



## **Grade 4 Harvesting Demonstration Resource:**

### **What Do You Remember? Reminisces About Prairie Harvests**

#### **Harvest Time**

"I see and remember that summer has ended, the wheat fields are waving with golden grain. The barns are overflowing with hay nicely stacked, fun to slide down, and some in outside stacks. I love to remember the wonderful scene made by the old-fashioned threshing machine, wood and straw fed to the boiler turned water to steam. The engineer pulled the throttle and the whistle would scream with a chug and a hiss and a belching of smoke, the belt whirled and flapped as it edged into place on the pulley. With a snap and a crack the separator started gulping sheaves through the feeder on through the juggling sieves, on through the straw blew up the galvanized blower to the stack. It was a good separator man who could build a good stack to suit the farmer. The golden grain was augured to the wagon box, a team drew the huge loads of sheaves from the fields which the binders had reaped. Soon the bins will be filled with golden grain.

"The farmers all gathered with banter and laughter, their faces sun tanned and dusted with chaff. The kitchen bustled with happy women folk as they hustled and bustled with laughter and jokes. The range was covered with kettles and pots. The men washed in a basin set out on the porch - how dirty the towels got! Then to the long, long table the hungry crew marched to feart on meat, potatoes, vegetables, pie, cake, homemade bread and biscuits washed down with cups of tea. No one ever tasted a dinner so grand.

"Our modern day combines, efficient and new, do more in a day than a twelve man crew but I love to recall the neighbourly scene that was made by the old fashioned threshing machine."

*Excerpt from: Nicholl, Gladys. "What Do You Remember Granny?" Folklore Magazine. Spring 1985, page 9.*

#### **Prairie Harvest by Thelma Foster**

Late in the night the low incessant hum  
of combines moving through the harvest fields;  
the fragrances of sun-ripened straw; the sweet  
nostalgic thrill of summer almost gone.  
And all around a sea of navy-blue,  
Bounded and sprinkled with myriad lights,  
vaulted and spangled by a million stars.

*Foster, Thelma. "Prairie Harvest," Folklore Magazine. Autumn 1984, page 22.*