

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EVELAN ERNEST MCELWAIN.** (Retyped by Bob Long)

**OFF TO THE GREAT WEST**

In August the Harvest Excursions to the West began. In those times the West always required thousands of hands from the East to help gather in their golden wheat. These excursions were great events in those times. Every young fellow who could possibly get away was eager to go. Great train loads went and what a jolly jamboree. And so it was that one bright August morning I found myself in the midst of a great throng on the platform of Gelert station waiting for the arrival of the train around the curve, to start us on our way to the Promised Land. My father had brought me and my trunk to the station. That night at ten o'clock I left Toronto on the seventeenth coach excursion train westward bound and after five great days I arrived one evening at Strassbourg, Sask. I went to a hotel where I expected to stop for the night and hire with some farmer in the morning. However, within an hour I had hired with some farmer named Bert Miller and found myself wending out over the prairie with him in a buggy to his farm. When we arrived there it was nearly ten o'clock, as we had to drive some ten or twelve miles in the direction of Duval and over the hills called THE LAST MOUNTAINS. These Last Mountains, as they call them are really only a series of high hills covered with poplar. However, when we entered Miller's kitchen, all the family had gone to bed and my first impressions were not very pleasing to me, for I noticed that the wash basin was sitting on the kitchen table and things did not look very clean. However my first impressions were later altered for it turned out to be one of those exceptional evenings in the life of every housewife, and I found everything very nice and was quite satisfied. The Millers were good people.