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THE GLEANER
A publication arranged and edited by the students of
THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
Farm School, Pa.

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With the government's decision to defer farm labor and farmers from the draft, upon those of us who may be deferred serious obligations are imposed.

Under that ruling, our government has placed upon those who are deferred the share that they must contribute to the war effort, if this war is to end with victory for all of us.

So tremendous is that share, that, in order to fulfill it and in order to show that students and future farmers are able to help fulfill it, they must devote themselves earnestly to their task.

They must take every day and every phase of their farm and school life as seriously as the soldier in the field has to take his duties, until the goal that we are struggling for has been reached.

During our class period, we have to do our very best to acquire as much knowledge as possible to be applied to the benefit of all those who are fighting with us.

In our industrials, we must do our best to keep up the level of production which makes our school a contributor and not a customer of the pantry of democracy. We have to do our work conscientiously so that later on we can be confident of our knowledge and experience.

Anyone who is trying to get away without doing his best in this matter, is cheating not only our brothers, relatives and friends in our own Armed Services, but he is undermining the efforts of the United Nations.

As we do our tasks, let us keep these thoughts in mind. Let us hold before our eyes the goal that we must reach.
I am glad to hear that The Gleaner is again showing signs of life, and that publication is soon to be resumed. If this brief note should eventually be read it will mean that this present plan has become an actual fact. I realize that the war has imposed added burdens upon all of us—students and faculty alike—and that because of this certain worthwhile activities must inevitably be sacrificed. But as far as is humanly possible, we should retain those extra-curricular activities that have a distinct morale-contributing influence. The Gleaner definitely comes under this category, and so we must keep it going if we possibly can.

It is for this reason I appreciate the fact that the editors are drawing upon a little more energy and squeezing out a few more precious minutes to maintain our years of unbroken tradition in issuing The Gleaner. The Gleaner can be one important medium through which The National Farm School may be kept constantly geared to the war effort. It is also a means of recording events that are taking place at the Farm School during the most critical period of all times. This is obviously history in the making, and I know of no easier or more logical method of preserving, in printed form, one little segment of American life than in the pages of The Gleaner. As we dig up these war-time issues of the 1940's in years to come, I hope we may find complete satisfaction in reading over again the part that we here at Farm School played in this titanic struggle of our nation, and of the world, for existence.

And so I feel we should congratulate the editors and staff of The Gleaner for their successful efforts in keeping alive, during these difficult times, such an important feature of our Farm School life.
ALASKA
Land
of
Opportunity

By STANLEY SCHWARTZ

During the past few months, there has been some talk about the problem of Alaska, especially from the Army's point of view. True, Alaska is in a very strategic position, but as I look at it, Alaska also has the potentialities of being settled, farmed, industrialized, and possibly becoming a really vital part of these United States by becoming one of its States.

The first question which one may very wisely ask is whether or not Alaska has the requisites for development. In estimating the potentialities of a country's development, the size, climate, and resources are of primary importance. In answering this question, a comparison of Alaska with the Scandinavian countries would help.

Statistics show that Alaska exceeds the combined areas of Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The Scandinavians lie in the same latitude as Alaska, and are subject to fairly similar climatic conditions. In almost everything that can be compared Alaska is far ahead. For example: Alaska has 94,000 acres of farming and grazing land, while Sweden and Finland together have 32,000 acres. Sweden and Finland are considered great lumber-producing countries. Look at the figures. Alaska has 181,000 acres of woodland to Sweden's 82,000 and Finland's 79,000.

In mineral resources, Alaska far exceeds her nearest rivals. In addition to her large reserve of gold, Alaska has deposits of silver, copper, lead, platinum, manganese, iron, petroleum, molybdenum, nickel, tungsten, zinc, asbestos, and many other minerals. The fisheries of Sweden, although extensive, do not amount in value to half of those of Alaska.

It may be rightly argued that while Alaska contains potential resources, it is different from the Scandinavian countries in that its products are of no immediate commercial value because of its lack of transportation facilities and lack of markets. This can be answered by saying that the present population of Alaska cannot support the manufacturing and transportation facilities to meet its own needs. The one big
drawback to Alaska development is the lack of interest, and the guts and
desire to settle new country.

Anthony Simon, Alaska delegate to Congress, stated that "the territ-
ory of Alaska is capable of supporting in comfort, a population of several
millions, and I base it upon what has been done in the old world and upon
an impartial consideration of geographic and scientific facts."

Dr. Alfred H. Brooks, first head of the Alaska Board of the Geo-
graphic Survey, said: "Had the Pilgrim Fathers settled at Alaska, instead
of at Plymouth, they would have found milder climate, better soil and
timber, and more game, furs and fish.

We must consider the obstacles to Alaska's development. First of
all, Alaska was a haven for fortune hunters. Men became rich overnight.
There gold disappeared over the gambling tables of high-living boom
towns' saloons. Food, equipment, clothing became hard to get, and prices
skyrocketed. Marriage was difficult under those conditions because the
hard living, lawless, wilderness held little attraction for women. Timber
lands and fisheries, and the more prosaic minerals held little appeal for
men with visions of gold.

Another obstacle was the World War. When things began to look
good and Congress was talking about transportation and railroads in
Alaska, along came this dark cloud—WAR. The courageous, adventure-
loving men of Alaska enlisted, and there went Alaska's population and
dreams of development. Prices soared and things began to look gloomy
again.

Other drawbacks of progress were the Spanish "Flu" which wiped
out whole villages, and the high cost of living, because so few products
were home-produced and the market must be supplied from distant
points. (This high cost of living held little urge for men to begin anew in
an undeveloped wilderness.) Among the other obstacles were absentee
ownership, which meant that the enterprises owned by residents of the
United States were actually syphoning off millions of dollars' worth of
natural resources without any intent of developing Alaska; and the
Alaskan myths of "Frozen Soil," "Man-eating Wild Animals," "Ice Box of
the North."

According to statistics, only 4 per cent of the entire area of Alaska is
permanently covered by ice and snow. Probably the major obstacle to
Alaskan development has been the lack of information. Only recently has
the Government awakened to the fact that the people ought to be educated
to the fact that Alaska has the potentialities of supporting a 10 million
population comfortably, economically, politically, and socially. This has
been done by various pamphlets and bulletins issued by the Departments
of Agriculture and The Interior.

A general picture of the climatic conditions of Alaska follows: The
areas most suitable for colonization are: Southeastern Alaska, which
includes Juneau, the capital, Sitka and Ketchikan; South Central, which includes the famous Matanuska Valley, cities of Anchorage, Seward, and strategically important Kodiak Island; and Tanana Valley, with Fairbanks as the chief city. Here is located the ever expanding University of Alaska. The mean temperature for the colder north, January at Sitka, is 32.2° F., which compares respectively with Chicago (23.7°), New York (30.9°), Boston (27.9°). The mean annual temperature is only 44° because of the mild summers. This area (Southeastern) is most suitable for industrial expansion. In South Central Alaska, the temperature ranges from about 25° in winter to about 70° in summer.

At present, the second World War is turning this land into a theater of war. Not only is it in direct danger, due to the enemy attack, but it has the importance of being our closest jumping off point against Japan. On the other hand, it brings us within close distance of Russia, an ally who needs our assistance very much.

Consider also the economic importance a well-organized industrially and agriculturally developed Alaska would have. As a more or less self-sufficient state, it would multiply its strategic importance in time of war and in time of peace. The new Alaska Highway brings us much closer to this great ally of ours, Russia, and undoubtedly necessity and eventual possibilities will advance and help in the progress and colonization of this territory.

FACTS AND FIGURES
By RAY SOLOMON '45

Cornell University experiments have shown that butter can be stored six years at sub-zero temperatures without any ill effect or any loss in nutritive value.

Elephant milk, consisting of 41 per cent butter-fat, has the highest butter-fat content of all the milk of mammals.

Dehydrated foods take up less space and weigh less than ordinary foodstuffs. We can now ship more food in less space by this unique discovery, for instance:

1,000 lbs. of Eggs will weigh after dehydration—200 lbs.
1,000 lbs. of Potatoes will weigh after dehydration—170 lbs.
1,000 lbs. of Milk will weigh after dehydration—100 lbs.
1,000 lbs. of Tomatoes will weigh after dehydration— 30 lbs.

Because we are shipping such great quantities of powdered eggs to England, we found that we had tons and tons of eggshells on our hands. It has been discovered recently that these eggshells can be ground finely and used as lime for "sweetening" acid soil.

In forests, the exterior temperature of trees is always lower than the temperature of the air, in winter, summer, day and night.
CHERCHEZ LE FEMME

By HONZA HELLER

You get stuck hitchhiking—no car coming—no nuttin'. You curse. You start thinking, or rather something as close to thinking as you can manage. There are two things—one, you want to put out of your mind—your work; the other, you want to think about—the girl you are going to see.

"Fellows, farming is a great thing! You are the foundation of our nation! You will live close to nature! You will be healthy, secure! You will work hard, but you won't mind it and you will get great satisfaction out of it!"

It sure sounded good, but... Well, I, too, was at the Flemington Circle and tried to use my "grey matter" about that "but."

Two years I have been there! What did I accomplish and what did I leave undone?

Between a lecture on osmosis and a lecture on the inferiority of curly heads, words were said that now came to my mind. "Make the best of Farm School. Don't stand near the gate with your thumb stretched out every Saturday. Go into the fields to learn about every insect, flower, stone, and weed. Get yourself interested, and the more you learn, the more you will want to learn.

"That is the only way. You will become not only farmers, but men who will know and live in peace with their environment and their life work. Of course you won't do it! You won't break the handcuffs tying you to the city. You'll be neither here nor there."

'Tis true, 'tis true.

Why? Well, the blood is hot and although the Frenchmen lost out because of their degeneracy, they were right in saying that the essence of life is "Cherchez le femme." We are doing just that. It ain't Times Square or Market Street we miss. It is Naomi, Miriam, Mildred, etc. That is the "but."

We live in two worlds; one healthy, true, and the other anemic, shallow. The time we should spend with Nature, we devote to our nature—for we must.

Why not have a wholesome Naomi, Mildred, Miriam, right here?—one, who has gone through the same struggle of leaving the hothouse civilization of our cities, one who loves the things we should and would love. Instead of: "Can I get off Saturday to go to New York, Mr. Fur- mel?", we would take a walk to see how timothy hay smells. (It's delicious, by the way!) We would see how mysterious a pine tree looks in the twilight. We would love a Maple tree for... Well, it's so nice to lie under! Don't you see—Farm School should be co-ed!
MASTITIS

By G. W. WINDHOLZ and U. H. SCHOENBACH

According to more or less reliable reports, 73 per cent of the readers of this periodical have gone through the humdrum of N. F. S. dairy details at some time or other. They have learned how to fill a wheelbarrow correctly, how to sweep a barn floor correctly, and how to milk correctly. In general, the interest has not gone much further, if that far.

To be a successful farmer, however, or just a milker who knows his business, one must pry a little deeper.

The udder of a cow is not a very complicated organ or machine. It may be compared to a sponge, quartered into four cells, at the base of which teats are located. If any portion of the udder is inflamed internally, this condition is commonly known as Garget or Mastitis.

Milk is the normal secretion of the mammary glands of a mammal. It is made directly from the proteins, sugars, fats and minerals that the blood carries through the upper portion of the udder. Thus, incidentally, the significance of large milk veins on a cow’s belly is explained.

On a cow, infected with mastitis, the udder is swollen and the secretion given off is often flaky. There are several possible causes of Mastitis. Any foreign body in the udder will cause the inflammation, or it may appear as a result of bad milking, horning, goring by other cows, and the use of high-vacuum milking machines too long at one time. There are also different forms of the disease, varying with the kind and number of bacteria involved.

Although Mastitis rarely kills a cow and will not even affect the food value of milk (if found in its mild stages), it is unprofitable, since it decreases milk production and causes dairy cows to lose their value at an early age. Therefore, various preventive measures must be used against it. Strip cups, which show up flaky milk, are a diagnostic measure, but do not tell the presence of harmful bacteria. Isolation of infected animals is also a common-sense rule, practiced generally. Sanitation, especially washing hands after milking each cow, will help a great deal. But all these measures still do not strike the menace at the core, where it appears in its full fury, and scientists are still experimenting with a number of different cures and medicines.

At Farm School, we are now conducting a great campaign against those long-chain streptococci, that cause infectious mastitis. Our cows in both milking barns are segregated into two groups, the positive and negative reactors to the mastitis test. The former groups are being injected with Novoxil liquid, a new treatment being developed by Squibb Laboratories. In its new form, Novoxil, which is principally a silver compound suspended in mineral oil, is given two to three times at intervals of about two weeks. It is injected into the teat canal, whence it reaches
the infected quarters and kills the bacteria. This treatment is considered fair when it is 70 per cent efficient. If all goes well, the Farm School herd will be free from the scourge of mastitis by next summer, and through frequent re-testing, we can hope to keep it that way.

At present there are very few farms in the United States who can boast of the reputation that will be ours, if we are successful.

College Credits

By T. GOLDFOFTAS

When Dr. J. Krauskopf founded The National Farm School, his goal was to take boys from the city and make them farmers. He did not have in mind any further studies some students would like to undertake and thus never thought of trying to obtain credit from any college.

However, more and more students had the desire to continue their studies in college to acquire more scientific knowledge, and thus the college credit question arose.

In the past few years, through the untiring efforts of our President, Dr. H. B. Allen, we negotiated with Penn State College in order to obtain certain credits for NFS graduates.

After making a survey of our curriculum, and sending two delegations to the School, Penn State has agreed to give Farm School graduates with high scholastic standing, who have completed four years of High School, certain credits, based on the work of our different departments.

Latest news is that Farm School graduates in the upper two-fifths of their class will receive credit upon examination. These credits may vary for graduates of different departments.

For instance, Seniors from the Horticulture Department at NFS will get credit amounting to nearly one college year.

Penn State College has now two two-thirds condensed years of college instead of four, achieved by regular semesters during the summer. No course is abbreviated.

The Administration hopes that in the future more credit may be obtained, but at least a beginning has been made. In case students receive answers to inquiries which do not seem to coincide with these arrangements, Dr. Allen suggests that such replies be referred to him. Not everyone at Penn State is familiar with these details, and it will undoubtedly take some time to get this procedure functioning smoothly.
Mr. Purmell: Young man, are you the instructor of this class?
Goldpaint: No.
Mr. Purmell: Then don't talk like an idiot.

Mosca: May I kiss you?
Girl from Lansdale: Jeepers, an amateur.

Resnik: Nurse, I'm in love with you, I don't want to get well.
Nursie: You won't, the doctor saw you kissing me, and he's in love with me, too.

Milligan: Why is a mutt like a canoe?
Fatson W.: The more and harder you paddle him, the faster he goes.

Gransback: Nabut, will you please call Mr. Samuels. This food is terrible, and I can't eat it.
Marty: Why call him, he won't eat it either.
Kwasnick: Hey, Hendricks, what's good for Hives.
One Cell: Bees.

Lizzie: I suppose all geniuses are conceited.
Scharf: Most of 'em, but I ain't.

Nevelstein: A fellow told me I looked like you.
Kurland: What did you say?
Nevel: Nothing, he was bigger than me.

Glitz: My darling, say something sweet and soft to me.
Nursie: Custard Pie.

Schmieder: What is your full name.
Limey: Weber!
The Prof: I mean your full name.
Limey: Full or empty, that's still my name.

Dick Raben: Who put those damn flowers on the table?
Mutt: Mr. Samuels.
Raben: Pretty, aren't they.

At Brooklyn Bridge:
Weiser: Madam, do you want to go to Brooklyn?
Lady: No, I have to.
WHY?

By HARRY PAUL

The days of "Alchemy" are not yet over, it seems, for I have read several times that the farmer's reward is the sweat of his brow and the glory of the sunrises and sunsets. But, sometimes I wonder by what magic formula they change sweat into nectar and sunrises into square meals. And yet some of the farmers attempt to do this very thing. Is it any wonder that some of them are ill-clothed, ill-housed, and, strange as it may seem, ill-fed?

Why do farmers persist in lining the pockets of commission men, who one day tell the farmer that his tomatoes brought a poor price at the market because they were too green, and the next day tell him that they were too ripe to bring a good price?

Why do farmers continue to hand their goods over to these men, when they do not receive top market prices in the first place, and then hand 10 per cent of their reduced income over to the commission men, who in turn do nothing for the farmer? The farmer even has to pay the freight charges on his goods, and take the loss if his goods spoil before they can be marketed.

If there is anyone in the country who deserves to see his family comfortable and educated, it is the farmer. He has no union to protect him, no extra pay for overtime, and can never tell ahead of time what his income will be. He fights insects, disease, and weeds and shakes a futile fist at the uncompromising sky above. He nurses his crop through to maturity and productivity, cultivating, weeding, spraying, fertilizing, pruning and thinning, and, if he is fortunate in procuring labor, he harvests his crop. He has won his battle and should rightly collect his reward.

The farmer is said to be the greatest gambler; he stakes his all against nature at long odds, and yet, when he wins, he does not know how to collect his winnings. Why does he allow the "middle man" to grow fat and wealthy, on income which he himself should be receiving?

Some farmers retail their merchandise, or sell directly to the retailer, while others belong to associations, which sell their goods at auctions, where a bid, which a farmer considers too low, may be refused. Obviously all farmers cannot use these means of marketing, because of the long distance between them and their markets, or because they live in an area which is not specialized.

The hopelessness of the situation is not in the fact that there is no other means of marketing—it is the farmer himself.

Why, in the most progressive of countries, with a system of fine public education, radio, magazines, and newspapers, is it so difficult a job, in many parts of our country, to get the farmers interested in co-operative marketing?
SECURITY FOR ALL

By ALBERT APPEL

For a long time now, many of us, no doubt, have been thinking of the possibility of operating a farm for ourselves. The main problem usually lies in getting sufficient capital to buy a good farm, the necessary equipment and livestock. It is possible to borrow money through local banks, but the trouble there is, that only one-third of the capital you already have can be borrowed, at an interest rate of 6 per cent.

The Federal Farm Security Administration has proved itself to be the saviour of the worthy farmer with little credit, where essential loans are concerned. You can go to the F. S. A. and borrow an amount equal to the amount you already have, at an interest rate of 5 per cent. Allowances can be made for reduced payment in bad years, and real estate loans are made for periods as long as forty years.

There you go, looking for the catch, but if you glance through the list of some of the conditions, under which these loans are made, you will find that there just isn't any catch.

You must be a farmer, unable to get help from any other source. Money is loaned to buy items, necessary for the operation of the farm; to improve existing facilities; to purchase farms; and to enter into co-operative community enterprises.

The loans are made on the basis of a financially balanced plan of operations for the coming year, which shows that you will make enough over necessary expenses to pay off the interest and some of the principal of the loan. The time allowed for repayment of loans and other details vary with the needs called for by the Farm Plan.

After the loan is made, the county supervisor and the home supervisor keep in personal touch with you. The county supervisor makes suggestions on farm problems, assists in getting information on better farming practices, and helps plan crop and livestock programs. The home supervisor helps plan gardens, food storage and canning programs, etc.

In other words, The Federal Farm Security Administration lends you money to buy, or improve your farm, and then sees to it, that you succeed in farming. Detailed information on this valuable service may be obtained by writing to the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Farm Security Administration, Washington, D. C., or your local county agent.
With four of her six-game "Victory" season gone, the "Bulldogs" stand undefeated, untied, and unscored upon. The team is fair, the opponents are fair, but the old Farm School spirit is awake, and that has never been beaten yet.

The Farmers started off the season by beating Boothwyn High 21-0. Freed and Goldfarb were the stars. The best plays were the double reverse for the first score, and the pass from Glitz to Bruno for the last touchdown.

Our next game was with the Farmingdale Aggies. You remember; the team that beat us 19-0 last year. Well! this time we turned the tables, and added an extra point for good measure. The final score was 20-0.

Our first score came when Freed rammed his way down from midfield. The next touchdown was made by Mermelstein, who intercepted a pass on the Aggies' five-yard line and went over. The final score came when "Glitz" intercepted a pass and ran twenty yards to beat the Aggies 20-0. Near the end of the game, during a time out, the Aggies actually looked sick. They lay around as if a plague had hit them, while the Farmers appeared to be just warming up.

Our third game could hardly be called a contest. The Farmers rolled over Boyertown like a cultivator on a newly plowed field to the tune of 52-0. Touchdowns were made on passes, and runs. Moe Lipeles made a touchdown by intercepting a pass. Goldy made the final score by intercepting a pass and running 82 yards through the whole Boyertown team.

Malvern Prep gave us our hardest battle so far this season. You could see this by the score. We only beat them 14-0. The first touchdown came when Ike Srour bucked center for 32 yards. Conversion was made by Goldfarb on an end sweep.

The second and final touchdown was made in the third quarter when Malvern was forced to kick from deep in their own territory. The kick was blocked by Moe Lipeles and picked up by Brunwasser, who ran ten yards for the score. Goldy kicked the extra point.
BULLDOGS DEFEAT TRENTON CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL 13-0

Playing the hardest game of the season to date, the Bulldogs fought a tough Trenton Catholic team, emerging with a 13-0 victory.

For three quarters the game see-sawed back and forth across the field, both teams getting into scoring positions, but neither team being able to push the ball across the goal line.

The turning point came in the third quarter when Moe Lipeles intercepted a pass on Farm School's 44-yard line. On the next play Goldie went around the end to the 29-yard line, at which point the quarter ended.

Starting the fourth quarter, Goldie threw a beautiful pass to "Bruno" who took the ball across for the first touchdown. Recovering his own kick which was blocked, Goldie then went over for the extra point.

Trenton then broke loose with everything they had, which proved to be not enough. Moe Lipeles again intercepted a pass and ran over for the second score. The try for the extra point failed leaving the final score 13-0 in our favor.

This concludes all our home played games which saw the Farmers pile up a score of 120 points without being scored on. It makes our school the only one in this vicinity with such a record. Our next and last game of the season is against Williamson at Media.

SPORT SHORTS

By CHARLESWORTH

Mid-Season Form—

A team improves with each game only up to a certain degree, and then rolls along, with the breaks of the game the only interfering factor to the oiled smoothness of the machine. . . . This is the materialistic viewpoint to which players look only too often. They look at hard cold facts instead of emotional feelings. Our N. F. S. eleven did not stop at a "Mid-Season Form." We have a coach who realizes that if an aggressive and fighting spirit is ever-present, improvement will come naturally.

Rivals??—

Our new-born rivals, the N. Y. Aggies of Farmingdale, came to the grounds of National Farm School only to be sent back to Long Island with a 20-0 defeat. The rivalry seems to come from the fact that Farmingdale teaches agriculture to city boys and is similar in many other ways to our own Alma-Mater. In beating them it gives us more or less the championship of the agricultural world. My prediction is that in years to come it will be a nice juicy rivalry with plenty of blood.
Grandstand Remarks (Wiscecracks from the Bleachers)—

After the seventh touchdown in the Boyertown game, "We want a touchdown." . . . "They ought to be swimming in blood." . . . "Send those city farmers back to their victory garden." . . . "Goldie can't be hurt, he's only resting." . . . "Stop throwing grapes at the cheer-leaders." . . . "Hey, Brain, let's have a cheer, the other team has the ball." . . . "Watch Moe intercept that pass and go for a touchdown, Eleanor's watching him." . . . "Look at Samuels lap that Bruno lap up." . . . "It's a pass, it's a pass. I heard our signals that time."

Ancient History—

A word must be said about the very successful season we enjoyed in Baseball last spring. After looking through a group of old year-books, I was amazed to find that it was along about "29" or "30" when we had a good record. The only sad feature of the season was the fact that we were unable to get a crack at Williamson, due to the gas ration. I'm sure our coach feels as badly as the players.

In summing up this rambling article, the thing I want to bring to the attention of the reader is the solidness of the entire student body at the past athletic events (football games). The spirit is by far the best seen on this campus since the three-season stay at Farm School by your editor. I am sure that it is not entirely due to the squads' excellent record. The fact that the spirit of the Football Rally was carried on through the following football contests is enough proof of that. If we continue to give our whole-hearted support we will surely spur our teams on to victories in the future.

A LETTER FROM BILL JAFFE

Editor's Note: Bill Jaffe is a former member of the Class of '43, who is now serving in the U. S. Army. His letter was received the day before the Football Season opened.

Dear Goldie,

As the football season of 1942 at Farm School draws near, I feel an awful emptiness within me. This Saturday will climax many weeks of hard work, and also many bumps and bruises, preparing yourselves for a new season.

Believe me, Goldie, I'd give a million bucks, plus my right arm, to be in there playing that game with you. As I sit here on my bunk, writing this letter, I can picture Mr. Samuels giving that final pep talk in the dressing room, before the game. He is telling the guards to "drive hard,"
the ends to, “hit and fade;” and the backs, “to watch for passes.” Then he gives that old Farm School motto: “Fighting Hearts, We Can’t Be Beat!” As long as I live, I’ll never forget those few moments. Coach Samuels in all his hard and eccentric ways is a swell fellow. I know, he taught me plenty. He has a knack of putting a fighting spirit into a man when the going is getting tough. I suppose, some of those numbskulls will never understand him. They’ll never know that he is one person in a thousand who just doesn’t pamper and baby a man when he is having a tough time of it. I think we’d have a much better world, if we had more like him.

Well, things have changed a helluva lot since I last saw you. I never thought for one minute, that right now I’d be in one of Uncle Sam’s uniforms. I don’t regret it in the least, either. The Army is a swell place to be, Goldie, especially when you can feel as though you are really doing your bit. My only regret is that I ever left Farm School. I think it’s the swellest place in the world!

This dance is our Senior prom, isn’t it? I suppose you are the dance chairman and the gym looks beautiful, as usual. I can picture the boys standing outside Ulman Hall, waiting impatiently for their dates. Suddenly the door opens, and out they come, all shapes and sizes, lengths, widths, and what have you. Most of the freshmen with blind dates, but the upperclassmen with the old Farm School veterans.

When I finish my course here, I am applying for a furlough. Whether I get it, or not, remains to be seen, but Farm School will be one of my first stops. . . . Well, Goldie, I must close now. When you go on that field this Saturday, win it for me, Goldie. When I say, “win it,” I don’t mean it in score. A game can be won from the short end of a score, if each man gives from the heart, as Mr. Samuels would say. It takes eleven men, and sometimes a little luck to come out on the big end of a score.

I don’t have to tell you to give the fellows my regards, and please tell Mr. Samuels that I’ll be rooting for his boys, wherever I may be.

That little lump in my throat is growing now, Goldie, so I’ll say the best of luck to a guy that’ll always be my roommate.

Bill
As it has so many other things, the war has shaken up the career of many a graduate of this school, and a great number of alumni have exchanged the ploughshares for a sword, in order to cast them back again into ploughshares once and for all.

Quite a few of the fellows who are nearest to the hearts of all of us, the grads of '42, are in the armed forces and many of them occasionally come back here in uniform. Even at the last Senior Prom, a couple of uniforms gave the patriotic gym theme a realistic touch. Incidentally, there was quite a crowd of alumni there, about 25 fellows, representing the last three graduated classes of the school.

But most of all, our “Big Brothers” of the class of ’42 come back here to visit their alma mater. Every week-end there are a few of them swarming around, to see how things are going without their expert supervision, and to tell the “next generation” what and what not to expect “out in real life.”

Quite a few of them are working on and off the farms around here. Right now, a few of them seem to be building up a subsidiary of N. F. S. down in “Mill-Creek,” near Norristown. Oscar Riess, Lenny Dansky, Lou Domsky are there now, and Charlie Bernstein (now on a fruit farm near Batavia, N. Y.) and “Zombie” Rich (now on a general farm near Corfu, N. Y.) expect to be there shortly.

Abe DeLeon, Cyril Farb, and Al Cohen also work on dairy farms, and George Kaiser is still on his poultry job—all not far from here.

The same goes for Joe Chwick, who cheerfully comes up here from Chalfont for almost every band practice, football game, and for a couple of good Farm School apples.

Merritt Schultheis is the nearest one of them all, working at Burpee’s, right across the road, although “The Dutchman” Lutter is not far away, either, working away on his general and dairy farm in Hatfield, Pa.

Harold Bedick is married, and on his own farm. “Oive” Kaufman is busy, harvesting apples in Connecticut, and Bob Leber still checks the cows down in Maryland.

Among the newly baked husbands of their illustrious class are Norman Gourley, who finally married his Bloomfield Post Office girl (would you believe it?), and Phil Primazon, who now works with extra pep down in Gimbel’s flower department.
“Rocky” Orel has a defense job. . . “Brooksie” works in Sun Ship yards. . . Bob Weintraub goes to college in N. Y. . . “Quakertown” still works in his Norristown greenhouse. . . Jay Wolfe is in some nursery near Reading, and Walter Yaniak still is a farmer near Lagrangeville, upstate, N. Y.

All the others are in the armed forces, and most of them are getting along swell. Remember “Hairy” Coogan? He is a second lieutenant in the infantry, while “Flying Jack” Alson is a radio mechanic and operator now. Sheldon Feldman and Bob Neeson, recently drafted into the Army, and “Potsy” Adler, Milton Samovitz, and Erwin Bilsky expect to be called shortly.

Maxie Levinowsky and Rom Schutsky are helping to bring the goods over the high seas in the Merchant Marine. . . Dick Gudykunst is a tough Marine, and “Bama” Rozeman keeps them sailing in the Navy. Norman Berkowitz also just enlisted in the Navy.

The rest are in different branches of the Army Air Corps: “Chowderhead” Brauer is in Miami, and was in Ft. Dix with Ben Lax and “Label” Polakoff a short while ago. The latter is training to be an Army Pigeoneer (breeding and training of pigeons) . . . “a bit of the old poultry racket,” as he says. He hopes to be a second lieutenant soon. Incidentally, he made history for our landscape dept., taking care of the grounds at Ft. Dix for a while, with a crew of twenty men under him. Irv Cohen tried to get in the parachute troops, and Bill Jaffe ‘43, recently enlisted in the Air Corps. His classmate, Howard Mellor, is going to be an engineer.

Rudolph Fox is in the Signal Corps, while Larry Kleinman is joining the Flying Cadets, as is Joe Nathanson. Pete Salm gave up his post-graduate course at N.F.S. and is as cheerful as ever in his capacity as Air Corps “grease monkey.” “Mister” Shapiro did likewise, and is high up in the mountains now, near Denver, Colo., training to be a “flying armament mechanic” of the Air Corps Pursuit Division. He wrote a couple of interesting letters to Herman Wilensky (who is corresponding secretary of the class of ’42 here at school and keeps the list of addresses up to date as near as possible) of which I’d like to quote a short paragraph, or two:

In writing about enlistment versus being drafted, Morty says: “An enlisted man and a drafted one both receive the same chances. Army life is swell, but home life is a lot better. The thing that affects you most is the lack of nice, decent girls. Believe me, I know . . .

“Our instructor was graduated from armament school in July and 36 of his classmates “went over” right after graduation. Today only four are left . . . nice job, this flying armament mechanics. The captain told us that there are only two ways to get out of the armament division—peace, or a pinebox . . . Nice fellow!”
CAMPUS NEWS

HARVEST DAY FESTIVAL
By RAY SOLOMON

In every country in the world some day is set aside for the celebration of the harvesting of crops. This occasion is accompanied with frivolity and festivity because it is the Farmers’ reward for the whole year’s work. Farm School, too, had its Harvest Day Festival on October 17 and 18.

Educational and Competitive agricultural exhibits were on display in the Gym and in the rear of the Administration Building. Plates of Staymen and York Imperial apples, hybrid corn, Irish Cobblers, and Katahdin potatoes and several pairs of beautifully selected and fitted chickens were all judged by the County Agent and by an instructor at Penn State College. Ribbons were awarded to the winners.

By that time, the “future herdsmen of America” had pulled, dragged, carried, or rolled their expertly trained calves to the tent of sturdy canvas (it leaked like a sieve). Not even the rain daunted the stout-hearted courage of the contestants. These young bits of bovine pulchritude, all neatly polished and combed by their “able leaders” paraded around the tent, always under the critical eye of the judge.

With this show over, the visitors and students filed out of the dripping tent into a torrential storm.

At the G.A. Barn our gallant horsemen displayed their specimens of equine excellence, all well groomed and raring to go. Sunday afternoon brought many visitors from far and near. The exercises included an invocation by Rabbi Stern; Mr. Louis Nusbaum, chairman, gave the introductory speech. Our President, Dr. H. B. Allen, gave his annual report. The student body formally welcomed the visitors by a speech rendered by Jerry Groff. The guest speaker was Mr. Wheeler McMillen, Agriculturist, editor of the “Farm Journal.”

Mr. McMillen brought to the attention of his audience the need for farmers, the scientific and complex art that farming really is and the great dependence of the industry upon the common “hick.”

Under the leadership of the talented and versatile Jerry Groff, the band came through with flying colors with its renditions of many famous marches.

All the exercises were held in the colorful surroundings of the gym. This spacious hall was decked with shocks and stalks of corn, green and gold streamers, and a beautiful arrangement of fruit and vegetables, topped with multi-colored autumn leaves set up by the Landscape Department under the supervision of Mr. H. Fiesser. Arranged about the gym were exhibits of the students and the outside organizations. The 4-H Club, the Future Farmers of America, the Soil Con-
servation Service, the Grange and the Boy Scouts were well represented. This Harvest Day was a success. Although a cloudy sky dominated most of the time, a considerable crowd attended our Harvest Day exercises.

Let us hope that next year, we will celebrate our Festival in a world of Peace and Freedom.

SENIOR PROM

On the night of October 4th, if one looked closely, several of the Farm School characters could be seen slinking back into the dormitory with downcast faces. This league of forgotten men were the only fellows who had not attended the Senior Prom.

To drive the knife of misery deeper into their rhythmless hearts, we, the Seniors, think we are justified in gloating over the most successful Senior Prom held in the past few years.

Saturday night, October 3d, found the Farm School swains and their belles turned out 65 couples strong. With a rousing V for Victory, which was the theme of the dance, we spent four enjoyable hours dancing to the tunes of George Gray and his swing and swayers.

A World Premiere of the 1942 Freshman Follies was presented Saturday night, which gave promise of big things on the morrow. And so it turned out!

For the Freshmen Jokesters kept the audience rolling in the aisles and the hot licks issuing from the trumpet of “Hot Lips” Goldenberg made them stop rolling and start jumping.

The rest of the entertainment was supplied informally and privately in the inimitable way of the Farm School swain.

When the Sunday night bus rolled to the gate, the girls departed through the Roadside Market and incidentally took the Market with them.

LIBRARY

Something new and entirely unheralded was exhibited in the Library during the Harvest Day week-end. A unique collection of Bibles, originally owned by Dr. Krauskopf, and until now frugally hidden away by Mrs. Maines in some mysterious nook of the Library, was at last brought before the public eye. Fitting testimonial to the excellence of the exhibition was the special Award of Honor presented to Mrs. Maines by Dr. H. B. Allen.

Foremost among the many fine editions was one remarkable replica of a volume published in 1526. Another, an original edition contained a pictorial story of the Scriptures, and yet another original was written in six languages.

In keeping with its usual policy of trying to maintain the literary standards of the School, the library has added quite a number of books.

Also, as the new season of classes starts, the Library will have the usual interesting program for the Forum, under the capable supervision of Mrs. Maines.
DEPARTMENTS

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

As usual the activities of the General Agriculture Department have been varied and difficult this year.

It was necessary to hire a combine outfit in addition to our own to harvest our barley. The wheat and oat yields were not as large. Our only loss was the oat field at No. 2 where our combine could not be used because of the wet spot in the field.

Our average yields for grain were:

19 bushels per acre of wheat.
30 bushels per acre of barley.
45 bushels per acre of oats.
210 tons of hay were harvested for the entire season. This includes two cuttings on some fields.

Most of the straw has been stored in a new way. It was passed through a blower cutting it in fine pieces, and placing it in the barn in a spot convenient for use. This method saved much time and labor.

The silos at No. 4 and the dairy have been filled and the silo at No. 3 is almost full.

Despite the wet weather which stopped us from spraying and thus allowed the blight to appear, we are harvesting a very good crop of spuds. The Irish Cobblers yielded about 225 bushels per acre.

Thirty-one acres of barley are already sprouting. Ninety-two acres are being prepared and planted with wheat. We are plant-

ing a new variety called “Thorne Wheat,” which according to the U. S. D. A. is best suited for this section heavily infested with the Hessian Fly.

Our corn crop is fairly good and within a short time our husker is going to start bringing in the crop.

HORTICULTURE

A review shows that the past season has been a good one for our department. With the exception of the early vegetables, which were hampered by a drought, and peaches, which were killed by frost this spring, all crops yielded excellently. The season’s work comes to a climax with the harvest of a tremendous apple crop of 5000 bushels.

A “new” second-hand Studebaker contributed morally and substantially to the success of the department. The newly installed cider press (capacity 60 gallons per hour) has rapidly made friends among students and faculty members and adds a substantial cash income to the department.

The future Hort Seniors will take over peach and apple orchards with finest growth and fruit bud development, and most fields protected by a healthy cover green manure crop ready for spring plowing.

It is hoped that they will maintain the standards of the department and overcome existing difficulties with enthusiasm and spirit.
POULTRY

Many of our buildings have undergone changes and some are still undergoing these changes.

At the Big House, the shed extension was rat-proofed at the base; two open bins for storage of grain were built; and a laying-cage battery for 66 birds was installed.

At the New Brooder, the porch at the front of the old end has been dismantled. A turkey porch for holding 75 growing turkeys was constructed at the rear of one new Connecticut type colony house.

One semi-monitor house has been completely dismantled.

The following jobs should be completed within a very short time:

- Two semi-monitor houses are being modified to shed-type construction.
- The large rear windows of the Long House are being removed and cellar sash windows near the floor are being installed. This should tend to eliminate most of our cases of roup in the layers.
- A new water line is being dug from the Big House to the Alumni House.

Again this season we are blood testing our flock for Pullorum Disease to determine our breeders for the coming year. To date only two reactors have been found and disposed of.

Five of our nine geese seen parading about the New Brooder have been killed and skinned by the students of the Poultry Department and the skins were sold at $1.00 apiece.

GREENHOUSE

Upon entering the main greenhouse, you will see bronze, yellow, and white flowers revealing the first of our chrysanthemums coming into bloom. The average price of the "mums" is about $2 per dozen.

With our 6,000 Carnation plants we expect to produce from 27 to 30 flowers per square foot. This will be the biggest crop in a long time at Farm School. Within the next few years No. 4 house will be devoted completely to Carnations.

Other plants to be found in the Greenhouse include potted Azaleas, Snapdragons, Stocks, and 7,000 Hydrangea under the cold frame.

The Aster house has been completely dismantled and No. 2 and No. 3 greenhouses have been repaired.

This year we tried using nicotine sulfate-rotonone to eradicate the midge infestation, but the results were not satisfactory and Loro was substituted and has brought the infestation under control, reducing the injury to a minimum.

DAIRY

This year we are getting ready for winter on time, as is evident by the many improvements already made.

A new part of the maternity barn has been completed. It contains five pens and a few of them are already occupied.

The creamery has been remodeled. All new tile walls and insulation materials have been installed.
New equipment has been purchased and includes a can-washer and a Cherry- Barrel spray pasteurizer.

In the Calf barn, two platforms saturated with infectious pneumonia germs have been removed and replaced by two clean, spacious pens.

Both silos are now filled with a mixture of corn and soybeans.

Sawdust was tried as bedding in the Maternity barn and as it is too heavy will not be used in the future.

One of the most important news items of this season is the return of Shirley Ayr Violator to the Shirley Ayr Farms. He had been loaned to us for a limited time only. Violator’s pen is now occupied by two little bulls, a Jersey and a Guernsey, who are getting along well together.

LANDSCAPE

After a successful season of beautifying the campus and weeding the nursery, the Landscape Department finally got to work for Harvest Day, which, due to the efforts of Mr. Fiesser and the two capable seniors, was a great success. The formal gardens contributed by the seniors were of such excellent construction that a decision could not be made by the judge. They were both awarded first prize.

Throughout the summer, the Landscape Department has made several plantings and has orders for many more.

Due to the termites, the propagating house of the Landscape Department collapsed during a light rain. It is now being repaired.

BEEKEEPING

This season we had a poor crop of honey. Only 360 lbs. were extracted. A little more honey can be taken off when we kill all but the three strongest colonies.

American foul-brood is the reason for killing off most of our bees. Except for the three hives mentioned, all our colonies will be started in the spring with package bees.

We are also reconditioning our equipment as part of our program to stop foul-brood. The frames are being melted down, scraped and new foundations put on. The supers are being scorched, scraped, repaired, and painted.

The apiary is going to get an entirely new start next year. Besides reconditioning hives and acquiring new bees, there will be a new location for the colonies and also the equipment. The bees will be moved to the quince orchard if all goes as planned. A room under the gym that formerly served as the apiary shop, is to become that again after 15 years. When it has been repaired, we can store our equipment, extract our honey and do our shop work there.

If all goes as planned, we will soon have again an apiary of which The National Farm School will be very proud.
SENIORS

Under the guidance of John Heller, who willingly took over the job, upon Nat Greenberg’s induction into the Army, the Yearbook is rolling along ahead of schedule. The individual class pictures have been taken. Pictures of the three classes, all clubs and all departments will be taken in a very short time. The Business staff is busy soliciting ads for the Yearbook and returns have begun to come in.

The Ring Committee, under the supervision of Orner, has made contact with several jewelry concerns and orders are still being taken.

The Senior Prom, held on Oct. 3d was a gala affair, and further information about it is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

Now that we Seniors are in classes, we trust, in all sincerity, that the Junior Class will keep up the responsibilities we held for the past seven months in all the departments.

JUNIORS

Through the untiring efforts and the cheerful cooperation of the class, we put on one of the best Junior Proms ever to hit Farm School. The Faculty expressed their admiration to us for the way the gym was decorated and the pleasant atmosphere created during the evening.

We wish to thank at this time the Seniors and Freshmen who graciously gave time to help us in our preparations.

The Junior Class also received their class shirts. The design was our School emblem with the name of our School written around it.

Setting a precedent, our class held elections for class officers at a Banquet in the Fountain House Inn. Joe Milligan was re-elected President. Jack Gurewitz Vice-President, Councilmen are Dick Kustin, Seymour Freed and Jack Lieber. Vic. Rubin and Toby Gold-oftas were unanimously re-elected in their respective offices as Secretary and Treasurer.

The Junior Class football team has begun to practice for the coming fray with the Freshman Class. They are being coached by Milligan, Freed, Goodman, and Weber.

FRESHMEN

The Fall Term has now fully swung into its own and the Freshman Class is wide awake and going places in all activities that the School has to offer.

The Freshman Follies, “Muttza-poppin,” was a great success, thanks to the efforts of our Master of Ceremonies, Ralph Cohen, and all the members of our class.

Now the class is engaged in a new problem. That of organizing the annual harvest dance, or “Barn Dance.” Stanley Schwartz has taken the brunt of the responsibility and has appointed a committee for arranging the entertainment and decorating the gym. The date of the dance has been set as November 7th.
Freshman entrants in the Harvest Festival placed up with the Senior and Junior Classes in the educational and competitive exhibits. In the different competitive contests, the Freshmen made a good performance and won several first, second and third prizes.

The class is now preparing for the oncoming tussle with the Juniors in football. We are being coached by Goldfarb and Orner.

COUNCIL CORNER

Council, we all know, is the organization to which the students turn for help in solving many problems confronting them.

However, it becomes necessary once in a while for the Council to turn to the students for help.

This is one of those few times.

We all appreciate the fact that we have a new recreation room, thanks to those who raised the money, but what good is appreciation if we do not take proper care of the room.

Already it has become necessary to buy new equipment, although the room was completed only a short while ago. Care saves wear and thus saves money. So we are urging everyone to heed the previous statement and thus lead to a longer life for our new recreation room.

FACULTY

During the past few months there have been several changes in our faculty.

While Mr. Goldman didn’t change the school too much, Doc Hankin and Mr. Lumianski certainly left us something to remember them by.

Doc cured successfully many of our real and pseudo ailments and we wish him the best of luck in the Army.

Mr. Lumianski, a future U. S. Air Corps Lieutenant, cured us mentally. He tried to instill discipline into us. Also, he added much to our social activities by his movies.

Mr. Claud Strong took over Mr. Lumianski’s job temporarily and is handing it over to Mr. Gurbarg, who is still so well loved and known that he really doesn’t need an introduction.

We are also happy to welcome two new faculty members, one a son of our alma mater, Mr. Leo Perkes ’38, and Mr. Christo Starche, a Princeton graduate. Mr. Starche’s varied experience here and abroad, his friendly attitude, show us already that his presence will be highly profitable to us. The students are looking forward to having Mr. Starche in classes.
LIVESTOCK

Due to the late start of classes, the activities of the club were somewhat delayed. However, operations got into full swing two weeks before the Harvest Festival.

The club arranged for instruction and demonstration in clipping, cleaning, leading, judging, — in short, fitting and showing of dairy cattle. Under the able leadership of Professor Ingham, of the Dairy Department, and Mr. Rothman, of the G. A. Department, all boys interested in livestock were taught how to show different types of cattle and horses. The competition was open to all students, and was one of the most interesting on the campus, that day.

The next meeting was planned for November 5. The main feature was a speech by our noted livestock judge and County Agent, Mr. Wm. F. Greenawalt. The subject was “Marketing of Livestock and Other Commodities.”

The next important Livestock Club meeting will be held near the end of November, the date yet to be announced. The topic will be: “Mastitis.” There will also be a moving picture program for that same evening.

Among the suggestions for activities in this club, several plans for educational trips were received. However, gasoline rationing seems to make the latter virtually impossible. Other suggestions will be appreciated.

VARSITY

The Varsity Club opened a new season by voting in new officers. The officers newly elected are as follows: Jim Charlesworth, President, and Dick Raben, Secretary and Treasurer.

After a temporary lapse of activity, the Club hopes to start the ball rolling again in typical fashion. It looks to its new members to help enliven the Club. As in past seasons the Club will supervise the Annual Freshman-Junior tussle on the gridiron. Also the Varsity Club plans to run its annual dance in the near future.

BAND

This year with the band numbering 20 pieces, and many more fellows joining, Lieutenant Frankel has managed to weld them together into a harmonious group.

For several weeks, the band practiced diligently to be in shape for Harvest Day. The players were duly rewarded for their performance at the exercises.

At the present time, our schedule calls for playing at all the football games.

Come Hallowe’en, we are going to march in a Doylestown parade, if it is held. We are also going to attend a dance that is connected with the parade.

We are going places this year, and if there are any more fellows interested in going places with us, all we can say is learn to play an instrument and hop on the “Band Wagon.”
HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

Due to war conditions, small student body, and gas rationing the Club’s activities were limited during the summer months.

Outstanding in the Club’s work were the horticultural plots, where members of the Horticultural Society grew vegetables and fruits usually not grown at Farm School. Very interesting experiments were observed and the members had the opportunity to study the growth, growing habits, and fertilizer needs of the unusual plants grown, such as Mexican red corn, gourds, etc.

With the coming winter, the Society intends to step up its activities, and hopes to start a new program with its series of guest speakers and movies similar to the ones which were heard and shown during the previous years.

The Society needs and hopes to receive the active participation in its work of the whole student body.

PERSONALITIES

By HENDRICKS and PAUL

HAROLD (“The Goof”) SCHNEIDMAN

Harold’s pseudonym, “The Goof,” was a brain-child of his football mentor. Probably to counteract his nickname and to show it is undeserved, Hal has been reading such weighty tomes as Freud’s psychoanalysis. He says his object is to understand the characters in school. Be that as it may, his friends (and enemies) are now afraid to lift an eyebrow for fear of being psycho-ed by Dr. Freud. Without batting an eye, the Goof reputedly explained that Goldfarb, alias “The Misogynist,” is a woman hater because his Aunt Saphronie used to fry his borsht in wheat germ oil.

Besides studying Freud, Hal is also a student of public opinion. To help him earn his $.75 an hour we must answer questions like: “Do you think ground fireflies will eventually replace superphosphate as a fertilizer ingredient?”

So much for the Goof’s intellectual pursuits which, incidentally, are usually followed in the infirmary (as a “varsity limper”). He ranks with such immortals as “Limping” Levitsky and “Sick List” Schraeder.

When not limping, he can usually be found playing football (at which he is quite good), or trying to woo Sue at which he is quite???

As can be gathered, Hal is a versatile young man. He is equally at ease with the hoi polloi of Farm School and the hoity toi of Philadelphia.

We hope Sigmund has as much success at movie directing as he has had here at school.
JOHN (Honza) HELLER

He is otherwise known as the "Passion Flower," a peculiar species grown in and around Prague.

In school, John is known best as the boy with the cleanest room, best-pressed suit, and cleanest shaven face. He is also widely sought after as a speaker at faculty meetings.

Built close to the ground, John was a great help in the Hort. Dept. this year when it came to picking low growing crops.

A linguist of some repute, John will, if excited enough, speak in a mixture of Check, Polish, Hunky, Greek and Sanskrit, but, strange as it seems, this is as easily understood as his English.

Many a time, John has been heard to disclaim the fact that he is a VULF, but on dance weekends he is never seen to enter the same door twice, with the same female. All in all, John is a good egg, and will usually stand by those in financial difficulties.

BERNARD (Pooper) SELIGMAN

Bernie is remarkable for his size, appetite, and equable disposition, quoting Mr. Schneider, on the former, everyone else on the latter. Dov is also known and famous as our most successful "screw out artist," his Hightstown—home of the Organization—almost put Coogan to shame.

There has been much speculation among his fellow students about the attractions at Hightstown. He says that he goes as a Zionist, some say he goes as a lover. Although in some circles he is known as a "square-dance groove guy" he has never attended a Farm School dance.

His social and school life are strictly separate. In his Freshman year, "Pooper" won his nickname; in his Junior year, his football letter (same sport, same coach).

Dov recently entered the Army, and we hope he will be sent to the Near East (the land of his organization dreams).

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EXCHANGE

By KENNETH MACKINNEY

SONG OF THE EARTH

Humans have lived from the products of the earth since the days of the first man. From the first biped brutes, centuries of civilized man have garnered their food from the soil, first for their own sufficiency and later to supply others with produce. Men have planted the soil through the centuries and beyond the horizon of our day men will work the soil.

I want to return to the land. I want to look at the barren ground in spring and see nothing but cold, sterile dirt the way centuries of man have seen the ground. I want to look at the same earth in summer and see rich, pregnant loam heavy with her brood of healthy plants and see the ground as man for centuries has surveyed her. I want to look at the
brown earth in autumn and feel I have made her bear a fine crop and have that feeling of pride, as man for centuries has exalted in his achievement.

Let me feel, that the ground I walk, the ground I plant, the ground on which I live is made rich and productive by my pains. Give me the hot sun in summer, the frigid cold in winter, the rejuvenation of life in spring, the sleep of all in autumn.

Everything comes from the soil and returns to the soil—plant, animal, and man. The soil gives life to all nature, to all of humanity, and when their time is spent, she takes them back to her bosom. We are all children of the earth.

—The Cornell Countryman

Take time to think—It is the source of power.

THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

Too long a period of security, too uninterrupted a time of perfect safety, cause minds to grow careless and asleep to the danger of ever losing this peaceful life. Look around you! How many of the younger people are really conscious of the fact that this is their war, as well as the war of those, who are now sacrificing their lives. They, being younger, are more fortunate and may still continue their lives unchanged.

But because they are able to go on spending their days in peacetime routine, because they may still go on with their education, attend schools, and visit games, must they also disregard their country's need of their help and co-operation; must they be asleep when so much depends upon wide awake watchfulness?

Why is it, that so many young people are only now realizing their own parts in the nation's efforts? Now, that they can see in bold black letters in each day's headlines:

No more cars . . . no more tires . . . less sugar . . . do not waste anything . . . save . . . save . . . save!

Only now are most of the younger generation able to see that this is their war also, that they, too, will be asked to contribute, that they also will have to do without some of the pleasures and comforts in life; that they, too, will have to make some sacrifices.

Yes, these are truly again the times that try men's souls. It may seem little, unimportant, what the younger people, what the students may be able to do. Yet these are the days when everyone, with a little thoughtfulness, a little self-discipline, a little willingness to co-operate, can contribute much to the building of America's strength.

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