

When Farm Folk Meet . . .

(This article, written by Miss Wilma Stull of the Georgetown Public School staff, appeared in the October issue of the Farmer's Magazine, and speaks of her fel-

low members of the Stone School Farm Forum).
The stone school at the four corners had always been just a land-

mark, to which older people pointed, saying "That is where we went to school as children." Now, the same people point to it with the words, "That is where we met for our farm forums."

In reality the meeting place is not as important as the meeting—neighbors meeting neighbors on a friendly footing, forgetting past grudges, and realizing one has as much right to be there as another.

The members of the forum vary in age, ability, status, and even outlook. They range in age from eight months to eighty years, or more. The majority of houses holds represented are farmer folk, but in the group may also be found a retired optician, who might prefer to be spoken of as a successful Shorthorn breeder, living on the old family homestead with pride in every inch of it. On the pattern maker the whole society hinges. If he says "It is to be—", it will be. He and his weaver wife are unconsciously responsible for the fine pattern of social woven around the farm meetings. There are also car salesmen, summer cottagers and some teachers on whom jobs fall without mercy. It takes all these with our fine farm folk to make our circle complete. Some of these are born leaders, others born cooks, but each has some latent talent that before long comes to the fore.

The meetings, too, seem varied. During the year we have experienced sleighriding parties, euchres, dances, plays, presentations, lantern slides, strawberry socials, picnics, and corn roasts. No member's heart is too far from his stomach and I never could decide whether it was sociability or satiability that attracted such large crowds to our gatherings. On the evening of St. Patrick's Day the men took everything into their own hands, being the hosts of the evening. The ladies, with hands folded idly in their laps, were guests. The gentlemen donned various styles of aprons, some green-dotted organdie, others large, stiffly starched white bib aprons attached securely with reliable-sized safety-pins. They kept the ladies occupied with contests while they smoothly and efficiently set up tables, spread with St. Patrick paper tablecloths, and set forth a repast unsurpassed perhaps by any other than Laurier House chefs. Not a dish was broken, not a grouchy face was perceived, not an awkward man was in the midst. There was no stint in energy, or cost. The men bought united cakes, and used them tastefully in green mint frosting served with St. Patrick's ice cream. No dish was left unwashed. All praise that night went to the men who so deservedly had earned it, but who had teased inquisitive members intended to serve Irish stew. The Scottish members were told it might be oatmeal.

But there is an intellectual side to our meetings for mind surely is more important than appetite. Dutifully the members formed into small discussion groups, each with a leader tearing the sheet of paper that held the questions to be answered. Some faithfully pursued the designated topics of debate while some men meandered into the by-paths of auction sales, the price of beef cattle, the new stretch of road, or the newcomers on the old Noble farm. The women occasionally drifted into talk of canning, quilting, fall fairs or new babies.

Often a neighbouring forum would be invited. New faces, new ideas, and news of another community added enjoyment. Sometimes we were the guests, and they the telephone would ring with the message, "We'll pick you up at 8.15 — no need of everybody taking his car." The days of neighbourliness decidedly are not over in every community.

We are always glad when Monday evening comes around. The old limestone school rings with laughter and merriment, and the old oak clock looks down on a happy throng who know each other better in one short year than they ever did in twenty long years previously. What would the clock say if he could more than tick tock? Does he feel like smiling to see two men talking pleasantly to each other who a few short years ago quarrelled violently over a corn cutting? Does he enjoy the blunt sarcasm of the eye-doctor's remarks when he denounces these new fancy grated sandwiches, and also nail polish and tells the young girls how they should wear their hair to be more attractive? Does he feel a little panicky when the coffee-makers, in good faith, approach the fickle electric plate to heat the kettles, and to their distress find they must rush off to the nearest farm-house to secure boiling water for the brew? Perhaps he wonders whether these ladies will ever get their car through the drifting sleet without difficulty, and when the men with the wrong overcoats will discover their mistake. No, it is not for him to reveal jokes, or secrets, or gossip. He must tell nothing more, nothing less than the time, and often he is upbraided for allowing it to pass

POPPY DAY THOUGHT

Poppy Day is November 6th. The following poem, with a few minor changes, was found in a suit jacket pocket sent in to the Poppy Fund for disposal.

If you see him slouching up the street,
His shoulders round and bent,
And his little button tells you,
He's one of those who went,
Remember, folks, he's weary,
That his best of life is spent,
And he's had to live a thousand ways
His Maker never meant.

They've passed him out the Army,
And he's maybe marked "A1",
And he looks as good as any man
Who never faced a gun.
But there's little terms a'piling,
There's a fatal work begun,
And the soldier knows within his heart
That he's done, done, done.

All the vital strength and manhood
That once kept him so fit,
He expended out in action,
Doing all his little bit.
Aid he did it well, remember?
Though he chewed up most the grit,
So he hadn't much to go on
When he got his civvy kit.

And you set him down to win out
'Gainst the man who stayed behind,
The man who scooped the melon
And left to him the rind.
And though he toils and toils away
In one perpetual grind,
He can never make the leeway,
And it rankles in his mind.

Yes! He's the man who saved
your home,
And the world all calls him brave,
And history books in days to come
All over him will rave.
But the country that he fought for,
And gave his best to save,
Should see he doesn't suffer
For the service that he gave.

— Anonymous.

CANADIAN HOLSTEIN SETS NEW WORLD RECORD

A purebred Canadian Holstein named Roeland Rag Apple Lilly owned by John W. Greenwood, Maple, Ontario, has just established a new World Record for butterfat production in the two-year-old class over all breeds on twice-a-day milking. Although she made her record as a junior two-year-old "Lilly" production of 827 lbs. fat from 18,593 lbs. milk, average test 4.45 percent butterfat beats any previous record made by either a senior or junior two-year-old.

This record-breaking production tends to confirm the old adage that great daughters have great mothers for the dam of "Lilly" is an outstanding producer in her own right. She is Geraldine Pabst Alcartra whose 365 day record of 866 lbs. fat from 21,956 lbs. milk made as a five-year-old stands second for all time in Canada in the mature class. In the same lactation she produced in 365 days 928 lbs. fat from 23,626 lbs. milk. "Lilly" also has a full sister, Roeland Rag Apple Daisy, whose junior two-year-old record of 762 lbs. fat from 17,211 lbs. milk is the fourth highest ever made in Canada in its class.

The former World Champion junior two-year-old was the Canadian Holstein Bonnie Segis Keyes owned by Leslie Thompson, Woodstock, who made her record of 777 lbs. fat from 20,479 lbs. milk in 1941. The World Champion senior two-year-old is O.H.H. Bonheur Darkness owned by The Ontario Hospital, Hamilton, who in 1946 produced 820 lbs. fat from 19,193 lbs. milk.



IN THE SHOW KNOW — Keeping tabs on what's new in the theatre, film and radio worlds so she can tell listeners all about the latest shows in her weekly broadcast is the job of Susan Fletcher, above. Her news and views of activities in the entertainment field, the Susan Fletcher Show is heard from Vancouver on Mondays at 10.30 p.m. on Dominion.

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TUESDAY — John St., College View, Rosetta, Caroline, Paper Mill Road, 9th Line, Water Street and Mill Street.

WEDNESDAY — All streets west of Main Street in Ward 3 and George, James and Draper Streets.

THURSDAY — Queen, McNabb, Emery, King, Union, Murdock, Durham, Albert and Guelph Streets.

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