

Thoughts on Ordering New Chicks. Poetry written by Jean Kirstine

On January evenings,
When the winds blow cold,
We ponder over leaflets,
To buy chicks black or gold.

Now Fischer's must be wonderful,
They have a hybrid cross!
For broilers, meat or eggs, they say,
None die-there is no loss.

But Swift's advertise strongly,
To buy their chicks-"Ski-Hi",
Or the wonderful "Golden Necks"
Are what we ought to buy.

Now we read from Guelph,
That the chicks that lay each morn.,
And eat so very little,
Are the R.O.P. Leghorn!

And there are still ads that tell us,
To make up our poultry flock
With the once old-time stand-by,
The Plymouth Barred Rocks.

And so we ponder greatly,
As we do each year,
To buy the chicks that lay each day,
And still not be too dear.

But no matter where we buy them,
We can still be very sure,
That many will turn up their toes,
Towards the broad azure.

For there are many disasters
That strike us unaware,
And we must buy expensive drugs,
To give each one it's share.

In the morning all look lovely,
Your spirits soar so high!
By evening they are drooping,
And on the floor they lie!

Coccidiosis, blue-comb,
Lice, worms and grey-eye, too,
Are but a few of the troubles
That cut your flock in two.

Now at last you have smooth sailing,
You keep pouring in the feed!
They eat and eat and eat again,
To satisfy their greed.

Then just when you are thinking
That your flock is laying well,
And you will soon be wealthy,
The price goes all to hell!

(over)