

The Plow As I See It

The plow, as I see it, has not been properly rated as a farm implement in the minds of city people. The majority have the poet's conception that walking behind the plow is plodding, a laborious gait coupled with dull, but diligent study.

From my experience, however, as a boy and during competition in the Mayor's Class at last year's International Plowing Match, I have come to the conclusion that whether working from behind a horse or in comparative ease from the seat of a tractor there is much more to plowing than simply going through the motions. The very phrase, "Plow a straight furrow" should be indicative to most of us that the art of plowing is a noble occupation. Farmers risk their very existence on the plow and their ability to make a straight furrow.

To the best of my recollection I have never seen a fat farmer. They are continually stooping over the plow to adjust the blades or cutters and to manipulate the various levers would strain to the breaking point the muscles of a city dweller. From the very time he strikes out to keep the furrow straight, he is stooping either to pick up rocks, adjust the cutters or alter the cast of the plow. A good farmer must lay out the field in his mind's eye for proper plowing, having regard for the contour of the land. He must set his furrow in the right direction to retain moisture in the high places with proper drainage in the low spots.

As a boy I spent my summers on the farm and I know from experience how hard it is to follow the plow.

It was a great privilege for me to participate in the Mayors' Class at the 1952 International Plowing Match and I am looking forward to defending my title this year at Cobourg. I cannot say how long I shall be able to remain in competition as it takes many hours of practice to become proficient but whether I continue or not, I have met many great farmers whom I am pleased to number among my friends.

I extend to everyone my very best regards and congratulate the people of Cobourg and district in having your community selected as the locale for this year's International Plowing competitions and will see you at the Mayors' Class October 6th, 1953.

—ALLAN A. LAMPORT,
Mayor of Toronto,
September 24, 1953.