

Standing ankle-deep in a field of golden stubble, Christena Marshall placed her elegantly gloved hands firmly upon the rough wooden handles of the breaking plough and turned her face to the camera.

It was nine o'clock in the morning on Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1912. The day was clear and slowly warming — it would reach 60° F by early afternoon — and Christena had chosen to wear a light coat as she attended to her important duties in the crisp autumn air. Her head was crowned by an enormous haystack of a hat set off by a single stylish feather. The few other women in attendance were equally well turned out.



The men presented a more motley appearance. The politicians, including Christena's husband Duncan, wore their customary stiff-collared shirts, sackcloth suits and narrow, four-in-hand ties. These could not have been more different from the cotton bib overalls of the farmhands who attended to the draught horses. One of the hands, the one entrusted with the reins of Mrs. Marshall's team, had had the presence of mind to add a tie to his usual work clothes.

The Marshall son in attendance — Christena and Duncan had three children, all boys — stood stiffly in short pants by his mother's side, looking for all the world like he would rather be off playing than trying to keep still while the photographer went about his business.

**a commemorative
history book**

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