



Milk Pelletizing Aids Poultry Feed

Milk Products Are Found Important to Egg Output

That milk products are still among the most important ingredients in a laying ration is indicated in results of a series of feeding tests conducted with high-producing flocks in New England poultry areas earlier this year.

The tests, which ran an average of 164 days, were conducted at a state agricultural college, a county vocational agricultural school and commercial poultry farms. Results showed an average additional profit of 26 cents each for hens fed milk products in addition to rations regularly fed on the test farms.

Nearly 3,000 birds, New Hampshire, Rhode Island Reds, Barred Rocks, and a Barred Cross were involved. On each farm flocks were divided into test and control pens. The control pen received the ration normally fed on the farm. For instance, the state college fed the New England college conference



Joseph Ruzo, Hope Valley, R. I., is shown at his egg candler-grading machine. Raising from 12,000 to 13,000 birds annually, Ruzo says he has recorded a 12 per cent increase in egg production from his test flock which was fed pelletized milk products in the 1948-49 laying

ration, the county school used its own formula ration, and the commercial poultrymen fed various commercial laying mash. In each case test and control pens were of the same age and breeding, and received the same care and management except that the test pen was fed a pelletized dairy products feed in addition to the normal ration. Accurate feed cost and egg production records were kept. For purposes of making profit comparisons, 53 cents a dozen was used as an average egg price.

When results were tabulated and averaged, it was found that the test pens fed the milk product, laid an average of 8 per cent more eggs and made an average of 12.3 per cent more profit. Egg production for test birds averaged 64 per cent throughout the tests, compared to 59 per cent for control birds. Average feed cost per dozen eggs was 29 cents for test pens, 28 cents for control pens. Culls and deaths in test pens averaged 15 per cent.

Highest average egg production was 74.4 per cent made by a test pen of Barred Rocks at the county school over a six-month test period. There the control pen averaged 69 per cent production. Birds in the test averaged \$3.06 net income per bird (eggs over feed), compared to \$2.71 per bird in the control pen.

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Bumper Yield



This is the type of bumper wheat yields which may be expected by the farmer who practices good soil conservation procedure wherever such is necessary to full crop production. Soil conservation, selection of good seed and attention to good farming practices generally always pay dividends.

Animals, Fowls Experience Man's Disease Conditions

Teetotaling dogs, turkeys and chickens which drink nothing stronger than water sometimes get the same diseases which human beings develop from over-indulgence or high living.

Veterinarians' records show that turkeys and chickens sometimes develop gout, and dogs and other animals get cirrhosis of the liver. Many other disease conditions of man also are common to animals



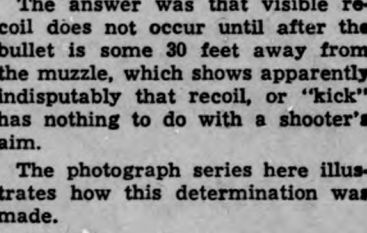
No Fault of Recoil

The old alibi that muzzle recoil messes up one's shooting accuracy has been scrapped for all time by recent demonstrations at the research laboratories of the Western cartridge company division of Olin Industries at East Alton, Ill.

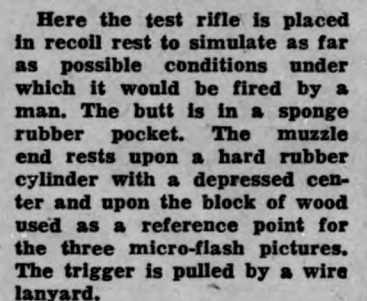
There science answered two questions asked by shooters since one first experienced the "kick" of a rifle. Questions answered were: Does the visible recoil of a gun occur before the bullet leaves the muzzle and destroy aim, or does the gun "kick" after the bullet is safely on its aimed way.

The answer was that visible recoil does not occur until after the bullet is some 30 feet away from the muzzle, which shows apparently indisputably that recoil, or "kick" has nothing to do with a shooter's aim.

The photograph series here illustrates how this determination was made.



Here the test rifle is placed in recoil rest to simulate as far as possible conditions under which it would be fired by a man. The butt is in a sponge rubber pocket. The muzzle end rests upon a hard rubber cylinder with a depressed center and upon the block of wood used as a reference point for the three micro-flash pictures. The trigger is pulled by a wire lanyard.



Showing how the micro-flash pictures were made, this disjunctive wire, 1/100 of an inch in diameter, is stretched before the muzzle of the rifle across the path the bullet will take. When the bullet snips the wire in two, it breaks an electrical circuit thus having the bullet take its own picture.



And here's the proof that recoil doesn't interfere with aim, as the rifle muzzle is still securely on the rest, while the bullet has already left the muzzle and has broken the disjunctive wire. The snug fit of the muzzle on the rest shows recoil has not yet occurred. Other photos showed that visible recoil does not occur until bullet is some 30 feet from muzzle.



Watch Bird Bands

Hunters are urged to watch for bands on ducks and geese they kill this year and to turn the bands in to the U.S. fish and wildlife service. Band numbers consist of two sets of figures, both of which are needed to identify the bird. Those cooperating are asked to record the band numbers in the latter, as well as flatten out and enclose the band itself, since bands returned in the mail occasionally tear through the envelope and are lost.

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BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

The Go-Getter Son Learned To Take It Easy, Live Awhile

By BILLY ROSE

It was one of those days. What with the phones going, a show rehearsing in my theatre, and people popping in and out, my office was like backstage at an Olsen and Johnson musical.

One of my appointments was with an ex-soldier who had recently returned from the Pacific. Like a thousand other kids, he was anxious to get a job in show business. I told him I'd get in touch with him if anything turned up, and asked him to excuse the short interview because I was rushed. He smiled and walked to the door.

"What are you grinning about?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I just happened to think of another fellow who was in a hurry."

The way he said it made me curious. "Tell me about the other fellow," I said.

"He was nobody important," said the ex-G. I. "He and his father farmed a small piece of land, but except for their name and the patch of ground, they had little in common. The old man believed in taking it easy. The son was the go-getter type."



"One morning, they loaded the cart, hitched up the ox and set out for the city. The young fellow figured that if they kept going all day and night, they'd get to the market by next morning. So he walked alongside the ox and kept prodding it with a stick.

"Take it easy," said the old man. "You'll last longer."

"If we get to market ahead of the others," said his son, "we have a better chance of getting good prices."

"THE OLD MAN pulled his hat down over his eyes and went to sleep on the seat. Four miles and four hours down the road, they came to a little house. Here's your

uncle's place," said the father, waking up. "Let's stop in and say hello."

"We've lost an hour already," complained the go-getter.

"Then a few minutes more won't matter," said his father. "My brother and I live so close, yet we see each other so seldom."

"The young man fidgeted while the two old gentlemen gossiped away an hour.

"On the move again, the father took his turn leading the ox. When they came to a fork in the road, the old man directed the ox to the right. 'The left is the shorter way,' said the boy.

"I know it," said the old man, "but this way is prettier."

"Have you no respect for time?" asked the impatient young man.

"I respect it very much," said the older fellow. "That's why I like to use it looking at flowers."

"The right-hand path led through woodland and wild flowers. The young man was so busy watching the sun sink he didn't notice how lovely the sunset was. Twilight found them in what looked like one big garden. 'Let's sleep here,' said the old man.

"This is the last trip I take with you," said his son. "You're more interested in flowers than in making money."

"THAT'S THE NICEST thing you've said in a long time," smiled the old fellow. A minute later, he was asleep.

"Before sunrise, the young man shook his father awake and they went on. A mile down the road, they came upon a farmer trying to pull his cart from a ditch. 'Let's give him a hand,' said the father.

"And lose more time?" asked the son.

"Relax," said the old man.

The Fiction CALL A DOCTOR

Corner

By Richard H. Wilkinson

OGDEN TURNED over in bed, muttered, then sat bolt upright. There was a wild, unholy light in his eyes. Great globules of perspiration stood out on his forehead. His hands felt cold and clammy.

For a moment he sat rigid and tense. Slowly he relaxed. Then he switched on the bedside light. Five a.m. In four and a half hours it would be over. He would have entered Mr. Mitchell's office and said, in effect: "Mr. Mitchell, I have worked for you for three years. I am a valued employee and feel that I deserve more money." And Mr. Mitchell would reply—Well, what would Mr. Mitchell reply?

He got out of bed without waking his wife. It was 5:30 and still dark. He went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. At 6 o'clock, fully dressed, he came downstairs. He put coffee on to boil, set a frying pan over a gas jet, cut open an orange, plugged in the toaster. Presently he sat down to eat. He ate automatically. Food was tasteless in his mouth.

He left the house without waking Helen. During the half hour it took him to reach the office he was beset by all sorts of terrifying fancies. He grew hot, then cold. He changed his mind twice about approaching Mr. Mitchell. He thought he'd postpone the ordeal. Then he pictured himself coming home to Helen. Helen was proud of him. What would she think if he had to admit lacking the courage to face a common ordinary man like Mr. Mitchell?

Now, there was something. Mr. Mitchell was, after all, nothing more than a common ordinary man. Like himself. Built the same way. Capable of having toothaches and stomachaches and liking his

eggs fried only on one side. Just a man.



"Good Lord, call a doctor!"

Ogden tried to picture himself in Mr. Mitchell's position. What would he do if an employee of three years asked for a raise? What? Why, he'd look at the matter coldly, impersonally. He'd add things up and

decide whether or not the employee was worth more to him in dollars and cents. He'd try to figure out in his own mind how little he could get away with paying.

Ah! There was something now. If you asked for a raise, act as though you deserved it. Give the impression that the possibility you weren't worth more never entered your head. It was merely a matter of arriving at a figure.

People spoke to Ogden when he entered the office. Then they looked at him curiously. He wasn't the same. He was ill. Or perhaps he had a hangover. He seemed pale. His hands trembled when he hung up his hat. He was sweating. Perhaps he should call a doctor.

At 9:05 Mr. Mitchell came in, nodding and speaking to everyone as he always did. Ogden opened his mouth to reply, but no sound came.

He wet his lips, started to rise, and sat down again weakly. Mr. Mitchell's door opened. Mr. Mitchell

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A Certain Cure

I HAVE often known a heart to find quick comfort Through reaching out to help another's woe. There is a healing in it, a forgetting Of one's own self that starts an inner glow Of warmth and light where there had been but ashes, Sudden and gray because of some deep grief, And suddenly a golden flame starts singing Because another's heart has found relief.

Across the world there are so many burdens Long borne by shoulders bent beneath their load. A cure for care—a healing of one's sorrow May be found in the lifting of a load, The sharing of it with some staggering brother. O burdened one, to find a certain peace Go forth, reach out to help where help is needed, And surely your own quivering hurt will cease.



"Some day you may be in a ditch yourself."

"By the time the other cart was back on the road, it was eight o'clock. Suddenly a great flash of lightning split the sky. Then there was thunder. Beyond the hills, the heavens grew dark.

"Looks like a big rain in the city," said the old man.

"If we had been on time, we'd be sold out by now," grumbled his son.

"Take it easy," said the old gentleman. "You'll last longer."

"It wasn't until afternoon that they got to the top of the hill overlooking the town. They looked down at it for a long time. Finally the young man who had been in such a hurry said, 'I see what you mean, father.'

"They turned their cart around and drove away from what had once been the city of Hiroshima."

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By INEZ GERHARD

WHEN JOHN DEREK first came to work at Columbia for "Knock on Any Door," in which he shot to stardom, he said "I never knew a temperamental player to get anywhere. You don't have to worry about my getting that way." Perhaps the reason is that he was born in Hollywood, and that both his parents are actors. In New York to help publicize his new picture, the sensational "All the King's Men," Derek wanted to see the city, but got very little opportunity. Columbia press agents booked him so solidly for photo layouts and interviews, as well as for appearances on the radio, that he never really had any time for sightseeing.

Donald Woods, popular leading man, joins Bing Crosby and a star-laden cast in "Mr. Music"; it's his first Paramount picture since he made "A Son Comes Home" with Mary Boland 12 years ago. In recent years Woods has been concentrating on radio—is currently being heard as wealthy "Richard Rhineland" on "My Friend Irma." He plays another rich young man in "Mr. Music."

Use of a helicopter as a traveling camera crane proved to be so effective for chase scenes in "They Live By Night" that RKO is now using one regularly as camera carrying equipment. In this case the plane also had its value as an aid to drama; it hovered over the players, to create the feeling of a relentless fate pursuing them—and worked fine.

Jane Greer will break away from dramatic and romantic roles in "The Richest Girl in Jail," an original comedy which has been bought for her by RKO. As a very rich girl who lands in a small-town jail she will be a comedienne.

Joseph Julian, who plays the detective, "Sam Cook," on CBS's "Mystery Theatre," literally talks with his hands. By working his clasped hands, compressing air between them, he makes word-like sounds—you should hear his "Mary Had a Little Lamb!"

A piece of parchment, apparently very old, and containing a message from Napoleon, is an important prop in "The Inspector General." The prop man aged it by applying glycerine and rubbing it with dirt; an expert forged Napoleon's signature.

Mendicants
Begging is considered a perfectly legitimate occupation in China. The country even has a Beggars Guild with thousands of members.

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Sift together into a large bowl:
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar

Beat 1 minute for Snowdrift smooth batter.
Fold in:
1 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, dusted with flour

Turn into 2 greased 8" layer pans, lined with plain paper. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 35 minutes. Cool and frost with—

FONDANT ICING: Cream 2 tbsp. Snowdrift with 3 tbsp. butter; add 1/2 tsp. salt. Add alternately 3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar with 1/4 cup milk or cream. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Frost cake.

DECORATIONS: 1/2 lb. chocolate melted; 4 chopped maraschino cherries; make alternate designs with chocolate and bits of cherry (see picture).

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