

LIFE on the farm

By Dieter Krieg, Editor

We've all heard about the grass always being greener on the other side of the fence, but what if the green turns out to be thistles?

Good grief, what memories I have of thistles!

Oh yes, there was many an afternoon when the milk machines hung suspended from hot, smelly cows and I gazed out the dusty windows to where birds were flying in a clear blue sky and lazy cats bathed in the warm sun.

Beyond (way beyond) the hills were beaches, and boy, that would be a good place too, I thought.

The man next door was working in his garden. The preacher was fishing in our pond. The heifers relished the shade of the big walnut tree. And even the corn was up and waving in the breeze. I wanted to be out there too.

However, I had to keep company with cows and flies. The cows liked it - for why else would they occasionally wrap a tail around my face. And I know the flies liked the arrangement. I was so good to them that they wanted to eat me.

But I could think of better places to be: outside, in the sun - away from flies, and cows and milking machines, and sloppy tails and gutters.

That absolutely terrific Summer weather had to be absorbed. I thought The more the better. Well, opportunities came, as they do on any farm. There was hay to haul, for example, and fences needed mending. There was no shortage of chores.

Well, the outdoors felt wonderful. It was warm - kind of a loving feeling all over. And the smells of the pasture and the neighbor's alfalfa brought satisfaction to my nose and lungs. The feeling was such that I wanted to spread my arms far and wide to give the whole place a great big hug.

But all that was fantasyland after a while, as I trudged from one thistle to another. Every year there were hundreds of the pesky weeds spread out over the more than 100 acres of pasture. It was a job that had to be done, but that doesn't mean it was enjoyed. All that walking with shovel in hand soon took its toll. It wasn't so tiring, necessarily, but boring. Time seemed to stand still. Lunch time seemed days instead of an hour or two away. The rest of the world was far away too - or at least it seemed that way, unless we worked in pairs - as we often did to make the chore somewhat bearable.

Mike Hoff wins three at Buck

THE BUCK — Mike Hoff, a tractor puller from Westminster, Md. accomplished a rare feat here last week at the Buck Tractor Pulls. He won three of the seven classes.

Driving a modified tractor powered by a 484 hemi engine, the Marylander swept to victories in the 5000 pound modified, 7000 pound modified, and 9000 pound open classes. His respective winning efforts were: 261 feet, 11 inches; 275 feet; and a full pull.

Placing second to Huff in the 5000 pound modified run was Bill Almoney of Wrightsdale who piloted a 429 Ford for a distance of 251-1. Third in the class was Craig Luckenbill of Schuylkill Haven, aboard a 427 Chevy which traveled for 246-5.

The second-place finisher in the 7000 pound modified class was Greg Manners of Ringoes, N.J. His rig is powered by twin 440 Dodge engines and kept going for 272-5. Ed Brensinger of Lebanon was third with an

effort of 264-6 from his 454 Chevy-powered tractor.

Another multi-winner at last week's pulls was Tim Stauffer of Ephrata who commands Deutz Diesels. Driving in the 5000 pound super stock class, the young man came through with the only full pull. Second was Dale Smoker of Cochranville who managed a 284-3 effort with his Allis-Chalmers 180. Carl Bomgardner of Annville drove a Farmall 460 to third place, 263-4.

Stauffer and his Deutz 8006 also won the 7000 pound super stock class. The winning number was 274-7. Close behind was father Amos Stauffer, aboard another Deutz 8006. His distance was 264-3. Coleman Wheatley of Bethel, Del. was third with pull of 244-6 from his John Deere 4010.

Other competition went as follows:

9000 pound super stock

1. Don Myers, Weyers Cave, Va., IH 1066, 270-5; 2. Tom Middleton, Ridgely, Md., IH 1066, 249-4; 3. Marlin

Brubaker, Quarryville, A-C D-21, 224-7.

9000 pound open

1. Mike Hoff, full pull; 2. Tom Middleton, 299-8; 3. Greg Manners, 291-5.

12,000 pound open

1. Tom Middleton, full pull, 287-11; 2. Don Myers, full pull, 286-1; 3. Amos Stauffer, 238-5.

5500 FWD trucks

1. Ron Kauffman, Holtwood, 1975 Ford, full pull; 2. Frank Rohrer, Quarryville, 1970 Ford, 274-5; 3. Melvin Schwaninger, Trappe, 1961 Dodge, 260-2.

6500 FWD trucks

1. John Adams, Centerville, Md., 1975 Ford, 265-8; 2. Frank Rohrer, 263-7; 3. Melvin Schwaninger, 241-1.



And if a cow would come to visit, you can bet your stripcup she was talked to. And if she was in the mood, she got her neck scratched and back rubbed. I even went and plucked clover for'em. It was the kind of clover that looks the best and grows the tallest. But the cows won't get it themselves. You know why. Well, I got it for'em and they relished it. I

could have done that all morning, but that didn't get rid of the thistles.

In fact, I don't think we ever got'em all, even after all the years of digging, and digging, and digging. Last I looked they were still going strong.

If you see one, kill it twice. Once for yourself and once for me.

Thanks.

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