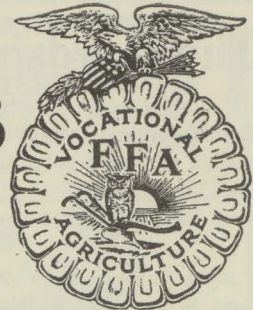


Chapter Chats



Published Bi-Monthly by

The Virginia Association, Future Farmers of America
The State Organization of Boys Studying Vocational Agriculture
In the High Schools of Virginia

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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VOL. XVI.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, JULY, 1943.

No. 4.

State Convention Program Completed Delegates Urged to Attend 1943 Rally

The program has been completed for the Seventeenth State Annual Convention of the Virginia Association of Future Farmers of America. It has been necessary, of course, to greatly streamline the convention due to war conditions. Every effort is being made to cooperate in reducing travel in order to avoid congestion and conserve tires and gasoline.

Approximately 300 to Attend.

The State Association has been reduced from a peace time attendance of 1400 to approximately 300. Those to attend will be constituted delegates from each chapter; 30 State Farmer applicants; State Officers and a limited number of Advisers to assist in the conduct of the convention. It is more important now than ever that emphasis be placed on leadership and that the business of the Association be conducted in an efficient manner. Every effort must be made to strengthen the local chapters, the federations and the State Association. Leadership training and business will be the theme of the convention. The program has been planned in such a way that every one in attendance will have a definite part to play. It is strongly urged that every chapter be represented by one delegate. The Third Degree applicants selected to attend will be notified and they are strongly urged to be present because from this group the 1943-44 officers will be elected.

Future Homemakers to Meet at Same Time.

The Future Homemakers of Virginia will this year hold their Second Annual Convention. For the first time the two meetings will be held at the same place and at the same time. The programs run concurrently and the few recreational activities of the convention will be held jointly. By holding the meetings at the same place it will give the two or-

ganizations an opportunity to work out plans whereby they might best cooperate. The F. F. A. is intensely interested in the success of the Future Homemakers Organization. The stronger the two organizations can become, the more effective can be the entire program for the development of leadership and cooperation among the youth of Virginia. The program of the F. F. A. Convention is submitted below:

PROGRAM

The Seventeenth Annual
State Convention
Virginia Association
Future Farmers of America

Sunday, August 22nd. Afternoon.

3:00 Executive Committee Meeting.

Monday, August 23rd. Morning.

9:00 Executive Committee Meeting.

Afternoon.

2:00 - 5:30 Registration and Assignment of Quarters. Swimming and Games.

6:00 Supper.

8:00 Welcome Address, Dr. William E. Hudson.
Get Acquainted Program, W. R. Legge.

11:00 Lights Out.

Tuesday, August 24th. Morning.

6:30 Reveille.

7:30 Breakfast.

9:00 First Session, Seventeenth Annual F. F. A. Convention.
Group Singing, Dr. Luther Richman.

9:15 Nominations for State Farmer Degree, Dowell J. Howard.
Election of Nominees.

(Continued on page 6.)

Dublin Chapter Boys Serve in Armed Forces

By Henry C. Groseclose, State Adviser.

The Dublin chapter has 82 Future Farmers in the armed services, or about 30 per cent of all former members. This is the story of two of these Dublin boys—one has received the Silver Star for conspicuous gallantry under fire and the other has become a lieutenant colonel because he is a real leader of men.

Frank Jordon, Jr.

Frank's mother dressed him carefully for his first day in school. His rompers were white, clean and freshly ironed. When Frank came home that afternoon his rompers were covered with grass stains and his tousled hair not only needed combing—it needed washing. There was a smile on his face and a glint in his eye as he announced to his astonished mother that he was trying out for the first grade football team.

Later, two years later, when he had acquired a pony and a twenty-two rifle, he used to ride his pony down the farm lane at full speed and knock splinters off the telephone poles as he passed them. He carried his gun wherever he went on the farm and many crows and groundhogs never lived to tell the other crows and groundhogs about a small, stalking figure that moved silently and shot straight. When Frank got his first shotgun he promptly became one of the best quail shots in Pulaski County.

In high school Frank was president of the senior class and president of his F. F. A. chapter. He had ten brood sows. He knew where to buy calves and hogs, how to fatten them and where to sell them for the most money. He knew where to sell his father's apple crop to the best advantage. He knew his surroundings.

His farm earnings paid his way through his freshman year at V. P. I. At V. P. I. he made the wrestling team. It took a good man to muss up his rompers now. Occasionally he went back

(Continued on page 7.)

The Hardships of War in New Guinea

Captain T. J. Horne Writes Home.

Editor's Note: Superintendent A. C. Gilkeson of Augusta County has been kind enough to permit publication of excerpts from a letter recently received from Captain Thomas J. Horne. Captain Horne is a former F. F. A. Adviser. He tells of most interesting experiences and sends greetings to the F. F. A. This is a letter every F. F. A. member should read.

Some time back in days gone by I seem to have had a dream of Virginia. So long ago that now it seems the memory of life then was only a dream. A dream overshadowed by the struggle of races and dwarfed by the struggle for existence under primitive conditions. Conditions so primitive that money has no value. Silver and Gold are used for ornaments but not as barter. The true values are measured in terms of food, shelter and health, all of which go to make physical stamina, an essential for continued existence in tropical islands.

It would be very interesting to tell you of my routes of travel, places visited, actions participated in and scenes that have made history during 45,000 miles of travel, yet it will have to suffice for me to say that I have seen hundreds of South Sea islands from both land and air. Have enjoyed their beauties and suffered their hardships that only war can create. All of them have their beautiful scenes, waving palms, sandy beaches, pale moonlight and all that could be desired to create a picture of romance, yet so little is ever heard of the other side of the picture that can be so harsh and cruel.

The struggle against nature and climate goes on for 24 hours each day. Heat saps your energy during the day as you plod along in black slimy mud created by the routine nightly torrential rainfall. Not enough this, but thousands of insects fight for their daily meal of blood as you swat madly at them feasting on all parts of your body, all the time wishing for a dozen hands so you could have some chance of keeping them off. Suddenly you take a vicious swing at one of them and a vine ties both your feet up and plop you go into some briary leaved palm that pierces you with thousands of stickers. You try to rise and find that your pack has been grabbed by a whole cluster of briars and you have to eradicate yourself from it in order to move again. With a heave and a shrug the side-arms is finally loosened and then you see a thousand red ants moving into the shirt sleeve of the arm pinned beneath you; they are carrying their eggs all ready to set up house-keeping. With a final lurch you are free and madly you rip off your shirt to get rid of the ants and in doing so strike a tree that showers down huge

wads of green ones that sting very badly. Finally with the help of your companions (Cobbers) you are rid of them, cut the pack loose, have two men lift it back to your shoulders, fasten it, give a shrug and start off to regain the lost distance.

After winding, twisting and weaving through the narrow trail that has been cut through solid vegetation you bump up against the man you were following. He looks at you and hands you a machette and says it's your turn to cut trail. Forward foot by foot you cut, shove and trample a trail that can be followed. After cutting a thick patch of ferns you come out upon a solid mat of huge vines flat on the ground so taking the easiest course you wade out over them and suddenly down below you there is no ground, even the trees are far below. You hesitate, look both ways and find you're in the center, then with a shrug you curve your toes inside your shoes as if you could hold on with them and balance, wobble and finally plunge across to the other side with cold perspiration standing out on your feverish brow.

Once over you give a shrug and move on to find yourself leading through a forest so heavy that even at midday the light is no stronger than dusk. Huge bats float by and just as they drift almost upon you emit a shriek that sends tingles up your spine.

Alert now, silently you move on, the undergrowth becomes heavier until once more you cut a path through every foot. A forward step, a squash of water, another palm leaf cut and down you go to your waist in a black, slimy, stinking sago swamp. Plod on through up the other side and there you emerge into a grass patch.

You are relieved and someone else cuts the trail. One hundred yards into the grass and the heat surrounds you. A moist heat that rises up as if it were coming from a furnace under your feet and being held in around you by the solid walls of grass towering far above your head. Men fall out from heat exhaustion, you lift up your face and pray for one breath of cool air but trudge on to the very point of final endurance and there you reach a piece of forest ground, a sandy soil and drop from exhaustion.

You rest and slowly enough energy returns until you can eat a can of cold hash. Returning strength revives the mind enough that it starts working, so you dig a slit-trench, roll into it and fall asleep. The bugs, ants, etc., make no difference now, they aren't even felt.

Hugs black clouds roll overhead, the night suddenly turns dark, the jungle storm has broken and down it comes into your face, you turn over on one side, raise an arm over your head and resume your rest. Slowly the water rises until by morning only your nose remains above the water and that only because you gradually sat up as the water rose.

Light comes and another day begins in the life of a soldier in a South Sea island. Is it any wonder that our fight against the jungle, climate, sickness, disease and a stubborn enemy is a tough one?

Much of the bally-hoo that you have heard about the Jap is untrue. He is a strange individual and to understand him you must know something of his background and customs. Once these are understood, many of his actions that strike us as being dumb can be easily explained. Just remember that the average Jap soldier was a coolie and has always served, therefore he knows only to obey, so they carry out their orders until none of them are left. They do not think, have no initiative and are panicky once they are thrown on their own. In brief they are dumb, cruel, beast-like individuals that have been drilled until they have become routinized. Their outstanding characteristic is their ability to withstand privation and hardship even to the bitter end. They can be beaten as we have and are proving it, and no Jap can hold his own against an American, however there is enough competition to keep our nerves alert and to enable us to say there's never a dull moment in New Guinea.

I know that you want me to tell you of the war and what I am now doing but that can't be done without endangering the security of our forces, and of less importance, it wouldn't pass the censors. We don't talk much about it and want to remember even less.

Let us turn from the war to a side of this strange land so seldom heard of in America. Briefly I shall attempt to picture the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" or New Guinea native or as much as I have found out about him.

As I have mentioned before, much of this land was never seen by white men. There were 125 white men governing 250,000 natives in a land where the only means of communication was by foot and the jungle drum.

The natives are of low grade intelli-

gence, still living in the most primitive manner and have only recently been avowed and self-acknowledged head hunters and cannibals. In some inland tribes the practice still exists.

Even though severely handicapped, they have been loyal and retained their respect for the white man except where forced into servitude by the common enemy. Their respect is due in part to their awe of the many possessions of the white man and his superior bearing. They do not expect you to work and are cheerful in doing any job you assign them, but it has to be within their capabilities.

The natives, although all of them are black, must have been a mixture of many races. Facial types vary from the thick-lipped, flat-nosed type similar to our American Negro, to a thin-lipped, fine featured type almost semitic in appearance.

They have little if any religion and as far as I can find out they believe the spirits of their ancestors live around them and watch out for them. They are believers in magic and have incantations and charms by which they believe they can kill their enemies without physical contact. Their enemies believe this too which produces some curious complications. One case I have seen in which a robust warrior here had the curse put on him and he just shriveled up and died. All our doctors could not help him and neither could they convince him he would not die. He died because he believed he would die. It is weird and uncanny to say the least. During sleep they believe the soul leaves the body and that dreams are actual events of the soul while away from the body. As a result, they tell some fantastic tale for the truth. Their reliability as narrators is questionable due to this belief plus a vivid imagination.

In social and political life the tribe is very loosely knit or organized. The village is the main unit and consists of from 3 families to 300 persons governed by a chief. The position is hereditary. The average size village seems to run around 65 persons. In the same village matriarchy and patriarchy seem to exist side by side and though monogamy is practiced, a man rich in coconuts and pigs may have several wives. Wives can be bought at any time, the price varying, but two pigs always gets a choice one.

Diverce is easily secured. All he has to do is sell his wife, however here some bargaining comes into the picture. A three way sale must be arranged for the wife's father must receive some payment and the husband whatever he desires. The father always receives some payment in each transaction.

The average family seems to run about 3 to 4 children per wife. All children are treated with the greatest kindness and loyalty and all are proud of their pickanins as all children are spoken of by their father regardless of sex or age.

Their only arts are a form of dancing, music and crude play-acting of things seen or experienced. Music is by voice. The chorus seemingly are nerve racking, savage, chants that would eventually drive you insane or wreck your last vestige of civilization. Their only musical instrument is a drum shaped like an hourglass. Concha shells are used for signalling but not for music. Weaving is for fish nets, hut roofs, and small, simple grounds mats, a few of the very crudest pictures or drawings have been seen so far.

Their diet is strictly native, consisting of wild fowl, reptiles, animals, fish, pawpaw, limes, green skinned oranges, bananas for eating and cooking, sweet corn, mangoes, pumpkin, squash, potatoes both sweet and irish, sago, betel nut, edible leaves, roots and nuts. Their mainstay is coconut. Occasionally seeds are stuck in the ground but no culti-seems to result in a slight form of ingreen skinned, red fruited nut tasting somewhat like a persimmon, yet they dip it in a slacked lime and eat it. It sttms to result in a slight form of intoxication that makes them very happy. Coconuts are grown but require about six years to bear and can be picked continuously thereafter. Upon the death of the owner one tree is cut down by way of mourning. Plantations are maintained by dropping nuts sprouting and being picked up and put in places wherever they want a tree to grow.

Native women are the laborers of the tribes. They search for the food, carry it home and prepare it. Often I have seen them carrying more than their own weight on their heads, with the man walking along behind without a pound. The men do not work for themselves yet will work hard for the white man.

When a husband dies the wife mourns for him by covering herself with mud from head to foot. That lasts for about two weeks. A funeral calls for a village celebration. Four day holiday is proclaimed after a death. All the feast and celebrations are carried out during this time.

Hunting is done by the warriors with bow and arrow or spears. Their bushcraft is unexcelled. They move as a shadow—fleet and noiseless.

Disease and sickness are rampant, especially so now that war has cast its ravages over their natural food supplies. In all the native is an interesting study

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NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

of a racial group, an excellent ally, a careful, tireless worker with unexhaustable energy. He is at home in this land of giant Mahoganies, where only the fittest can survive. Just as on the beaches where the giant trees can not stand the competition they fall into the water, are washed to sea and somewhere they are thrown ashore as driftwood on the sands so, with the natives the weak perish, are covered over and soon forgotten for another is born to take his place.

Express to the F.F.A.'s my best wishes for a constantly growing organization in a free land where peace, fellowship and individual initiative are part of our way of life. I would like to be with them but since there is still a job to do here I will carry on with the same will to win that is such a vital part of the F.F.A. organization. I enjoyed your letter very much and appreciate it for it is always good news when it's from home. Hope this proves interesting to you for I know that this place and natives were seldom heard of before the war and I thought perhaps something about the country and the natives might prove interesting to those who can not see or have the experiences.

The Call has sounded—We are ready—Victory will come. Good luck, and keep on keeping on!

(Signed) THOMAS J. HORNE.

CHAPTER CHATS

Published Bi-Monthly by
**THE VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION OF
 THE FUTURE FARMERS
 OF AMERICA.**

Address all communications to the Virginia Association of the Future Farmers of America, care of State Department of Education, Richmond, Va.

MEMBERS OF STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—1942-1943.

President, Beverly Roller, Weyers Cave.
 Vice-President, Miles Smythers, Woodlawn.

Secretary, Richard Chumney, Amelia.
 Treasurer, Paul Moncol, Disputanta.
 (Prince George P. O.)

Reporter, Guy Clear, Rich Valley,
 (Chatham Hill P. O.)

Executive Secretary-Treasurer, Dowell J. Howard, Richmond.

Adviser, Henry C. Groseclose, Blacksburg.
 Executive Committee:

David Walker, John Randolph,
 (Farmville R.F.D. 1.)

Russell Sisson, Farnham.

Roland Snapp, Stephens City.

NEWS FLASHES FOR JULY.

By S. C. Hulslander.

16th National F. F. A. Convention.

The 16th National F. F. A. Convention will be held at Kansas City Municipal Auditorium at Kansas City, Missouri, October 11 to 14 inclusive. Hotel headquarters will be in the President Hotel. The following are eligible to attend this convention: National officers, official delegates, public speaking contestants, all American Farmer candidates and the state and local advisers who are in charge of groups attending the convention.

Suggested Farm Labor Activity for F. F. A. Members.

Many physically able non-farm boys, under 14 years of age, desire work on farms this summer. These boys are inexperienced in farm work, but, if properly guided and trained they can contribute much in the way of farm work. F. F. A. members working on their home farms this summer would make ideal foremen and guides for non-farm youth. This offers a way for F. F. A. members to contribute to the farm labor problem. It is suggested that if chapter members decide to help these non-farm boys, they should send detailed requests to their State advisers, who will then transmit these requests to those in charge of the Victory Farm Volunteers or similar organizations. These non-farm boys can be located through city school superintendents. When placements are made, it is desirable that the local

adviser notify the County Agent. The national office of F. F. A. will be pleased to know what is being done in this matter of furnishing farm labor of this kind, through the aid of the local F. F. A. members.

Victory Highway Film.

You have already received, or will receive within the near future, information from your Regional Agent concerning a 35 mm. sound slidefilm entitled "Victory Highway," produced by the Automotive Safety Foundation. It is hoped that effective use of this sound slidefilm will be made by F. F. A. chapters in your State.

Distinguished Service for Safety Award.

Sometime ago you received a notice concerning an award that the National Safety Council is making for acts of safety performed by F. F. A. individuals and groups. It is hoped that you will send us the names of any F. F. A. boys or groups who have performed acts of safety worthy of recognition in order that they may receive this award.

Official Plaques and Degree Pins.

The L. G. Balfour Company has made available to the F. F. A. a plaque similar to the Intra-State plaque described on page 11 of their No. 3 catalogue. This plaque, made of genuine walnut and ground stone dust emblem, is the only one available for awards. It sells for \$3.50 and is non-taxable.

F. F. A. Degree pins are available with a new style clasp. They appear to be very durable and should prove satisfactory.

Idaho—Two Buhl chapter members, Preston Hughes and Bob Palat, placed first and second in a recent scrap metal drive conducted by their chapter. These freshman boys, each weighing less than 100 pounds and less than five tall, collected a total of 23,000 pounds of scrap. While the report states that these boys borrowed a car to carry this load amounting to 115 times their own weight, it's still two small boys with a lot of scrap.

Kentucky—The Kentucky Future Farmers, desiring to do their bit for the war effort, and to help cushion the meat shortage, have on feed at the present time 45 carloads of steer calves. It is expected that these calves, when marketed will increase the production of beef by nearly 400 tons—and that's a lot of beef!

Kansas—"Sissies and Meat Production" is the name applied to a bit of friendly rivalry between the Seward, Nebraska, F. F. A. chapter and the Jayhawk chapter of Lawrence, Kansas. It all started when the Seward boys announced their plans to produce 158,600

(Continued on page 5.)

FAMOUS FUTURE FARMERS.

Cornelius (Dutch) Warmerdam.

Because the experts said it couldn't be done, Cornelius "Dutch" Warmerdam, California Future Farmer, was the first human being to pole vault 15 feet. Furthermore, he plans to vault 16 feet this year just for good measure. Here is his story as written by J. Herman Harper, local adviser of the F. F. A. chapter at Hanford, California, and Geo. P. Couper, California State Adviser:

"Cornelius took vocational agriculture for two years, was a Future Farmer and a good one. He was high man in the San Joaquin Valley in poultry judging, winning the first medal he ever won up to that time and one that he is very proud to have now.

"He specialized in poultry raising in his home Future Farmer project work. He was a good student, and stood at the top of his class in school work. He was quiet, unassuming and shy, but a good thinker and worker."

After "Dutch" Warmerdam left Hanford high school, he attended Fresno State College, where he excelled in track and prepared himself for teaching. When he broke the world's record several times, and nobody seemed to come near his mark, it would have appeared a good time to retire and rest on his laurels. His best mark was 15 feet 7¾ inches, made in a meet at Modesto on May 23, 1941. That ought to be high enough for anybody to push himself.

But, here we come to the reason why Cornelius Warmerdam's picture appeared on the cover page of The California Future Farmer. Do you know what he plans to do now? Vault 16 feet during this year! Why? Well, maybe he heard somebody say, "It can't be done."

We have been hearing a lot of talk about farmers facing a shortage of machinery, and it's not a rumor, it's a fact. We all know that a machine that is badly worn is not efficient, and is an aggravation. Now, is that a reason for lying down on the job of food production for 1943?

Do you know what kind of a pole Warmerdam used to boost himself more than 15 feet in the air a total of 22 times in two years? I'll tell you—it came from a junk pile!

That's not an exaggeration. Warmerdam was practicing at Stanford in 1939. Up to that time he had never been able to reach his first goal—to break the then existing world's record of 14 feet 11 inches. He found this old bamboo pole on a junk pile near the Stanford gymnasium where its previous owner had thrown it as useless.

Warmerdam took this old pole and soared to a world record with it. It wasn't easy. The pole was too light for

(Continued on page 8.)

: : NEWS FROM THE CHAPTERS : :

Max Meadows.

The Max Meadows chapter of F. F. A. bought two pigs on November 10, 1942, at the age of 10 weeks 4 days, for the purpose of a pig feeding experiment.

We fed the pigs by self feeder with one being fed on corn and the other corn protein supplement.

The pig we fed the supplement weighed 33 lbs. at the beginning and the one we fed corn weighed 41 lbs. At the end of the experiment, which was 5 months and 20 days, the pig we fed corn weighed 129 lbs. while the one we fed the protein supplement weighed 147 lbs., which was about 2/3 lbs. gain per day. During this period we fed 13½ bushels of corn and 175 lbs of the protein supplement.

The pigs were sold for \$41.64 giving us a profit of \$17.01.

RANDOLPH CLARK,
Reporter.

Honaker.

The F. F. A. chapter at Honaker met May 20, 1943, for the purpose of initiating the Green Hands and to elect the officers for the coming year.

There were 17 Green Hands initiated.

The officers for the coming year are as follows:

President, Garland Stump; Vice President, Ralph Robinson; Secretary, Raymond Steele; Treasurer, Allen Combs; Reporter, Danny Dye; Watch Dog, Howard Sykes.

ALLEN COMBS,
Reporter.

Draper.

The chapter held its regular meeting on June 9, 1943, with 18 members present. Junior Gunn read a letter from Richmond Chick Hatchery about producing eggs for them.

The chapter elected Junior Gunn to represent the Pulaski Federation of Future Farmers of America at the state convention to be held at Massanetta, Va., August 23-26.

The treasurer reported \$31.88 received during June.

ERNEST FARMER,
Reporter.

Brownsburg.

The Brownsburg F. F. A. chapter has a very busy month. We held our Father-Son Banquet in the Home Economics rooms. Dr. D. B. Walthall gave a very interesting talk on Appreciating the Value of Agriculture. The meal was served by the Home Economics girls,

Everyone had a very enjoyable time both from the splendid meal that was served and from the lively jokes told.

After studying judging for about two weeks the chapter held both a stock judging and a shop judging contest. Since there will be no state or federation contests this year, the chapter bought F. F. A. emblems to give to the three highest in each contest. The results of the livestock contest were: Carl Carroll, first; Kenneth Mays, second; Tully Coffie, third; Richard Beard, fourth. In the shop contest, Boyd Stuart won first place with Stanley Firebaugh second; Harvey Cox, third; and Joe Fitzgerald, fourth. The emblems will be given out at our next meeting.

The Defense Stamp and Bond committee has reported the May sales and also the grand total for the year. During May the committee of boys sold \$62.75 worth of stamps and bonds. This brings the total for the year to \$2,307.75 worth of stamps and bonds that the F. F. A. boys have sold in the school. Of this amount the F. F. F. boys themselves have bought \$895.70 worth.

We have made three dehydrators in the shop which will be used by the food conservation classes this summer.

STANLEY FIREBAUGH,
Reporter.

Troutville Chapter Reviews Accomplishments.

Last year it seemed that our goals were more than we could possibly attain. This spring, however, a look back shows that all have been attained. We do not have a big chapter in number but every one works and that is what it takes to do things.

A few of our major goals already attained are:

1. Organization of a Grange chapter with 44 members.

2. Construction of an addition to the shop that will give us 2,000 square feet of additional floor space.

3. Organization of a Victory food program that now includes a chapter plot of 2 acres of tomatoes and seven production and conservation centers with over 100 families represented; a home garden for every member's family; pure seed and stock for all projects; the setting up of a one acre test plot in cooperation with Funk Seed Co. where 15 different hybrid corns are under test; the purchase at wholesale prices of more than \$500 worth of garden seed for chapter and evening class members, and the organization of a chapter pig club

with members owning 18 gilts of the best breeding obtainable.

4. The completion of six units of classes in defense work.

5. The organization of an every member thrift bank.

6. The organization of an evening class with 25 members with an average attendance of 18 at the 15 weekly meetings. A second class in another community is now in operation.

7. The participation in the salvage drive with 125,000 pounds of metal, and 2,000 pounds of rubber collected.

8. \$140.00 was invested in a new library for the department.

9. The farm machine repair program has reached more than 80 farmers.

10. Shop equipment has been added to take care of most farm shop jobs.

These are but a few of the many things that have been accomplished along with our regular classroom job analysis and note taking. We hope that with the training that we now have that we can accomplish more next year.

D. M. LAWSON,
Reporter.

NEWS FLASHES.

(Continued from page 4.)

pounds of meat in 1943. In quick response the Jayhawk boys stated they plan to produce 195,750 pounds of pork in 1943, not to mention the poultry, beef, and sheep projects of the 62 members of their chapter—and then they classified the Seward boys as "sissies." Now the Beatrice chapter of Nebraska estimates that they will produce over 200,000 pounds of pork in 1943.

Mississippi—In addition to helping produce more food on 6,000 farms, Mississippi F. F. A. boys have collected more than seven million pounds of scrap and have purchased over two hundred thousand dollars in war stamps and bonds.

Nebraska—F. F. A. members at Hastings have increased their hog production 500% in the last two years. They plan to continue this increase until they are producing a quarter million pounds of pork annually. That's one way to go over the top on the home front!

Pennsylvania—The F. F. A. members of the Mehoopany chapter are working together in an expanded program of fruit and poultry production. Their group projects of 160 apple trees and an incubator with a capacity for producing 300 chicks for market, twice a week, is a real contribution to the food for freedom program.

Georgia—Members of the Washington chapter are enlarging their community cannery and installing new cannery equipment. Last year they processed 76,000 pints of food. They are planning to enlarge their plant to a capacity of 200,000 cans per season.

CONVENTION PROGRAM.					
(Continued from page 1.)		3:15 - 5:00	Swimming and Games.	Business Meeting.	
9:30	Announcements of Committees.	6:00	Supper.	Nomination of State Officers.	
9:45	Parliamentary Practices, R. A. Wall.	7:30	Second Session 17th Annual State Convention.	9:45	Budgets and Finances, R. A. Wall.
10:25	Recess.	Address, David Walker, First National Vice-President F. F. A.		10:25	Recess.
10:40	Leadership Groups:	8:30	Group Singing and Movies.	10:40	Leadership Groups:
	Presidents and Vice-Presidents.....A. T. Adams	11:00	Lights Out.		Presidents and Vice-Presidents.....A. T. Adams
	Reporters.....K. W. Lindsay	—			
	Secretaries.....R. D. Barham	Wednesday, August 25th.			
	Treasurers.....W. C. Dudley	Morning.			
12:00	Recess.	6:30	Reveille.	12:00	Recess.
12:30	Lunch.	7:30	Breakfast.	12:30	Lunch.
Afternoon.		9:00	Third Session 17th Annual State Convention.	Afternoon.	
1:45	State Public Speaking Contest.	Group Singing, Dr. Luther Richman.		1:45	Fourth Session 17th Annual State Convention.
2:45	Public Speaking, R. A. Wall.	President's Annual Address, Beverly Roller.			

F. F. A. JEWELRY

* * *

PINS — BUCKLES — RINGS — CHARMS

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Official Jewelers by Contract to
the Future Farmers of
America

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Write for Catalog

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

One reason why men lose their heads so often is that they use them so little! It is the same with everything. If we have anything that is valuable, it must be put to some sort of use. If a man's muscles are neglected, he soon has none, or rather none worth mentioning. The more the mind is used the more flexible it becomes, and the more it takes upon itself new interests.—Adams.

DUBLIN CHAPTER BOYS SERVE IN ARMED FORCES.

(Continued from page 1.)

home, took down the shot gun or rifle and slipped through the fields and woods after quail, crows or groundhogs. His father had to admit that Frank Junior was the better shot.

After graduating at V. P. I. in 1938, Frank went to law school at the University of Richmond. He passed the State Bar in 1940 and graduated as president of his law class in 1941.

Frank volunteered in the army the week he finished law school and was sent to Baltimore where he worked in the army's legal department. Then came Pearl Harbor and the desk job became too tame for Frank. He asked for active service and was shipped to Fort Benning in January 1942. A lot of other fellows went into camp with Frank. The first day at Benning was devoted to reconnaissance practice—slipping through the weeds and fields and reconnoitering—scouting is what they called it when Davy Crockett did it. This was duck soup to Frank, kinsman of Davy Crockett through his mother, Sally Crockett. At the end of 24 hours all of the new men who had come to Fort Benning with Frank had their orders to leave for another camp. Frank began to pack but was informed by a major that he was to stay because of his experience and training in reconnaissance. Frank told the major that all of his training and experience in reconnaissance had been with groundhogs and crows on the home farm. Frank stayed at Benning.

Frank was now training with the 2nd Armored Division under General Patton (Old Blood and Guts) along with other picked men who, doubtless, had had groundhog experience. His wrestling experience and his tireless legs stood him in good stead now. Night fighting and scouting, knife fighting and man-to-man contact—and slipping noiselessly through the woods.

When Patton's Division went on maneuvers in the Carolinas, Frank liked the war games. On two occasions he stole the maps from opposing headquarters and got away in the dark though his jeep or armored car was captured or declared a casualty in both instances.

Frank proved a good shot in the army. He was high man in his battalion with a machine gun. He won a certificate as a pistol expert from a running horse the first time he tried.

"And to think that I have been trying to get that certificate for 40 years!" said the colonel. Frank said nothing about the pony and the twenty-two.

After six months of commando tactics, Frank's outfit moved. It's no secret

that they moved to North Africa. They even wore their 2nd Armored Division insignia into battle. That was to let the enemy know what he was up against. Frank's barge was sunk in the landing on North Africa and with it all that he had except a knife. Immediately in front was a machine gun nest. It had to be taken. It must have looked like a ground hog hole to Frank. He stalked it from the rear. Now Frank Jordon had a machine gun nest and a machine gun, fine! Other men landed. More stalking, scouting, reconnaissance. Duck soup. That was last November.

Now 1st Lieutenant Frank Jordon, Jr., has a new rifle, a new sleeping bag and a new outfit. And he has a new decoration—the Silver Star, second only to the Medal of Honor. Recently when Frank and three fellow medal winners were taking lunch with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill in Africa, the President asked Frank:

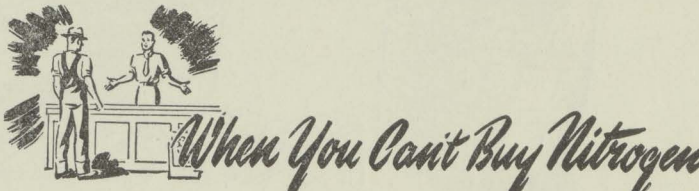
"Were you boys surprised to see me over here?"

The newspapers didn't give Frank's answer. But we doubt that the president surprised Frank. Frank's job is reconnaissance, scouting—like Davie Crockett.

Lieut. Colonel Sam Hardwick.


Sam Hardwick has always been a leader. President of his F. F. A. chapter and a leader in the growing of certified wheat and the development of a good Holstein herd, he was elected president of the Virginia Association, F. F. A. in 1928 when it was called the F. F. V. During his state presidency the F. F. A. became a national organization.

At V. P. I. Sam continued to lead. Among other things he was captain of the varsity baseball team, a good football player, captain of C company and president of the cadet corps his senior year. He graduated from college in




When You Can't Buy Nitrogen

MAKE IT ON THE FARM →



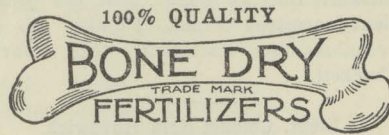
IN the air over every acre of land there are 75,271,680 pounds of nitrogen. Planting more legumes is the best way of getting more of this nitrogen from the air into the soil. Southern States legume seed assures you better stands and bigger yields for most Southern States legume seed is "Kem-Fee" treated. This treatment wears down and softens the protective coats of clover and alfalfa seeds so that healthy live sprouts emerge uninjured from even the hardest-shelled kernels. "Kem-Fee" treated seed germinates quickly and more completely, so that the crop "gets the jump" on weeds.

All Southern States seed is of known origin, cleaned and re-cleaned, processed, tested and guaranteed. Each bag is fully labeled as to germination, purity and weed content. Inoculation FREE with your order of Southern States Legume Seed.

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See your nearest
SOUTHERN STATES COOPERATIVE SERVICE AGENCY

1932 in agricultural economics. His first job was in Baltimore with Dunn and Bradstreet after which he was associated



FOR EVERY CROP
BONE DRY FERTILIZER CO.
Richmond Virginia

with Chilean Nitrate with headquarters in Richmond.

In February 1940 Sam volunteered in the army. After six months at Benning he was a captain. Leadership and a winning smile. Then he became Major Sam Hardwick. Ability to get the most out of men. Now it is Colonel Sam Hardwick. Sam is busy training men. Address him at Camp Swift, Texas.

Sam's mother is lonesome but proud of her children.

"Four out of five are in the service" she says. "Sam is still in this country; Francis (Va. State Vice-President 1930-1931) is a first lieutenant; Jane is with the signal corps and Mary Sue is an army nurse at Miami Beach."

Here's to the Dublin Chapter, to the 82 who are in the service, to Frank Jordan, Sr., principal, and to the mothers.

May God keep them safe.

FAMOUS FUTURE FARMERS.

(Continued from page 4.)

Cornelius' 180 pounds. But he didn't say "It can't be done"—he just took 15 pounds of weight off and at 165 pounds, found the pole just right. The pole that carried him to the unheard-of heights was not only found in a junk pile—it looked the part. It was taped from top to bottom. The lower end was fuzzy from being jammed into the wooden planting pit. When Warmerdam vaulted, the pole creaked like it was going to give way.

Of course, there are limits to what a pole will take, so finally, Cornelius laid it away. He thought he was through because the pole was through. But a few months ago he was given another pole—also a second-hand affair that the owner couldn't use. At first, Warmerdam tossed the pole on a pile with others he had tried. Then one day he got hold of it, and somehow, it seemed to be just what he wanted.

Now with this new "junk" pole he has his sights set for 16 feet. He's 27 years of age, married and with a family, teaching full time at Piedmont high school.

When some of you Future Farmers go out to the implement shed and look at that old grain drill, or that cultivator with the bent frame, don't say, "We can't get a crop planted or harvested with this pile of junk." Get in and fix it. Put in the crops. Set your own goal as the highest productivity of your land and livestock equipment.

—From the Ohio State Farmer.



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all winter long
—with a*

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