

Before they turned from everything to hay  
The wavy upflung pennons of the corn  
Were loose all round their legs - you couldn't say  
How many thousand of them in an acre.  
Every time Dick or Pike looked up, the Doctor  
With one foot on the dashboard of his buggy  
Was still n sight like someone to depend on.  
Nowhere but on the Bradford Interval  
By the Connecticut could anyone  
Have stayed in sight so long as an example.

"Taking his own sweet time as if to show  
He don't mind having lost a case," Pike said;  
And when he caught Dick looking once too often,  
"Hoeing's too much like work for Dick," he added.  
"Dick wishes he could swap jobs with the Doctor.  
Let's holler and ask him if he won't prescribe  
For all humanity a complete rest  
From all this wagery. But what's the use  
Of asking any sympathy from him?  
That class of people don't know what work is -  
More than they know what courage is that claim  
The moral kind's as brave as facing bullets."

Dick told him to be fairer to the Doctor:  
"He looks to me like going home successful,  
Full of success, with that foot on the dashboard,  
As a small self-conferred reward of virtue.  
I get you when you hoe out to the river,  
Then pick your hoe up, maybe shoulder it,  
And take your walk of recreation back  
To curry favor with the dirt once more.  
Isn't it pretty much the same idea?  
You said yourself you weren't avoiding work  
You'd bet you got more work done in a day,  
Or at least in a lifetime, by that method."

"I wouldn't hoe both ways for anybody!"