



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

A young fellow up from town the other day was tellin' "how grand was nature—the trees and grass and birds and sunshine!" An' "how peaceful it all is—no hurry, no worry, nor strife."

Yes, the trees and birds and flowers make a pretty picture—but "no hurry, no worry, nor strife!" Nowhere in nature is there the slightest bit of kindness, of consideration for the suffering or weak. No landscape is so beautiful, or day so balmy, but the cry of suffering rends the air.

The fight to live and stay up on top never stops. Most animals die by violence. The snake darts out on the toad and swallows him alive. The spider spins his web to snare the unwary fly. The hawk swoops down on the hen. Certainly, the big trees crowd out and smother the little weaker ones. Some are born in rocky ledges. It's a struggle for existence. Others are at home on beautiful lawns where they're pruned and trimmed and fertilized and sprayed and get every care and attention—and can't you imagine the little yellow dandelion casting envious eyes at an orchid?

You never have had any kind of a pet until you've tried a pet crow—plain ornery and destructive—but the most intelligent and amusing of all feathered life. And if there's anything in your yard you don't want eaten—raise a pet lamb.

And speakin' of birds, I've been areadin' a book about birds. There's a whole lot of unsolved mysteries about 'em. People used to think a buzzard could locate a dead horse or a dead cow by smell, but tests pretty well show none of the birds has a very highly developed sense of smell.

And this business of bird migration has 'em all stumped. Course they know the winter weather and food supply has got something to do with it, but there's more than that back of it. Take Purple Martins, they come here from South America in March when it's so cold and bad there isn't a bug in the air, so cold many of 'em actually freeze, when they could still be in sunny Brazil.

Now they got an idea how they know directions. Been experimenting with homing pigeons, and find these birds are all upset by radio broadcasting stations, and think a pigeon's sense of direction bears upon the "electro-magnetic" hypothesis, whatever that is. Pigeons have been freed near broadcasting stations when the station was on or off the air. During broadcasting experienced pigeons took as long as three minutes to find directions as against a normal 20 seconds. Once 169 birds were let loose. More than half lit or returned after repeated failures to find directions. This suggests that birds may be sensitive to the earth's lines of magnetic force.

Anyhow, at milking time when the cows come up we like to see the old bull stick his nose down to the ground and bellow just as deep and scary-like, and paw up the dust, and the calves bawl and when the cows are in the stalls everything gets as still . . . and directly you hear the milk playin' a tune in the buckets, and the old spotted cat stands around with her tail straight up and rubs her sides against the corner of the barn, purring just as contented like . . . and away over yonder a little owl screeches . . .

"And the day is done! And slowly from the scene the stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts and puts them back in his golden quiver."

## BETWEEN THE ROWS

BY ROY H. PARK

We should do a lot this year—for we have one more day in which to do it. Incidentally, Leap Year also brings us two Friday-the-13ths—one in March and another in November.

ELEGY—1936

*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea;  
The pedestrian plods his absent-minded way—  
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.*

—Rotary News

Walkers are often just as much to blame for road accidents as drivers. They hang to the road to maintain their "rights," but being "right" is little satisfaction to a dead man.

"77 North Carolinians Draw in Excess of \$15,000 Salary Each," said a headline the other day.

"But," commented North Carolina's Ike London, "none of them is an editor, a preacher, teacher, or farmer."

A friend of mine in Tennessee, wrote inviting me to visit his state. Commenting on places of interest in Tennessee, he said: "Why I could take you on a little trip through the ancient capitals: Rome, Athens, Sparta, Antioch, Alexandria, Memphis, Carthage, Palmyra, and Troy . . . or on a swing around modern Eu-



rope by visiting Winchester, Manchester, Rugby, Bristol, Dover, Paris, Loretta, Cordova, Milan, Florence, Dresden, Moscow, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Christiana, and back to Belfast."

I wrote him that perhaps I may come later but that first I want to visit Niagara, Quebec, Japan, Ararat, Troy, Bombay, St. Pauls, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Broadway, Toledo, Denver, Reno, Cleveland, Dublin, Nazareth, Hudson, Bahama, Genoa, and Congo, all located in North Carolina.

Incidentally, I'll be glad to hear from readers in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, South Carolina, Delaware and Florida about towns with unusual names in their states.

Pointing out how little things may often mean a lot, O. O. McIntyre offered the following the other day to show how a comma may change the meaning of an entire sentence: "Woman, without her, man would be a savage." And: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."



## Trout Season Around Corner

BY DICK WOOD

In most states, the season opens on trout in April. Rubber boots or waders will be in order in Southern states where trout streams head in the mountains. Few trout streams in the South can be fished from the banks with flies. At this time of the year, streams may be discolored too much for artificial lures, and the natural fly season isn't until May, so the only recourse may be bait or worm fishing.

The ardent dry fly fisherman holds up his hands in horror at worm fishing, but I don't blame the impatient angler, who may be fish hungry, for acquiring a few trout by any legitimate means during the open season. The method is not exactly sportsmanlike, inasmuch as a worm caught trout is invariably hooked too deeply to release with any assurance of its living.

Nevertheless, when the stream is roiled, as it often is during April, about the only way to catch a trout is via the garden hackle route. The trout are lying in the pools, heads up stream, grabbing such food as the current brings them.

The still fisherman spirals a worm around a tandem hook tied on gut weighted down with a few split shot, and lets it drift down stream, near the bottom. Trout are generally taken near the head of pools, or by boulders or sunken logs, in swift water. They are seldom caught in placid pools, except late in the evening, or at night.

Nymph fishing is the next step above worm fishing. Nymphs represent the larval stage of insects before they rise from the bottom of the streams to shed their skins and emerge as winged insects. The helgramite is one of the best examples.

Nymph fishing is really indicated by early Spring conditions. While the sport of nymph fishing doesn't compare with fishing flies, it is preferable to worms and other messy bait.

The nymph of the Caddis, Stone and May fly are known to all trout fishermen. Every boy living near a trout stream in the Smoky Mountains is familiar with "stick bait," the Caddis nymph. It is found in small eddies or trash along banks, encased in the peculiar stick-like substance, and in lieu of artificial lures, may be fished on the point of a fly hook.

Other nymphs are the Olives—Dark, Green, Orange—Large Stone, March Brown, Pink Lady and Alder. Nymphs should be fished with a long, dark colored leader. They are dropped into the swirl at the head of a pool and permitted to drift down with the current. No attempt should be made to fish them near the surface. Only one nymph should be fished on a leader. The line should be kept taut to facilitate hooking.

Late in April, if the water is clear, flies may be fished quite successfully. Some of the best early patterns are Mosquito, March Brown, Black gnat and Royal coachman, fished wet.

## FRANK FARMER

Says --- By A. B. Bryan

The biggest waste in farming is the waste of time and energy in an unbalanced farming plan.

Sunshine must be mixed liberally with the ration for growing chicks.

A fruitful way to spend a little spare time is to prune and spray the fruit trees of the home orchard.

It costs me less to buy absolutely needed farm implements than to do without them.

Farmers who have supplies of home-grown feed are better off than those who have a margin of money in the bank from cash crops.

I don't mean to wait until mistakes make it too late for this season to get valuable information and suggestions from my county agent.

By using better seed and more suitable fertilizer on my crops this season I expect to be more thankful next Nov. 26.

The hundred million pounds of dairy products imported into the South yearly is a good source of income—to dairymen in other states.

Investigate the most successful farmer in any community and you will find a soil-builder, not a soil-robber.

Beware of the lazy cow that does not mind going into debt to her owner for feed consumed.

Rusting out is worse than wearing out—which is true of farmers' machines and of farmers' minds.

The best investment I have made in fertilizers is the cent I spent for a post card asking my agricultural college for fertilizer formulas.