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With Our Own Hands: Margaret Fairley and the 'Real Makers' of Canada

David Kimmel and Gregory S. Kealey

MARGARET FAIRLEY was undoubtedly one of Canada's most accomplished Communist intellectuals. Her important editorial work on various projects associated with the theoretical and cultural work of the Communist Party of Canada, however, has gone almost unnoticed by historians of the Canadian left. In the hope of stimulating more interest in both Fairley and other Communist intellectuals we present a brief introduction to her life and work followed by three examples of worker life histories solicited by her in the early 1950s.

THE LIFE

FAIRLEY WAS BORN Margaret Adele Keeling in Bradford, Yorkshire in 1885, the youngest of nine children. Her father, the Reverend William Hulton Keeling, was an Anglican canon and served as headmaster of the prestigious Bradford Grammar School. His status nudged the Keelings into the English upper-class. The family, however, was a group divided by politics: some siblings remained well-placed, aristocratic conservatives, indeed her brother, Sir Edward Herbert Keeling was a Conservative member of Parliament, Mayor of Westminster, General Manager of the Turkish Petroleum Company, and author of *In Russia Under the Bolsheviks* (1920), a critique of the new Soviet government.[1] Others, including Margaret,

[1]Data from entry in *Who Was Who*, 1951-60.

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strayed — some near, some far — into the left-wing. Her own politicization was sparked by a year spent as a teacher-in-training in London's impoverished East End. She had come fresh from the cloisters of Oxford and quickly became a shocked witness to the appalling conditions of working-class life in the modern city. Yet Oxford had inequities of its own. Margaret had finished there at the top of her class in English literature but was, because of her gender, refused the degree she earned. Nevertheless, she remained at the university as a tutor, eventually to leave in contempt, abandoning for good "that celibate life" as she called it.[2] In 1912, Margaret travelled abroad hoping to find some rewarding work in women's education. Eventually the fledgling University of Alberta offered her a position as well as a B.A. for the work she had done at Oxford. In Edmonton she met Barker Fairley who had just begun his long and illustrious career as a German literary scholar. They married in 1913, and as was then the practice, Margaret was forced to resign her university duties.

Something during that period revived in Margaret Fairley a sympathy for left-wing politics. She wrote a small number of "progressive" articles in *Canadian Forum* during the 1920s (and served as the *Forum*'s associate editor for a time), but it was several years later that the articulate Marxist critique characteristic of her life's work emerged. This was largely the result of a four-year sojourn in England. In 1932, her family moved to Manchester, where the poverty and other injustices of industrial society — made worse by the Depression — "deeply affected" Fairley, rekindling in her a life-long desire to struggle for democracy, peace, dignity, and other progressive causes. Under the tutelage of *The Worker*'s editor Barbara Niven, Fairley joined the Communist Party of Great Britain. A final move, this time the return to Toronto in 1936, did not diminish her commitment to political pursuits, and immediately upon her arrival she joined the Communist Party of Canada and began contributing to the Marxist journal *New Frontier*. Later, she founded, edited, and contributed articles to *New Frontiers*, the Labor Progressive Party's literary journal which subsequently became *The Marxist Quarterly*, and later *Horizons* and *Communist Viewpoint*. Rounding out her written legacy are several poems, plays, longer political statements, and two anthologies, *The Selected Writings of William Lyon Mackenzie* and *The Spirit of Canadian Democracy*.[3]

[2]Fairley discussed her experiences at Oxford in the October 1912 issue of the University of Alberta journal *The Gateway*, (M.A. Keeling, "Women Students in Oxford," 49-51). Other biographical details are drawn from interviews with relatives and friends, an obituary published in *Horizons* (Spring 1968), J.G. Greenlee's 1979 interview with Barker Fairley, and Paul Duval's quasi-biography *Barker Fairley* (Toronto 1980).

[3]*The Selected Writings of William Lyon Mackenzie 1824-1837* (Toronto 1961); *The Spirit of Canadian Democracy. A Collection of Canadian Writing from the Beginnings to the Present Day* (Toronto 1946). The Margaret Fairley manuscript Collection, which contains the bulk of her extant research and writing notes, is located at the University of Toronto's Thomas Fisher Rare Books Library.

Margaret Fairley died in Toronto in 1968. A park in the city's overcrowded working-class Spadina district is dedicated in her honour and memory.

THE PROJECT

FOR A TIME in the 1940s and 1950s, Fairley followed her original vocation, teaching those not privileged enough to gain a university education. She taught Canadian literature courses in left-wing and working-class circles, always encouraging her students to supplement their understanding of Canada by reading the work of Stanley Ryerson, Tim Buck, and other diligently selected Canadian writers. But the work of intellectuals and published *literati* never stood alone in Fairley's lectures; she was too much a supporter and defender of both the common person and of what Maxim Gorki termed "real life." For example, in one of her finest essays, Fairley criticized Canada's Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences (1949-1951). The report of the Massey Commission bemoaned the state of Canadian culture and merely described in its conclusion what was missing. Fairley asked "Why not examine more carefully what is there, find out its worth, and discover why, if such is the case, it has been hidden?" In her estimation, Canada enjoyed (or had the potential to enjoy) one of the world's richest cultural heritages. Canadian history was a chronicle of constant struggle, and this produced "a culture which seeks to record, adorn and change the real life of men [*sic*] in our country. ... Canadians have transformed their country with their own hard work. ... We have had a tough experience, and have accomplished much with brain and muscle."[4]

In late December 1946, Stanley Ryerson, the chair of the Labor Progressive Party's Education Committee, sponsored a National Affairs Conference on Marxist Studies of Canadian Development. The conference centred on presentations by Ryerson, party leader Tim Buck, and Fairley. A number of permanent committees were set up to carry out the work which the conference had organized. Fairley became Secretary of the overall organizing commitee and chair of the "People's History" Committee. No doubt, it was in this role that she devised her next work.[5]

Early the following year, shortly after the publication of her first anthology, *The Spirit of Canadian Democracy* — and undaunted by the ban put on it by the Toronto Board of Education — she began to conceive of another collection. "The idea" for the book, she told her class in the Toronto Writer's Group, "came when I looked in vain in histories of the CPR for any account of the people who actually built the railway." A history of the "hand-making" of Canada, from accounts

[4]Margaret Fairley, "Our Cultural Heritage," *New Frontiers* (Winter 1952), 1-2.

[5]*National Affairs*, 3 (1946), 358 and 4 (1947), 51. See also, Gregory S. Kealey, "Stanley Bréhaut Ryerson: Canadian Revolutionary Intellectual," *Studies in Political Economy*, 9 (1982), 103-70. No doubt her title, "The Real Makers of Canada," was intended as a sarcastic critique of the pre-World War I "Makers of Canada" series which focused on the biographies of statesmen, politicians, and generals.

written by the "Real Makers" themselves had the potential, in Fairley's opinion, "to build up pride and confidence, and to illustrate in a direct personal way the class struggle." To this end, she gathered the papers of early settlers, transcriptions of interviews with escaped slaves, letters from a Saskatchewan farmer and a late eighteenth century Quebec doctor, and evidence given by workers in 1827 and 1828 government reports.[6]

A stroke of genius, however, was Fairley's idea to solicit new autobiographical accounts written by "old-time" workers and settlers still alive in the 1950s. The notice she published in *The Tribune* garnered several responses, the best three of which (printed below) were to be included in the book. Unfortunately Fairley never completed the project she called *With Our Own Hands*. Had the book appeared, Margaret Fairley would now be remembered as a pioneer herself, both in the writing of Canadian labour history and in the use of oral history methods. Somehow she sensed that there were unusually strong affinities in Canada between oral history and labour history. "Canada," she commented, "is one of the few countries in the world where it might be possible to get such an entirely first-hand account of its making from virgin forest and plain and mountain."[7] For their part, Fairley's contributors seemed to feel that they were in some way incapable of expressing themselves. One wrote,

> I have not made a very good job of expressing my opinions of life's history, hope you can understand it — you may find something worth while [*sic*] but I could do no better as I have never done any writing.[8]

But, in fact, the autobiographers were merely *made to feel* that they were inarticulate and their stories uninteresting. Supporting this "common sense" were ruling-class forces and orthodox critics who tended to "see literature as something apart from ordinary life."[9] By contrast, Fairley gave her correspondents the opportunity to recount their experiences at a time when mainstream historians simply weren't interested. Her nostrum for Canada was a summoning up by its people of national memories of resistance and achievement. To cure the twin "virus" of self-deprecation and the "subservience mentality," Canadians had to "expose their character" and build on the best aspects. For the future as in the past, stated Margaret Fairley, "the assertion of a genuine, democratic national spirit [is] left to the working people."[10]

[6]Fairley Collection, vol. 1, file "Workers' and Farmers' Letters, etc. (Lecture Notes) (3)"; also a lecture, "Diaries and autobiographies of Canadian Farmers"; and a hand-written plan of Fairley's project.

[7]*Ibid.*, Lecture notes.

[8]Letter from Claude Theodore to Fairley, in Fairley Collection, vol. 1, file "With Our Own Hands (1)."

[9]Fairley Collection, vol. 1, file "Lecture notes (Canadian Literature) (1)."

[10][Margaret Fairley], "Canada Day 1954," *New Frontiers* (Summer 1954), 1-2.

The three brief manuscripts which follow are autobiographies sent to Fairley for her project. They have been only lightly edited in order to preserve the authentic voice of the author. The combined experiences of Claude Theodore, Peter Cordoni, and A.J. MacDonald remind us of the largely rural, immigrant labour experience

1. STORY OF CLAUDE THEODORE (written February 1951)

HOW WELL I REMEMBER March 29, 1898, when with some 250 boys from a home in London I sailed on an old 450-ton ship (*Labrador*) and eleven days later landed at Halifax after a very rough trip. I was sick all the way. Then they ordered all hands on deck at times when the ship was in danger. I used to hide as I felt too weak to stand and did not care if the old tub went down.

We had a very rough night before landing. I can still see the ship's rigging all covered with ice when we were called up on deck and lined up for tonsil operation, and how we spit blood after this painful ordeal. I was really so weak I could not stand without holding on to the railing or whatever I could reach. As we were coming down the gang-plank my pledge card (not to drink liquor) slipped out of my bible and into the water. This really upset me, and I remember shedding a few tears as though I had done something terrible.

Four days later a few of us were taken to the home branch at 117 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg (the house is still there). We stayed overnight and then were distributed in Paris to different towns in the west. I was sent to North Portal, Assiniboia (now Saskatchewan) and another boy to a farm close by — his name was John Biskup. We landed at my boss's farm (or homestead) after walking about five hours only two and a half miles. This was to be my home in a sod house with even a sod roof. I can see those poor women trying to keep the crude furniture and organ from getting wet when it rained.

I was ten and a half years old; my wages were to be $100 for five years, with board and clothes. I was to have gone to school in winter, but only went two months one winter. The school was in an abandoned sod house.

Well I never took much liking to farming. There was no floor in the stable or other livestock buildings (all sod). The surroundings were so dirty and glum; the cattle had nothing but straw to eat all winter; in spring what remained alive were almost too weak to walk. This is where I was to learn farming. I sure never learned much.

The people I worked for were good Christians, and about all the recreation I got was when I went to church in Portal. One boy at first was always picking on me and calling me a green Englishman. One day he got me just right, and I let him have it. He left me alone after that. The fight took place right behind the pulpit. I was the talk of the town after that.

Well I counted the days when I should get away. Sometimes we would have to shovel snow off the top of straw stacks before we could get at the straw. Oh those prairie blizzards! The cattle would not go out to the well to drink during storms, so we would have to carry it to them. We had wooden lard pails and made about three trips to the well, and we would be carrying more ice than water. The well was 125 yards from the cattle pens. I used to have to rest three or four times on the way as my arms used to ache so. We had to draw the water up from a well 35 feet deep by rope and pail, there was not a pump in the district. About Christmas the well would

go dry and I would have to draw the water with a horse and barrels a mile and a half from a slough. Many a time the horse would run home before I got the barrels full as I had nothing to tie him to. Then on blizzard days the cattle would have to eat snow as the horse would not face the storm; that seemed like a holiday to me.

When the boss went away I had it all to do. There was no time for recreation but I would make my own, perhaps in ways I had better not mention. When the boss and family went away about six miles to visit relatives, they would be gone two or three days at times. The lady would cook me a cake and a pie. Before the first dinner the pie would be all gone, then the cake would also disappear before supper, then it was just plain diet until they returned. There were only two or three times they left me alone for more than a day.

The boss's wife's mother left her a little money when she died at Brandon. With this they built a frame house. It was very small but it was about the only one made of lumber around.

One night, coming home from church, walking, I peeped into the window of a big house that was full of Chinamen who used to be held up at the border by U.S. immigration authorities until their papers were in order for entry. There were fifteen or twenty all seated around a big table gambling. Something said "Throw a stone", it must have been the devil. I threw a stone as big as my fist and did I run! I could hear Chinamen in every direction, but they never saw me; guess if they had I would not be here. There were always some Chinamen there, mostly right from China, their pigtails, or queues, hung down to their heels. In summer they would come out to the farms to buy chickens, eggs, etc. Once one of them died on the train coming from Vancouver, and he (the dead one) was shipped in the baggage car. All the doors in the train were tied with ropes to keep out the evil spirits.

There was not a stick of wood in the district, only a little along the Souris river four miles north. The boss and neighbors used to go thirteen miles to mine their own coal. There was a commercial coal mine at Roche Percee where they could buy coal dumped into the wagon for 50¢ a ton, but the poor settlers could not afford so much and they would go five miles further to mine their own. I went with some neighbors once to see the mine.

I remember once it was the talk of the neighbors of the temperature falling to 63 below, and once 59, and once 57 below zero. Whether that was official or not I don't know, but I do remember how still the air used to be when the thermometer dropped to its lowest point, and these extreme temperatures seemed to always precede a chinook. Boy, didn't I like those warm spells! The cattle would all go out and I would have no stables to clean and no cattle to water and feed.

Once in summer I was pulling weeds and the boss was plowing with three horses and terrible black clouds were rising in the west. The boss unhitched the horses and started for home, waving for me to follow. But I had a couple of piles of weed to burn, so stayed a couple of minutes longer. Before I got many yards the worst hailstorm I have ever seen caught me and blew me over. I lost my hat, and oh those hailstones like walnuts or pigeon-eggs bounced off the ground ten or

twelve feet into the air. The dog Don who was always with me howled in agony but never left me. Did those hailstones strike hard! I was bruised and cut all over, but thank heaven it only lasted a few minutes. The boss never quite got to the stable when his horses turned and ran. He hung on to them and they dragged him all over some plowed land. He sure looked a mess. All the hens in the yard that did not reach shelter got killed. There were prairie chickens lying dead all over the prairie and my pony that I rode after the cows was bumps all over, he was tethered out on a rope. Well we had no crop to cut and the poor settlers were up against it that winter.

That winter I remember we had boiled wheat in place of porridge for breakfast. I remember Mrs. Harris (the boss's wife) coming home from town bringing back her eggs and butter — she could not sell them for 5¢ per dozen and 10¢ per lb. How the poor woman cried, I'll never forget. The boss used to say a prayer and read a passage from the bible every morning.

These good-living honest people never knew much pleasure as we know it. He has two grandsons in the ministry. His daughter was a baby one month old when I went there; I used to read her nursery rhymes. She is the mother of the two ministers. I had a dream of them once on the 52nd anniversary, and felt prompted to write to her under her maiden name. I did not know she had been widowed for years. She has written several letters during these last years, one informing me of the death of her father. Her mother had died eight years earlier.

Once while I was watering the horses by a slough after Sunday dinner one kicked me square in the face. Although I was unconscious I walked home, the boss came to me and I told him what happened. But all I ever remember was waking up on the couch five hours later and asking them how I got hurt. It was three weeks before I was up and around again. There was no doctor for twenty-five miles.

Sometimes when the flies were too bad they would send me out to herd the cattle on a plain about four miles from Souris river. Sometimes I would ride over to the river and enjoy the change of scenery, and hear the birds sing that we never heard on the prairie.

Well the time came for me to go. I went to several different farmers but did not stay anywhere long. So I started to beat my way on railways with different men older than myself. I got out into Montana and worked first in a restaurant, then on a sheep-ranch at Glasgow, Montana — 19,000 sheep. It was the lambing season and they were having about five hundred lambs every day. It was my job to sleep out with the sheep at a bend in the river between two lanterns to keep the coyotes away. What with the coyotes howling and sheep and lambs bleating I did not get much sleep the first nights. We used to have to wear a special heavy boot as there were so many prairie cactus, they would prick clean through ordinary boots. It was too much walking for me so I quit and went back to the town.

In the town every other building was a saloon with wide open gambling cash slot machines. I used to think it too wicked and used to stare with awe and see thousands of dollars on poker tables and roulette wheels, but I did yield finally to

the temptation of playing a little baccarat for 25¢ a throw one night. I had only 50¢ to my name and no job. I took a chance on 25¢ and won up to $17, then back to my last 25¢, which I kept for my breakfast. Next day I caught a train out to Havre, Montana, and got there the next day with only one meal in the last twenty-four hours.

I went around clipping lawns, etc., for town-folk. They all seemed to consider me so much, I suppose because I was so young. But I got that way I could not stay still, and would jump the next train out. But along the main lines there were so many hoboes who had no principles, they would steal or do anything but work. But I could always land a job sawing wood or some menial work. But lots of times I had to eat yesterday morning's breakfast tomorrow night for supper, at least that's how far apart the meals often came.

Once I was detached from a train and walked the tracks all night, twenty-four miles. Once in a town in Minnesota I got off a freight train about noon. I saw a pile of wood that needed splitting. I had not eaten that day yet so went to the door to ask if I could have the job, and a dear old negro lady came to the door — of course there were so many hoboes, she said I could go and start. I wasn't there three minutes till the old soul called me in to have some dinner. Both her and the kitchen were spotless, and the smell of home baking I can't describe. She used to bake for all the town. She gave me a beautiful dinner and the way she lectured me on riding dem ole box cars to be a good boy! Well I was to get my dinner and 50¢ for cutting the wood, but I had not done much when she came out and gave me 75¢ and said I could go. I always seemed to run into such good-natured people, so considerate, which I don't think I deserved.

I was never arrested on railway property as some were. I think my age was the reason. I rode the rods of a stock train right into the St. Paul railway yards. When I crawled out from under the train I saw a railway policeman coming a good way up the yards. At the same time a man digging for a new switch left his shovel. I went over and picked up the shovel and started to dig. The policeman stopped and remarked how young I was for that heavy work. I told him I had to eat. He laughed and left me. Then up comes the man whose shovel it was and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him I took it to bluff the police and he too laughed and gave me 50¢ and 50¢ was a lot of money those days.

Well I wandered back to Roche Percee and got a job driving a horse on coal cars in and out of the mine. The cars run on tracks. Sometimes it would jump the track and I would have to go back to the miners for help. Then my lamp would sometimes burn out of oil. One night they sent me back in the mine for tools about 6 p.m. and I got lost. Then my light went out. No one missed me at the boarding house until 10 p.m. Then they found me wandering around. I heard coal fall two or three times, which added to my fears.

I quit next day and hit the road again, and in the fall turned up again at Portal and worked at a hotel all winter. One of the best of friends was a big colored cook

who cooked there all that winter. He was champion heavyweight of North Dakota. He used to talk to me like a Dutch uncle.

Next summer I was on the road again, chopping and changing around in all kinds of jobs. In 1906 I was working on a Southern Pacific river boat, the *Madoc*, a stern wheeler running from San Francisco to Sacramento with passengers and supplies being carried from the fruit orchards and towns along the Sacramento River. I was asleep on the boat anchored at the ferry building when the great earthquake struck San Francisco on April 6, 1906 at 5 a.m. Such destruction one cannot imagine. All the water mains broke and the Fire Department was rendered useless. The whole city seemed to be on fire. The only means to keep the fire from spreading was to dynamite buildings.

The police and army put all men to work. They grabbed me and my chum, but as I was on duty they let us go. Martial law was proclaimed, several looters were captured and made to dig their own graves, then were shot into them. One man was caught with his pockets full of human fingers with rings on, and other jewelry. The clock tower on the Ferry building leaned so much the clock stopped, and another shock twenty-four hours later straightened up the tower and the clock started again. Thousands of people were camped out in Golden Park and Surto Heights. The Call building, 25 stories high had every brick shook off, the steel girders stood bare and unharmed. Some buildings were swallowed up completely.

In 1907 I was back in Montana, first on a ranch then hotels, restaurants etc. Nothing very eventful happened, just drifting back and forth.

In 1910 I was back in Winnipeg, and got a job with the C.N.R. express driving a team transferring mail. I had not been there but three weeks when my team took fright while I was climbing on the wagon after hitching up. A locomotive's whistle caused it. I was thrown to the ground and my head hit a steel rail. That was 7 a.m. I woke up or became conscious at 5.30 p.m. I had concussion of the brain for four weeks. During that time I hardly ate but a little soup.

One Sunday morning a pious looking gentleman dressed as a minister of the Gospel visited me. He was so sympathetic asking questions about my accident. I found out from my lawyer later that he was a stool pigeon or detective from the C.N.R. Such methods were commonplace in those days. Well it was four months before I was able to go to work again. My lawyer advised me to take the C.N.R.'s offer of $150 settlement for my suffering two broken ribs, one broken shoulder bone which had to be wired in place with silver wire which is still in my shoulder, and the agony of concussion. Well I accepted the offer. The lawyer charged me no fee, but I always had a strong suspicion that he got well paid for advising me to accept as he had been lawyer to C.P.R. previously.

Then I worked for the Hudson's Bay Company in the old store bottling liquor for a few months. Then cooked in the store café about a year. Then was out driving a delivery van for some company. In 1912 I went to San Francisco cooking in a café again.

On December 24th, Christmas Eve I hard Madam Tetrazzini (called the song-bird of the orange groves) sing in Market Square, Frisco. A heavy fog hung over the city, the air was so heavy her sweet voice could be heard a mile away. They claimed a hundred thousand people turned out to hear her, the streets for blocks around were crowded. I'll never forget that wonder woman's voice.

1913 back to Winnipeg cooking again for a few months. 1914 took up a homestead at Eriksdale, Manitoba.

In 1915 I joined the army. I found the discipline hard to take. It caused me a little trouble until I learned I was no longer free to do as I liked. I had several close calls, but the closest was when my team that I was holding at the time were both killed and three men were knocked out but I never got a scratch. The shell hit nearer to me than anyone. I got leave for London and married a London girl. In 1919 I was discharged.

I must mention my impressions of the British Isles. They were wonderful, everything seemed on such a small scale after our wide open spaces, but I can't forget the beauty of it all. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Yorkminster and Canterbury all caused a lump in my throat. It made one feel proud to think you came from such a noble race which has turned out such wonderful men during their long history. That goes for all the British Isles, I visited all of them.

My wife and little daughter Ruby went with me to the homestead. We lived on an adjoining homestead that was vacant until I erected log buildings on mine, as mine had been burned down in a bush fire. Later I recognized some things with my name on in a neighbor's yard. He had bought the farm with all the stuff belonging to me, about $60 or $70 in value. I went to the Mountie in Eriksdale to ask him what to do, as the vendor was in Quebec. The Mountie said it would cost the Police Department a lot to have him brought back and would cost me a lot of time and money, so we let it go.

We bought four cows, three horses etc., after five years we sold our first five cows, three with calf, two at foot, and two hogs nine weeks old to a new settler, all for $90, through the S.S.B. The $90 went to the S.S.B. for interest on loan. The next year I had twelve hogs; I killed them and dressed them to ship to Winnipeg. Approaching town the train was in and I had to rush to catch the train. I called out to the agent to send them frieght to me at Winnipeg. He mistook my order and shipped them express to a packer. It cost more than two hogs to ship the twelve. I got 4¢ per lb. It cost me $17 more for feed than I got for the delivered goods.

My wife took very well to homesteading, for an English girl who had always worked in London. I never would have stuck it without her. No homesteader ever made good without the help of a good wife. She and my daughter Ruby used to stay alone when I would stay up at the lumber wood a week at a time, while I was getting out logs to have sawn for lumber to build with. We did eventually build the best buildings, all lumber. Most people had logs, but I figured the best was none too good.

About 1925 the papers announced that Russia wanted to buy dairy cows and would pay $85 each for good grade dairy cows and up to $120 each for registered stock. The next thing we read where our country would have no truck with Russia, so we had to go on selling for $10 to $12 each. We were selling hogs for 3¢ per lb. The land was very stony and used to cost $14 an acre to break up. We picked between 300 and 400 loads of stone every year. We had rust in grain or badly dried every year. Finally after eight years we found it impossible to make a go of it.

When we went to farm in Eriksdale there were 176 returned settlers in the municipality. When I left there were only four left on the farms.

We bought a small place at the edge of town (Eriksdale), there we sold milk and I cut wood and sold to the townsfolk, and in four years had the place paid for. Then as we had a good herd of Holstein cows thought we would try our luck on a dairy farm near Winnipeg. So we turned out clear-titled land over as cash payment on a good diary farm at Winnipeg. We made a good start and sold milk in bulk to distributors. All at once a milk war started and as usual the producer paid the shot. I was forced to sell more than half of my milk at 50¢ per 100lbs. and had to pay 25¢ per eight-gallon can (80lbs) haulage to the city. Then the Farmers' credit arrangement act was passed. I applied for help through them, asking that my loan be reduced by $10 and interest cut from 7 per cent to 6 per cent. After considering my case they reduced the principle $18 and the interest to 5 per cent and also made the payments easier. I thought I was on easy street, but the milk distributor soon cut me off totally. Here I was stuck with my milk, I was a little late making my loan payment and sure got the balling out from Manager.

Next year the temperature rose to 100 degrees in the shade. My grain was all headed out, it got burnt out. So I signed a quit claim on the farm, called in an auctioneer to sell the stock and machinery. The highest priced registered cow brought $55, dry ones as low as $12.

Perhaps I deserved what I got for being too ambitious, but my wife and daughter worked so hard to help me. I felt ashamed but not a word of complaint from them. We decided to go and settle in British Columbia, so we went through nine national parks via Los Angeles and San Francisco to Vancouver.

We bought a store with P.O., fruit stand, tobacco, etc. and school supplies, magazines, etc. Well we made a living and put in long hours, but none of us liked it, we felt like a bird in a cage. So after a year we quit and looked for a farm. I was in an office trying to make a deal but had not yet settled it. When I came out to the car my wife was crying. She would not say what for, but I knew both and daughter Ruby wanted to come back to Winnipeg. They never complained, but I knew. The next day we were on our way back to Manitoba. We got a small place with garden and chickens, nicely situated near the Red River and we have been here ever since.

I find that this life has a lot of lessons to teach. I have learned mine. I have read a lot from as many angles as I could and I have found that there is serious need for a change and it is sure to come. I subscribe to the *Canadian Tribune* and have learned a lot of truths from it that I could never have got otherwise. I am not or ever

will be a Communist, because I have been protected by my creator every step I have taken, and as I understand a communist is an atheist. I belong to a cult that is as old as history, they teach what they know, not what they believe.

2. WORKING ON THE RAILWAY. PETER CORDONI.

THE LATER HALF IN MARCH 1911 at the age of 17 years old, I and my father with a gang of grade builders were shipped to Armstrong, Ontario, to work on the Grand Trunk Pacific grade. We left Port Arthur by train to Nipigon about 80 miles east. Next morning four-team sleighs with teamsters were assembled to take care of baggage and men ready to go.

The journey took us five days, with a one day delay on account of a terrible blizzard. A mile east of this point before we hit a dense forest sleigh road, we were searched by a provincial police, wearing a bearskin fur outfit, for arms or liquor. My father was very fond of guns, and more so by going in the wilderness, so he packed his shotgun and two packages ammunition among our packs, which the man in the big fur coat failed to find. My father was very proud of it, came close to me and spoke in Italian: "Good luck he hasn't noticed the gun." The outfit already had started moving when the policeman ordered us to stop, saying there must be a gun here. He searched again and did find one, and my father claimed it. He gave him a receipt and whenever he came out he could go to his office and get it back. He had failed to notice that with the police there was another man, not as big, neither wearing a big fur coat, that his language was the same as ours. As myself very young at that time, I had my first experience to fully understand what was a stool-pigeon.

The second day of the journey we arrived at the south shore of Lake Nipigon. I don't remember the name of the place, but it was quite a large community, a shipping centre in summer. There were warehouses, dock, a lake steamboat frozen solid, school, church, and the most huskies I've ever seen at one glance. Mostly Indians and French Canadians use five or six to pull a toboggan. The people I met here quite many were of cross breed. I saw one of the prettiest girls I ever came across up to that time. Stopping overnight we had camps unkept, warm meals and bunkhouse, taking lunch with us for the noon hour, and we brew our coffee or tea.

I remember one stop at noon, among beautiful pine trees timbers, myriad squirrels musically chirping, jumping from one tree to another, feeding on cone seed, pretty picture to see.

Our gang was made up of six different nationalities, and among us were four young husky Russians who couldn't speak a word of English. One noon period we

stopped to make tea and have our lunch, assorted and plentiful. What follows is not discriminating but really true. One of the Russians helped himself at one of the lunch boxes to a piece of roast beef weighing about twenty pounds; another Russian put out his hands to hold up the roast, the other two from each side formed a quartet without any tools, bit through that roast till it was finished. The rest of us had good fun to watch them eat.

On arrival at the camp, we found all the buildings were log-built. There was one building for living quarters, clothing store, and office for the superintendent Carter and the timekeeper, a cookhouse, a warehouse, and a big horse-barn, a long bunk-house for the workers, with permanent double bunks built on both sides, constructed with poles. In place of springs there were small round spruce poles. Along the bunks at certain distance there was one pole a few inches higher than the rest as market; between these markers two men had to be accommodated.

When we got in we dumped our packsacks, chose our bunk, as we were the first gang to arrive early in the spring, as there was no work carried on through the winter in this camp. Complaining of the bare bunks to the bull-cook we were told: "Go to the barn and help yourselves to some hay." But the poles under our back felt so hard that by next morning we felt more tired than after a hard day's work. Finally our bodies got used to it, what I mean is we felt no ache in our bones, but felt too tired to get up in the morning.

In the middle of the building there was a big wood heater to keep us warm, also for drying our clothes, having neither bathroom or drying room. Later on as more workers came in and we had a full house, consider what a strong human odor, especially after a wet day as each one of us around our bunk had to have some kind of rack to dry our clothes. All the building had was four windows and one door.

We were working ten hours a day at 25¢ an hour six days a week. If there was any important work to be done, on Sunday for a few men at the same rate of pay. The board $18 a month.

Our cook, Ned Florence from Peterhead, Scotland, always friendly and of fine humor, was capable of serving satisfactory meals on what he had on hand. As to fruits they were all dehydrated fruit. I worked with him in the kitchen as flunkey for three months. I had quite a bit of fun on a couple occasions with him. There were wild dogs that would come around eating the garbage, and he must have noticed that one of them had pups. He must have followed her but hadn't found the pups, so one day at noon he suggested to hurry and get done with the work, we'd go out in this bush and hunt for the young pups. After we finished with our work we put on our coats, he lit his white clay pipe and I followed behind. We walked about a mile and after a short search he located the den between two rocks. He said: "There's four pups". He took two back to the camp. He was very proud of them. They must have been about six weeks old, you can imagine how wild they were. He kept them for four days, and they kept on continuously crying and howling. He got fed up and turned them loose.

Another time about butchering a steer, as we were getting live beef at that time of year. The cook was doing the butchering and us two flunkeys gave him a hand. So one day he roped one, a quite heavy steer, and had it tied to a tree not far away from the barn. So our cook swung the sledge hammer and hit the steer between the horns. The steer bawled and fell down on the knees, and then came up again. Next the other flunkey tried, the same actions were repeated. Besides us there were standing by Mike, the teamster, and Charlie Doyle, the barn boss. Mike, a young stout Pole, next tried. This time not only the same actions were repeated, but he uprooted the tree and ran away with it. Then we had to get the timekeeper with his rifle to go hunt for it. Seems hard to believe but it's true, the cattle have a spot below the crown not any bigger than a silver dollar, and for the blot to be effective you must hit that spot. But that steer had the rope on top which acted as protection.

It is the first of April, and the weather is still winterlike, with frozen ground, and we started to work. But we had to use dynamite to loosen the dirt, must have been in a hurry to grade the right of way, instead of waiting till after the thaw. At the start we were eight men with the foreman; nationalities, foreman, Swedish; myself and my father, Italian; one French Canadian; one English Canadian; one Indian; one Finnish; one Russian. Regardless of who was talking I could understand none of them at that time, but we were all friendly to one another.

We had been working for two full months before we got our first pay cheque, issued by Morris Makie our contractor. We were deducted $1.00 per month for mail which we got in one monthly delivery, and $1.00 per month for medical service.

Sunday was our day for washing clothes, patching them, and repairing boots. Also there was the odd lousy one among ourselves, which they had the habit of wearing the underwear till it wore out. But the lice spread, they had no respect for boundaries, so the wash had to be done with boiling water.

The only amusement in our spare time was talking or playing cards for pastime, and a few would play poker in the cookhouse in the evening and they would use for dollars big iron washers, and for 25¢ pieces small ones. One of them was in charge of the bank, meaning, so many washers worth so many dollars. At the start of the game each player would get so many dollars worth of washers, whoever ran out would get some more again. The banker would keep note for each one of the players. Also at the start of the game they would agree on the time to quit, and at that time the losers would hand the pay cheque over to the winner, maybe with a few washers out or to the good.

This part of the country was one of the big game reserves in the Province, and the white man was not allowed to take any game. Once in a while the Indians would come with moose meat to the cook-house, and the cook would give them sugar, tea and other foodstuffs in trade, and we all got a meal out of it. Sometimes I would go to fish down to the creek where speckled trout were plentiful, but they were very smart and only nibbled at the bait, and you had to be quick enough to yank them out soon as you felt the nibble or you would have no fish.

As far as I've seen the surroundings about here, you can see all dry trees over the hills. It has been fire-swept once. You could see the wonderful heavy crop of blueberries were there in the fall, would have been real wealth if it could have been shipped out.

Handling of high explosive is very dangerous in case those that handle it have no experience. Our contractor had three unkept camps, and a few other camps where the gang had to do their own batching, within its twenty mile line. The only major accident I know of was a broken leg, thanks to a good-qualified gang foreman.

I have been told from a reliable source that on several occasions in the past almost entire gangs were blown up by accidental explosions of dynamite while they were loading. The cause of accident was, if a man could speak English, he could make up a gang of his own nationality and he would be hired as gang foreman and shipped up the line, but dynamite has no respect for language, if a person had no experience. Those were the days of a great flow of immigration and very few could speak English. By having a foreman who could speak the same language that would be more profitable to the employer.

Beside the daily wage laborers there were gangs called stationers or another way to say it, piece workers. A station on the line is one hundred feet long, at each station there is a survey stake, and a gang will decide how many stations they would sub-contract. Probably they will build a camp for themselves close to the job.

All they need is supplied by the contractor, in line of tools and horses on rental basis, everything based per yard of material, different material also the price would be different. No power machines could be seen anywhere. Most of the gangs I heard were sub-contracted, they were Swedish, and that they were big strong men that could load big rocks in the car. Some place I came across a gang that had a home-made derrick and used a horse to lift the load. How much they were earning I couldn't say, lots depended on the survey engineers. But with the same contractor I was working for there were a gang of Russian piece workers; only one could speak fairly good English. By the end of September they got through with their contract, and what I heard, they went in the hole, judging the amount of work they had done I felt sure they got gypped.

There were two means to haul the material to the filling. One way with the steel rail, same as would be for a mine track, and using horse drawn cars, and dumped over the front; another way, a track made of poles and keep oiled, the surface, and slide along the load on a stone-boat. The latter was very little used.

On account of the kind of employment we had, there was no Union. All the workers, shipped up the line through a private employment office, had their wages set before leaving town. Monthly paid men were cooks $90.00, gang foremen $75.00; blacksmiths $60.00, handymen $60.00, teamsters $45.00, single horse drivers $35.00, flunkey $35.00, all including board. The only time we were almost sure to get cheated was when we were offered say two figures of wages; it was sure to be the minimum but never the maximum.

If a gang of workers did not like the conditions they were working under they would all quit their job at once. If the cause was not their foreman's he might also quit with his gang. Almost under any circumstances the workers more or less seemed to stick together; I will deal more with this subject later on.

It was just the beginning of autumn, and the winter weather set in to stay, in the first week of October we had snow and heavy frost, the camp closed up for the winter, and the only crew left there were a half dozen men. The super himself also went home for the winter. For the last couple of weeks I had an easy time in the kitchen. Another two weeks I was with the camp handyman, felling trees, and the teamster would skid them to the camp, made a big stack of logs for winter supplies.

By the end of October I was told by the bookkeeper that he couldn't keep me there any longer, there was nothing left that I could do. But he gave me the choice of two different jobs, one job as cookie to the tie camp where my father was already as tie-maker, or drive a horse to Rocky gang at Camp no. 1. He asked me which job I would take. I said I'd rather go to work at Rocky gang. He advised me to go as cookie if I would learn the trade to be a cook, which paid from $90 to $110 a month. I says, "Your are right, I'll go and work in the kitchen." I knew I made a foolish choice, maybe on account there was no Dad close to boss me?

The next day I got to the camp I introduced myself to the cook, and told him I was sent from Camp no. 2 to work as cookie for him. He said, "All right, you can start in the morning."

During the day I had occasion to talk to the other cookie, regarding the job. He was a handsome husky-built English youth, he told me that he had to do all the kitchen work and a bull cook job as well, carrying water, saw firewood, and carry them in for three different buildings, and light fires in the morning, but, he says, "you'll be working in the kitchen," and I asked him if he'd rather be a bull cook, the answer was, "there is too much work for one man, I asked the boss to put another man on the job, so he got you here, and he got somebody else for outside job, and I was told I was fired."

I didn't like the way his case was dealt, I told him I wouldn't want to take his job, he answered that wouldn't help him anyway, already they had a man for his job. I was sorry for him, he paid for somebody else's better condition. There were around forty men in the camp, and it kept one man plenty busy to take care of the cookie job alone.

The evenings after my work was done, I was passing time in the bunk-house as my cook was an old man who always looked bored, and I wanted someone to talk with. Those tie-makers were a hard-working bunch. After felling a timber with a broad axe, walking backward on top of the timber and slash one side, then turn around, slash the other side back to the butt, after, marked for length and bulked, this is what is called hewed ties, and they were hauled down to the grade in great quantities getting ready for early next summer laying steel from west would arrive here.

There were French Canadian tie makers, a few Swedish and a few Belgians, father, and an uncle of mine.

There were a few talented workers too. There were two Belgians who could play the fiddle professionally, another man had a guitar, and I think a Swedish had an accordion. Sure I liked to hear them; I was glad I took the job.

Unfortunately it did not last very long. About two weeks later the old cook picked a hot argument with me, and in the end I quit him. He says "I fire you" menacingly, and tried to strike me, and I got hold of his hands. Well, I had to let go sometime, so I dashed to the door, and took it all for fun. The last couple of days a tie-maker during the day came over to the kitchen chatting away with the cook. The way I understood he likely wasn't feeling very well, but I think his job was too heavy for him, and he did ask if he could get my job, so the cook had to find some means to get me out of the way.

Those tie-makers were getting paid for number 1 ties 10¢ each, number 2 I think were 8¢. Each one works by himself, the lowest earning per man $4.00 a day, to a fast worker $7.00. Putting in five months in the winter, in the spring time going back to town they had a pretty good-sized stake in those days.

Rocky and his gang were living in a one-room log building. We had a heater in the center, a cook stove at another end. It was used for kitchen and sleeping quarters. There were thirteen men including the foreman himself. As they had to do their own cooking they were made up into groups of three or four men, each one with some work to carry out. The rest of the buildings were used by the tie-makers through the winter.

Still a few weeks away from New Year and the weather is terrible cold. Charlie Doyle, my barn boss, passed by here the other day, going to a place known to us here as "The Post", several miles east from here down the line on the northern tip of Lake Nipigon. There was the Hudson Bay store and while the lake was free of ice it was a port of call.

Charlie came back yesterday, while we were working on the job, with his fine-looking, fast-stepping team and cutter. He was all wrapped up, you could only see his eyes, and he stopped a few minutes to talk to me. The first thing he said: "Sure Pete it's cold; it was 60 below this morning when I left The Post". Well, sir, the way it seemed to me, right up to the end of March, I never felt it any milder weather since Charlie said it was 60 below.

We had a short gap to fill through a narrow muddy-bottomed lake, and the foreman had to blast the ice often in front of the filling, so the rocks would drop in. When we thought we were just about to reach across, we had to start back again, as the filling was sinking, the black muck was rising higher than the grade alongside the filling.

At camp the nights were terrible cold after the fires were out. Most of the men had five or six pairs of woollen blankets and they still made no complaint about the cold, but as we got closer to the winter it got colder. In the morning we had to

break the ice in the wooden barrel we had in the camp, so we could get washed. I remember now I used to get a chunk of ice with the water to rub my hands.

I don't know what was the reason, but a few days after I got here, my uncle quit the tie-camp, and got a job with us. Now we were fifteen men in our bunkhouse; he and I shared the same bunk with two pairs of blankets each, using one as a sheet underneath, and three to cover us. I was so cold at nights I'd keep drawing myself up with head under the blankets and my knees almost touching my chin. When I got tired lying all huddled up, and stretched out to relax, a painful cramp would develop on the leg muscles that would harden like a rock and I couldn't help crying out with the pains. The frost would form like moss along the wall close to our heads.

Then we decided by rotation one man to stay up every night to keep the place warm. Each one's turn came around every two weeks. Rocky our foreman would sleep nice and warm, but he did not participate in this routine.

Previous to this time we had a problem on how we could cook some beans for a change and also bake bread, as both these items take hours before they can be done, so it was arranged for the night fireman to take care of the bean-pot, and when it came the turn of the group bread maker, he would bake the bread.

Talking about cooking and baking, I had some fun about it. As myself and uncle were batching together, one evening we had a gallon-size syrup can with tight lid cooking beans on top of the stove. Somehow the lid must have got tighter than I thought, and when it formed the steam it could not escape. With a loud bang the lid hit the roof, with a spray of steam the beans flew around like buckshot. No one got scalded and everyone had a good laugh after we knew what caused the explosion.

Another time it was my uncle's turn to stay up at night, and he was going to make a batch of bread; he was quite expert at it. About two a.m. he woke me up looking quite worried. I asked, "What's wrong, Uncle Louis?" He says, "Nephew, I had the loaves raised nice and high, and after I put them in the oven they went flat; would you get up and see what is wrong with the stove." I think he was relying on my previous experience, being there three of four months in the kitchen. I got up and looked around the stove and by accident I glanced below the oven at the front, and there I saw the little door that opens under the oven for cleaning the ashes out had dropped on the floor, and the oven couldn't get hot. The place was poorly lit and he didn't notice. I replaced the piece back and told uncle "I think it will be all right now" and I went back to sleep.

That was his first batch and it did not come up to his standard, but another batch after that raised and cooked wonderfully. The next morning he was very happy over the result. The first thing he asked me was what was wrong and what I did with the stove. When I told him he said "Good for you, you did learn something good in the kitchen."

As an Italian custom the woman does all the cooking. I am one of the youngest in the gang here and all of us are Italians. It is easy for me to get along with any of them. Despite the fact that in the home town where I was raised in Central Italy

they say that the Southern Italians are quick to pick a fight, I don't think so, unless you don't understand their ideas. I would say they are more good-hearted than any part of Italy, when you respect them even when they have some backward ideas. But I was handicapped, because just when I was progressing the last four or five months in learning English, now all the talking is in Italian.

We have already passed the Xmas and New Year holidays: nothing to celebrate, no drinks, same kind of food, no rest on Sunday, all the gang busy the Sunday by falling, hauling and bucking logs for firewood to last till next Sunday again, and also to squeeze enough time to do the laundry. The time seems to go fairly fast. We are in the spring of 1912, the last week of April, long sunny days. But whenever the sun shines on the snowbank you only can see honeycombed snow, no moisture on the ground yet.

Second week in May the days get warmer, but the nights are quite frosty yet. At this time workers start to show up, coming from the city for the summer work. I heard from headquarters our contractor sent out a new superintendent, by name of Archie McDonald from Pembroke, Ontario I think, and some tie-makers who didn't go into town in the spring, made up a gang and got my father as foreman. He requested me to go and drive the horses in his gang at camp number 3; I did.

This part of the line was already graded from the previous fall, a long filling through a lake. A little gap was left to be filled, and here about the 24th of May the snow started to melt pretty fast. A deep slush was on the ice in the lake; that was the last time I remember seeing teams drawing sleighs on the slushy surface of the lake.

In June we were back in Armstrong at our headquarters, and all the work of the contractor was concentrated in this area now, to level up a great surface for switch yard and buildings. We were three gangs of men to do this work.

Soon there showed up here other construction workers; carpenters started to build large buildings for railway stations, also the water tanks were under construction. About one quarter of a mile from there they were pouring concrete for the roundhouse foundation. By that time bricklayers had arrived from Quebec province. They were all French Canadians and I was surprised when I spoke to them in English they says they could not understand. Then it came back to my mind that last summer here there were working three or four Indians, and they couldn't understand English either. But one of them had a little book he was reading, and I took a look at it and it was a Catholic prayer book, and we both could read it and understand it. But I didn't go that far with the French Canadians.

Here is the most exciting moment since I've been here: we could hear a whistle blowing from a locomotive, so very often and even-spaced, and getting closer: the steel is coming from the West. A few days went by and arrived here; it was a wonderful thing to see while operating; they were working from daylight to dark, and no holidays.

After supper in the evening I went to watch while they were working. At the front they had a car with such equipment of machinery there, with steam power to

operate these equipments. I heard that it was called Pioneer. Behind it there were flat cars loaded with rails, next were so many cars loaded with ties, at the rear end was the locomotive. There were very big crews of men working. Alongside this train, attached to the side was something in motion, and men would place ties and rails and carry them forward; there would be so many men picking ties and laying them on the ground; there would be another gang of men with steel tongs, a rail would shoot forward, a man there would get hold of a cable with a clamp on the end, and grab the rail, then the rail would shoot forward and the other end the steel would rest on top of the car. Now the men with steel tongs get hold of it, lay it down next to the short end somebody put a couple of clamps underneath the flange, signal man gives the signal and there goes the whistle and the locy driver pushes ahead another 33 feet. A big gang of men at the rear busy spiking the rails to the ties, somebody else carries forward the clamps to use over again, and this process is repeated over again quicker than it can be written. I heard say then that it could lay from one to four miles of track per day. I don't know which of the figures is correct, but one thing I can say, in a couple of days they were out of sight from here.

We are now in the month of July, a very beautiful summer. The mosquitoes aren't many or they don't sting so bad as last year. Already shows some change here besides the building that went up for the railway including the section gang building, but there are private buildings started going up, piles of lumber were unloaded from flat cars, café, poolroom, soft drinks, candies, and tailor-made cigarettes could be bought and a few others my age liked the change. First time after sixteen months we saw any of the fair sex. A couple of them were the wives of workers here, and a couple of girls were working in the café. Two French Canadians were mail carriers here, they built themselves a clothing store. We are getting the mail once a week now. The big outfit laying steel, O'Brien Foley McDougal, operate three coach passenger trains now from here to Superior Junction, from there to Fort William there had been built a branch line for supplies in the early time of the beginning of construction of G.T.P.R. what is known today as C.N.R. Transcontinental.

Early in the spring a larger number of workers came along from the West and were hired here to work. A few days later a gang of about fifty men arrived here, shipped from the town to work for this contractor, and the super told them they already had enough men and they left here. A long time after, before we left here, we came across an article in a newspaper that they sued our contractor for breach of contract. Their counsel stated during their case that those men for days along the way, they had to eat grass so as not to starve, that none of the camps they came by would serve them meals or sell them food, and the contractor lost the case and $18,000 recompensation for damages.

Later I heard the daily wage-workers had a wage cut of 25¢ a day. They were Italians, Serbians, Montenegrins, and Croatians, in main two different languages, Italians and Slavs. My father's gang was mixed. One afternoon I noticed not everything was going well, I could see things moved slowly and whispering with

each other. I couldn't make out what they were saying, I think they didn't want me to hear what they were talking about on account I was the foreman's son. At 3 p.m. they let down the tools, in a very highly organized manner, and told their original foreman that no work would be resumed unless the wage would be restored. The foreman went to confer with the super. When they went back to their own gang, they assured the workers there would be no cut, and they resumed work.

Since the steel got by here a great amount of work had to be done behind it, as ballasting the track, and place big fills which the railway had laid on top of the trestles, to be filled in afterward. I heard the contractor that was laying the steel had several steam shovels operating along the line with locomotives and earth cars, with a train crew to open and close after dumping the gravel in those cars.

As a matter of fact they only took a few minutes to unload. They had a kind of machine on one car on the tail end, with heavy wire rope to another car to the rear of the locy, with another machine with a big drum on it, operating by steam by the locy, and in a few minutes unload all the cars, by plowing through. Also if required all the train would be moving, it could be adjustable to throw the material either one side or the other, or plow through the middle. All the train crews and the steam shovel crews were working almost twenty four hours a day, they were served dinner at midnight, even served lunch between meals, and snatch some sleep whenever they had the chance. Later I was talking with one of them, that they had put in from five to six hundred hours per month during the summer, but when they got the cheque they didn't get what they expected to get according to their time, they got only four hundred hours for the month. When they made a complaint about it they were told no working man could work that many hours and have time to sleep too.

I think the reader will notice for instance sometimes it takes two full months to know how much the workers were getting paid. Also there were track lifting gangs, putting tracks into shape, and to make the job more complete before the winter would set in the company shipped about a couple of hundred men from far away points of Ontario and Quebec. I don't think they earned enough to pay their board and travelling expense by the time we all got laid off, the early part of November.

I remember when we left Armstrong we had the first snowfall. I spoke with some of them on the train, and they were kind of disappointed. Above that the railway fare charged by O'Brien Foley McDougal were double.

3. HOW I BECAME A CARPENTER. A.J. MACDONALD

REVIEWING MY HUMBLE PAST I have come to the conclusion that it would be a boon to the younger generation if all old folks could give a written account of their lives as they view them in memory.

I think that the life stories of the humblest people are those fraught with the deepest human interest. For my part, now that I have raised a family and reached retirement age, I have a better knowledge and understanding of my own parents than when they were living.

My parents were descendants of Scottish immigrants who came to Canada about the time of the industrial revolution in Britain. Stories of their coming to Canada handed down to later generations told of the months at sea, the ships lost, the sickness and death on board, and of the burials in the quiet of the night when the children and women were in their berths.

These early emigrants, I learned in my time, didn't come to Canada by choice. They were serfs who had been driven off the feudal estates which had been their home for ages past. The new capitalist economy which accompanied the industrial revolution was superseding the feudal system of economy and the serfs were no longer necessary. The estates, minus the serfs, were made available for sheep. So there was no place for my serf ancestors in their native land. They came as emigrants to Canada where they eventually landed on the bank of the St. Lawrence in the county of Glengarry.

The part of Glengarry where my father's people located was a land of stony hardwood and cedar ridges, alternating with boggy swamps. There was wild game and wild fruit and nuts galore. The immigrants brought little with them except their feudal culture without which they would have had to adopt the Indian way of life.

When they cleared a patch of land and grew a small crop of wheat, they could make their own flour, using a couple of stones for the purpose. Later, when grist mills were built at certain points, settlers would go on horseback to the mill, taking a sack of wheat across the horse's back in front of the rider.

Things were much changed in my father's time. Little towns and communities grew all around, with roads throughout the country. But even in his time, the people didn't produce much for the market, and the hardwood timber for the most part remained.

Dad was the second in a family of eight. When the oldest, Mary, was about twelve or fourteen, she found her father dead in the bush some distance from the house, pinned beneath a tree which had fallen on him while he was at work. Back in those days, when there was no such thing as widows' allowances or any provision of any kind to aid a woman in raising a family, I can imagine Grandma MacDonald had her hands full. I never saw her that I remember, but I have heard her name mentioned by old people who knew her, and she was always spoken of with

affection and respect, using her maiden name as though it was an honor to have known her.

She managed to give each of her eight children some schooling, and made them go as long as they could be made to go. I say this because education in that day was not established as today. It was something the old people had managed without, and it was easier for youngsters at that time to think they too could get along without it.

When dad was old enough, or thought he was old enough, he apprenticed himself to a carpenter and builder. This meant that he would work for three years without wages, three years that he would be unable to contribute to the family budget. The two girls older than dad would, I imagine, be their mother's mainstay. These girls, my aunts, were not far enough removed from peasant or serf tradition to be too ladylike. They could do all and any work the boys could do on the farm, and do it better likely.

Learning the carpenter's trade in Dad's day was something of an ordeal, according to his own account. Much of the time he was put to making flooring out of rough-sawn hardwood. He had to rip inch and a half hardwood in suitable widths for flooring, by hand; then gauge it for thickness, dress it down to the gauge marks, and then tongue and groove it with wooden planes. Learning the trade was an endurance test. The apprentice wasn't given a medical test, but if he lived to serve his apprenticeship it could be concluded that his heart was strong. Dad said his mother used to worry about him because he could not eat when he came home on the weekend. He was, of course, as we would say today, completely bushed when the week ended. As his apprenticeship progressed, he became hardened to the work and, too, he got more away from the accursed flooring job.

After Dad finished learning his trade, he jobbed around his home and neighbouring districts. There were barns to be built to replace the old pioneer log structures, and houses too. And it was the house-warmings and barn-raisings that furnished much of the entertainment. There were in Dad's day no organized sports. What they had in the way of sport was the bee: the raising bee to raise a barn; the logging bee to pile logs that were to be burned; the corn husking bee, and the women's quilting bee. There was always plenty of whiskey at the bees attended by the men, and frequently there would be bruises and black eyes. Dad was the kind of man that gave and took his share of the same. There were few men who didn't drink. In fact it could be said that a drinking man that could hold his liquor, as they said, was looked up to. A man that didn't drink was regarded as odd in more ways than one. There was, of course, nothing odd about Dad. He may not have been an exception in holding his liquor, but he was always willing to try.

Judging from the ghost stories Dad could tell and the way he told them, there wasn't much doubt about his own belief in them, in his earlier life at any rate. With all these stories you got, not only the story itself, but a sketch of rural history with it. There was the man who had to go out at night and fight a mysterious dog. This went on for years till the dog finally killed the man. There was the strange dog that

could be seen along a certain section of the road south of the Glen. And the coffin in the wierd light that was seen on the road a few nights before a certain child's funeral procession passed the same spot. Then there was the well-known second sight of certain Scotch people, and the healing power of the seventh son. I grew up far from the scenes of these ghostly events, and I was free of all this foolish superstition, but when I was a youth and tarried at a neighbor's til after dark, Oh Boy, did I make tracks for home!

As I mentioned earlier, the men of my father's time and place were whisky-drinking customers. They drank as a matter of custom. The women on the other hand rarely tasted the stuff. I realize now that it had to be that way. One of the heads of the family had to bear the family responsibility, and the women did so.

As for my mother, she was an orphan raised by her father's brother and his wife, who gave her a good home. She left that home to teach school when she qualified for that job. After teaching for three or four years she met and married Dad. One time when Dad was drunk and in an ugly mood, I heard him call Mother a bastard, and in such a way that I knew he meant it to hurt her. And the only way it could hurt her was if it was true. The family was pretty well grown up at that time. I don't know to this day if any of the rest of the family heard Dad, or, if they did, what significance they attached to it. For years I never thought much about it, because it made no difference to me. In later years I can see something of what it must have meant to my mother in her early life.

As I see it now, little Flora Grant grew up knowing that she was an outcast. She never knew whether those who were friendly to her liked and loved her, or whether they were just being kind to her. So she never had much to tell us about her childhood and youth. To some extent she isolated herself from human companionship and became a bookworm.

At the time Dad met her, he was, no doubt, a fairly popular fellow. He was a well set up guy with a heavy head of dark curly hair, judging from old tintypes. He had a good trade, was a good worker, good money maker, and good spender. His work took him around a lot. He had a comparatively wide circle of acquaintances and friends; he wouldn't have had to advertise for a wife. But nevertheless Mother wasn't the kind of woman or girl that would go overboard for any man to the extent of renouncing the religion she was brought up in and joining the Catholic church unless there was some hidden reason. As I see it, she married Dad and joined his church in revenge for what she had endured because of what she considered the criminal bigotry of the Presbyterians. In time she saw her mistake, and in so doing she could see that she had done an injustice to Dad. She didn't love Dad enough; she wasn't the right woman for him. And as a result she never had the influence with him the right woman might have had, an influence he sorely needed. In short Mother and Dad were mismatched, a circumstance that is not rare. I mention the matter because of the circumstances which I believe had something to do with the case.

We moved from Glen Robertson to North Bay when I was between three and four, and it is from that time that my memory begins. It was there, when I was under five, that I broke my leg out sleighing without leave.

I remember that, when the cast was taken off, I was afraid to walk. Dad had a work bench in the backyard, and he rigged up the saw clamp and placed in it a little old panel saw, and found a suitable box for me to stand on, and there for days on end I filed the teeth out of the saw and filed new sets of teeth in again. By the time I was fit to play around with the gang I had managed to teach myself how to put a fair set of teeth in a saw.

We left North Bay and moved to Cadott, Wisconsin when I was a little over five years old. As for our experience in Cadott it should be reviewed by the mind of a child who shared it, but now I can review it only with the adult mind. As a family, we had never been well off, but we were extremely poor in Cadott. But children, especially those the age I was, and younger ones, are too immature to feel the effects of poverty very much. They are interested only in their play, and even poor kids can't be deprived of play. I can remember lots of things I used to enjoy in Cadott. How we played ball, run sheep run, and several such games; the yellow river and the swimming hole; how I found out I could swim. One day a bunch of the boys, I with them, crossed the river at the swimming hole. The water was not deep. The boys, all older then I, walked up along the river for about a mile, and then they decided to swim back across the river where the water was about twelve feet deep. I didn't know whether I could swim or not, but there was nothing to it. When I reached the other side I definitely knew I could swim. I must have been all of six years old at the time.

When the drive came down in the spring, there was a school holiday. There was a rapid where the Wonigan, the floating kitchen, had to be portaged, and the drive crew dined when the Wonigan was towed on to land, towed by the crew of a hundred or more men, most of them the fathers of school children.

The senior baseball team was composed of lumber jacks, and did we think they were good! I still think they were good and they were in reality our men; there were no professionals.

Another day was the day the civil war veterans put on their annual sham battle. There were a lot of these veterans in Cadott, and they all dressed in their blue uniforms, and got out their old muskets and little old cannon. They had a battle ground, a cut-over valley at the edge of town. The spectators could watch from vantage points the veterans in this valley as they fought from behind stumps and the like, and in turn charged the enemy, banging away, and burning up black powder. It was great fun, for kids at least. I remember one old veteran was minus his musket when the day came around. He was a crusty old fellow and he had sat out on his porch on halloween night with his musket on his knees to scare away annoying tricksters. He fell asleep and the kids stole his musket. Little fry had lots of fun and little or no worry.

It was in the early 1890s when we went to Cadott and from what I have picked up of the history of that period, times were hard in most of the United Stats. There was no new building going on in Cadott, no work for a carpenter. Dad was away a lot, picking up a few days of work here and there, but he was idle a lot, and idleness was bad for his weakness. He worked in the logging camps in the winter, making and repairing sleighs; wood butchering was the woods name for that kind of work.

I can judge how hard up we were from a few incidents I remember. One time I got a dollar for piling wood for a neighbor, and I went directly to the store and blew the works for candy, peanuts, and firecrackers. I must have bought this stuff for the family, because I took it home immediately. I had to march right back to the store, and exchange the luxuries for necessities.

I played with the flour and feed merchant's boy, Bobby Zimmerman, and he would take me into their basement through the outside door and feed me stale cake, and I couldn't understand why Bobby didn't care for the cake.

Mother wrote the teachers exams, with the idea of getting a teacher's job, and she passed easily. In towns in that country and at that time there were junk dealers that would buy old iron, copper, brass, and rubber. I like some other kids would scout around for such junk and make a few nickels for spending money. I had worked two iron rods out of an old abandoned mill dam, and sold them to an iron junk dealer. I thought I was putting something over on the old fellow, as he was the owner of the old mills dam. But actually the work I put in getting the rods free and taking them to his yard was worth at least the twenty cents he gave me for them. There was a ten-cent tea and children's entertainment put on by the ladies aid, and Mother and I went to the affair on the twenty cents I got for the iron rods. I imagine Mother was thinking of her new teacher's certificate and her chances of a teaching job, and this little affair might be the chance for her to meet some of the town's influential women. Mother paid a dime for her tea, and when she decided to go home she bought some little cakes to take home to the children with the remaining dime. She didn't apply for a teaching job. A shabby woman with five shabby children, she was foolish even to think of it.

It was an act of god, at least for our family, that took us out of Cadott. Forest fires raged through the timber lands of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. Towns were burned out. Phillips, Wisconsin, a town of 5,000 inhabitants, burned out, and when re-building started Dad went there to get work. As soon as he could get a place for the family, we joined him there. Dad had obtained a job at the re-building of a tanning plant. The plant, when finished and in operation, turned out a car load of sole leather every twenty-four hours. Hides came to the tannery from all parts of the world. Included in some shipments were zebra hides.

We were not in Phillips very long when an epidemic of typhoid broke out, due I suppose to lack of a proper water supply and aggravated by the unavoidably congested housing situation. Five of our family were stricken and only three of us, Dad, a sister a year older than me, and myself, escaped the disease. So the well girl, a kid of about ten, kept house, made the meals, and took care of the sick. My part

in the scheme of things was lugging all the water that was needed from the company pump. And on wash days that was no easy task. The drinking water had to be boiled and cooled in some fashion. There was no ice.

There were quite a number of deaths, but all of our sick pulled through, which seemed to be a miracle, but a lot of credit is due to the ten year old woman of all the work that had to be done in our home. When the sick were back in circulation and the doctor bills paid, Dad undertook to build a home of our own in his spare time. He bought a lot and lumber from the company. The lumber I know was cheap and I expect the lot was also cheap, though the company put some team work on leveling it off and removing the stumps. We moved into the house before it was finished, as carpenters' families usually do. Dad had the house finished about a year after he began it.

In Dad's time labour saving tools were those that had superseded the bronze age, the broad axe, the adze and buckwood planes. I inherited such tools from Dad. Only the strong could compete in the labour market. The heroes were the men who could carry the greatest load when goods had to be portaged, and the men who could lick the bully boy of an opposing faction.

There was lots of fund for kids in Phillips, or rather there was lots of fun for kids in most towns, especially in the school holidays. The Yellow River flowed past the rear of our lot; the bank at that point was high and steep, and we could go fishing or swimming and be out of sight of the town as there were no dwellings on the opposite side of the river. In the summer time a lot of the kids lived half their time in the river.

We had our chores to do. They weren't much, breaking up wood slabs and edgings and picking potato bugs, we had lots of them. We carried a pail in one hand and a stick to knock the bugs off the potato tops and into the pail. This is something the kids in this country miss out on too. We didn't love the job though, and we were prone to make a poor job of it.

In school I was anything but a model pupil. Anything that took me away from play or scouting in dump heaps for saleable junk was a waste of time. I couldn't concentrate on studying and I was for ever getting into mischief. It wasn't that I ever did anything mean, but if there was any mischief afoot I was in it, and I couldn't resist being or trying to be the outstanding fighting man of my age group. Other kids encouraged me in this. When a new kid came to school I had to put a chip on my shoulder and the new kid was dared to knock it off, which meant that if he did, he and I were slated to fight after school.

Somehow I won most of the fights; those that I didn't win I fought the other kid to a draw. These draws had to be broken, and there was always a fight on or a fight pending. I got so that I wasn't satisfied bullying kids my own size. I went after bigger game, the bigger the better as long as they were not out of my range altogether. My sister and older brother were upset about me. They were afraid of me and ashamed of me.

The clerks at the company store where we bought our supplies would give me all the chocolate candy I wanted if I would fight certain kids. Sure I'd fight them. There was a Finnish boy about a foot taller than me; he wouldn't fight, so I took his ski poles, rammed them under the sidewalk, heaved up on them and broke them in two in the middle. Then he fought. I licked him but I paid for my candy. The worst of it was that my elder brother and sister and their respectable chums happened along from school while the fight was going on and reported the incident to the folks at home. They didn't know about the broken poles and I didn't get anything worse than a scolding from my mother. It didn't seem to bother Dad knowing that the other kid was twice my size. But the other kid's dad put the run on me for breaking the poles, I imagine he had put time and care in making them.

There came time, when unemployment became acute. Mill hands loafed around, played horse-shoes and baseball. Men with families worked for fifty cents a day when they could get work of any kind. People talked of the hard times and of politics. There was a pending election, the election of 1896. The issue was: should silver continue as a monetary medium? The badge of the Republicans was the gold bug and of the Democrats the silver bug. Phony lead dollars as big as saucers were circulated to show how big a silver dollar would have to be. Silver had fallen so much in value.

The reason for the unemployment was that the mills had shut down throwing the working class out of jobs. Notices were placed on mill doors, stating that if silver was retained as a monetary medium the mills would stay closed. All this was a worry for the grown ups. As it turned out, the Republicans were elected, silver was demonetized and the mills reopened and the workers went back to work again. The tannery never shut during this brief period of unemployment, and Dad didn't lose any time. In fact I don't recall that he ever missed a day from his job all the while we were in Phillips. But he knew that was his good luck.

Two brothers and a sister of Dad's had gone west to Alberta, and from what their letters told him and mother about this new prairie region they decided to take their growing family and join his kin in the Canadian west. Free land! Free land! So the house that Dad built in his spare time was sold and we journeyed westward.

Our first winter we spent with Dad's people in a big log farm house. If you asked any of our family the first years we were in Alberta how they liked it here, the answer would be: fine, pretty good, or not too bad. But as I look back, I can say our first years here were rotten. A family the ages we were — I was eleven — coming from a good-sized town shouldn't expect anything but a rotten time on moving to a new and raw and lonesome land. We had no school, no kids to play with, and no place to play, no swimming, no skating, no fighting, nothing except to be around underfoot. I, of course, never tried to analyse my feelings. I guess I had never played with my own brothers and sisters very much, they were too sedate for my line or something. But I know they were nearly as lost as I was.

But when I think of the times I had in Phillips and the times I had in Alberta, it is no wonder I left the rest of the family and attached myself to a family of old

bachelors and their horse ranch, a poor place for a kid with their grown up and sometimes smutty stories. Not that the bachelors were bad that way, but men coming on business or to visit talked without restraint, or with less restraint than they will where women live, even if the women are not present.

I made myself handy on the ranch, but I did so voluntarily. That made me feel like a man, and I rode a pony and shot prairie chickens to my heart's content. There was a spell when the men had to go away a distance to thresh, and I was left alone to look after the ranch. All I had to do was to cook for myself and feed and water a blooded stallion. I couldn't lead the critter out; I had to carry water to him and keep hay in his manger. I didn't sleep very good nights with the coyotes howling and being alone.

The second summer we were in Alberta Dad rented a homestead that was vacant and in the middle of the settled district about five miles to the south of my uncle's place. There was a sod roof shack on the place and we lived in it a year or two or three. I remember that Dad built four two storey double bunks that reached right across the shack the narrow way. When we were all at home there were eight of us living in that cramped space. Mother had arranged muslin curtains to cover the bunks and she and the girls undressed and dressed in their bunks.

I stayed at the Frazer ranch most of the time. There were three of them. They never gave me any money. I imagine they would have been just as well satisfied if I stayed somewhere else, though they treated me as though I was one of the family and a grown up.

There was a fourth of July picnic coming off down in the settlement, as they called the district where my family lived, and I wanted a little spending money. It never occurred to me to ask the Frazer boys for a little spending money. I imagine any one of them would have done so, if I had explained my need. I had never had any spending money except what I made in a business deal with a junk dealer. An idea developed in my head as to how I could raise the desired money. It was against the law to let a bull run on the open range, and I knew of one doing just that, one belonging to a Hungarian immigrant living on a homestead not far from the ranch. When the time was right I went out and cautiously manoeuvred Mr. Bull around until I managed to get him into one of the ranch stock pens. Then I managed to meet the son of the bull owner and told him to tell his Dad where the bull was and that if he came with five dollars he could have the bull, and if not the bull would be advertised impounded and so on. It wasn't long till an older brother of the kid I had talked to came with blood in his eye. He blustered a bit, but I expected that. But I knew that I was on safe ground, legally, that is. But I also knew as he did that the venture was a dirty trick, and I weakened and let him off for $2.50. I had my picnic money. I imagine the Frazers made it all right with the injured party.

As soon as Dad got the family comfortably established on the homestead he went out carpentering, a house here, a barn or granary there. He was home only when there was no building job to be had.

A school district was formed and a school house built half a mile from our place. Dad did the building. And again it was school days, my school days in Camilla, as the new school district was named. The kids going to the new school were good kids. None of them had ever gone to a big town school. It was only natural that I was bad boy number one.

I don't remember much of the fun we had, just routine stuff I guess. One of our teachers, a young man by the name of Walsh, was the kind of customer that could make the best out of a bad situation.

Some of us older boys had pulled off some kind of mischief and were on the mat for it. After school hours, before the pupils were dismissed, we culprits were called up before the pupils and attended to. The culprits were called up one at a time and strapped on the hands and sent back to their seats crying or grinning foolishly or nervously. When I was called up, I had to put on an act to show the kids taking it all in how smart I was.

Teacher Walsh really had his Irish up. When he got through with me, I made my way back to my seat howling like a sissy for the first time in my long and heroic career.

Some time later at a rate-payers meeting with the teacher present, a rate-payer asked the teacher if there was a MacDonald boy that was, as he understood it, a hard one to handle. Well, Walsh said, you might say so, but that wasn't saying he wasn't good to learn. Dad was at the meeting and it was he that told me at home. I took it that Walsh was defending me and I decided that I wouldn't kill him when I got big. I soon got to like him and for the first time in my life got interested in trying to learn my lessons.

When I reached fourteen, I quit school and went out to work with Dad. When I was out on a job with Dad I made up for my uselessness at home. With a little practical experience I was able to do a man's work at the carpenter trade. I had from childhood been the one to hold the lantern and watch how Dad did his work, and hold a board while he nailed it in place. And I found Dad good to work with. There was always board ripping to do because everything for frames, cornice and finish had to be ripped out of common lumber, often rough lumber. And when I was at that job Dad would tell me to go away, which was the same thing as telling me that I was doing more than I needed to do. That stimulated me and made me work all the harder. I remember when he told me to help myself if I wanted to the bar of chewing tobacco he kept in the tool box. He was a tobacco chewer, and he knew, I imagine, that I had chewed on the sly at times for several years.

It wasn't long, not more than five years, after we moved to the homestead till we had a good house and other buildings, some horses, cows, and farm machinery. I saw the house this summer and from the road it looks just the same as when we left it over forty years ago, still painted the same ochre yellow.

When I was about sixteen, I left home. Dad had come home plastered, and I said or did something that drew his abuse on me. I probably had it coming. Anyway he gave me the line that is often used to start boys on their own, get to hell out of

here and don't come back, just like the eagles throwing their young out of the nest when they get old enough to fend for themselves. It was I guess time I got out on my own. There needed to be a thinning out. It wasn't the first time I or another of the family had been told to vamoose in the same fashion and under the same circumstances, but if one of us was to go at that time it should be me.

I had in the past taken care of myself away from home, while my elder brother stuck to the farm. Not that I had any thoughts of this kind in my mind at the time. With Mother's sanction my brother Hughie and I went out when Dad was asleep in bed and sacked up a load of grain, and with my mother's god bless you Hughie and I lit out for Edmonton with a load of grain to sell for money to give me a start in my adult life. It was winter time and I got a job in Edmonton to go out to a lumber camp. I could file a saw and I was sent out with an experienced logger to fell timber and cut logs. I got along well enough for a while till I had my first experience of getting camp fever. Of course, at that time I didn't know about such things, not until long afterwards for that matter.

I got into a fight and I got what I deserved, a good licking. Why did I let myself in for it? Camp fever, a form of camp fever. Some men can stay in isolated camps for a long time without letting the sameness of things and the monotony get them down. In my case it took only two or three months. I was only sixteen, and homesick, I imagine.

Like the birds in season I knew that it was time for me to leave and I asked for my time. I stuffed my turkey and was ready to go when an old timer who had stopped in for the day looked at my pack. I had a cotton grain sack stuffed with my clothes, a cotton rope tied at a bottom corner, running up and tied at the top. I was going to sling the bag on my back and the rope over my shoulder running under my arm. I thought I had the latest in carrying a dunnage bag. The old timer, a Swede, said, "You got a pair of pants in that bag ain't you?" I said "Yes". "Open her up" said he, "I'll show you something". I was always willing to be shown something by an old timer, so I opened the bag. He took the pants, opened them at the crotch, put the bottom of the bag in the seat of the pants, brought the legs of the pants up and tied the ends to the top of the bag with a stout cord. I put an arm through between the legs and swung the bag up on my shoulders and then put my other arm through between the legs. The bag was snugly up on my back and both hands and arms were free. All the old timer had to say was, it won't cut your shoulders like a rope would; no sneering at the get-up I had arranged.

I had twelve miles to walk that evening to a stopping place. My friend thought of something else. It will be dark before you get half way there, you should have a bug. "Slip off that pack and get a big baking powder can or a five pound lard pail from the cook, and get a piece of baling wire and bring them to me," he said. He punched a nail through the can at the bottom rim, on the side and in the bottom, two holes close together. He fastened one end of the wire at that point and through another nail hole at the top of the can, forming a wire handle. In the middle of the opposite side he made an inch long cut with his knife and crossed that cut with

another the same length. He pushed the points inward and inserted a candle in the aperture and the bug was born. I carried that thing for miles that night and it didn't go out once.

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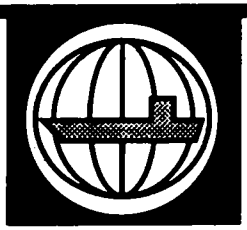

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