

Whoopee! the hay's in!

By Madeline Harrison
LOCUST HILL—It's that time of year when we, here on the farm, can breathe a sigh of relief.

The hay's in.

For most farmers, there are two high points in the crop season: (1) When the hay is in the loft and (2) When the last load of grain dumped in the bins or trucked off to Wilson's at Whitevale.

Between these times, however, the worry results in a rash of chewed fingernails or bald patches on the dome. For it's the weather—it's either too wet or too dry.

The other day, the 'Oldtimer', that lives down the road, and I got to talking about the haying season, and what it was like then, and now.

He did the talking and I did the listening.

"T'wern't too long ago that we did our haying the hard way. Got up five, six o'clock, fed the horses, milked the cows, tended the chickens, then went to breakfast. Now them was the days when a breakfast was a breakfast—none of this dried cardboard in a box stuff they call cereal. We et bacon, eggs, fresh home made bread, hot oatmeal cereal with lotsa cream, thick from the top of the can and fresh brewed" can't pour it from the pot" coffee. During the busy season we sometimes had extras like steak, mashed potatoes, gravy, three kinds of pie and maybe some fresh fruit when it was in season. Took bout an hour to eat breakfast proper. After that we'd head off out and hitch up.

"In them days t'wern't no fancy dang tractors and balers. Horsepower! Woman! Horsepower! "Soons the dew was off out we'd go. Old Maud and Ned hitched to the two horse mower. Oh yeah! There were some fancy dude farmers in those days too. They'd have these four, six and eight hitch mowers that'd cut a swath as big as half our field out there. I kinda enjoyed sittin' up there behind the ol' beggars watchin' the hay come over the blades, smooth as a sheet of water washin' in over the rocks on Lake Ontario. Took longer with two horses but when you enjoy your work you don't mind."

Not so much noise you couldn't hear the larks. Had to watch out for the Kildairs. Darn fool birds nest on the ground.usta try to go round 'em if we could. Sometimes the hay field 'ud look like there were teeth missin' in the mower or that guy cuttin' it was half drunk at ten in the mornin'. Never mind, we didn't call it in them days, but today they call it ecology. I just didn't like to see poor wounded birds or momma bird missin' and no one to raise a nest full of fuzzy critters hardly outta their shells.

After we'd get a field of hay cut then we'd sit back and pray it wouldn't rain for a week. Then out with the rake. Smoochin' up those rows of fresh cut hay into long rows. My dad did smell nice. When both sides of the row'd dry then the men with the pitchforks 'ud come out. One man to a row. Forkin' the hay up into mounds. Called it teddin'

the hay. Get them little stacks up all over the field, looked like one of them bee-fellers had gone mad buildin' them beehives all over the field.

"Now we were really prayin' the Good Lord held off the rain for a spell. Once it rained on them stacks then we'd have to start all over. Lettin' the top dry, of then turnin' the whole stack over so the bottom 'd dry. Dang near broke a man's heart to see it rain that time of year.

"Once it was dry though, in it came. Lined up a couple the neighbours with their teams and wagons. Four men on the ground pitchin' on. One man on top the load trampin' and settin' the hay in the slings. The team ploddin' down the rows, stoppin' at the right time and nary a word need be spoke to 'em. They knew where their winter feed was comin' from.

"While one wagon was headin' for the barn, another be loadin', another be comin' back to the field empty and a fourth'd be unloadin' at the barn.

"That unloadin' was somethin' to see. You'd have your load divided up into four sections all set with the sling ropes underneath each section and up the sides. Unhitch the horses from the wagon and hitch 'em to the long rope runnin' from the barn. That rope ran from horses up through a pulley at the very top of the barn. The pulley came back down to the load of hay sittin' on the barn floor. Feller'd hitch the sling ropes to the end of the long rope. The horses be given the "H'up there". They'd start pullin' on the rope. The section o' hay'd start risin'.

"Soons it hit the track at the top o' the barn it would start runnin' on the rail. Feller in the hay mow would have a guide rope to make sure the cart ran in the right direction and if he were workin' good he'd bring that ol' pile o' hay right in 't' were he wanted her. Give a tug on the guide rope and that pile o' hay ud wind up in the mow, in just 'bout the right spot. The other fellers up there ud start in t' forkin' the hay to where the wanted it for sure, stompin' and settin' it. If you had good fellers up there you'd have just about the nicest, straightest mow of hay ever did see."

"Now, that filler, up there handlin' that guide rope had to know what he was doin'! He pull that guide rope too soon and the whole load'd end up on the barn floor. Pull it too late and three men'd get buried quicker'n a cat can blink. Ever been hit by a quarter ton of hay fallin' from the roof o' the barn? You'd think it was the end of the world!"

"Why, I remember one time the guy on the wagon didn't hitch the sling ropes proper to the tug rope. Soons the hay got up a height and hit the track it dumped — on him, the wagon and all over the barn floor. Boy, there were some words said that day even I'd not heard afore. Only way they could find the guy on the wagon was that he was one of these talkin' fellers. Git him would up he'd run all day. Never stopped once he started.

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of three weeks just to get enough hay in to winter the cattle and horses. Never had none for sale in those days. Them was the days. Get a bunch o' your neighbours together, laughin', swapin' jokes, and tellin' tall tales. Each tried to outdo the other. That's what kept neighbours neighbours in those days. Workin' laughin', cryin', and prayin'

together. Anybody needed help, we'd all pitch in.

"Different nowadays. The whole dang bunch of ya is just too independent. You take hayin' season today.

"Ya got these dang fool tractors don't understand a word you say. These new, fangled swathers, cut the hay, condition it and lay it out

in rows. Don't leave ya no time to stand and admire the scenery. Along comes another guy balin' it. He don't even touch it. He don't even need no help. That dang baler just picks up the bales and tosses 'em into the wagon. Nary teched by humin' hands till you ready to put it in the barn. Then it's up that fool elevator contraption. Get a couple kids up there stackin' and complainin', 'bout the heat. Don't know what heat is. They never stood out in a July hay field sweaterin' under the sun, pitchin' hunks a hay up there till you felt your arms comin' out there sockets. Gol' darn it, they got women out pitchin' hay these days. In the old days it twern't a woman's

job! Her job was in the kitchen!

"Tell ya what though, sure do wish I was farmin' today. Couple days and your hay's all in the barn. I'd rather head for Florida every winter too, give me half a chance. Too old now to enjoy anything but lookin' at pretty girls in bathin' suits. No sense goin' to

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agree "It sure do beat
all!"

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what things are comin' to
today."

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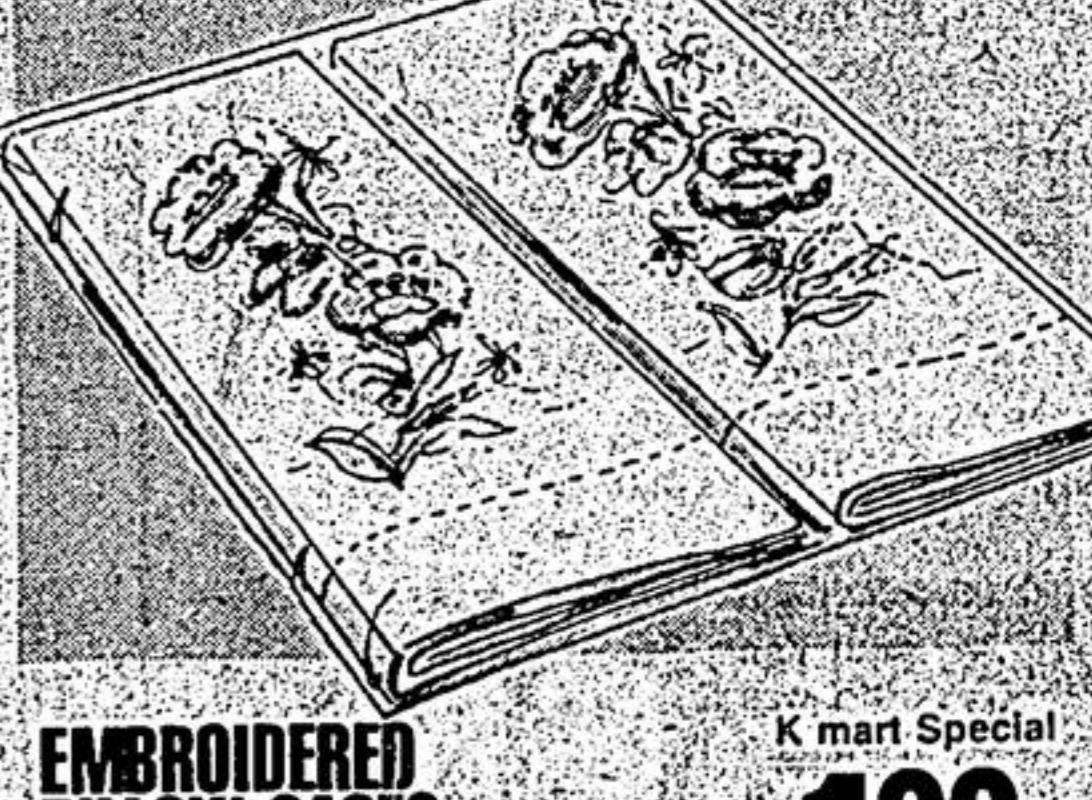
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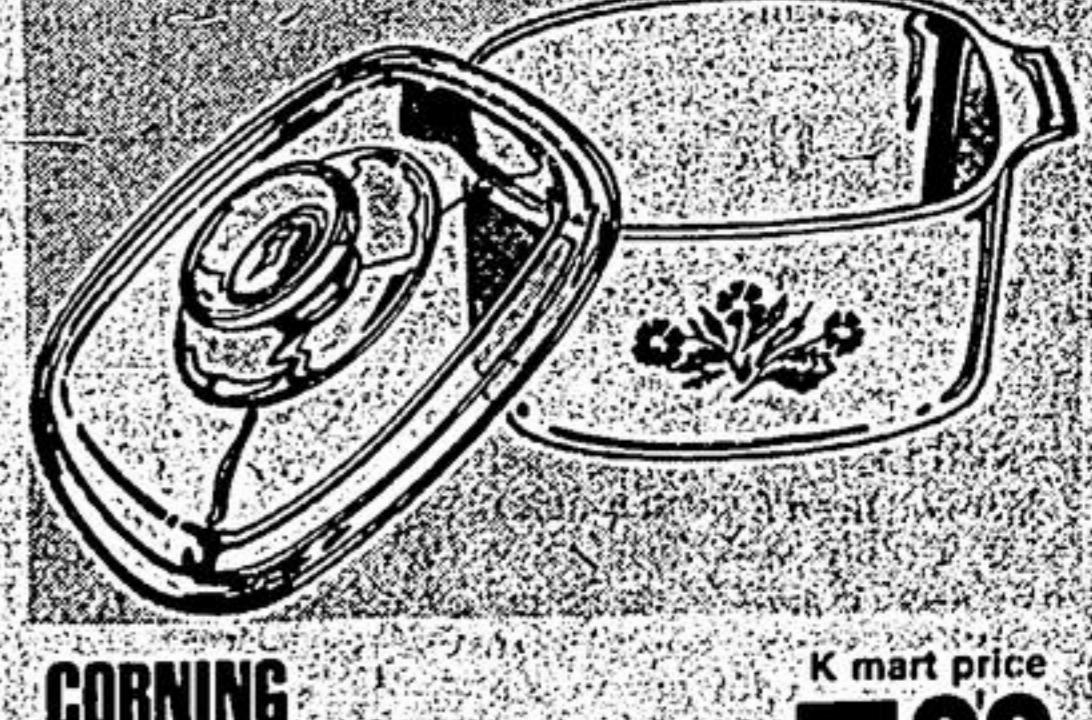
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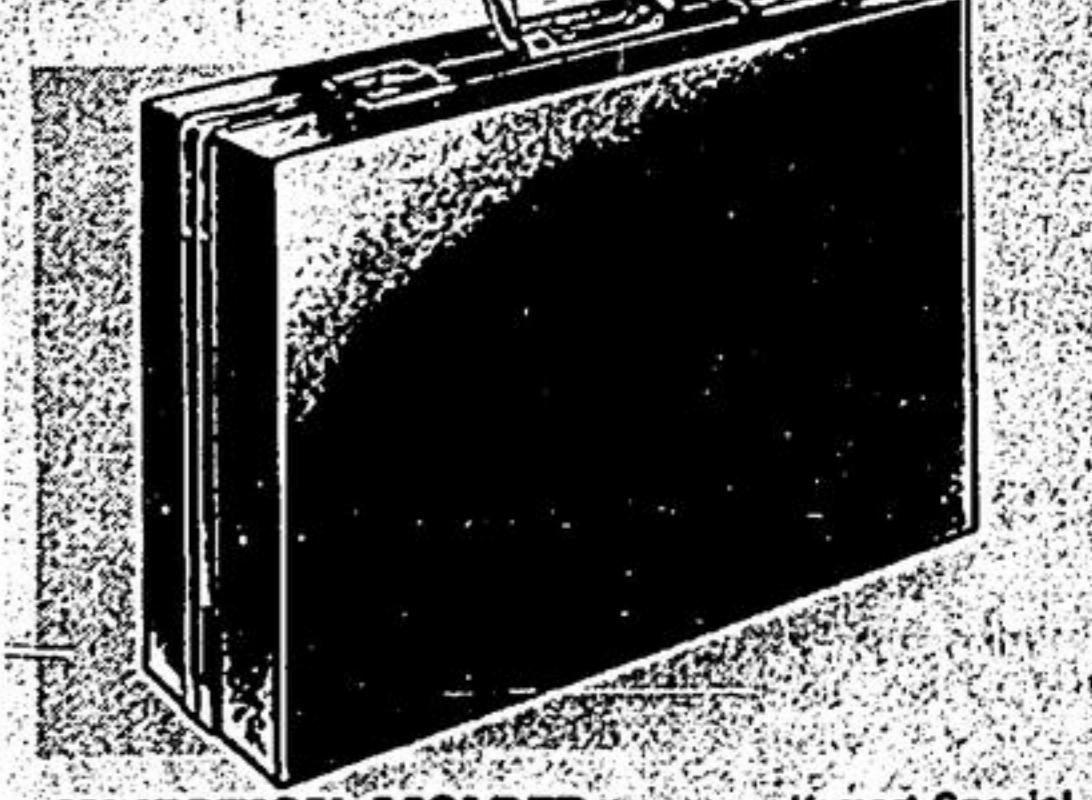
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