

Duck Season's Opening



A Tennessee River duck hunter. Note the green cane blind on the bow of the boat.

By DICK WOOD

The opening of the duck shooting season is a major event in the lives of over a million sportsmen. Ducks are widely distributed and popular game with all shotgun users.

Migrating ducks often light and tarry for days on ponds, sloughs and creeks, providing sport and duck dinners alike for the farmer lad with his single barrel "Long Tom" and the crank sportsman with his automatic.

Jump shooting on rivers requires considerable skill and provides more real sport than deer hunting. The usual procedure is to engage a local riverman to paddle his skiff on a float down river.

Thrills Around Bend

The start should be made on a considerable "tide" (freshet) which keeps the ducks near the banks, and the colder the morning, the better. The hunter invariably follows the convex bank, and the skilled boatman keeps the craft hugging drooping foliage, and paddles quietly, from the stern. One or two shooters sit in the bow and bang away at ducks along the banks, within range.

This sort of hunting is far more enjoyable and sportsmanlike than sitting in a cold blind, firing into the occasional flock that drifts into a bunch of decoys.

The river duck hunter anticipates thrilling action around every bend. When the ducks come out or rise per-

pendicularly, skill is required to hit them from a moving boat. Sometimes a small bunch of ducks will be sighted far down the bank and a long stalk by boat begins. If a straggler or brace of mallards are kicked up on the way down, the hunter has to make a hasty decision on taking the bird in hand or trying for the two in the bush. It usually pays to pass up no fair shots. Sometimes ducks are not frightened by shooting beyond half a mile.

Conservation Problem

It is illegal to use an automatic shotgun of more than three shots. Since wild ducks were diminishing rapidly, something had to be done by the conservationists. I contend it is not the gun, but the man back of it, who hogs the game. My idea would be to restrict hunters in areas where ducks are abundant, such as on the marshes of Maryland, to single shot arms; the river duck hunter will seldom kill the legal limit with the five shot automatic, and the extra shots do save a lot of cripples.

The 12 gauge is almost universally accepted as the best duck bore, but the 20 makes clean kills at slightly shorter ranges and is a more sportsmanlike gun where ducks are abundant. If using a single barrel, I prefer a 30-inch full choke. If a double barrel, 28-inch, right modified, left full choke. None but the best grade duck loads should be used.

FRANK FARMER Says ---By A. B. Bryan

The worst of all bad eggs is the non-laying hen.

The road through the one-crop cotton farm leads to the poor house.

Selection is the solution of successful selling.

Splitting farm yields with bugs and plant diseases is mighty poor business.

Home-grown feeds fed to home-grown livestock make home-grown profits.

After all, the real basis for a better and happier rural life is greater earning capacity for farmers.

Now, more than ever, it is apparent farmers who won't cooperate block their own progress.

More and better family cows would mean a higher standard of health and

happiness among Southern farm people.

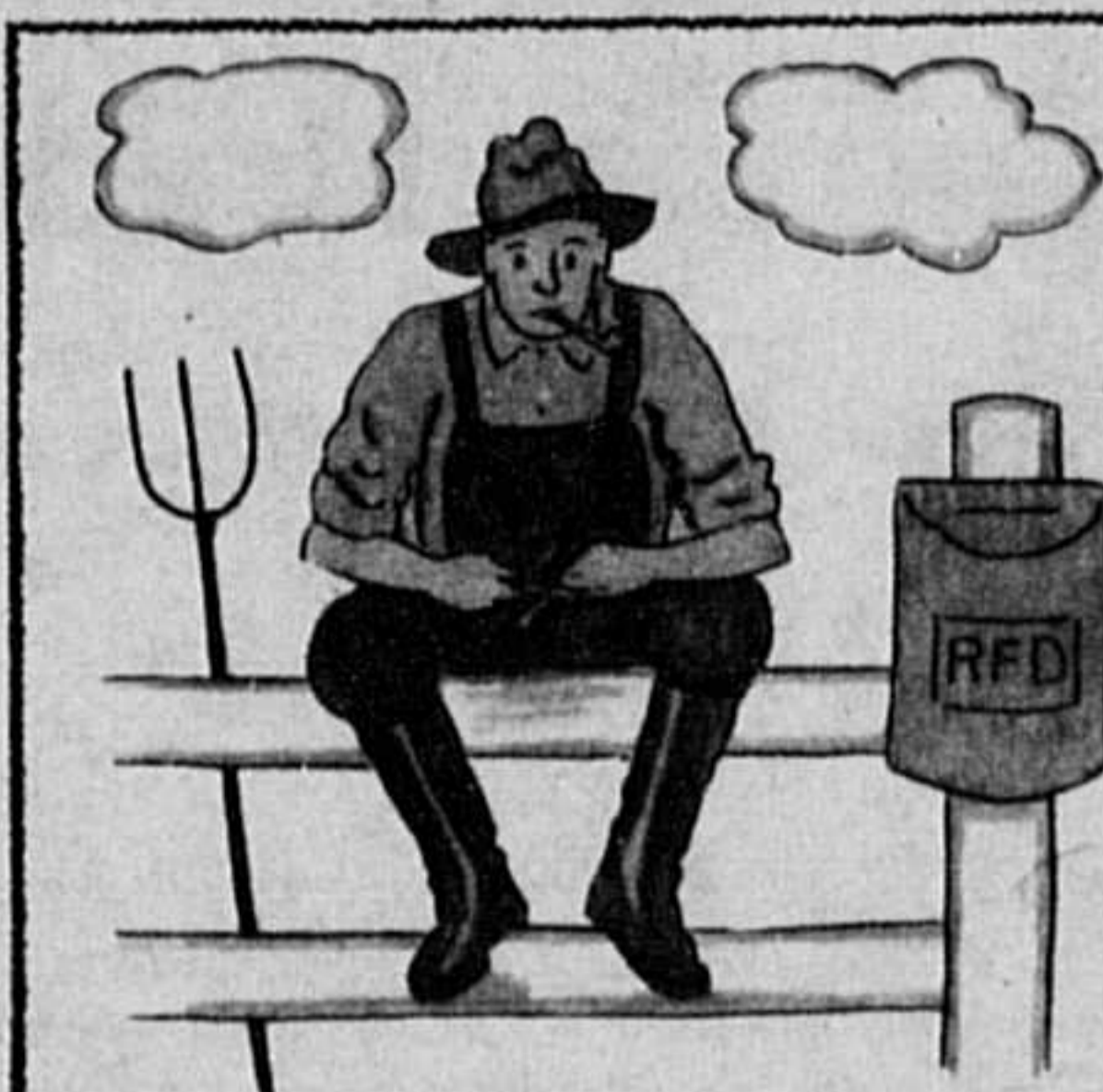
The test of the scrub hog is on the meat scales, when he is weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

A pretty stream through the farm adds usefulness to beauty when harnessed to a little home power plant.

Club boys and girls who live up to their slogan, "Make the best better," also set a fine example to their parents.

Yes, business before pleasure, but why not business and pleasure in a see-and-learn tour among the best farmers you can find?

Since we learned from our agricultural college that green foods keep bodies strong and well, with needed minerals and vitamins. It is easier to get our garden work done.



JEST A-WHITTLIN' AN' A-THINKIN' BY PETE GETTYS

Maybe there is and maybe there ain't somethin' that God made that's prettier 'n a Jersey heifer—but whatever it is, I ain't never saw it—and evidently there's some who don't share in this opinion for out in Kansas they had a "Beauty Bovine Contest"—open to all the breeds and not judged on the regular points—any cow—scrub or pure-bred, with sufficient "it" could enter the race, and the pickin' of winners was made strictly on the grounds of charm and beauty—artificial beauty aids, of course, were allowed, an' beauty shops did a landoffice business. Rouge, lipstick an' mascara were freely painted on, hoofs were carmined an' eyebrows penciled an' curled, bovine coiffures were baked an' frizzed into permanents that'll be the envy of the barn lot for many months." But the judges selected a registered Holstein as "Miss Bovine America," an' left out the Jersey queens.

Like the old feller who jumped a ten-rail fence—he said he had to 'cause a bear was after him. A lot of us fellers have done a lot of things durin' the last few years that we thought we couldn't, " 'cause we had to—the old she-bear depression was crowdin' us." Now along comes the Dept. of Agriculture an' says when sufficient pressure of hunger an' heat is put on some species of grasshoppers, an' they can't get around fast enough a-hoppin', they can change into fliers so they can get places quicker an' the young turkeys can't catch 'em. Grown at high temperatures, an' deprived of choice green food, grasshoppers in test cages grew longer wings, got slimmer, an' took on brighter colors.

Yes sir—hard times'll evolve a lot of things—an' make necessity the mother of invention with a vengeance.

When two fellers, both apparently about equally mentally equipped, an' one seems to get along better than the other, a reason's sure to crop out sooner or later. Over in the adjoining county there's a number of good farms and good farmers—all seemin' to get along pretty good—until the drought came this Spring an' their hay crops an' pastures dried up, an' they had to go to town for hay—except one—"just like a lot of other insurance I carry, I always have an extra silo to fall back on that carries me through, an' it has paid for itself many times over this Spring."

The feller who can't afford fire insurance is the one who can't afford to be without it, an' it's the feller who thinks he can't afford an extra silo that needs it worst.

"Neighbor, this shorely must be God's country around here—walnut an' hickory nuts an' chinky pins an' wild grapes and chestnuts, and a whole wagon-load of stuff that just grewed. Now, if a feller just had a yaller hound dog that'd tree ginseng, an' shary nosed razor-back hog to root it up—wouldn't he be fixed?"

It's mighty aggravating to hear some feller who doesn't know what he's talkin'

about say that the farmer ain't progressive—that he's operating small producing units wastefully, while industry, puttin' together the efforts of thousands of workers under a single roof, has swept by him and left him hopelessly in the lurch.

The man who believes these things is no closer to the farmer than the caricatures in the funny papers would make him. Those who have worked with the American farmer know that he has set a new record in the history of man in contact with the soil by the quickness and intelligence with which he has assimilated the results of invention an' scientific research, an' made the changes in his daily practice which new appliances and new methods indicated.

Bookkeeping on the farm of course ain't the exact science it is in case of many other commercial businesses—but there are some reliable cross section statistics of our country's successful farming—

But these are gross incomes—still they ain't the total gross, an' every radish pulled, every quart of milk used by the family an' its labor, every chicken an' hog butchered an' every day of housing enjoyed must be added to make a true gross.

Agriculture's more than a profession for makin' a living. It's the life of families workin' at it. There's no other vocation which requires the entire family as does the business of farming. Men who make their livin' farmin' have never prospered to the same degree that some men in other trades and professions have, even with the same or even more capital invested an' the same muscle and brains applied to their business, an' it's doubtful if they ever will.

The farmer can't control the weather, the rain, insects, disease an' other factors enterin' into the cost of production an' the price at which the product is sold, with the same degree of accuracy as the man runnin' a factory. However, for one that likes farmin' there's other compensations. There's an independence an' down right pleasure in workin' in the open an' with growin' things that only people thoroughly familiar with the farmin' business can understand.

This Summer there was a moon-vine growing on a stump in our side yard. We sat out on the porch about dark an' looked at the buds and waited for 'em to open. As long as we watched, they didn't seem to stir, but take our eyes away for a few minutes, an' lo an' behold! there they were in full bloom just a smilin' up at you.

"Listen, Honey"—said the old Black Mammy—"Look over yonder, in de cawn-fiel. See dem tall stalks move an' quiver? Yet dem nary a fiel'-hand near 'em. Hear dem big blades rustle? Yet ain't 'ary breath of wind to stir 'em from their sleep. Some one what comes to see sure, that our corn don't blight, that sun don't parch, nor rain don't mildew. Somebody is makin' sure that his children have corn for the winter, corn an' to spare!"

FOR ALL NIGHT EVERY NIGHT SOMEONE WALKS IN THE CORN.

Yes, some one walks in the corn—some unseen power, makes those moon-vines open.



Japanese Beetle grub, enlarged four times.

It has taken it ten years to get here, but that most destructive of pests—the Japanese Beetle—has arrived in Virginia.

Beautiful to look upon, because of his iridescent coloring, he is nevertheless, an unwelcome alien that must be vigorously combated from the moment he is discovered.

Quarantine has been established on the borders of Virginia, but no doubt, tourists from the north, coming down the Shenandoah Valley or arriving at Norfolk by boat from Baltimore, New York or Washington, have been innocent carriers of the first comers of these beetles. Automobiles crossing the border from the North are so thoroughly searched that the danger is perhaps a little less acute by that mode of transport.

In 1916, there were noted at a nursery in Riverton, N. J., unfamiliar insects, which upon investigation were identified by E. L. Dickerson and H. B. Weiss of the Department of Agriculture, as a species locally common on the Islands of Japan, supposedly brought in to this country in a shipment of nursery stock from that country.

Spreads Destruction

With only about one dozen of the beetles found in Riverton at that time, the insect has increased so rapidly it has spread destruction over thousands of square miles of territory, crossing New Jersey, attacking a wide area around Philadelphia, on into Delaware, upper Maryland, into New York and Connecticut.

Three years ago a few specimens were noted around Norfolk, and last summer the Japanese Beetle was noted to have sent a vanguard into Southwest Virginia.

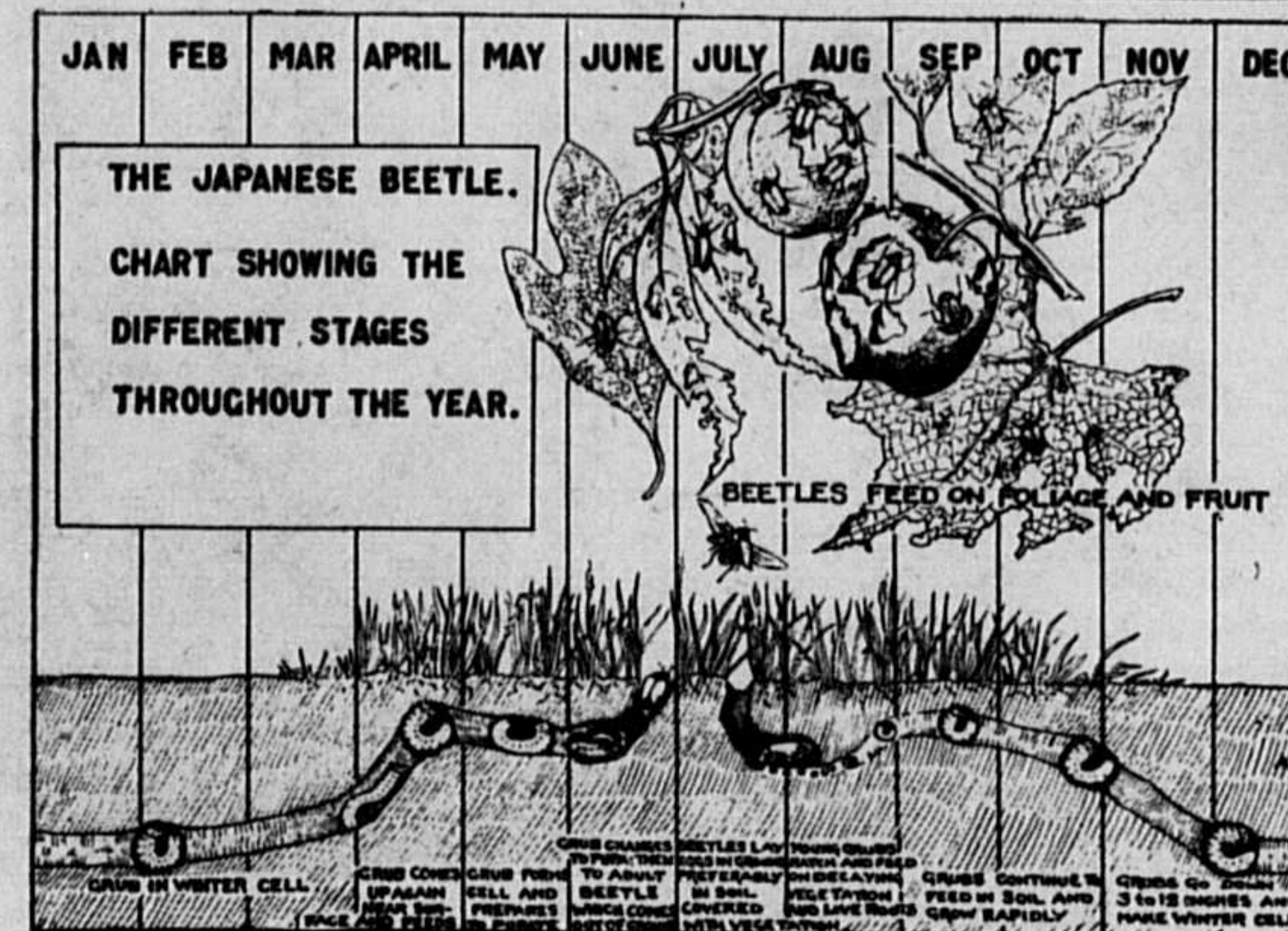
By 1919 as many as 15,000 to 20,000 beetles could be hand-picked by one person in a single day.

When they come, they come in earnest, as it is attested by records of count kept of catches on canvas spread beneath 156 trees in a young peach orchard. These trees were shaken vigorously and in about two hours 208 gallons of the beetles, or one and one-third gallons to the tree, were collected. The next morning, equally as many beetles were caught in the same manner at the same trees.

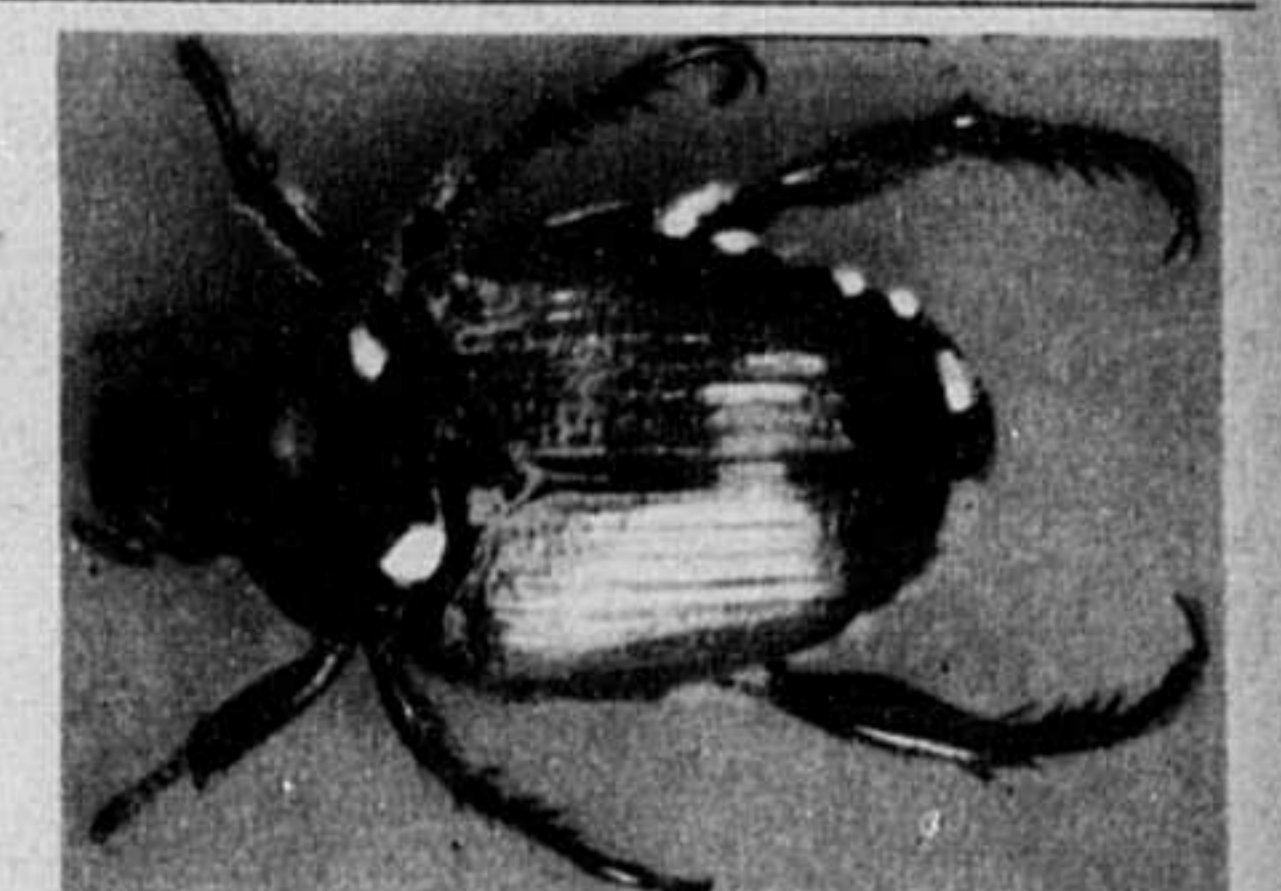
A grasshopper invasion could scarcely be more tragic than a beetle invasion. They are omnivorous, and during their flight period which extends from late in June to late in August, they feed upon shrubs, fruits and trees, converting the green leaves into a brown network, and sucking the life from the fruits which they attack. The long list includes: fruit trees—apple, peach, cherry and plum; small fruits—blackberry, raspberry and grape; truck crops—beans, beets, okra and sweet corn; field crops—corn, red clover, soybeans, alfalfa, timothy and alsike clover; ornamentals—roses, geraniums, hollyhocks, dahlia, marigold, canna and Virginia creeper.

Does Complete Job

Observation has discovered that the female enters the soil (she prefers a good grass sod) late in the afternoon, and deposits one to four eggs in the night. Some beetles have been found to remain three or four days in the soil; but in most cases the eggs are laid every third or fourth night. During the morning, the female feeds upon low growing plants. As the heat increases during the day, she becomes more active



This chart shows the life history of the Japanese beetle.



You'll recognize the Japanese Beetle if you see one like this.

it is at this time that they feed upon roots, thus destroying plant growth that would otherwise have escaped the beetles. During the Winter they hibernate underground preparing an earthen cell in which they pupate. Toward Spring they travel toward the surface, where the adult beetle emerges for the nuptial flight.

The warm sunny days and early Spring of Virginia are alarmingly suited to the pleasure of these insect pests, and the vegetation which they seek is here in all its variety.

How You'll Know Him

The Japanese beetle is about the size of a potato beetle, but a little longer. The head and thorax are shining bronze green in color, with the wing covers tan or brownish, tinged with green along the edges. There are white spots along the sides of the abdomen, with two distinct white spots at the tip of the abdomen, below the wing covers.

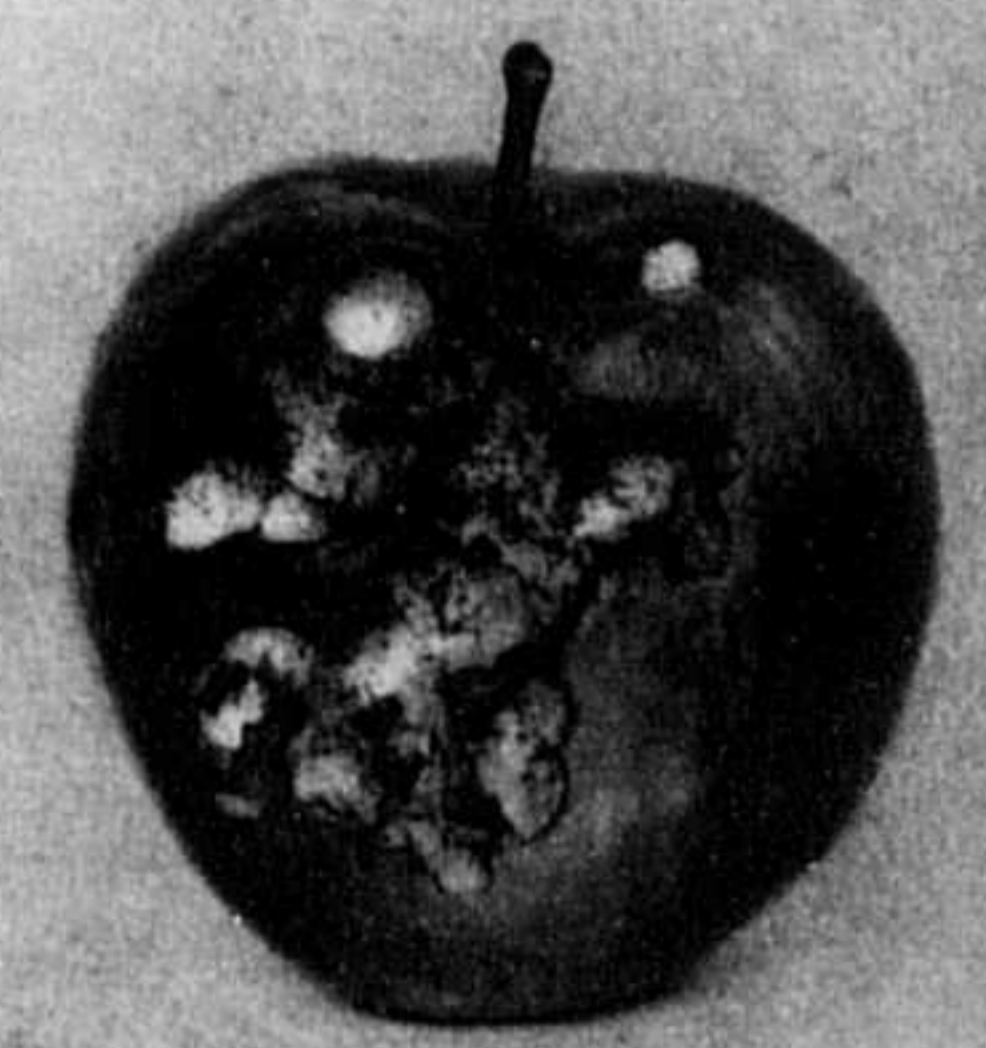
In Japan, natural enemies keep the beetle under control. One of these is the Tiphia wasp, a parasite which propagates by laying eggs on beetle grubs, on which the Tiphia feeds when hatched. A number of colonies of Tiphia have been liberated by the Department of Agriculture in heavily infested areas. These are not given direct to individuals to liberate upon their own domain.

But—we have some beetle eaters right here. The English sparrow, not a song-bird, and despised by many as a song-bird fighter and robber of nests has been noted to thrive upon beetles. The starling, too, has not had many friends up until this time—but that there is a wise Providence, is a sure defense in favor of the starling. Stomachs of starlings and sparrows opened for investigation have been found to be gorged with Japanese beetles, Mexican bean beetles, striped cucumber beetles and willow leaf beetles—four of the worst pests known.

So—down with beetles in general and long live their English foemen, the sparrow and the starling. The seeds they eat before the beetle is ripe for harvest, are but a fair fee for services rendered. Robins and chickens have learned the trick from the starlings.

Keep a sharp look-out for this formidable enemy the Japanese beetle. Golf courses, lawns and grassy meadows invite him. Orchards and the flower gardens tempt him. Travelers may unwittingly be giving him free transportation to a land of plenty in Old Virginia.

This photograph shows how thoroughly the Japanese Beetle damages Virginia apples.



The Japanese Beetle Arrives In Virginia

By CHARLOTTE MILLER TEMPLE

and disperses to the taller plants; and by mid-afternoon these voracious feeders are found in numbers clustered on the tallest elms oaks and maples. So, she may be said to do a thorough job, from the ground up.

There is a distinct movement of the males toward the plants upon which the females are feeding, and these fellows also fly low in the early morning to catch the females as they rise from the

sod. The eggs are oblong, approximately 1-16th inch in diameter, and vary in color from translucent white to a creamy yellow. Hatching requires from 9 to 27 days, according to the temperature of the soil.

They feed upon decaying vegetation and grass roots. The majority of the larvae or grubs are full grown—about one inch long—in late September, and



Rigid Culling Pays Profits

By G. R. COBB

There is a bright future in the poultry business for the man or woman who will practice business methods and pay careful attention to details, according to Arthur W. Perdue, Salisbury, Md.

For some years Mr. Perdue was in the railroad express business and became convinced that there was money in the poultry business if it were conducted on a business-like basis.

Mr. Perdue started his present poultry plant, Plant No. 1, with one house in 1920. Today the capacity of his laying houses has increased so that 3,500 layers can be accommodated on Plant No. 1 and 1,600 layers at Plant No. 2. He has a brooding capacity of 8,000 birds and an incubating capacity of 20,000 eggs. Mr. Perdue does no commercial hatching or incubation, but a new incubator he has recently installed is operated solely to hatch birds for his own plants.

Mr. Perdue culls very rigidly and none but birds of the right type are kept for production. He not only culls the youngsters very closely but all during the first season constant culling is continued and at the end of the year over a third of the birds may have been culled and sent to market.

While some poultrymen prefer smaller units—a 20x20 house to hold 100 birds—Mr. Perdue feels a larger unit is better as there is less excitement among the birds when work is being done in the house.

This Marylander prefers the semi-monitor type of house, with high windows permitting the sunlight to reach every foot of the house some time during the day. A deep house, of this type, is not subject to sudden changes in temperature with resultant losses in egg production. Drafts are not as severe, neither is there as much chance of rain beating in and wetting litter.

Mr. Perdue is using the Seidel strain of White Leghorns. He finds these lay a larger egg and their inheritance should be good as representatives of this strain have topped egg laying contests for four different years. He saves eggs only from two or three year old birds. Pullets are not as valuable as breeders and if long life is an inherited tendency then the older birds should be more able to pass on this characteristic.

While some of Mr. Perdue's birds reach the 300 egg mark, the flock, as a whole, always stands at or near the top of the Maryland flock containing 1,200 or more layers.