Minnesota University, University Farm. News Bureau
News release

For Release
March 5, 1933

OATS FOR HAY

Horses are well equopped to thresh their own oats, at least during the winter months when they are usually more or less idle. At the Waseca Branch Station of University Department of Agriculture the horses were wintered on oat hay which they ate from the stack, and the plan was so successful that it will be used again.

Oats were planted as a nurse crop for alfalfa, since no seed barley was available. When the oats started to turn color it was dry and hot, so there seemed danger that the shade of the mature oats and moisture needed for ripening would injure the alfalfa plants, as it often does. For this reason, the oats were cut with a mower and cured as hay. The hay was put in a long stack in the feed yard, and kept in excellent condition.

During the winter months the horses and colts ran to this stack all day, and standing out of the wind, ate their fill of oats and green oats straw. What little they wasted was picked up each day and was just about the right amount to bed down the cow stalls.

This method has several things to recommend it:

1. Most farmers find it advisable to grow oats, though this crop in Southern Minnesota seldom shows a profit.
2. Twine and the thresh bill are two item of cash expense that look big when oats sell at ten cents a bushel.
3. There is little labor involved in the feeding the horses, since they get both hay and grain at the "cafeteria."
4. The horses came through the winter in splendid shape ready for spring work.
5. More room can be saved for cow hay.
6. The alfalfa made a better stand than would have been probable if the oats were allowed to mature.

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News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 13 1933

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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Do Not Release before Wednesday, March 15, 1933

Horses are well equipped to thresh their own oats, at least during the winter, when they are more or less idle. At the Southeast Experiment Station, at Waseca, a branch of the University of Minnesota Department of Agriculture, the horses have been wintered on oat hay, eaten from the stack. The plan has been so successful that it will be used again, says R. E. Hodgson, superintendent of the southeast station.

"Oats were planted as a nurse crop for alfalfa, since no seed barley was available", Mr. Hodgson explains. "When the oats started to ripen it was dry and hot, so there seemed danger that the alfalfa would be injured. For this reason, the oats were cut with a mower, cured, and the hay put in a long stack in the feed yard, where it kept in excellent condition.

"During the winter, the horses and colts ran to this stack through the daytime, and standing out of the wind, ate their fill of oats and green oat straw. What little they wasted was picked up each day and used to bed down the cow stalls.

"This plan has several things to recommend it," says Mr. Hodgson: 1) Most farmers find it advisable to grow oats, though this crop in southern Minnesota seldom shows a profit. 2) Twine and threshing are two items of cash expense that look big when oats sell at 10 cents a bushel. 3) There is little labor involved in feeding the horses, since they get both hay and grain at the stack 'cafeteria'. 4) The horses come through the winter in splendid shape ready for spring work. 5) Mow room can be saved for cow hay. 6) The alfalfa will usually make a better stand than if the oats are allowed to mature."

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March 16 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Anytime

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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POETRY FOR PIG PRODUCERS

I've been to hear a talk on hogs today.
The man told how to raise them so they'll pay.
The process isn't new,
It's just that we don't do
Just what we should, just when we should, they say.

The gilts should be well grown, but not too fat.
They need a lot of frame and bone at that.
To feed the growing shotes,
Alfalfa, pasture, oats,
With corn and milk or tankage, will be pat.

Before the sows are bred, they should be flushed.
This means, abundant rations must be rushed.
So they'll be gaining fast,
And have more pigs at last,
The hungry squeal at this time should be hushed.

Then through the winter months they need some corn.
With oats self-fed and tankage every morn.
Then good alfalfa hay,
Some minerals may pay,
Then keep them clean and dry 'till pigs are born.

If you expect the baby pigs to thrive
And keep a large per cent of them alive.
Scrub out the pens and sty
With boiling water, lye,
And wash the sows if you can so contrive.

When farrowing, the sows should have some slop.
To keep them quiet and the fever stop.
Then test the milk supply
And pigs rubbed warm and dry
Will start to grow so fast they'll never stop.

If sunshine isn't present in the pen
And bones don't harden right, then
With good cod liver oil
The rickets menace foil.
It's bottled sunshine for the pig or hen.

Milk in a slop with middlings, and corn
Is fed in creeps, soon after pigs are born.
And sows are crowded, too,
To feed the hungry crew,
For healthy pigs don't need a dinner horn.

When weather turns off milk and pastures grow
The pigs should be hauled out so they won't go
Through worm-infested soil
And waste this feed and toil
For hogs chuck full of worms make gains too slow.

The pigs are weaned, from eight to ten weeks old
And corn with milk or tankage then is sold,
To thrifty pigs who pay
A fancy price each day
For pasture, grain, and labor when they're sold.

Another thing that needs some little care
Is shelter from the summer sun's hot glare.
With water clean and cool
Piped out or hauled by mule
Somehow, by hook or crook, be sure it's there.

A neighbor who had done all this told how
He raised more than a ton of pork per sow.
Pigs weighed two twenty eight
Just six months from the date
They first began to squeal and raise a row.

An interesting point this speaker made
Was when the highest price was always paid.
September hogs sell high
And if we pass this by
The gain in weight may prove a losing trade.

So now I know just how the thing is done,
I'm going home and plan to have some fun.
I'll try to work this stunt
To banish every runt
And keep the mortgage lifters on the run.

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, March 22, 1933

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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SUN PARLORS FOR PIGS

"Most farm management plans in southern Minnesota call for early pigs, and this involves the problem of getting maximum growth before the weather is warm enough to turn out in the pasture," says R. E. Hodgson, superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca, a branch of the University of Minnesota, Department of Agriculture. "Sunlight is the best disinfectant and is just as necessary for growth by baby pigs as for growth by baby boys. The difficulty is to secure the proper mixture of sun and pigs.

"It is the common practice to start cabbage and tomato plants in a hot bed or cold frame. The same plan works fine for starting pigs. A box big enough to hold the pigs comfortably can usually be arranged on the south side of the hog house and covered with storm sashes which can usually be spared from the house by the time they are needed. A private entrance, just big enough for the little fellows, will keep out the old sow who may want to poke her nose through the glass.

"If some heat is needed, horse manure may be put in the bottom of the box and wet down. Then after a few days, a deep layer of fresh bedding will keep the babies dry. Arrangements should be made for raising the sash on fine days, or the little fellows may get too hot. They also need some of the direct sunlight to harden their bones. Of course when it is uncomfortable they can go back inside, but a little care will help a lot.

"It is fun to watch the little fellows come out in the warm sun to play and then find just the right spot for a nap. When a pig is cold, he humps his back, shrinks himself together and does as little growing as possible. In the warm sun, he stretches out as big as he can and never goes back to place," Mr. Hodgson says.

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, March 29, 1933

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the*
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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca*
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PRIME PASTURES

"Anybody would get tired of a steady diet of meat or potatoes alone, but in various combinations they hit the spot about three times a day. Undoubtedly cows get tired of one kind of pasture day in and day out," opines R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca. "The grass along the fence rows around a sweet clover pasture is usually eaten close to the ground, so some folks say cows dislike the clover. Cows crave variety.

"It costs nothing to replace a few pounds of sweet clover seed with an equal value in timothy and it gives a combination of grass and legume that the cows like. On wet spots, a little red top or phalaris may make feed where the clover is drowned out. If some of the clover is winter killed, grain may be planted in the bare spots early in the spring, just drilling it in without working the soil in advance. Rape also serves to fill in for a season, but in quantities it may taint the milk.

"Most farmers have quack grass. It makes excellent hog pasture if used right. Just prepare the quack-infested ground and seed from 4 to 6 pounds of rape per acre. The quack will take care of itself and make a great combination. Quack grass is also good pasture for cows, replacing the rape with sweet clover.

"Winter wheat or rye may be pastured in the fall and spring. Then when it begins to get stemmy in early June, plow it and seed in Sudan grass. If you failed to plant the winter wheat or rye last fall, oats, wheat or barley seeded alone this spring, or better yet in combination, may be used the same way, but the pasture will not be ready nearly so early.

"Another way is to mix up sweet clover, alsike, red clover, timothy, rape and anything else handy, so as to make around 15 pounds per acre, and seed it with about twice the usual seeding of small grain. This may be used when 6 or 8 inches high, and should make a lot of feed all summer. There will probably not be enough rape in such a mixture to make anyone turn up their nose at the milk, if the rape is limited to 2 pounds per acre. The Southeast Branch Station of the University Department of Agriculture, Waseca, or R. F. Crim at University Farm, St. Paul will be glad to suggest more exact proportions to any one requesting information. Use some of the surplus land for pasture and let the stock feed themselves as much of the time as possible," Mr. Hodgson suggests.

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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START MODERATELY IN ALFALFA GROWING

Though alfalfa is a wonderful crop, it is best to start moderately with it, says R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca, a branch of the University of Minnesota Department of Agriculture. Showing how a person may sometimes become over-enthusiastic, Bob cites the case of Louis Sendelboch of Waseca county.

On his way home from the first University Farm Short Course he had attended, Mr. Sendelboch declared "I'm going home and plant 40 acres of alfalfa." Says Bob, "This was the first week of holiday Louie had taken in 20 years, and he had heard so much about alfalfa that he became over enthusiastic.

"It takes considerable labor, some skill and adequate machinery to properly handle large acreages of alfalfa. It would probably be safer to start with from 2 to 5 acres and then enlarge operations if that seems desirable.

"West of Steele county, it is usually unnecessary to lime the soil. In most cases it is easiest to plant alfalfa with a light seeding of barley, or on winter wheat. Where it is more difficult to obtain a stand, it may be better to work the ground until June or early July and then plant the alfalfa alone. At all events, the seed bed should be as firm as possible and the seed harrowed in. Deep planting usually wastes much of the seed.

"Twelve pounds per acre is the usual amount used," Bob explains, "but the Southeast Station has had good success using 10 pounds of alfalfa and from 2 to 4 pounds of timothy. The timothy increases the tonnage of the first cutting, makes the hay easier to cure and seems to make no appreciable difference in feeding. The timothy does not show in the second and third cuttings.

"On most farms", Bob continues, "alfalfa makes more return per acre than any other crop. Those who have good acreages would hardly know how to farm without it. The reason some people do not grow it is because they are afraid they will not get a stand. Those who have a 'pull' with the weather man will arrange to have a nice rain just after the alfalfa is planted."

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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RENOVATING ALFALFA

When alfalfa fields have stood 4 or 5 years, yields may be unprofitable, due to the land becoming so packed that air and moisture do not enter readily, and because of crowding by bluegrass. In most cases it is better to plow up the field and put it to corn for a year or two, but sometimes it pays to renovate the field.

At the Southeast Experiment Station of the University Department of Agriculture, Waseca, a field was kept in profitable production for 12 years by annual cultivation. R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, Southeast Station Superintendent, says it could have been maintained longer, if the expense was justified, even though three crops were cut each summer in 10 of the 12 years.

"Three times over with the spring tooth harrow, as soon as the frost was out of the ground, gave greater yields than twice over," says Bob. "Twice over was better than once, and once was better than none. However, the early cultivation did not kill as much bluegrass as working after the first cutting was removed. In fact, the cultivation increased the yield of bluegrass as well as the yield of alfalfa.

"When the first crop was removed, the field was double-disked each way, spring-toothed each way and dragged. This killed much of the bluegrass and benefited the alfalfa. A fine second and third cutting was taken, even though there was no rain for 2 weeks after the treatment. Unless there is danger of spreading a wilt infection, there is little danger of hurting alfalfa by too much cultivation.

"Another help to good yields of alfalfa," Bob continues, "is plenty of barnyard manure and a good growth for winter. The last date for cutting at the Southeast Station is September 10. Some years, fields have been pastured later with no apparent damage, but when the 'bad' winter comes, the short stubble fields are usually the first to be injured.

"Old alfalfa fields with a big percentage of bluegrass usually make splendid pasture for a year or so, and are reasonably free from danger of bloat. On the other hand, it is the new field which usually makes the greatest net returns."

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PIG PASTURES

"'Pigs in Clover', sounds nice, but how seldom it is seen!" laments R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca. "The old idea was to carry the feed to the hogs and yell for them to 'Come and get it'. The new method is to show them a good pasture and give the order, 'Go and get it!'

"Perhaps the best pasture is a big field of alfalfa, where the pigs can eat what they like and the balance is cut for hay. Rape is the next best bet, except for white hogs, whose skin may be poisoned when the rape is wet. Sweet clover is good when young, but it soon gets woody and bitter, so the hogs do not like it," says Bob.

"Winter wheat or rye is about the first thing green in the spring. The Southeast Experiment Station of the University has made a good combination by planting winter wheat early and using it for fall pasture by sheep or calves, but allowing no hogs on it in the fall. This makes a clean lush pasture early in the spring where little pigs can get a good start because the sows milk heavily on the fresh pasture.

"As soon as danger of frost is past, another lot is seeded to rape. The field is full of quack grass, and the two make a nice combination. When the winter wheat begins to get stemmy, the new rape is ready and the hogs are moved. The winter wheat is then plowed and put to rape for late fall pasture. By the time this is ready, the first rape field can be plowed and made ready for winter wheat again.

"Portable houses, 8 x 16 feet, are hauled around on skids for shelter. A similar building with a built-in self feeder has proved very useful. When the floors get dusty, the buildings are moved a few feet to new ground, which saves 'cleaning house'," Bob points out.

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
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BEWARE OF USING LATE CORN

"Using late varieties of corn in southern Minnesota is decidedly risky," says R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca. "Some late varieties of corn made new records in 1932," Bob points out, "and people who have noticed this may be tempted to try a variety not adapted to their conditions. A good thing to remember is that bumper corn crops are usually associated with low prices. In poor corn years, the farmer may have to buy feed, and then the price is apt to be high. It is more important, therefore, to have a good yield every year than to have an exceptional yield in the most favorable seasons.

"The Southeast Station of the University has tested early and late varieties in seven counties for the last 3 years. The conclusion reached is that the early corn such as the double-cross E x K and the yellow corn, known as McArthur's Golden King, yield better than late varieties when the going is tough. In 1931, Rock and Nobles counties were short of moisture and the early corn did best. In 1932, they had plenty of moisture and later varieties such as Golden Jewel, Murdock and Pride of Minnesota gave higher yields.

"Early corn has the additional advantage of low moisture at harvest time which permits earlier picking and raises the market grade. Every feeder knows that mature corn puts pounds on the stock more quickly than that which contains too much moisture. Mouldy corn is dangerous for some classes of stock.

"A variety which may be perfectly safe in Waseca county, is probably too late for Cottonwood county," says Bob. "Soil differences, even on the same farm, may demand varieties suitable for the particular conditions where the corn is to be grown. New varieties should be thoroughly tested on small acreages before being used as the main crop, so as to avoid disappointment. Home grown seed, or that grown under similar conditions a short distance away is usually safest.

"A complete report on the 3 years of variety testing has been prepared, and will soon be available at the Southeast Station."

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 10, 1933

SOYBEANS MAKE GOOD RETURNS

By growing soybeans, Minnesota livestock feeders can have, with almost no cash expense, a protein supplement equal to oilmeal. The Southeast Experiment Station at Waseca has fed soybeans in the bundle to milk cows, steers, stock hogs and sheep with uniformly good results, according to R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, superintendent of the station.

"Soybeans also make an excellent substitute for alfalfa hay, being equal in feeding value, but a little more expensive due to the annual seeding, cultivation and somewhat less tonnage per acre," Boy says. "Even then, the cash outlay is small and it is usually more profitable to grow beans than to go without a legume hay.

"The Southeast station plants the beans thicker than is generally recommended. Beans one inch apart, in rows spaced 20 to 24 inches, seem to give the best returns. They may be planted with a sugar beet drill, or an ordinary grain drill, using only every fourth hole. Even a corn planter will do a fair job by straddling the rows. Around 90 pounds of seed per acre will be required.

"The beans should be planted near the surface," Bob advises, "and rolling will insure a more even germination. Two cultivations with a beet cultivator, or a one horse plow, is usually sufficient, for in narrow rows the beans cover the ground quickly.

"For hay, the plants may be cut when the lower leaves begin to turn yellow and the beans in the pod are about half size. For use as a protein supplement, they should be left until dead ripe, at which time practically all the leaves will have fallen.

"The crop may be cut and tied with a binder with little loss in most varieties. At Waseca, the beans are stacked and a bundle or two fed to each cow daily. If threshed they must be ground.

"In southern Minnesota the Manchu variety is most popular," Bob says. "The Southeast station prefers the Habaro variety which grows as tall as Manchu and ripens earlier. Last year the unusual yield of over 30 bushels per acre was obtained."

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 3, 1933

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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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PLANTING CORN

"Corn fields with missing hills require just as much care and expense as those with three good stalks in every hill," says R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca. "A poor stand may be one way of combatting over-production, and of using some man and horse labor," Bob grants, "but who pays for it? It would be more fun to plant fewer acres and spend the extra labor at a ball game!

"Good seed is only a part of the battle. The next step is to grade the shelled corn so that kernels of even size and shape will permit an accurate check by the planter. Butt and tip kernels make just as good seed as those from the center of the ear, but only hand planters will seed them accurately. At the Waseca Station, seed from tips gave just as good yields as the largest kernels. Butt kernels may have a very small germ.

"A few hours spent in testing out the old planter on some rainy day may mean the difference between profit and loss on the corn crop," says Bob. "In the days when corn was worth money, a 24-acre field was checked up, and it was found that it cost $120 to use the old planter on even that small field, because of inaccurate planting. While the loss in dollars would be less with corn at present prices, each dollar means more, so be sure the planter is 'clicking'."

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 17, 1933

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* News for Southern Minnesota from the *
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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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ONLY GREEN GRASS GROWS

"Grass starts in the spring from food stored in the roots the previous year. When this is exhausted, the plant must die, unless enough green leaves are available to carry on the chemical process of changing carbon-dioxide to starch," explains R. E. (Bob) Hodgson, Superintendent of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca, a branch of the University Department of Agriculture.

"At this time of the year," says Bob, "one sees pasture after pasture where hungry cows are gnawing the grass right down to the roots. This is not only hard on the cow's teeth, but is hard on the grass and the cream check.

"Probably the little bites of watery green material taste good to the cow after the long winter, but there is little food value in it, and it means a thin pasture all summer. Weeds are not so palatable to the cows, so they have a big advantage over the grass.

"Pastures will make the best returns when so arranged that the cows may be moved from time to time, giving the grass a chance to catch up. Two 10-acre pastures will produce more feed than one of 20 acres. Grass 4 to 6 inches long will be more mature and have much more feeding value than when it is younger.

"In these days when grain brings so little return, it would seem wise to plan for an abundance of pasture when good stock can make their best returns with little outlay of cash and labor," Mr. Hodgson believes.

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 24, 1933

TONS OF TREES

"Thousands of tons of wood were burned last winter to take the place of coal. The trees were a lifesaver for men willing to work but without cash for fuel. The trees have served their purpose, but will farmers be wise enough to see that two trees are planted for every one cut?" This question is of great importance, thinks Superintendent R. E. (Bob) Hodgson of the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

"It takes so little time to plant a tree and the possibilities are so big, that some special effort should be made each spring to start a few more on every farm," Bob says. "Short lengths of poplar or willow branches, about an inch in diameter and 16 inches long, may be jabbed 10 inches into the dirt and stamped down hard. Most of them will be 10 feet high in 2 years, if moisture is plentiful and stock kept away.

"Black walnuts, stamped in with the heel in the fall, may be bearing nuts 10 years later. Maple, elm, hackberry and birch seed may be picked up in the spring and placed where it is wanted, or set in a row in the garden for transplanting later. Spruce and pine are a little more difficult to start, but what a change they make in the looks of a farmstead! Ten minutes to plant a tree that will furnish beauty and comfort for 40 years and then keep some family warm for a month or two of cold weather!

"Woodlots in Southern Minnesota are generally pastured," Bob continues. "This prevents reproduction of all but the least desirable species. Would it not be possible to fence off an acre or two, for 5 years, to get a new stand started, then move the fence to another patch and give those trees a chance? The man, woman or child who plants a tree is doing a public service and also making a good investment."

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* Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca *
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CORN CULTIVATION

Corn is cultivated primarily to kill weeds, points out R. E. (Bob) Hodgson. There may be other benefits from cultivation, but they are relatively of small importance, he explains. Experiments have been conducted where weeds were scraped off with a hoe and the corn yields compared with those from plots given the most approved cultivation. The scraping gave equal yields.

In another test, where weeds were allowed to grow, the yield was 17 bushels compared with 80 bushels where clean shallow cultivation was used. The weeds take moisture and food nutrients needed by the corn. At the Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca, of which Mr. Hodgson is superintendent, wheel hoes have been used on experimental corn plots, never going over an inch deep, and the yields have been very satisfactory, even up to 105 bushels of dry shelled corn per acre. This rather takes the argument out of the old question, "To ridge or not to ridge?" Bob says.

Surface cultivators undoubtedly cut the least corn roots and leave the ground most smooth. They would probably be used more extensively except that they are somewhat difficult to keep in proper adjustment and are of no use in stony ground or quack grass.

One man has a new idea, using wing attachments for spear point shovels. This would make deep plowing unnecessary and do a more thorough job of cultivation between the shovels. If someone would invent some way of killing all the weed seeds before the corn is planted, perhaps cultivation would not be necessary at all.

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June 1 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, June 7 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota.

Why Not Go Fishin'?

Once in a great while Dad would say, "Well boys, if we get the corn all plowed by Friday night, we'll go fishing Saturday". Those days in the woods or along the creek are among the most pleasant memories I have of my father, now that only memories are left. Sometimes we thought he was a slave driver, but on the infrequent holidays we found that he could play as well as he could work.

Farmers need an occasional change as much as city people do. The boys and girls are only young a little while, and often a father and son reach a closer understanding on a fishing trip than they do through years of working together.

June is the month of picnics. Farmers are working for 2 or 3 cents an hour these days anyway, so a day off causes little financial loss. Why not load the whole family into the jitney, the truck, or the wagon, and spend a day at the nearest lake or river? Cook some beefsteak and bacon on sticks over an open fire, or fry some fish if you are fortunate enough to get them. The family that can play together, usually has no difficulty in working together. Let's go swimmin'!

The sun is hot, the days are long
The times are hard, and things are wrong,
Come on son, let's go fishin'!
You've done your share of milking cows,
You've carried slop to pigs and sows,
You've done a man's work with the plows,
Come on son, let's go fishin'!

Sometimes this farming job seems slow
Your effort doesn't seem to show,
Come on son, let's go fishin'!
Let's do the chores and loaf a day
There's time for work and time for play
The grass looks greener from away--
Come on son, let's go fishin'!

We all get tired of our job
That's no excuse to groan and sob.
Come on son, let's go fishin'!
A day away makes things look new
We'll plan the things we're going to do.
And then come home and see them through.
Come on son, We'll go fishin'!

H. A. Seed

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News Bureau
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June 1 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, June 14 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota.

Treating Alfalfa Rough

Alfalfa is a hardy, deep-rooted plant which will stand a lot of rough treatment at certain times of the year. Old fields get packed and sod-bound so that water and air do not penetrate the soil as well as when the surface is loose.

In order to see how much mauling alfalfa would stand, a 14-year-old field at the Southeast Experiment Station was first double-disked and then spring-toothed twice. After dragging, it looked ready to plant to corn. The work was done after the first crop was harvested. In spite of no rain for several days, fine second and third cuttings were produced the same year.

Rough treatment in the fall did not give such good results. The third cutting was pastured all fall and clear into the winter. There were some stalks left for cover, and the first year no damage seemed to result. The next fall more alfalfa was pastured, the horses running on it most of the winter.

In the spring it was necessary to plow up 30 acres and the hay that had to be purchased far exceeded in value the pasturage obtained. Other fields where the third cutting had been taken September 10, came through the winter in fine shape.

From this the Southeast Station has concluded that cultivation in the spring is profitable, but pasturing in the fall is dangerous.

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News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
June 1 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, June 21 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS
by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota.

Curing Alfalfa Hay

Almost any dub can put up alfalfa hay when the weather is just right, but it takes a real farmer to make a good job of it when the weather is unfavorable. Then all rules fail, and it takes skill, experience and good judgment to insure green, sweet, leafy hay.

A few suggestions may be of value to those who are not very familiar with the crop. We have tried lots of things, and some seemed to be good. We like to get alfalfa in small windrows as soon as possible after cutting. It dries out just as quickly in the windrow, stands rain better, and is easier to handle. A side-delivery rake with left hand delivery is almost indispensable. When the crop is heavy, one 5-foot swath makes the windrow big enough. For light cuttings, two swaths are better.

We start the rake about 2 hours after the mower, going in the same direction. This rolls the stems largely to the outside where they can dry faster than the leaves. After the rain is over--or in case it does not rain, when the top of the windrow is dry--we tip the windrows over with the end of the rake, going in the opposite direction. This prevents the hay from roping and does about the same work as a tedder without shaking off so many of the leaves.

Mowing away the hay is very important if it is to come out in good shape. Every bit of each sling load should be moved and spread. This will help materially in preventing "hot spots" and spoilage. Salt will do no harm and may help some, but it will not make up for proper drying in the field.

Every "old timer" has his pet method of making hay. Most of them are good, but the one infallible rule for putting up good alfalfa is to insist on 3 days of bright sunshine after the hay is cut. Then get it in the barn as quickly as possible.

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News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
June 1, 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, June 28, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

LOOK FOR BARLEY SMUT

This is not the usual time to talk about barley smut, but it is the best time to see it. The loose or "naked" smut matures at the time the barley is in blossom and the big black heads may then be found easily. As soon as they are ripe, the spores or "seeds" are blown about by the wind, and many of them fall on the open barley flowers. The smut spore germinates and grows down into the developing barley seed, where it hibermates until the next spring.

This is the reason why chemicals, either dusts or sprays, have no effect on this particular smut. Since the disease "germ" is inside the barley seed, it can only be affected by soaking the barley in water hot enough to kill the smut, but not quite hot enough to kill the barley.

At this time of the year one may decide whether hot water treatment will benefit his next year's barley crop. If there are a number of smutted seeds, it will probably pay to treat the seed or buy seed which was treated the year before. After treatment, it is usually several years before enough smut blows in to reinfect the stock.

Some fields have run up to 20 percent smutted heads. Even if only 5 percent are infected it will probably pay to treat, as it may be worse the next year. At harvest time, the smut has blown away and the short vare straws cannot be found, except by very careful examination. Now is the time to see whether your barley is smutted.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
July 1 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, July 3 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

We Want To Meet You

Certain men have been entrusted with the job of making new varieties of crops for Minnesota. They are also trying to find out what will make crops more profitable. These men are farm boys who became so interested in finding out the "why" of Nature, that they have made a business of it. The University of Minnesota maintains farms or experiment stations where these men can study crops and livestock. The information they obtain belongs to the farmers and taxpayers who maintain the University.

Have you ever met these men, talked things over with them and asked questions about the things that have happened on your farm? The experiment station men want to know what your problems are, and they will be glad to explain the things they have found out.

Wednesday, July 12, a whole group of men from the central station at University Farm, St. Paul, will spend the day at the Waseca station, for the purpose of greeting old friends and meeting new ones. Officially, it will be the annual Visitors Day, but the "set program" will be mighty short. It will only be long enough to introduce the research specialists and explain what they are doing.

Unless a change is necessary at the last moment, Professor Andrew Boss, vice director of the experiment station, will head the list. Mr. Boss has grown up with the experiment station, and almost every farmer in Minnesota has either met him or read his articles in the paper. Then there will be H. K. Hayes, who directs all the farm crops work. He and his department are responsible for most of the new varieties of corn and grain grown in Minnesota today. His assistants will

be Iver Johnson, corn breeder at University Farm; LeRoy Powers, who specializes in barley breeding and the microscopic study of plant processes and A. C. Arny, who has charge of flax investigations, weed control and forage crops, including reed canary grass.

We are not sure who will represent the work with livestock, but it will probably be L. M. Winters, who is working out methods of breeding better livestock and A. L. Harvey, horse specialist, who will put on a horse hitch demonstration, if it is wanted.

Those most interested in fruit and garden crops will have a chance to talk with W. G. Brierley of the division of horticulture. His specialties are raspberries and tree fruits. Then there will be the Waseca staff: C. W. Doxtator, who is breeding new varieties of corn and sweet clover at Waseca; Forrest Immer, who had all sorts of experiments running with sugar beets, and Bob Hodgson, who has watched things grow at the Waseca station for the past 14 years.

The set program will begin at 1:15 after a picnic lunch on the Waseca station lawn. Then there will be a demonstration of market grades of lambs.

The rest of the day, from 9:30 to 4:30, you are free to visit the plots or livestock at the station, where specialists will be on hand to explain the new things being tested. Bring your picnic dinner. Coffee will be served free.

We would like to have you write us--just "Bob Hodgson, Experiment Station, Waseca"-- about what you would like to see or do on Visitors Day. We want this to be your day. What can we do to serve you?

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
July 1 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, July 12 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Horses Happily Hitched

A bushel of oats will just about pay for a gallon of gas, but it takes 20 or 30 gallons of gas to run a tractor all day, while 2 bushels of oats, some grass and a bite of hay will keep a four-horse team on the job--with no oil except on the harness. At the end of a few years, the tractor represents junk, while a good brood mare will be represented by several marketable colts.

Farmers are doing more work with horses this summer, and keeping the tractor in the shed except during the rush times. This again brings about a new interest in hitches. It only stands to reason that the more comfortably a horse is fastened to the load, the more pounds he can pull and the longer he will last.

Most men still drive four horses abreast on a grain binder. Probably this is mostly because grandpa did it. With a good lead team, a colt can be handled just as well with the teams tandem. Other advantages of the tandem hitch are, it eliminates side draft, reducing the drag on the team to a noticeable extent and there are no horses crowded in the middle where they get no advantage of a possible breeze. The heat of the outside horses must make a big addition to the efforts of a July sun. We use four horses tandem on the binder and never expect to go back to four abreast.

Most men hitch five horses to a plow with two in front and three behind. Those who have reversed this order, like it much better. The team handles more easily and works more comfortably. Blue print plans showing the proper hitches can be obtained free from the Agricultural Engineering Division, University Farm, St. Paul. Write for them.

News Bureau
July 5, 1933
University Farm
St. Paul, Minnesota

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, July 19,1933

Select Good Natured Pigs

Disposition, both in pigs and people, is passed on from one generation to the next. In selecting brood sows, it pays to pick the pigs from a good mother.

Right now, most hog breeders are looking over their growing gilts with an eye to choosing those which will raise the best families next spring. Size for age is probably the most important thing to select for, because the ability to make rapid gains is also inherited. Then, of course, type and conformation are considered, but disposition should not be forgotten.

At the Southeast Experiment station, hogs have been inbred up to eight generations of brother-sister mating. One line is uniformly wild. They will never make friends with the caretaker, they are hard to move from place to place and at farrowing time they are usually vicious.

This spring one sow with seven pigs, 2 days old, got scared because a stranger came in the hog house. She rooted her pigs into a corner, piled bedding on top of them, and then stood on top of the pile, defying all comers. Even the caretaker who had tried hard to gain her confidence, had to use a hurdle to get in the pen. In the fracas, every pig was killed.

In the next pen, a sow from a good natured line was undisturbed. Her pigs could be handled easily and even a child could go in and pet her. The little pigs were soon pulling shoestrings and wanting to play, every time a visitor came in the pen. This friendliness is characteristic of all the pigs of that line of breeding.

(More)

Pigs from the cross line are just as much the other way. When 2 hours old they will snap at a finger. At 200 pounds, they will run away and hide from the caretaker if possible.

It is well worth while to select breeding stock of a quiet, docile disposition where large litters of quick-growing pigs are customary.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
July 5, 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday July 26, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Minturki Winter Wheat

Threshing machines are now busy passing out the dividends for each farmer's land and labor used for small grain. Probably some will receive a decent return for their investment. Others may not even get their seed back. God makes the weather, man makes the mistakes, and the result is checked up at threshing time.

It is usually a good plan to raise a diversity of crops whenever possible. If one is a fizzle, another may be good. In planning this diversification, winter wheat should be considered in southern Minnesota. Since the introduction of the Minturki variety it has become one of the safest crops, at least in the southeastern part of the state.

Winter wheat lessens the spring work by having some of the small grain out of the way. It makes excellent pasture late in the fall and even early in the spring. As a nurse crop it is excelled only by barley. It ripens early and distributes the harvest season over a longer period. The Minturki variety is seldom injured by black stem rust and is almost as hardy as rye.

Winter wheat usually sells at a slight discount, compared with No. 1 spring wheat, because it is softer, but the larger yeild more than makes up for this in most cases. As feed, the winter wheat is especially good for poultry or in a mixed ration for hogs or cows. A large proportions of the crop is marketed through livestock. The average yeild for 10 years at the Southeast Experiment Station is over 25 bushels per acre.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
July 29 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, August 2 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Useful Swamps

If your farm has a slough, a pot hole or part of a dried lake in it, you have about the same problem as most farmers in Southern Minnesota. These low spots usually flood just often enough to make them a poor gamble as crop land. Many of them can be drained, but not with hogs selling around $4 a hundred, nor would it pay, even with oats at 30 cents.

Of course there is some pasture from low, wet land, but it is generally low in both quality and yield and one cannot be certain that livestock can always get at it. Neglected and unkempt, these wet spots raise Canada thistles to annoy the neighbors, golden rod to aggravate the hay fever enthusiasts and enough other weeds to make any good farmer disgusted. The only group so far discovered which likes a wet spot on the farm, is the mosquito family and some of their cousins.

Some farmers have turned these unsightly pot holes and bogs into productive and pleasing meadows by leveling them off and planting phalaris, or reed canary grass. The phalaris stands flooding for long periods (except with hot stagnant water). It kills out thistles, cat tails, golden rod and other weeds. It makes a firm sod which will carry a team and rack safely and gives a good return of palatable hay or pasture. This crop is relatively simple to get started and is not expensive if the seed cost is distributed over a long period of years. The hay is as easily cured, as is timothy of an equal tonnage and the fields seem to require no care when once established.

Of course a crop with all these good points undoubtedly has some bad ones. The only one so far discovered is that, like alfalfa, it requires a lot of work to put up all the hay. Even the old timers have not found anything else wrong with reed canary grass.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
July 29 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, August 9 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Watching the Weeds Seed.

Weeds do not seem to bother some people. There is a vast contrast between a neighbor we once had, called "Scrap Iron John", and Mrs. Richard Roe, who boasts that she has at last dug the last dandelion out of her lawn. Most of us fit in somewhere between these two extremes. Most of us are willing to fight weeds, but it seems like a never-ending, uphill struggle against staggering odds.

Fourteen years ago, the Southeast Experiment Station was almost solid quack grass, with all the other weeds that could possibly find place for a root in between. We have made some progress killing them, but it has been slow. We still have a little quack in the fence rows, a few thistle patches, etc., but there are indications that the enemy is weakening.

One practice that has seemed to help is early fall plowing. For years, weeds were allowed to go to seed and then plowed under when mature. The next time the ground was plowed, these seeds were turned up, all rested and ready to do big business. We have tried to turn the ground before the seed was ripe, which in most cases would destroy it. If this could not be done quickly enough, the field was disked so as to induce germination before plowing.

Another thing that has helped, is spring-toothing or disking the early fall plowing, so as to get the weed seeds to germinate in the fall, instead of waiting for spring. We always supposed that land should be left rough over winter so as to induce floculation by freezing and thawing. Apparently the spring-tooth leaves it rough enough, for it has been as lively as late plowed soil next spring, and at least one crop of weeds was killed.

We have also found that we could kill quack grass more easily in August than in April. When Canada thistles get bad, we sow the field to alfalfa for 3 or 4 years, which usually licks them. We try to pasture the sheep on any patch where sow thistles appear and turn the hogs into the pusley. We compost our manure before spreading it. We try to keep the corn fields clean and to mow the fence rows. We still have weeds, but we believe we are driving them back a little each year.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
August 12 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, August 16 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Lengthening The Pasture Season

Stock requires the least care when it runs in the pasture. Particularly in the spring and fall, when every farmer is up to his ears in field work, it is a relief to turn the cows out on lush grass and let them take care of themselves. Probably the cows appreciate it even more than the choreboys.

Native bluegrass pasture should not be used before June 1 in Southern Minnesota, if it is to be any good at all during August. The cattle should also be taken off early enough so that some growth will be made for winter cover. Sweet clover is ready a little earlier, say May 15 as an average, but here again the new seeding should not be pastured too heavily in the fall.

One of the best ways to lengthen the pasture season is to plant a generous acreage of rye or winter wheat. This may be planted in August and by the middle of September it will be in ideal condition for pasture. If there is enough of it, good grazing may be had up to the time snow flies and cold weather definitely sets in. This means a pasture season from a month to six weeks longer than usual.

The rye or winter wheat is also about the first thing to start in the spring. By May 1 it is usually 6 inches high and makes a lot of feed. When the main pasture is ready, the rye or winter wheat may be plowed up for corn, or if the stand is good enough it may be left for a crop. Thin places can be touched up by drilling in a bushel of early oats per acre. The combination makes excellent feed.

One year we turned 25 good shropshire ewes into 20 acres of winter wheat about September 15. It was our object to flush the ewes without hurting the wheat. Next spring our lamb crop included five sets of triplets and two sets of quadruplets. Since then we have been more moderate in our flushing for fear of too many bottle lambs. But the point I wanted to make was that our wheat that year yielded over 30 bushels an acre, showing that it can be pastured moderately without harm.

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News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
August 12 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, August 23, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Garden Sass

The total cash expense for a good garden need not be over 2 dollars a season. Few investments yield such huge returns--not in dollars, but in values money cannot buy. Right now, many families are going back to the old plan of getting almost their entire living from the farm. Those who have planned a little in advance are living high.

Sweet corn on the cob, an hour after it is picked, tastes quite different from sweet corn 2 days old. Strawberries, currants, gooseberry and grape jam, buttered beets, beans, peas, green apple sauce and pies, rhubarb, asparagus, sliced cucumbers, pickles, raspberries, cabbage, tomatoes—the list is long, and the variety infinite. What a wonderful combination are a good cook and a good garden!

Then there are melons coming on. (Mr. Hodgson wrote this article about August 3. - The Editor.) These are a little more uncertain, but this seems to be a melon year. Won't it be fun to help finish a couple of melons between loads at silo filling time! A nice box of apples and plums near any fall job seems to make the work a little lighter. This year the Southeast Experiment Station was entrusted with seven seeds of the variety of watermelon Henry Zavoral, livestock specialist at University Farm, brought back from Russia. Five plants are now loaded with fruit. There are eight melons so crowded together they will have to push each other out of the way in order to get to full size. If there were any more we would have to build a second story for them to grow on.

Grapes may be propagated from three-joint cuttings of new wood, the bottom two joints in the ground and one above. Most any grower will give away the prunings in the fall. Stick in a hundred cuttings and cover the tops when it freezes up. You should have all the plants you want next spring.

Currants and gooseberries may be grown from cuttings, or a branch may be laid down and covered with dirt. This will take root and make a new plant. Raspberries are always sending up new plants. Any variety of apple or plum may be grafted onto trees now in the orchard. Choke cherries and blackberries seem to do best when allowed to run wild in some out-of-the-way corner.

We have a habit of carrying a little note book and checking down the things which should be done for next year. It will help a lot in planning next year's garden to spend 5 or 10 minutes writing down the mistakes you see right now.

And another thing, don't forget the flowers! A big bed of perennials which require almost no care, and a small bed of annuals are within the reach of anyone. All summer they delight the eye, gratify the nose and give the finishing touch to a farm home. Lucky is the farm family that includes a good gardener and wise is the manager who encourages that gardener with some help and lots of praise.

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News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
August 12 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, August 30, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Kindling Fires

When you read this the Waseca Scout troop will be in camp, and agricultural interests and problems will be laid aside for 10 days devoted to the most important crop--Kids. There will be about 60 boys in the outfit from 12 to 20 years old. The responsibility for their physical well being is indeed large, but it is insignificant compared to the responsibility for their mental and moral well being.

A pail of water may make the difference between a vine that is withered and stunted or one that is full of big ripe melons. The pail of water did not make the vine, but it tided it over a critical period between rains. It is fun to help melons grow and enjoy the harvest, but how much more satisfaction it is to watch boys grow and develop, trying always to find the word or act which will serve as a "pail of water" when needed.

Many of the boys who "went to camp" with us 12 years ago are now married and have families of their own. Every one is a man grown and the "fruit is set". A large proportion are still affiliated with the old troop and we keep in touch by means of letters and visits. What kind of a yield have we had from this "garden"?

So far as we know every one is a respectable and constructive citizen, though some are naturally more constructive than others. Some have run mostly to vegetation without much fruit, and a good many of the melons are still green. A few developed "bad spots", but the total results are gratifying. Lawyers, doctors, pathologists, foresters, plant physiologists, farmers, buttermakers, electricians, musicians and one Catholic priest still belong to the old gang. They are scattered from New England and Washington D. C. to Los Angeles, with one managing a rubber plantation in Africa.

Probably most of these boys would have made just as good men without any Scouting, but a lot of them have said that their contact with the Scouts and the Scout program has helped. In some cases, it has been possible to apply a "pail of water" at the right time.

If grown people were only wise enough always to apply the right treatment at the right time, what a fine lot of boys we could raise! A lantern started the Chicago Fire! The right word at the right time may kindle a fire of ambition in a boy that will have just as important an influence in the affairs of this generation as the sinking of the Maine had upon the older men of today. Is the growing man to be constructive or destructive? It is a big responsibility, but how interesting!

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
August 30 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, September 6,1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Shows Vs. Profits

Waseca, Minn., - Blue ribbons have been handed out all over the State to men showing the best bull, the best gilt, or the best corn, at the various fairs, small and big, which are a part of the fall season in Minnesota. The purpose of these fairs is to encourage the production of the best type of farm animals and crops by awarding prizes to those specimens which most closely approach the ideal.

Who set up this ideal, anyway? Just men, who thought they saw a correlation between certain characters and the effects they considered desirable. In some cases, time and experimental work have confirmed the standards set. In other cases, exhibits are placed according to what men have been taught is beautiful, orderly or desirable. The reasons are not always logical.

It is efficiency that makes seed stock or seed grain valuable. One lot of seed corn may have the capacity to produce 70 bushels of sound, dry, No. 2 corn per acre; another may make only 40 bushels. From the standpoint of profits the first has obviously many times the value of the second. At a crop show, however, the judge has no means of knowing the productive ability of the seed he is judging and the second sample might be given the prize because the first sample had an off-colored cob, or a few mixed kernels. No judge can tell the ability of corn to produce high yields, just from the appearance.

It is unfair to criticise the present system unless one has a plan to offer which seems to be an improvement. The plan in this case is the "Field Run Corn Contest" where yields, moisture and quality are considered in judging corn. It offers the same advantages of competition and display, but gives first consideration to those qualities which make corn valuable. The University has printed a special bulletin describing the plan, copies of which may be secured from the Bulletin Office, University Farm, St. Paul. --- R. E. Hodgson, Southeast Exp. Station.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
August 30 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, Sept. 13 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

by R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Making Silage

Waseca, Minn., - Silage is comparatively an expensive feed, due to the labor and equipment required to "can" the crop. At the same time, cattle feeders appreciate the convenience of feeding, the succulence and the palatability of crops stored in this way. Dairymen in southern Minnesota will undoubtedly continue to put a considerable part of their corn crop in the silo.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to the type of crop which will make the best silage. Most Minnesota farmers prefer a variety of corn which will be at least in the dough stage when cut, because the grain in the silage is an important part of its feeding value. A few, however, believe that tall-growing, southern corn will give them more tonnage and therefore more feed.

At the Waseca station, corn from Virginia has grown to 13 feet, but was just past silking at harvest time. Silver King, the standard station variety was only 9 feet high, but it had 81 bushels of corn per acre as compared to 4 bushels for the tallest southern corn. The yield of dry matter per acre was 6.4 tons for the southern corn and 4.8 tons of Silver King. In other words, 21 tons of green stalks were taken from each acre of the tall corn and 12.6 tons from the Silver King. There was almost twice the hauling, cutting, storage capacity, etc., required for the immature corn, with only a third more dry feed per acre.

Another factor of importance is the effect upon the cows. Immature corn usually gets more acid before the chemical reaction stops, and this watery, acid feed has a tendency to scour the cows. If this can be counteracted by other feed, perhaps no damage may be done, but chronic scours in a dairy herd is unpleasant to say the least.

In general, Minnesota farmers find it better farm management to use more acres for their silage, so as to cut down the amount of labor per ton of dry feed, secure silage with less water in it, and have less trouble with scours. Any tall growing, leafy corn adapted to grain production will make good silage. -- R. E. Hodgson, Southeast Experiment Station.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
September 15 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, September 20,1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Corn Varieties

Waseca, Minnesota, -

Early varieties of corn prove generally better than the later sorts, when drouth makes the going tough. At least these are the conclusions drawn from 3 years of testing corn varieties in seven southern Minnesota counties by the Southeast Experiment Station of the University Department of Agriculture.

Three varieties were grown as checks in each testing plot. Silver King was the late variety used, while the double cross, E x K, represented the extreme early type. McArthur's Golden King, from seed grown at Mason City, Iowa, was only slightly later than the E X K.

Using the yield of Silver King as a measure, it was evident that, when rainfall was very light or light, the two early varieties yielded most. When rainfall was medium, there was little difference between early and late, but when rainfall was heavy, so that the late corn could reach its full development, the Silver King yielded better than the early varieties. The two earlier varieties reached their maximum yielding ability at around 70 bushels per acre, whereas the late variety was capable of greater production when conditions were favorable. In other words, the two early varieties tested were safer, because they did better than late corn in unfavorable years, when corn was apt to be high-priced and the local supply short.

The land at the Southeast Station is low and poorly drained, so that moisture, even during the past 2 years has been plentiful. Under these conditions, Silver King has yielded up around 90 bushels per acre, field run.

Even here, in a season of early frost, the earlier varieties would probably be safer, for we will have to admit that we have cribbed a lot of soft corn during the 15 years we have been growing Silver King.

Double-crosses of inbred strains of corn seem to stand moving better than most normal varieties. It seems possible that by combining inbred strains of various sorts, corn varieties can be built up to suit almost any set of conditions in Minnesota. E x K and E x I have their adaptation in the central part of the State. The Southeast Station has some crosses which seem to be better in the southern part of the state, but it will require 2 or 3 years of testing before we can be sure what the new hybrids will do. It is our guess that within another 10 years, a large part of the corn in southern Minnesota will be produced from double-crosses.

C. W. Doxtator, the corn breeder at the Southeast Station, has made up a report of 3 years testing work with corn. There are a few mimeographed copies yet available for anyone particularly interested. -

R. E. Hodgson, superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
September 15 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, September 27, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Beet Tops

Waseca, Minnesota, -

Thousands of tons of beet tops rot in the field every year in the beet-growing areas of Minnesota. True, they make good fertilizer, but it would seem like better business to put them through the stock first.

It is customary to leave the tops in the field as they fall, and then let the cows pasture the field until it is covered with snow. This takes the least labor, but does not make the best use of the feed, unless the dairy herd is big and the beet acreage small.

Last year we tried one suggested method of storing the tops, piling up alternate layers of tops and dry oats straw. We made a stack about 7 feet high, which settled down into a smelly, brown mass about 3 feet deep. Strange to say, cattle and sheep seemed to like the stuff, but it froze solid before it was all fed out and in the spring it was not so good.

The tops were fed to steers, and one died from stoppage of the urine. It is commonly supposed that beets as feed favor the formation of stone-like bodies in the kidneys and bladder, so we were afraid to feed any more tops to steers.

This year we plan to stack the tops again and feed them to cows and heifers which seem to be far less susceptible to stoppage than the males. At best, however, the plan calls for a lot of labor and is not very satisfactory. Has any one heard of a good way to use beet tops? If so, we would like to hear about it so we can try it out. -

R. E. Hodgson, superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
September 15 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, October 4, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca Minnesota

Teaching Calves To Drink

Old Rosie had a calf last night.
His hair is curly, soft and white.
His nose is pink, and eyes of blue--
I like blue eyes the best, don't you?
He jumps and kicks to make me laugh.
He's just the cutest bossy calf!

My daddy says the calf is mine
If I will keep him looking fine.
And feed him every single day
His milk and oats and corn and hay.
I'll fix his bed of straw and chaff.
Oh how I love that bossy calf!

It's time to feed him now, I think,
I'll fix him nice warm milk to drink,
Come calfie, put your nose in here,
You musn't bunt that way, oh dear!
You've tipped the pail and spilled out half
You naughty little bossy calf!

I've fixed some more, you'll have enough.
Now suck my fingers, that's the stuff
Just put your nose in, don't you see!
Hi, stop! You've splashed it all on me!
I'll pound your nose and use the gaff,
You measly, ornery bossy calf!

I'd planned to join the Calf Club, too,
But there's no use to fool with you.
I'm going to give you back to Dad,
He'll make you drink or wish you had!
But if I do, why Dad will laugh
And always call ME Bossy Calf!

I'll get astraddle of your neck;
Now drink that milk up, every speak!
You lick up every drop, you dub,
Or I'll go join the Poultry Club.
I wouldn't let Dad have that laugh
For any knock-kneed bossy calf!

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
September 15, 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, October 11, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca Minnesota

Selecting Sheep

Waseca, Minnesota, -

Sheep have made the most net return of any class of livestock at the Southeast Experiment Station, considering the investment, the feed and the labor required per animal unit. They do the work of five or six men keeping the lawns mowed, they clean up the weeds around the fields, they eat soybean straw and silage in the winter, and for this privilege, present us with a nice crop of wool and a lamb and a half per ewe yearly.

Other people realize this, too. As a boy in Rock county, we drove several miles to see a flock of sheep, and a pet lamb we once had was a great curiosity. Now one can hardly drive a mile on a southern Minnesota road without seeing a flock of sheep. Most of them are small flocks, just big enough to use up waste material and odd hours of time.

Some of the flocks show evidence of selection, good breeding and care, but some are relics of the dark ages. It is a depressing sight to go to South St. Paul, and see the "native" lambs sorted. Long tails, weighted with several pounds of manure, knot heads, "wormies", poorly-wooled, poorly-fleshed misfits are altogether too common. A nice, even, well bred bunch are a relief to the eyes, occasionally.

It costs no more to grow a good sheep than a poor one, and the proper place to start is with a good herd ram. The ram is half the flock this year, three-fourths of it next year and seven-eighths the year following. It only takes two or three good rams in succession to make quality sheep out of scrubs.

There seems to be a good opportunity for more small purebred flocks to furnish choice rams in many neighborhoods not now supplied. Sheep make a nice project to keep the boy or girl interested. In some cases the farm wife runs the sheep in addition, or in place of, the poultry. It requires some fencing and possibly a few cur dogs will have to be shot, but a small flock of sheep may make a welcome addition to the farm income, and improve the looks of the farmstead at the same time.

- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent, Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
October 14 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, October 18, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station,
Waseca, Minnesota

Home Grown Mill Feeds

Jimmie is a young fellow just starting farming, with a new wife, some grade cows, a lot of ambition and not much cash. Last fall he was up against the problem of getting all he could out of his stock with the feed on hand. There was plenty of corn silage and corn in the bin. He also had some barley and oats, but only a little wild hay cut from the slough.

Jimmie knew that silage, wild hay and ground corn and oats was not the right feed for his cows. However, there was no cash to purchase oilmeal, tankage, or any of the prepared high protein feeds, so what could he do about it?

Jimmie's wife didn't exactly enjoy that first winter on the farm. She couldn't see the use of accepting the lack of proper feed, solely as an act of fate. With corn at 10 cents, it was impossible to sell it and buy silk sox, to say nothing of oilmeal for the cows.

Last winter, Jimmie's wife put Jimmie through a course in farm management. She made him draw up a plan of the farm and arrange a rotation of crops which included plenty of pasture, plenty of alfalfa hay, and a lot of soybeans. She kept at him until they were all planted.

This fall there is a different prospect. The alfalfa will not be ready before next year, but soybean hay will take its place as a high protein feed for the cows. Most of them will not need much grain with plenty of good hay and silage. If they do, soybeans, corn and oats ground together make a good ration. They also have beans in the bundle for the brood sows. The early pigs are about ready to go after a full feed of rape, sweet clover, and alfalfa pasture, supplemented with skim milk and corn.

This winter they will not need to buy any feed, their stock looks better already and Jimmie thinks he is getting to be a pretty good farmer. Perhaps he will be, if his wife doesn't get tired of her job.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
October 14, 1933

Observe Release Date
Wednesday, October 25, 1933

Warm Water in Winter

Few people enjoy chopping a hole through the ice in a tank so the cows can drink. Probably the cows do not particularly enjoy the arrangement either. It would discourage any self respecting cow to try to chew up enough corn stalks to heat 8 or 10 gallons of water from 32 degrees up to 98 degrees every day.

It is cheaper to heat water with some common fuel in a tank heater, than to heat it in the cow with feed. However, tank heaters are more or less trouble. They usually get out of order during a blizzard and, anyway, it is no fun fussing with them in cold weather. There is also the slight danger of fire.

Some folks have rigged up a tank heater that is automatic and fire proof. I saw one on the Nelson Brothers farm in Cottonwood county. Any ordinary tank is provided with a U-shaped pipe, one end connected near the bottom of the tank and the other near the top. Pipe of 1½-inch size is used and each "leg" is about 8 feet long. In other words, it is about 8 feet from where the ends of the pipe attach to the tank to the closed end of the U.

When freezing weather approaches, the pipe "heater" is covered with horse manure and straw. Except for a drinking hole, the tank has a tight top covered with manure and straw. There is also a drinking hole cover which is put down when the tank is not in use.

As the manure ferments and heats, the water in the pipe is warmed and circulates on the same principle as the cooling system of a Model T Ford. This keeps a continual supply of warm water coming into the top of the tank, preventing ice from forming, to the mutual satisfaction of men and stock. The Nelson Boys change the manure about once during the winter.

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News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
October 26 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, November 1, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

This Gate Stays Shut

Waseca, Minn. - "I wish somebody around here was bright enough to invent a gate that wouldn't have to be opened when it is raining," said friend wife as we came home from town. That remark resulted in our present "guards" which have saved a lot of inconvenience. We have always kept sheep to mow the lawn, but on occasion they also mowed the neighbors sweet corn and "garden sass" which was not so good.

There are of course many patent contraptions for opening gates from cars, but most of these, as observed along the road, seem to be out of order. Finally a Montana man showed us how to build a "guard" that will keep in sheep, hogs, cattle and horses; which never needs to be opened or closed; and yet lets a car or truck go through at full speed.

He took 14 2x6 planks, 8 feet long and set them on edge six inches on center. They were held rigid by 2x6's across each end and staggered blocks between each plank. This grating was placed on two stringers over a pit in the driveway, the stringers placed about where the wheels of a car would run.

We have found that this outfit will keep in the stock better than a gate, because no one ever forgets to close it. One ewe and her lambs learned to walk across on the stringers which were 6 inches wide, so we had to cut off the edges, leaving the top only 3 inches. She never tried it after that. We have a horse gate, at one side of the guard, so that we can take teams through the fence.

The only expense we have had in 3 years is to replace stringers which are mostly in the ground and rot quickly. We plan to replace these with concrete next spring and make a job of it.

-----R. E. Hodgson, superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
October 26 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, November 8, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Old Lady Washtub

Waseca, Minn. - Why should any sheep drink stagnant rainwater out of a tub under the eave spout, when she has clean fresh water at the barn? One old ewe in the flock seemed to be an individualist and it took a good cover to preserve soft water for washing the baby. Every summer morning at day-break we would hear the old lady talking to her lambs as she tried to get a sip out of the tub. Hence her name, Old Lady Washtub.

Most stockmen will stoutly maintain that animals reason--at least to a certain extent. How else can one explain the actions of the old ewe as she stood on her hind feet pawing at the garden gate until the latch tripped and she sedately headed for the cabbage patch, calling her youngsters with a low, "Baa--a"? Dozens of times I have had to tear out at 4 a. m. to save the garden.

Animals have as much individuality as people, for those who know them intimately. Old Lady Washtub would not stand much chance as a show animal, but every fall she came in with two of the best lambs in the flock. The old lady went wherever good sheep go, 10 years ago, but over half of the present flock are her descendants, while her sons, grandsons and great-grandsons have done their share to improve other flocks.

Half the fun of farming is to get intimately acquainted with the animals. There are comedians, villians, heroes, fools and members of the "brain trust". Each will assume the character of some human acquaintance, causing endless amusement to relieve the tedious routine of "chores".

Boys who have their eyes open to the interesting things on a farm, do not require bright lights or "moonshine" for entertainment.

-----R. E. Hodgson, superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station.

News Bureau
University Farm, St. Paul
October 26 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, November 15, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Training Kids

Waseca, Minn. - A real teamster does not want a horse that has been "broken". It may be the aim of a "horse herder" to have a spiritless plug that doesn't dare move, except when told, but a real horseman wants horses that are trained to think for themselves. He wants a team that will move a heavy load for the satisfaction of a hard job, well done.

Boys and girls are a lot like horses. Some are broken and some are trained. We have all seen cases where boys were left a farm and they lost it in a few years through mismanagement. Perhaps their father had "broken" them to work, but not "trained" them to manage.

Every boy and girl on the farm should have some small project to manage for himself or herself--perhaps a sheep, a cow, or a sow, the progeny of which will be his or hers to do with as desired. Dad can charge for feed and housing as he sees fit, but it makes a partner instead of a slave out of the kids. Easy money goes easily, and no money gives little training in economics. A project where the young folks can make or lose by their own skill and hard work is the best possible training for future usefulness as citizens.

I have known hundreds of boys during the last 20 years, as a teacher and as a scoutmaster. In general, a fairly large proportion of the city boys do not know how to work or take orders. Country boys are usually willing to take orders and are the best of workers, but they do not always know how to think for themselves. Many wait to be told. Boys who have learned to manage little things usually make good on the big jobs.

----------R. E. Hodgson, superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
November 18 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, November 22, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

A Stitch Too Late

Waseca, Minn.,--The man who operates his own business, cuts his own wages every time he guesses wrong or makes a mistake. Some people sit down and cry over their losses--which adds little to their income, while others study the mistakes long enough to see what caused the trouble, and then get so busy they forget the unpleasant things.

Just at the close of the farm year it might be worth while to make a list of the gross errors made during past seasons. The list might help to analyze the trouble and possibly prevent its recurrence. If you have difficulty remembering the mistakes, ask your wife or a neighbor to mention a few. That will surely be enough for a start.

For example we had one small piece of corn that yielded only half as much as it should. Why? Because it was spring plowed, which decidedly does not do on this particular farm. Why was it spring plowed? Because shredding was delayed so long the previous fall that the freeze up came before all the plowing was done. Shredding was delayed because a piece of chain in one of the bundles made it necessary to send for a new cutting head.

Why was the chain in the corn bundle? Because the corn binder was not properly overhauled before cutting was begun. It was the same old story. The machinery ran last year, why won't it go again?

A two dollar chain would have saved half a day for a man and three horses while the binder was laid up. Two men shocking had to lay off half a day. Eight men were laid up for three days while the shredder was fixed. The shredder repairs were forty dollars. The corn was not off the ground so it could be fall plowed, resulting in half a crop! Besides, we bought the chain anyway.

Item No. 1 for the big book: Overhaul machinery before the rush season!

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
November 18 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, November 29, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

The Farm Workshop

Waseca, Minn.--With baling wire, a pair of pliers, a bald headed hammer and a jack knife many farmers undertake the work of skilled mechanics and do the jobs usually assigned to plumbers, electricians, carpenters, stonemasons, harness makers, wheelrights, blacksmiths and garagemen. The results are surprising, fantastic and sometimes unorthodox, but the results are often reasonably satisfactory. Never-the-less a far better job could usually be done with proper tools, to say nothing of the convenience and satisfaction which comes from fixing the thing right.

A farm workshop is not beyond the reach of any farmer who expects to be in business for the next 10 years. Space is usually available in some building and a little planning and rainy-day fixing will put up a partition, set up a stove of some sort and fix a good solid bench with some drawers below and a rack for tools above.

Every farmer buys tools, but far more are lost than are ever worn out. A tool rack with a place for every tool is cheap insurance against ordinary loss. The Division of Agricultural Engineering at University Farm, St. Paul, has some excellent suggestions for the asking.

In our own case, we have built up a shop in just this way. A forge built on a rainy day and equipped with an inexpensive blower is mighty handy. Thread cutters, pipe tools, a post drill, an anvil, a lot of pigeon holes for spare or broken parts, finally a cement floor and a power-driven emery wheel have been added over a period of 15 years.

Stormy days the year round are spent in the "shop" and the fixing done there has far more than paid for tools and supplies. If kept clean and orderly and every tool returned to its place, a shop is as good as any class room for the farm boys.

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
November 18 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, December 6, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

TREES

Waseca, Minn.--Three men looked at a tree. One saw a 16-foot saw log and two cords of fuel. The second saw that the branches were shading the ground so that the grass was thin on one one-hundredth of an acre of his land. The third went home and wrote a poem about one of God's great gifts to man.

Southeastern Minnesota was once heavily timbered with hardwood forests. Man has succeeded in using or destroying a very large part of it and is still hacking away at the remnant. How discouraging it is to drive for miles on Minnesota highways without seeing a single young sapling, except here and there a new windbreak or an occasional lawn planting.

Hillsides are being washed and gullied because the trees are all taken off. Rain floods the creeks and rivers because there are no trees and leaf mold to hold the moisture. Cattle suffer in the summer heat and flies because there is no shade and no brush to run under.

There is almost no reproduction in the wood lots of Southern Minnesota. The best trees are cut for posts, lumber and fuel, while the poorer trees are left until necessity forces their use. It is doubtful whether one properly-managed woodlot can be found for each township. Is this forest region to become a treeless cornfield, and will our children have to depend on Pennsylvania coal for all of their fuel? Can we raise enough crops to pay for lumber shipped from the west coast and coal from the east?

What better use could be made of the "idle acres" the government is paying for, than to plant the hilly rough ground to trees? Walnuts, oaks, hickories and ash can be grown from seed stratified in the garden this winter and set out next spring, or for small plots, seedling trees can be readily obtained from roadsides or pastures. Could some of our "idle men" be put at this kind of a job?

By the way, if you want information about planting trees, write Parker O. Anderson, extension forester, University Farm, St. Paul.

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Sta., Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
December 7 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, December 13, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

The Modern Gleaners

Waseca, Minn. - Even in these days when Milk is poured in the gutters and farmers are paid not to crop some of their land, the thrifty manager does not like to see feed that is produced go to waste. A band of sheep is profitable on most farms, because they get their living largely from what would be unsuitable for other classes of stock.

At the Southeast Experiment Station, sheep have made more net return per dollar of investment in stock and equipment than other classes of stock, because they use so little feed which has any commercial value. In the summer they keep the grass and weeds mowed in the oak grove around the buildings. In the fall, ewes and lambs get big picking on aftermath and fence rows.

At Waseca we raise some soybeans for seed, piling up the straw for winter feed. What the sheep leave, the horses like to pick over. Sometimes we give the ewes 2 pounds of silage a day, but whether they get it or not, seems to make little difference.

One thing the ewes do need is lots of exercise. We have fixed up the gates so that the old ladies have to step about half a mile to get their feed and back to the sleeping quarters. Two trips makes them a mile a day. The man doing chores does not need so much exercise (at least he thinks not) so he just goes through a gate by the barn.

When sheep run to a stack of hay or straw, their wool gets full of chaff and dirt and is usually docked a cent or two. We have fixed up feed racks which are tight on top and open at the bottom. A blue-print plan can be obtained from the Division of Agricultural Engineering at University Farm, St. Paul, for 10 cents.

Fed well on cheap feed, exercised plenty and kept dry, the ewes seem happy and contented even when the bottom almost drops out of the thermometer. We have raised 150 per cent lamb crop, sold from 8 to 10 pounds of wool per ewe and had a lot of fun with our small flock. The way sheep have increased in Minnesota indicates that others have had the same good results. -- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
December 7 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, December 20, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Christmas Presents

Waseca, Minn. - "I have been reasonably successful at picking desirable stock for my farm," said a neighbor the other day, "but I'd rather be hung than go into a department store full of women and try to pick out a pair of bloomers or what have you, to give my wife for Christmas. You know she is not so slender as she was, and when a snickering clerk holds up about three yards of pink underwear and asks about the size, then everybody in the store looks at me like some new insect under a microscope and begins to titter. About that time my face gets all red, I can't find my pocketbook and I start looking for some mouse hole to crawl into.

"This year," the neighbor continued, "I'm going to give livestock for Christmas presents. The boys are easy. Bill would like to own that black colt and Jim would like to have a purebred calf to call his own. It may help to make the cow chores more interesting. For the wife, I am planning to get a real angora kitten. The Johnsons have one, they said they'd trade for a goose. Sally always did like a house cat, and it might as well be ornamental. I'll fix it all up in a sock for her.

"The girls are not so easy. Lil seems to have a head for business and likes stock. I think I'll give her a couple of good ewe lambs. It might start her in a profitable business. I can't put them in a sock, but I think I can fix them each in a bran sack and tie some red ribbon around their necks.

"Little Sally wants a pony, Donovan has a Shetland colt he said he'd trade for a bull calf. I think I can bring that right in the house and tie it below where she hangs up her stocking. Can you imagine how her eyes will 'bug out"? By the time the calt gets big enough to ride, she will be big enough to handle it.

"The folks in town are going to get livestock presents too. We have a couple of hams for Sallies' folks, a brace of capons for my brother and some garden truck for Sallies' sister. You see we're short on cash this year but we have lots of stock that isn't very valuable. At least I won't have to go through the agony of wandering hopelessly around through a store where they have innumerable unmentionables exposed to the casual view, hunting for something I don't know the name or size of. Guess I'll have a Merry Christmas and I hope you do."

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
December 7 1933

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, December 27, 1933

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Friends in Feathers.

Waseca, Minn. - Fun and entertainment have come to mean something that usually costs more cash than most of us have to spend. Some people have to go to a resort, a night club or on a long trip for pleasure. We have a lot of fun every day right at home and without a cent of expense.

Just outside the window we have tragedy, comedy, and drama almost any time we care to look.

A butcher has heard so much about our birds, that he is always laying aside a bit of suet for us. We try to keep a chunk nailed above the gatepost where we can watch it from the dinner table.

As we sit down, a Downy Woodpecker lights on the post and hurriedly starts to cut out a bit of the frozen suet. He has it almost loose when a large Hairy Woodpecker swoops down, and the little Downy has to leave in a flutter. Big old Hairy has the power of a pile driver behind that chisel bill, and it takes only a minute to cut out a piece the size of a big worm and away he goes.

Downy has been peeking around a tree all this time, and Hairy is hardly started for his tree, when Downy is back at the job. Only a few more pecks, when with a scream like a steam calíope a Blue Jay dives at the post. Away goes Downy, still hungry, and again he peeks around a tree, waiting for his chance to finish the job. Old Mr. Jay eats a bite or two and then struts up and down with his feathers all fluffed up to show how smart he is.

A bunch of English Sparrows, hopping around on the ground, make some highly uncomplimentary remarks about big bullies in blue clothes. The Jay is insulted and the things he says about sparrows would not be fit to print. At last the sparrows goad him to desperation and Mr. Jay dives at them. They scatter and the Jay doesn't know which one to chase.

Meanwhile, Downy has watched his chance and is back at the suet. He gets in about two pecks when the Jay dashes back to chase him away. Just one second before the thunderbolt lights, Downy flops under the cross piece over the gate, and instead of pouncing on a little bird, Mr. Jay lights with a jar on the wood. How the sparrows laugh and jeer at the disconcerted bully! Finally, his ego deflated, Mr. Jay flops away with an injured air, and Downy gets his suet. A nuthatch is next at the table and when the deck is clear, Brown Creepers and Chickadees come to pick a precarious portion.

All day long they put on a show for our benefit. Always changing, always different, at times exciting, frequently pathetic, our feathered friends are ever interesting.

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station.

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, January 3, 1934

Greener Grass

Any farmer who stops working for a minute to think of the great economic questions upsetting all our apple carts just now, finds himself in a maze of new principles which become more and more confusing the more they are studied. We are on our way somewhere, but where? What are we going to do about it?

The grass usually looks better than our own, because we see the advantages without the grief. Sometimes it is a mighty good thing to get our noses away from the grindstone for a little while to see what the other fellow is doing and how he does it. Then when we come back our own job looks better and we see it in a new light from a broader viewpoint which makes it more interesting than before.

An exceptional opportunity to climb the fence and talk

with neighbors from all over the State, is offered by the annual Farmers and Homemakers Week at University Farm, January 15 to 20. Every man or woman interested in farming or homemaking will find from a dozen to a hundred other people anxious to discuss the same subjects, who see things the same way or quite differently, and who have about the same troubles and difficulties which he or she is trying to solve. This week gives everybody a chance to get together, talk things out, and find out what is going on.

Incidentally, the University staff members who are studying farm problems and on whom has been wished the job of administering many of the new plans, will spend the Week telling what they know of the new schemes and ideas for pulling agriculture out of the mud.

There will be class room instruction for those who want it. There will be livestock and home economics demonstrations for those who want them. One can go to school or just sit and visit as the mood dictates. Then there are the Farm Bureau meetings which will attract a crowd and the livestock breed meetings where kindred souls will meet. Free movies and entertainment will offer a contrast from the hard work of talking and listening, so almost anyone may be fitted out with the kind of a time they like best.

This offers a vacation that is a change, a rest and a chance to hear the latest dope first hand. Some people gang up in cars, each paying something toward the gas

and oil, some go by train. Beds can be had at around 50 cents per night and meals at 20 cents and up, depending on how much it takes to fill you comfortably. Give Johnny the responsibility for the cows and hogs for a week, and let Mary keep house and look after the chickens. We only live once. Why not a little vacation week after next?

Jingle Bells--1934

Almost nine o'clock
Time to get the dame,
Twenty miles to go
Rushing just the same.
Honk the horn a while,
Dressing I suppose,
Finally she gallops out
Powdering her nose.

Chorus

Toot the horn, ride the gas,
Strangers clear the way
Sixty per on good concrete
That's the way we play.
Rushing here, hurry there
Always in a fret
Wouldn't it be fun sometimes
To just set down and set.

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1934

Cleaning Grain.

Turning the grindstone and turning the fanning mill were two jobs that were worse than cleaning the chickenhouse on dad's farm. I always seemed to get all three. When the mites were bad in the summer, I always "crawled" after the chicken house was done--but still wondered why the hens preferred to roost on the machinery. Sickles seemed a mile long, and each section took an hour--early in the morning, at noon, or after supper, when I preferred to be sleeping, playing or reading.

Christmas Vacation was usually spent at the fanning mill. In addition to our own seed, some was usually cleaned for sale, and it seemed that the bin never would be empty. We usually had about as good grain as anyone, because it was always clean when planted, and the fields were kept

clean--by hoe if necessary, as I well remember. Good clean seed paid then even as it does now.

Of course, boys today usually have a gas engine or an electric motor to run the fanning mill. If not, I wonder if any of them do as I did, try to think up some sort of motive power, using the farm animals? In these days of high gas and low oats, why not fix up some more tread mills?

It should be relatively simple for boys of a mechanical turn of mind to find almost enough stuff among the old machinery to fix up a tread power, so that the bull might be exercised or an idle horse put to work at pumping water, turning the fanning mill, or even running the washing machine.

Why wouldn't an old manure spreader furnish an apron? The slats could be made heavier. Sides could be built from old lumber and a belt pully taken from some old machine or made up from crossed boards sawed to shape. It would make the job more interesting for the boy, and if the machine were mounted on skids it could be hauled around for all sorts of jobs.

Possibly horse powers will come into use again. As I remember it, six horses on the sweeps used to make the old feed mill hum. It would take some time to harness up, but that would not be as difficult as starting a balky tractor on a cold morning. At least the radiator is in no danger of freezing. The old horse must be used for a lot of work when a bushel of oats costs less than a gallon of gas.

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, January 17, 1934

Mending Harness

Dad always used to bring the harness in the kitchen on cold, stormy days, and with two oak barrel staves held tight with a horseshoe, he would sew up all the rips and tears of the previous summer. My job was to hold and twist the linen thread for making waxends, then with two needles and an awl, dad would do as neat a job as the modern sewing machines.

The kitchen corner, with the smell of leather, the jingle of buckles and hames, and the process of repair, made a fascinating corner for a boy; and I never patch harness without remembering the scene. Perhaps that is why I like to work with leather. Of course I have never become as proficient as dad, but it is good fun to sit in a snug shop beside a hot stove and sew up harness, while a blizzard howls outside. It makes one feel sort of superior to the

weather.

A lot of jobs are being done at home now-a-days that were taken to town when hogs were 10 cents. It is good business to go over the harness each year, fixing little rips before they become big ones. After we have a set all patched up, we take off every buckle so as to spread the straps out flat and wash them with warm water and soap. We have to be careful not to hang the harness too close to the stove in drying because wet leather is injured by heat more easily than when it is dry.

Before the straps are entirely dry, we run each one through a pan of warm harness oil. Sometimes we make our own mixture of 60 percent neatsfoot oil, 20 percent tallow and 20 percent beeswax. The proportions can be varied to suit the harness and operator. The neatsfoot oil penetrates and softens the leather, while the tallow and beeswax form a coating which keeps in the oil and keeps out sweat and dirt.

After the straps have dripped they may be wiped off with a cloth and hung in the warm room until ready to put together. Parts too big to dip are treated with an oily cloth. We like this better than the usual dipping where the harness is left in the oil for an hour or longer. Such soaking does not clean off the sweat and makes the leather soft and oily for a long time after. Sometimes 3 months after soaking, harness cannot be handled without getting

the hands oily and dirty. It collects dust and dirt which is unsightly, even if it does not injure the leather.

Good harness, kept in repair, should last 20 years. A good harness on a good horse, hitched to a good machine, enables a good boy to do a good job for a good father. Teach the boys to take care of the harness and they will get more pleasure from its use.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
January 17 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, January 24, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

CURIOSITY

Waseca, Minnesota---The old saw says, "Curiosity killed a cat," and it certainly did if "cat" is another name for superstition, ignorance and misinformation. Life today may be hectic, but there seems to be little movement toward discarding the auto, the radio or modern methods of production on Minnesota farms. Every advance in human affairs is brought about because some one was curious about the why and the wherefore.

Research, such as carried on by our experiment stations, is curiosity directed along definite lines toward a given objective. The boy who has spent 16 years traveling from the primer to a college diploma may think that there is more knowledge on hand than he can ever assimilate, but if he continues his studies, he will soon realize that the information in books is only a small fragment of the story written in Nature's book. Thousands of men and women get so interested in trying to read further into this book, that they spend their lives trying to read a little further in order to add their bit of new information to the present accumulation. These men are the microbe hunters, the electrical wizards, and the men who are trying to make more complete use of the resources this world affords.

The research program of a great University is so complicated that it is hardly comprehensible to any one man, and yet in each field there are specialists who see further than the rest of us, having visions of reasons and causes as yet unknown, which if applied will enable us to better control the forces which surround us, and about which we know so little.

A life devoted to research does not appeal to the man who prefers to travel down the center of a paved highway. It attracts the men who are fascinated by a dim

trail through unknown country, and who have an irresistible impulse to follow the trail to the end. It is these men who boldly set forth on a search for new knowledge about how the world is run.

The bible tells us of Moses, who was probably among the most highly educated and brilliant men of his age. He spent an ordinary lifetime in study and research, and formulated a set of rules for human conduct that have served as a pattern for the succeeding centuries and civilizations. In spite of all his knowledge, he never heard of a cow producing a thousand pounds of butterfat, a Latham raspberry, or corn capable of making one hundred bushels per acre.

And yet we believe that our research program for producing food and clothing with less human effort has just begun. Social and economic adjustments will have to be made to allow for this increased efficiency, but an abundant and sure supply of feed is the first necessity of all nations.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Supt., Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca, Minnesota

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
January 17 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, January 31, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Weak Spots

Waseca, Minnesota---Questions are continually coming to the University about pastures and pasture crops. This is one subject of prime importance to which the University Department of Agriculture has given scant attention. It seems the present budget can not be stretched to set up an adequate project on pasture crops. It would take time and money to develop new pasture crops to replace the few makeshifts we now have. Few farms have all the pasture they could use throughout the whole season.

The little country of Wales has done remarkable work with pasture crops and pasture management. Germany has discovered a sweet clover plant free from cumarin, the substance that gives the plant its bitter flavor. Canada has developed the Alpha sweet clover--a dwarf plant which does not have the coarse stems of our common varieties. New Zealand has worked out a plan of pasture management that makes our system look sick. Undoubtedly some of this could be applied in Minnesota and new plants could be found or produced to meet our particular conditions.

Tests show that some animals produce one hundred pounds of pork or beef with 20 per cent less feed than others similarly cared for. Why can't we breed up a strain of meat animals which will uniformly possess this high efficiency? The Southeast Experiment Station here at Waseca has inbred Poland China hogs for seven generations, using strictly brother-sister matings. This proves that hogs can be propagated in this way.

The next step is to find out how the high efficiency of pork producing hogs is inherited. If it is due to only a few characters, it would be relatively simple

to breed a pure strain which would make unusually high gains for the feed consumed. If a great many characters were involved, it would be more difficult, but still possible to get a race of hogs, far more efficient than those we now have.

These are only two of the many lines of work the Waseca Station would like to study further when money for labor and equipment permit. If I had a rich uncle and he left me a fortune, I believe the most pleasure I could have with it would be to stay right on the job here and put the extra income into finding out the why and how and when of problems like these.

----R. E. Hodgson, Supt., Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca, Minnesota

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
February 2 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, February 7, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

WINTER SPORTS

Waseca, Minn.---"Seeing Nellie home," was a lot of fun, back in the days of real sport. Some of us can remember when a cutter, a fast stepping "hoss", a string of sleighbells and a good fur robe, made a country boy almost invincible in competition for the ladies who had "it" to the superlative degree. Do you remember how carefully we tucked in the robe, particularly on the LEFT side? Still vivid in memory are the squeak of the harness, the crunch of the runners, the faint smell of "horse", as old Ned warmed up on the main road, the tingle of cold air on noses, the big fur mittens, the pull on the lines, and the thrill when a "thank you ma'am" or a rut jostled the driver against the fair object of his devotion.

Then there was the long drive home alone, sometimes dozing, reviewing in a rosy haze the high points of the evening. A quarter mile from home, old Ned had to be pulled down to a walk so as to cool him out before stabling. Then unhitching in the dark, the snug barn, the welcoming whinny of the other horses, finding the harness peg in the dark, pushing the cutter in the shed and finally crunching along the path to the house. That was real sport.

Often now, as I ride home through a storm in a warm sedan, switch off the ignition and walk the few steps to the house, I appreciate the comfort and convenience, but miss some of the thrills that were common in the "horse and buggy" days. How would this fit the present situation?

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, February 14, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

HORSES--AND BOYS

Waseca, Minn.---One summer we hired a man to do the teaming in our plots. He was raised on the farm, and claimed to be a good horseman. The first day he hitched up, he got the team all excited by yelling at them continually, no matter what they did. He made a noise like gargling soup when he wanted them to start and kept it up most of the time when he ran out of other remarks. When he wanted the team to stop he shouted "whoa-back-back" several times. His idea of turning was to put all his strength into a yank on the line. It might have worked on "broken" horses, but ours were crazy by noon and utterly worn out, with little work done.

Another man took the same team, did four times the work and brought them in fresh as a daisy at night. The second man kept his lines up, used definite words of command, spoken only once, and when breathing the horses at turns, he always loosened up collars and looked everything over to see that his friends were comfortable. The second man stayed.

A "broken" horse may be satisfactory to some people, but a real teamster wants his horses trained. Training should start not later than one day after birth. A horse should be well trained at three, when he is ready to go to work. We like to halter break colts at six weeks or so, and teach them to lead at two or three months. They are comparatively easy to handle then, and learn their lessons more easily. Our colts receive lots of petting, but a man who teases

colts, bulls or rams does not last long on this place.

As two year olds, the harness is put on occasionally in the stall and left for half a day. The colts are bridled, to accustom them to the bit, and when time permits they are driven around with a wise old mare who teaches them to walk fast and not be afraid of trains, cars, wagons or machinery. When the colts are old enough to work, there is nothing to do but hitch them up and start for the field.

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
February 2 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, February 21, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

TREE PRUNING

Waseca, Minn.---Trees need training, just like horses, dogs and kids if they are to be most useful. Trees are great friends if one gets to know them intimately and appreciate their good qualities. For example, in order to do this exactly right, a conversation similar to the following is a necessary adjunct to properly pruning a young apple tree.

"Well, young feller, how did you make it this winter? Did the rabbits think you were put here for their special benefit? No, they just ate the tips on these water sprouts. Well you fooled them this time, and we'll let you live another year to see what you're good for. You certainly are a wild-eyed youngster sending out scraggly shoots like that in all directions! We'll have to whip you into shape or you'll be a disgrace to the whole orchard. First thing you get is a hair cut. You've got enough water sprouts on here to make feed for a rabbit farm." Snip, snip, snip.

"Now, why did you send this branch into the center that way? Don't you know that all well-formed trees keep their centers open for sun and air? If you tie yourself into knots this way, you'll always have green, gnarly apples in the center, and I'll positively refuse to eat them, so there!" Snip. "You have all outdoors to grow in, so why arrange your branches like ingrowing toenails?"

"Now that's no kind of a crotch for a well-balanced apple tree. If that limb gets heavy it will split right off and you'll get dry rot or something. I'll just saw off this one and leave those four nice open branches for the main

scaffold. There, that looks better! Did you notice I cut that off slick and smooth to the trunk so there won't be a stub to deday and spoil your insides? Even Professor Brierley couldn't do a neater job than that."

"What's this? It looks like a little scale there. Guess you need a good soaking with lime sulphur before your leaves come out. You can't feed the bugs and me too. And this looks like fire blight. What kind of company have you been keeping? I didn't notice this last fall. Well, anyway, off she comes, before you spread the stuff to better trees."

"Why are all these branches on the sides growing straight up? Don't you know that the best trees grow OUT and UP, so as to keep from interfering? See, you have two branches rubbing. Well, we'll fix that". Snip, snip.

"There, now you look better. You have a nice lot of fruit buds this year, and may even amount to something if you keep on. Now do your best and see what kind of apples you can produce. Just remember if you don't do your stuff, there's a nice sharp axe in the shop and you'll go to a hot place where there isn't any shade. Take your choice, either raise apples or bake pancakes. Next!"

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
February 2 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, February 28, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

KIDS, CLUBS AND CONDITIONS

Waseca, Minn.---"Bud, that big sow you liked is due to farrow next week. If I gave her to you, what would you do?"

"I'd be tickled, of course, dad. You know I'd like to try the pig club work this year."

"Yes, I know you'd be pleased, but what would you do about it? How would you raise the litter?"

"Well, I'd feed the sow and pigs real well and make them grow as fast as possible. Then I'd pick out the best one to show at the fair. Maybe you could help me do that."

"Yes, but what would you feed the sow?"

"Well, slop, I suppose, and corn and things."

"How would you mix the slop and what are the 'things'?"

"Slop could be made from ground feed and water or milk. 'Things' would be alfalfa probably and that stuff that smells so bum."

"Exactly what ground feed would you use and in what proportions?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. You'd have to tell me."

"When would you wean the litter?"

"When they got old enough."

"How old is that?"

"I don't know exactly."

"What would you feed the pigs from weaning on?"

"Slop and corn and water and pasture, and shade and keep the lice off of them. You dip them don't you?"

"Do you know how to balance a ration, how to figure the amount of feed a pig should have, the effect of various kinds of feed and how much weight the pig should gain per day if it is doing properly?"

"No, I don't."

"Would it be worth learning all that if I gave you the sow and litter?"

"I'd do my best."

"It would be worth a sow and litter to me, to have you learn all these things. I'll make you a proposition. If you will send for bulletins on the care and feeding of club pigs and study them, and if you will read all about feeding and care in that hog book of mine and then put these ideas into practice, the sow and litter are yours. Let's have an understanding this way. You show me, each Saturday, a chart of what you expect to feed the next week, the total amount of each feed required, the gain for last week and the expected gain for next week. I also want you to figure the cost of feed and the value of the gains. Got all that straight?"

"Yes, but you'd better write it down."

"As long as you show your charts and take good care of the pigs, they are yours, and I'll furnish the feed. Any week you do not have your charts filled out, you owe me for the last week's feed. Any week in which the pigs show a loss in weight except from disease which you cannot prevent, you give me a pig. How is that?"

"That's a pretty stiff proposition, but maybe I can learn something. If you're willing to try it, dad, I'll try to do my best. I'll sign up for the pig project tomorrow at the County Agent's office. Have you got time to go out and look at the sow with me? I want to see if she is comfortable."

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 1 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, March 7, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Garden Planning

Waseca, Minn.--Strange how the seed companies seem to know just when our canned vegetables begin to run short and send their brilliantly-colored catalogs as a reminder that now is the time to plan next year's garden. We have never been able to produce things quite as perfect as the illustrations, but hope is eternal and it's lots of fun to try.

For several years we have made a practice of keeping a copy of our seed order. This makes it easy to check off each spring, reordering the things that gave the best satisfaction and substituting other varieties for the ones that were not so good. Then we always like to look through the pictures and try a few things that are new to us, just to see what happens.

Last year we tried some of the new Russian Watermelons. They were not so good as the later sorts, but might go fine in a season when the Kleckleys did not mature. The vines set many melons, there was hardly room for the leaves and they certainly are early. We put about a bushel of rotted manure or leaves in a pile for each hill and planted the vine crops around the edge. This seems to hold the moisture and undoubtedly has some fertilizing value.

Cultivation is the most tedious part of gardening. On small patches a sharp bright hoe may be all right, but for larger plots, a wheel hoe is essential, especially for those of us who are getting thick in the middle. We like the kind that have blades like a lawn mower to break the crust and a knife following to cut the weeds. Deep cultivation is likely to injure the plants, and besides, it is more work.

Bulletins on gardening, fruit culture and canning may be obtained free from the Bulletin Office, University Farm, St. Paul. These and a good supply of seed catalogs should provide several evenings of entertainment for the whole family. Get the Kids interested, and let each one have a spot to grow their own garden. The desire to plant is inherent in most of us, and the instinct deserves cultivation.

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 1 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, March 14 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Maternity Row

Waseca, Minn.---"Good morning ladies. How are all the families this morning?"

The answer is "Baa" in quarter notes, half notes and dotted whole notes, arranged on all the lines and spaces of the treble clef. Every animal in the barn is glad to greet the man who opens the door in the morning, for it means food, water, and help for any difficulties. It is a dull man who fails to get a thrill out of the morning greeting by the stock intrusted to his care.

Would you like to take a trip through the barn with me this morning? First let's see what the sheep have been doing. Here are 14 ewes and their 23 lambs. No, there are 15 ewes and 25 lambs. Another family has arrived during the night. See that awkward, long legged, long tailed, droop-eared sister in the end pen? She isn't over an hour old and she is hunting, hunting, hunting--there she finds it! See her tail shake and wiggle with glee as the warm, sweet milk gives her new life.

Here's her brother--no, sister--in the corner. She doesn't seem so strong. We'll have to help her a bit. Steady now, there it is--here we go. When they shake their tails that way, it's a good sign they are on their way toward growing up. We always clip the wool from the udders before lambing, so there is less danger of the lambs getting a lock of wool instead of the real thing.

See that big husky there on the other side. He jumps way up in the air and comes down stiff legged, as graceful as a cat. Let's put this box in the sun and watch a game. See, he is the first one up on top! Hear his feet rattle! He'll be a big, fine ram next year and head a flock somewhere. Now the others are after him. See how they try to bunt him off! A good blow, Egbert, now you can be "King of the Box"--until you get knocked off.

Now while they play, we'll give the ladies some alfalfa, fill water pails and put out some oats for the ones whose lambs are beginning to demand all the milk they can get. This old lady had hard luck. Her one and only lamb died, so we put its skin over another whose mother had triplets, and now it has been adopted. Guess the skin can come off now, but we'll just put a dab of her milk on her nose and on the rump of the lamb, so it will smell right. The ewes seem to know their children by smell and sound, but not by sight. There goes his tail, so he'll be all right. It's hard to make a ewe take in a stranger.

That fixes everything, let's go over to the hog barn. Whew! That's a different smell and a different greeting, but it means the same thing. See that nice line-up at the breakfast table?

That's a sow of the "good natured" line. We are inbreeding pigs for experimental purposes, and find that disposition is inherited as well as color. You can go in and play with those pigs, they like to chew shoe strings, but don't go in this pen. Here the pigs are wild, and the old sow will attack anything she thinks might hurt her pigs. We have spent hours trying to gain her confidence, but she is still essentially a wild animal.

Oh! Oh! Here's a dead pig. That sow is one of those clumsy stupid ones that is always causing disaster. This line of breeding is hard to keep going because the mothers kill their pigs. They try to be good to them, but just don't seem to know how. Those wild ones raise almost every pig unless they get angry or excited. Then their nerves go all to pieces and anything may be expected.

Look at those little rascals! Just as soon as the door was opened they hiked out in the sunshine, had a good tussle and are now stretched out in the sun. The sun seems to make them stretch and they never go back to the same size again. I must get them some sods. We can raise little pigs on clean concrete, but they must have some clean soil to eat. Dad used to have me haul sods to the pigs, and now science has caught up and told why it was necessary. Soil provides iron and prevents anemia.

Everything here looks comfortable and contented, let's go over to the horse barn. I hear the horses are getting impatient. ---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
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St. Paul Minnesota
March 1 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday March 21, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Planting Pastures

Waseca, Minn.---Just as I get stretched out on the couch with the paper, the phone rings and Bud says, "It's you, dad".

"Hello".

"Hello, Bob, this is Bill. We're going to be a little short on pasture this summer, and I'm wondering if you fellows have found out anything that's good to plant in the spring to help out during the summer."

That question always deflates my ego, because I don't have any very good answer. The University has done very little work on one of the most important problems in southern Minnesota. A project is being planned however, and it may be that before I get much older it will be possible to have a good reply for even that one.

We have tried here at Waseca, the so-called "Hass Mixture". This consists of 2 bushels of oats and a "grass" mixture of timothy, red clover, alsike, white sweet clover and rape, 2 pounds each, per acre. Since red clover does not do much here, we left it out and used 4 pounds of sweet clover or a little more. Barley, wheat or rye would do as well for the grain, depending on what we have handy.

This has given fairly good results. The cattle were turned in when the grain was about 6 inches high. When the grain was fairly well eaten down, we used a sweet clover pasture for a couple of weeks to let the small stuff get a start, and then had pasture until late fall. The latter part of the season it was mostly rape, but it did not seem to affect the taste of the milk if we took the cows out an hour or so before milking.

The next year this pasture was mostly sweet clover and made good feed again. It is probably as good as anything we know of for spring planting. Sudan grass can

be planted in late May and will about take care of two cows per acre during July and August. It is dangerous after a frost and occasionally after its growth is checked by drought or other causes. Few reports of poisoning have been heard, and no bloat reported so far.

Sweet clover and timothy planted without grain, will make good fall and late summer pasture, but the number of plants recommended for annual Minnesota pastures is extremely limited. It is usually best to figure a year in advance and put in a sweet clover-timothy mixture with the grain. Those who have cussed their profitless peat bogs for years, now find that by using reed canary grass they have the best of meadows and pastures. There must be other plants which would help with pasture problems. It must be our job to help find them.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday March 28, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Managing Machinery

Waseca, Minn.---Farmers get the itch about this time of year. Not the kind that stays for 7 years, but the annual urge that comes every spring to be out in the field. One good way to make certain that the work will go smoothly when the ground gets right, is to have all the equipment in top notch shape. It's no fun to have the disc, drill, or harrow go bust during the rush of spring planting.

We try to get over every machine, replacing broken parts, tightening bolts and, if we can afford it, spreading a bit of bright paint here and there. The paint prevents rust and most men will take better care of a machine that looks almost like new.

A handy man with some good tools and a shop of some kind, can make a machine last almost indefinitely. Few machines actually wear out. They get rusty, out of alignment and the oil holes get filled with dirt. An annual going-over is of as much value as a shed for storage. One neighbor used a manure spreader 3 years and, when he overhauled it, found an oil hole he never knew existed!

Manufacturers seem to delight in hiding oil holes in the most inaccessible places. Perhaps some day we can buy machinery with gun fittings where they can be found. The tendency is in that direction, and a few are doing it, but why couldn't it have been done 5 years ago? An oil hole in a casting just feeds dirt to the bearing. How would an automobile run if it was built like most farm machinery? We pay enough, why not put in an organized protest for better built machinery?

Wouldn't it be fun this year, if every machine was tuned up and greased, ready to hitch on to when needed? Can you imagine having every evener fixed, painted and ready, clevises and all? Think of having all the harness oiled, repaired and ready for emergencies. It would make the work a lot more pleasant, wouldn't it? Guess I'll get on the overalls and start in.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

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St. Paul Minnesota

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, April 4, 1934

March 31 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

How Much Do You See?

Three Boy Scouts went on a hike. Jim saw six cars, a train, two wagons, four dogs and a bird. Henry saw the same things but he noted that two of the cars were Chevrolets, two Fords, one a Plymouth and one a Dodge. He noticed that one of the wagons was drawn by a pair of grey mares hauling a load of corn to market, and the other by a team of black horses hauling some wood up to the house. Two of the four dogs were collies, one a police dog, and the other a mongrel with an uncertain disposition. The bird was a crow.

Jasper, the third boy, had learned to use his eyes a little bit. In addition to the items Henry mentioned, Jasper identified twenty-seven varieties of birds, many of them on their way north; also twenty-five insects he knew and ten be brought home for study. He opened the leaves of a mallow weed that had lived all winter under the snow. In the very center, under ten wooly, warm, leaf blankets, he found a lady bug, hibernating until warmer weather. He also found some black snow fleas or flickertails under warm mallow leaf blankets.

As Jasper went through some woods, he noticed that the owner had cut out the best oaks for fence posts, leaving mostly crooked, gnarly trees good for little besides fuel. He noticed that the woods had been pastured and that the only young trees were poor species such as ironwood, popple, willows and prickly ash. Several of the hickory trees had been killed by insects which caused big galls on the smaller branches, but the infected trees had been left to spread the damage to others.

Even while walking over a plowed field, Jasper used his eyes. He noticed how the trees had been cut from a side hill and the ground all washed and gullied after the protection was removed. He saw how one farmer had planted winter wheat on a

plowed slope to prevent washing, and another had left a strip of sod for the water to run on. As a reward for using his eyes, Jasper picked up an Indian stone hammer, five pieces of pottery, and two arrow heads.

I always feel sorry for folks who have nothing to do but "kill time". There are a million interesting things to see, a thousand things it would be fun to learn more about, a hundred things to do to make life more enjoyable.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 31,1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, April 11, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Firewood and Fence Posts

The oldest oldtimers can still remember when southeastern Minnesota was known as the "Big Woods". Most of the land from Mankato to Winona and from St. Anthony to Iowa was covered with forests of oak, hard maple, elm, ash, and linden. Now the timbered areas with their game, wild flowers and birds are getting smaller and smaller. Lakes, once full of fish are dried up. Rainfall is hurried off as quickly as possible through ditches, tile, and rivers, no longer dammed by the beaver.

Man has done his best to eliminate the good things that nature left here in "The Land of Good Hunting". And to what purpose? To produce too much of almost everything, so that expensive programs of "crop reduction" and "idle acres" must be planned and executed. Some cities even levy taxes with which to pump water from far under ground to keep the ponds in their parks from going dry. We ship in coal from Pennsylvania and lumber from Washington so as to clear more acres to grow more grain for which there is no demand.

It seems we have to have a law for everything, why couldn't we have one which would encourage each farmer to set aside a few acres for woodland? Why couldn't each city and town have at least a forty acre tract of timber as a recreation ground in the summer and a place where the city poor could get wood in the winter? Why couldn't each county set aside some of its poorer, rougher land to be used for growing fuel, fence posts, and lumber?

The planting could be done at comparatively little expense. Boy Scout troups, Isaac Walton Leagues, and others interested in such projects could start nurseries, grow their own trees and set them out. We used to get groups of men to go out shocking grain during the war. Why not organize in the same way for tree planting? Most

men would get a big kick out of spending three or four evenings a year in planting trees. Almost every town has some horticultural enthusiast who could direct the project.

We might as well face the issue and admit we have almost destroyed some of nature's best gifts in Minnesota. What are we going to do about it? Cooperatively, we could do a lot. Let's begin right now, this spring, to plant and plan for more planting.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 31 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, April 18, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Spring Rush

Like a fire horse pawing and fretting to get to the fire, farmers are eager to get at their spring work. As soon as the first hint of warm weather comes and the land looks workable, disks, harrows and drills are hitched behind horses, mules, or tractors and start the steady trek back and forth across the fields, getting the ground ready and the seed covered.

Everything seems to need doing at once. Seed must be cleaned, pasture mixtures must be made up, machinery must be tinkered and oiled, green colts must be hitched and taught to mind, sacks of grain must be hauled to the field and set up along the fence, the wagon needs greasing after standing all winter. Little pigs arriving or lately arrived need extra care, lambs need watching, cows must be milked, calves fed, feed hauled, barns cleaned, bedding brought in before the heavy spring rains, plows sharpened, seed corn shelled and graded, manure hauled, sleds put away--there seems to be no stopping place.

The housewife is busy as well. Three square meals a day for hungry people to get; washing, ironing, garden planting to do; incubator or baby chicks to watch; the kids to get ready for school, and possibly chores to be helped with. If other jobs fail, there is always spring housecleaning to keep her "leisure time" occupied.

It is just at a busy time like this that things happen. Possibly a colt runs away and smashes up harness and machinery. The cattle take this time to break through a fence. Animals always seem more likely to get sick at the busiest time, and extra jobs like a load of coal or an empty feed bin are bound to crop up.

After about two weeks of this, a farmer picks up a paper and sees that some senator is advocating a law compelling men to work only 30 hours a week and employ-

ers to pay them wages for full time. The farmer explodes. He has put in 90 hours a week and tried to do the work of two or three men in an attempt to earn a living. He would be glad to hire a man to help with the work if there was anything to pay him with.

Most farmers do not object to hard work or long hours, but it would be nice if their skill, their investment, and their honest effort could be made to earn a respectable living. Perhaps this is the year. At least there is no charge (as yet) for hoping so.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 31 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE
Wednesday, April 25, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Shearing Sheep

Pictures in the sheep book show a quiet and well behaved ewe sitting calmly on one end while a man in a white collar peels off the pretty fleece like a blanket. One spring vacation I came home from school to find the sheep panting under wooly coats, so I decided to hunt up the shears and try my skill. The head of the flock obviously had the heaviest fleece, so he was naturally the one to start on.

I sharpened up the shears, got the sheep, wet with dew, in from the pasture, swept off a clean place on the barn floor, caught the ram, and began. I had done some wrestling in school, but that 225 pound ram was out of my class. He certainly had been sheared before, but if he had been taught to sit up, he had forgotten the lesson. I won the first fall, but if it took both arms and both legs to hold him down, how could I use the shears?

Every time I tried to set him up, he would turn his feet toward me and kick. Every time I did get him on end, he would turn as limp as a sack of water, and it took all my strength to hold him up. My older brothers would stop in the doorway now and then to "kid" me.

Finally I put an old door across saw horses. Then I got the old boy on the bench and tied him down with several hitch straps, and the work went much better. Snip, snip--the wool was gradually removed from the outside of one front leg. From there the area widened up toward the neck and down toward the flank. I found that the skin cut easier than the wool, and that even if Rameses was tied down, he could wriggle like an angle worm. The wool was damp, sweat got in my eyes, the shears kept getting dull and my wrist tired. By noon I had clipped around to the back

bone, so I let the ram rest in a horse stall while I went to dinner. I spent the afternoon snipping off the other side. We hired a man to shear the rest of the flock at ten cents a head.

My next experience was here at the Experiment Station, where a boy turned the crank while I turned the sheep and steered the slippers. That day we wore out two men and a boy turning the crank, wore out several sheep to the point where they were too tired to fight and incidentally wore out my temper and my back muscles.

The next year we took the inside gears out of the machine, made a straight shaft and ran it with an electric motor. This worked much better. Now we have a new clipper with the motor inside the handle and only a wire to get in the way.

I have found out several things about shearing sheep. First, a white collar is not essential. The less clothes one has on, the less there will be to throw away when the job is done. Second, it pays to have the fleece dry and the shears sharp. Third, and most important, if set at the proper angle, sheep will hold comparatively still. It is hard work, but it is a pleasure too, to turn them out slick and smooth, without cuts or ridges.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
April 27 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 2, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Corn Planting

If we go to the trouble and expense of growing a crop of corn, we try to make sure that there are enough corn plants in the rows and enough good breeding in the plants, to promise a profit from the enterprise. We believe it is better business to reduce production by handling fewer units, rather than to use poorer units.

How do we know our corn will grow and produce well? Because we have tested it. A "slick" salesman with a plausible story might sell me enough corn for a couple of rows through the field, but I do not think he could sell me much more until I had grown a crop on the farm here. We will use our own time-tried seed, until through continued testing we find something consistently better. Our own seed, picked before frost and quickly dried, germinates better than 99 per cent. It has been carefully selected for 15 seasons and last year made around 90 bushels of ear corn per acre. We KNOW it is good seed.

Peculiar as it may seem, our corn seems poorly adapted elsewhere in Minnesota. Other varieties make our corn look like a joke away from home, but here on the farm outsiders have to hump themselves to equal our old Silver King. This narrow adaptation is one of the little understood characteristics of normal corn. Sometimes even comparatively short moves are disastrous.

Hybrid corn, produced from crosses of inbred strains, does not seem to be so much affected by a change of environment. I do not know the reason, but testing has demonstrated rather clearly that it is so. The new hybrid released by the University this year, Minhybrid 301, has met with widespread interest, and seed stocks have long since been disposed of. This new cross is the result of two inbred strains of Minnesota 13, crossed with a late yellow Iowa variety which has also been inbred. Last year it yielded from 15 to 20 per cent more than the average of farmers' varieties, and even beat our own Silver King. Perhaps the time has come when we will have to discard our old favorite in favor of the new variety. Watch the new corn this year and see what it does.

--- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
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St. Paul Minnesota
April 27 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 9, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Killing Weeds

You may need the assistance of a horse to pull up a full grown burdock plant, but when a tiny sprout, the weed can be flipped out into the sun with the tip of one finger. We have to pick burrs out of the cows tails and sell our wool at a discount because nobody flipped at flipping time.

The only reason for cultivating corn is to kill weeds. On our corn plots which are never cultivated over an inch deep, we have the best of yields. If we could kill all the weed seed in the ground, we would never need to cultivate at all. Since we have no way of killing all the seed, we do the best we can to uproot the little fellows before they get a good foothold.

We have had good success, so far, with early fall plowing, followed by disking or spring-toothing during dry weather. Then we try to get over the corn ground as early as possible in the spring, so as to start the weeds and get them killed before planting the seed.

Of course everyone has a method of his own, adapted to his particular conditions, but we have always liked to blind cultivate, so as to get another crop of tiny weeds before the corn comes up. Dragging, just as the corn comes through, gets a few million more. Then the regular first and second cultivations usually keep the field pretty clean until the corn is 6 inches high.

For later cultivations, we like to use surface cultivators. A lot of good farmers have discarded them, but they seem to get the deep-rooted weeds that have escaped the spearpoint shovels, without going so deep as to injure the corn roots. Surface cultivators also pull somewhat easier, which makes it possible to hustle the job, even in hot weather.

There are means of killing weeds, if we can just get the work done. Canada thistles are easy to get if the land is seeded to alfalfa. Cut three times a year for 3 years, the thistles will all be gone unless some live seeds remain ungerminated. A few sheep will pay a profit for eating sow thistles. Quack grass is easier to kill if left undisturbed for a couple of years and then plowed just deep enough to make the plow scour. When the top layer of roots are killed, deep plowing will cover them up so that they make good fertilizer. Dry weather is a great help in killing quack.

Every farmer knows how to kill weeds. The chief requirement is elbow grease and lots of power. The trick is to get the work done, done right, and done right on time.

---- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
April 27 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 16, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Sheep Worm Troubles

One thing that irritates me is to see advertisements of powders, nostrums, minerals, or salt compounds, "guaranteed to keep sheep, hogs, cattle and chickens free from all worms. Just put it on the feed and your worm troubles are over!" The danger is that some people believe such "baloney." They pay good money for the dope and then wonder what's the matter.

Think of it from the standpoint of the sheep for instance. The lamb eats nice, tender, dew-covered grass--on which are the larva of stomach worms. When these larva reach the fourth or true stomach, they grow and develop into great big robust worms, as thick as a fine hair and three-fourths of an inch long. They hook their heads into the walls of the stomach and suck blood to their heart's content.

One worm would never be noticed, but hundreds of thousands of them give the stomach a fur lined appearance, interfering with digestion and draining the blood supply until the sheep dies. In the meantime the worms are laying eggs which are passed out with the manure to reinfect the pastures.

A lamb figures on filling his stomach every day if he can. Suppose he takes in 10 pounds of milk, grass, water and grain. Do you imagine that two licks from a block of salt containing perhaps one-tenth of one per cent of poison will have much effect on those worms in the fourth stomach, their heads buried in the blood vessels?

There are two ways to get worms. One is to kill the sheep and burn the carcass. The other is to starve the animal until the stomach is practically empty. This takes about 20 hours. Then put as much poison in the stomach as the animal can stand, hoping it will get to the worms before it gets too diluted to do them any damage.

The plan we use is to give from 1 to 4 ounces of a 1 per cent solution of copper sulphate to each sheep, the amount depending on size. Then leave them 4 hours more without food or water. This must get some of the worms, because we can see the lambs begin to grow again within a week. ---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
April 27 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 23, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Soybeans

Some people do not know beans--particularly soybeans. At one time there was considerable ink and oratory spilled over the value of soybeans planted with silage corn. Most people were disappointed with this combination and have dropped the beans from their list of farm crops. One must know his beans to find out their great usefulness. A list of uses might be somewhat as follows:

1. An emergency crop of cow hay.
2. A protein feed for cows or sheep.
3. A soil improver.
4. A cash crop.

Before we had all the alfalfa we could use here at Waseca, beans were regularly grown for hay. We found that they were relatively easy to cure, and that the hay was fully equal to the best alfalfa as feed. The drawbacks were, that the bean hay was more costly, requiring soil preparation, seeding and cultivation each year. We still grow them for hay, however, on land where other crops fail, or after early canning peas. We have planted as late as the fourth of July and had a fair crop.

Most of the beans we plant now are for cow feed. We let the beans mature, at which time the pods are brown and the leaves all fallen off. The binder does a fairly good job of harvesting, tying the bundles with little loss from shattering. Then we stack the bundles beside the barn or in it.

When the cows come in from grass, we need protein feed to balance the corn and oats, so we estimate the weight of beans in a bundle and feed in place of oilmeal. The cows seem to like the beans and the system, cleaning up all but the coarsest stems which go out to the horses. The cows digest the beans surprisingly well, and show no offence at having to thresh and grind their own feed.

Soybeans leave the ground in most excellent shape for succeeding crops. They make an especially good crop to precede sugar beets or corn. We have never tried plowing them under but they should be better than almost anything else for such a purpose.

Soybean oil is in good demand, and several mills are now buying beans for pressing. Usually the mills have not paid enough to make beans interesting as a cash crop in Minnesota, but if we can grow 30 bushels per acre, this field offers opportunities. The straw makes good feed for sheep or horses so the whole return is not dependent on the bushels sold.

We have had yields up to 35 bushels per acre. These were grown in 24 inch rows, with the seed placed an inch apart in the row. Beet drills and cultivators are the handiest tools for handling beans, but grain drills or corn machinery can be used. We have found it best to cultivate the beans. When seeded solid, the weeds seem to get a head start and give too much competition.

Special Bulletin 134 tells about the culture of soybeans and may be procured free from University Farm or the Waseca Station.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
May 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, May 30, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Cow Sense--and Cents

Most people do not give cows credit for much intelligence, but I have observed that, in many cases at least, they reflect the environment in which they are kept.

One successful dairyman I know worked like a machine and his cows were trained to do likewise. On the minute he opened the door, the cows marched in in order, took their places, and started on their feed. These were not cows. They were numbers. I never saw this dairyman either caress or ill-treat any number, but such machine-like order, I have never witnessed elsewhere.

As a contrast, I visited a farm where some 50 cows were kept, and every animal on the farm was a pet. Everywhere the owner went, calves, pigs, dogs and cows followed him around like a procession.

Just as we were leaving the barn where four double unit machines were milking, the boss stopped and went back to the far end of the line, where stood a wreck of a cow, seemingly out of place in that fine herd. "Well Rosy, old girl, I almost forgot you that time. I'm glad you called me back." The old hat rack shut her eyes with pleasure as he scratched her head.

"That old cow has had 17 calves, 12 of which have been in the money at the State Fair. Some of the rest were never shown. She has given me $2,500 worth of butterfat and $3,000 worth of calves, besides the ones in the herd. She has been my friend for almost 20 years. That stall is hers as long as she lives and when the time comes to go, she will have an honorable burial beneath the oaks on the hill over there. I wish I had been as useful as that old cow."

Still another type of management was that shown by a young college student. As part of his duties here, he was expected to milk the family cow. From the

first he resented the job. The cow seemed to realize this, and the feeling between the two was bitter.

The cow would not go in the barn, she would not stand still and she developed a skillful aim with her right foot. I suppose the young man "got even" as best he could. One morning the drama reached a climax. The cow jumped the fence and the pair had a 2-mile run before breakfast. As I finished the chores, the boy came in shaking with anger. "Look at that! Two hours work to get a cupful of milk!"

This time there was not enough milk for the baby, to say nothing of cream for my oatmeal, so thereafter we changed milkers. In a week, the cow came into her stall when the door was opened and stood remarkably still while a good-sized pail of milk was removed. All of which bears out the contention that man sense plus cow sense makes dollars and cents.

-----R. E. Hodgson, superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
May 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, June 6, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Growing Things

A young friend was telling me what a thrill he got when his new car registered 80 miles an hour. Perhaps it is a sign of old age creeping on, that I do not anticipate with any pleasure a thrill of that sort. I get my thrills--lots of big ones--year after year by growing things. So many people today seem to require something dangerous, something reckless for their thrills. It makes me wonder if it is because they are crowded in cities and have never learned to appreciate the breathless excitement of nature's tragedies, comedies and endless drama.

Did you ever watch a little bird or chicken struggle to get out of the shell? Did you ever watch a young calf or pig as it takes its first trip out into the wide, wide world? Did you ever watch a bunch of healthy young lambs at play, or a couple of young pigs in a tussle? Did you ever hold the reins over a spanking team with a nice harness? Did you ever teach a nice young colt to ride or drive?

Have you ever planted a seed, tended the plant and watched the flower unfold? Have you ever raised a fine crop of alfalfa where the neighbors said it couldn't be done? Have you ever planted a grove of trees or an orchard and enjoyed the shade, the nuts or the fruit? Have you ever brought home wild flowers from a trip in the woods and succeeded ingetting them to grow near your own home?

Last but not least, have you raised a family of kids and seen the boys develop into men and the girls into women that will be an asset to any community where they may reside?

The world is full of thrills. Quiet thrills of satisfaction in a job well done, a new experience, a successful experiment, a good turn, a goal achieved. The thrill of doing things and growing things. These are the thrills that last, that do

good rather than harm, and best of all they can be experienced time after time, year after year. This kind of thrills does not produce jaded appetites.

It is not necessary to have a whole farm to get some of the fun of growing things. Our little girls had six narcissus bulbs. Each member of the family chose a bulb and named it. Then the race was on to see who would have the first bloom. Six weeks of excitement for 30 cents!

It is worth a lot of effort to teach boys and girls to see and know something of nature's story, so they may have the thrill of growing things.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
May 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, June 13, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Bee Business

These are busy times in the bee hive. The old workers have worn out their wings bringing in pollen and nectar from the fruit trees and spring flowers, dumping it in the first cell they can find and rushing back after another load. Young bees, the housekeepers, have bustled around at their manifold duties, carrying nectar up to the storage department and "boiling" it down to honey. They have mixed pollen and honey into bee bread for the young larva, and fed the thousands of babies.

Then there are cells and comb to build, the whole hive to keep clean, propolis made to fill up cracks, cappings to put on, and an occasional dead bee to haul out--every worker must keep on the jump 24 hours a day when the nectar is coming in.

The queen herself is in a bad temper. Here she has been working at top speed, laying more and more eggs every day, until today she has made a record of 3,557 eggs. One more day and she will have every available cell full. She has also been forced to lay an egg in each of 18 queen cells, and she knows that her young rivals are just about to hatch.

One more day goes by. The old queen has filled every available cell. Young bees are hatching at the rate of a thousand or more every day. The hive is crowded, the old queen is cramped for room and she suddenly declares a holiday. Tomorrow she and her faithful old retainers are going to get out and find a hive where they won't be overrun with these new, young smarties that think they know it all.

What a scurrying and scampering takes place! Scouts leave to search for a new home. The staid old honey-gatherers go on the rampage, recklessly tear open cells and gorge themselves on honey until they feel drugged. All is excitement, uproar, hubbub and confusion.

All through the night the revel continues and up to noon the next day. At last the old queen can stand it no longer. The scouts have not returned, but this disorder is getting on her nerves. Accordingly, soon after noon, she gives the command, and all the old workers rush for the entrance. Drones are knocked into dim corners. Scared babies dive head first into the first cell they can find to keep from being run over. Some are carried along with the rush and stay with the old bees because they can not find their way back. The old queen soars into the air with her thousands and thousands of guards and helpers, buzzing, roaring, singing, shouting in mad frenzy.

A little boy sees the black cloud and dashes madly for the barn. "Pa, the bees are swarmin'!"

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
May 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, June 20, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Farm Improvements

Our neighbor has a small portable cement mixer which he operates with a gas engine. We borrowed it a month ago to make a small cement platform and then got too busy to get at the job. The mixer stood handy, so when it came to mixing some grass seed, we used the machine instead of a shovel. Then we used it to treat the corn before planting. Next, we mixed dirt and rotted manure for the lawn. We mixed rape and sweet clover seed, treated beet seed and found several other uses for the mixer, never dreamed of, perhaps, by the manufacturers.

Most of the improvements we have, came about in this manner. We never felt the need of a cement mixer except for concrete jobs, but now that we see how handy it is, we have begun to figure how we can acquire one.

I wonder if the lack of modern improvements on the farm, particularly in the house, is not due largely to the fact that so many people do not feel the need of things they have never had. The improvement might lighten drudgery and make life more enjoyable, but one does not realize this fully, except by experience.

The common "reason" farm people give for not having the modern improvements is that the cost is prohibitive. In some cases, this is entirely true. A good many small improvements, however, require only a little cash, some ability with tools, lots of determination and unlimited ingenuity. I know a man who has carried water in pails, or hauled it on a stone boat, for 40 years, when 10 dollars worth of pipe laid a foot under ground would have watered his pigs in the summer time when there were lots of pigs requiring lots of water, and time should have been valuable. His nose is so close to the grindstone he doesn't see the wheel turning, but he knows that something hurts.

This attitude is not peculiar to farmers. I have seen business men who seemed to be in the same position. It might be a good stunt if everyone could be required to work at some other job for one month out of each year. We might each get a new view of things, that would help a lot when we got back to our own job.

We have taken the ruts off of the main highway; let's begin taking the ruts off of our vision.

— R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

"Rubbernecking"

I am a born "rubbernecker". An insatiable curiosity prompts me to see what the other fellow is doing, how he does it and why he does it that way. It is remarkable how often I can get hunches or suggestions about solving my own problems by observing how the other fellow has solved his.

I like my job, and can think of no other line of work which would keep me so interested that the days seem only half long enough to accomplish all I plan to do. At the same time I occasionally get fed up on it and begin to feel a "what's-the-use" attitude coming on. Then I know it's time to have a change.

There is little chance for a change at home, so I try to get away for a day or a week end, where I won't even think of the routine things. Friend wife needs a change too, so we go together whenever possible. Once we spent a few days visiting farmers in Southeastern Minnesota, just to see how they did things. We took a pup tent and camped wherever we were when night came. At other times we have gone further and studied things other than farming.

It isn't so much a physical rest that we need. I wouldn't recommend overnight camping as a physical rest. We simply need a change of work and a change of thinking. Our own difficulties look like walls around us until we get far enough away to see over them, after which they do not appear so formidable. Always we are glad to get home. The old house and barns look better than any mansions we have seen, the dog and cat at least always seem glad to see us, the familiar horses, sheep, cattle and even the hogs all look good because we know them and they know us. Immediately I can see a lot of things that need doing and the old ginger seems to be restored.

Some elderly people seem to be worn and broken by long years of hard work. Others, who in my opinion have worked even harder, face the declining years full of energy, enthusiasm, optimism and the joy of living. I do not believe hard work has killed nearly so many spirits, as has monotonous repetition of the same things day in and day out, year after year. Viewpoints are narrowed, life becomes self centered, difficulties appear insurmountable and death is the only release.

The most valuable things of life are not measured in money. A vacation taken by camping in your own back yard, or in a neighbor's pasture may be just as good as a trip to California, but change your routine occasionally or the routine will change you. Are you running your business, or is it running you?

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
June 23 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, July 4, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Discovering Things

All the men were gathered in the barn, giving advice and assistance to a long-legged, awkward, black stallion that was at least six hours old, and, so far, had not discovered how to appease the pains of hunger. Ole suggested milking in his mouth, so Howard pushed, Russ held the mare, George and Clarence offered advice, and I operated the faucet. No luck!

Milk was poured in his mouth. He seemed to like the sample, but did not connect it with its source. He would hunt and hunt and hunt, but always he held his head too high or too low or too something to make connections. He even resented the offered assistance, and actually got both hind feet off the ground in a baby kick. Soon he got tired of trying and had to lie down and rest awhile.

All day the youngster hunted and still failed to find the combination. After supper Bud and I went to the barn armed with bottles, nipples, rubber tubes, etc., determined to lead the horse to water and make him drink. As we came in the barn door, a familiar, soupy melody informed us that the lost had been found, the manna had appeared in the wilderness, a rainbow shown in the sky, and life was worth living again.

In a few minutes the colt stretched out on the straw at peace with the world--except for a pleasant pain in a distended stomach.

Sometimes I wonder if we aren't much like the colt. We hunt for solutions to our problems, give up, yell for help, cry, try again and perhaps finally succeed. Then it looks so simple and easy that all our efforts seem ridiculous. We all know so many things which, "can't be done", that we seem to be inhibited from further trying. Then somebody comes along who doesn't know that the job is impossible, and presto! He does it.

Here's hoping that our economic and social troubles may soon be solved as satisfactorily as the problems of the colt.

Incidentally, mother and son are doing very nicely, thank you. In view of his attitude toward our proffered aid, we plan to call him, "Waseca Defiance".

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
June 23 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, July 11, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Buried Treasure

Think of finding $5,000 out in a worthless old peat slough! A good many farmers have found money in their low land lately; but like all buried treasure, it takes some digging to uncover. Working in a peat slough is no fun, for the heat seems greater, the air more sticky and the peat often raises an itchy rash when mixed with sweat.

Just the same, when County Agent Martin Hansen recognized Phalaris or Reed Canary Grass as the kind of hay he had seen grown in Denmark, he started a ball rolling that has been one of the big crop developments of recent years. Immediately the demand was for seed. Old binders were converted into Phalaris headers, drying sheds were built, cleaning machinery was devised, and weed infested pot holes became gold mines. No farmer has accumulated a fortune from it as yet, but mortgages have been lifted, improvements made, machinery purchased, and, possibly, a new family bus added, from the sale of seed and hay.

Last year one seed company bought over 30 tons of seed at around $800 a ton, cash. That was a life saver to the farmers during the present flood of trouble. It has attracted so much attention that farmers all over the United States and Canada are trying to grow the crop. Wild statements have been made, and many farmers have been disappointed, but the acreage of Phalaris continues to increase most rapidly on sites adapted to its culture. Some of the facts born out by experience may be stated as follows:

1. Old stands are not killed by flooding with cool or moving water.
2. Hot stagnant water kills the plants.
3. On high ground, Phalaris is about as good as timothy. It is not by any means as good as alfalfa.
4. On wet ground, Phalaris may yield from five to eight tons of hay per acre.
5. It cures easily, considering the bulk.
6. It makes excellent pasture and may last 30 years or more.
7. It pays to prepare a good seed bed, and peat should be rolled or packed as much as possible.
8. It may be seeded any time of the year when moisture is likely to be plentiful for a month or two. Late seedings stand more chance of winter killing.
9. Seed ripens around July 4th and requires considerable care in harvesting and curing.
10. Usually two crops of palatable, nutritious hay are cut; the second cutting being better for milk cows.
11. Phalaris makes a good crop for low spots in an alfalfa field.

Ask your county agent for a bulletin on "Reed Canary Grass".

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
June 23 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, July 18, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Grass Storage

If I were a blue grass plant in some of the pastures nearby, I should curl up and die. If I had had every vestage of green leaf nipped off just as soon as it got green, not once, but time after time, year after year, I would get discouraged. I couldn't grow roots without starch and sugar, I couldn't make starch and sugar except through the action of the sun on the green material in my leaves; so, when there are no leaves, what is a poor plant to do? With an under-nourished and under-developed root system, no mulch to protect roots from the hot sun and no reserve supply of food to draw on, I would be in poor shape to stand a prolonged drouth.

Pastures which have been abused for years, by over-grazing in early spring and late fall, with no green leaves left long enough to store up surpluses, were hard hit by the drouth and will take some time to recuperate. They need rest, just at the time most farmers are in the worst kind of a pinch for feed and need pasture as seldom before.

Professor Andrew Boss has suggested that part of our apparent surplus production be stored as grass. That is, some of our acres that have been producing too much corn and too much wheat, be seeded down to permanent pasture and allowed to rest. By this means they would store up fertility in the soil, develope a big root system and provide their own mulch. Then in unusual times such as we have had this spring, these acres, which would never have been "idle" would be ready for heavy grazing or available for other crops if that seemed best.

We store up corn, we store up wheat, we store up hay, we store up eggs, butter and meat products. Some few even try to store up money; all, apparently in expectation of a "rainy day". Would it not be equally wise to store up fertility, store up potential production, store up emergency feed, in the form of grass.

------R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
June 23 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, July 25, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Just Fences

Dick, the horse, stands 17 hands (six feet means the same thing) at the withers. When he sees a delectable morsel of grass on the other side of the fence, he just reaches his long neck over and grabs for it. If the neck does not quite reach, he leans his more than a ton of bone and muscle against the wires and pushes a little bit. Dick is a well mannered horse, and would not intentionally do anything to violate good farm practice. He has plenty of good grass where he is, but why waste all that good feed along the fence row?

Mostly Dick does no damage, but occasionally an accident will happen; he'll push a bit too hard and then steel posts bend, wooden posts snap, staples pull out, and sometimes wires break.

Now Dot, the mare, has a different system. She particularly fancies those tender shoots which grow right beside the fence row. She puts her big tough hoof on the woven wire about six inches above the ground, and by pushing hard, she can nip the tops of a few weeds or blades of grass. Of course this curls up the wire and lets the little pig under, but it is lots of fun apparently, for she has gone over every foot of a mile and a half of fence.

Charles, the bull, has another system. He never bothers a fence--one barbed wire will hold him,--unless he feels the need of going somewhere. One afternoon the flies got bad, so he calmly walked through a plank fence, through a woven wire fence, and into the barn door. He didn't seem to realize they were there, and yet we hook a finger in his ring and lead that power plant around like a dog.

Hugo, the boar, puts his long snout under a woven wire fence, rips out all the staples with one flip of his head and goes under. If the wire is on the other side of the post, Hugo just climbs up and leans against it, until something gives.

All this is intended to show why fences and fence repairs are an important item of overhead expense on any farm. We have about five miles of fences and gates to keep in order, and sometimes it seems that one man could be kept busy at it all the time.

Animals amuse themselves in various ways--sometimes at the expense of the owner. Usually fence-breaking of a certain kind can be traced to a certain individual, and it may be cheaper to stall feed or sell that one animal, than to keep repairing the fence.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
July 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, August 1, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Army Recruits

"Dad, the boys found a little purple martin that fell clear out of the nest and didn't get killed, but he's sitting here on a piece of paper and mama Martin or papa Martin, I don't know which it was, came down and whispered something in his ear and then came back and gave him a worm or something, and he's eaten two flies I gave him, but I can't get him to drink because he won't hold both sides of his bill open at once and I'm afraid I'll get it down the wrong throat."

Flushed, excited, dancing, Shorty, the youngest, at last had to stop for breath, otherwise the sentence might have gone on indefinitely. Of course the baby martin must be duly admired, and then a decision made as to its disposal. Previous attempts to put birds back in the nests had been disastrous.

This time the little bird was put in a basket and hung near the nest, out of the way of cats. Keen eyes were watching from the nest to see what happened, and bright eyes were watching from around a corner when the mother bird came down to feed her young and encourage it to try its wings. News bulletins were delivered at approximately 5-minute intervals, so that all members of the family could keep in close touch with developments. At present writing, the indications are that the youngster will soon be darting about eating his weight in insects every few days.

I am not a statistician, and cannot vouch for the figures, but it has been estimated that if all our birds were destroyed, insects would starve out the human race in about 3 years. Certain it is that birds do make terrific war on our insect pests, from Jenny the wren, catching flies on our screens, to Phil the pheasant, eating potato bugs from our vines. More power to them.

(more)

I am a great believer in doing things the easiest way. Why sweat behind a lawn mower when sheep will pay for the privilege of trimming the grass? Why buy Paris green and spray the potato vines if pheasants will pick the bugs while I sleep? Why burn the web worms out of the walnut trees if grosbeaks will do the job for me?

A little forethought in providing nesting places, a little protection from enemies, a little food when the going is especially tough, and an army of birds will protect us from our insect enemies as well as provide daily entertainment. That is why we were so anxious to keep the young martin alive until he could be duly recruited in our bird army.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendant,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul, Minnesota
July 26, 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, Aug.8, 1934

Corn Pollination

Most of our time for the past 2 weeks has been devoted to controlling the destinies of certain corn plants. C. W. Doxtator is in charge of corn breeding at this station and he has spent months of preparation for this job.

First we go through and put parchment bags over the top ear shoots on stalks selected for the purpose. As soon as the silks show 2 inches long inside these bags, we know they are ready for pollination. Then we hunt up "papa". If the corn is to be inbred, the tassel on the same stalk is covered with a paper bag and clipped tight at the bottom. If the corn is to be crossed, a good healthy tassel is selected from the other variety and bagged in the same way.

At 8 o'clock we are in the field waiting for pollen. The morning sun brings it out, so sometimes when it is cloudy we have to do something else until the anthers are ripe. Then the rush is on. We shake the tassel bags and peer in to see what we have. A healthy tassel may give as much as a teaspoonful of fine yellow dust, each grain of which is capable of fertilizing one silk which in turn will make one kernel of corn. Sometimes we get only enough to cover the tip of a jack knife blade, but that is enough if carefully used.

When the pollen is ready, the parchment sack is removed from the ear shoot, the pollen poured on the silks and mixed a bit with the edge of the sack. Then the ear bag is replaced and tied on with string, to be left until harvest time. From 3,000 to 5,000 ears are so manipulated to get the seed with which to test our plans and theories.

What is the use of all this? Already through this means varieties have been produced which do not lodge, which yield more than normal corn and haveless moisture at harvest time. We are confident that, as we learn more and test further, corn can be bred which will even better serve the needs of farmers in Minnesota. We are just beginning to find out things.

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--R.E.Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
July 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, August 15, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Soybean Hay

The drought has forced thousands of farmers to get acquainted with a new crop which may be a blessing very thoroughly disguised. A few men have tried beans in silage corn and given it up as impractical. This year almost every one is interested in soybeans as a hay crop.

For 15 years the Southeast Experiment Station has grown beans for hay, for seed, and as a protein supplement, getting more enthusiastic about the crop every year. We seem to have the best results growing the crop in rows about 20 inches apart and the plants an inch apart in the row. Usually two cultivations and one dragging will be enough.

We cut for hay when the bottom leaves begin to turn yellow. At this time the pods are usually about half grown on the Habaro variety which has been our favorite. If left longer, the beans will continue to mature, but the leaves will fall off.

A mower will usually cut the beans closer to the ground than a binder, so we use a mower. Half a day of hot sunshine is about all the leaves will stand before they become brittle and crumble. It is then hard to dry the stalks and the best part of the hay is lost, so we try to rake the beans when well wilted.

The nicest hay is made by curing in small cocks, but this requires again as much labor as handling in the windrow. With hay at present prices, it may pay well to cock it. Usually we follow the mower with a side delivery rake making small windrows. When these seem fairly dry, we turn them over, going the opposite direction, so as to fluff them up instead of roping. After another day or two they may be turned again and are soon ready for barn or stack.

(more)

It takes longer to dry beans than it does to cure alfalfa or clover. This and the annual seeding makes the hay more expensive per ton. However, there are some points to offset this.

1. Soybean hay is made in August when we usually have dry weather.
2. It is a sure crop because it never winter kills.
3. It leaves the ground in splendid condition for succeeding crops and does it every year.

Our experience has been that soybean hay is the equal of alfalfa for any class of stock, particularly dairy cows, and that the crop has usually been as profitable as any other on the farm.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
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St. Paul Minnesota
July 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, August 22, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Deep Tillage

"Plow it just as deep as you can make the plow run." That is what I told Howard when he went out to start the fall plowing. I had tried everything I knew on that field, and even with a heavy tractor plow and new lays I had never been able to get down more than 4 inches. There seemed to be a hard pan in our fields, impervious to any ordinary implement. I had plowed them several times and KNEW.

When I came back from a trip 3 days later, Howard was still plowing in that field. Before I had a chance to go out and see what was the matter, he walked up to the house and informed me that the tractor was broken down. No wonder! He had turned the field 8 inches deep, and the overload had put the old tractor completely on the bum. Four inches of raw clay and breaking up the hardpan, was too much for a machine built for lighter jobs.

But why had he been able to plow deep when I never could? The answer was sweet clover. We had grown a crop for pasture and the big tap roots had punched the hardpan so full of holes, the point of the plow could get under it. Since then we have had sweet clover or alfalfa on every field, and the hardpan is a thing of the past. On the other fields, however, we did NOT go down 4 inches deeper all at once.

A few years later, a machinery company wanted to demonstrate subsoiling machinery. They pulled a "mole", 2 feet deep, in furrows a yard apart. Then they tried a "chisel" 16 inches deep and a foot apart. This was on an old alfalfa field, and the next spring it was planted to beets to see how yield and the number of sprangled roots were affected by the treatments. No benefit from either treatment could be demonstrated and we decided that the alfalfa had done an ample job of subsoiling--without any expense for gasoline.

(more)

Before we broke the hardpan our corn yielded about 40 bushels per acre. The last 2 years it has been close to 90. Part of this is due to better seed, more uniform planting, manure and perhaps to better cultivation. Much of the increase, however, is credited to sweet clover.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
July 26 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, August 29, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Scout Camp

"I can't get 'em up. I can't get 'em up. I can't get 'em up, this morning". Thus the bugler opens the day, and in 2 minutes every boy is in line, bare feet cold with dew, to raise the flag and take setting-up exercises. The first day in camp it took a pail of water to help the bugler, but this is the third day and discipline is beginning to tell.

Next comes breakfast and the interesting experiment of building a fire that won't smoke, that won't get too hot to work over, or too cold to fry bacon and flapjacks. The little fellows envy the ease with which more experienced campers nonchalantly toss their cakes in the air and catch them accurately. One by one the new boys try it. There are some "flops" instead of "flips", but skill comes with practice.

By assembly time, blankets are all on lines for sun and air, dishes are scoured and patrol duties such as wood, water and garbage are cared for. Ten minutes later classes are busy, older scouts instructing beginners. Here is a group leaving on a hike to learn the names and characters of trees, flowers, birds and stones. Over in the shade is the advanced rope work, splicing and tying fancy knots. Nearby, the tenderfeet are reviewing the bowline, clove hitch, sheep shank and square knot, learning more about when and where they should be used.

Bandages are flying in the first aid group. A practice victim is given artificial respiration with sundry grunts and groans. One boy is making biscuits for a merit badge in cooking. Two little fellows are whittling for the knife test. Several are signaling. All are busy learning something worth while--the instructors learning most of all.

(more)

Dinner--what a meal. Rest--how welcome. Kittenball--what fun. Inspection--what order. Dirty dishes found hidden behind a log; a boy with dirty ears; another ordered to wash his overalls or go without them; a tent rope knotted instead of spliced; a nail in a tent pole; a good job of raking; neatly made beds; each tent leader responsible for his boys.

Swimming, life-saving, water tests. Supper--logy with grub again, retreat, company, camp fire, program and singing, the call to quarters, flashlights chasing up and down the hill, quiet and the mournfully sweet sound of taps end another day in camp.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
August 29 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, September 5, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Field Day at Waseca

Wherever corn is grown, farmers talk about the unusual yields and standing ability of the new corn varieties produced by crossing inbred lines. The new hybrids have already won popularity and a place in the agriculture of Southern Minnesota, but few growers understand the process of making these super-varieties. It is a big temptation to save seed from these hybrids and hard to understand why this is not recommended.

On Wednesday, September 12, the Waseca Station is planning a field day to show just how the work is done and give visitors a chance to see some of the newer hybrids, not yet ready for release. C. W. Doxtator, the corn breeder at Waseca, will direct the field demonstration, assisted by Dr. H. K. Hayes who is in charge of the whole corn breeding program for the University Department of Agriculture, and Dr. Iver Johnson, corn breeder at the University Farm Station.

Inbreeding, crossing, selection and testing will all be demonstrated with actual plants in the field, so as to make the process clear. Some of the newer double, three-way and single crosses for Southern Minnesota will be shown.

Those who are interested in sugar beets, soybeans and emergency forage crops will also have a chance to see the work done at Waseca on these plants. Dr. Forrest Immer, in charge of sugar beets, will explain his experimental plots, covering time of planting, cross cultivation, time of thinning, effect of stand, and other points. Soybeans, Sudan grass, small grains, sorghum and corn as emergency hay crops will be discussed by the superintendent.

Livestock projects, such as the inbreeding of swine, close breeding of Milking Shorthorn cattle and line breeding of sheep will be demonstrated by the superintendent, or by Dr. R. S. Clark, the new animal breeder just added to the Waseca staff.

The regular field trip will begin promptly at 1:30. Visitors are welcome at any time and those who have special questions can have the forenoon to talk with members of the staff. Tables on the lawn will be available for those who care to bring picnic lunches.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
August 29 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, September 12, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Horse Manners

We have a riding academy in our yard most every evening. Several of the neighbor kids have ponies, so there are usually from three to 10 horses and riders tearing around the lawn or down the dirt roads, with much noise, dust, excitement and good clean sport. Later, there are heavy conferences on type, quality, conformation and methods of handling, which are as educational as a classroom.

The boys are training the horses to walk, trot, canter, stand, turn, and do a few simple tricks. Occasionally a playful colt does a few crow hops and the boys have to "grab leather" to keep on top. Occasionally a boy gets off unexpectedly, but these occasions are becoming more rare.

Rough treatment is not considered good form. Some of the boys from town seemed to have small consideration for their mounts at first, but the general opinion at present is that kindness produces better results, so a box of sugar lumps has become an important part of the training equipment.

Along with horse training, the boys are practicing rope spinning, roping and calf riding. It takes muscle, skill and judgment to handle a rope, and the boys are working hard. Soon all the calves and colts will be trained to lead and incidentally the boys will learn to control their tempers, use their heads and hands, understand animals and display judgment in their management. As one of the boys put it, "you've got to know more than they do to teach them anything".

Horseback riding is coming back as a regular form of recreation. Business men find it a splendid relaxation and even our smallest girl of seven gets a big kick out of galloping around with the "gang". There is a thrill in driving a new automobile at high speed, but the paint soon gets scratched, the motor gets noisy and the car becomes merely a means of getting somewhere. It would be a fine thing if men who remember back to "Hoss Days" could help groups of boys lucky enough to have ponies to learn the how and the why of horsemanship.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

News Bureau
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St. Paul Minnesota
August 29 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, September 19, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Melon Time

Sometimes it seems as though we plant, water, spray and hoe all summer, just to raise melons for a few roughneck kids to destroy. Of course, "hookin' a melon", was great fun in my time, too, and I have some fond recollections of dark nights, green vines, wire fences, vicious dogs and fast retreats.

I do not begrudge a melon now and then, though of course I will play the game and catch the "snitchers" if possible. I can not remember, however, that any of the gangs I went with deliberately set out to destroy a whole melon patch. It is hard to see what fun there would be in tearing up vines, smashing every melon in sight and throwing the refuse all over the garden. This has happened twice and makes me irritated!

We have put in a lot of work raising melons, but we have had a lot of fun, too. They make a nice present for a visiting friend. It is fun to take a few out in the field for a lunch in the afternoon and they make a welcome dessert at meal time.

Most of us get the greatest satisfaction out of the things into which we have put our greatest efforts. The boy raised in luxury never gets as much good out of a dollar as the boy who pulled weeds for two long, hot days to earn his money. Things handed out free are seldom appreciated and the search of "something for nothing", usually ends in disaster.

Perhaps this is why I get so much pleasure and satisfaction out of the melons which have been nursed along from seed to fruit, protected from weeds, drouth, insects and vandals. Then the reward of juicy, red flesh, or yellow luciousness, seems all the more valuable because of its cost.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

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St. Paul Minnesota
September 22 1934

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, September 26, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Grease

Louis met me on the street not long ago. "Bob, you write pieces about almost everything except greasing plows. Why don't you tell farmers to grease their plows?"

I was surprised. First, to learn that Louis, a mechanic, ever read my stories. Second, that he would admit it, even if he did. Third, that he should suggest such a subject. Didn't every one grease the moldboard of the plow every time when unhitching at night? Any one who had worked for my dad would have learned not to let the plow rust, because that meant time wasted in getting it polished again. It also meant poor scouring, poor plowing, poor seedbed, and poor crop. In damp weather, I even greased the plow at noon to save an unwelcome session with brick, kerosene and elbow grease, restoring the polish. Even the loess soil of Rock County sometimes got sticky.

Somehow the subject of grease has stuck in my mind. What would happen to this world if there was no more oil? Some farmers seem to economize on it, and buy lots of new machinery, but I can not remember ever seeing a prosperous and successful farmer who didn't use good oil freely. The hired man who starts for the field with an empty oil can is expensive help, even if he works without wages.

Then I got to thinking about this creaking old economic machinery which seems to be making so much trouble just now. We have been using money for oil on this machine for the past 20 or 30 years. Now, many of us think the old machine is about worn out and that the New Deal will replace it with something more modern.

Undoubtedly the old machine, built in horse and buggy days, is badly in need of repairs. It is clumsy, inefficient and badly sprung, but it has done the business in the past, and perhaps a new model with roller bearings and rubber tires is what we need, instead of a new and untried design. In any event, the new machine will need oil.

Perhaps the old machine broke down because money, the oil we used, was not the proper lubricant. It is possible that character, integrity and unselfishness properly blended, would make even the old machine run more smoothly. Even if new economic and social machinery is designed, it will need a better oil than money alone to keep it running.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, October 3 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Cleaning Up

"If I could live on a place like that, I'd be interested in farming."

We were on the way to harvest some corn plots in another county and the young man with me was pointing to a farmstead which looked like a home. Trees, lawn, garden, flowers, repaired and painted buildings, neat lots, tight fences, machinery and wagons lined up, good stock in sight--it gave one the impression that here was a real farmer who loved his land, enjoyed his home and was the kind of man it would be a pleasure to meet or do business with.

I have been in every county seat in Minnesota and visited farmers by the hundreds. In every community are found certain people whose homes, grounds and buildings show care, thoughtful planning and pride in their profession. I have come to believe it is possible to know a lot about the operator from the result of his operations. It is also surprising to see how many sons of such farmers stay on the farm and make a go of it. Is it heredity or training?

An old friend of mine, who made a great financial success of his business, once remarked that he could face almost anything if he had a clean shirt, but the consciousness that his shirt was soiled, took all the ambition out of him. A farmer can't keep his shirt clean and get his work done, but the principle still holds that the man who is clean and decently clad is more apt to get things done and done right than the man who is careless.

I have seen boys driving crowbaits, harnesses patched with wire, on rusty, dull or broken machinery in fields where weeds predominated, and wondered what they were thinking. Any boy with a spark of get-up-and-get will leave such a farm as soon as he can.

It costs no more to raise and feed good stock than poor. It is good economy to keep machinery in repair. It pays to keep a neat, attractive farmstead. Why isn't it done more often? I believe it is mostly a matter of training. My training in the care of stock began as soon as I could toddle out to the barn, but I was past 30 before I learned to put the hammer back in the proper drawer when through using it. Even now I slip sometimes.

Give most boys a good team, a strong harness, machinery in good repair, an incentive to get things done and he can hardly be pried away from the farm. We need the best brains, the most ability and the soundest character, as well as strong backs, if we are to solve the problems which face agriculture today. We need to keep the keenest boys on the farm. It can be done if it is made attractive. Club work is a step in this direction. What other steps can be devised to help reach the goal?

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Pig Psychology

It would require the patience of Job, the batting ability of Babe Ruth, the speed of Nurmi, the strength of Nagurski, the vocabulary of Huey Long and the skill of Bobby Jones himself to drive, cajole, persuade or induce a pig to return through the hole in the fence from which he came out. How many farmers get cold shivers up and down the spine when the kids come tearing out to the field yelling, "Dad, the pigs are out!"

You round them up, ease them over to the fence, restrain yourself until they finish a special bit of interesting rooting, get them right up to the hole, perhaps halfway through, and then--"woof, woof"--away they go, scattering in all directions, between your legs, over your prostrate form if necessary. Dignity upset, temper inflamed, tongue stimulated beyond control, battle in the eye and the first handy weapon in hand, you start out to round them up again. When you and the pigs are both exhausted, do you just sit and glare at each other? Of course I have never had such an experience, but I saw a fellow once who did!

One of the interesting things which has cropped up in the inbreeding work we are doing with hogs, is the evident inheritance of disposition. We have three lines of Poland Chinas in the sixth, seventh and eighth generations of brother-sister mating. One line is kind, docile, friendly, and we give them credit for superior intelligence. Another line is wild, going into hysterics at the least provocation and fighting like rats when cornered. The third line is plumb dumb. The only language they understand is a club.

It is easy to tell which line a pig belongs to. Just try to drive them through a gate or a hole in the fence. If they walk right in, they belong to line "M". If they run stupidly about until a sufficient amount of whipping and slapping has been done, they are surely "L's". If they knock me over and hide on the far side of a 40-acre field, they belong to the "H" line.

Some day perhaps someone will write a scientific article on "The Psychology of the Pig" and point out how like some people, some pigs are.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Finished Lambs

Every year we go over our small flock of Shropshire ewes and try to select the best ones to keep over for next spring's lambs. Long ago, I came to the conclusion that I didn't know enough to look at a sheep and tell what she was good for. The nicest, fattest showyard prospects might be that way because they had never done any work, while some skinny, tough-looking old lady might be that way because she had put all her energy into raising a couple of fine lambs.

The system we have worked out calls for first grading the lambs. We just call them 1, 2, 3 according to weight, fleece and conformation. Each ewe has a card, on which she is given credit for the wool she produced, the lambs weaned and their grade. This makes it a simple matter to look over the records and decide which ones are worth keeping.

When this production list is complete, we try to line them up, roughly according to what they have done. One old ewe at the top of our list has had 14 lambs in 7 years, practically all grading No. 1. She has sheared 83.7 pounds of wool in 9 years, or an average of 9.3 pounds per year. The old lady shows the effect of hard work, but she will stay in the flock as long as she lives. Her twin is only two lambs behind.

When we have the list arranged, with the best ones at the top, we go over the flock and select as many as we need. The most promising ewe lambs are used to fill the places of sheep which have died or failed to pay their way. In this way we have a flock of producers, even though they may lack some of the fine points demanded in the showring.

We find that the oldest ewes are not worth much on the market and yet those at the top of the list may still raise a pair of lambs, while a lamb will sell high and perhaps not be so prolific. Of course it would not do to keep the oldest sheep, unless their production were known. One old ewe we had raised eight pairs of twins and grew a second set of teeth.

Our big problem is to get rams with similar production records behind them. The mere fact that he is a twin is not enough. We want him to be from a long line of twins. Now, we are trying to figure out some way of raising our own rams without too close inbreeding.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, October 24 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Pictures

It is embarrassing to the college student to have his mother exhibit a picture of "her baby", taken at the ripe old age of 6 months. Nevertheless, those pictures are usually among the most treasured possessions of elderly parents. I hardly feel in that class as yet, but it is fun to look over the old photograph albums.

In 1908, I received a camera for Christmas and proceeded to use it. Most of the snaps were not so good, so I found an old gentleman in a photograph gallery, who let me work around his shop at odd times. Under his instruction, results began to improve and since then I have taken many pictures, more or less successfully.

It is great fun to look over the old high school gang occasionally and see how many I can remember. About a thousand pictures taken during college days bring back memories of outstanding events or fair ladies who filled the horizon for the moment. Then there are the early days here at the Station, the outstanding animals, gone long ago. Bulls, cows, sheep, horses, cats, dogs--even the old rooster that was adopted by 15 little guineas and had to hover them all summer.

When the first baby came we took pictures of this marvelous phenomenon every week at least. The last one was lucky to have her picture snapped every 6 months. What an interesting record it all makes.

Photography is so simple nowadays, that every family should have at least a box camera to snap the interesting things that happen. Every year the old pictures become more interesting, and what fun it will be when we are 100 years old to put on our glasses and see what we looked like when Grandpa was a little boy.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, October 31, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Farm Sport

On your marks. Get set. Bang! They are off in a cloud of shucks. The fastest corn huskers in the State, pitting their skill, speed and stamina against each other to decide the championship. Thump, thump, thump--every second and a half each husker has found an ear, held it with both hands, pulled off all the husks and sent it in the general direction of the bangboard.

Behind the wagons trail the multitude, several thousand of them. Referees keep urging the crowd to, "Stand back and give the boys a chance." Some loyal adherents of their county champion stick to his wagon and boast to all and sundry that if their man has any kind of a chance, he will take this easily. Others dart back and forth from wagon to wagon, timing the ears, estimating the dockage for shucks, questioning the gleaners as to how much has been missed, and freely predicting who the winner will be.

A groan goes up from the crowd behind one wagon. A nice big ear went over the bangboard. The harried husker begins to wonder whether he should go and pick it up, or try and pick three ears in place of it. While debating the matter, he missed an ear and a nubbin which the gleaners seize and put in the bag to weigh for deductions. The husker frowns, dismisses all trouble from his mind and concentrates on getting corn in the box. How his hands fly!

Sweat rolls down the husker's face and gets in his eyes. It soaks the shirt on his back, even though the crowd shivers in sheepskin coats, heavy overshoes and mittens. Saw-edged leaves cut face and hands, so that blood stains the ears he throws in the wagon. Oh well, it will weigh more!

(more)

The pace is increasing. Time is almost up. The husker steps from hill to hill with a quickened rhythm. Hands move too fast to be seen. An ear on the ground gets a twitch and starts for the wagon. A nice ear five feet from the ground is following before the first one hits. Bending, twisting, leaping, striking, each husker would arouse the envy of a Sioux in his war dance.

Bang! The husker mops his face, draws a long breath and leans against the wagon. Now it is all over but the weighing, the sampling and computing the results. The crowd tramps back to the farmyard, drinks coffee, eats pie, and waits before the huge score board for the final figures. Cheers go up when the big gross loads are recorded, and groans when gleanings or husks call for deductions above the ordinary. Finally the winner is declared, Dan Wallace of The Farmer, presents him with a check for $100 and congratulates him on his victory.

Those who have never attended a State Corn Husking Contest, have missed the big Minnesota Farm Classic. This year it was held at Owatonna, October 31. In addition, the winners from nine state contests will compete at Fairmont, November 8, for the national championship. Better put on all the warm clothes you have, and come along. It's great sport.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, November 7, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Shredding Corn

The joys of corn shredding--if there are any--have this year become apparent to more Minnesota farmers than ever before. In Waseca county we have had trouble to find a field for a corn husking contest, because everything was cut and shocked. This year the shredders have had more of a run than the threshing machines.

It is easy to sit down and write an article telling just how the shredding should be done, but, like making hay, written instructions are of little value because help, equipment, conditions and particularly the weather, never seem to work out according to the rules.

The fodder is best if cut when the corn is ripe but while the leaves and stalks are still green. This is easy to say, but sometimes hard to do. Hybrid corn has an advantage here over normal varieties, in that it is vigorous and usually more free from root rots, so that the stalks stay green longer and the ears ripen uniformly. At least, observation indicates that the hybrids stay green longer than most normal varieties of equal maturity.

The next difficulty is to decide when the corn is dry enough to pile up safely. Moldy fodder may not be dangerous for cows, but it is certainly unsafe for horses. Usually it is safest to leave it until after a hard freeze has helped with the drying and steady cold weather has set in. Even then a big pile is apt to heat and cause considerable spoilage. With the good weather we have had this fall, most of the shredded fodder should go in in good shape.

The shredder does the best job of husking when the bundles are damp and tough. Those who do not like husks in the crib should be sure to order a cloudy, misty day for shredding, or else do the work early in the morning when the frost is on.

Shredded fodder is not hard to store--with the blower--and it is easy to feed unless it has to be moved a considerable distance. It means lots of hard work--shocking and hauling--but the coarse parts refused as feed make better bedding than straw and the man who cleans out the yards next year will be thankful for the shredding.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Guineas

Several years ago, the kids found some eggs in the field. An old hen was entrusted with the job of incubation and she was as much surprised as we were when the "chicks" turned out to be guineas. Since then, the progeny have run loose about the farm, taking care of themselves and raising enough young each year to maintain the population, in spite of accidents and an occasional dinner.

At daylight, a bunch of them delight to congregate under our window yelling "buck wheat, buck wheat" until friend wife begins making remarks to them and to me. She doesn't say "buck wheat" either. At dusk, we may hear them again from the ridge-pole of the corncrib or the track over-head in the barn, shrilling defiance to all they look down upon.

One clutch of fifteen were hatched by a hen and roosted with her in the chicken house. The guineas were half grown when, by mistake, the hen found her way into our oven. The little flock mourned her for a day and then adopted a big old rooster. It was as good as a circus to watch him scratch for his family and try to hover such a multitude. Big as he was, the young guineas would fairly lift him off his feet, all trying to get under at once.

When the bunch went to roost, they and their "patron" preempted the two top roosts and woe to any hen that dared to get inside their territory. No more did the old rooster dare to leave his family. They would not allow him to even look at a hen, and his despair gradually settled into a bored attitude which was a continual source of amusement to us. The following year a flock of young guineas adopted a hen and stood in a row on the manger every morning waiting for her to lay her daily egg.

Oldtimers sometimes say that guineas will drive away rats. We do not know whether this is so or not, but we seldom see a rat now where they were pretty thick several years ago. The guineas certainly do a lot of good in the garden. They do not scratch like chickens, and their appetite for bugs is enormous. At least they have given us a lot of fun, several meals (they taste much like pheasant) and have never cost us a penny. They have been no bother--here the better half of the family puts in several question marks--except for the noise. I like them and consider them a "sound" investment, friend wife to the contrary notwithstanding.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Better Breeding

My brother at one time paid $1,000 cold cash for a boar pig. He was crazy with the boom as was the man who later bought a son of this pig for $1,500. Both of them went broke when their high priced stock suddenly went down to market value. The $1,000 boar was sold for $45, the bubble burst and the ground came up and hit them as it did hundreds of others.

Because of stories like this, some men say that purebred livestock is all a fad for getting money from the poor farmer. Purebred livestock never ruined any man, but business conditions, poor financing, mistakes in management and contagious diseases have cost bankers and business men as well as farmers, their life earnings.

It is just as easy to gamble with cattle and hogs as with stocks and bonds. This does not mean that an investment in bonds returning a fair rate of interest is not sound and as safe as any investment can be. It is also true that money paid for livestock, when based on their productive ability, is a sound investment.

If one bull sires 30 heifers that produce only 150 pounds of butterfat per year, he is not worth as much as one which will sire heifers capable of producing 350 pounds of butterfat. A neighbor once bought a bull at what he thought was a high price. Two years later he told me he saved the cost of the bull on one year's crops of calves. They took a better finish than his old stock, sold at a higher price, and did it on less feed.

The difficulty in buying a sire, is to KNOW what he will do. We hope some day there will be a better way of estimating what the potential production of the get of a certain animal will be, but until then, the best guide we have is to inquire what his dam and sire have done. If their parents also can be rated, so much the better.

Too many animals have been purchased because they had some one outstanding character, such as a pink nose, a dished face, or a pretty color. Frequently, men write in and want to buy a red bull at a low price! They would gamble 3 years' feed and labor for a $50 saving in first cost and the pleasure of looking at a RED bull. I have seen breeders sell bulls of equal quality at a difference of $400 because of color! Real improvers of livestock put productive ability first. A pretty face is not necessarily an indication of a good cook.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Thanksgiving

I'm thankful for more work than I can do
For hard-won leisure has an added zest
And many tasks bring with them problems new
So one must either quit or do his best
To grow enough each day to meet the test.

I'm thankful for a chance to help along
The worthwhile things that seem to come my way,
To lift my mite, together with that throng
Who struggle upward toward a better day
And deem their satisfaction ample pay.

I'm thankful for a family and friends
Who tolerate my faults and stubborn will;
Forget the wrong I've done, when daylight ends,
And, in the morning, say they trust me still.
Such faith's more stirring than adventure's thrill.

I'm thankful for the troubles I have had;
They seem so small compared with other's woes.
For lessons they have taught me, I am glad,
Humility, and sympathy for those
Who feel the thorns, but do not see the rose.

I'm thankful for the land in which I live
And hope that from her travail, something new
Will sprout and grow and fruit and sometime give
A world at peace, where men are trained to do
The things God would consider fine and true.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
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Wednesday, December 5, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Winter Pictures

The words December and Minnesota, especially when combined, bring to some minds the thought of howling blizzards, frozen lakes, cold and misery. It is true we have such things, but the winter pictures which flash through my mind, are quite different.

I remember going after the cattle one morning when the ground was white with new snow. Every blade of grass, every twig, every wire of the fence, wore a coat of frost that sparkled until my eyes hurt. The cattle liked to browse around in the thick woods, but at the crunch of snow under my feet, a hundred coal-black heads were lifted and a hundred smooth, black Angus hides made a picture so beautiful that it was etched on my memory.

Have you ever seen Itasca Park in winter? We drove in from Park Rapids through a blizzard, but next day it was so still and magnificent, it seemed a sacrilege to make tracks through the woods. Eleven deer, hunting the dry grass beneath a giant spruce, made a moving picture in color. The dark pine trees, each holding in its arms a load of snow, the balsam thickets, and near the lake bare tamaracs, made insignificant the trouble of a winter camping trip.

Then December brings memories of clear, cold days spent with axe and saw, getting out wood. The zip of the crosscut, eating through oak, the ping of an axe as willing muscles and more or less true aim made the chips fly, is music I can understand. Then home on a big load of pole wood, chores, supper and pleasantly tired, sitting next to the glowing fires, soaking up heat until bed time.

Sometimes a big pan of popcorn, apples from the barrel in the cellar, a game of chess, checkers, or all gathered around the piano making a joyful noise, helped to defy the wind howling outside. These are the things I remember. These are the pictures brought to mind when December weather in Minnesota is the subject of discussion. Some people seem to remember only the unpleasant things, but it is much better fun to think over the experiences that bring back a thrill of pleasure. I like Minnesota in December as well as in June.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, December 12, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Farm Records and Accounts

One of the hardest jobs I know of is to come into a warm house after a busy day outdoors in the cold wind, eat a hearty supper and then try to do some bookkeeping. Figures won't add, accounts won't balance, everything goes haywire. Yet the job must be done somehow, especially in these days of corn-hog contracts, income taxes and alphabetical farming.

One man I know of persuaded his wife to let him keep a little stand with a book and a pencil near his place at the dining room table. Then while waiting for dinner to be put on the table, he jotted down the day's figures. Another man carried a small notebook in his pocket, where he put down each purchase or sale as it was made. There are perhaps easier ways of making the original records. The important thing is to get them made.

Inventories are not as hard as they sound. I find that the kids usually like to help. It is mighty good training for them to figure how much corn is in the crib, or how much hay in the barn. This should not be very difficult this year. It is also good training for the kids to estimate the pounds of pork on the hoof and figure its present value. When it comes to horses they will probably value old Molly at a thousand dollars because she will let them ride or drive her.

On machinery, buildings, etc. there is no need of calling in an expert appraiser. Just so the values are lowered enough each year to take care of wear and tear, the year's business will not be affected very much. It is usually best to list equipment at what it could be sold for at an auction where everybody was sober.

A complete inventory once a year, including the bills we owe and what others owe us, will tell what happened to us financially. A list of sales and purchases will give us a little more information. If we divide these up into items concerning livestock, crops and general farm, it makes the picture still more clear. Only a very few farmers go further than this, but occasionally one is found who keeps tab on every field, every class of stock, and divides general expense such as fencing, among the stock which made the fencing necessary.

Farm records can be very simple or very detailed, depending on the inclination of the operator. Many men are making use of the cooperation offered by the Division of Agricultural Economics at University Farm. George Pond, at University Farm, through his helpers and the various county agents, is helping farmers all over the state to keep records. If you want his help, write him and ask for it, or see your county agent.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, December 19, 1934

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Christmas

"'Ring out, ye bells of Christmastide, Ring out, ye bells of Christmastide, Ring out'--oh heck, Mama, what's the next line? I can't learn this old piece to speak by tomorrow night, and why do they want me to say it anyway? I wanted to be a wiseman and they had to go and make me carry a taper in the pro--pro--the first part anyway. I'll look just like Effie Peters. She's an angel, and does she make me sick! She walks this way--ta-ta-ta-"

"Richard! Do stop your mincing around here and get busy on that piece. Look up the last line, I've told you often enough. Don't you see I have 20 times what I can do to get all these things wrapped up and the package mailed to Aunt Myrtle so it will get there on time? I don't see why your father always puts off his shopping until the last possible minute and then expects me to help him out.

"Just as if I didn't have enough to do without taking care of all his relatives and running all his errands and feeding all his friends--I wonder if the men folks would prefer cranberries or red apples cooked with those cinnamon candies? The cranberries are so Christmassy, but the apples are a little different,--What is it Elmer? Yes, that's a good boy--'The stars shone on that natal night, the shepherds wakened at the sight'--That's it, now study the next line.

"Where was I? Oh yes, I believe the apples will go better with the goose--or should we have goose? Last year Uncle Amilcar said the goose was greasy and reminded him of the time he had such a cold in his chest. Thank goodness, HE isn't coming this year.

"Flora, see if you can find some more of this red string in that box of things from last year. Almost any--Richard, can you say that piece yet? Yes, you can. 'That hail the lowly manger wide,' now you get busy and study it.--Letty Lou, are you practicing or just drumming on that piano? Now get your Christmas piece all learned so you don't make any mistakes. You know your teacher will be there and you want to show her how nicely you can--Elmer--now take the next two lines--'and joined their voices in a psalm, to herald Christmas peace and calm.' Peace and calm! If I don't go crazy before this Christmas is over, I'll be surprised."

Somehow the children learn their pieces, the church exercises all go off nicely, packages are all mailed, cards all sent, Christmas dinner planned and prepared, so that when the family gather around the tree on Christmas morning, there <u>is</u> peace and a sense of complete satisfaction. A new benediction rests on the family, and as father puts a clumsy arm around her shoulders and holds her tight, mother murmers, "Isn't Christmas the best time of the whole year?"

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Our teacher is a jolly egg
She knows how kids are run.
When she says, "Now," we shake a leg
And yet she's lots of fun.
She sorta smiles and kids along
When we all do our stuff,
But when some guy gets goin' wrong,
She can be plenty tough.

Sometimes I stay when school is free
To help clean everything
And yesterday, she let me see
Her brand new di'mond ring.
I'm not so dumb. It's plain to see
Our teacher has a man.
I always hoped she'd wait for me
But don't suppose she can.

She said it meant she had a job
When school let out next spring,
And then she gave a sorta sob
And kinda kissed the ring.
It burned me up. I loved her some,
But now I'm sick because,
When I asked who she got it from,
She said, "From Santa Claus."

I've read love stories in a book
And they came out all right,
But she's a woman and a crook,
I don't know how to fight.
She simply can't get by with that
It isn't fair to Ma,
I'll tell her right straight off the bat
That Santa Claus is Pa.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, January 2, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

The Work Shop

It takes only a few minutes of discomfort to wade through the drifts and buck the wind and snow on the way to the shop. Soon a roaring fire in the old stove makes it possible to peel off a few coats and get the day's work started.

First there are some hurdles to build for additional lambing pens. These are made in two sections, one 6 feet and the other 4 feet long. Both are 3 feet high and hinged at the middle. When set up against a wall, they afford private rooms for the old ewes where they will not be disturbed and lamb No. 1 will not wander away before the advent of lamb No. 2.

The next job is to make a cover for the water tank to help prevent freezing during the night. We use kerosene lamps under the tanks, but a tight cover during the night saves kerosene and occasional trouble. It is fun to watch the shavings curl up from the sharp plane as the boards are fitted tight. The litter is soon swept up and put in a box, handy for lighting fires.

Next are some new hog troughs. We use a 2 x 8 and a 2 x 10. Roofing cement, warmed over the heater and smeared on one edge helps to make a trough tight and prevents rotting. The ends are also put on after daubing with the thick goo.

Long troughs often become broken apart in the middle when the old sows climb over them, so we put a handful of shavings in the forge, find a piece of strap iron from the scrap pile, bend the ends to fit, drill holes for lag screws and there we are, a trough fit for any hog and tight as a fiddle.

Anyone who likes to work with wood and iron will almost pray for a stormy day now and then, if he has a cozy, convenient and fairly well-equipped shop in which to make things. Also, it is easy to show that this is good economy on the farm, especially if the shop is large enough to bring in machinery for repair.

The pleasant roar of the fire in the stove, the smell of wood shavings, the fun of making things are all the more pleasure because of the storm outside. The dog curls up on a corner of the bench and yawns contentedly. After tentative advances, the barn cat gathers courage and finally snuggles down beside the pup (on the side next to the stove) and sings his song of satisfaction, dreaming of what he did to that mouse this morning. Who cares about blizzards?

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Farmers and Homemakers Week

Most of us travel in ruts. We do the same things over and over until they wear a path in our mind, and unconsciously perhaps, we resent anything which requires a change. We hate to do things any way except our way, because it requires energy for thinking. Most of us will walk a mile--to avoid thinking.

We go through our daily routine, mostly without seeing ourselves doing it. A stranger coming in can see things we never notice. My brother climbed a certain fence eight times a day carrying feed to his pigs. One day I put a gate in the fence, and he climbed over without seeing it! Such is habit.

The old phrase "Keeping his nose on the grindstone," is no joke. Most of us are too close to our work to see what is going on around us. Most of us are surprised to see that others are doing the same things, facing the same problems. Perhaps their way is better, perhaps not so good. It is interesting to see how we line up.

The annual Farmers and Homemakers Week at University Farm, St. Paul, is a fine chance to take stock of ourselves. Those who like, may attend classes on almost every subject connected with the operation of a farm or a home. There are no entrance fees, no schedule which needs to be followed, and one may go from place to place, hunting the interesting things, or sit in some quite corner with congenial spirits fromother parts of the state and just visit.

Some people work out a schedule of classes, taking crops one year, economics the next, animal husbandry the third year and so on. Hundreds of people

have the "short course habit" and attend year after year, meeting old friends, making new ones and keeping up-to-date.

Some folks go for the community singing, the free movies, the entertainment, the speeches by prominent men and women, the breed association and livestock meetings, the Farmers and Homemakers banquet on Friday night, or the crops banquet on Wednesday. The fact that so many are members of the Ten Year Club, shows that they must figure it is worth while.

This year the Short Course begins January 14 and the program sounds especially good. Detailed information can be obtained from your county agent, from University Farm or from this Station. The University invites you to look over your own Experiment Station and see what it is doing. I'll meet you there.

--- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Animal Breeding--Old and New

The story goes that a certain man employed an artist to paint pictures of a perfect bull and a perfect cow on the side of his barn next to the cattle yards. His idea was to influence a better conformationon his unborn calves by having an ideal for their mothers to look at.

Most cattlemen will laugh at such folly, but many of them still believe that because an animal is superior in appearance, it will therefore be able to produce superior offspring. Bulls are still sold on looks alone, and all too often some rich man buys the grand champion male and female at some big stock show, expecting to develop a superior strain of animals upon such a foundation.

Accidents happen, both good and bad. In some cases, the splendid beast in first place owes his superiority to the accidental meeting of certain factors or genes, and his parents may never again be able to produce such a physical "genius". When the top animal comes from a long line of winning stock, there is probably an accumulation of good qualities in his inheritance, and he in turn may be able to transmit those good qualities.

The modern concept of breeding is that each animal inherits characters good and bad from all the preceding ancestors. Some of these characters may lie dormant or "recessive", for generations, only showing up when combined, accidentally or otherwise, with certain characters inherited from the other side of the family. When animals of similar inheritance but not too closely related are mated, the good characters generally dominate or cover up most of the bad ones.

On the other hand, very close breeding tends to intensify and show up all the characters inherited, whether they be good or bad. The stockman can then select the animals which show the best inheritance and discard the others. In this way it may be possible to eliminate the weaknesses and strengthen the good qualities of our animals, so that eventually stock may be produced carrying only the good "genes". If inbreeding has reduced the vigor, this may be restored at once by crossing unrelated lines and still retain the positive assurance that only the qualities inherent in the selected stock will be produced.

This method has been followed with corn and proven highly successful. It has been tried with hogs at the Waseca Station and the indications are that it can be done. A program of the same nature is being started with cattle and sheep. Inbreeding seems to offer great possibilities to the livestock breeder, but it is too expensive for the man who makes his living from the farm. The pioneer work should be done at public expense and the results handed over to the men who can use them.

In the meantime, the practical breeder will usually find it most economical to select sires from families of proven quality, getting as much information as possible on the ancestry. Animals of similar blood lines usually "nick" better than those entirely unrelated and in general, no bad effect is noticed when cousins or more distant relatives are mated.

The problem is difficult and complicated, but in the next 15 years, research should clarify many of the obscurities which now hamper an animal breeding program.

-- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Dispositions

Are optimists born or made? The cheerful individual who looks on the bright side of things and intelligently helps to make things better is an asset to any community and is certainly more pleasant to get along with than a grouch. The question is "How did he get that way?"

Perhaps it is a long jump from people to pigs, but the inbreeding of hogs may help to answer the question. At this Station we have three families of pigs, each decended from an unrelated sow. These families are the result of brother-sister matings for six or more generations. Within each family, all the members look and act alike, though between families there are great differences. Apparently, disposition has been fixed by inbreeding.

Line 1 is wild. All the pigs seem to go back to some prehistoric ancestor that was hunted in the big woods of China or Northern Europe and no amount of handling will create a friendly good will. In pasture and pen they dislike men and run away whenever possible. Even tiny fellows an hour old will try to hide and will fight if they are cornered.

If sows of this line are allowed to go off by themselves, they will raise almost every pig farrowed, being exceedingly careful where they step and how they lie down. Confined in pens at farrowing time, they resent any strangers or noise, even with the feed bucket. They will fight savagely any intruder, thinking thus to protect their babies.

Line 2 is stupid. They seem to lack interest in everything except feed and sleep. When a swatter, weilded by a strong arm makes it uncomfortable to turn

one way, they turn theother. The sows are good mothers if their stupid pigs get out of the way. Many of them don't.

Line 3 is good natured and fun to handle. Any stranger is a new experience, and pigs of this line come right over to get scratched. Little fellows are always under foot, chewing shoe laces and asking for attention. Old ladies always talk to the herdsman and get jealous if too much attention is paid to others. They consider everybody a friend and welcome "admiring visitors" to the maternity pens.

Animals of this line are so good-natured that if a pig squeals they express their sympathy by loud grunts--but never do anything about it. The pigs are always under foot, getting stepped on or squeezed, to the distress of the mothers who never seem to know what to do until half the pigs are killed.

The disposition of these pigs is so uniform for each line that it is obviously inherited. This leads me to guess that people inherit their dispositions too.

------- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

claws on it. He must not touch things on the table--though he does love to sit up in a chair like the rest of the family and eat popcorn. He has a profound dignity at times and seems ashamed when detected in some kittenish activity unbecoming to a cat of his years.

Pets carry germs, but so do doorknobs, telephones and sidewalks. At least the pets provide endless entertainment and teach the kids many valuable lessons which they might not learn otherwise. Cats, dogs and ponies seem a valuable part of our equipment for raising a family. Personally, I'm strong for 'em.

--- R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Tommy the Cat

Shorty is in bed with a hard cold, and Tommy the cat, is curled up beside her, to their mutual satisfaction. For 4 years they have been pals, with differences of opinion at times to be sure, but almost inseparable companions. A living doll, Tommy has allowed himself to be clothed in dresses and wheeled for hours in the tiny buggy. When his small mistress went off and forgot him out in the yard somewhere, he would come squalling to the house, tripping on his long clothes in a very agony of embarrassment.

Then there was the time Shorty tried to put square pants on him. Tommy resented that as an insult to a well behaved cat. It also presented difficulties to Shorty. After considerable excitement, Tommy asked to go out of doors. Coming in a few minutes later, he crept to an open crack in the play room door, saw Shorty still fussing with doll clothes, apparently decided loneliness was better than humiliation and ran to the cellar door, threshing his tail indignantly.

It was a great blow to Tommy when Shorty went to school. He wandered around disconsolately for a while and finally found a place on the sewing machine where he could look out the window and see her coming. He spends much time there, watching the birds outside at the suet post, seeing people come and go, generally supervising. For amusement, he has learned to hook spools of thread out on the floor and play with them as he does with his ball.

Tommy has almost unlimited privileges about the house, but he knows and respects certain taboos. He must not sleep on the davenport, or even sharpen his

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Boy Scouts

All over the United States, boys and men are celebrating February 8 as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day Congress approved the charter of the Boy Scouts of America. The organization was encouraged by Theodore Roosevelt and he would be pleased if he could see almost a million men and boys standing at attention Friday evening at the stroke of 8 and repeating their promise to do their duty to God and country, to do a good turn daily and to keep themselves "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight".

Who can calculate the good this movement has accomplished? It is natural for boys to form "gangs" and to do as "all the guys" do. Undirected, the gang may go wild, choosing as their ideal, the most notorious mob leader of the moment. On the other hand, the gang may be influenced to direct their energies toward constructive enterprises with Daniel Boone, Theodore Roosevelt or Abraham Lincoln as models.

Healthy boys have an urge to exercise their muscles, develop their lungs and idolize some older person. In doing this, they can become a nuisance and a liability, or they can become a tremendous asset to the community in which they live. Some cities put on extra police officers, build larger jails and complain of "the crime wave". Some put a little money into organizing prospective hoodlums into first aid units, safety experts, conservationists and helpful citizens.

A community can only prosper as its individual members work together for the common good. Selfishness can break up a family, a community, or a nation. Education without a proper moral background is dangerous. Churches are trying to solve this problem by their religious teachings, but sorry to say, they do not reach all the young people. Some schools are placing special emphasis on good citizenship, but their chief job is to teach facts. Scouting is intended to supplement these agencies and home training, by organizing and leading gangs of boys, directing their energies along useful, constructive lines for the permanent good of the boys and their communities.

More power to the Boy Scouts of America!

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Plant Hibernation

Some animals, such as bears, gophers and woodchucks, have the enviable ability to go to sleep when the weather is bad and food hard to find. Trees, grass and our perennial flowers have the same happy faculty. Just now, when snow covers the ground and every twig is coated in ice, it is pleasant to think of our summer friends quietly snoozing away, waiting for the hot sun to make life worth living again.

These plants are not dead. They breathe slowly, and use up moisture and food stored for the purpose last summer. That is why an ice sheet so often kills alfalfa. It shuts off the supply of air and smothers the plants. If old stems and stalks stick up through the ice, sometimes enough air can be obtained through them to keep the plant alive. It also explains why trees die during the winter when they do not have enough fall moisture to care for their winter needs.

All last summer, plants were preparing for next March and April, so that they would be able to jump up and grow just as fast as possible when the long sleep is over. All the leaves and blossoms are formed and packed away in snug buds, just needing fresh sap to swell them up and start their normal functions.

This is where man has a chance to shape the trees he calls his own. By nipping off the buds on the tips of the undesirable limbs, most of the spring growth will be diverted to those branches which are properly placed. Of course the tree can make new buds, but meanwhile the undisturbed twigs will stretch out during the most favorable part of the growing season.

The art of hibernation solves a lot of difficulties for trees and some animals. Wouldn't it be nice if people could just curl up and go to sleep when the going gets tough! Perhaps some day we will learn how to suspend animation. Then we can just pack ourselves away on a shelf until better conditions come along. By the time we learn that much, perhaps we will also learn to control our public and private affairs so that no one will want to hibernate!

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Twenty Minutes at Mount Vernon

The story goes that English ships, visiting the American colonies to carry home great loads of valuable goods from the new land, used brick for ballast coming over. At any rate, brick must have been cheap when George Washington built the great walls around his Mount Vernon estate. He did a good job of building, and when the walls were covered with ivy they were certainly attractive.

Most of the trees and shrubs were new to a Minnesota hayseed, but the arrangement, great age and size could be duly appreciated. The great box hedges and the formal gardens were beautiful, and it must have given the general a lot of pleasure to plan and plant such a stately and orderly bit of landscape in the wilderness of the new country.

The slave quarters were not open, but it was easy to imagine the long low building crowded with men, women and of course lots of children, for it must have taken a big staff of skilled workers to operate the spinning house, the laundry, the blacksmith and carpentry shop, the coach house and to keep up those grounds.

The kitchen was separate from the house, with a fireplace capable of using 8-foot logs. A long iron crane suspended cooking utensils over the fire and a huge rough-hewn table must have furnished a place for several cooks to work. How hot it must have been to cook over a roaring log fire with the thermometer over a hundred in the shade.

The house has been left in as nearly the original condition as possible, sheathed with wide pine boards cut to resemble stone, painted white and sanded. The floors inside are of wide pine planks, deeply worn in places. Upstairs was the canopied walnut bed, supposed to be the one in which Washington slept. Every room had a fireplace and was filled with priceless heirlooms of the early days. Ceremonial swords and pictures of friends and relatives hung on the wall. Homemade equipment of all sorts showed ingenuity in conception and skill of the highest order in execution.

In the drawing room were what looked like small kerosene lamps. These occasioned some curiosity, since coal oil was unknown at that time, but a white haired civil war veteran assured us that they were operated with oil taken from sperm whales.

It was on the broad veranda that one discovered why Mr. Washington chose Mount Vernon for his home. The peaceful Potomac spread a mile or more in either direction, finally hiding behind neighboring hills. Across the river, the high banks were covered with timber and it was easy to imagine a party of Indians coming down to their canoes.

Sitting in the shade, drinking in the view as Washington must have done, brought a closer sense of kinship with the man who did so much to direct the destinies of this country. It was with solemn thoughts that we went down the walk to the tomb where rest the mortal remains of the great man. Here we paused a moment with bared heads to dedicate ourselves anew to the service of his country and ours.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Planning For Spring

Spring is just around the corner and the indications are it will come with a rush. What can we do now to save time leter when everything needs to be done at once? The harness is all fixed up, the seed grain is cleaned and ready and so far as I know, the machinery is all set for big business, but it might be a good idea to go over it and check up. Grease cups can be filled, oil holes cleanedout, plows and disks sharpened.

My guess is, it will be muddy this spring. We have had more snow than for several years and it was welcome. Still, when the ground is wet, it is all the more important to get things done in a hurry when a good day comes along. One thing that helps is a planting plan. Somehow it is easier for me if I have a map of the farm hung up where I can see it, and every plot of ground marked to show what and when to plant.

Following thisplanting plan, we can have just about the right amount of each kind of seed weighed out, grass seed mixed, and the drill calibrated. We also have time to treatthe seed. It is usually good business to treat the oats for smut, using a dust which will not injure the germination, even if it is sacked up for a month before planting. The copper carbonate dusting for wheat is also good, but we don't grow much spring wheat. One big advantage of winter whent is that it is all planted and out of the way.

Barley treatment is more difficult. Dusts will get the covered smut, but as a rule it is the loose smut that cuts the yield. The

spores of loose smut are lodged in the barley at blossoming time, and the seeds grow around them. It is easy to see why this type of smut is not killed by treating the outside of the seed. The only way to get these spores is to heat the barley, hot enough to killthe disease but not quite hot enough to kill the germ of the seed. It can be done.

Then we try to spread a bit of paint on the machinery. Someone has to stick around to watch for lambs and pigs, so in between times they can swing a paint brush in the shop. Beside helping to prevent rust, the paint helps the looks of things, and I have always believed that a man will do betterwork if his equipment is efficient and pleasing to look at. Usually, the man who fails to keep the nuts tight on his machinery, needs tightening himself.

As things begin to thaw out, we can possible get a chance to move a few loads of homemade fertilizer to where it will do the most good. If we had to buy it, we wouldn't pile it out in the yard to leach away into the creek. At least we can clean up around the hog pens so as to get better drainage, and put a load on the garden so as to raise some melons next year.

There is no end of things to do, but I have found that if I can see them coming and keep at least one jump ahead of the job it is good fun. If the work gets one jump ahead of me, everything seems to get tangled up, we all get tired and lose our ambition. It takes plans, pep and punch to farm or play football successfully.

--R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Spring Again

Who doesn't give a big sigh of relief when the long winter is over and by all the time tested signs, nature tells us that her snow clothes are about worn out and a new green ensemble is in order? One can just feel the tension, as every bud strains to burst out of its winter covering, every blade of grass pushes at the snow banks above it, and the air is filled with that electric exhiliration which makes us feel like breaking out somewhere, just because Spring is coming.

It affects people in different ways, depending on age and disposition. The kids like to make ditches for the water to run in. (So do I.) Rubber boots are in demand, and of course it is necessary to see how deep the puddles are. It is certainly surprising when the water runs in over the top or a slippery spot causes a major catastrophe!

Older boys and girls are apt to put on their best clothes and wander about absent-mindedly, meeting "accidentally", and staging a great demonstration of pushing and shoving each other with much loud and unnecessary laughter. One day the young man brushes his hair and carefully inspects his jaw in hopes of seeing a sprouting whisker. The next, he gets out the old baseball and starts to toughen up his "wing".

Those of us who have graduated from these afflictions have different symptoms, but they are just as marked. City men are apt to get out their golf clubs and practice a few trial swings. Others begin oiling their rod and reel in anticipation of getting that "big one". We farmers begin to get ready for the big rush of spring seeding and play nursemaid to the pigs and early lambs. Evenings, we study seed catalogues.

The past winter has been especially tough for many of us, so that there is more than the usual thrill in anticipating grass for the stock that has been on short rations and a new corn crop just around the corner. The harder the winter, the more welcome is spring.

Things have been so unusual and uncertain, that most of us are fed up on patent "cures" for our difficulties, and have about come to the conclusion that we will have to quit talking about it and do something for ourselves. With the coming of spring, we will buckle the old belt a notch tighter, spit on our hands, if necessary, and go to work.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Feeding Floors

Friends have kidded me a bit for talking about "airy nothings", such as winter, birds, and spring, so this time I'll try something concrete--feeding floors. Perhaps the subject is trite, but when the snow and rain soften the yards and one has waded almost knee deep in mud for the greater part of his working hours, he is apt to talk, fluently, about all sorts of things.

Many have learned to their sorrow that ordinary livestock cannot pay for elaborate and fancy buildings with steam heated apartments and gold plated handles on the manure carrier. I am rather unorthadox in recommending cheap buildings, but where clay is as sticky and as common as it is in most parts of Southern Minnesota, I believe pavement of some sort is a paying investment.

There is first, the saving in feed. It makes me ache to see dollar corn tramped under foot, even by 8-cent hogs. When self feeders are used, there is bound to be some waste unless there is a floor in front of them. If your hogs are following cattle, just watch the waste for a while when the mud is deep.

Second, floors can be cleaned, while dirt lots cannot. Fertility is wasted, lots become unsanitary, germs and parasites thrive and cannot be successfully combated. Foot rots, skin infections, worms and necro are much less prevalent where stock is kept on concrete which can be scrubbed with lye and boiling water.

Third, is the matter of comfort. Some people would not care much about the comfort of their stock, except that the comfortable animal makes better gains or produces more milk. Even the caretaker does a better job if he does not have to wade in the mud of the barnyard. Ask any one who has a feeding floor what he would take for it!

I have waded out into a sea of mud and sat down on a muddy stool to milk a muddy cow who wrapped her muddy tail around my neck, so perhaps that is why I take such pride in little patches of concrete where the cows and hogs can stand or lie any time of the year without losing their self respect and my temper. As you may have gathered by this time, I am in favor of smaller barnyards, with at least a corner, mud proofed.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Pastures

When a cow is first turned into a fresh lush pasture in the spring, I imagine she gets about as much pleasure out of it, as I get in sitting beside the radio, smoking my pipe and fooling with the kids while a blizzard rages just outside the window. The trouble is, some cows never know what a fresh lush pasture tastes like unless they succeed in breaking down a fence and getting into an adjoining grain field. Why not give them a grain field in the first place?

Permanent pastures were hard hit last year both by the drouth and by over grazing. It will take them some time to recover and they will need lots of encouragement. On the other hand, half starved cattle will go crazy at the first sight and smell of green.

Probably the old pasture will have to take it, and do the best it can real early in the season, because sod can stand tramping while the ground is soft. However, if an emergency pasture can be planted early, it can be used to give the old pasture a rest during June and a chance to catch up.

What makes a good emergency pasture? Like getting married, it depends on a lot of things. If you only want a little feed early in the spring, winter wheat or rye, either fall or spring sown, is tip top. Usually they can be pastured both fall and spring without decreasing the yield of grain. A good supplemental pasture for early spring and late fall is small grain 3 or 4 bushels with about 10 pounds of clover (we use sweet clover) and a couple of pounds of timothy. If no milk cows are in it, 2 pounds of rape in addition will make an abundance of fall feed until snow flies.

When the emergency pasture is ready for use, the old permanent pasture should be rejuvenated and given a beauty treatment. First, a good disking or spring toothing (if possible) and then a thorough job of dragging. If the pasture is real bad, some grass seed before the dragging may help. Then, best of all, let it rest and grow until the grass is <u>over</u> 6 inches high.

Ralph F. Crim at University Farm, St. Paul, has prepared a lot of dope on emergency pastures and will be glad to send it upon request.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Painting Pictures

Only a few are gifted with the ability to paint pictures on canvas, but all of us color our surroundings with our personality. As we drive along the road, one farmstead looks like a place where people exist. Perhaps the next looks like a home. The difference is due to the personality of someone who did or did not take pride and pleasure in making a picture of his surroundings.

Anyone--with plenty of money--can hire a landscape architect to paint his picture for him, but I wonder if he gets as much pleasure and profit from it as those of us who have to make our own. Anyone who loves plants can paint some kind of a picture around the house with almost no expense except for elbow grease. We have over 1,000 trees, some of them over 20 feet high, which were set out from seed and seedlings picked up here and there without one cent of cash outlay.

A miscellaneous planting of trees and shrubs about a house may perhaps offend the aesthetic taste of a landscape artist, but if it expresses the ideas of the one who does the planting, it is sure to have some merit. If we wait to hire it done, we may die of old age without a tree left to remember us by. Further, when we get interested in such a job, there are always books and friends to help.

Speaking of friends, I have made many friends by asking permission to dig up some little seedlings growing in the woods or to obtain some seed from a particularly nice tree. This leads to discussing trees and shrubs, with the result that I go home with a load of stuff to plant and a new acquaintance, interested in plants. It is good fun to grow trees from seed or increase a bit of spirea root into a hedge.

My mother always tried to bring home from every trip, something to plant as a constant reminder of her good times. Wherever she lived, there were always a lot of odds and ends growing, and each one had a story. Souveniers from Woolworth's get dusty and are thrown away, while a tree, a bush or a vine becomes more and more interesting as the years go by. Come up some time and I'll show you my collection!

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, April 3, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Praying vs Spraying

There is plenty of evidence to show that prayers are answered, but none to show that the man who sits in the shade and implores the Lord to keep the worms away from his apple trees, is really praying. If the Lord has already allowed some man to discover the life history of the insects, another man to find out what chemicals will kill them, and some one else to know how to produce the chemicals, He has about done his share.

If the local drug store stands ready to furnish the materials and the University will furnish free of cost printed directions about when and how to use them, only a human being would expect Divine Providence to squirt the dope on the trees.

If a man is too lazy, too indifferent or too obstinate to do all he knows or can find out about the subject of his request, how can he expect the Director of the Universe to spend much time and effort over individual problems? It may not be good theology, but I know it is good husbandry to anticipate as many of the insects, diseases and weeds as we possibly can, and prepare in advance to minimize the damage they will do us.

For example, fruit trees should have a dormant spray to kill oyster shell scale, and the lilac bushes too, so as to prevent reinfection. Potatoes will be much easier to peel next winter if the seed is dipped in the proper solution. Smut in oats and wheat can be prevented by a simple dust treatment. Hot water will control the smut of barley. Nicotine sulphate will kill many of the aphids on roses or currants, tape worms in sheep, chicken mites, lice and leaf hoppers. Paper collars will protect cabbage and tomato plants from cut worms. Poison bran will get the grasshoppers and so on and on. The list seems almost endless.

Practially every county in Minnesota has a county agent who keeps on hand bulletins which tell all about how to combat most of the parasites and common fungus diseases which attack farm crops. The University maintains a staff of experts to find out how to kill worms, bugs, flies, gnats, moths, weevils and rodents. In this case at least, elbow grease and spraying is likely to be far more effective than indolence and praying.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
March 29 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, April 10, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Tree Planting

"Only God can make a tree," but we humans may help or hinder tremendously. We can whack down the timber God has spent a hundred years growing, and then turn in the cattle so that none of the seeds left in the ground will have a chance to get up over a few inches. Of course we may have to spend a lot of effort and money later to stop erosion, conserve moisture or grow the timber we need, but that's the way we humans do things.

On the other hand, we can do our bit to help by seeing that seed or sprouts are put in likely locations and protected from stock, weeds, rabbits, and vandals. It is not a big part, but exceedingly helpful, and only requires a little intelligent cooperation.

The nut producers are usually best propagated by planting sprouted seeds. We may either pick up what the squirrels overlooked last fall, or sprout the seeds according to our own ideas. Instead of taking the kids out in the woods to tear up the few remaining wild flowers, why not organize them to look for sprouting walnuts, butternuts, oaks, hickory nuts or horse chestnuts? The "finds" can be packed in the "treasure chest" - a box of wet peat, sawdust, dirt, bran or what have you, carried home triumphantly and planted in likely locations.

A bit of hardware cloth will keep out marauding squirrels until the tree gets a start and even protect it from rabbits for a year or two. Picked wild flowers wilt and die before they can be brought home. A tree may outlive the children. Why not teach them to be constructive instead of destructive?

Later in the season, basswood, maple, elm, hackberry, catalpa, and locust trees will be found in their first leaf. Most of these can be taken up with a handful of dirt and the "hope chest" filled again. The kids will have some losses and disappointments, but the boy who has a funeral with all the "fixin's" over a dead tree, is apt to be more "conservation conscious" than the ruffian who thinks young saplings are only good as weiner sticks.

A plot of ground 6 by 10 makes a good "nursery" for the children. Let them plant tree seeds they find and then discover what comes up. Before the "babies" are set out, it will be interesting to find out what the trees will look like when they are grown up and what they will be good for. Why does a hard maple make a better lawn tree than a trembling aspen? What disease is killing white oaks in Minnesota? What eats the leaves off the walnut trees? What bark can be made into rope and how? What bark makes good chewing gum?

It is a big field and lots of fun. One who gets acquainted with trees, has friends everywhere he goes. These friends are all different and each tells a new story.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, April 17, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Cake Eaters

When Bill married Elsie, his father deeded him the old home farm with all the buildings, livestock, machinery and feed then on the place. Bill thought his father was rather an old fogey who spent too much of his time "puttering", as Bill called it. The new manager at once decided he would show the old man how to make money.

Bill put in twice the usual corn acreage because corn paid more than small grain. This increase made it necessary to buy a new tractor and plow, another corn planter, two new cultivators and hire an extra man to take care of the extra work, while the drill and binder were hardly used at all. Bill didn't like to milk cows, so he sold the good herd his father had built up and bought some thin feeders. These were kept in the feed lot, so Bill could plow up the old pasture and put in more corn. The woodlot his father had carefully tended, was on pretty good land, so Bill cut off all the timber, grubbed the stumps, and put in more corn.

Bill did big things for a while, but as the years went by he found it more and more difficult to make ends meet. He began to borrow money to carry out some of his big schemes, but luck was against him and things just didn't pan out. The side hills grew corn for a year or two, but then the top soil washed so badly the crop didn't pay. There was not enough manure to properly cover all the corn land, and purchased fertilizer took money. The soil baked and didn't seem to hold moisture as it had. Yields went down and costs went up. Bill took two or three good lickings on feeder cattle and soft corn. Now Bill is renting one of the poorest farms in the county. He is still talking big, but it is hard to get anyone to listen anymore.

I wonder if the state of Minnesota is following something of the same plan? We have cashed in our forests and iron ore, drained our swamps, polluted our lakes and rivers, killed off our fish and wild game with no thought for the future. Now we face huge expense to dam rivers, plant trees, stock our lakes, introduce and feed new game birds and prevent soil erosion.

These corrective measures are just and timely, but more people should be interested in conserving what resources we have left. It hurts to see the trees still being cut from the hill sides, woodlands pastured so as to prevent any reproduction and no cover left for game. With more meadows and pastures, more well tended woodlots and windbreaks, more thoughtful planning for the future, we in Minnesota can leave a pleasant and productive state for our children. In addition, we must teach these youngsters how to use, enjoy and appreciate the natural resources of our state.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, April 24, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Planting Another Crop

In Southern Minnesota, hundreds and hundreds of farmers are driving teams or tractors back and forth, from daylight to dark, over countless acres of fertile black soil, preparing the land and putting in the seed for another crop. Only one who has plowed and planted, year after year, can properly appreciate the stubborn persistence, the weary toil, the endless vexation and, with it all, the high hopes that go into the ground with the seed.

Every farmer must be an incurable optimist to put expensive seed into ground he has spent so much care and cash in providing and preparing. He hopes that the seed will grow, that the weather will be favorable, that insects and diseases will leave at least a part of the crop and finally that the price may be sufficient to pay the cash investment and leave him enough for his labor to buy a pair of shoes for the baby and a new drill for next year's crop.

The instinct to plant things and watch them grow seems to be inherent in most people. The weary mother in a tenement room delights in a geranium, potted in a tin can. The business man has a little garden, or a few rose bushes in his back yard, the big executive has a country estate where he can walk about and direct the gardener or farm superintendent.

The only reward any of us can have is the satisfaction of our wants and desires. One of the most wholesome satisfactions is to plant something and watch it grow and mature as we have planned. The results may vary from the crude efforts of the kids with their first little garden patch, to the artistic triumphs of the master flower breeder, but the satisfaction is fundamentally similar.

Farmers have this instinct to the superlative degree. No hours are too long, no labor too hard, no inconvenience too acute, to keep the farmer from putting in the crop each year to the best of his training, equipment and ability. He only begins to see red when years of effort by himself and his whole family, with all their livestock, land and machinery, fail to return enough of the current medium of exchange to provide the simple comforts and conveniences he feels entitled to.

The farmer has the satisfaction of growing things, but he has other modest wants which he is entitled to realize. Just now everything seems favorable for a good crop. Prices are fairly good and perhaps this is the year when ambitions will be realized. Hope is being planted along with the grain on Minnesota farms.

----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

Release May 1, 1935

Minhybrid Corn

Combining the inherited characters of unrelated individuals, usually provides a stimulus which makes the resulting progeny more vigorous than normal. The wider the cross or the more unlike the parents, the greater the "kick" in the offspring. Mules are a classic example. This unusual pep, which may show up as rapid growth, extraordinary strength or more than normal resistance to unfavorable conditions is called hybrid vigor and the rule applies to plants as well as animals.

Animal breeders get "new blood" by studying pedigrees and buying stock not closely related to their own herds and flocks. Plant breeders have a more difficult problem insome ways, and so they try to develop by inbreeding, pure strains with different characters which prove to combine especially well. It is a long, discouraging job to produce good corn inbreds for instance, but it is relatively simple compared to the task of trying all possible combination, to see which "nick" and give the best results.

Hundreds of inbred strains have been grown from the corn known as Minnesota 13. So far, two seem to have unusual value. These are strain 11 and strain 14. As corn, these two inbreds look like something the rats refused, but in all combinations they seemto put real vigor and quality into their progeny. When one is detassled and forced to cross with the other, the seed produced has for convenience, been called E.

The cross E. produces fairly good corn but the expense of producing seed is too great to make this practical as a commercial crop. If E. is planted, detassled and forced to cross with an

unrelated inbred called B164, the seed can be produced without prohibitive expense. Such a cross has been recommended for Southern Minnesota under the name Minhybrid 301.

This hybrid corn is a pure yellow, does not lodge and produces high yields of very uniform ears. These qualities and the high market value due to uniform ripening have won wide favor for the new variety. In 1934 the state and national corn husking contests were held in fields of Minhybrid 301.

Release May 8, 1935

Seeding Soybeans

This past winter, most of us have fed up everything in sight, trying to keep our stock alive. Now that grass is with prosperity, just around the corner, we can give a sigh of relief and begin worrying about what we are going to feed next winter.

Reports indicate that much of the alfalfa and clover had suffered from the depression or something, and cannot be depended upon for a maximum crop. Sudan seed is sky high, millet hay is little better than straw, and corn stalks must be discouraging to any cow trying for a 400 pound butter fat record.

Farmers who know beans have a chance to meet this dilemma by growing an annual legume hay crop to piece out in the pinch. Soy beans are nothing new in Minnesota -- we have raised them for 16 years at Waseca -- but many feeders have never felt well enough acquainted with them to risk any considerable acreage.

On our heavy black soil at Waseca we have had the best luck planting soy beans with a beet drill, one inch apart in 20 inch rows. A graindrill will do just as well, and 24 inch rows will probably be easier to cultivate. This will take about 90 pounds of beans per acre.

When the beans come up, and actually the whole bean does poke it's way out above the ground or else dies inthe attempt, the new sprouts are very tender. Later, when true leaves have developed, they will stand rough treatment, particularly on a hot afternoon when they are wilted and limp. The beans can be dragged until they are four inches high, so that two

cultivations with a beet plow or one row walking outfit should ho d back the weeds until the closely planted rows can shade the ground.

We try to estimate when the beans have made their maximum growth, and then hope for sunshine while we make hay. In August the weather man is usually accomodating. We use the mower and cure beans just as we do alfalfa. Some folks prefer to use a binder and set the bundles in pairs to dry. Either way, it takes a little more time than does alfalfa.

We have fed lots of soy bean hay which we and the cows think is just as good as alfalfa. We figure the bean hay costs more per ton to produce, but with butter fat welling fairly well and no alfalfa in sight, soy beans are likely to be popular. I wish I had a barnfull right now.

Release 5/15/35

Growing Sudan Grass

The first year we forgot about the small patch of Sudan Grass we had planted until we noticed what looked like a tropical forest over on the far side of the field. Upon examination we found a jungle of weedy looking stuff over six feet high.

First we tried a corn binder to cut it, but since the seed had been drilled in solid, the corn binder left the field looking like an ocean wave after a big spree. Next we tried the grain binder, cutting high, taking off the wind shield back of the platform and putting the butter as far forward as possible on the binding table. Then by taking half a swath, we did make bundles.

Since the bundles looked like corn, we made fairly large round shocks. Next day they were too hot to handle, so we tipped them all over and when they were cool enough to handle, set them up side by side against the fence. They went clear around one five acre lot and took up one side of another. Wish I had a nickle for all the questions the neighbors asked!

After two weeks of good drying weather, we hauled our bundles to the yard and stacked them like corn fodder. They heated and then rotted, so as we put the remains in the spreader nest spring, we decided we had made a mistake somewhere. The next Sudan Grass was planted May 8th. The land was ready, we had half a day when the team could be spared, the weather was warm, why not get it seeded? That year most of the seed rotted or froze off, so there was no crop on which to try

curing experiments. We decided that early planting was not the way to handle it.

The third year, we planted June 1st, and cut the hay with a mower when about two feet high. It lay in the swath two days, in the windrow over a week and then rotted when stacked outside. We were afraid to put it in the barn. The second cutting made fine pasture.

Sudan grass makes such a tremendous yield and is so willing to grow during hot dry weather that it seems to fit into an emergency need for hay or pasture, better than almost any other crop. It has some drawbacks, like all the rest of us, but we do not blame the crop because we have not handled it properly. Now that we have learned some of the things not to do, perhaps we can make better progress. At least we expect to try again this year.

Release 5/22/35

War To The Finish

A weed is a plant growing where it is not wanted. It is also the most effective means yet devised for keeping farmers and gardeners on their toes during the growing season. Everyone who tries to grow plants (and animals too for that matter) must wage a continual, vigorous and everlasting fight against weeds. Those who even stop to take a long breath are likely to loose the battle.

Weeds make things interesting, anyway, and we probably appreciate our crops the more, because they are hard won. The greatest strategy is required in planning how to hit weeds when and where they are vulnerable. Each particular class of weeds has worked out a means of defense, andif we are to win the weed war we must spy out their intrenchments and fortifications.

Some weeds put most of their trust in seed. Anyone of them that survives to maturity makes enough seed to flood the country and then puts the seed in a hard capsule so that it can stand all sorts of tough going until the chance comes to grow. A purselane plant in the garden can produce enough seed to grow a crop on an acre of land, and Indian mallow seed will still germinate micely after 50 years of waiting. French weed is said to go ahead and make mature seed even if it is plowed under while in full blossom.

Then there are the weeds that live under ground, storing war supplies in fleshy root stalks which can send up leaves to get air while the farmer sleeps. Iuack grass, canada thistle, and field bindweed or creeping jenny are examples. These plants sap the ground of moisture and then climb all

over the useful plants we want to grow, smothering them above and below ground.

There are hundreds and hundreds of different weeds, each lying in wait to choke out our crops if they have the slightest chance, some attacking in one way and some in another. A few of the worst ones seem almost impossible to eradicate by any known means. At a weed meeting held at Windom last fall, plans were laid to wage a state and national war against these worst enemies. Money has been requested with which to try and find some way of outwitting these public enemies before they cahse us out of business. We must kill the weeds or the weeds will kill us. It is war to the finish.

Release 5/29/35

Magic Remedies

Doc asked George, the pharmacist if he had ever heard of Harlaam Oil. George asked Paul who had spent years in a drug store and Paul asked his dad who had spent almost a lifetime at the business. Dad didn't know the farmula, but he remembered hearing of it, so he went to an old book kept by his father and under the date 1881 found a list of the ingredients. Beneath the formula was the note, "Used either externally or internally. Good for everything."

This reminds me of the time the men at the circus told the admiring kids that contortionists were able to do their stuff because they massaged their joints with angleworm oil. Next day we dug up a quart of anleworms, washed them carefully, hooked a fruit jar from mother and set them in the sun to "make" according to directions. After a week of sunshine, there was a gooey mess in the jar, but the odor was too much, even for small boys, and we decided to be tight rope walkers instead of acrobats.

Snake oil, pink pills for pale people, oil wells, stock market speculations, gold bricks of all sorts, always seem to find a ready market. It is human nature to want something for nothing which will cure all ills and achieve all desired ends, quickly and painlessly. The fat man wants to take a magic pill which will reduce his weight without the trouble of exercising. Advertisements tell of nostrums which will eliminate all the evil effects of overeating, over smoking or over drinking. Even though our teeth be decayed, our

stomach sour, our self indulgence complete, if we use certain inexpensive gargles, our breath will be sweet, our friends invariably true and our jobs secure--if we shave with a certain soap.

Even the government and social agencies have caught the fever. Fantasies, pipe dreams and cure alls, seem to be the order of the day. It is even unpopular to mention the things our fathers considered most valuable. We know that angle-worm oil never made a contortionist, but perhaps Harlaam oil will, Some day we may quit kidding ourselves and go back to the old standard remedies for our economic, social and political ills. May I suggest a good application of unselfishness, integrity, thrift and industry as being the surest, although not the easiest remedy to apply?

News Bureau
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St. Paul Minnesota
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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Greet the Graduates

All over the country, grade schools, high schools, colleges and universities are busy this month turning out "graduates" in such numbers that, laid end-to-end, they would reach from here to somewhere else.

Just think of the new shoes, new suits, organdie dresses, ensembles, permanent waves and bath salts. Think of the masses of flowers, the graduation orations and the heart flutters of the speech-preparing class orators. Think also of the romances which bud, burst and sometimes bloom, because of the spring weather and the excitement of "finishing."

How confident these "finished" graduates are! How sure of their own ability to solve all the world's problems. How their imagination pictures an eager world, fairly panting to welcome their vast wisdom and superlative abilities as a panacea for all economic and social ills which others have been too dull to see in the proper perspective.

Who would wish it otherwise? Who wouldn't like to be again in that rosy state of self-confidence, when everything was simple and all questions could be answered yes or no? What a fine thing it is for the world to have this annual crop of young hopefuls, who recognize no barriers or limitations, are impatient of restrictions and ambitious to smooth out all the little bumps they suspect may need leveling! It is a good thing for society, but oh, how hard on the graduates.

In a few years almost all of this year's graduates will be too concerned with making their income equal the outgo, to bother greatly how the rest of the world is run. Each will find some spot on the treadmill and spend their remaining years trying to keep up with the crowd.

On the other hand, there are surely some few among the crowd who will see further and more clearly than most of us do. Certainly our future leaders are among the group. What kind of leaders will they be? Has each of us done his bit to show them a vision of the future in proper perspective? Have we started them right or wrong? Have we strengthened their ideals or destroyed them?

It is a heavy responsibility which rests on each one of us who has "finished" school, be it the local high school or the University of Hard Knocks. Youngsters judge the whole world by the standard of the few people they know. What kind of a world do you and I represent?

Our hats are off to the 1935 crop of graduates. They are as we made them and on the whole, we like them pretty well.

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-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, June 19, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Alfalfa Hay

It is necessary to write these weekly wanderings a considerable time before publication, so as to allow for all the processes they have to go thru. This one is being written on a rainy morning in early May, while waiting for the sun to shine so we can plant corn. It is intended to be published late in June when we should be putting up alfalfa. It will probably be raining then, too.

Dad used to say "Any fool can farm when the weather is just right." He must have had me in mind. At any rate I find little trouble with making hay in dry hot weather, but 50 acres of alfalfa is a problem when it rains every other day. If the time ever comes when I learn to put up good hay under such conditions, dad might admit I had the makings of a real farmer.

There must be some way to do it, but how? Can some mechanical drier be devised which will handle hay in quantities, cheaply enough to be practical? Must we use more labor and cure hay on poles, gradually working it into larger and larger units as it dries? Can we leave in enough sap to make brown hay without danger of burning up our barns?

This brings up the question of what makes hay palatable. Sometimes we think we have an especially fine job of curing, and the hay comes from the mow green and leafy, but the cows do not like it. Again we may have some pretty tough looking stuff that the cows seem crazy for. It was a great consolation to me when such an eminent authority as the late Dr. Eckles of the University Farm dairy division admitted that he didn't know why the cows acted this way. They must know more about it than we poor humans.

We have found one thing which seems to help. If we plant about 4 pounds of timothy and 10 pounds of alfalfa per acre, the first cutting of hay may have more tons of feed and cure more readily because the timothy keeps it more fluffy in the windrow. A grass is easier to dry than a legume. The second and third cuttings will not have any timothy, but they usually come during better weather than the first cutting. We have not been able to see any difference in production when we change from straight alfalfa to the timothy mixture.

Does anyone know how to cure alfalfa without 36 hours of drying weather? If so, I would greatly appreciate the information. We could use it in our business.

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-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Farm Funnies

The so-called "funny" papers which grace our Sunday news sheets appeal to most of us only as they point out the comic inconsistency in the things human beings may do and still claim they possess the power to reason. We on the farm often see our doubles or caricatures and sometimes those of our friends and acquaintances in animals.

The other day a few small pigs adventured under the pasture gate and out into the yard. With care-free indifference they disregarded the warning grunts of mother and the shrill calls of more timid brothers and sisters while they satisfied their curiosity as to what were the edible portions of the great outside world. Inside the fence, the old sow grumbled away to her remaining youngsters, and finally let them persuade her that it was indeed lunch time.

What an uproar, what a racket, what a noisy complaint against the machinations of man who placed a wire fence between starving pigs and their legitimate source of sustenance. There, within 2 feet of the wildly-protesting wanderers, were two long rows of nipples, each attached to the most delectable and delightful bosom a little pig ever nuzzled. Each inviting spiggot fairly dripped warm sweet milk, which the well-behaved home stayers were rapidly consuming with great glee and noisy gusto.

Did the stray pigs hurry back to the gate and crawl under where they came out? Oh no! They banged their noses on the fence, ran wildly hither and yon, and set up a squealing protest that brought all their human neighbors to the scene. In vilest, pig swear words, they condemned the fence, the times, the government and the sow for being on the other side of the fence. In fact, they blamed everything <u>except</u> their <u>own</u> misconduct and lack of intelligence.

A couple of barn cats were having a rough and tumble family argument, to the accompaniment of sundry yowls, spittings and other expressions of discord. Chunie, the pup, stepped on the gas and speedily arrived at the barn door to put a stop to the murder apparently about to be committed.

The cats, like their human contemporaries, immediately forgot their specific differences when they sensed approaching outside interference, and presented two highly arched backs, two erect tails of huge size, eight clawed feet, four rows of sharp teeth and two warning snarls of unexpected ferocity, as the pup's head entered the door. It was all over in a second. Chunie put on her dydraulic brakes--or something--and assumed such an air of studied indifference to things in general and cats in particular, that a catastrophy was averted.

It was just like the town which put on a widely advertised drive against crime, especially bootlegging, and then chased out the investigators when 10 of the leading citizens were arrested.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

Minnesota. University.

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Water Systems

An old timer I once knew kept his stock in the barn and carried 60 pails of water every day a distance of 50 feet or more. On another farm where I was the hired man, the well was more than 20 rods from the house. Here the stock was chased out to the tank but the housewife had to lug every drop of water up the hill to the house.

How any woman could raise a flock of babies like stepping stones, cook for her large family and tote tons of water to the house, always seemed a miracle to me. Talk about slavery -- she knew what it was. No screens on the house, she had to rustle most of her fuel, help with the milking, feed the calves and interminably carry water. No wonder I slept in the barn, ate sparingly and quit when my agreed time was up.

It seems so useless to spend energy carrying water in and waste out, when pipes and a little ingenuity will do it so much better. One place where I lived, the windmill pumped water into a small tank in the house, the overflow going to the barn and stock tank. On another farm, a small cistern beside the back steps was filled by the windmill and a small pitcher pump in the kitchen was almost as good as a tap. Where there's a will, there's a way to get water in and out of the house without the eternal carrying.

On most farms, men have the say as to how the always inadequate income shall be expended. They see the advantage of good machinery and conveniences for their work, but many do not realize a woman's difficulties. Since I was the youngest kid in our family, it fell to my lot to help in the house, so perhaps that accounts for a little different slant on things. I have done big washings on a scrub board in a tin tub and now I appreciate a power machine. I have ironed beside a hot stove in July and appreciate electric irons and mangles. I have washed dishes in a dark sink that was too low and hope it will never have to happen again.

Farm work, indoors and out, can be made more pleasant, if a serious and consistent effort is made by the whole family to work out improvements. It is good business to smile at a hard job or tough going, but it's lots easier to keep cheerful if a machine can be made to lighten some of the drudgery. Ever since I froze my hands to the pump handle filling mother's tea kettle, inside water supplies have had a warm advocate.

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-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS
By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Four-H Clubs

If a carbohydrate met a protein, would a vitamin act as a catalytic and make a good stock judge? All over Minnesota, boys and girls are waking up to the fact that raising stock takes as much skill and energy as football, and that foods and clothing can be an art as well as a science. Boys and girls are beginning to see that the common everyday things can provide the same challenge as a knight in armor -- the same romance as Prince Charming. They know their proteins!

Some farmers act as though a cow was simply a source of milk, a crop of grain just good luck and their children a necessary nuisance until big enough to drudge. Deep underneath, though, I believe most farmers worthy of the name, have a sublime wonder at the mysteries of nature, stand in awe of the God who performs such miracles under their very eyes, and a deep appreciation of the part that they as men are allowed to have in this great system.

Most men are afraid or ashamed to admit such feelings and cover them up as deeply as possible. The 4-H Club program is designed to try and help boys and girls realize the pleasure and the beauty of everyday things while they are yet young. Most of them would get it when they grow older, but what a lot they would have missed.

The 4-H club program is an attempt to put the wisdom of age into the language of youth, so that young men and women may test their mettle, earn their spurs, and get a glimpse of the big things which make the daily grind a game and achievement a reward worth more than wealth.

------R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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University Farm
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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, July 17, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

A Sunday Walk

I like to go to church on Sunday and hear a good sermon. Sometimes it is restful, a calm after the week's rush and resistance. Again, it is stimulating, inspirational, and gives me a new determination to be more effective in the work that needs to be done. In any event it is a change, and I feel better after "taking" the weekly service.

Sunday afternoon is something different. Unless there are interruptions, I like to lie on the couch and look at the paper, which usually puts me to sleep for an hour. Then if the weather is nice we go out to the woods and cook supper over a camp fire, or just go for a walk around the place.

Perhaps the garden is the first stop. The kids must show me all the things in their gardens. Dodie's flowers are growing nicely and we are all interested in the "peculiar peanuts" she planted last spring. Usually we can find something to nibble at, even if it is only pieplant, and we have a contest to see who can find the largest leaf. Shorty wants to know, "What is the difference between weeds and the garden things?" Bud says he bets Shorty will find out when she gets big enough to weed onions and run a hoe.

Next we walk out to the hog pasture and all the pigs say, "Woof, Woof," and scamper to the far end of the lot. As soon as they see we won't walk up there after them, they all come back and try to untie our Sunday shoes with their muddy snouts. Oscar, Elmer and Nonsense, the cripples mother raised on the bottle, all come over and want Shorty to play with them, even though they weigh a hundred pounds now. Some of the pigs are getting scurfy. Tomorrow we had better get some old cylinder oil and give them some "hair tonic".

The next stop is to see a pheasant's nest in the weeds along the fence row, and then we get to the horse pasture. Topsy comes up and wants to shake hands with everybody, but keeps away from big old Dell and her baby. Bud and Shorty let Topsy and Maud out of the gate and get the saddles for a horseback ride.

A Sunday afternoon walk is a good opportunity to get the kids interested in the wonderful things around them, and find out how much they have learned to see.
---- R.E. Hodgson, Superintendent, Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca.

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Rotations

A boy once told me, "A crop rotation is when you put something else where something was before you took it off." Perhaps it was my error in not asking what a good rotation was. Just alternating crops is not enough. A good rotation should have a grass crop or legume, a cultivated crop and a grain crop, or something similar.

For example, wheat, followed by corn, then oats and sugar beets would not be a good rotation, while small grain with sweet clover to plow under the next spring before corn, would have the essential elements of a good rotation.

It is lots of fun to plan rotations, because, like a stout woman's dress, it must be fitted to the subject for best results. We try to divide available crop land into four or five fields, approximately equal in size, and then grow about the same amount of each crop year after year, moving them around in a regular sequence or rotation.

For instance, starting with small grain on Field 1 we will raise hay or pasture on Field 2, corn on Field 3 and alfalfa on Field 4. The next year Field 1 will be hay or pasture, seeding being done with the preceding grain crop. Field 2 will be broken up for corn and Field 3 will be seeded to grain.

The advantages of a definite, regular, planned rotation are so numerous it would take a small book to explain them properly. Most of them are obvious to an experienced farmer, who undoubtedly uses a rotation of some kind, but is it a good one? If it is good, could it be better? For the man trained in farm management, it is just as much fun to figure rotations as for an engineer to plan a new machine.

This is the time of year to observe what could be improved in present cropping schemes, and plan for the future.

-------R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Visitor's Day

We have our roads graded, plots all planted, cultivated, and everything set to entertain company next week, Wednesday, July 10. Once in a while, someone tells me he reads these weekly yarns about the Waseca Branch Station and things in general. If so, perhaps enough curiosity will be aroused so that folks will want to come and see what is going on.

Of course, visitors are welcome at any time. There are roads all up and down between the rows of plots and it makes an interesting drive on a Sunday afternoon or a nice evening. However, I cannot promise always to be on hand to show folks around and tell about the different tests and experiments under way. Except on Visitor's Day you take your chances on finding a guide, unless you let us know you are coming.

Next Wednesday we will have all our own staff and several of the men from University Farm with whom we are cooperating on various projects. All will be glad to make your visit interesting and as profitable as possible.

Soybeans, small grain, pasture crops, sweet clover, sugar beets and corn cover most of the experimental plots. Then there are inbred hogs - the only ones in Minnesota - milking Shorthorn cattle, sheep and horses for those interested in live stock. We also expect to have a nice display of flowers and fruit. There is a nice place for a picnic lunch in the grove, for those who care to eat out doors. It is less than a mile to several restaurants for those who don't.

Guides will be on hand at 9 o'clock to answer questions or discuss particular crops. At 1:30, prominent visitors will be introduced and plans for a tour of the place will be explained. From then on, the place is yours. We'll be expecting you.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Pig Pastures

There is a vast difference between pig pastures and the exercise lots one so frequently sees when driving through Southern Minnesota. One essential of a pig pasture is an abundance of palatable, succulent green feed, easily obtained. The other is that the pigs be not confined to the same ground until it becomes contaminated with parasites and disease.

One farm had good success by giving the hogs the run of 40 acres of alfalfa. What the pigs ate hardly affected the yield at all, so hay was cut as usual, the pigs had plenty of range, and the feed never became woody. It did spoil the looks of the field, at least in spots. Another man had several small lots of alfalfa and moved his pigs frequently.

Our plan is to have two fields fenced for hogs. On field 1, rape and a little grain are planted about May 10. This is ready for use about June 15 and the hogs are moved in from field 2 which is then plowed and seeded to rape. About August 15, field 2 is ready and the pigs are moved again, so that field 1 can be plowed and seeded to rye. The late-planted rape is good until snow flies.

As soon as spring pigs are ready to go out, field 1 is ready with clean rye pasture which will furnish good feed until rape can be grown in field 2, and the whole process repeated. This would not do so well for white hogs, because they often blister in rape, but perhaps soybeans could be used instead of rape.

We usually seed 1½ to 2 bushels of rye for pasture, and use from 6 to 10 pounds of rape. We find that 4 pounds of rape is enough if it can be put on evenly, but that is hard to do with such small quantities. It does not do to mix small grain and rape for seeding, as the rape all runs out first.

A good pasture makes cheap feed for healthy pigs.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Fitting for the Fairs

Dad loved to show his stock at the fair, and as an 8-year-old, it was considered wise to start my education in the business. That fall I helped build crates, scrubbed pigs 'till their pink skins shone, exercised the lazy, fat matrons and patrons, and rode in the box car to St. Paul.

The thrill and excitement of the big state fair was almost too much for one small boy, with the rushing crowds of people, the strange sights, the side shows on the Midway and the "Fall of Rome" at the Grand stand. After the novelty wore off, I spent most of my time in the barns, as did the "other stockmen", exchanging experiences, studying pigs and exhibiting our wares to prospective buyers or curious city "dudes".

For many years we showed hogs and horses, until it became almost a habit to go through the mill year after year, always vowing at the end of the show season that no power on earth could ever drag us away from home again and the next fall being as eager as ever to match our best against whatever the other fellow would bring out.

That is why I always get a thrill when I see a youngster grooming his or her pet for the big exhibition. Watching a boy handle his pig or calf, tells volumes as to his inheritance and his training. Some kids tackle their job of fitting and showing animals as though it was just something to do when they were not otherwise occupied. If the calf doesn't get fat and lead nicely, they blame the calf.

Others try to give their animals a sympathetic understanding, treat them as they would treat their own children, firmly but kindly, always thinking what is best for the calf, not what is easiest for the boy. Show me a lad who does a workmanlike job of fitting and showing an animal and I will bet on him to make a success of almost any work for which he is adapted.

At the same time, it is well to remember that showing is a game. It may be played as a pastime by breeders and producers, but it is only incidental to the man who is trying to build a productive herd of cattle or improve the breed of stock in which he is interested.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Threshing

The odor of freshly-threshed straw or grain always brings back memories of the days when I used to break up coal for Fred, who always threshed our oats with his big 60-horse Avery Steamer and Yellow Fellow separator. It was a great privilege to sit on the tender, or climb over the big drive wheels--6 feet high and 3 feet wide.

One small boy felt pretty big when he could call the engineer by his first name and get away with it. That was after he sent me up to ask Sam, the separator man, for the left-handed monkey wrench. Years later, Dad let me take old Snip and Val and drive Fred's tank wagon all fall. Three dollars a day, with five big meals and horse feed thrown in! Rockefeller, Morgan and Jim Hill had nothing on me.

We had 16 bundle teams, four spike pitchers, four to eight grain wagons and lots of extras. The engineer always had grease on his face; the separator man was cased in dust, with a red bandanna around his neck. We slept in straw piles or barns, worked from daylight to dark, were hard as nails, and happy as larks. Four thousand bushels of oats was a good afternoon run. There was always rush and excitement with the threshing crew.

Nowadays there is a small machine for every three or four farms. Extras eat breakfast and supper at home; one man runs the machine instead of three; and the water boy is extinct. There is still dust, but part of the glamour is gone. Gone also is the back-breaking work of the women when they had to feed up to 30 extra men for two or three days. Gone is the trouble of getting together enough men and wagons to keep the big outfits going. Gone is the old bunk shack, with its bugs and smells.

I'm glad it's gone, but threshing is still a time to gloat a bit over a good harvest safely stored. It is still a time to be happy over a season's work accomplished, and above all it is a time to think back over some of the fun, some of the grief, and some of the excitement that began when we saw the big steamer coming down the road and ran in to tell mother, "Fred's pullin' in".

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Milk Goats

In an unguarded moment, I let a stranger sell me a trailer for hauling horses. With the deal, he threw in a couple of goats. The trailer cost $40. Repairs, after lending it, cost $7.50 and licenses cost $5, so when it was sold for $25, wife, children, relatives and friends all assured me that their estimate of my business ability was confirmed. The only possible comeback was to point out that we still had the goats.

Nina had triplets the next spring and Nanny had twins--Tim and Tina. The old ladies gave about a gallon per day each and were soon sold to fathers of hungry babies. This spring, Snowball, one of the triplets, had three kids of her own and now Shorty, our 8-year old daughter, is running a dairy, milking her goat night and morning, feeding her kids and learning a lot about stock. Tim is a big husky wether and makes a lot of fun for the boys and girls who drive and ride him. Tim seems to get about as much enjoyment out of it as the children do.

This is my first experience with milk goats, and has been a lot of fun. True, the kids will dance on our car top if we givethem a chance and they can walk the edge of a 2 x 4 to get where they want to go. They go to sleep on a 4-inch window sill, or hop over a 3-foot fence. They will walk on their hind feet to reach tree leaves or raise havoc in a garden, but still their play and antics are worth the damage they have done.

Goats are no harder to keep in a fence than are sheep, and properly confined they are no more trouble than any other stock. The wethers and does have no objectionable odor; they are fastidiously clean animals and easy for the children to handle.

Goat's milk tastes just like cow's milk, but the fat globules are smaller, so it takes the cream much longer to rise. It never gets thick and skummy. I was surprised at how much milk they had and how easy it was to take it away from them. We built a bench and as their names are called, the nannies jump up to eat a handful of grain and be milked.

I found them much easier to milk than a cow and they have no long tail to wrap around the milker's neck. Their kicking--if one ever should kick--doesn't amount to much, and if they step on Shorty's toes it is nothing serious. Our goats, having no horns, are timid rather than pugnacious, but love to be petted and played with.

Even if I did loose a few kopecks on the trailer deal, the kids and I have learned enough from the goats to make the deal about even. Besides if we ever sell the stock on hand, we may even be able to show a profit.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

A Bloodless Battle

Jerome T. Guzzlegut - J. T. for short - is a wily old woodchuck who has taken a lease on a basement apartment in our brush pile. Bud is afraid old J. T. may violate the game laws by taking, out of season, some of the little pheasants that scamper through the tall grass of Eden, the acre we have fenced off for birds and trees. Hence war has been declared.

One forenoon Bud sat with a rifle across his lap, waiting to shoot the "varmit". When old J. T. came out, Bud got so interested watching him eat, he forgot about the rifle, and just named him instead.

The other day, J. T. was a considerable distance from his front door, when Bud and Chunie went out to see how the "stock" was coming on. The "stock" consists of two club pigs, a nest of thrashers, 14 little pheasants the old white hen hatched, sundry other birds and a colony of rabbits which have learned to multiply and add to the grief of our young trees.

Chunie, the pup, always chases the rabbits - not with any idea of catching them, but largely from a sense of duty.

Old J. T., seeing the dog, sat up and whistled. Apparently, Chunie thought he was a rabbit, and over the fence she went, to try and get in six jumps and a bark before he disappeared. Old J. T. didn't run. He just sat up and chittered madly, making such a vicious appearance that Chunie slammed on the air brakes. She knows the difference between the yellow barn cat that runs and Tommy who attacks with sad results.

Chunie barked. J. T. chittered and beat his chest like a Baer. Bud, the other side of the fence, yelled and grabbed a stick - which broke as he lifted it. Encouraged by the yells, Chunie dashed at the enemy and snapped as she flashed past - collie fashion. J. T. took advantage of this to run a few yards toward home, but he was strictly on the defensive by the time the pup got turned around.

This process was repeated until J. T. thought he could make the door, but Chunie, in a burst of courage caught his caudal appendage, just as safety seemed certain. In the tug of war the pup was victor, but when J. T. was pulled from the brush pile, he swung his sharp teeth to the pup's nose and the music changed from Bow-wow to Ki-yi. In the confusion, J. T. escaped, but Bud and Chunie declarethey will get him "next time".

No matter what trouble may come to us in the future, nothing can take away the pleasant memories we will always have of our "adventures" while the kids were growing up. What could be more fun?

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, September 25, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Animal Friends

Shorty's eyes come just above the old mare's chest, so it is necessary to find an elevator of some sort to reach the hurricane deck. Not long ago she led old Maud up to a convenient stump just outside the office window, but after climbing up on the perch, found that all she could touch was a head and neck. The back was completely out of reach.

Time after time Shorty climbed down, led Maud up to the stump, climbed up and then couldn't get on. Like most human beings she became aggravated. Her voice rose in pitch, her commands became incoherent, and finally she just stood on the stump and glared at the horse--almost at the tear point. Old Maud had been enjoying the fun so far, but when her little friend gave up, the sly old lady took one step, all on her own hook, and there was a nice back, all ready to mount. She was just giving Shorty a lesson in horsemanship.

Those who love animals often feel that their four-footed friends are no more dumb than the general run of humans. Horses, dogs--yes, and even cats and cows--can make themselves understood by those who understand their language. They enjoy a good joke, they take an interest in their work and their faithful loyalty is almost proverbial.

Topsy was an old bronc who gave me a lot of horse education. She could run like a deer in the pasture, could never see the gate to the barnyard unless she was inside, and could open barn doors like a burglar. When hitched or saddled she creaked in every joint and won the sympathy of everyone who saw her. Did you ever see a boy like that?

One-eyed Sadie was an old cow pony of unknown antecedents, but with fast and willing feet. I was a "Smart Alec" kid who swung up to the saddle like a greenhorn cowboy before a movie camera. Just at the top of one swing, Sadie took one little step toward me and as I sat up on the ground and rubbed my head, she turned to view me with her good eye and gave me my first horse laugh.

Old Ned was a great pal and when Sis or I drove or rode him, he shied at autos and trains, traveled like a racer, and nearly pulled our arms out. When mother drove him, he took a steady jog trot and a train could run over him before he would notice it. After I had been away for almost a year, old Ned came at my whistle and when I got a good hold on his mane lit out for home, leaving me to get on if I could. Just like old times, but what actions for a plow horse! At least he told me in the most expressive of horse language that he was as happy at the reunion as I was. Who could forget such friends?

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, September 18, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Inbred Corn

I'm willing to make a wild guess that within 10 years, from 50 to 75 per cent of the corn grown in Minnesota will be from seed produced by single, double, or three-way crosses of inbred strains now growing in experimental plots. The advantages seem so obvious and the disadvantages relatively so insignificant, that farmers will jump at the chance to take some of the gamble out of their business.

Even in its present stage of development, hybrid corn has many advantages. Most strains have been bred for strong stalks and big brace roots, so that it almost takes a steam roller to pull it up or tip it over. With ordinary varieties, one sometimes needs a compass to follow a row across the field. A second advantage of hybrid corn -- properly made from good inbred strains -- is uniformity. Ears are born at the same height on stalks all alike. Each stalk bears an ear as long and as good as all the rest, if pollenation and cultural practices have been good. It all ripens at the same time, with less danger of late soft ears to start spoilage.

The yields of hybrids, at least those grown by the University, have been widely tested under actual farm conditions. Compared with varieties prized by the best corn growers, the hybrids have in almost every case equalled the yield of normal corn and in general have made from 5 to 25 more bushels per acre. Even last year, when the going was tough for all corn, 42 trials in southern Minnesota showed Minhybrid yielded around 15per cent more corn than normal varieties.

Experience has shown that normal corn does not like to be moved. Silver King, which yields 90 bushels per acre at Waseca, made 40 bushels of nubbins in Rock county. Why? I can make a lot of guesses, but I don't know. Experience has shown that normal corn is very sensitive to changed conditions and that hybrids are hardly affected at all.

Naturally, farmers dislike the idea of buying seed each year, but even at $8 per bushel, seed is not over $1.25 per acre, and it is usually considered good business to invest a dollar if there is a reasonable certainty of getting $5 in return. The work of detasseling and making the hybrid seed is exacting and must be carefully done, but there are farmers who will do it and do it right if properly paid, to the mutual advantage of themselves and those who grow hybrid corn.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Pleasure

A large part of the lives of all of us is occupied with routine duties which soon become drudgery if we do not train ourselves to avoid it. The city cousin visits the farm for a vacation and the farm boys seek the city for a "big time". The business executive thrills over the annual fishing trip while the woodsman lives over and over the things he saw in the city last winter.

We all enjoy the unusual, but why not train ourselves and our children to enjoy also the common everyday things we have to do anyway? Plowing was drudgery until I learned a little about chemistry, and the animal and plant life of soils. That put plowing in a new light. Is there anything more distasteful to a boy than cleaning a lousy chicken house? Mother made that interesting by allowing me a percentage of the eggs gathered. Less lice, more eggs, and I worked without protest.

Pleasure is a funny thing. It is what others are mad with and of which we never have enough. When we do some idiotic stunt, it is a harmless pleasure. When others do it, it's a cause for scandal. The pet antipathy of friends and relatives is probably the one and only thing you can do to have any fun. What an interesting accumulation of indefeasible idiosyncrasies we humans are.

Some can get active pleasure and mental stimulation from gazing at a flower, a picture, or an architectural triumph. Some enjoy struggling among a mass of moist humanity on a slippery floor in a hot building, while a jazz band blows, blats and bellows in an effort to keep up flagging interest. Some like golf, some like fishing, some like Coney Island. Some like a book and a quiet corner, some like a crowd and perhaps some fizz to fluff things up. The search for pleasure and the quantity ultimately enjoyed, depends entirely upon the individual. Children trained to depend entirely on outside forms of amusement will never get as much fun out of living as those who know how to get their pleasure from a great variety of sources common to their daily life and work. This ability depends on initiative, ingenuity and inherent resourcefulness which must be developed and trained.

Are we helping our children to enjoy and appreciate the world they live in, the everyday tasks, and the satisfaction of accomplishment? Life is largely what we make it. Games are more fun than drudgery, so make a game of drudgery. Pleasure is a state of mind, not a commodity.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Winter Wheat

After her cat had had a successful encounter with a mouse, Shorty was heard to say, "There sat Tommy all peace and calmly, with a smile on his face." Most of the men who grew Minturki winter wheat this year are in a similar condition.

Three times we have had severe stem rust epidemics at this Station, and each time, Minturki has come thru with top yields. In the laboratory, Minturki shows no resistance when rust spores are injected with a hypodermic needle, but in the field, this variety is seldom injured. Only recently it was discovered that because the stomata, or breathing pores, opened late in the morning, rust spores had difficulty in gaining entrance to the stems of Minturki. Apparently, the early bird catches the worm, but the early stomata catches the rust - another argument for not getting up early.

Since Minturki winter wheat was introduced, this crop has become one of the most dependable small grain crops in southern Minnesota. It is winter hardy, rust resistant, stands up well and yields considerably more than most spring varieties. It is not as good as Marquis or Thatcher for milling.

We like to seed our winter wheat not later than September 10, on well-prepared but firmly-packed ground. Six pecks per acre has given us the best yields. Light pasturing in the fall and even early in the spring has not seemed to hurt the crop, but of course this can be carried too far.

For those who grow wheat as a feed or cash crop, we feel that the Minturki winter variety offers the greatest opportunity to southern Minnesota farmers. It gets part of the spring work out of the way in the fall, helps to control certain weeds and on the average - at this station at least - makes a higher income per acre than any other small grain.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Corn Harvest

Everywhere in southern Minnesota, farmers are thinking corn just now. Wagons are in the field, ears are thumping on bang boards and the loads that go in the crib measure the ability, the skill and the thoroughness of each individual operator. The man, the soil and the weather, determine the size of the corn crop, yet some men crib 90 bushels per acre and some have only a third as much. Why?

High yields require care all along the line. Stand is of first importance, and if farmers would figure out the proportion of perfect three-stalk hills in their fields, they would be surprised, and next year would give more attention to strong seed, even planting, and careful cultivation.

Speaking of cultivation, we have a splendid example at the Waseca Station this year. A small patch of sorghum got pretty weedy and the boys started to clean it up. Half the rows were hoed when other work crowded and the job was never finished. As a result, there is at least twice as much sorghum on the clean rows. One hoeing doubled the yield. With this in mind, take a look at most cornfields and estimate how many bushels of corn are represented by weeds.

Last but not least is the question of variety. On our corn test plots, where all conditions are kept as uniform as possible, there is a wide variation in the yield of different varieties. I have been partial to a strain of Silver King bred at this station for 16 years. It has made 90 bushels per acre and we thot it was good, but it did not do so well in other parts of southern Minnesota. This year we grew 20 acres of Minhybrid 301 and 5 acres of Silver King for silage. The 301 stood up perfectly, while the Silver King was about 50 per cent lodged. The 301 all ripened evenly and was almost ready to crib by September 20, while some of the Silver King ears were still in the milk. The estimated yield of dry shelled corn for the 301 was 90 bushels, while the Silver King made about 75. The stalks and leaves of some of the Silver King plants were dead and dry while the 301 was uniformly green and in perfect condition for silage. We are completely sold on 301. It is far ahead of the best we have been able to produce by 16 years of careful selection.

This confirms me in the belief that within 10 years, most of the corn grown in Minnesota will be crosses of inbred strains. These strains will be carefully selected for useful characters and skillfully combined to give desired results under specific conditions. The present hybrids look good, but one of the men working with corn hybrids at the University has made the statement that, in his opinion, some of the new hybrids now being tried are twice as good as 301 and four times as good as normal varieties.

Think of the possibilities ahead for corn growers! Corn that will stand up in anything but a hurricane. Corn that can be depended upon to ripen uniformly at a date which can be predicted with far more accuracy than at present. Corn that will make yields which sound fabulous at the present time.

But there will always be men satisfied with 25 or 30 bushels per acre. Seed alone cannot do everything. Perfect stands require careful planting and big yields call for clean fields. Some men will prefer to spread their efforts over 50 acres when the same labor on 25 acres would make more corn and release 25 acres for pasture. No seed improvement will ever take the place of good farm management.--R. E. Hodgson, Supt.
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
September 25 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, October 2, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

The Hunting Season

This month and next, men and boys exercise the ancient urge to get out in the open and hunt. Some measure their success by the number of dead birds or animals they can show as a result of their prowess. Some enjoy the tramping, the searching and stalking, but care little or nothing for the kill. Some "hunters" seem to be afraid of taking cold, and require much medicine from a bottle.

There is still another group of hunters who consider this the open season. These men and boys are hunting for extra nice ears of corn to fill the classes at harvest festivals, fairs and corn shows, ending up with the big state show at University Farm and finally the International.

One man searched thru 10,000 bushels of corn to find 10 ears almost exactly alike and nearly perfect. That's hunting. Most of us are content to pick some nice ones from the seed as it is put away to dry or save outstanding ears as the husking is done. It is a great game, with lots of interesting sidelights, experiences and memorable triumphs. Furthermore, tho threats and counter threats have been numerous, I have never read of any casualties to the hunters.

As a sporting proposition, the showing of 10-ear corn samples has many features to recommend it, but as a means of showing the adaptation of corn, its yield under normal conditions, its moisture content at harvest time, etc., the 10-ear sample tells far too little of the whole story. In a group of a thousand girls, there should be a few beauties, and so with corn, but would you call Miss Minnesota (if there is one) representative of all the women of the state? Some specialize in other qualities which wear longer than a pretty face.

In order to permit at corn shows a more complete and representative picture of what farmers are actually growing, the Field Run Corn Contest has been devised. Space is too limited to give all the details, but in this type of show, competition is between samples just as they come from the field, with yield, moisture, quality of shelled corn and uniformity of size and maturity as the deciding factors. It is a contest of usefulness rather than of beauty alone.

The University Department of Agriculture has published a little pamphlet telling all about this contest. County agents have or can get plenty of copies. Anyone can send for them, addressing the Bulletin Office at University Farm, St. Paul. The pamphlets cost nothing, but the contest means some work, much information gained, and a lot of fun. It is a dandy project for high school classes in agriculture and will emphasize the essential features of profitable corn production.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
December 26 1935

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

A Minnesota Blizzard

During high school days, I went one afternoon to call on a "lady" and it was about 9 o'clock when I started home across a section of hay meadow. As evening approached, the snow had come down and the wind had come up, the mixture forming a feathery smother, especially distasteful after the bright light and warm friendliness of the farm fireside. However, it did not seem difficult for a "man" to hike a mile in a straight line by keeping the wind always on the quarter.

An hour of stiff walking brought me to a haystack and another hour brought me back to the same place. The third time the stack suddenly stopped my progress, it was a great temptation to dig in and wait for morning, but it was getting very cold, and freezing was almost certain. This time I started out, carefully shortening each tenth step with the right foot.

The stack didn't stop me again, but even a husky boy gets tired of tramping indefinitely through deep snow. At last I fell down, and wondered if it was worth while to get up. It seemed so nice to lie in the snow and rest. Finally, getting to my knees, the air cleared near the ground and I saw a fence just ahead.

The next question was, which way to follow the fence? Fortunately, I chose correctly, and in half an hour was in bed, none the worse for my 5-hour hike.

As I watch young people today, so many seem to be lost in a blizzard of emotional cross currents, floundering around and around, falling, struggling up and going on, but getting nowhere. They recklessly expend their health and energy on things which do not count, and the loss to the world's progress is staggering. It seems a pity that older people have not found some way to help the youngsters to an objective of some sort.

Perhaps if older people were not themselves so busy following uncertain clues and bowing to sects and systems, they might be able to do a better job of guiding. Good judgment, balance and understanding seem to be needed now as much as in any era of history.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
December 26 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

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BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Snow Sculpture

The kids have lots of fun rolling up big snowballs and making them into men. They can make these men big or small, cross-eyed or fat, as they see fit. Those more skillful make animals, or carve statues to suit themselves. It must be a lot of satisfaction to carve a statue from snow, stone or clay, but the best sculptor who ever lived never made an image which could say a kind word, or plan a fine building.

It has always seemed strange to me that more people were not interested in human sculpture. Instead of patiently working with knife or chisel to make a block of stone look like a man, why not take some freckle-faced, bright-eyed, awkward kid and try to make a man of him? So many boys (and girls) need a little sympathy, a little comradeship, a little explanation of things, a little guidance. The material seems as plentiful as snow, but there seems to be a scarcity of sculptors.

For years I have experimented on boys, and had a grand time doing it. The first step is to "analyze" them, to gain their confidence and find what key will fit each individual head and let in ideas. The next job is to find the right idea and dress it up so the patient will like the medicine. If the right idea gets into a suitable boy, no one can tell what wonderful things may sprout. It is thrilling to watch a boy when he sees a vision of usefulness and puts all his restless energy into his attempt to accomplish things.

Sunday school teachers are afraid to tackle classes of boys, because they are so unruly and bad, punching each other, throwing spit balls, whispering, and what not. Public school teachers sometimes have the same experience. My sympathy is mostly with the boys, because I have been there. We chased out one Sunday school teacher after another, until a 98-pound girl only 10 years older than we were, tamed the lions and for years had a class of 20 high school football players eating out of her hand and behaving like lambs.

I like to take the "meanest" class in Sunday school, or the gang of kids that is the terror of the neighborhood. Unless they have inherited criminal instincts or wooden heads, the most restless kids are usually the "go-getters", if they are given something to go and get.

Shaping snow is a game for children, but shaping boys and girls is a game for men and women. A snow man melts into soft water and runs away, but an intelligent boy or girl, headed in the right direction and given an inspiration will give years of most useful service as a citizen.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
December 26 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, January 15, 1936

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

House Husbands

While judging a crop show at St. Charles last November, I saw a one-act play put on by a 4-H club, which had a lot of humor and a sound idea behind it. It seems the man of the house complained because his wife complained about a worn-out washing machine. He told her she didn't know what real work was, which seemed to arouse her resentment, so she offered to trade jobs with him for a day and the challenge was accepted.

John piled all the dirty clothes into a tub, poured in a boiler of hot water, got some soap and a scrub board and began. In a few minutes, little Jimmy came in and wanted breakfast. Then he wanted his torn shirt repaired and a button sewed on. Leaving the washing, John wielded the needle with neither speed nor skill, and while he was laboring, the oatmeal burned.

Soon twin girls entered and wanted breakfast, wanted their hair curled and wanted clean dresses to wear to school. About that time, papa wanted to be somewhere else and to cap the climax, a neighbor lady dropped in. She seemed to notice that something was wrong and didn't hesitate to point out some of the errors, such as the burning food on the stove, the hot iron burning a hole thru dress and ironing board, and the fact that overalls and white dresses should not be washed in the same water at the same time.

Of course the play turned out all right. John admitted he was licked when Mary came in to report the milking done and the stock all fed. He promised her the new washing machine and anything else she wanted. It always ends that way in a play, but how does it work out on an ordinary farm?

Of course I would never admit that a man couldn't do a woman's work if he put his mind to it! His superior intelligence would soon have brot order out of the confusion, (mustn't let my wife see this), but I did agree that the wife should have the new washing machine. You see John had to pay for it, not I.

Seriously, it might be a good thing if men had to do some of the housework occasionally. Think of all the improvements there would be in the house if men had to do the work! Any man would be too smart to carry water from the pump if a pipe would do it. No man would scrub clothes on a washboard, if gas or electricity would do the job for him. I have washed, ironed, baked, and scrubbed as a bachelor, and as a man who swings a wicked broom and makes a mean bed, I say men can do housework, but what a lot of improvements they would make!

Why is it that farm homes do not have all the modern conveniences? In some cases it may be lack of cash, but they have binders, tractors and automobiles, do they not? I believe there are two main reasons. First, women hate to make a fuss about their own inconveniences. Second, people are creatures of habit, and when they are accustomed to doing things a certain way, simply do not see the urgent need for doing them more easily. Perhaps it would be a good thing to trade jobs once in a while.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
December 26 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, January 8, 1936

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

House Cats

Some people refuse to have pets in the house and some people seem to build the family life around an overstuffed dog, but in between is a big group who use pets as a means of teaching their children kindness, patience, tolerance and biology. In the process, many amusing things are likely to occur.

In our family, the pets have been numerous and varied. At one time we had two little pigs, five lambs, a cat, four kittens, two dogs and eight pups in our basement. Whenever we have weak lambs or pigs we bring them in and mother takes care of them for us. She is patient and long suffering, but when the above inventory was taken, she threatened to move out to the barn.

Since that time, the numbers in the house have been kept at a minimum, but outside pets from goats to horses would be introduced to the family circle if the kids had their way. Our present coterie of house pets includes Chunie, the dog, who sleeps in the basement but gets into the kitchen occasionally; Tommy, the old white cat, who sleeps right in front of the kitchen range; Shaddy, the kitten, who sleeps with him; three goldfish, a turtle, and 26 snails which Shorty found somewhere last fall. Oh yes, there are also the four kids; Scotty, in charge of our animal breeding work; mother, and I, who keep order and lend dignity to the menagerie.

It is seldom quiet around our house, but we do have lots of fun, with all kinds of entertainment available from dancing classes to catching flies for the fish - that is, we did catch flies when flies were flying. We have tumbling exhibitions, wrestling matches and very amateur theatrical performances with appropriate costumes. The last time mother put on her overalls and tried to put Bud on his back it didn't work, so now she is dignified and refuses to scrap any more.

Our two cats are a continual source of amusement. Tommy is 5 years old, but he plays intricate games with the kitten who was, after days of discussion, named Shadow Smart, but is called Shaddy, except when he goes to sleep on the davenport, or tries to hook the goldfish out of their bowl.

Tommy gets up on a chair, but leaves his tail hanging over the edge. Shaddy sees it waving back and forth and grabs it with teeth and claws. Tommy at once makes a swan dive for his tormentor, but Shaddy is somewhere else by that time, perhaps peeking around a corner. Tommy starts a careful stalk, creeping up on the enemy with all the caution of a jungle cat seeking prey. Then Shaddy tears across the floor, hiding under the rocker.

So the game goes, Tommy a bit ashamed to be so kittenish, but Shaddy and the rest of us enjoying the fun. When they finally meet and roll over with deep fierce growls, only to curl up together and go to sleep in a fond embrace, Scotty remarks, "The boys of the village are out having a time".

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
December 26 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, January 1, 1936

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Growing Old Gracefully

We no sooner get the habit of writing 1935 without having to rub out a "4", than it becomes necessary to erase the "5" and write 1936. This means that we are all a year older. Some resent the idea and chafe under it, while others accept it gracefully as a natural concomitant to human existence and try to increase their usefulness as they increase their years.

I have walked 10 miles on Michigan Boulevard in Chicago and watched faces. Most of them looked hard, disillusioned, disappointed, disconsolate. A few looked desperate. Frowns were common, smiles were rare. An appearance of health, satisfaction, sanity and kindliness was an exception. It must be that the noise, the rush and constant strain of life in a big city puts its mark upon those who live there.

Perhaps it is because the faces of rural people are more familiar to me, but the folks from the country and the small towns seem to get more satisfaction out of life than the inhabitants of large cities. In the rural atmosphere, smiles and laughter seem more ready, optimism seems more prevalent and people seem to feel that life is more worth while.

For example, I have had the privilege of knowing many people who have grown old gracefully in country surroundings. One lady in particular, now almost 80, is still living on the farm to which she went as a bride. She has worked as hard as anyone, raising a large family, caring for garden and poultry, helping with the milking, carrying water, making butter and all the innumerable tasks a farm woman finds to do. In addition, she has been active in church work, a good neighbor, and always ready for an extra job when anyone has needed help.

Now her feet and hands refuse to do her bidding, and she rarely gets out of the house. Does she complain? Not nearly so much as a millionaire kicking about his taxes. With her own efforts and those of her husband and son, she has fitted her farm and home with all modern conveniences, built up a splendid herd of cattle and, above all, raised men and women who are a credit to the community. She still is proud of the certificate stating that her butter won first prize at the St. Louis exhibition, and loves to tell about all the good things that have happened to her.

It is to people like this, who have been thru all the grief and hardship of a long life and have come out smiling and confident, that the rest of us may look for an example. They have taken their added years graciously, enjoying the good things of life as they came along, but building on a foundation which has left no regrets. There are many such in city as well as country, but wherever they are, we may look to them for inspiration to do our present job better, to make our new resolutions more sound, and to view the future more hopefully.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
November 20 1935

RELEASE MORNING DATE

Wednesday, December 25, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Christmas Shopping

Most of the larger stores are so arranged that there are few out-of-the-way corners, butthis past week it has been fun to hang to a post somewhere and watch the madly-milling crowds surge past.

Here comes a little old lady, scrupulously scrubbed but patched, mended and a little out of date. She is jostled and pushed about by the crowd, but her shining eyes are hunting, hunting, for something within the limits of her means. She rather timidly approaches the modernly painted and bedecked Circe behind the counter and asks the price of a pair of nice woolen blankets. "Them are 7 dollars and 89 cents, dearie," says the pride of the party as she puts her hands on her hips and stretches the waist she is trying to keep thin, meanwhile eyeing the dapper floorwalker who winks at her.

A tired-looking, plainly-dressed girl from the next counter sees the distressed look in the old lady's eyes, and quickly slips over. In a moment the old lady is apparently telling her story to sympathetic ears and I sigh with relief. That nice old lady might have been my mother.

Sharp words again turn attention to the snippy siren, who has now met her match. A matron with an enormous chest, a beautiful mink coat and a hard eye is disdainfully poking at merchandise the girl is offering. "Is that the best you got? Why, I wouldn't have that for my scullery maid! You just cater to the cheap trade, don't you?" and the prospective customer creaks away with her attendant aroma of Parisian perfume, bad manners and arrogant ignorance.

In and out thru the crowd darts a small woman with a thin, hard face, meekly followed by a bewildered man twice her size, carrying both arms full of parcels large and small. The woman snaps at clerks, snaps at her husband, and elbows her way, regardless of obstacles. It makes me wonder if she has a shell and can pull her neck in under it. The patient worm following, makes no protest as the hook is forced thru his self respect.

Meanwhile, a boy about 12 years old has been searching thru the whole store, apparently taking an inventory. He instinctively avoids the overbearing clerk with the many bracelets who is not very busy and waits until the tired-looking woman is free to smile at him. His face lights up at that smile, and soon he is looking at an array of ladies' gloves, apparently for his mother. Then the real task begins. Such an important purchase! He handles pair after pair carefully, standing on one foot, then the other, trying to decide. A dozen people are waiting for the clerk, but she patiently talks it over until at long last, a selection is made and the young man stalks proudly away with a song in his eyes and a tightly clutched bundle under his arm.

A diffident young man approaches cautiously, and blushes as he whispers to the clerk. Callously, she tosses on the counter and exposes at full length, pair after pair of ladies' stockings, of all colors and degrees of thinness. "What size, please?" she says so loudly that everyone can hear, and again the young man's face becomes rosy. He is plainly stumped, and in panic points to a small pair, sheer silk, with lace tops. The light of a conquering crusader is in his eyes as he hurries away with his purchase.

Such is the spirit of Christmas as it is reflected by specimens of the human family. Who said that actions speak louder than words?

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

News Bureau
University Farm
St. Paul Minnesota
November 20 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, December 18, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Lighted Windows

As we drive home from the city on a winter's night, the wind howls and blows flurries of snow against the windshield. Roads are deserted except for a few belated cars hurrying to get in out of the storm. Farms show no sign of life, all the stock being snug in their barns, but from the windows of each house, a gleam of light indicates that someone is inside, and we get to wondering what goes on in these homes we are passing.

Perhaps in this one, a young couple is seated at the table going over their account books, or planning their business for next spring. Full partners, they are pulling together with every bit of strength and intelligence, trying to make their farm pay. As they look at the sleeping baby beside them, a new and fierce determination shines in their eyes. They will get out of debt, and make theirs a farm that the little boy can be proud of.

Perhaps in this next home, pa is reading his paper and ma is mending the endless socks, while a whole roomful of children study their lessons, eat pop corn and apples, or romp noisily all over the place. Brothers and sisters, growing up in an atmosphere of peace, competence and achievement which will affect their whole lives. True, they have their little arguments and spats, but these are soon forgotten in the realization that they are all one family and because of that, each has certain responsibilities and certain benefits.

This house is quiet. Perhaps this is the home of the male despot occasionally found in all walks of life. A selfish, overbearing man, feared and despised by wife and children. No carefree romping here, but a studied effort to be neither seen nor heard. A hopeless, worn-out woman, going about her endless tasks, far into the night. The older children have probably left home.

We hurry past another window, with a dim yellow light, indicating a small kerosene lamp. It may be that here two elderly people are huddled by the small fire, each trying to be bright and cheerful so as to encourage the other. Perhaps their road has been steep and rocky, but they have climbed together. Now each regrets, not his own discomfort, but that of the life-long partner.

Possibly their children are all far away, and they bravely await the end, their bent forms and caloused hands, no longer able to earn the interest which will allow them to keep the little which seems to them so much. Battered, overwhelmed, bewildered, they still struggle on to the last gasp, trusting that God will take care of them and, that "something will turn up".

Then we turn, and lights from our own house welcome us. What a pleasure to come in out of the cold and storm to a warm, cheerful home! We tiptoe around to see if the kids are all safely in bed, and then while mother sorts and hides the Christmas packages, I settle down in my own favorite chair to warm cold shins and just be thankful for a cheerful and comfortable home, full of healthy and happy children.

Old Tommy, the cat, stretches, yawns and finally seems to say, "It isn't a question of money, furniture, or the kind of lights. It is the spirit of Christmas in everyday use that makes the difference between a house and a home."

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
November 20 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, December 11, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

More Weekly Letters

It seems strange to me, but apparently some people want these weekly rambles continued. So far, (November 15) 8 editors and 17 readers have asked me to keep on scribbling. Cards and letters came from some friends whom I never suspected of reading my stuff. It makes it seem that perhaps it is worth while. The letters have given me new energy and ambition.

One schoolmate wrote that "Supposedly sane people actually like this material", and from him, this may be considered as effusive commendation. At least it tickled me all over to get a rise out of him. A school boy wrote to say that he was particularly interested in the yarns about the kids. They will probably be up to some more monkey shines soon, and you'll hear about them. Even one of my former boy scouts, who is now editor of a paper outside the state, said he wanted to use the letters. At one time he worked here on the farm, so perhaps he is particularly interested. I remember how sick he got one hot afternoon from drinking too much cold water.

The only disappointing thing is that so few suggestions were offered. Outside of the one about the kids, few said what they wanted. Really, the hardest job is to think up something to write about. Occasionally an event occurs which just seems to fit, but usually they have to be "dug up". Of course they all have to be written a month or six weeks in advance, so it is not always possible to make them exactly fit.

The papers are full of big doings. Wars, crimes, politics, movements and governmental expenditures. Perhaps there is a place for the little common things that center around a farm home and that after all, make up most of the daily routine for those of us fortunate enough to live in the country. Few of us will help to spend the four billion dollars we have heard so much about, but most of us have chased woodchucks or helped things to grow.

If I can write anything which will help folks to see and appreciate something of the wonderful world in which we live, can give anyone a more optimistic view of his daily work, can give an extra laugh or even a smile, it will have been worth the effort. Sometimes we take things so seriously that we miss the fun and the laughs which clear the cobwebs from our brains, give us a clearer viewpoint and help to make life worth living.

At any rate, I'll try, and if any of you who read these articles have ideas or suggestions, please send them in. Just imagine you had an uncle or something and you wanted him to write you a letter. What would it be about? If you feel like sending me a few "raspberries" now and then, that's all right too. I'm no pansy and can take it. I'll try to send you back a nice ripe peach or a bunch of bananas. Let's have some fun.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
November 20 1935

OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, December 4, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Seed Corn

This is a funny time of the year to talk about seed corn, but in 3 months most all farmers will be thinking about it pretty seriously. Perhaps a bit of calamity howling in advance will be helpful.

The night of October 3 our thermometer registered 15 degrees. That is a hard freeze and some people found their cars and tractors pretty solid next morning. Few of us thought, however, that corn in the field would be damaged, since it seemed ripe enough to stand cold weather. Most of us wanted to leave the seed corn out as long as possible so as to let it dry out. Apparently it did, but that one freeze killed the germ in so many kernels that most of us will have to do some tall hunting for seed.

We had planned to do big things with corn this year. We grew 42 acres of Minhybrid corn, going to a lot of trouble to plant each parent at just the right time to get good pollenation. Then 18 of us spent every forenoon for about 2 weeks, pulling tassels from the female parent and were proud of the way we did the job. Hardly a tassel got away from us.

Then we rigged up a corn dryer with furnace, blowers, a drying tunnel, trays, etc., and the corn was dried to 12 per cent moisture, shelled and cleaned. So far, so good. We thought we had almost 1,000 bushels of the choicest kind of seed, but now we find that the germination is so low as to make it almost useless.

We have orders for about 200 bushels of hybrid seed corn. What are these people going to do? Is their own corn any good? Will the big seed companies be in the same fix? Is there any crib corn that can be used? Where will we get seed?

It was the fall of 1917 when somewhat the same thing happened, and I won't soon forget the mad scramble for seed in the spring of 1918. Bulletins, published too late, urged everyone to pick seed corn before the twenty-fifth of September - and we did for a few years. Then nature was kind, and for 17 years we had nice fall weather and forgot all about picking our seed corn early. We forgot once too often - and now see where we are!

The man who has seed on the ear can ear test. This is a job, but it can be done. Two of us have put as many as 4,000 ears on test in 8 hours, taking three kernels per ear, but I wouldn't want to do it every day, because my fingers get sore. Nevertheless, a lot of rag dolls will be brought out and a lot of corn tested next spring. I think I have learned a lesson. Will I ever get caught again?

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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St. Paul Minnesota
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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, November 27, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Thanksgiving

The hillsides sing a color symphony,
While lakes reflect the stirring harmony.
The bounty of the fields is now in store,
And cattle doze contented, on their floor.
A scene where peace and comfort reign supreme,
And I a cog in this majestic scheme!

A glacier ground a mountain range to clay
To make a knoll whereon my children play;
A field where I may plant my grain and corn
And watch the wonder of recurring morn.
A million years from mountain range to loam--
Thus God hath wrought, so I may have a home.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent.
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, November 20, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Tucked in for Winter

Nature has made elaborate and interesting preparations to protect her wild children during the winter. Gophers, snakes, and other small animals have gone deep under ground--some below the frostline and some to freeze stiff, but ready to thaw out and come to life next spring. The turtles and frogs have buried themselves deep in the mud where they will get along on almost no air until spring.

Fish are protected from the cold by an armor of ice which keeps the deep pools from freezing solid. What a fortunate thing that ice is lighter than water! Did you ever stop to think how many things would be upset if ice were heavier than water? Make a list and see how many you have.

Plants have adopted as various schemes as animals in order to sustain life thru the cold weather. The simplest way is to make a hard seed like a black walnut which will not sprout until frost has cracked the shell, allowing spring moisture to enter. Some of the weeds can live for 40 years, housed in their hard seed coats, sprouting when conditions are just right.

For plants beyond the seed stage, it is necessary to concentrate the sap, or drain it into the roots, so that freezing will not split the cells and kill the tissues. Deciduous trees drop their leaves as a sign that they are no longer needed and that sap is being taken from them to be stored under ground, ready for spring work. The sap of conifers is so thick and resinous that it gets hard and stiff, but thaws out readily with warm weather.

Before closing the books for the year, each tree and bush prepares buds for next year's growth, packing a whole limb with its leaves into a tiny capsule, protected by scales or fuzz. Each tree has a special way of doing the packing, so that buds are the most certain means of identifying species.

Plants are like people. Each has a way of doing things and is reluctant to make any changes. I wonder if Mrs. Oak ever tells Mrs. Elm that she would be ashamed to wear the same dress year after year as Mrs. Pine does, or if Mrs. Hickory with her great yellow buds turns up her nose at Mrs. Apple, with her tiny, scale-covered babies? If each does her duty, gets her buds thru the winter and raises a crop as she was meant to do, why bother about just how it was done? Perhaps trees are more tolerant than people.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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University Farm
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OBSERVE RELEASE DATE

Wednesday, November 13, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Sheep

As I look out of the window, I see our flock of some 30 Shropshire ewes grazing toward me, picking at the dry grass, munching acorns and gradually working back to the little knoll where they will lie down to chew their cuds after a good drink of water. All summer long, these ewes and their babies have mowed our 7 acres of lawn, keeping down all the weeds except Canada thistle and one small patch of nettles.

In 17 years, the sheep have made a respectable lawn out of a rough weed patch that was full of burdocks, poison ivy and pigweed. They encourage the grass and discourage the weeds. If the sheep never brought in a cent of revenue, they would be worth keeping for their benefit to the farm, that makes the $456.72 cash receipts from sheep in the past 12 months look like clear gain.

In 1919, there were five registered ewes on the farm. One of these was Old Lady Washtub and another was No. 31. Practically all of our ewes today are decendants of these two who made big records raising twin lambs and plenty of wool. No. 614, now in the flock, has had 16 strong live lambs in 8 years, and her twin is just one lamb behind. Their mother, No. 183, had 12 good lambs in 6 years. Her dam, Old Lady Washtub, was still raising good twins when she was 9 years old. Her early record was not kept.

There have been some disappointments connected with the sheep business. Stomach worms have hit us pretty hard almost every year and we find it necessary to treat with copper sulphate about once a month. Then dogs have messed things up three or four times. Last spring they killed six yearling ewes and crippled five more, so that it took them all summer to recover. We have usually messed up the dogs, too, in many cases not waiting until they killed the sheep, but obliging any strays that came around looking for trouble. This is all a part of the game.

When I landed at Waseca in 1919, few people could have known less about sheep than I did. They had been curiosities in Rock county, so my wife and Old Lady Washtub began my training. I have picked up some of the principles they sought to teach me, but have never yet been able to sail over a fence as quickly or as gracefully as did one of my instructors when the other tried to defend her new born lambs.

It has been lots of fun learning about sheep, lots of pleasure working with them, and no objections have been raised over the income they produced. If I were to start farming on my own, I believe a flock of ewes would be almost my first investment.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, November 6, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Editor's Note: Did you write Bob last week to urge him to write his weekly chats again next year? If not, do it now before you let it slip your attention again. He will appreciate hearing from you a lot. --- H. L. Harris

Football

When the pumpkins are all frozen and the corn is in the silo, some of us get a strange malady which might be called footballobia. It makes us steal away now and then, late in the afternoon, to watch the high school team practice. It makes us walk up and down the sidelines, urging our boys to, "Smear that guard" or "Kill'em". It even induces us to part with several sheckles and drive a long way to see what this year's "varsity" can do to some of the old rivals.

Why do Americans get so excited over games? Perhaps it is a heritage from our wild ancestors. In the fall they killed their winter's supply of meat and then if the hunting was good, they went on to kill a few of the neighbors, just for excitement. Since modern machinery has made war about as pleasant and exciting as sticking pigs in a packing house, rough, he-man games offer one of the best outlets for exuberant spirits, backed by physical strength and more or less skill.

The man who has the love of the soil deeply inbedded in his system, takes somewhat the same attitude toward his job of making his farm do what he wants it to do as the boys take toward their games. There is a thrill in heaving huge cocks of nice green alfalfa hay to the top of a big load. There is fun in using a strong back and arms to shovel off grain from a wagon, or set the corn shocks in a straight row. There is pleasure in hitching and driving a snappy team, watching the good black dirt roll off the moldboard.

Farming, like football, is a continual matching of wits and strength against forces which sometimes go over us like a steam roller and again lull us to forgetfulness by seeming to offer no opposition. The quarterback is the farm manager who sizes up the opposition and disposes his teams, tractors, time, and what tin he may be able to command, so as to make the most progress. Sometimes a hail storm, a hurricane, or a flood gives nature a touchdown. That is just to show us poor mortals we're not so smart as some of us think we are. Again, good crops give us an advantage, fair weather lets us catch up with the work, and we begin to think we're pretty good.

So the game goes on. Advance, retreat, scrimmage, attack; pick ourselves up out of the dust, or strut back after a good play; it's all in the day's work. The big game of life goes on and we mortals continue to play our positions, whatever they may be. Fullback, end, or waterboy, may we all put up a good fight, may we give the best there is in us, and if fate decrees that the steam roller shall come our way, may we go down, gamely trying to do something constructive before we are sent to the sidelines or the showers.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, October 30, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Editor's Note: Strange as it may seem, Bob is really serious about whether to continue his column. Now, readers, it's your turn to write and let him know just how much you enjoy his weekly visits through your home town newspaper. Just a post card will do. Let's swamp him with messages and encourage him to keep up the good work. Take pen in hand right now and write. --- H. L. Harris

Ghosts and Goblins

Some people do not believe in ghosts, but I do -- especially around the last of October. One night I went hunting rabbits by moonlight in a tamarac swamp, and the loveliest ghost "riz" right in front of me, waving its long spectral black arms, outlined in frosty white. The dog got home long after I did, and yet he was too tired next day to go back for the gun and investigate the "hant".

Ghosts are very numerous and very real, even in Minnesota in 1935. There is the ghost of war. Will you and I, or our sons have to be gassed or shot to pieces to satisfy the ambitions of a modern Caesar? There is the Ghost of Economic Security. Can some rattle-brained agitator from New York, Chicago, or Moscow ruin in one day the business you have spent years of effort in building? Can some trouble-maker prevent you from going to your job, or get you fired unless you "come across"? Can a government confiscate your property by over-taxation?

Who says there are no ghosts today? What thinking person is not afraid of them? We can drop our guns and run, or bury our heads in the sand, but the Goblins will get us unless we use such intelligence as we have to avoid or eliminate them.

In addition to the big ghosts which harass everybody alike, most of us have a whole basket of little ghosts who devote all their time to picking on us. The names of these ghosts are too numerous, and in some cases too intimate, to mention, but each of us has a quota to carry around and to keep us wondering.

One little ghost in my basket is the writing of these weekly letters. For over 2 years I have prepared one every single week. Two or three editors have written in complimenting me on the material. Since the University pays for sending them out to some 100 papers, occasional editors may find them cheaper than boiler plate. I do not want compliments, for usually they must be taken with a grain of salt, but it does seem that if these letters were reaching anybody, I could stir up some reaction, either for or against.

What type of letter is best? All about birds and flowers, or about improving corn yields? Did you like autumn picture, or steers in the feed lot? I have no means of knowing, so I have written as fancy dictated and probably filled almost as many waste-baskets as the advertisers of pink pills. Most of the letters have been written in the evening after a busy day and with radio full blast, kids all over the office and sometimes in my lap, telephone ringing every few minutes, visitors coming in -- some letters have taken all the spare time over 2 or 3 days.

I agreed with Harold Harris of the University Farm publicity department to write these letters another year. That year closes with the Christmas issue of the weekly papers. In fact, subjects are chosen for that far ahead. Then it may be best to quit for a year or two, while I think up some new subjects. On the whole, writing has been good fun, but we can save enough on mimeographing and mailing to buy a new milk scale for weighing corn. Our heavy samples this year entirely wore out the old one. In the meantime, I'm going to bob for apples with the kids. I know how to do that.

---R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent,
Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, October 23, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Fall Feed Lots

A trip to the South St. Paul stockyards is a mixture of pleasure and grief. In some pens, one sees smooth, even, well grown calves waiting to go out to country feed lots for a corn finish, to come back fit for a royal feast. In others, one sees undersized, hungry looking misfits sadly awaiting the next turn of the wheel which can hardly bring them any more misery.

It is reassuring to see the "good ones" that are being grown in such numbers, but it is a pain in the neck to realize that many breeders have so missed their calling as to tolerate the type of cattle all too often sent to market. Feeders often make a good profit on this class of trashy cattle, but the grower must show a big loss on each one.

The University has published bulletins, sent specialists to every corner of the state, and in every available way has made public the essentials of good livestock management. The farm press has devoted generous space to this subject. County agents are located in almost every county, ready to give advice if it is asked. Why does the trash continue to be raised in such numbers? Why do people spread their efforts over too many acres of corn and small grain, giving their cattle exercise lots instead of pastures, while more grain on less acres would leave plenty of room for grass?

Lets visit a feedlot where an experienced man is working on a bunch of good cattle. He starts them slowly and when the feed begins to "take hold" lets them have about all they will eat. Good sound corn or corn and cob meal, alfalfa hay, silage perhaps, and linseed or cottonseed meal make up the usual ration. A few are trying tankage as a protein supplement, apparantly with good success. Others use soybeans, either ground or in the bundle. The principles are the same.

As the calves begin to flesh up, they get lazy and tame enough so the feeder can put his hands on hides and backs to judge condition. Now comes the need for skill, to crowd the last mouthful of feed into the animals without throwing them off feed, causing bloating, or bringing on other troubles. It takes eternal vigilance, a quick eye, and experience to get the best results with fattening cattle.

During the feeding process, some animals do much better than others. The feed eaten is the same, but some will make gains much faster and more economically than others. Further, some will lay on meat where the most valuable cuts come from, while others get fat inside, their muscles remaining lean and stringy. Here is where good breeding shows and animals will do as their ancestors have done.

A smooth and well finished beef steer is the result of good breeding, good feeding and skillful management. It is a product to be proud of, but as with growing good crops or almost any job, it is the man behind the process who produces the final result by his skill, energy and good judgment. It takes good men to make good beef.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca

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Wednesday, October 16, 1935

BOB HODGSON'S FARM TALKS

By R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent
Southeast Experiment Station
Waseca, Minnesota

Nature's Pictures

All summer, plants have put every possible effort into making the maximum growth and the most careful preparation for propagation next year. Now, as frosty nights warn of approaching cold and rest, nature retouches her plant children to provide a last overpowering burst of beauty worth remembering until the green of another spring arrives.

Dumb animals seem to appreciate the fall days, hunting for the last bites of green grass, munching acorns, or lazily dozing in the bright sunshine of Indian Summer. They have put on a layer of fat to protect them from the cold winds coming (they have if their owners gave them a chance) and the sun's heat seems to be a sedative.

October weather seems to affect me about as it does the cows and sheep. At least I have put on the extra layer of fat, and crave to roam about, up hill and down, searching for the countless interesting things which will soon be covered up with snow. I also crave to lie in the sun and soak up as much as possible while it is still hot and bright.

Everyone senses nature's lavish fall beauty to some extent. Appreciation ranges from the lady who thot the farmers were so thotful when they planted pumpkins to decorate the cornfields, to those of us who wish to hike day after day, "soaking up" as much as possible of the breathless grandeur displayed by nature's exquisite paintings. Stately trees, a riot of daring color harmonies, big splotches of fall flowers around glazed lakes, fiery sumac, gorgeous hard maples, the grey-white trunks of naked trembling aspen, stripped for winter -- what an inspiring panorama is summer's peroration!

Then there is so much to see among the "little people". Fuzzy caterpillars madly speeding here and there looking for suitable building sites. Egg masses tucked away for safe-keeping, ants scurrying to finish the fall work, occasional crickets trying to be cheerful in spite of impending doom, spiders spreading elaborate filmy nets for what may be the last catch of the season, whole populations fighting, winning, losing, surviving, or dying around our feet, if we stop a moment to watch the drama.

And while all this is going on, we have to harvest corn plots, thresh soybeans, plow for next year's crop, and get buildings and stock ready for winter. We have our own little spot in which we rush around perhaps as aimlessly as the "little people". I sometimes wonder if they ever take time off to go on weekend hikes, or to sit in the sun and watch us run here and there while they wonder what we think we are doing.

So now please excuse me, I don't want to write any more, because there are undoubtedly many things doing in the patch of woods down by the lake that need my immediate attention. I'll probably come back muddy, covered with various types of "catch your pants" weeds, and scratched from the brush, but October only comes once a year and we have to make the most of it.

-----R. E. Hodgson, Superintendent

Southeast Experiment Station, Waseca