

other way. Several times the car has stopped in mud and has refused to move. I got sticks and poles and put one in a strong position beside the rear wheel, or which ever wheel moved around without going forward, got the lifting jack on the pole and lifted the wheel until more sticks or poles could be pushed under the wheel and put more in front. Stones or sticks or grass or anything that would be solid under the wheels does very well. This is a bad country and any time I have been stuck I have never had to go far for sticks or poles.

"The spring of the year is the worst, as culverts seem to get choked up and the water lodges on the road. By going slowly and getting the passengers to walk and push the car when it threatened to stop I have travelled over some bad places. Any woman can, by using a little judgment, get a great deal of pleasure out of her car."

Precaution Needed

One writer tells us that a great deal depends on seeing that things are alright before one starts out. Her opinion is that if the radiator is full of water, and there is plenty of cylinder oil and gasoline there is little chance of anything going wrong. She continues, "Just before leaving town I make a similar examination because the gasoline stations have free air for cars, which means much less exertion than hand pumping. Some people, especially women, have difficulty in cranking cars. My husband purchased a set of batteries, and are the nearest thing to a self-starter in a Ford that I have seen yet. The batteries sit in the space under the back seat and a wire connects them with the front of the car. In starting the car I close the spark, open the gasoline slightly, and turn the switch key to the opposite side. The engine usually starts with one slight turn of the crank, and when going nicely I turn the switch key to its proper place.

"The men at home are very good at fixing the car and mending the tires. They take the whole car apart and give it a thorough cleaning a couple of times a year. Then there is a good garage in town where we are able to get repairs at a moderate price. In all the small towns I have passed through on motor trips there are some kind of garages where one can get repairs quickly."

The Baby and the Car

Some women feel that because they must take a baby with them when they go they cannot manage a car and look after the baby. Mrs. Parrott has a baby, but managing the baby and the car at the one time does not cause her any embarrassment, although she says he gets restless on long trips. Here is how she does it: "A favorite run from here is to Lake Dauphin, a distance of forty-five miles. My husband or his brother usually takes the wheel on so long a trip. When going on such long trips my baby gets restless and I prefer someone else to drive the car. Going to town or down to mother's he usually sits quiet beside me on the front seat. I have taken him out in the car with me ever since he was three weeks old. When he was an infant he lay on the seat with his head in my lap, and I kept my elbow across his chest to keep

him steady. Now he sits beside me and holds my arm, but as I said, on long trips he gets restless.

"There is no reason why women cannot drive their own cars. Farm life could be made so much happier if they would. By my observation there are two chief reasons why they do not. The first and most common answer one gets is, 'Oh, I couldn't. I'm too nervous. I have always been afraid of the things. It is alright when a man is driving them.' Just exactly like the type of woman who years ago was afraid to drive the horses herself. I like horses very well, but for the road I prefer the car. It is not afraid of anything, and I can control and handle a car much easier than I can some horses.

"Another reason why some women do not drive their own cars is because there is still a certain class of men that doesn't want them to. I know of quite a few cases where farmers will not let their wives handle or use the car, unless to help wash and polish it. Most of them will accept help at that. But ask them to show you how to drive it! 'Oh, you might get hurt. What do women know about cars anyway?' Well, aren't we always willing to learn?"

Making Farm Life Happier

Farm life to-day is not what it was ten years ago. That was before the day of the farm car. In those days the community was usually the school district. If town was ten miles away, one day of the week was especially set apart as "the day we go to town." Mother and the children were tired out before they arrived in town at all, because driving so far was very hard work. A neighbor two miles away was visited when there was sickness in her home. In a word, farm life then was very confining, and farm people rarely had an opportunity to enjoy a wide circle of acquaintances and friends, which, after all, is living.

Today it would be hard to define a community or to know just where one community ends and another begins. Community boundaries seem to be entirely wiped off the slate. In one of our largest Manitoba towns the president of the Town Home Economics Society lives seven miles from town, an utter impossibility ten years ago or before the day of the farm automobile. The shopping centre, instead of being the mail order house or the little cross roads store is the large town 30 miles away. The picnic grounds have been changed from 'Tom Jones' grove down the road a piece' to the lake shore forty miles away. Chautauqua ten years ago would have been a physical impossibility.

And all this change is good for farm people. But it could be much more effective if more women drove their own cars. After all, if only the man of the house can drive it, the pleasure of the entire family must depend on his time, and sometimes whims. The value of getting away from the house for a couple of hours in the afternoon cannot be measured for the farm woman. A run in the cool evening air does the whole family good, and if the car makes a call on a neighbor it does a second family good. There is unlimited happiness and pleasure in store for the woman who learns to drive her own car.

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