

# Plowing quality up, quantity down

Quantity was down but quality was up Thursday when Halton Plowmen's Association hosted the annual Halton Plowing Match.

Sandy soil at the John Picket farm on Trafalgar Rd., Oakville provided little challenge for the plowmen (and one plowgirl) and the judges reported some nicely plowed fields.

The only girl in the contest was 18-year-old Lynne Stewart of Hornby, who was the lone contestant in this

year's Queen of the Furrow competition. Although she was alone she gave the plowing a good effort (although she had never plowed until a week ago, she later admitted) and her speech at the wind-up banquet enthralled a large audience, so she is a worthy holder for the title.

To Hastings Lynne, who just finished a stint as 4-H Queen of Milton Fair, will represent Halton in the 1977 International Plowing Match and Ontario

Furrow Queen competition next October in Hastings County, near Kingston.

President Jack Breckon and secretary-treasurer Jack Taylor, both of Burlington, reported it was a good match although there were fewer entries this year. "We've got to get more people interested in plowing," mused the secretary.

A new class was held this year for antique tractors or steam engines with plows and there was just one entry. Sherwood Hume of Milton entered a 1914 Sawyer-Massey steam engine with an eight-furrow plow that took a team of men to operate it. But there will be some competition for Mr. Hume next year—Halton Burlington MPP Julian Reed says he has a 32-year-old tractor he'll bring next year to give Mr. Hume some competition.

Mr. Reed and Milton Mayor Anne MacArthur were special guests at the plowmen's dinner which followed the match, as was Oakville Councillor Gordon Brown who presented the new Region of Halton trophy to Mr. Hume's helper Ivan Shepherd for winning the antique class.

representative, for the tractors in sod class open to Halton Junior Farmers and 4-H club members only. The Royal Bank tray went to Les Perriman of Ayr for best score in the open tractors in sod class, ages 16-19 only, and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce tray for an open class with three or more furrows went to Herb Jarvis, Toronto.

Name winners  
Competition results:  
Class 1, jointer plows, Cecil Wells, Paris; Stan May, Hornby.  
Class 2, tractors in sod, Halton JF and 4-H only, Murray Breckon; Harley Pickering, Oakville.  
Class 3, open two or more furrows, Shelby Williams, Caledonia; Keith Robinson, Cookstown; Lloyd Reese, Wellandport; Larry Picket, Puslinch; Elroy Thompson, Caledonia.  
Class 4, open mounted plows, Ken Wells, Stouffville; Tom Pearn, St. Marys.  
Class 5, tractors in sod, open, Les Perryman, Ayr; Berl Perryman, Ayr; Kevin Wells, Stouffville; Brian Howstrawser, Belwood; Peter May, Hornby; Barry Ellesmere, Milton.  
Class 6, open tractors in sod, three or more furrows, Herb Jarvis, Toronto; Howard Dunk, Guelph.



Fate wasn't with him and his family moved from the dairy farm to start raising horses far away. You see, his mother was a horsewoman and his father went out to work and couldn't keep the dairy cattle any longer. He didn't understand but he heard lots of talk about "milk prices" and "the economy" and even nasty words like "mortgage" and "bank loans". All he knew was that it meant he didn't have any cows to love anymore.

He had a pony though, and he became a pretty good horseman. He could clean the stable and gentle the colts like a pro. But it wasn't the same and he still yearned for a calf.

Whenever the family went to a fair he was always lost among the cattle pens. He liked nothing better than to visit farming friends who had cattle—it was easy to tell where he'd be most of the time.

One day, when the boy was 11, his mother suggested he might like to sell his old pony saddle. The price of calves was very low right then and he just might have enough to buy a calf—if he promised to look after it all himself.

Hardly daring to believe his ears, the boy put an ad in the paper and sold the saddle for \$25—a small fortune—surely enough to buy a calf.

The next Wednesday night, the boy's father said they might as well drop in to the Salebarn just to check out the prices.

"Now, remember, son, we're just looking", his father cautioned him.

The boy knew what he was looking for. He wanted a heifer so it wouldn't have to be beaved. If he could get a half-dairy heifer, he could milk her and supply the family with milk. That would make him so proud.

The sale barn was inhumanly hot. It was over 80 degrees outside but the temperature must have been 100 degrees inside. Small pens were crammed with calves panting and looking miserable. The boy was horrified when he saw two calves being dragged out of one pen by their feet, unconscious or worse.

His father was muttering about cruelty and "unfeeling people" as they got out of there as fast as possible and found a seat, waiting for the sale to begin.

The place soon became crowded with smelly bodies and the calves started to stagger through the doors into the tiny sale ring.

The boy felt his knees go weak as he saw so many wee animals pushed and prodded, bewildered and frightened. He wanted to buy them all but his father sat motionless at his side.

"Bulls, all of them bulls," he muttered. "Sixty bull calves and not a heifer in sight."

Finally, a white head with soft deer-like eyes poked around the door, and a spotted scrap of calf was bundled into the ring.

"Now this little heifer is real upstanding," barked the auctioneer. "Cross between Charolais and Holstein. Make a real nice brood cow. What am I bid?"

The boy fell instantly in love. This was his calf. He had to buy her and get her out of this horrible place at once. She was far too good for anybody else. She was his.

Trembling he looked at his father, who nodded and told him to start bidding.

Clutching his \$25, the boy sang out his bids as a rough man's voice from the other side of the ring kept raising them. "15 - 16 - 17 dollars".

Far too rapidly, the price went up and up. At \$25, the boy's voice wasn't so confident and when he heard the answering bid of "25" from the other side of the room, his heart sank.

With a pause the auctioneer looked at the boy and stood with his hammer poised. The arena was deathly quiet as the boy sat miserably and the auctioneer waited.

"I bid \$27!" came a shout from beside him and the boy realized his father was in the act.

Giving a triumphant grin, the auctioneer slammed down his hammer without further comment and belloved:

"Sold to the young man in the front row." The boy had his calf.



JOSEPH THE BUCK sports a coat of many colors as well as a pair of formidable horns. Herbie Farr gives Joseph a hug as George, another buck, tastes his hair.

Trophies  
Other special awards included the Judge George Elliott Memorial Trophy won by Barry Ellesmere of Milton for being the youngest competitor of the day, at 17 years of age; and the Hamilton Spectorator subscription won by Murray Breckon of Burlington for the best plowed ridge in the utility class for juniors (under 30).

Murray Breckon also claimed the J. E. Whitelock trophy, given in memory of a former Halton agricultural

representative, for the tractors in sod class open to Halton Junior Farmers and 4-H club members only. The Royal Bank tray went to Les Perriman of Ayr for best score in the open tractors in sod class, ages 16-19 only, and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce tray for an open class with three or more furrows went to Herb Jarvis, Toronto.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who loved cattle. He was lucky enough to live on a dairy farm for the first three years of his life and had all the cattle his heart desired. He loved to help with milking and staggered around with milk pails as tall as he was. He never missed a milking and was happiest when he was allowed to squeeze a little milk out of a cow by hand.

The cows were well used to the little chap darling in around them. They came to expect gentle pats and pieces of breakfast toast for treats.

When the little boy was two, he saw his first birthing and watched breathlessly as the shapeless mass became a calf. From then on he wanted his own calf more than anything in the world.



WARM MILK straight from the source is a tasty treat for a wee kitten as Herbie Farr has some fun milking one of the household goats at the Farr farm on Highway 24.



THIS LITTLE KID is going to market but first he has a good life and expert care on Farris' Eramosa farm. Here Bruce Farr inspects the little fellow for any signs of disease.



A KID AMONG THE KIDS. Tommy Farr has his arms full sorting out 40 young kids on his family's goat farm in Eramosa. Bruce and Evelyn Farr handle over a hundred goats producing market kids.

## Farr family Nothing's getting their goat

Many beef farmers are finding themselves out of business these days of disastrous markets, but Eramosa farmers Bruce and Evelyn Farr are still smiling thanks to their herd of over a hundred goats.

Beef farmers for many years with a herd of fine Herefords, the Farris purchased a 49 starter goat herd five years ago and have never been sorry.

The mixed herd of Nubians, Alpines and Saanans are meat producers producing kids for the ethnic market up to twice a year. Some does give birth three times in two years, but Bruce can't get his does up to kiddings a year, the timing just doesn't work. However with upwards of 75 per cent multiple births, the Farris feel they are doing pretty well.

Goats are harder to look after than Bruce figured, but they're still easier than cows, he says. Feeding is crucial and all Farris' goats get first quality feed including vitamin supplements and second cut hay.

"You can't beat quality hay," says Bruce.

The Farris say they're still learning but they've managed to get market weight of eight week old kids up to 40 lbs from 25 lbs. when they first started.

No jumpers here  
Goats need good preventative treatment and the Farris see that their goats have regular vaccinations

and hoof trimming. Horns need some attention if the animal is one of the bunting kind.

The eight acres allotted to the herd for pasture is well fenced and Bruce says he's had no problem with roaming or climbing goats.

The old granary upstairs in the barn has been converted to a "maternity ward" for kidding does. With heat lamps it's possible to keep the temperature at 50 - 60 degrees. When not required for kidding, the oat-bin stalls house the four bucks, yearling does, and assorted kids being kept for replacement.

Up until recently all the female kids were kept until the herd was built up. The Farris now sell some does as milk goats or pets.

Downstairs, the barn consists of large well-bedded loose stalls for baby goats and

mothers. Other pens are used for the 23 cow Hereford herd and the pet donkey, Danny, kind.

Kids good for kids  
Evelyn is delighted with the way the children; Herbie 8, and 5 year old Tommy, can help with the goats. She feels goats are ideal for children because they're so easy to handle.

Herbie and Tommy are certainly capable goat hands and enjoy looking after the kids and milking the two family milk goats.

Although most of the young goats go to the market, the Farris prefer to sell the kids for pets or as herd animals for other farms. They are proud of the many repeat customers they get as well as the new ones.

With beef prices so low and the profit from goats so much more attractive, nothing is getting the Farr family's goat this year.

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