

deal of money.

Sunday morning for the first time since the beginning of winter, one window was open in the church. The sermon seemed unusually long and the aged minister felt the restlessness of his congregation. From long years of experience and frustration he knew the signs. The women were thinking of the furious housecleaning to come, of the depleted preserves in the cellar, of the new clothes Johnny or Hester or Mary would need--they had outgrown everything they owned!

The men were planning their spring ploughing---which fields to use for grain or pasture; the garden which must yield plentifully if the family was to eat well. "Wonder if I could raise some musk-melons--Wallace Bennett told me he had good luck with his new seeds. I'll try a different variety of potatoes too---"

The children were thinking, "We'd better start our May baskets. I'll get some of that lovely new tissue paper at Barbers. I must hang one for that new teacher. Let's see--counting Johnny, (blushing a little), that will make fourteen!"

After service, on the church steps, Mr. Atwood boomed to his neighbors: "Sugar weather! Feel that sun! Sap'll start runnin' any day now."

I think everybody in our county knew Mr. Atwood. He not only had one of the biggest farms but he sold farm machinery, which necessitated contact with practically all the farmers within driving distance. Mr. Atwood not only provided machinery but an endless amount of gossip and story telling, which the isolated farmers enjoyed to the full. Driving down a country