

On being a farm wife - And other hazards

Joyce Bupp

Ever since the first cave dweller staked out a claim to a piece of hunting territory man has fought off invaders with designs on his property.

Endless wars have been—and continue to be—waged over territorial rights. Individuals sue in court and nations shoot at one another over sometimes tiny, but strategic, plots of earth. And the ongoing battles show no signs of diminishing.

As rural and urban areas have melded into common neighborhoods in recent decades, minor

property infringements occur on a daily basis. Put two farmers, from just about anywhere, together to talk, and shortly they'll be swapping tales of property problems.

Some are totally innocent and relatively harmless, such as children carried away with youthful exuberance and a noisy motorbike that runs great through an emerging grain field. Or maybe it's a group of hunters so caught up in their sport they neglect watching for property signs.

More irritating and memorable

are those incidents in which pure thoughtless inconsideration—or sheer, outright vandalism—play a part.

We once badly mangled the combine gathering mechanisms after "harvesting" a long-dead Christmas tree that had been disposed of several rows back in a cornfield.

In the same field, broad patches of once-lush alfalfa lie barren, smothered by deep piles of dead leaves and grass clippings dumped there by neighboring property owners with spotlessly raked lawns.

One field regularly holds a garden, uninvited, purposely planted there to keep it from taking up room in the gardener's adjoining back yard.

As if farmers didn't have enough of such expensive and irritating property headaches, now along comes the October issue of Yankee magazine with an article that has inflamed one farmer friend who mailed me a copy and asked what I thought of the idea.

The particular article in question poses a light-hearted look at the dilemma of modern mankind's steel and iron creations turning inevitably to useless rust. Among various suggestions for the

recycling of such rotting items is one that details a use for rusty, old, clunker cars and trucks. This suggestion, complete with illustration, is dubbed "corn cruising."

"Ravaged old cars and trucks are perfect for corn cruising, too—churning in circles through autumn stands for uncut field corn, savoring the wildly exaggerated

sensation of speed resulting from the lack of visibility and the flailing rush of brown cornstalks throwing themselves prostrate before the front bumper," says the article.

Makes you wonder how the perpetrator of such an idea would like a Steiger and massive chisel to cruise over his typewriter in high gear wide open?

The great goat give-away is on!

DORNSIFE — Someday Hill French Alpines of Dornsife will give away a registered doe kid to a lucky youth between the ages of 8 and 19.

The kid will be awarded at the Heart of Penn Dairy Goat Breeders' Co-op Spring Workshop in May of 1983. The contest offers a chance for a youngster to own a quality dairy goat for a 4-H or FFA project animal.

To enter, a contestant must write a composition of approximately 500-words stating why he or she

would like to own the doeling and how they would care for it. Include name, address, birthdate and parents written permission if this would be the family's first goat.

After the finalists have been chosen, judges will visit each one's home to examine the facilities and interview the youth and family.

The winner will be notified by mid-March and if unable to attend the workshop will be responsible for crate and shipping if necessary.

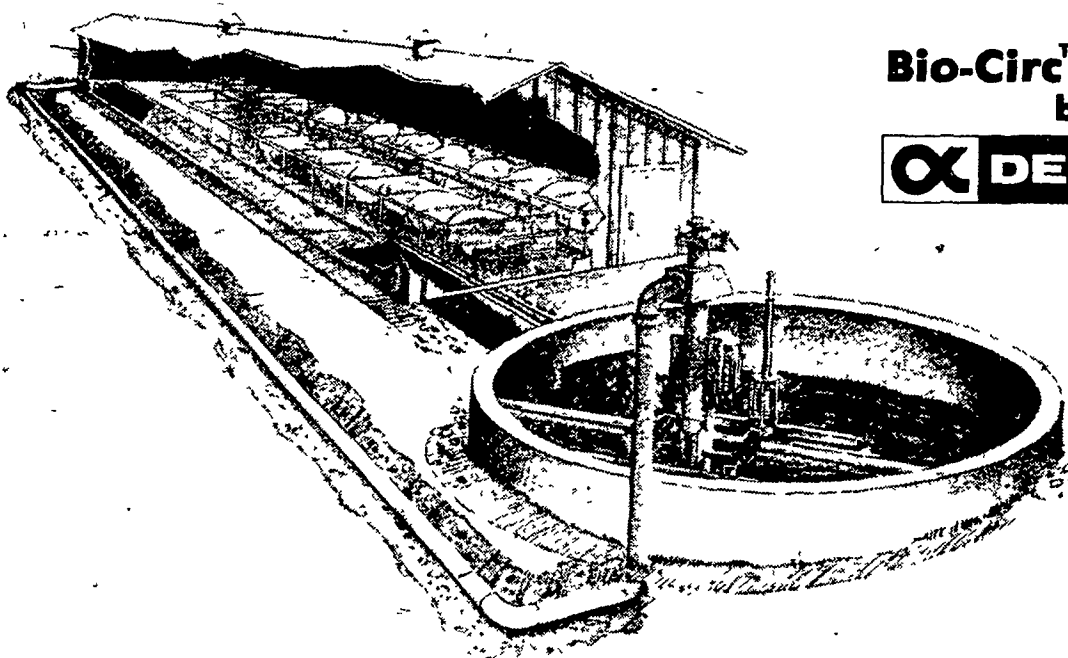
In addition to the obligation to provide a proper healthful environment for the prize animal, the winner must agree to breed the doeling at the proper age and size to a registered French Alpine Buck approved by donors the Molaros of Someday Hill.

The winner also must return the first doe kid at weaning to the Molaros, which will be awarded in a future contest.

The prize animal must be shown in at least one official American Dairy Goat Association sanctioned show in 1983, preferably the Bloomsburg Fair or a show approved by the Molaros.

Deadline for entries is March 1, 1983. Send entries and inquiries to: The Great Goat Giveaway, c/o Someday Hill French Alpines, Rd. 1 Box 25, Dornsife, Pa. 17823. For additional information call 717-758-8359.

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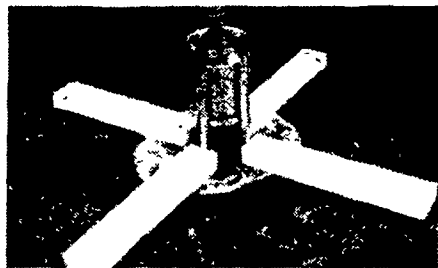


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