

# On being a farm wife - And other hazards Joyce Bupp



Multiple alternatives had been considered.

I could pretend that no one had told me the corn was ready. Or, I could just make out that I'd forgotten about this patch of corn having been planted. Other jobs could be deemed more important than putting away corn. Besides, there was still corn in the freezer from last year.

The "squirrel-ly" genes in my makeup took over.

"How would you like to help me pull that corn?" I sweetly smiled to the farmer shortly before lunch on yet another of those sticky, humid, no-breeze days which have typified this stifling summer.

"How about if I pull the corn while you get lunch ready?" he countered, offering the proposal I'd been hoping for. Lunch was to be — what else? — corn-on-the-cob, from a small batch which had been yanked from the patch the evening before to check how soon it would reach harvest peak.

What we keep forgetting is how the heat has hastened ripening of all the vegetable crops. Not only was the sweet corn ready, it had reached the panic point for pulling.

"Don't over do it," I hollered as he headed toward the pickup. Experience has taught me that his pickings of corn which look small on a truck bed grow instantly from a mole hill into a mountain when dumped by the porch for processing.

"Gee, that's more than I thought it was," was his comment soon after, as a stream of green flashed from the truck bed to the back yard. A "see ya' later" floated back from the cloud of dust as he headed out for the hayfield, leaving me to do

battle in solitude with the umpteen dozen ears.

Maybe not such solitude. Within moments of yanking back the first leaves and exposing tender, young, creamy kernels, at least a dozen flies arrived. Monkey, mother of seven lively offspring, took refuge from the rigors of kitten raising, sprawling out inches from my elbow. And a flock of four timid, nearly-grown, addition to the chicken population edged their way toward the scent of corn.

One side benefit of "doing" corn is that it busies the hands, but leaves the mind free to wander.

Through the shimmering haze hanging over the meadow came part of the heifer herd, pattering their way through the straggly grass of the dry pasture. Overhead, a scattering of barn pigeons debated the worth of foraging through the dusty ground of the new sod waterway. Third cutting of hay in the bottom ground hinted at purple blooms, and the rose bed poked healthy mid-season growth and blooms above the border of impatiens and wax begonias.

Several more dozen flies arrived by the time a credible dent showed in the pile and containers bulged with fat ears. Not a breath of air stirred in this spot sheltered by the house.

Ah, but up on the front porch, a breeze nearly always floats through. Leaving the husks, the cat and, hopefully, the flies, I relocated this corn processing procedure to finish the brushing and cutting from the cob steps.

Small wafts of warm, but welcome, air stirred. A couple of fat, old roosters sized up the operation, sneaking into peck at stray kernels

each time I left to check corn already simmering. A few flies tracked down the new location.

Our faithful paper delivery boy cruised in on his bike, departing with a dozen ears of corn I conned him into taking home. One more dozen disposed of.

A chorus of summer insects hummed from the trees. The farmstead was silent, save for an occasional bawling calf, and time seemed to stand still. As I lopped off the last kernels from the last ear, one brave rooster chattered over a stray cob.

Just as the last kettle full was

emptied, time came to put the cows in for milking. Containers of corn filled every spare niche in the freezer. And the flies scattered from the party. One more messy summer chore was history.

What looks like mundane plas-

tic freezer boxes of corn are really containers of memories of a perfectly peaceful, warm August afternoon.

And now I'm sure glad I didn't make excuses about freezing that corn.

**ROPE IN  
SOME EXTRA  
CASH!**

Advertise With A  
Lancaster Farming  
CLASSIFIED AD ..

Phone: 717-394-3047  
or 717-626-1164





*Ashley*  
**WOOD & COAL STOVES  
NEW & USED FURNITURE**

**FISHER'S FURNITURE, INC.**

Bart, Pennsylvania 17503  
Rt. 896 at Georgetown - 6 Miles  
South of Strasburg

Hours: Mon. Thru Thurs.; 8-5; Fri. 8-8; Sat. 8-12



**Products Include Household  
Molasses, Syrup & Edible Oil**

* SHOOFLY PIE MIX	* PEANUT BUTTER
* BAKING MOLASSES	* CORN SYRUP
* BARBADOS MOLASSES	* TABLE SYRUP
* BLACK STRAP MOLASSES	* HONEY
* PANCAKE SYRUP	* COCONUT OIL
	* CORN OIL
	* SOYBEAN OIL
	* PEANUT OIL

If your local store does not have it,  
CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE  
BROCHURE & PRICES  
— WE UPS DAILY —

**GOOD FOOD INC.**  
(Food Division Of Zook Molasses Co.)  
West Main St., Box 160  
Honey Brook, PA 19344  
Phone: 215-273-3776  
Call toll free in PA: 800-662-7464  
*Over 50 Years Of Service*

BUCK

**TRACTOR  
PULLS...  
SATURDAY  
NIGHT  
AUG. 15th  
7 P.M.**



Featuring  
Mod. Tractors/4WD Trucks/ACES HIGH  
WHEEL STANDING MONSTER TRUCK

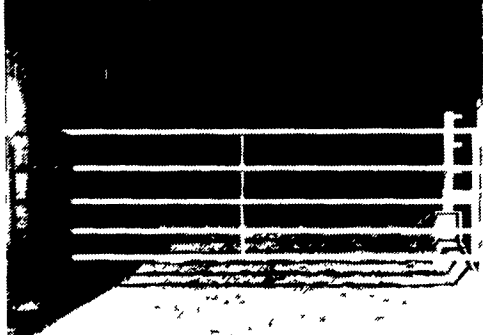

<b>ADMISSION</b>	<b>LOCATION:</b>
Adults..... \$8.00	10 Miles South
6 to 12 yrs..... \$2.50	of Lancaster
5 & Under..... FREE	Rt. 272

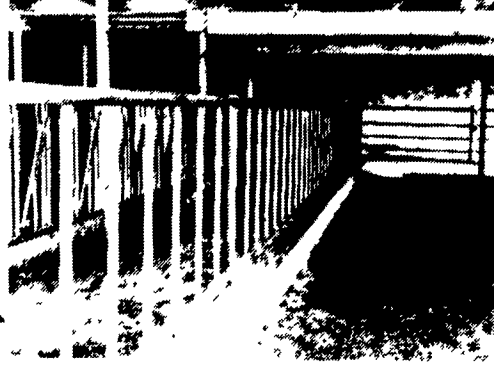
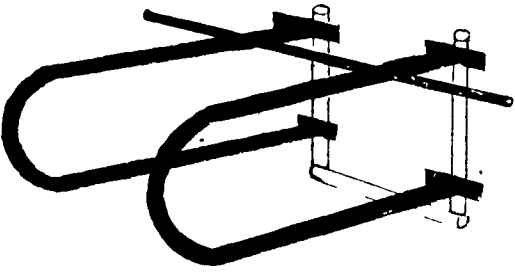
**SEE YOU AT THE BUCK!**

## ATTENTION DAIRY & CATTLE FARMERS

**Let Us Design Your Feed Lots To Best Meet  
Your Needs**

<p><b>CUSTOM BUILT GATES</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>* Heavy Hinges &amp; Spring Latch</li> <li>* Posts Free From Sharp Edges</li> <li>* 2" OD 11 ga. Tubing</li> </ul>	<p><b>SELF LOCKING PANELS</b></p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="text-align: center;">3 Sizes</td> <td style="text-align: center;">Cows Heifers Calves</td> </tr> </table>	3 Sizes	Cows Heifers Calves
3 Sizes	Cows Heifers Calves		

<p><b>FEED THRU FENCING</b> Vertical And Slanted Bars</p> 	<p><b>LOOP STYLE FREE STALLS</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>* Clamped Cross Over Pipe</li> <li>* Mounting - T Angles</li> <li>* 2½" OD Tubing 105 Wall</li> </ul> 
--	---


**R.D. 3  
Manheim, PA**

# KREIDER MFG. CO.

(717) 665-6259

## Cowtown Rodeo

Cowtown, N.J.  
"Cow Capital of the First Frontier"



Located on U.S. Route 40, eight miles east of the Delaware  
Memorial Bridge in Salem County **MAY 23rd-SEPT. 20th**

Every Saturday Night ★ ★ 7:30 Rain or Shine

Admission \$6 Adults ★ ★ \$3 Children 12 and under

Free Parking ★ ★ ★ Refreshment Stands  
Group Rates Available: Call 609-769-3200