

**"As We See It"**

By J. A. Strang

WE NEVER know, do we? It was the picture of a young man in an Air Force uniform, with three stripes on his shoulder, in one of the exchanges last week, that brought it all back to memory. Underneath the picture was the information that the young man's parents had been notified that he had been killed in action last Tuesday. We didn't know him very well. He had arrived in our town to serve an apprenticeship with a druggist. Of course he was young and he had rather too much to say. It was the first time that he had been away from home and no doubt had a few things to find out; anyway he wasn't liked very well. We have to admit that we didn't care very much for him either, however we saw very little of him and perhaps we might never have thought of him again had we not noticed his picture in the paper. One winter afternoon we decided to drive down to Toronto to see a pro hockey game and as we had room for one more passenger we took this young lad along with us. There was nothing remarkable about that, we had taken good many boys down to see their first game in the Gardens and they always appreciated it. No we didn't care very much for this lad but he gave his life in order that we may continue to enjoy such privileges as a trip down to the city to see a hockey game. Maybe he did have too much to say but he was young and away from home. Today we are humbly grateful that we had taken enough interest in this young lad to take him to see his first pro hockey game and he did appreciate his first trip to Maple Leaf Gardens.

IF YOU ARE in the habit of listening to the Lux Theatre of the Air on Monday evenings, no doubt you will recall a recent presentation of the play "One Foot in Heaven" which was given on that program. The play was the life story of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Spence, of Newbridge, Ont. Bill Spence attended High School in Hamilton, Ont. in the 90's and his nick-name was "The Colt." He later on taught school for six years and then attended Toronto University. He had intended going through for medicine, however one Sunday evening while listening to a Methodist revivalist,

Bishop Hartwell, he decided to go in for the ministry. His bride was Hope Morris, the daughter of a Stratford, Ont. business man and they began life together in a parish in Iowa in a small town at the princely salary of \$25.00 a year provided he could collect it. The book from which the play "One Foot in Heaven" was taken was written by the oldest son of Mr. Spence, and gives one a good idea of the happenings that go to make up the average minister's life. The leaky paragon roof that was the cause of the sad events being splashed and then the young bride being unable to fix up the paragon to suit herself without offending the Ladies' Aid. Mr. Spence is dead but his widow and three children reside in the United States. Two of his sisters reside near Palmerston, Ontario.

THE WAR affects different people in different ways but here is one that deserves honorable mention we think. He is one of those fellows that is unable to say more than about six words at a time without taking a puff at a cigarette. We feel like telling him to swallow the blamed thing and be done with it. He gives us the idea of perhaps getting inspiration from the cigarette as he goes along. But the war is to blame for the whole thing. It seems that he used to use his car to go down town in the city to work but with gas restrictions and the situation as it is he finds that he is compelled to leave the car at home and use the bus. He lives away up north in the city and his community is not served by street car. He doesn't like the bus and maybe you have guessed by now the reason. To use his own words "Everybody smokes on the bus and I can't stand it." We felt sorry for him, it apparently never occurred to him that other people might have felt like objecting to his smoke and now he is getting paid back in his very own coin and he can't take it. Perhaps the war may even teach him a lesson.

Here is an old time motto: "If your nose is close to the grindstone, rough. And you hold it down there long enough. In time you will say there is no such thing. As brooks that babble and birds that sing. These three will all the world compose. Just you and the grindstone and your darned old nose."

**SOY BEANS**

By J. C. Shackley, B.S.A., Director, Western Ont. Experimental Farm, Ridgeway

Soy beans have been grown in Ontario for the past forty or fifty years. They have been used mostly as a feed for livestock as the price for soy beans for oil extraction was not sufficiently high to make it attractive to the farmers. Soy beans and soy bean products have been brought to North America from the Orient. Since the present war has spread to Asia, these products are no longer available on this continent, consequently the price has risen so that soy beans have now become an attractive cash crop. Soy beans are needed at the present time to supply the necessary ingredients for the manufacture of munitions, as well as other necessary articles. They therefore, become another product that the farmers of Ontario are asked to supply as a war necessity.

The soy bean is an annual, legume plant that grows erect. It varies in height from one to five feet, according to the variety, soil and climatic conditions. In Ontario the very early varieties are shorter than the later types. It has a tap root and the seed pods are borne along the stalk from the tip to the ground.

Soy beans grow and develop best in the grain corn growing areas of the province. They thrive on a wide range of soil, from the heavy clay to the sandy loams and are more tolerant to acid conditions in the soil and use the legume. They respond fairly well to applications of mineral fertilizers, particularly following a crop where heavy applications of these fertilizers have been made the year previous. Soy beans are one of the crops that do well on the soil year after year. This is probably due to the building up of the nitro-fixing forms of bacteria. They also respond well to nitro-culture, particularly on soils where they have not been grown previously. Where nitro-culture is not used, the same effect can be obtained by spreading some soil from a field that has grown soy beans in previous years. Nitro-culture may be secured at cost from the Agricultural Office in Milton.

There are many varieties of soy beans. The three leading ones in the Province of Ontario are Mandarin O.A.C. 211 and A.K. They are all adapted to Southwestern Ontario. There is very little difference in the yield of these three varieties but they vary somewhat as to maturity. The A.K. is the latest of the three and is best suited in Essex and part of Kent County. If sown outside this district, they should be planted early in order to mature properly. The Mandarin is not so strong a grower but yields well in the corn belt. If sown early, 10th of May, they will ripen early enough to follow with the fall wheat crop in the fall. The O.A.C. 211 is about a week earlier maturing than the Mandarin in Southwestern Ontario.

Soy beans are best planted in rows, by sowing them in every fourth spout of the grain drill, thus making the rows 28" apart, has proven a satisfactory method in most districts. 30 lbs. of Mandarin and A.K. varieties are sufficient to sow an acre while it requires about 45 lbs. of O.A.C. 211 as these beans are somewhat larger in size.

Soy beans are, by no means, a crop suitable for smothering weeds. They do best planted on a clean field. Harrowing after the crop is up, is a good practice and will tend to keep a lot of the annual weeds in check and will save a good deal of labour later on in the season. After the beans are well up they should be cultivated in about the same way as corn or the field bean crop.

As the soy beans ripen, the leaves fall off but they do not have to be harvested at once and may be left for a few weeks, if other work is pressing at the time. In this way, they end themselves to be harvested with a combine. There is some difficulty in saving the bottom pods with a combine but this is a difficulty that is present in any method of harvesting. The binder will leave a few as well. The binder, or combine, with satisfactory methods of harvesting than any other at the present time. They save time and labour and get away from gathering up a lot of soil with the crop, if they are harvested with a bean puller.

Soy beans may be harvested with a bean mill. A regular grain thrasher is apt to split a great many of the beans. If this machine is used, the cylinder speed should be reduced to about half of its regular rate. The other parts of the machine should operate at the normal speed. In addition, the teeth in the concave should be reduced to a single row or should be replaced altogether by wooden blanks.

If the weather is wet at harvesting time, considerable care should be taken as the soy beans might contain too high a percentage of moisture to keep properly in storage. Soy beans that are harvested wet should always be tested for germination before planting, as their vitality may have been injured either by heavy frost or by heating in the bin.

**M.O.H. REPORT FOR APRIL**

The April report of Dr. C. V. Williams, Medical Officer of Health for Georgetown, shows six cases of measles as the only communicable diseases occurring during that month:

Chickenpox	0
Scarlet Fever	0
Measles	6
German Measles	0
Mumps	0
Infantile Paralysis	0
Typhoid Fever	0
Whooping Cough	0
Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis (Epidemic)	0

Send in your social and personal items they are appreciated by Herald readers.

**NEW FIRE TOWER NEAR "GEORGETOWN PLANTATION" IN MUSKOKA DISTRICT**

The following from Mrs. Andrew Hocking, of Yearleys, Muskoka, will be of interest to men in Georgetown and community, who own several hundred acres in the vicinity of Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, reforested with pine and other trees. This newly erected "fire tower" about 8 miles from the "Georgetown plantation," is nearer to Huntsville, and has had many visitors, who have scaled the high tower to look from its top-most window. Even a few daring ladies have ventured to its height. We quote from the Huntsville Forester:

"Following unanimous endorsement of the government programme to include all Muskoka municipalities within the government fire area, the new fire tower, promised as one of the extensions of fire fighting facilities in this locality, has been finally completed. The new tower is located in Huntsville Township, on what is known as Henderson's Hill, at Ewell, Muskoka district. Its high elevation commands a survey of a large area in that part of the district, and its connection with two other towers it is proposed to erect, in other parts of the district, will amalgamate the chain of towers in Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, thus completing a program for more effective fire fighting effort in the two districts. It is understood that no staff has yet been appointed to take charge of the service in the vicinity of the new area. The extension will be under the direct care of the central fire fighting organization at Parry Sound. The Georgetown pine plantation was planted in May of 1936, and trees have made excellent growth during the years. Their seventh year-growth on fields previously barren shows now a young green forest where pioneer pine over 60 and 50 years ago stood towering to the skies. It is a real pine flat. Its soil and climate especially suitable for pine.

**PORTUGUESE BULLFIGHT BRILLIANT PAGEANT**

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A bull had his chance. A torreador slipped and fell on the sand. The bull immediately stood aside until he got up. But the Portuguese don't ask the bulls to fight more than once. They retire after one public appearance. Perhaps that's just as well. The bull, back in the pasture field, might get to thinking, "Now, if I had only run at the man instead of that red rag." And if any bulls get ideas like that, it might end bull-fighting.

There remained one mystery. How about those "torres dismabellas"? We asked the young lieutenant and he laughed heartily. "Why," he said, "the Portuguese don't disembowel our bulls. It means, how you say it? Oh yes, 'six disabled bulls.' You see, the ones that fight the horses have brass balls on their horns so they cannot tear the horses' flanks; the ones that fight the men have no balls on their horns."

So that was that!

*"Hitler would just love to see how smart you look!"*



"Yes, you're smart... or are you? I thought I was smart too, back in the 20's. Then the depression came and taught me a lesson!"

"We'd be a lot smarter if we put less of our money into our own outfits and more of it into the outfits of the boys who are defending us. How? By pledging ourselves to do without so that they may have plenty to do with!"

"You want them to win, don't you? Well then, buy War Savings Stamps every week... That's how you can help them. Besides, by saving, you'll help keep prices down and have something for a rainy day. Let's be really smart!"

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