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ONE GOOD TURN —

Success of last week's Lancaster County Cattle Feeders' Tour points up the fact that such travels can be beneficial as well as interesting and informative.

Throughout, the reaction of the feeders on tour was excellent. Some were quoting figures on the return trip. Some counted acres in the King Ranch Buck and Doe Run Valley Farms. Others tallied the Fords that rolled off the production line in Chester.

Another man remarked that it was really a tour of assembly and disassembly procedures; seeing automobiles being assembled, livestock disassembled in the packing plant; beef being assembled on the Medford Farms and Buck and Doe. In reality, it's all a pattern of production, assembly. In the packing plant one item was disassembled, it is true, but reassembled into a variety of meats and meat products.

The fact so many turned out—over 320—for the bus tour was most encouraging to County Agent Max M. Smith and members of his committee who planned the tour, who earlier made a "dry run" of the route. Finer weather one could not ask. Finer examples might be hard to find.

But, the willingness of the Garden Spot farmers — whose production records are tops—to step across the line, across the county line to see how others do it was heartening. Seeing how others do the job, they may pick up an idea or two, just as visitors do on a tour of Lancaster County. This was a case of looking beyond the forest. For many, it was new territory, new experiences, from which can come a wealth of ideas.

One good turn deserves another, and County Agent Smith reflected the enthusiasm when he said this was but the start. There will be more trips. Lancaster County, well known for its own offerings agriculturally, took a look beyond its borders.

For a starter, this was tops.

AH, IT'S AUTUMN

From one of our landlocked midwestern plains' friends come a note, "Sumac is beautiful, trees are turning muchly. Surely would love to see Pennsylvania now. Would enjoy an editorial on it, but would so long to see Lancaster County."

Well, my friend, autumn is here. There's a splash of reds and greens and golds, yellows and browns, tawny tans and a sky of purest blue in Pennsylvania now. That magic brush dipped in a paint pot of endless hues has swept down the hillsides, into the valleys. Once in awhile the colors were just splashed or splattered in the most subtle movement.

Day by day you notice the difference in Pennsylvania. There's a development, richer and richer day by day. Leaves are whisked up like mammoth pieces of confetti, then lazily swirl back to the road and roadside. Even the sun is doing more than its share, filtering rays through turning tree top to give a most brilliant ceiling to tunnels roads make through timber. It's glistening, goldeh.

No artist would dare use such clashing color so recklessly. Man with dye and fabric could never catch the shades and tones.

No need to dream of sunlit, warm beaches where it's green the year 'round. Let the Rockies have their springtime; let the Caribbean have its warm winter blues of water and rich greens of palm. A year without autumn — such as Lancaster County is enjoying now — would be lifeless.

FUR COATS' RETURN

Looks like the day of the raccoon coat is returning from the roaring twenties. Mens' fashions are picking up ideas of some decades back, and decree that fur will have a place, real or synthetic.

It may give a boost to the wool market for the fabric field is tremendous.

50 Years Ago

This Week on Lancaster Farms

50 YEARS AGO (1906)
 By JACK REICHARD

Experiments carried on at the Iowa Experiment Station in 1906 showed that a ton of cobs as thrown from the chute of a large canning factory have the capacity of producing 11 gallons of alcohol. It was also found that a ton of the green cornstalks produced six gallons of alcohol. The cost of producing the alcohol was placed at three cents per gallon.

Turkeys Kill Grasshoppers

Out in Kansas, they had a new reason for raising turkeys. One farmer had discovered that a turkey was the best kind of grasshopper machine, claiming that he had saved his alfalfa crop from destruction from the insects by use of the fowl. In his particular case, the number of turkeys employed was one to the acre.

Elsewhere in the country, complaints were heard about some of the so-called butter-milk retailed in cities, 50 years ago this week. It was pointed out that the product was never even associated with a lump of butter, but it was made of skim milk left to sour, then placed in a churn and agitated until the curd was broken up.

Farmers Halt B&O Railroad

In Ohio, near Lodi, armed citizens were patrolling the B. & O. Railroad in protest of a cut-off line across a country road at a grade several feet higher than the highway. Nearly a hundred farmers with their teams had pulled three locomotives and several cars off the track into the ditch and declared the objectionable crossing by the company on the present grade.

Fifty years ago this week, blizzard weather was reported at Frostberg, Maryland, where snow fell in large quantities. Other high points in the Alleghenies reported similar conditions.

Dog Star's Companion

Fifty years ago, Sirius, the dog-star, had a companion. It was first discovered in 1862, and in 1890 it disappeared. The reason for its disappearance was explained that it had moved so close to Sirius that it would be lost to view because of the overpowering light of the dog star. It was estimated that the missing satellite would reappear within 16 years after it had disappeared. (The expectation was fulfilled in October, 1906; the satellite was reported seen at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona.)

25 Years Ago

The first annual State Egg-Laying Contest got underway in the new poultry buildings on the State Hospital grounds near the State Farm Show Building at Harrisburg. Seventy-five pens of 13 hens each were entered for production records.

A. A. of F. Formed On Long Island

The American Federation of Farmers was organized at a meeting held at Setauket, Long Island, N. Y., in the heart of Long Island's farming district. The object of the organization was to enlist a nation wide membership among farmers, regardless of the extent or character of their production, that they might be properly represented within the State and Federal governments without political sentiment. The organizers made no misleading statements to per-

ant of their undertakings, plans for the elimination of the middle man by establishment of direct points of distribution, adjustment of surpluses and "consequently prices of garden truck, suade farmers to join, but they listed, among the most important wheat and cotton". The Federation had immediate plans where-by it was believed that the farmer and his banker would be brought closer together.

Farm Women No. 11 At Mechanic's Grove

Twenty five years ago this week, Farm Women Society No. 11 met with Mrs. Rudolph Eshleman, Mechanics Grove. The meeting was in charge of the president, Mrs. William Bucher, and was opened with singing followed by devotions in charge of Mrs. Harry McCommon.

On the southern Lancaster County farm of Christian Eckman, a fox was holed after an exciting chase lasting two and a half hours. Those taking part in the hunt were, J. Clyde Linton, Norman Neff, Charles McCrabb and Maurice and Herbert Neff.

That same week, Mrs. Wiley Ham, of Unicorn, while cutting corn with an axe for her chickens cut off the ends of two fingers just back of the nails.

Voice of Lancaster Farms

AMERICAN FARMER

Adams County, Iowa — Dear Ernie. We are busy, corn picking has started, 250 acres to pick. We have had rain, wonderful rain, quite a relief, two and one-half inches Saturday night and a quarter inch Monday morning. Now we don't have to worry about fire in the corn fields, so much that is.

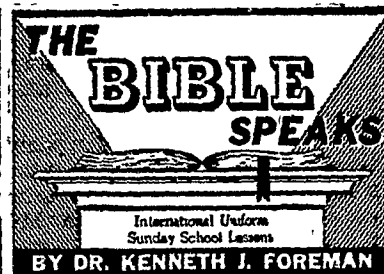
Dean Curtis — your nephew—received his degree as American Farmer at the FFA convention in Kansas City, and was going to try to look up James A. Hess from Strasburg — Your sister, Dot.

SOMETHING

In the good old days a government could spend a million dollars, and have something to show for it. — Grit.

Record Price For Bulls

A record price for bulls of any breed sold at auction in the country in 1931 was established when the prize Guernsey bull from the herd owned by the late William H. Williams, president of the Wabash Railroad, was sold at Springfield, Massachusetts, for \$3900. The seventy five head of pure bred Guerneys on sale brought \$54,215. The world-famous Shuttlewick Levity, several times grand champion cow of the Eastern States Exposition and the National Dairy Show, was bought by Arthur G. Galusha and Sons of Green Meadow



Background Scripture: Psalm 23.
 Devotional Reading: Ezekiel 34:11-16.

The Paths of God

Lesson for October 23, 1956

WITH a poem, the best thing to do is not to listen to a professor analyzing it. This may be of some help if the poem is an obscure one. But where the words are simple, you don't need a professor. What you need to do is to listen to someone read it who knows how to read



Dr. Foreman

That is to say, commit it to memory, file it in your little grey cells so that you will always be able to find it. Millions of people have done just this with what is perhaps the most widely loved poem in the world, the 23rd Psalm.

God the Shepherd

No commentary can improve on it, and this column does not pretend to do anything but set down a foot-note or two to an inspired masterpiece. The first footnote is on this picture of God as a Shepherd. One thing this brings out is the vast difference between God and ourselves. The shepherd can get along by himself; the sheep cannot. The sheep knows only what is just a few feet in front of him. He has a poor memory and very poor judgment. The Shepherd has to think ahead all the time. There are notions of religion that speak of God as the "man upstairs" and similar familiar expressions. There are notions about God that put him down on a sort of buddy-buddy basis with ourselves. How silly! Some people even think that if they just pray hard enough, that is, they want something enough, keep nagging God long enough, is bound to see it their way and them have what they ask.

God Cares for Me

It has been found that one f

way to read this Psalm is to read it aloud, emphasizing the personal pronouns. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want . . . I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me . . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me . . . Religion has to be in the first person singular or it isn't real. You can go all your life knowing this-Shepherd Psalm by heart, and thinking what a lovely picture this is, of God the Shepherd of his people. But then one day you make the psalm your own, not in mind only but in heart—the Lord is MY Shepherd!—and then it simply comes alive. It helps, too, to remember the difference between a shepherd in David's time (and still, in that country) and a sheep-herder today. A farmer, in Kentucky for instance, who raises sheep just has them in a big pasture well fenced in. He has to keep his eye on them, all right, but then he can go to town or do other things. In a big, green pasture a sheep can't do itself too much damage. But in Palestine, with no big green pasture, only little narrow strips of green along creek beds in rocky ravines, with jackals and other animals always on the prowl on the wild unfenced hillsides, the shepherd simply has to be there protecting and guiding each sheep personally or they will be ruined. So God the Shepherd cares for me, individually, he protects me, fights for me, he does not intend that I should be lost.

The Paths of God

Some kinds of religion, even some kinds of the Christian religion, think of God as living in some sublime heaven, watching man as he toils along his low and winding trail. The picture in this beloved Psalm is quite different. The Shepherd travels with his sheep, from one pasture to another. When one stream or water hole dries up, the Shepherd knows where another is, and leads the flock there. So the Bible reveals to us a God who, hard as this may be to believe, actually shares our afflictions, is close beside us at every step. So the paths the flock of God follow are his paths, not because he laid them out but because they are the paths where he goes. They are not easy. The peace of God is not freedom from danger. The paths of God go by cliffs where falling rocks threaten; they lead to springs and streams that will die in summer's heat, they descend among the shadows of death, they are within sight of God's enemies and ours. But since they are God's paths, we walk secure, knowing His choice is always best.

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