Farmers Make Crop of Game

Pointing quail in a brushy fence corner. Leave fence rows and clumps of rocky ground uncleared for game cover.

BY DICK WOOD

SPORTSMEN are waking up to the fact the supply of game is not going to last indefinitely by letting Nature take its course. Regulating game bags, by state and federal laws is not enough to insure a plentiful supply for increasing hordes of nimrods.

Game farming has long been a custom in Europe. Any land owner, or city sportsman fortified with a shotgun and hunting license costing $2 or less can hunt in this country, but in Europe, the average sportsman is comparatively rich. There most hunting is done on public or private shooting preserves at a considerable fee.

Game shooting cannot long continue in this country for a dollar or two expenditure for license; half of that sum is spent on game law enforcement. It has long been done because the farmer has produced game birds and animals and willingly granted hunting rights to city sportsmen.

Hunting Necessary

In some sections, small game of various sorts thrive under natural conditions, and need periodical hunting to maintain a proper balance. An overabundance of squirrels or raccoon will damage corn considerably. Doves, pheasants and wildfowl will make heavy inroads on grain in the shock. So hunting is often welcomed by farmers who lack time to keep game in check.

Farmers who have considerable areas of waste land may profitably convert it into game refuges. Ring-neck pheasants, quail and ducks are easily raised for stocking purposes. Some states are experimenting with the guinea.

Ducks, when released, will leave with the migratory flights, but other feathered game will remain on the farm, if cover, roosting and feeding conditions are satisfactory.

Quail should be raised to maturity with a bantam hen, then be released in good cover, adjacent to feed and water. Commercially, quail are most economically raised by the incubator-brooder system.

Sportsmen May Aid

Pheasants may be released at 10 to 12 weeks of age. Pheasants range similar to, but less extensively, than turkeys. Swamp land is best. Feed should be planted in advance, if necessary, allowing an acre to each bird. Guineas will range in more upland, brushy waste land and will stand slightly more crowding than pheasants.

Ducks and Canadian geese often will remain or return to waters where they are raised, thus affording the raiser some shooting. Ducks are almost invariably released for flights and the good of sportsmen in general.

Whether the farmer is interested in bettering his own shooting opportunities or has in mind commercializing shooting rights, he will find it profitable and inexpensive to encourage game propagation on waste lands. A club may be formed of sportsmen who should gladly pay for eggs or breeding stock, brooders planting feed, etc., for shooting privileges.

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

Farmers who are not up on scientific farming practices are usually down on them.

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A timely summer tip from Solomon: "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread."—*Proverbs* 28:10.

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It's a crime against good health when parents fail to teach children to eat vegetables freely.

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W'anted: By every dairy cow in the South, a balanced ration, chiefly home-grown.

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In a growing crop, protection is an important element of production and therefore a big factor in profits.

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It takes moisture and fertility to grow weeds, and then what have you?

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A farmer who does not keep records for future benefit can not hope to become a record farmer.

Once our community found we could do things together it became a better community and we became better citizens.

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"Better a dinner of herbs and contentment," says wise old Solomon. Yea, and herbs from a good garden help to make contentment.

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I have fed hogs all my life, but I have learned more about balanced rations this year from watching my pig club boy than I had learned in all my life before.

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The little-respected by-products of yesterday's haphazard farming are the little, respected by-products of today's more scientific farming—and not so "little."

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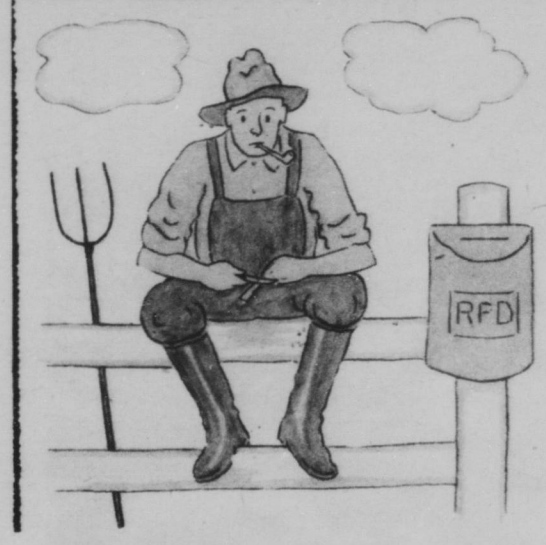
Nearly every farmer has enough low moist land which if put into pasture grasses would produce fine grazing for several cows.



JEST A-WHITTLIN' AN' A-THINKIN'

BY PETE GETTYS

Along comes a science feller who says you can make lemonade out of tobacco, for there's actually more citric acid in tobacco than in grapefruit.

An' nicotine has such a large an' growin' use for killin' bugs they're tryin' to make tobacco plants extra full of nicotine.

A feller in Massachusetts has learned how to turn cow ponds into laboratories. He puts six kinds of bacteria to work makin' vegetable gums in indoor water tanks. Billions of these cellulose-forming germs turned loose in the old frog pond produce cloth for dresses, swimmin' suits, an' things. Ain't that a new wrinkle to write home about!

An' here's somethin' to make your eyes blink: The U. S. D. A. got together a lot of fire sirens to kill 17-year locusts due this year. The siren's high-pitched sound waves is figured to drown out the insect's matin calls an' papa locust can't call an there won't be any more baby locusts. High sound waves, human can't even hear, have killed mice an' smaller varmints by congealin' their blood. A lot of off-note singers can do that—but the sirens'd be worse'n the locusts—an' a little thing like a siren blowin' ain't goin' to stop a gallant young-blood from findin' his mate. There's an old sayin' that "love will find a way."

Looks like sometimes we are gettin plum away from some of the fundamentals that's liable to throw us outer balance. 'Course cabbage does smell pretty ordinary a-cookin' in a cheap boardin' house—but most of us have learnt to expect sech things—an' it's sorter like homefolks to us. But good-bye old boilin' cabbage—in a year or two you'll be gone, for market gardeners will be offerin' us smell-less cabbage.

An' down in Florida they're tryin' to grow an odorless an' "tearless" onion—an' that won't be any fun, an' I bet they won't taste near so good neither. Coffee don't taste as good now as it used to when Maw roasted it at home Saturdays on a wood stove, an' it smelled so good, an' every morning you could hear her grindin' it in the little wooden coffee mill on her lap. Fact is, you can jest keep on improvin' things, as they call it, till all the best part is gone—an' I still want my onions strong.

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Ever have a pig for a pet? What a wonderful pal a pig is—the very flower of discretion. Your intimate confidences are safe with him. An' how attentive he is! He stands with ears straight up, his little eyes lookin' right into yours and his nostrils twitchin' with interest an' anticipation. Ever notice that a pig more'n any other animal looks like many people you know? The moment you see a new pig you have a dozen names in your mind—an' every one of 'em fit perfectly.

When you learn to know a pig, your admiration grows for him. He never poses like somethin', he ain't. He lives purty much to a pattern with nary a worry, jest plain contented. He has none of that nervous twitchiness that's so wearin' to live with. He has no ideas about anything or himself. He never gets moody, uppity or frivolous.

So, when you reach that time in life when you commence sufferin' from the chronic orneriness of a man over 50, get yourself a pet pig.

BETWEEN THE ROWS

Aesop's story of the satyr and the woodman is retold with a moral in a recent publication of the Rural Electrification Administration.

No doubt you recall how the satyr, upon meeting a woodman returning home one cold evening, asked the man why he blew upon his hands, and in reply was told it was to make them warm.

Upon reaching the woodman's cottage, the two sat down to hot porridge, and again the satyr questioned the man as to why he blew on his soup, and was told that thereby it was cooled.

Whereupon the satyr declared that one who could blow both hot and cold with the same breath must be bewitched and he left that place forever.

"And," moralizes the publication interested in more electrified farms, "despite his very active imagination, Aesop himself would believe the modern farmer bewitched who can by the snap of an electric swith, make heat or cold, power or light."

A negro minister was describing the "bad place" to a congregation of awed listeners in Tennessee.

"Friends," he said, "you all have seen melted iron runnin' out of a furnace, has you? It am white hot, sizzlin' and hissin.' Well, dey use dat stuff for ice cream in de place I'se telling you about."

This reminds the writer of what I heard an Irish preacher in Virginia say about the evils of whiskey when prohibition was being discussed on every corner:

"Drink," he said "is the greatest curse of the country. It makes yer quarrel with yer neighbors. It makes yer shoot at yer landlord and it makes yer miss him."

Mark Twain, the famous humorist, once served as editor of a Southern farm paper while the regular editor took a vacation.

Toward sundown on the day after the paper went to press an old gentleman with a fine, but austere, face entered the office and asked:

"Are you the new editor?"

Mark answered in the affirmative.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," the man who was later to become famous as a humorist answered. "This is my first attempt."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial: 'Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Think of it?" replied Twain. "Why I think it's good. I have no doubt but that every year millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree . . ."

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did. The language was intended to be figurative—wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I mean that the boy should shake the vine."