dan stund wie biem woamen Owen un luaden nom Zuch, waut soo om haulf eent ut komen sull. Daut dieed uk nich lang, bat wie dän Ruak vom Zuch dort wiet auf sagen. Daut feeld sikj oba jemietlich em woamen Zuch setten un toom Fensta rutkjikjen, soo aus de wintasche Omjääjent buten vebieflyt, wiel de Zuch velenjd de Bon temmad. Klock eent wia wie en Saskatoon bat tieen Minnuten ver sass, wan et Tiet wia trigjtofoaren. Aulsoo haud wie en Saskatoon meist fief Stund Tiet.

Haulf säwen wia wie trigj en Ossla. Dan jinj wie onse Pieed holen, betolden däm leejendeema feftich Zent fa de Pieed besorjen, spaunden aun, un brochten ons oppem Wajch nohus. Bat wie tus wieren wia de Klock aul äwa acht. Bat wie ieescht besorcht un Owentkost jejäten hauden, wia de Klock äwa tieen. Oba daut schleep sikj maklich unja de woame Wolddakjen waut Mutta jemoakt haud!

under the warm woolen quilts!

Mother kept a large galvanized barrel in the kitchen to thaw snow in winter. This was her supply of soft water for laundering in winter. To replenish her water supply, Mother brought in huge chunks of snow that she cut from the hard snowdrifts. As a small lad, I watched her through the window as she cut the snow blocks. Then it was my duty to run to open the door for Mother. As Mother gently lowered each block into the barrel to avoid splashing, the snow slowly settled into the water and disappeared as it became part of the water supply.

Doing laundry was pretty well an all day affair. In winter, the water was heated in a boiler that covered two burners on the kitchen stove. In summer, Mother heated the water in a cauldron or feed cooker outside. Rain in summer and snow in winter were our source of soft water for the laundry. One year we received so little rain that we had to fetch water in barrels from the river about a mile and a quarter away.

The washing machine and wringer were hand operated. If one operated the machine without interruption, about ten minutes was sufficient to wash one load.

In order to save water and soap, the machine was not drained between loads. The cleaner clothes such as dress shirts, underwear and aprons were washed first, followed by the dirtier clothes such as socks and work shirts. After all the clothes were washed, the machine was drained. In summer Mother poured this sudsy water on the onions in the garden to avoid maggots. Then we filled the washing machine with fresh water to rinse the laundry. Again, the machine was not drained between loads of laundry. As a result, the water was quite soapy by the time we rinsed the last load. We then

Bie ons em Hus haud Mutta de Winta enne Ätstow ne jläsane Tonn toom Schnee oppdeiwien, soo daut see wieekjet Wota toom Kjeledawauschen haud. Wan de Tonn haulf ladich wia, wia daut wada Tiet toom mea Schnee enenn brinjen. Dan jinkj Mutta erut groote Stekja Schnee vonne hoade Schneedienen holen. Ekj kjkjt dan emma toom Fensta erut no Mutta, soo daut ekj reed wia fuaz no de Dää to ranen un Mutta enenn loten. Mutta läd de Stekja Schnee langsam em Wota, soo daut et nich sprezt.

Kjeleda wauschen wia een gaunsen Dach Oabeit. De Winta haud Mutta een langen Gropen toom Wota oppem Owen heetmoaken. De Somma brukt see buten een Miagropen doatoo. De Somma brukt see Rääjenwota, un de Winta brukt see Schneewota toom Kjeleda wauschen. Aune 1937 haud wie soo weinich Rääjen, daut wie musten Tonnen oppem Woagen loden un ne Miel un een Viedel Miel vom Riefa Wota holen toom Kjeleda wauschen.

Ons Wauscha wia ne Stuckmaschien, un de Wrinja must eena met ne Wrang dreien. Daut wia nich leicht. Wan eena jnietsch wia, dan wia een Stuksel en tieen Minnuten rein. Oba wan eena mau langsam wia, dieed daut lenja bat de Wausch rein wia.

Toom Wota un Seep spoaren, wosch Mutta aule Kjeleda met eene Maschienvoll Luag. See funk mete reinste Wausch aun, un wosch de schwienste Wausch daut latste. Wan see aules jewoschen haud, goot Mutta de Luag opp de Ziplen em Goaden, toom dee von de Moden beschitzen. Dan feld see de Wauschmaschien met reinet Wota toom de Wausch speelen. Krakjt soo aus ieescht, brukt see bloos eene Wauschmaschienvoll Wota toom aul de Kjeleda speelen. leescht speeld see de reinste Kjeleda, un tolatst speeld see de Kjeleda waut verhää daut schwienste wieren. Wan see de latste Wausch speeld,

drained the machine, and refilled it with fresh water to rinse the laundry a second time.

wia de zimlich seepich. Wan doa jenuach Wota wia, speeld Mutta aul de Wausch noch eemol.



Sheep in barnyard
Schop oppem Hoff



Tractor with binder
Gasolienkjätel met Binja

worship. Instead of hanging stockings by the chimney on Christmas eve, we put a basin at our designated eating-place on the kitchen table. When our parents were sure we were sound asleep, they quietly put peanuts and candy into each basin as well as a small gift or two beside it.

Christmas morning we were allowed to get up about six o'clock. Like all children, we could hardly wait to get dressed to see what Santa had brought us during the night. Although our parents did not emphasize the Santa myth, they allowed us the pleasure of that childish fantasy.

I was fortunate to have loving and generous parents. Accordingly, I received more and better toys than some of my friends in the neighborhood. In the afternoon of Christmas day, the boys in the village invariably came over to see what I got for Christmas. Since I took good care of my things, I was not fussy about letting them play with my toys.

One Christmas, I got an idea. In order to have a plausible reason for not letting the boys play with my toys, I asked for a special favor from Mother: would she please tell me not to get my toys out in the afternoon, because I had had plenty of time to play with them in the morning and it was time I did something else? Mother reluctantly granted me my wish. I suspect she did not like entering into a conspiracy. That afternoon my friends did not stay at our house very long.

Visiting was the only social activity for married adults. Since Sundays and religious holidays were designated a day of rest, that was when most of the visiting took place. There was a subtle unwritten code about visiting. People were very careful not to visit the same house twice

een Aufgottsdeenst. Enne Städ Heljeowent Strempp opphenjen, soo aus de Enjlenda daut deeden, stald wie jieda ne Komm oppem Desch bie de Städ wua wie emma toom Äten sauten. Soo boolt aus onse Elren sikj secha wieren daut wie schleepen, schedden see plietsch aulahaunt Scheens en onse Kommen: leednät, Hausselnät, Stroonät, un Kende. Jeschenkja waut too groot wieren toom enne Komm lajen, läden see oppem Desch biesied de Komm.

Wienachten zemorjes kunn wie nich ea aus Klock sass oppstonen. Wie kunnen daut meist nich aufluaren, bat wie emol oppstonen un ons auntrakjen kunnen toom kijekjen, waut de Nätklos ons jebrocht haud.

Ekj wia jlekjlich, daut miene Elren soo leefitolich un friejäwrich wieren. Ekj kjrieech mea un bätte Jeschenkja aus väl aundre Kjinja en onse Jääjent. Wienachten no Meddach kjeemen de Nobaschjunges emma no onst toom seenen, waut ekj aules haud too Wienachten jekjrääjen. Wiels ekj emma sea no miene Sachen oppaust, jleicht ekj daut nich, wan de Nobaschjunges met mien Spältich spälde.

Eene Wienachten haud ekj ne ledee. Ekj beräd daut met Mutta daut see to mie sajen wudd, daut daut jenuach wia, wan ekj Vermeddach met mien Spältich späld. Nomeddach wia daut Tiet daut ekj waut aundret deed. Wan Mutta daut säd, dan haud ekj ne goode Uasoak toom de Junges sajen, daut ekj nich kunn mien Spältich äwadäl holen. Dän Dach dieed daut uk nich lang, bat de Junges nohus jinjen.

Daut scheen soo de eensje Tietvedrief fa befriede Menschen wia daut Spazieren un Sotknaken. Wiels see aum Sindach un aum Heljedach nich schauften, wort väl spazieet. Daut wia selfstvestentlich daut Lied nich toom tweedemol de selwje Lied besochten, bat de Lied an besocht hauden. See

before having received a return visit. Not returning a visit within a reasonable length of time was a subtle message that one's presence was not appreciated.

I had a widowed uncle whose visits I dreaded. The poor man missed his deceased wife terribly. He must have been very depressed. I could not understand why his mood would suddenly and unpredictably swing from hearty laughter to soft sobbing. These changes in mood were interspersed with quotes from the Bible. I found this very confusing and distressing.

When he stayed at our house for the night, Mother meticulously searched his bed for dreaded bed bugs after my uncle had left. Once a home was infested with bed bugs or fleas, it was nearly impossible to eradicate them. We did not have the insecticides that are at our disposal today.



Hockey players on the ice

Hockie Spälasch oppem Ies

musten uk oppausen, daut see nich too lang wachten, uk nich too schwind aundre Lied besochten. Wan see too lang wachten, dan leet daut soo, aus wan see de Lied nich vël rääkjenden. Wan see too fekj kjeemen, leet et soo aus wan see too iewrich toom Spazieren wieren un aus wan see nich vël Frind hauden.

Ekj feeld mie emma ommaklich wan eent von miene Onkels no ons spazieren kjeem. Hee wia een Wätmaun. Ekj jleew, hee bangd sikj sea no siene Fru. Wan hee emol schaftich wia, wist eena niemols woo lang daut sennen wudd, bat hee met eemol looshield. Dan funk hee jweenlich aun ute Bibel to räden un bieaun to hielen soo daut ekj mie meist enjst.

Hee wond en ne sea proste Kot. Doa wort jesajcht, daut de gauns voll Waumskje wia. Wan hee bie onst too Nacht bleef, socht Mutta emma dän näakjsten Morjen daut Bad von Akj to Akj no, auf doa opplatst Waumskje wieren. Wan eena Waumskje em Hus kjrieed, kunn eena doa meist nich von loos woaren.

sales or wherever else they might be available. Obsolete or wrecked vehicles and implements were a good source of repairs. Parts that did not fit properly were modified to make do. A farmer with blacksmithing skills could even make an entire implement from scrap materials. A pile of junked implements and parts was a real asset on any farm.

A trip to the city invariably included a stop at one or more junk dealers. Another place to get junk was the Saskatoon nuisance grounds. Today we call it the landfill. Back then, anybody could go to the nuisance grounds to salvage whatever they might find useful. I vaguely remember seeing the amazing assortment of things people had thrown away. Enterprising unemployed men built small shacks on the nuisance grounds. Here they lived and picked up scrap metal and a variety of other things which they sold for a few cents.

Although I did not witness it, I am told that some people picked up live chicks at the nuisance grounds that had been dumped by hatcheries.

We could not afford to buy coal for fuel to cook our meals and heat the house in winter. As a substitute for coal, we pressed manure into bricks. In our village, we had a homemade manure press that was circulated from household to household as needed. The manure was pitched into the hopper. An auger pushed the manure through a rectangular tunnel. The manure came out of the tunnel in the form of a continuous bar about four inches high and eight inches wide. As the manure came out of the tunnel, we cut it into blocks with a straight shovel. The blocks of manure were approximately 4"x8"x10" in size.

As the manure blocks were cut, we carefully picked them up with a three-tined pitchfork and laid them on a stone boat. Then we took the manure blocks out into the pasture and spread them out on the

Doa kunn wie jeeenlich waut finjen toom daut tweinje Dinkj en Ordniñ brinjen. Wan daut nich krakjt paust, kunn wie daut jeeenlich omendren met een bät trajchtfielen. Een Foarma dee een gooda Schmett wia, kunn eensjemol een gaunset Stekj Jereetschoft moaken wan hee een jescheiden Prellklompen haud.

Wan eena no Saskatoon fua, fua eena nom Prellhaundla. Noch eene Städ wua eena sikj kunn Prell utläsen wia biem Schuntaka. Too de Tiet kunn eena sikj doa irjentwaut utläsen. Eensje oame Mana wonden en eene Kot oppem Schuntaka waut see sikj selfst jemoakt hauden von toopjeläsdet Blajch. Dan sochten see daut Prell derch un läsden sikj daut baste ut un vekoften daut toom een bät Jelt moaken.

Ekj hab daut nich selfst jeseenen, oba de Nobasch haben mie vetalt von Kjikjel toopläsen wan de Brood Stazionen dee läwendich oppem Schuntaka aufjelajcht hauden, wan see tooväl Kjikjel hauden.

Wiels wie bie dise oame Tiet nich Jelt toom Kolen kjeepen hauden, wort Mest jeprast. Eent von de Enwona en Bloomenheim haud sikj ne Mestprass jemoakt. Toom Mest prasen must wie em Mesthupen growen bat wie bat däm Mest kjeemen, waut jescheit vefult wia. Dan stääkj wie dit vefulde Mest en de Mestprass. De Mestprass haud ne Schruw waut däm Mest ut de Prass rutschuwen deed. Wua de jeprasta Mest rutkjeem, schneet wie däm met een Spodem en Sooden waut onjefää 4 x 8 x 10 Zoll wieren.

Dan läd wie dise Mest Sooden met ne dreetinje Forkj oppem Mestschläden un fieeden dee no een enjetindet Hock, wua wie dee oppe Wäs läden toom drieegen.

grass to dry in the sun and wind.

When the blocks were dry enough to be handled, we put them into stooks of three blocks each. Two blocks leaned against each other and a third block was laid flat on top of them. This allowed the air to circulate to continue drying the blocks.

When the blocks were almost completely dry, we put them into hollow stacks in a similar fashion to the way an Eskimo igloo is built. We made sure to leave sufficient space between the blocks to allow the air to complete the drying process.

The manure blocks were a good source of heat as fuel in the kitchen stove and the heater in the living room. They were easily broken into smaller pieces as needed to go into the stove. Although they provided a lot of heat, they also resulted in many ashes which had to be carried out.

Eastern Canada learned about the suffering of the people on the Prairies. Our school received a couple of shipments of donated children's clothing from Ontario. In order to make the distribution as equitable as possible, our teacher divided the items into piles of approximately equal value, one pile for each pupil. Each pile of clothing was numbered and the numbers drawn at random.

I do not recall receiving a single item of clothing that was suitable for me or any member of our family. I sold the clothes I received for anywhere from five to fifteen cents per item. My generous parents let me keep the money.

One day we received the welcome news

Om ne Wääkj ooda soo, wan de Sooden drieëch jenuach wieren, sad wie dee en Hocken, drie Sooden en jieda Hock. Twee Sooden länden sikj toop un de dredde Sood läd wie doa enopp. De Wint tocht derch dise Hocken soo daut de Sooden noch dolla drieëjden.

Wan de Mest Sooden volstendich drieëch wieren, läd wie dee en holle Hupes, biejlík soo jeschekjt aus ne Bieeromp, waut onjefää sass Schoo huach wia. Toom Winta oppbewoad wie de Mest Sooden enne Sommakjäakj.

De Mest Sooden wieren goode Brenninj. Eena kunn dee leicht en kjliene Stekja brääkjen toom em Owen aunlajen. De schljachte Nodeel mete Mest Sooden wia daut et soo väl Aussch doavon jeef. Onse Nobasch lausen Koo Schiewen opp onse Weid toop fa Brenninj. Ne Kooschiew es Koomest waut lang jenuach enne Sonn oppe leed jeläajen haft, bat dee gauns drieëch es.

En Saskatchewan wia de Toostaunt en de drieëje Joaren daut schlemste. De Lied en Ontario haft daut dochwoll äwa ons jejaumat. Wie kjrieëjen von Ontario no onse School Kjeleeda jeschekjt. Wie holpen dän Liera de Kjeleeda mank de Scheela endeelen, soo goot aus wie kunnen. Wie muaken fa jieda Kjint een Klompen Kjeleeda. Dan jeew wie jieda Klompen Kjeleeda een Numma un schreewen jieda Numma oppen Biet Papia. Dan neem jieda Kjint een Numma un kjrieëch dän Klompen Kjeleeda waut daut selwje Numma haud.

Ekj kaun mie noch denkjén, daut ekj Kjeleeda kjrieëch waut mie ooda irjent eenem en onse Famielje nich pausten. Ekj vekoft de Nobasch de Kjeleeda fa een poa Zent. Ekj jleew ekj kjrieëch veleicht aulestoop feftieen Zent. Miene Elren leeten mie daut Jelt hoolen.

Een Dach kjrieëch wie Tiedinj daut doa

that we could go to town to get our allotment of fresh apples that had arrived from Eastern Canada by train. What a treat! Generous Newfoundlanders sent us salted, smoked and dried codfish. We had no idea what to do with them. We could not understand how anybody could eat them. Father decided to discard them. He buried them on one of our quarters a mile from home. He did not want a government inspector stumbling across them. It was common for government inspectors to appear for a variety of reasons.

Mother had ingenious methods of getting the most out of everything. Whenever we ate oranges, a rare treat, we saved the orange peelings to make orangeade. The peelings were soaked in cold water overnight. Sugar was added the next day and presto, we had orangeade. Surplus watermelons were pickled in a barrel.

There was no garbage bag in the kitchen. Food scraps from the table were part of the feed for pigs. Anything combustible was burned in the kitchen stove. Canned food came out of sealers that were washed and reused. If the occasional tin can was opened, it was washed and used as a container for nails, screws or other small parts in the tool shed.

Mother had a sister who lived in Mexico with her family. Occasionally my aunt managed to scrape together enough money to buy a postage stamp. Mother was anxious to hear from her sister. Since my aunt could not afford to buy stationery, she waited until she could discard a page from their wall calendar at the end of the month to use as stationery. Sometimes my aunt wrote on both sides of the page. Unfortunately, one side of the page had the dates of the month. It was difficult for Mother to read the words that were written over the numbers.

Hard cash was a rare commodity. Hence,

Appel vom Oosten Canada oppem Zuch jekomen wieren. Wie kunnen ons frie Appel holen. Doatoo freid wie ons. Von Newfoundland schekjten see ons jesoltne, jerieekjade, un jedrieenje See Fesch. Wie wisten nich waut wie doamet doonen sullen. Wie kunnen daut nich vestonen, woo de Menschen dee äten kunnen. De schmakjten aus reina Solt. Voda wia angst daut een Inspakjta met eenmol komen wudd, wan wie de See Fesch wajchschmeeten. Too de Tiet kjeemen doa eensjemol Inspakjasch. Hee begroof de See Fesch opp ons Vieedel Launt ne Miel un ne haulf auf.

Mutta kunn aul boolt waut moaken. Wan wie Aupelsienen jejäten hauden, muak see Zeida von de Schal. See wieekjt de Schal äwanacht en Wota opp. Dan schedd see doa Zocka enenn, un dan haud wie Zeida. See läd uk Arbusenschal en toom Pikjels moaken.

Bie ons wia kjeen Ätesaufgank. Ort vom Desch jinkj em Drankama fa de Schwien. Mutta brukt nich Seep toom oppwuschen, wiels see daut Oppwuschwota brukt toom daut Schroot em Schwien drankama oppwieekjen. Waut brend schmeet wie em Owen. Wan wie ne ladje Blajchdoos hauden, wosch wie dee ut un schoonden dee fa Näajel ooda Schruwen.

Mutta äare Sesta wond en Mexico. Jelt haud see nich toom Schriewpapia kjeepen. Wan see Mutta een Breef schreef, brukt see ne Moonat waut see vom Kalenda aufjeräten haud. Wan see aun beid Sieden jeschräwen haud, kunn Mutta daut meist nich läsen, waut aun de Sied mete Nummasch jeschräwen wia. Daut meent oam sennen!

Wiels boa Jelt soo knaup wia, must wie

we avoided using anything that had to be bought. Matches had to be bought. To save matches, men lit their cigarettes by applying the glowing end of a friend's cigarette.

Father had debts against his land for years. I recall him struggling to pay the interest, even if he could not payoff any of the principal. I remember how relieved he was when he finally got free title to the land.

aulawäajen spoaren. Wan Mana spazieeden, un mea aus eena ne Schmieekj aunstekjten, brukten see bloos een Schwäwel. Dee aundre stekjten äare Schmieekj met ne aundre senjende Schmieekj aun.

Voda haud joarenlank Schult jäajen sien Launt. Een Stoot kunn hee bloos de Entras aun siene Schult betolen. Ekj weet noch woo froo hee wia aus hee entlich aul siene Schult betolt haud un dän Died to aul sien Launt haud.

Conclusion

As I look back, I realize that, although the word love was not spoken in our home, it was evident in the way Mother and Father took their parenting duties very seriously. Any promises they made were kept without exception. Although I remember Father spanking me, he never did so in anger. He did it out of concern for the welfare of his son. My parents did what they did in deference to their strong religious convictions and sense of duty. I dedicate these pages to my parents. Thank you, Mother and Father, for your unspoken and unconditional love.

Toom Schluss

Wan ekj mie trigjdenkj, felt mie bie daut ekj daut Wuat "Leew" nich en onse Famielje jehieet hab. Oba doa wia kjeen Twiewel, daut Voda un Mutta sikj goot wieren, un daut see ons Kjinja goot wieren. Bie Mutta un Voda wia daut Kjinja optrakjen eene sea wichtje Sach. Voda haft mie jeschacht, oba hee wia mie nienich doll. Hee wull haben, ekj sull een gooda Jung sennen. Am wia daut sea wichtich, daut ekj een gooda opprechtja Mensch sennen wudd wan ekj utjewossen wia. Auf hee sien Ziel erlangt haft, es nich miene Sach to entscheiden. Dankscheen, Mutta un Voda, fa june onenbedinjungde Leew.

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