

# THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER

AND SOUTHERN FARM GAZETTE

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## TACKLING THE COMMUNITY SORE SPOT

OVER near Trenton, South Carolina, along one of the main market highways, there used to be a long stretch of deep sand that was the terror of travelers. Automobilists went miles out of their way to avoid it, farmers hauling cotton and fertilizers grumbled might-

had no place in the modern, progressive scheme of things: Reader, do you get the moral of this little true story? It is this: Every neighborhood in the South has its community sore spot—something no one in the community is proud of, and that probably



THE OLD SAND ROAD



BREAKING WITH FOUR MULES



AFTER PLOWING UP

ily at it, and here young horses took their first lessons in balking. For years and years the sand had remained, a community sore spot. Nobody did anything about it; everybody's business is nobody's business, and is attended to accordingly.

And then as one the progressive farmers of the neighborhood decided that too long had they been paying a bad road tax for the doubtful privilege of dragging through that sand bed. It is not recorded as to who were the community leaders in the movement, but the upshot

most folks are ashamed of, and yet something that no one as yet has tried to remedy. It may be a miserable stretch of road, such as this one in South Carolina was before the neighborhood got tired of it and expressed its disapproval by *doing something*; it may be a run-down, one-teacher school, with a poor building, poorly equipped, and farmers sending their children away to get an education, or actually moving away themselves to get better school facilities; or it may be that, through lack of organized effort, such as was discussed in last



MIXING THE SAND AND CLAY



HAULING CLAY TO MIX WITH THE SAND



THE FINISHED JOB

of it all was that one bright morning men and mules and wagons were on the scene, and the job was under way.

Four big mules to a big breaking plow tore deep down through the offending sand to the subsoil beneath. Then from a nearby clay hill wagon after wagon brought dozens of loads of red, sticky clay, and dumped it along the road, where the disk harrows cut it in and thoroughly mixed it with the sand. Then the road was rolled and packed and smoothed, and, lo, instead of a stretch of road that everybody hated there was as fine a bit of highway as the county could boast. And all because a progressive neighborhood refused to be satisfied with a road that

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week's Marketing Special of The Progressive Farmer, the community is each year losing thousands of dollars in the sale of its crops. Whatever the sore spot may be, the point is that there is probably no real reason for its continued existence. Just a little community leadership and community coöperation, and the evil is cured.

Hundreds of Southern communities have found their community sore spots and eradicated them; hundreds more will tackle the job in the immediate future. Why not take the lead in such a move in your own neighborhood?