



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

your mind—and every one fits perfectly.

Intelligent feedin' is one of the biggest problems we have. Th Scotch have a saying, "Give a steer a gallon of meal and it is a gallon wasted. Give him two and he will pay for three." We always have to remember that it's only the feed above the amount required to keep an animal alive at normal weight that returns a profit.

Did you ever see a city feller in your life who did not say, "Wish I had a farm where I could have my own cow and raise me a garden and some chickens"? That's sorter like many of our prayers—we're asking for things that if given to us we wouldn't know what to do with 'em. The ordinary city feller would starve, even if some one planted his garden and cured his meat. He'd pull half the garden truck at the wrong time, and couldn't cut a slice of bacon—and he'd die of lonesomeness the first long rainy spell.

It's sorter worrisome to see the loss from the way manure is handled. Barnyard manure spread on the fields during the winter is worth seventy cents a ton more than when left and spread later. Experiments over thirty years prove that winter spreading increases corn yield 3 1/2 bushels, wheat 3/4 bushel and clover hay by 400 pounds per acre. Guess if only two farm machines could be selected, a manure spreader would come first choice, then a rake.

Did you ever notice that a pig, more than any other animal looks like many people you know? The moment you see a new pig you have a dozen names in

And can't agriculture take losses and still be the happiest and best business in the world? Read one time that erosion in this country destroys soil equivalent to the total tillable area used for the growing of crops in the entire nation of Japan, and Japan feeds millions of mouths. And some fellow figured out that more than 6,000 known species of insects are costing farmers each year something like two billion dollars—and losses traceable to weeds amount to three billions—and add another billion and a half chargeable to plant diseases and you have 6 billion 500 million dollars. Don't know what the erosion bill is in dollars and cents—but we in the farming fraternity ought to feel that we are in a pretty rich business to lose all them billions every year and still have some meat in the smokehouse.

And what a business it is of farming—the papers say the farmers' gross income in 1935 was over 8 billion dollars, and net income 4 billion dollars—about 3 times the depression low-water mark.

BETWEEN THE ROWS

by Roy H. Park

Along about this time of the year the Tall Story Club elects a new champion.

I hope the judges haven't overlooked Walter Hughes, 71, a farmer of near Edenton, N. C., who recently told a group of newspapermen that while he was hauling logs a big rattlesnake struck at his mules but missed them and bit the tongue of his wagon.

"And," affirmed Mr. Hughes who has been a life-long leader in Sunday School work and who has never taken anything stronger than water, "the tongue began to swell up so fast that I had to grab an axe and cut it off to save the wagon."

Then there's the farmer up near Luray, Va., who, as John Harden tells it, had for years permitted his hogs to pass from one field to an adjoining one by removing several rails from the fence and then replacing them after the hogs had passed through.

After thirty years of this a neighbor asked why he didn't build a gate and save time.

"Shucks," he replied, "what's time to a hawg?"

For the benefit of our male readers—the female ones already know it—this is Leap Year. And this makes timely a story my bachelor friend Alex Newton told the other day.

Alex is doing highway location work in the eastern part of Tennessee. He stopped by a mountain home the other day to get a drink of water and as he turned the windlass he heard the 16-year-old mountain daughter sigh to her mother—

"Oh, mother, I actually heard his heart throbbing last night when he told me of his undying love—"

"Are you sure," interrupted the older woman as she kept right on with her washing, "that it wasn't his dollar watch? I got fooled thataway with your father."



Alex made it clear to me that the girl was not talking about him!

Mr. James M. Rae, of Medicine Hat, Canada, is what I would call a very smart man as well as a philosopher.

He wrote the other day asking for a sample copy of this publication. Along with the letter, he enclosed a full-sized sheet of white paper with these 15 words mimeographed in the center:

"I had no shoes and complained—until I met a man who had no feet."

And now I'm just dying to know if Mr. James M. Rae, of Medicine Hat, is a philosopher just for the joy of being one or whether his 15 words were placed on the paper just to get me interested in him—and perhaps later in something he is selling.

Tom Jimison, of Charlotte, who calls himself "The Bishop," told the other day of the eccentric woman in Cherokee County (N.C.) who left a portion of her estate to God. After the will had been put on record one of those interested in the proper division of the property consulted the late Ben Posey, famed mountain attorney, as to how to proceed.

Posey told him to file the usual sort of suit, making the Almighty a party thereto, and to have the sheriff return on the summons, "After due and diligent search God cannot be found in Cherokee County."

At least, such a will is on file in Cherokee County.



The American Marsupial by Dick Wood

Not everyone knows that the lowly opossum is the only American marsupial, which carries its young in a pouch, but it is a certainty that every country boy and farmer has at one time or another hunted this little fur bearer with dogs at night.

The opossum is the most typical Southern fur bearer, its name invariably associated with hound dogs, darkies and yams. It is omnivorous, nocturnal and exceptionally prolific, having as many as three litters of five to fifteen young a year. Naturalists recognize three varieties, named according to habitat, Virginia, Florida and Texas.

When I was a boy on a Tennessee farm, our best night hunting "varmint" dog was a mixture of shepherd and bloodhound. He had the trailing abilities of the hound, and would fight his weight in wildcats. Many moonlight hunts were enjoyed over the hills of Tennessee; and "Old Shep's" bark in-

variably meant game, for he was a silent trailer.

The opossum is father of the saying "playing 'possum," for when overtaken he will feign death, and, indeed, stand considerable mauling from a dog before "coming to life." I've seen cruel boys bring 'em to life pronto by sticking a lighted match to one's tail.

During my night hunting days, we recognized two varieties, the regular size weighing up to eight or ten pounds, which came out soon after dark, and a small, dark furred sort we called "midnight 'possums" because they were usually taken about that time. The opossum is especially fond of persimmons and wild grapes, and hunters usually look for them where these wild fruits abound.

A fat opossum, properly dressed and baked, flanked by sweet potatoes, is quite delicious. In normal seasons 'possum hides afford farm folk with spending money. The fur is prime during the months of November to February, inclusive.

FRANK FARMER

Says ---By A. B. Bryan

Ignorance is certainly not bliss in modern farming, and it's folly to be unwise as to better methods.

My primary aim this year will be better farm products at lower cost to insure greater profits.

My New Year resolutions included one about pure seed for bigger yields and better quality products in 1936.

Mistakes on paper are cheaper than mistakes on land, so I am planning my work by careful study and calculations.

A 4-H Club boy and his new ideals are not soon parted.

It takes feed to make milk even from superior cows.

My scrub livestock became infested with parasites, so I got rid of the scrub livestock.

Permanent prosperity is within the reach of only the farmer who practices permanent farming.

Numberless Southern farm families have learned that chickens will help keep the wolf from the door.

Erosion control will make it true again that the best security on earth is THE earth itself.

The manifold luxuries of my own vegetable garden makes me scorn the corner

grocery store stuff.

Every community needs reading farmers who will serve as leading farmers toward more progressive and more satisfying farming.

The road from the one-crop farm to market is not likely to be hard-surfaced with profits from the farm.

Now as never before a farmer with a definite organized program will be a farmer with a profit.

Yes, my farm machinery is expensive, but it pays for itself and also leaves me time for more work and more leisure.

There is mighty little satisfaction in a dairy cow that returns a dollar's worth of milk for a dollar's worth of feed.

I wonder timidly what obligation has the Southern farmer to grow cotton for a world market at starvation prices.

Keep thy forests and thy forests will keep thee, is the new watch-word of the far-seeing land owner.

It is better to pay bills for fruit, vegetables, and milk than to pay doctors' bills. Better still to grow your own health-giving food.

"Agriculture cannot thrive in a co-operative society as a philanthropic enterprise."—H. A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.