

Make Hay While the Sun Shines

BY LOYCE MARTINAZZI

Old timers used to advise to never cut your hay till after July 4th or it will surely get rained on and ruined. But the lush early summer grasses, whether alfalfa, timothy or oat hay, beg to be harvested just at the peak of their growth and nutrition.

Karl Thaler, a German immigrant, was dickering with my mother's brother Jack Chapman, who had agreed to mow, rake, shock and haul the hay to the barn. They could not decide when to mow. Thaler told my uncle "you lie." "Dad burn it", replied Uncle Jack, "I do not lie!" Thaler counted on his fingers: "April, May, Une, Ulie."

Back in the 30s and 40s, most hay was cut with a horse drawn mower, then raked into windrows with a buck rake. After a few days the hay was forked into piles known as "shocks." The shocks would need to be turned until all the grass was dry. If all went well and it did not rain,

the hay was hauled to the barn with a horse and wagon, or if the farmer had one, a truck. Forking the hay to the back of the barn was a nasty dusty job.

The month of June was busy for kids as well as farmers. Picking strawberries and weeding onions was back breaking work but easy on the bank account, as kids spent their earnings on school clothes and books.

Wheat, oats and other grains were harvested late in the summer, when the grain was ripe

Swimming in the Tualatin river was great fun for kids, whether at Roamers Rest, Avalon, Louie's, Elsner's or Jurgens Park. After weeding onions on the Sherwood onion flats one June in 1917, some kids jumped into the river, got cramps and two of them drowned. Poor 17-year-old Willie Christensen had a date for the prom the next night but never made it. A simple piece of iron marks Willie's grave

in Winona Cemetery. Although none of Willie's family still lives nearby, there is often a flower on his grave. The other boy was the post master's son from Sherwood.

Baseball and softball were popular sports in summer and town teams would travel to Sherwood, Tigard or Tualatin to play. Picnics were fun, and women were proud to serve their creamed new potatoes and peas and wilted lettuce salads.

In the good old summer time, in the good old summer time...



Karl Thaler lived in the Jurgens house. He had a thick German accent.



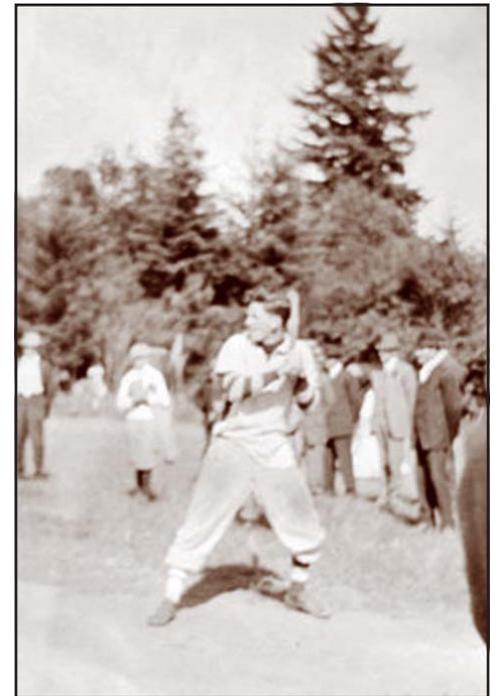
Loyce Martinazzi was born and raised in Tualatin and is passionate about Tualatin History. She is currently Lecturer of the Winona Grange, Co-Founder of the Tualatin Historical Society and Co-Author of *Tualatin...From the Beginning*.



Hauling hay the old way.



Field of shocked hay on the Cole farm on Cipole Road.



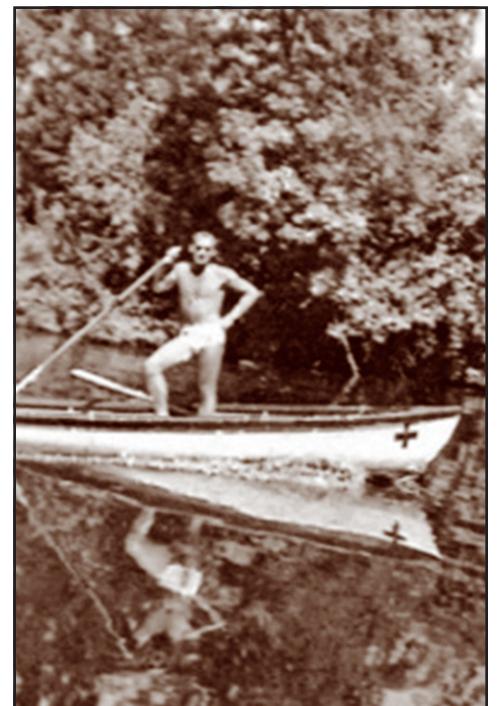
Batter up!



July 4th ball game and get together at the city park in the early days.



Taking a rest from weeding onions.



Cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon.