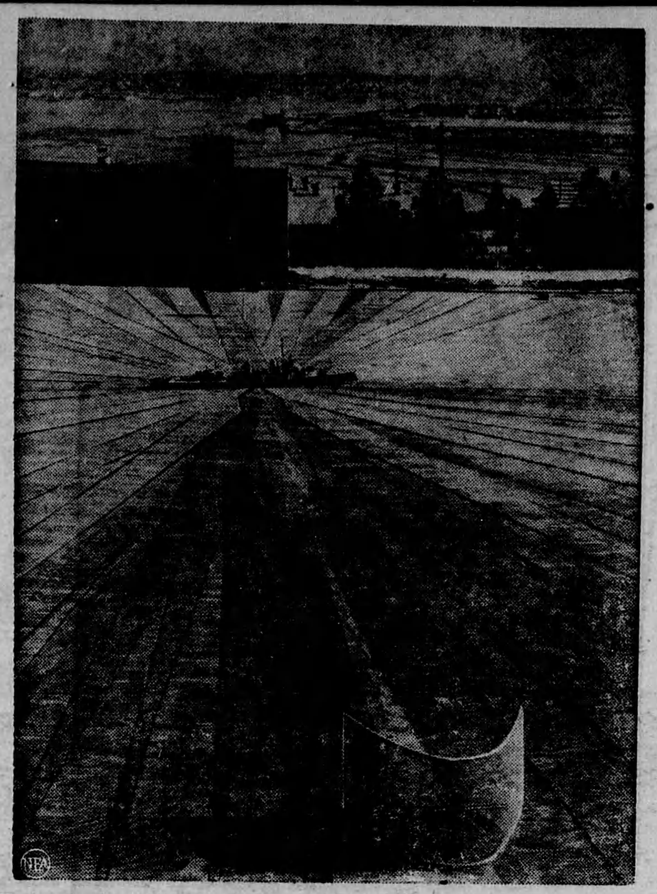


Enmeshed—This ship looks as if it's caught in a gigantic spider web — and that's not far from the truth. The ship is a brass scale model miniature "long hull" destroyer, whose topside structures are precisely scaled counterparts of those on full-sized naval vessels. The "web" in which it is apparently caught is a mesh of hardware cloth, mounted on a turntable. The set-up is used in investigating radiation characteristics of shipboard radio antennas. The hardware cloth simulates the conductivity of the ocean at regular communication frequencies

THE FARM-FRONT

by John Russell

A friend of mine who lives south of the border has sent me an article, written by an Iowa poultry expert, which deals with the important question of which is the better plan —to buy your chicken feed all ready mixed, or to do your own mixing.

* * *

As I believe a lot of readers of this column will be interested, I'm passing it along to you "without prejudice," as the lawyers put it. That is to say, the views expressed are not, necessarily, those that I happen to hold. So here goes.

* * *

Snall I buy my mixed poultry feed in the bag, or would it be better to mix my own?

The answer to this question depends upon the circumstances. But if you're an average flock owner, there's little reason why you should mix your own mash or concentrate today.

* * *

There's a difference between now and several years ago, when mixtures were less complex. Then, some of the ingredients were not used in such small quantities as they are now. They make mixing difficult.

* * *

In general, flock owners should buy chick starters in the bag unless they have large quantities of skim-milk. The amount of each nutrient required is exact, and there's a risk of not getting them mixed properly.

* * *

Not being able to get the right ingredients is another thing that points to the wisdom of buying baby chick feed in the bag.

* * *

Flock owners who have developed large poultry projects are the exception in feed mixing. Large-scale broiler plant owners may be justified in putting in a mixer, buying in quantity and mixing their own feeds.

* * *

But even big operators have found that there are more and bigger problems than they had expected. Most of them now depend upon reliable feed-mixing companies for all of their supplies for growing birds.

* * *

It should be further pointed out that a good chick ration, up to the salable age of the cockerels (about 12 weeks) is rich in minerals, vitamins and protein feeds the farmer does not have in dependable supply. Too, the chicks can be fed most conveniently by grinding and mixing all their feeds together.

The small amount of farm-grown feeds contained in the chick ration doesn't justify all the detail work of mixing, balancing and studying the cheapest or best combinations for producing the chick mash.

* * *

The laying ration presents another problem, although the principle is the same. Instead of the hens requiring a high-protein ration, as do chicks or turkey poults, they need a protien level of about 15' to 15½ per cent protein. Also in contrast with the chicks, the hens can eat large quantities of whole grain.

* * *

Since farmers usually have their own grains, it is most practical to feed a high-protein concentrate (about 26 per cent). Together, they will give you about the 15 per cent protein ration your hens need.

* * *

So the farm flock owner needs only to buy a properly balanced ready-mix of protein, mineral and vitamins to use his grains economically.

* * *

Experience with flock owners who mix their own chick mash or concentrate feeds from reliable formulas leads to the opinion that, too often, they try to change them.

* * *

They make substitutions, leave out certain feeds that are not available, or continue to use formulas long after better ones have been discovered through controlled experiments.

* * *

All this doesn't mean that flock owners should not know the secrets of nutrition in poultry feeding. On the contrary, they ought to be able to interpret the faults of malnutrition in abnormal birds.

* * *

They should take keener interest in knowing when to start grain feeding, or when to change to a concentrated growing feed from the baby chick mash.

* * *

But the poultryman is like the farmer who wisely has turned over the building of his machinery to skilled manufacturers. He can be compared to his wife, who has wisely given the task of making her husband's overalls to the quantity expert in clothing.

Not So Easy As It Looks

Believe me, most beginning authors have had to write their books in the time left over from an eight-hour job. Robert Frost, the poet, worked as a mill hand, as a farmer, and a school teacher; Walter de la Mare held a job as a bookkeeper for nearly eighteen years; Ring Lardner reported over fourteen hundred baseball games before he ever had time to write the short stories that made him famous; Thomas Mann sold fire insurance before his books won the Nobel Prize; Sinclair Lewis typed out his first two novels by night after spending his day as a publicity man for a New York publisher. An editor sees this fight going on at close quarters and, naturally, he wants to see his writers make enough from their books so that they will not have to rent themselves out to Hollywood or spend their entire year writing short stories for the pulp magazines. —From "The Care and Feeding of Authors," by Edward Weeks.

Comeback

Mrs. Browne rebuked her maid: "I wrote your name with my finger in the dust this morning."

"I know you did, mum," replied the girl, "and you spelt it wrong."

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

He-Man's Code

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

Andy had sensitive eyes and delicate hands, but Leonie, born and bred a westerner of pioneer stock, was human. She loved him. It wasn't until after they were married that she discovered he was a physical coward.

She found out the night of Serena Boone's engagement party. Tony Swift was there. As usual, he was drunk. He was a handsome devil, this Tony, tall and bronzed and reckless. He had been Leonie's childhood sweetheart. Folks said she would have married him if it were not for his drinking.

"If I ever see your gly face around here again, I'll kill you!"

The first thing Tony saw when he came through the door was Leonie and Andy dancing together. A scowl crossed his face. Then he laughed. When they whirled past him, he stepped up and whacked Andy on the back.

"Tony's cut," he grinned, "make way for a man."

Leonie flushed. Andy hesitated, looked at Tony, then gave way smiling. "Sure thing," he said, "your dance, Tony."

As soon as she could, without appearing too obvious, she asked Andy to take her home.

There she accused:

"Why did you let him insult you? Oh, the shame of it!"

Andy was startled and bewildered. "Let who insult me, honey?"

"Who?" She stared at him. "Tony Swift, of course! I was never so humiliated in my life."

"Tony? Oh, you mean because of what he said? Shucks, honey, Tony didn't mean anything. He was drunk."

The appalling truth flashed across Leonie's brain in that moment. Andy was a coward! He'd been afraid of Tony, which was why he evaded the issue! With a little whimpering cry, she turned and ran sobbing from the room.

A week later, on Saturday night, Andy stopped by at Seth Lancey's store to see Seth on a matter of business. A couple of boys from his mine were there, drinking at the bar. Minutes later, talking with Seth, he heard a rumpus out front. Investigating, he discovered that two boys were engaged in a brawl with three men from the Bar V cattle ranch. Andy stood by and watched a while. Others joined in. It began to look as though the place would be wrecked. Andy got out of there.

Leonie heard about it the next day. That settled things for her.

Andy was bewildered and unhappy. The next day he found himself brooding over the situation. By mid-afternoon, he could stand it no longer. Leaving Noah Tait in charge of operations, he drove home. As he strode up the walk he heard a cry. He burst open the door and found Tony Swift trying to kiss his wife. Tony wasn't drunk. He was babbling something about Leonie really loving him.

Tony whirled at the sound Andy made. His lip curled. "Oho! The sissy from Bos——"

Andy strode across the floor. His face was black. "I guess," he said bitterly, "you're dumb, after all. You need teaching." He struck out. Tony tried to dodge, but Andy's fist clipped him on the chin so hard that he went down.

"Damn you!" He lunged, but Andy wasn't where he expected. Andy's fist flashed out again, and again Tony went down. Andy jerked him to his feet and hit him again. He hit him a third time and a fourth. Blood covered Tony's face. Tony whimpered for mercy. Andy dragged him to the door and threw him out.

"Andy!" Leonie fled into his arms. "Oh, my darling, you were wonderful! Oh, precious, forgive me for what I said. Andy, why didn't you do that before — that night at the dance?"

Andy frowned. "Why, shucks, honey, I don't like to fight. Don't you see? He was drunk then. There was no need."

Leonie laid her head on his shoulder. "I see, darling. Of course I see."

But she didn't.

Wanted Company

He got out of bed at 2 a.m., threw a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, and galloped down two flights of stairs to the landlord's flat.

He rapped sharply. No answer. He knocked again, and again, Finally the door opened. A sleepy-eyed landlord stuck his head out.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want?"

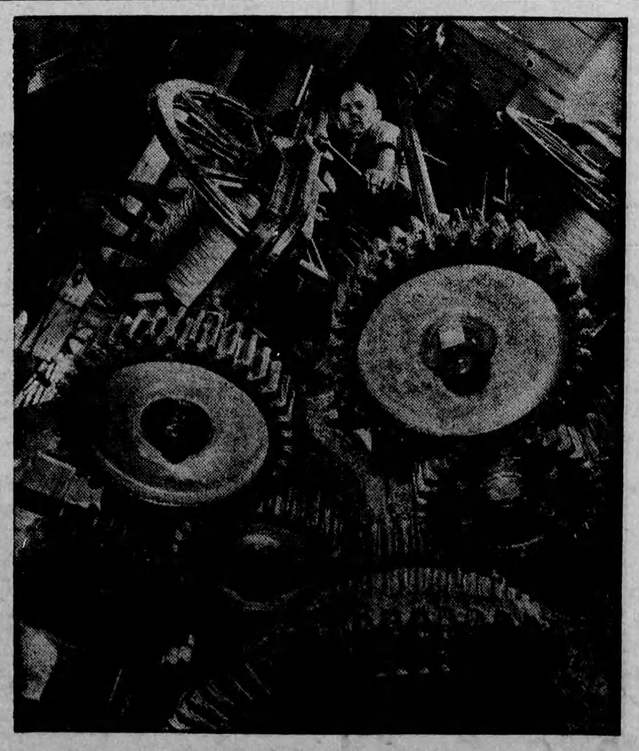
The other took a deep breath.

"I just want to inform you," he said, "that I won't be able to pay the rent this month."

"Is that why you woke me in the middle of the night? Couldn't you tell me that in the morning?"

The other nodded.

"Certainly," he admitted. "But why should I worry alone?"



Small Cog In Big Machine—Stephen Sivy is dwarfed amid the huge gears of this vertical layer machine in a cable plant, but he's the guy who makes it go. The 10-ton machine is braiding 20 miles of wire rope for elevators in the UN Secretariat Building. The elevators will transport an estimated 40,000 persons daily in the 39-story structure.

The BLACK HORSE "Do You Know" Advisory Panel

TED REEVE
well-known sports writer

LOUIS BOURDON
prominent radio singer and master of ceremonies

RICHARD PENNINGTON
University Librarian, McGill University

GREGORY CLARK
distinguished columnist

Do You Know...

if lightning can strike the same place twice?

Despite popular belief it has been proved that lightning can and does strike in the same place more than once. Any substance or building which attracts a discharge of lightning once will probably attract it again and again. The Empire State Building, for example, has been 'struck' by lightning scores of times — sometimes more than once in the same storm.

Do You Know . . . that each flash of lightning is not necessarily followed by a crash of thunder? Silent lightning is not unusual.

Do You Know . . . that lightning often comes up from the earth? This happens when charges of electricity shoot up from the ground, meet discharges from the clouds and cause lightning flashes.

Do You Know . . . that lightning does not zigzag, as it is popularly believed? Scientific investigation has shown that lightning travels in a long irregular, ribbon-like line — it is never acutely angled.

Do You Know any interesting and unusual facts? Our "Advisory Panel" will pay $25 for any authenticated readers' submissions if they are usable. All letters become our property. Write Black Horse Brewery, Station L, Montreal, P.Q.

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY