

# Sunday Farmers

By R. J. Evans

Although I did not realize it when I married him, I really married Teddy plus a farm. Young and rather naive, I believed I could soon make myself over into a farmer's wife, especially since the farm in question was a project only for week-ends. But I have found it consumes all of my husband's spare time and as much of mine as I will allow.

Our Sundays are always spent there. On summer Sundays we determinedly enjoy a picnic lunch under the trees with flies, spiders, stray dogs, and an unlimited number of bugs as our uninvited guests. On wintry or sub-zero Sundays the whole family drives out to the farm to see if by chance the cottage has fallen into the brook, or if someone has taken possession during the week.

It never seems to occur to Teddy that Sundays were intended to be days of rest. I will readily admit that industriousness is a great virtue but it can be carried to an extreme. Not withstanding the fact that I usually spend Sunday afternoon trying to keep two small children from climbing into the fishpond, or trying to keep them from eating gladioli bulbs for onions, I am expected to be enthusiastic about the harvest and the prospect of performing the tasks set aside for me on Monday.

This would be fine if Teddy would not spend the evening making me feel lazy and inefficient by enumerating, step by step, his accomplishments for the day. These accomplishments often include picking tomatoes to be canned, raspberries or strawberries to be frozen, and cucumbers to be made into pickles.

Though my views on being a Sunday-farmer's wife have been made quite plain to the reader, my husband remains blissfully unaware that my only interest in the farm is himself.