



## *TILLERS OF THE SOIL*

**A**MERICA LEADS ALL OTHER COUNTRIES in the world in agriculture. And in the fertile soil our democracy has its roots. On the farm the family is a self-reliant unit, a little township all in itself. From early colonial times, the first settlers on our Eastern seaboard had to wrest food and shelter from the great wilderness surrounding them. But sturdy of muscle and determined in spirit, they pressed inland until the spring of 1790, the first year of our country's constitutional existence. At that time, the family of Weston—just three of them—Jonathan,

Priscilla and their boy Daniel—had taken over a grant of land near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. One morning, Jonathan was ready to plant corn. . . .

PRISCILLA WESTON: But, Jonathan, you haven't cleared a field yet!

JONATHAN WESTON: We can't wait any longer, the season's too far advanced already. We'll have to plant the corn between the trees.

DANIEL WESTON: (*age 12*) Papa, papa, look! There's been beavers around here.

JONATHAN WESTON: No, Daniel, you wouldn't find beavers so far from the river.

DANIEL WESTON: But look at the way the trees are ringed round the bark—and ringed twice. I never saw a beaver make a double ring before.

JONATHAN WESTON: Well, that was done by a beaver called Jonathan Weston.

DANIEL WESTON: You, papa?

PRISCILLA WESTON: Why did you ring the trees, Jonathan? It'll kill them.

JONATHAN WESTON: I hope so. We don't want any leaves shading our corn. Corn likes the sun—and plenty of it. Come on now, let's all get busy. We've got a lot of work to do. I'll scratch the earth loose with a hoe, then Daniel can make a hole in it with a stick. You, Priscilla, drop the corn in and cover it over.

PRISCILLA WESTON: It'll be a funny-looking corn field—full of dead trees.

JONATHAN WESTON: Not for long. When the trees die, I'll burn them. Then we can take up the stumps whenever we get time to.

PRISCILLA WESTON: That'll take a long time.

DANIEL WESTON: Papa. Look! There's an Indian!

JONATHAN WESTON: Give me my gun. Priscilla, go into the house.

PRISCILLA WESTON: He's friendly, Jonathan. See, he's got his hand raised.

DANIEL WESTON: He has no weapons at all.

JONATHAN WESTON: Just the same it pays to be careful. But he seems to mean well.

SQUANTO: (*approaching*) Ugh! How.

JONATHAN WESTON: How. What do you want?

SQUANTO: Me hungry. Want eat.

PRISCILLA WESTON: Why, he does look starved near to a skeleton! I'll get him some bread and gruel.

SQUANTO: Good. You—me—friend.

JONATHAN WESTON: Yes. Friend . . . Come on, Danny, we can't lose time. Put the corn in that spot I just hoed. . . . There . . . All right . . . Now, stamp it down.

SQUANTO: No good.

JONATHAN WESTON: No? What's wrong about it?

SQUANTO: Injun make corn grow a long time. Me show how.

DANIEL WESTON: Look, papa, he makes two holes, one for each grain of corn so they don't touch. In a sorta hill.

SQUANTO: Put bean close by too. You got bean?

DANIEL WESTON: Of course we have! I'll go get some, papa.

SQUANTO: First corn hill—here pumpkin—here peas. All grow good.

JONATHAN WESTON: Thanks, friend.

PRISCILLA WESTON: (*approaching*) Here's bread and gruel. It'll make you feel better.

SQUANTO: Red man thank white man for food.

JONATHAN WESTON: My friend, you're welcome to all we can give you. Your advice should increase our larder a hundred fold.

Slowly and by hard work, the Weston family cleared their land. As Jonathan's son, Daniel, grew older, he helped his father in the field while Priscilla busied herself indoors weaving the coarse homespun cloth to make clothes for her men, boiling soap, and preserving food for the winter. In 1809, young Daniel Weston was a man of twenty-two—still planting corn and clearing land. . . .

JONATHAN WESTON: You're late getting into the field, Daniel.

DANIEL WESTON: I was leaching the ashes for Mom. She's making soap and needs the lye.

JONATHAN WESTON: There ought to be plenty. Get busy pulling stumps.

DANIEL WESTON: Pop, that land down by the South Hill looks to me like better soil. Let's plant there next year.

JONATHAN WESTON: All in good time, Daniel. We haven't cleared this field yet. Anyway, South Hill's too stoney.

DANIEL WESTON: I just as soon pick rocks as pull stumps. And the rocks'll make better fences.

JONATHAN WESTON: We'll clear this land first, before we move on.

DANIEL WESTON: I've been reading a book called "Essays on Field Husbandry in New England"—and according to that. . . .

JONATHAN WESTON: You can't learn farming out of books, Daniel.

DANIEL WESTON: You can find out what other folks have done and what luck they had. The first essay puts me in mind of South Hill.

JONATHAN WESTON: You save your wind for these stumps. When we get every last one of them out, it's time enough to think about new land. Rest your gun over here, and keep your powder horn out of the sun. You got enough powder there to blow us from here to Jericho.

DANIEL WESTON: Pop! I got an idea!

JONATHAN WESTON: Now look here, son, if you think you're going to start new land.

DANIEL WESTON: We'll start on it afore you think, Pop. I'm going to put some of my powder in the hole of this stump and touch her off. I bet. . . .

JONATHAN WESTON: That sounds sorta promisin', Danny. But how're you goin' to set her off without blowin' us up too?

DANIEL WESTON: I've already planned a safe way, Pop. I wet some of the powder, mixed in a little of this clay to slow her down, and soaked this piece of string in it. Now I'll pour the powder in the hole in the stump—like this—think it'll work?

JONATHAN WESTON: Now you be mighty careful, son.

DANIEL WESTON: I will. Gosh. If this thing does the work we'll be farmin' South Hill before you know it. . . . Now I'll light the fuse.

JONATHAN WESTON: She's lit! Run for it, Danny.

DANIEL WESTON: Come on, Pop! It's burning fast! The ground's drier than I thought.

JONATHAN WESTON: It's got to the stump already! Duck your head, Danny!

*(sound of an explosion)*

DANIEL WESTON: Wow! We gave that ole stump a bustin'! There's nothin' to do with it now except pick it up for firewood.

JONATHAN WESTON: Well, the stump's out all right. It's a temptation to waste more powder.

DANIEL WESTON: Shucks, Pop. Let's shoot all the stumps!

The use of powder to clear land of stubborn tree stumps and rocks was a great boon to the farmer and his workers. It made it possible for Daniel Weston to clear and plant the South Hill land the next year. Then, in 1811, farm history entered into a new era with the founding of The Berkshire Society by Elkanah Watson, a business man who retired to take up farming near Pittsfield, Massachusetts, not far from the Weston Farm. The object of the Berkshire Society was to advance agricultural science. The elder Weston and Mr. Watson met when the Society held its first exhibition of farm produce and handiwork. . . .

JONATHAN WESTON: Hello, there, Mr. Watson! This exhibition sure is a great idea of yours. Never saw so much fine farm produce in all my life.

ELKANAH WATSON: Why, you didn't have to go off your own farm to see most of it, Mr. Weston. There ought to be a law against you Westons. You're running off with all the prizes.

JONATHAN WESTON: Well, of course, there isn't a woman in this country can weave better cloth or

make a better cake of soap than Priscilla. Lord knows she's had enough practice.

ELKANAH WATSON: And your boy Daniel has brought in the finest ears of corn I ever saw.

JONATHAN WESTON: Oh, that's from reading books. He got a notion our South Hill soil was best for corn and nothin' would stop him till he tried it out. Seems like he was right! In fact everybody's gettin' prizes around here except me. Looks like I'm too old fashioned now to raise anything worth a hang.

ELKANAH WATSON: I wouldn't say that, Weston. You've got one of the finest farms in all New England and you've raised one thing you ought to be mighty proud of.

JONATHAN WESTON: What's that, Mr. Watson?

ELKANAH WATSON: Your boy Daniel. He's the best farmer hereabouts.

JONATHAN WESTON: He's better than that, Mr. Watson. He's a good son.

While the Berkshire system spread over the east, bringing farmers and their produce into open competition, where they could exchange ideas and compare results, another great event carried farming westward in a bound. The impetus came in 1825. Jonathan Weston had passed away, and Daniel was now forty-seven and master of the Weston farm—head of his own family. It was the close of a beauti-

ful day in the golden time of Indian summer. In Daniel's great barn the farmers young and old had gathered from miles around for the Weston's annual Husking Bee. . . .

DANIEL WESTON: Well, Mrs. Weston. . . . Is the dinner almost ready?

DANIEL'S WIFE: Yes, Daniel. And I think you'd better broach another keg of cider.

DANIEL WESTON: Nothing but the best of everything for folks at a husking bee . . . to say nothing of a Weston husking bee.

DANIEL'S WIFE: I think the girls ought to stop husking now and help me set out the supper. Where's Ruth?

DANIEL WESTON: Over there huskin' with that young fellow from Virginia.

DANIEL'S WIFE: He's all the way from the Shenandoah Valley. I don't know as I like her takin' up with a boy from the West like that. They're so restless.

DANIEL WESTON: He seems a good sorta fellow to me. Why look there! He's got the red ear!

DANIEL'S WIFE: Ruth won't let him kiss her, if she's any daughter of mine!

DANIEL WESTON: Ha! Ha! She did though! And so did you when you were her age and twice as pretty as she is. Here, Mrs. Weston, M'arm, give me a kiss.

DANIEL'S WIFE: Go along with you, Daniel! I've got work to do. And you get that cider.

DANIEL: Hello, what's the matter? Here comes Ruthie on the run.

DANIEL'S WIFE: I knew that fellow from the West was too forward!

RUTH WESTON: Oh, papa! . . . mama! What do you think?

DANIEL'S WIFE: You better catch your breath. You're all flushed and your eyes're as bright. . . . Here. Let me feel your forehead. Have you got a fever?

RUTH WESTON: No, mama. . . . It's Hank. . . . I mean Mr. Livingston. He just got the red ear, and when he kissed me. . . .

DANIEL'S WIFE: Yes, we saw it.

RUTH WESTON: But you didn't hear what he said. He asked me to marry him!

DANIEL'S WIFE: Marry him? Well I never! And what did you say?

RUTH WESTON: I said, "No," of course . . . But mean to, just the same. If you don't mind.

DANIEL WESTON: If your mind's set on it, there's no use our minding. You're a Weston, Ruth. And I'll give you my best land—over by the South Hill.

RUTH WESTON: That's sweet of you, papa . . . but I . . . that is we . . . well, Hank wants to go West.

DANIEL'S WIFE: All the way to the Shenandoah?

RUTH WESTON: Oh, much further. Way out into the Northwest territory.

DANIEL WESTON: As far as Ohio?

RUTH WESTON: Maybe further.

DANIEL'S WIFE: Into the wilderness? I won't hear of it! Aren't there enough fine young men around here without you. . . .

RUTH WESTON: Mama, every time I like a young man, you try to stop me!

DANIEL'S WIFE: That's because you're always taking up with some restless young vagabond who wants to be on the move all the time.

RUTH WESTON: Well, this young man has moved already. He knows how. You ought to hear him tell about it.

DANIEL'S WIFE: I'd like to, just once!

DANIEL WESTON: You can. Here he comes.

HANK LIVINGSTON: Mr. Weston. . . . Mrs. Weston, M'arm. . . .

DANIEL'S WIFE: What's this nonsense Ruth tells me about your wanting to take her West?

HANK LIVINGSTON: I do. I asked her to marry me.

DANIEL WESTON: We don't like the notion of seeing our daughter go out into the West. If you two are set on wedding, you can have my South Hill land and settle here.

HANK LIVINGSTON: That's mighty kind of you, Mr. Weston, but I must go West. You see, there's a

fellow that grew up with me in the Shenandoah and I promised him before I left that I'd go with him out to Ohio soon as he and his father finished some work they're doing together. They're working on some crazy machinery to do farm work by engine instead of by hand.

DANIEL WESTON: What nonsense!

HANK LIVINGSTON: That's what I tell Cy . . . but he won't listen. And he's a great friend. You'll like him, Ruth.

RUTH WESTON: What's his name?

HANK LIVINGSTON: Cyrus—Cyrus McCormick.

DANIEL'S WIFE: Well, McCormick or no McCormick, the West isn't civilized. And goodness knows when it will be!

DANIEL WESTON: I'm afraid my wife's right, young man. We've just about got farms organized here so we can raise enough for the towns and get our produce to market here. It'll be a long time before farms will be able to get produce to market in the West.

HANK LIVINGSTON: I don't think so, sir. We'll have fine farms in the West and fine markets too.

DANIEL WESTON: You don't expect to haul your grain clear across the Alleghanies with oxen and then compete with us New Englanders, do you?

HANK LIVINGSTON: No, sir. We won't need oxen.

DANIEL'S WIFE: Then how are you going to get stuff East? By boat?

HANK LIVINGSTON: Yes, M'arm. Remember, they've started diggin' the Erie Canal!

Ruth and Hank were married and went back to his home in the Shenandoah Valley. But their migration westward was delayed. Hank's friend, Cyrus McCormick, was too busy working on a new invention. One day, in the year 1831, Hank drove Ruth over to the McCormick's farm.

RUTH LIVINGSTON: I don't see how you can bring yourself to take an afternoon off right in the middle of harvest time, Hank.

HANK LIVINGSTON: Well, Ruth, today's going to decide whether we go west, or stay right here.

RUTH LIVINGSTON: What's so important about that today?

HANK LIVINGSTON: You'll see for yourself in a minute. There's Cy now in the wheat field.

RUTH LIVINGSTON: Land sakes, what's that thing he's got there?

HANK LIVINGSTON: That's the farm engine Cy's been workin' on. That's why we've been stickin' around home the last few years. Crazy fool thing!

RUTH LIVINGSTON: What's it supposed to do?

HANK LIVINGSTON: Harvest wheat.

RUTH LIVINGSTON: You mean he makes horses drag that engine around instead of using a scythe?

HANK LIVINGSTON: That's what he says. Only

men have been harvesting with cycles and scythes long as man can recall, and Cy isn't goin' to change that. He's just wastin' a lot of fool time. But he promised me if this thing didn't work . . . he'd forget it and move on out West in the spring.

RUTH LIVINGSTON: I don't know as I'm so anxious to move now we've made a nice home here.

HANK LIVINGSTON: Oh, there's a lot of fine land waitin' for us out West! . . . Hello, Cy!

CYRUS MCCORMICK: (*off*) Hello, there Hank! You're just in time to see my reaping machine cut its first swath.

HANK LIVINGSTON: You're plumb crazy, Cy. You better get out off of that thing before you get caught in it and get whipped to death.

CYRUS MCCORMICK: You just watch! Giddap, Jessy! Come on, Dappyl! Get your weight into that collar boy! Giddap!

RUTH LIVINGSTON: Well for land sakes! Look at that. Let's go and look at it nearer. Look! He's coming back. What a machine!

HANK LIVINGSTON: It's reaping all right. Cutting a swath wider than any man could reach with a scythe.

CYRUS MCCORMICK: (*coming back*) Whoa, hosses! How do you like that, Hank?

HANK LIVINGSTON: Well, Cy, I don't much like it 'cause now I reckon you won't be goin' West at all.

CYRUS MCCORMICK: Why of course I will! I

gotta go West now, Hank. It'll take all those prairies out there to give this reapin' machine of mine a man's sized job!

So Hank and Ruth went West into the great farmlands of Indiana and Illinois. Clearing land and raising crops was easier for them there than it had been for the Westons in Massachusetts. Stumps were blown up with special powder cartridges, and in 1839, seeds were sent to them by the United States Government. The next year, they bought one of John Deere's steel plows which cut the sod easily, and the steel moldboard kept bright instead of clogging with dirt like the old wooden model. But while the Western prairies yielded to the new farm machinery of McCormick and Deere, back in the East another pioneering movement was under way. Two of Ruth's younger brothers, John and Timothy, were now farming the old Weston place near Pittsfield.

TIMOTHY WESTON: John, the crop from the South Hill land isn't so good this year.

JOHN WESTON: Soil's getting played out I reckon. Nothin' much we can do about it.

TIMOTHY WESTON: We can get one of Deere's plows. They make a deeper furrow, turn up more loam.

JOHN WESTON: I hear well of them plows. But we got to expect the land to run out sooner or later.



Us Westons have been farming it now for near 60 years.

TIMOTHY WESTON: There must be some way of bringing the soil back.

JOHN WESTON: You aren't thinking of witchcraft, are you?

TIMOTHY WESTON: No. But I notice that after we've raised clover in a field for a year or two, the wheat grows better there afterward—for a spell. I was talking about it with one of the Howell boys and they find the same thing. So do the Watsons.

JOHN WESTON: Just a matter of Providence.

TIMOTHY WESTON: I'm not so sure it isn't a case of the Lord helping those who help themselves.

JOHN WESTON: How's that?

TIMOTHY WESTON: I read about an agricultural experimental station that's started up down in Connecticut, at New Haven. There's a man named John Pitkin Norton teaching at Yale College. The corporation made him professor of Agricultural Chemistry.

JOHN WESTON: Chemistry? What's that got to do with raisin' crops?

TIMOTHY WESTON: I don't know. But after we get the harvest in this fall, I mean to run down to New Haven and find out.

Several other enterprising young farmers had the same curiosity and joined Timothy at the first agri-

cultural experimental station in America. This was so successful that it later developed into the Sheffield Scientific School, a part of Yale University. But, meanwhile, the efforts of progressive minds in Philadelphia and the great Northwest Territory had begun still another chapter in the development of American agriculture. In the year before the election of President Lincoln, a letter arrived at the Weston farm which was now farmed by John and his son, Joseph. . . .

JOSEPH WESTON: Here's a letter for you, Pop. All the way from Illinois. I reckon it's from Aunt Ruth.

JOHN WESTON: Well, well. I wonder how she is. . . .

JOSEPH WESTON: Read it out.

JOHN WESTON: She says they're all well—and your cousin William is going to the new Michigan State Agricultural College.

JOSEPH WESTON: Gee, Pop. Can I go too?

JOHN WESTON: Way out to Michigan? You must be crazy!

JOSEPH WESTON: I don't have to go that far. I can go over to New Haven.

JOHN WESTON: You can't learn farming out of books.

JOSEPH WESTON: But Uncle Timothy did. I've

heard you say he brought the farm back to its old-time yield after he'd been to the experimental station in New Haven.

JOHN WESTON: Your uncle was a fine farmer before that. He knew what he was readin' about.

JOSEPH WESTON: Haven't I been farming since the day I was born? Let me go. I'll learn how to make this place the finest farm in America.

JOHN WESTON: Well, all right. After harvest you can go.

JOSEPH WESTON: Gee, pop, that's great! I'll learn how to raise new crops and make every square rod of land we've got worth a fortune!

JOHN WESTON: I'll be satisfied if you just learn what we can raise in the top pasture beside stones.

Westward marched the plow and the reaper. Hundreds of thousands of acres came under cultivation. But the isolation of the farmer and his family still held him aloof from the experience and knowledge of his fellow workers. The westward expansion was a case of every man for himself. Then the Great Divide in American agricultural history came in 1862, in the Administration of Abraham Lincoln. President Lincoln created a new landmark in agriculture when he invited Mr. Isaac Newton to the White House.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: Mr. Newton, I am glad to meet you.

ISAAC NEWTON: It is an honor for me, Mr. President. I must say I am surprised you sent for me.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: I've often heard of you. I believe you know an old friend of mine, Professor Jonathan B. Turner?

ISAAC NEWTON: Yes, I do.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: Turner taught me mathematics—at least I think he did. He certainly tried. But we used to talk over many things together, and he was always mighty interested in all kinds of education. He had a notion there ought to be schools for trades and crafts as well as for Latin and Greek. And I agreed with him. He made a speech once at Granville, Illinois, outlining a plan for an industrial university. The patent office published it in 1852.

ISAAC NEWTON: I've read it. It's a great idea.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: I knew you'd think so. You've been talking a good deal about the need of our federal government taking special care of farm interests.

ISAAC NEWTON: For twenty years. I'm a farmer myself from Pennsylvania. Most Americans are farmers, and the federal government has a Department of Agriculture.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: It has.

ISAAC NEWTON: But I. . . .

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: This paper on the desk before me, which I am about to sign, is the Homestead Act. It will create countless thousands of farms in

western lands yet unsettled. And it establishes with it a Bureau of Agriculture.

ISAAC NEWTON: At last! I'm so glad, so very glad, Mr. President that you're going to sign it.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN: You should be, Newton, for I'm appointing you our first Commissioner of Agriculture!

The opening of western government land to pioneers brought a great surge of migration westward. In this the Westons, like other fine old families, took their part. Descendants of Jonathan Weston, who learned to plant corn from Squanto the Indian, moved out across the fertile plains of the new land grants thrown open by the Homestead Act. They were among the farmers who followed the lead of Oliver Kelley in founding The Grange in 1867. The Grange was like the Old Berkshire Society in many ways; it was concerned with new problems of commerce, transportation, marketing and politics. Agriculture was no longer an isolated family effort. It was a business. By 1890 the Department of Agriculture became so important, that Governor Jeremiah Rush of Wisconsin, a native of Ohio, became its first secretary in the Cabinet. But, meanwhile, back East time had dealt hardly with the old Weston Farm near Pittsfield. Its tired acres lay rockstrewn and untilled. All its young men had thronged westward into new and more fertile fields. Only one old lady

remained behind, waiting. One day there was a knock on her door. . . .

GRANDMA WESTON: Come in.

LEMUEL WESTON: Mrs. Weston?

GRANDMA WESTON: Yes?

LEMUEL WESTON: I'm Lemuel. I've come to get you. You got father's letter?

GRANDMA WESTON: Well, well. So you're Lemuel? Landsakes, I'd know you for a Weston anywhere. The Weston men are all alike. Good men, too. And good farmers.

LEMUEL WESTON: Are you ready to leave now?

GRANDMA WESTON: Yes. I'm ready as I'll ever be.

LEMUEL WESTON: I'll take your boxes out to the wagon.

GRANDMA WESTON: Thank you.

LEMUEL WESTON: Dad and Mother'll be mighty glad to see you out in Illinois. They often talk about you.

GRANDMA WESTON: Do they?

LEMUEL WESTON: We have a fine place out there. You'll like it there.

GRANDMA WESTON: I hope so. But then, I liked it here too.

LEMUEL WESTON: Sure you haven't forgotten anything?

GRANDMA WESTON: No. I remember everything

very well. It seems only like yesterday. . . . I came here as a bride.

LEMUEL WESTON: I mean your things are all here? Nothing left behind?

GRANDMA WESTON: Why everything's left behind! Young man, will you be kind enough to fill that bucket and leach the ashes?

LEMUEL WESTON: Leach the ashes? What's that?

GRANDMA WESTON: Eh? Oh, of course you wouldn't know. We throw water over the winter's ashes. It makes lye. We use it for making soap. We've made our own soap here for over a century.

LEMUEL WESTON: I'll throw the water on if you want me to.

GRANDMA WESTON: No. There's no sense to it now. I forgot. Old habits are hard to break.

LEMUEL WESTON: I should think you'd be glad enough to break with this place. It looks mighty run down.

GRANDMA WESTON: Because you young men ran off and left it . . . left the home and the soil that made you one of the finest families in this whole country. I'm glad to be the last owner of it, old and broken down as it is. I'm old myself. And I love every stick and stone of it.

LEMUEL WESTON: I'm sorry, Grandma Weston.

GRANDMA WESTON: There's nothing to be sorry about! It ought to make you proud! Now come on, young man! Drive me away!

Out on the fertile plains of the West, Grandma Weston got her first breathless glimpse of modern American farming on a large scale. The very next day after her arrival, Lemuel drove up to the front porch in a buggy. . . .

LEMUEL WESTON: Hello, Grandma, are you all ready?

GRANDMA WESTON: I certainly am. And let's get away before the whole family troops after me. I never saw so much fuss and attention for one old lady in all my life.

LEMUEL WESTON: Of course, Grandma, if it bothers you. . . .

GRANDMA WESTON: Bothers me? I love it. But today I want to learn something about farming. Your mother's always trying to get me to rest. Why, I never rested in my life and I'm not going to begin now.

LEMUEL WESTON: Here we go. Hold on. Let me help you, Grandma. All right—comfortable?

GRANDMA WESTON: Of course I am.

LEMUEL WESTON: Giddap. . . .

GRANDMA WESTON: Where's your nearest neighbor?

LEMUEL WESTON: Just on the other side of that wheat field.

GRANDMA WESTON: Why, I can't see any house out there.

LEMUEL WESTON: I guess not. That wheat field's over ten miles wide.

GRANDMA WESTON: Land O'Goshen. It must take an army of men to plow and reap it.

LEMUEL WESTON: No. We have about thirty horses. We drive them in teams of eight, or ten, or more. And of course we use gang plows. And the new reapers. But you'll see them for yourself. Giddap there!

GRANDMA WESTON: I didn't see your father at breakfast this morning.

LEMUEL WESTON: He went over to The Grange to settle some business with the railroads.

GRANDMA WESTON: The Grange?

LEMUEL WESTON: The farmers' society to look after their problems.

GRANDMA WESTON: My goodness, sounds like your father was in business.

LEMUEL WESTON: He is. Nowadays a farm owner's got to be a businessman, as well as a laborer, an artisan, and a manager. Times have changed, Grandma.

GRANDMA WESTON: Not underneath they haven't, Lemuel. There's two things a Weston's got to be first, last and always.

LEMUEL WESTON: What's that, Grandma?

GRANDMA WESTON: A good neighbor—and a good farmer.