



When they approached the open country under the hot August sun the golden grain stretched for miles in all directions.

“What a marvellous sight!” exclaimed Paul. “I’d like to see how they do their harvesting here.”

They drove up to a farmhouse which Mr. Young often visited, and talked with the farmer’s wife.

As Mr. Young had expected, the farmer’s two sons were working with their father on the combine and bringing the wheat by truck into the granary as soon as it was threshed.

“So it’s all done in one operation?” Paul asked the farmer’s wife.

“Oh, yes, everything is mechanised here. Farming nowadays is just like any other business. It’s all a question of machinery and up-to-date ways of doing things. We sent both our boys to college. Now they plan to keep on this place after my husband retires.”

“How much land do you farm?”

“About 640 acres. Half of this we own ourselves, the other half we rent.”

Paul’s first visit to a western farm was very different from what he had expected. The gleaming electrical equipment in the kitchen, and the comfortable well-furnished interior of the farmer’s house, showed that prairie life was indeed a far cry from the stories he had read of mid-western farms.

Two brief but exciting highlights of Paul’s visit to Manitoba occurred when Mr. Young had to make a business trip. In one of his company’s planes they flew to the great gold and copper mining town of Flin Flon (named after the hero of an early western novel “Professor Flin-tabbatey Flonatin”). Next they flew to Churchill (on

