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Hugh Amick, District Supervisor  
W.P.A. FEDERAL PROJECT NO. 1  
"THE AMERICAN GUIDE"

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Date ..... Sept. 29, 1936. ..... Area Office ..... HARPER .....

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Number of words ..... 530 ..... Special topic assigned ..... Kansas Wheat Field.

Part of assigned topic covered in this report ..... Complete .....

Questionnaire categories incomplete or missing: list below with reasons for omission, i.e. whether material is still to be covered or whether the questions are not applicable to your territory.

Signed Arthur I. Foster  
Area Supervisor

THE AMERICAN GUIDE- AGRICULTURE.

S-170

Harper County, Kansas.

550 words

A KANSAS WHEAT FIELD.

by : Arthur I. Foster, Area Supervisor.

Adjoining the town of Harper on the northwest is a wheat field which I have helped to harvest for several years and have come to regard almost as an old friend. It contains one hundred and sixty acres, occupying the entire northeast quarter of section two of Banner Township. It is bordered on the north and west by other wheat fields, rising in a gentle elevation as far as the eye can see.

I have seen this field at drilling time. Sometimes the ground is dry and shifting under a south wind. The dust is blowing out into the road and the whole scene is very distressing and discouraging. The farmer puts good seed in but does not know whether or not he will ever reap any harvest.

I have seen this field in the fall months after the wheat has come up and rows of green shine in the sunlight. Especially when this field is seen toward evening and the sun is casting its golden splendor over the green wheat, the scene is very peaceful and beautiful. Cattle are quietly browsing to their heart's content in the growing field. At a distance from the highway is a straw stack with some of the cattle eating leisurely away and others reclining on the ground and chewing their cuds.

I have seen this field on a windy day in March or early April, with wind blowing a gale and fine dust settling over everything. The wheat looks sickly and pale. People commonly say that the wheat crop is ruined and that hard times are bound to follow the loss of our big export crop. Everyone realizes that we cannot stand much more of this dry weather and still hope to raise a crop.

I have seen this field during the latter part of May, after the land has been refreshed by the spring rains. The wheat now stands knee high or more, it covers the ground thickly, and has turned a very pale green color. It is starting to ripen. The hot, dry days of June are just ahead, and the farmers are getting their harvesting equipment ready. The heads of wheat wave and ripple in the breezes that chase one another across the field in endless procession.

I have seen this field under the hot sun of late June or early July, with the mercury hitting the century mark and the waves of heat rising on the horizon. There is no shade and the only thing the perspiring workers who are shocking wheat in the adjoining fields can do is to keep going. Binders are often at the beginning of the harvest season, as grain can be bound greener than it can be headed. The binders have now completed their part of the harvest. This is to be headed. Soon the header enters this field and is followed by a man with team and wagon to haul the headed grain to the bin. An occasional breeze bends the heads of ripened grain and ripples on out of the field. The dry, hot weather has turned the heads of wheat to a golden yellow. Soon the grain is harvested and nothing remains in the field but the dry, brittle stubble which breaks like chaff under your feet. The heat from the stubble field is streaming against your face and you are thinking that it will not be long until the tractor will enter the field and pull plows that will turn the stubble under and help to prepare for a new crop.

During July and August the field will be bare, ugly, and desolate. But when September comes again with its fall rains the new time for sowing will be at hand.

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SINCE 1893

I have seen this field during the latter part of May, after the land has been refreshed by the spring rains. The wheat now stands knee high or more, it covers the ground thickly, and has turned a very pale green color. It is starting to ripen. The hot, dry days of June are just ahead, and the farmers are getting their harvesting equipment ready. The heads of wheat wave and ripple in the breezes that chase one another across the field in endless procession.

I have seen this field under the hot sun of late June or early July with the mercury hitting the century mark and the waves of heat rising on the horizon. There is no shade to be found and the only thing that the perspiring workers can do is to keep going. The binders have finished their work and the headers are seen in the neighboring fields. Soon the headers are in the field, an occasional breeze bends the heads of ripened grain and ripples on out of the field. The dry, hot weather has turned the heads of wheat to a golden yellow. Soon the grain is harvested and nothing remains in sight but the dry, brittle stubble which breaks like chaff under your feet. The heat from the stubble field is streaming against your face and you are thinking that it will not be long until the tractor will enter the field and pull plows that will turn the stubble under and help to prepare for a new crop.

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