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MY FIRST HARVEST

I had no idea what a huge operation harvest is until my cousin invited me to ride in his combine.

by CARRIE ABELING | photography by BRIAN AND CARRIE ABELING

was born and raised in lowa, but I didn't experience harvest until last year at the age of 14. My cousin Randy Greufe had invited our family to a harvest party at his farm in Blairsburg.

As soon as we arrived, Randy waved us over for a combine ride. The cab only has one seat, but my dad and I squeezed in with Randy, and we headed for the cornfield.

Inside, it was obvious how high-tech farming has become. Several touch screens, including an iPad, provided live stats of both the yield and the moisture content. Randy watched the moisture content closely; the moisture level determines how much drying the corn will need.

Randy's data also tracks what seed type he planted and how much fertilizer he used. He'll review the information more closely later to determine what changes he'll make to his seed and fertilizer next year — both to maximize yields and to ensure that the land will be fertile for generations.

Randy also showed off another high-tech feature, letting go of the steering wheel to show that he can (and often does) eat meals with both hands while harvesting. Like most late-model combines and tractors, his have GPS-guided auto steering. Basically, you only need to take the wheel around corners.

As I looked across the field, I saw the line where the crop switched to soybeans. Randy said he alternates beans and corn annually so the nitrogen in the soil stays balanced.

Once the combine bin was full of corn, we hopped into a tractor towing a grain cart. It pulled alongside the combine, and an auger transferred the corn into the cart. We took our load to the barnyard, where another auger transferred the grain into a bin. As we pulled back toward the field, Randy Pointed to guys from the co-op who were checking the corn's moisture content. When they finished, Randy looked very

happy: the moisture content was perfect, so he wouldn't have to burn a lot of expensive propane to dry the corn.

Then it was time to haul the crop to the co-op. My dad and I crammed into the front seat of Randy's 1964 Peterbilt semi that made a huge rumble as it fired up. We took a trailer of corn barely a mile to the tallest landmark in "downtown" Blairsburg, the grain elevator, and lined up with other tractors and semis waiting to unload.

Randy said they'd weigh his truck before and after it emptied to determine the weight of the grain. He knew almost to the pound what the truck weighed. When he said he'd be able to tell exactly what I weighed when we were done, he wasn't kidding.

After we finished at the co-op, it was back to the fields, where the harvest team had continued without us. At any given time, there were at least four people involved — friends and neighbors as well as family. Once one family's fields were harvested, they helped their friends and neighbors. No one is done until everyone is done. That's the Iowa way.

It's all pretty amazing, something every Iowan should experience. If you don't have a family member who farms like I do, you can still get a taste of harvest from a couple of videos my brother, Wil, and my father, Brian, made while we were there. Enjoy the ride!

MORE HARVEST

For a time-lapse harvest video by Wil Abeling: vimeo.com/109407456

For a one-minute combine ride-along video by Brian Abeling: vimeo.com/142822945





