

Arthur Knop, my bunkmate and I helped an old French man and daughter make hay one afternoon. And I will say we "Yanks" cannot handle any more hay with their three tine forks than the French girls. I also operated a hay rake, it was hand power driven and cleaned a three ft. swath. Mowing machines are few and are small of the horse mowers, but, most of the hay is cut with scythes.

To see these big open wells with a bucket on a pole, big stone houses with a barn in one end and hog pen in the other, one horse carts hauling heavy loads, small milk wagons drawn by a pair of dogs, guided by a French maid in wooden shoes or the milk maid milking at noon reminds me of my school days at Argonia where we studied of this foreign land and its people.

But in the cities you find the people living in a more progressive age than these pheasants who farm small plots with one horse, or if farming on a large