

INTERESTING
FACTS FOR
FARMERSTIMELY HINTS
ON GROWING
CROPS.

Farm News

Edited by N. C. SHIVER, County Agt.

DOINGS OF
CHATHAM
FARMERSSTOCK FARMING,
POULTRY,
ETC.

News of the Week on Chatham County Farms

Mr. J. Hoke Siler of Siler City R. F. D. is also seeding several acres in this county to seed lespezeza in seven acres in the lespezeza strain Tennessee No. 76, this winter. Mr. Siler has had good results with the common for hay, seed and soil improving purposes, and states that its good qualities can not be over-estimated.

Mr. Sam B. Siler of Siler City R. F. D. is also seeding several acres in the Tennessee strain No. 76 this year, and also quite a large acreage in the common lespezeza.

Mr. E. L. Vestal of Siler City R. F. D. is a new member of the lespezeza club. Mr. Vestal is seeding the Tennessee strain No. 76 and also several acres in the common.

Mr. R. N. Connell is a firm believer in prepared pastures. He expects to seed ten acres in improved pastures this spring.

Mr. J. L. Fields of Bonlee is another believer in prepared pastures. Mr. Fields is seeding three acres in prepared pastures this spring.

LESPEDEZA SEED UNLOADED AT PITTSBORO

A shipment of 10,000 pounds of lespezeza seed arrived at Pittsboro for delivery to farmers Saturday of last week. Included in this shipment is 1250 pounds of the mammoth growing variety, Tennessee strain No. 76. A number of farmers came in for seed Saturday, but there is still plenty of seed on hand.

SHIPMENT OF SOY BEANS DELAYED

Last week's issue carried an announcement of soy beans to be delivered at Siler City and Pittsboro. However, owing to weather conditions in the eastern part of the State, these beans will not be unloaded at Pittsboro and Siler City, Monday and Tuesday, February 3 and 4, as advertised. However, they will probably arrive the latter part of this week, or the first of next.

HERD IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION FORMED IN CHATHAM

With the formation last week of a cow testing or herd improvement association, Chatham county took a step, which we believe, will prove to be the greatest single factor in the advancement of the dairy industry in this county. As a result of meetings held in various communities of the county Monday and Tuesday of last week, some twenty farmers announced their intentions of joining this association. Briefly, this association will accomplish the following things for dairy farmers in this county:

1. Enable farmers to cull out their poor producers, or cows that

are not paying what they should for the feed consumed, through the testing of each cow in the herd for production, and also through the keeping of an accurate record of each cow in the herd as to her production.

2. Cut down feed bills through the knowledge of the proper grain mixtures, and also through the economical mixing of farm grown feeds for the best production of milk or butterfat.

3. Enables the dairy farmers to keep an absolute cost account on each cow in the herd.

4. Gives dairy farmers the benefit of the advice of a man who has been trained in feeds and feeding and dairy herd management.

Some of the farmers who have announced their intentions of going in this work are: Mr. C. G. Oldham, Chapel Hill R. F. D. No. 1, Mr. J. B. Farrington, Pittsboro, Mr. R. N. Connell, Pittsboro, Mr. W. H. Ferguson, Pittsboro, Mr. Lacy Webster, Pittsboro, Mr. J. E. Clark, Pittsboro, Mr. Walter Perry, Pittsboro, Mr. Will Johnson, Pittsboro and others.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Seed corn dust treatments on co-operative plots on 22 Iowa farms proved their value during 1929? Their use boosted the yield 4.5 bushels per acre. Seed corn may be treated at a cost of about four cents per acre. The greatest benefit was obtained when the weather was damp and cold.

Records at the Iowa State College show that a dairy calf born in the fall can be raised to one year of age at a lower cost than a calf dropped in the spring. The fall calves also made a better rate of growth.

Self feeders for pigs have again proved their value. This time the results come from the Missouri College of Agriculture. The same tests indicate that fall pigs should be full fed from birth to market. Corn should be supplemented with a protein concentrate, and alfalfa meal so used is worth \$100 per ton. At present prices, a good protein concentrate is made with two or three parts of fish meal and one part of cottonseed meal.

The cost of building soil terraces should be about eight-tenths of a cent per running foot, or between \$3.50 and \$4 per acre on fields with a five per cent slope and which are not badly gullied. These conclusions are reached after a study of records kept by the Oklahoma A and M college. Terraces were built at the rate of 225 feet per hour. A fifteen drawbar horse power crawler type tractor with an eight foot terracing grader was used. The terraces were 25 feet wide and two feet high.

TIMELY TOPICS

Quite a large acreage will be needed in spring oats this spring to make up the deficit in small grains last fall. Remember that the seeding of spring oats offers a good oppor-



WOODS SEEDS

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tunity for seeding lespezeza, pasture seeds and other legumes.

Milking machines are becoming increasingly popular with dairy farmers who are handicapped for labor. For the man with ten cows and up in this county, and who has a labor problem, the milking machine if handled right would probably pay in the saving of labor alone. Milking machines would hardly pay where there is enough family labor for milking that could not be profitably employed elsewhere.

Now is the time to watch your cattle closely for "heel fly" infection. Heel flies are also known as "Ox Warbles" or "Wolves." The fly bites the cow or heifer just above the heel in the spring and deposits an egg. The egg hatches into a grub which travels up the animal's back, from which place it emerges in the late winter or early spring to do this damage over again as an adult fly. The time to control them is now, by squeezing the grubs out of their backs. After doing this, make an inspection every ten days for about a month to see that none remain. Cows infected with heel flies will not put on flesh, and are low in milk production.

"FARM PHILOSOPHY"

Blessed are the soil makers for they shall see profits from increased yields.

Highways to market are a part of "farm equipment," and therefore, better roads should mean better farming.

High prices for farm products grown in excess of demands are illogical, and right thinking farmers should not expect them.

Neither the Federal Farm Board or any other agency under high heaven can get the farmer a quality price for anything but a quality product.

Insisting on their independence keeps farmers from becoming more independent through group action in their business.

There is no "Winter of Discontent" for those of us who see a thousand beauties in winter's starkness.

More Livestock Needed on Farms

A growing demand for more milk, butter, beef and poultry makes it absolutely necessary that farmers in North Carolina increase their livestock production if they continue to "live at home."

"The rapidly increasing urban population has brought to the farm door the opportunity of buying those things that at one time were of necessity produced on the farm," says A. C. Kimrey, dairy extension specialist at State College, "but it is also increasing the demand for all kinds of livestock products. In neglecting to increase his dairy herd and poultry flocks the farmer is neglecting a wonderful opportunity to not only produce a good living but also make a good income from the farm."

In the early days of our history, states Mr. Kimrey, when the markets were few and far apart it was not only good business but a necessity to produce everything needed on the farm. This naturally led to the production of crops that were adapted to slow marketing such as cotton, tobacco and grain. But now, he states, it is not only necessary to produce the things needed on the farm but also to produce those things most in demand at the nearest market which, in most cases, is at the front door. The constant demand today is for food products from livestock.

According to Mr. Kimrey, livestock, pasture and feed crops in reasonable proportions will enable every farmer in North Carolina to utilize a maximum percent of his acreage and will at the same time, produce a decent living and a marketing surplus of livestock products.

"This is the only permanent solution and as long as the farmers of North Carolina refuse to follow this system, just so long will they have a small and insufficient farm income and a standard of living not in keeping with other livestock producing sections," says Mr. Kimrey.

THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today

By IRVIN S. COBB

A Pen Picture of the Bridge of Death

Napoleon's star of conquest sank when his stupendous campaign against Russia in 1812 ended in one of the most terrible and fatal collapses that military history records.

The retreat from Moscow was immortalized by novelists and by painters. It remained, though, for a humble participant in that enormous holocaust to draw a picture of its crowning catastrophe more intense and more effective than any a fictionist ever achieved.

The chronicler of the awful scenes at the crossing of the River Beresina was one Constant Voivry, who, as a valet to Napoleon, accompanied his master through the Russian misadventure. Under the title of "The Memoirs of Napoleon," a translation of Constant's writings was printed in 1905 by the Scribners and it is from this volume that I have drawn for certain extracts printed here.

Napoleon, entering Russia in June, 1812, took with him an immense force. Until the great World War of more than a century later accustomed us to armed hosts numbering up into the millions, his total strength of 450,000 men seemed tremendous.

From the very outset, the invasion of the enemy's country was marked by setbacks. Sunstroke, heat, colic among the horses as a result of feeding them on green grain, worked heavy losses in the columns. Straggling began; the road back to the frontier was lined with deserters.

Before the oncoming French the Russians steadily retreated, burning the country as they fell back. Napoleon's plans to force a pitched battle all failed; his elusive enemy declined the issue. He chased them across a desolated terrain and all the while the vigor and the morale of his troops declined alarmingly.

He reached Moscow, expecting to find there provisions and shelter for the winter. But the city was fired by agents left behind for that purpose when the Russians evacuated it, and within two days the greater part of Moscow was in smoking ashes and the French were compelled to quit it.

They retraced their way through a barren land and now the rigors of the northern winter added to their other miseries. Frost fought on the side of the Russians who constantly harassed their march, preying on the rear guard and picking off stray detachments.

It was at the Beresina, on November 26, 27 and 28, that the failed campaign reached its climax of disaster. With enormous losses, over improvised bridges, the French forced the passage of the river. From that time on, the army was a mob, the retreat a flight of starving, freezing fugitives trapped in a pitiless climate and beleaguered by wary and resolute swarms of foes.

CONSTANT was well-named. No man could have been more faithful in his devotion to an imperial master than he to Napoleon. We take up the memories of the adoring valet-historian at the point where he begins to describe the approach to the bridge of death.

There is one early paragraph which describes very graphically and yet very simply the state to which the once-disciplined legions of France had degenerated. He says:

"One brave and kindly officer took off his own uniform to give it to a poor soldier whose ragged garments exposed him naked to the cold, putting on his own back a tattered old infantry coat, because he was more capable of resisting the rigors of the weather. If excessive misery withers the soul, on the other hand it sometimes expands it to the highest point, as one may see. Many of the most wretched blew their brains out in despair. In that act, there was a resignation and a coolness that made one shudder. In this disastrous campaign I saw what vanities are physical force and human courage where that moral force which is born of a determined will is nonexistent."

Working in Water.

He comes next to Napoleon, of whom always he speaks as the emperor. The well-being and the comfort of Napoleon were of more consequence to him than the fate of the hundreds of thousands of suffering wretches who made up the rank and file. This is easy to understand. Constant may have been a painstaking chronicler; certainly his eye was quick to see, and his pen to set down, the horrors that multiplied about him in that most ghastly of recorded routs. But above all he was the servant. He goes on:

"It was frightful to see these moving masses sometimes halting progressively, the advance corps first, then those that followed, then the last. When Marshal Oudinot, who was ahead, suspended his march for some unknown reason, there would be a movement of general uneasiness, then alarming speeches would begin and, as men who have seen everything are inclined to believe everything, both true and false tidings easily found credit."

"By five o'clock in the evening of the 25th some trestles had been fixed about the stream, constructed of wooden beams taken from Polish cabins. The trestles gave way at a little past five o'clock. They were not strong enough. It was plain that next day the army would have to sustain the enemy's fire; but there was no room for choice. At the end of that night of anguish and sufferings of every sort the first trestles were driven down into the river.

"The soldiers stood up to their hips in water full of floating ice in order to drive the piles several feet deep into a miry river bed; struggling against the most horrible fatigues; pushing away with their hands enormous masses of ice which would have knocked them down and submerged them by their weight; fighting, in a word, and fighting unto death with cold, the greatest enemy of life. Well, that is what our French pontonniers did. Several of them were either dragged down by the currents or suffocated by the cold.

"The emperor awaited day in a wretched hovel. In the morning he said to Prince Berthier: 'Well! Berthier, how are we to get out of this?' He was sitting in his chamber, great tears were rolling down his cheeks, which were paler than usual.

The French Leaders Really Lead.

"But they exchanged very few words. The emperor seemed overwhelmed with sadness. It was then that the king of Naples spoke frankly to his brother-in-law, entreating him in the name of the army to think of his own safety, the peril being so imminent. Some brave Poles offered to form the escort of the emperor. They could go further up the Beresina and reach Wilna in five days. The emperor shook his head in sign of refusal but said nothing. The king understood, and there was no further mention of it.

"Before the bridge was finished some four hundred men were partial-

ly transported from the other side of the river on two miserable rafts which they could with difficulty steer against the current. From the shore, we saw them greatly shaken by the great pieces of ice which clogged the river. These masses would come to the very edge of the raft. Meeting an obstacle, they would stop for a while and then be drawn underneath those feeble planks and produce horrible shocks. Our soldiers would stop the largest ones with their bayonets and make them deviate beyond the rafts.

"The impatience of the army was at its highest pitch. The first to arrive on the other bank were the brave M. Jacqueminot, aide-de-camp of Marshal Oudinot, and Count Predziecki. This last named was a brave Lithuanian whom the emperor greatly liked, especially when he shared our sufferings through fidelity and devotion. Both of them crossed the river on horseback. The army uttered shouts of admiration on seeing that its leaders were the first to give the example of intrepidity. There was, in fact, enough to disturb the strongest minds. The current forced the poor horses to swim obliquely across, which doubled the length of the passage. Then came the masses of ice, which, striking against their chests and sides, inflicted piteous gashes.

Over a Road of Bodies.

"At one o'clock General Legrand and his division blocked up the bridge constructed for the infantry. The emperor was on the opposite side. Several cannons got entangled in each other and stopped the march for an instant. The emperor sprang on to the bridge, put his own hands to the teams, and aided in freeing the pieces. The enthusiasm of the soldiers was extreme. It was to shouts of 'Long Live the Emperor!' that the infantry landed on the other shore.

"When the artillery and the baggage were crossing, the bridge was so thronged that it broke. Then ensued that retrograde movement which crowded back in horrible confusion the whole multitude of stragglers who were advancing like driven cattle behind the artillery. Another bridge had been hastily constructed as if in sad prevision of the breaking of the first one; but the second one was narrow and unprotected at the sides. However, it was a makeshift which at first glance seemed very precious in such an appalling calamity; but what miseries ensued! The laggards flocked thither in droves. As the artillery, the baggage—in a word, the entire material of the army—had been in advance on the first bridge when it broke, and by the sudden recoil which took place, the catastrophe became known, then those who had been behind were the first to gain the other bridge.

"But it was necessary that the artillery should cross first. It pressed forward then with impetuosity toward the only way of salvation which was left. Here the pen refuses to describe the scene of horrors that took place. It was literally over a road of crushed bodies that the wagons of every sort reached the bridge. On this occasion one saw what hardness, what systematic ferocity, even, can be imparted to the soul by the instinct of self-preservation. There were some of the stragglers, the craziest of any, who wounded and killed with bayonet thrusts the unfortunate horses that did not obey the whip of their drivers.

Saved From Icy Depths.

"I have said that the bridge had no ledges at the sides. Crowds of poor wretches who were trying to cross it were seen to fall into the stream and be sucked under the masses of ice. Others tried to cling to the miserable planks of the bridge, and would remain hanging over the abyss until their hands, crushed by the wheels of the wagons, would force them to let go their hold. They dropped and were engulfed by the waters. Whole artillery wagons, horses and drivers alike, were plunged into the stream.

"Poor women were seen holding their children out of the water, as if to retard their death by a few moments. The emperor wished to retrace his steps, hoping his presence might restore order; he was dissuaded from this, and in a manner so significant that he struggled against

the impulse of his heart and stayed where he was, and assuredly it was not his grandeur that riveted him to the shore. You could see wint sufferings he endured when, at every instant, he would ask how the passage was getting on, if the cannons could still be heard rolling over the bridge, if there were fewer cries from that side. 'Imprudent people,' he would say, 'why could they not have waited a little longer?'

"There were fine examples of devotion on this unfortunate occasion. A young artilleryman sprang into the water to save a poor woman who, encumbered by her two children, was trying to reach the other shore in a small boat. The load was too heavy. An enormous piece of ice struck the boat and it foundered. The cannoner seized one of the children and swam ashore with it. The mother and the other infant perished. This good young man brought up the little orphan as his son.

The Emperor Shivers While the Soldiers Die.

"Some officers harnessed themselves to sledges so as to fetch along a number of their companions who had been made helpless by their wounds. They wrapped the poor fellows up as warmly as possible, comforted them occasionally with a glass of brandy when any could be procured, and lavished on them the most touching attentions. There were many who acted thus; and yet how many whose names are unknown! How few returned to enjoy in their own country the most beautiful memories of their life!

"The bridge was burned at eight o'clock in the morning. The 29th, the emperor left the banks of the Beresina and we went to pass the night at Kamen. There his majesty occupied a wretched wooden house. A freezing wind entered it on every side through windows, nearly every pane of which was broken. We closed the apertures with trusses of hay."

Constant was concerned, you see, over the privations which his beloved master endured. There is no word from him to indicate that in the slightest degree Napoleon showed remorse for the host who died that night or for the greater hosts who already had died in this hideous retreat—poor nameless sacrifices to the insatiable ambition of a man determined to hold military dominion over a continent.

Between Constant's lines we read the concern which Napoleon felt for the destruction of his army, but nowhere is there an implication that Napoleon was stirred to pity for the individual human atoms whose stiffened bodies by thousands and yet more thousands dotted the wintry plains behind him. Conquerors are like that, else they would never have the will to conquer. To them human beings are merely pawns in a mighty game.

So Constant, one perceives, is distressed by the fact that Bonaparte must shiver in a dismantled hovel, with only bundles of fodder to shut out the icy blasts. Immediately after telling of this he adds another paragraph which sums up in some measure the miseries of the forlorn wretches elsewhere in that encampment—men who have no roofs above them but the heavens, no beds beneath them but the frozen earth.

What Price Glory?

This is what he says in summary of the scenes presented within earshot of his master's resting place:

"Not far away from us on a vast open space the unfortunate Russian prisoners whom the army was driving before it were penned up like cattle. Truly, I found difficulty in comprehending that air of being victorious which our soldiers still assumed by dragging along a wretched superfluity of prisoners who could only hamper them by requiring superintendence. When the victors are dying of hunger, what becomes of the vanquished? Hence these miserable Russians, worn out by want and marching, nearly all perished that night. In the morning we saw them huddled close together. They had hoped to find a little warmth in this way. The feeblest of them had succumbed, and all night long their dead bodies had been embraced by the survivors without the latter having noticed it. There were some who, in their voracity, devoured their dead companions. The firmness with which the Russians endure pain has often been spoken of; I can give an instance of it which almost surpasses belief. One of these poor fellows having wandered away from the corps to which he belonged, was struck by a cannon ball which cut off both his legs and killed his horse. A French officer, making a reconnaissance on the bank of the river where the Russians had fallen, perceived at a distance a mass which he recognized as a dead horse; and yet he saw that this mass was not without movement. He approached it and saw the head and shoulders of a man whose extremities were hidden in the body of the horse. The unfortunate man had been there four days, shutting himself up inside his horse as a shelter from the cold, and feeding on infected scraps from this frightful lodging."

That is the final picture which I, for one, got from this narrative—not the emperor in his makeshift quarters, but the legless Russian clinging to life inside the carcass of a slaughtered beast. To my way of thinking it is a picture which all lovers of war for war's sake should be invited to read and reread and ponder over.

(By the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Better Shot

Angry Neighbor—That boy of yours has just thrown a stone at me.

"Did he hit you?"

"No."

"Then it wasn't my boy."

Navy Oil Reserves Being Drained Away

Geological Survey Records Reveal Startling Loss From Teapot Dome

Estimate of oil drops 118 million barrels—Secretary Adams asks new legislation

Urgent need of legislation in relation to naval oil reserves, particularly reserves No. 1 and No. 2, in California, is set forth in the annual report of Secretary Adams of the Navy Department.

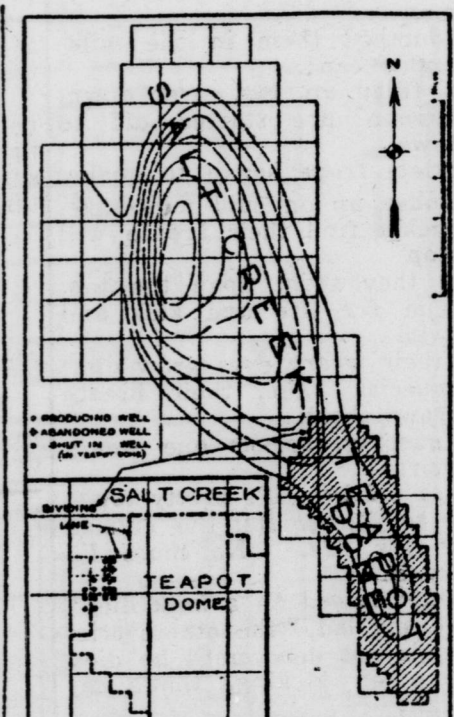
Referring to Reserve No. 3 (Teapot Dome) the Secretary says: "From present indications there appears to be practically no loss of oil or gas to operating wells outside of the reserve. There are 9,321 acres in this reserve. Total past production, 3,549,228 barrels; estimate of total recoverable oil, including past production, 20,000,000 barrels."

"This is the famous reserve in Wyoming that the Geological Survey estimated to contain 135,000,000 barrels of oil at the time it was leased to the Mammoth Oil Company.

No less startling than the drop of 118,500,000 barrels in the estimate of the recoverable oil under Teapot Dome is the statement that there appears to be practically no loss of oil to wells outside of the reserve.

In contradiction of this view is the renewed request of the Secretary for power "to contract with owners of lands within or adjoining such reserves for compensatory royalty (for the oil being drained) by private operators from naval reserves) in lieu of drilling offset wells."

That there was and would be drainage from Reserve No. 3 was clearly foreseen in a letter from the Inspector of Naval Petroleum Reserves dated within seventy-two hours after the Supreme Court had said that drainage was a mere prelude for the making of the Teapot Dome lease. In the Inspector's letter he asked owners of adjoining wells what they "would be willing to pay for the increased production" resulting from drainage "from within the naval reserves." Furthermore, the U. S. Geological Survey office records at Casper, Wyoming, do not support the



conclusion of Secretary Adams that there is no drainage to adjacent Salt Creek wells. Its records of seven outside wells along the edge of the reserve make the following showing of increased production since the wells in the reserve have been closed down.

Barrels per Month	1923	1929
August	1185	2758
September	1470	1855
October	1625	3122
November	1299	3025

As long ago as the spring of 1923 the State Geological department of Wyoming put analine dyes in thirteen Teapot Dome wells and colored oil soon appeared in adjacent Salt Creek wells.

All the evidence sustains the view advanced years ago by Secretary Denby and Admiral Robinson (but questioned by Congress and the Courts) that if the oil in Teapot Dome and other Naval Reserves were not taken out it would not be there very long. The theory of storage of oil in the ground has blown up in the face of the facts. The government has won some lawsuits—but the navy is losing its oil.