

## Page 2 - Hattie Carmichael of the Meadow Road ISSUE : <u>Issue 35</u> Published by Ronald Caplan on 1983/12/1

(1) have taken a turn of some kind, who knows? It wasn't a storm and it wasn't anything. Just accidentally slipped overboard, and was lost. My son came back home after a- while. He was home some time coming on morning. So, it was kind of rough. I had 6 children. And the youngest was not 5 years old. I was living at North Sydney at that time. People were better to help each other. In my younger days, everybody was farming. No wonder if I feel old sometimes. Everybody was farming, out the Meadow and in here and everywhere you'd go around here, they were farming. I remember, my mother had 12 children, and my father died when I was a baby. I was the youngest of the family. And there was nobody resting--harvest time, planting time, or any time there was that kind of work going on. There was nobody resting or staying in the house. Everybody was helping each other. You'll have to go here today, and you'll have to go there to? morrow- -while there was anything going on of that kind. That's the way we lived. And it was wonderful. We thought it was. We had no other activities--when we were out of school, we were working. Do most any? thing . Oh land's sake, listen. If you'd see the gardens and the planting potatoes. The wo? men were always helping the men. And the children were just as good as their moth? ers. You know, there was no such a thing as running around doing nothing for chil? dren when they grew to be 12 and 13 and on then. No, no. They played for a little while, but if there was any work to be done, they weren't playing. I don't know whether it was better or worse, but I know that they were much happier than they are today. And more content. The parents would be in charge of the gar? den, you know. It would be plowed, but you had to do the rest. You'd have to take your hoe and fix the drills, put the fer? tilizer on what you were planting, plant the seed, and look after it after it started growing. Keep the weeds out of it. Then hoe it, and--oh dear, dear, dear--peo- ple talk about working today. (Who picked the rocks?) I did my good share of them. And that was one thing that we didn't like to do. Pick the rocks. When it came to that, well, I guess we were pretty sticky about doing it. Oh, we did it--there were no back answers. We did what we were told in those days. (What about the rest of the planting of the fields?) Oh well, the men did that, mostly. They plowed the fields, and they harrowed it, and then they sowed the seed. So that was all there was to it. It would grow. God gave it water, and it would grow. But when it came time to mowing it, then, the harvest time--the men would cut with a scythe. They were cutting along, you know, and the women were coming behind, making the sheaves. And by the time they'd be through with the space they were cutting, you know, they were all ready to go back to where they started again. No, there were no moments lost. (How many men would cut at one time?) The one man and the one woman, that's all I ever saw cutting. Of course, there'd be somebody to make the banks; you know, the things we twisted to hold the sheaves together. A younger per? son, or someone that didn't know their J.A.Young&Son We want-to be vour travel agent. For ail your travel needs'. American Express Travel Service J.A.Young&Son insurance & Travel Agent 181 Charlotte Street Sydney, N.S. 539-'00 Wfe're the all-around travel?gent



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