Farm Youths Guard 'Home Front'



Above photo shows one way thousands of rural youths from coast to coast are learning new trades this year under a \$15,000,000 "outof-school" training program being supervised by the U.S. office of

> education. One purpose of the project is to train young men who can take the place in civilian jobs of skilled workmen being called for service in America's fastexpanding war industry program. Secondary aims are to prepare farm and small town youths to work in agriculture as it becomes increasingly more mechanized, and to fit them for mechanical work in the army should they be called for service. Almost every state in the Union is now offering instruction under direction of a state vocational of-

Left: A youth at a power hack saw.



Metalworking, forging, woodworking, operation and repair of motors are among the courses being offered. Above, students learn how to cut metal at the Schenley company's machine shop at Frankfort, Ky., where these pictures were taken. Plant technicians donate their services as instructors.



At left, youths learn how to use a power drill, while student at right is getting his first lesson in forging. Officials estimate that 75 per cent of courses are being given in rural areas, because big city youths can usually secure similar training at regular trade schools.



Youth is being trained today for a mechanized tomorrow.

Something Settled

By MEREDITH SCHOLL Associated Newspapers—WNU Service

HE late twilight enshrouded Lorraine as she sat on the hammock on the porch. Kenneth came up the walk.

She called out to him and he came eagerly toward her. "Lorraine!" He sat down, grop-

ing for her hand. 'Mom says Roger is coming

home! "Roger?" A chill swept through him. "Roger?" he repeated. "My

"Mom says your mom had a letter and he's coming for two weeks." Kenneth released her hand. He sat cold and rigid. "He's here," he

said. "He came an hour ago. He's over at the house now." Her excitement was like a living something there in the darkness, like a barrier suddenly looming be-

tween them. "Here?" She caught her breath.

"Then-then-" Kenneth turned on her savagely. 'So that's it? So it's Roger you love-want-after all? It wasn't me? All you wanted in me was what belonged to him. All these months that he's been away, you haven't loved me at all. It's him



And Kenneth struck again, a savage jab that caught his brother under the chin.

you wanted, him you planned to get, through me!"

"Kenneth!" "That's it! I know now. I should have known all along. But I wouldn't let myself believe it. I wanted you to love me, I wanted think you did!"

"Kenneth, please! It isn't that. It isn't! I-I-knew you were lonesome, and so was I and-and-and we did have good times together, didn't we?"

"You're lying! You're lying now the way you've lied all these months -to me. Leading me on. Letting me think you cared! I should have known, but I loved you too much to let myself believe. I was weak. Weak like I've always been."

"Kenneth, don't. You're not as bad-as that!"

He laughed harshly, standing up, clutching at the hammock chains for support, staring into the dark-

'Because I'm Afraid.'

"He's coming over. He'll be here any minute. He'll take you in his arms and kiss your lips-and you'll want him to." He paused, not hearing the girl's quick breathing: "He'll take you from me, like he's taken everything else. Ever since we've been kids. Because he's big and strong and fun-loving and everyone approves. And I'll let him. I'll stand by and grin with that heroworship look on my face-because I'm afraid!"

He started toward the steps, lurching drunkenly, a strange, hard whimper coming from between his lips. Lorraine followed him, clutched at his arm.

"Kenneth, don't! I can't stand it to see you this way. You shouldn't take on so. Kenneth! Please!"

He shook her off violently. "I'm not blaming you! Not blaming you at all. Nobody loves a coward. Only," his words tightened, "you shouldn't have let me think as-you-did."

Footsteps sounded on the concrete walk. A cheery greeting came to them out of the darkness. "Hell-o, Lorraine!" It was Roger. Big, strong, handsome Roger. Coming toward them through the gloom.

The two on the steps waited, silent, dreading his coming, yet grateful for it, afraid of what might hap-

The big man materialized out of the darkness. He was grinning, hurrying along, but he stopped at sight of them on the steps; the grin faded, because he sensed, with seeing the look in his brother's eyes.

"Kenneth!" he cried, trying to sound good natured. "What the heck are you doing over at my girl's, you danged little runt?"

"She's not your girl. She's mine! She's been mine ever since you went away. Mine! Do you hear! Mine!" "Yours. Lord, son, what's come over you? Yours? Lorraine yours?

A little runt like you!" "Ask her!" Kenneth said tightly. "Ask her how we've been carrying on." Behind him, Lorraine moved; her fingers pressed into his shoul-

Roger's face was suddenly dark. belongs to me. She always has. She left with certain persons.

wouldn't waste time on a weakling like you."

"Then come and get her! Come take her like you have everything else of mine that you wanted. Let's see you try!"

A moment the big man hesitated. Then in the gloom he smiled and came up the steps. "That's what I'm aiming to do, shaver. Now

Kenneth swung blindly. The force of the blow surprised him, awakened in him a spirit of confidence and faith in his own strength. The feel of his knuckles against Roger's jaw was good. Sight of Roger staggering back brought a sense of joy and delight.

"Why, you-" Roger came at him, his face contorted, his hands reaching out. But Kenneth stepped down, under the reaching hands, and swung once more. The blow sunk deep into Roger's middle. The big man grunted and bent forward a little. And Kenneth struck again, a savage jab that caught his brother under the chin. And he followed this blow with another.

"You've always taken what you wanted. Never considered me. Always laughed and scoffed and joked when I protested." His voice was low and vibrant and harsh, filled with passion and hatred. In that moment he wasn't Kenneth the weakling, the small, puny, laughedat younger brother. All the humiliation and anger and hatred he had known and stored in his soul until there was no longer room for more was investing him with an unnatural strength. It was the spirit of what he had always longed to be asserting itself.

Presently it was over. Roger lay at his feet, bleeding from a halfdozen wounds. Kenneth stood over him, his lips drawn back, sensing for the first time the sweet contentment and exultation that is the reward of victory in physical combat.

As from a great distance he heard Lorraine's voice. "Kenneth. Oh, my darling! My dear! However could you have thought it wasn't you I loved?"

He became conscious of her hands clutching at him. He turned to face her, cold, aloof, triumphant. "You fool! Keep your hands off

She staggered back beneath his thrust. "Kenneth!" Her cheeks were white, her eyes incredulous. "You do-love me! You said I was yours-you proved that no one could take me from you. Oh, I was a fool not to have known before it was you

I wanted, needed." But Kenneth had turned away, was being lost in the gloom. His laugh, hard and unreal, came drifting back to her. She heard his voice.

"And I should have known it was you-I didn't want nor need. I thought you possessed what I was seeking, but now I know that I was wrong. For I've found it, and it was in me, not you."

Donkeys From All Parts Of World Doctor's Hobby

"You remind me of a donkey!" This remark made by a friend is vividly recalled to Dr. Comer M. Woodward, professor of sociology at Emory university, because from it unique collection.

Dr. Woodward has accumulated more than 150 miniature donkeys from all parts of the world.

When Dr. Woodward is asked why this collection interests him, he laughs and says: "Seeing these donkeys constantly reminds me of the times I have made a jackass of myself and warns me to be more careful in the future."

In a more serious mood, he continues: "When I look at these donkeys I am reminded of many people in this world. The donkey has always been a burden bearer, and many people feel that they carry the burden of the world on their shoulders. The slow, stubborn donkey may also be likened to the human race as it has sought to progress through the ages."

A set of eight brightly colored horses are valued highly by Professor Woodward. They are called "Ming" horses, and are replicas of some that date back to the Ming Dynasty in China. Because the Emperor Ming liked brightly colored horses, he often had his horses painted. Little replicas were made by the Chinese and used in their homes for decorative purposes much as we use toy animals today. A set of these toy horses was given to Dr. Woodward by another friend who became interested in his col-

The genial professor of sociology also has a donkey carved by the man who plays the part of John in the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, an addition to the collection made by a former student on his return from Europe.

Interest in the donkeys does not stop with his collection. All through Dr. Woodward's home evidences of the little critters are found. His day begins and ends with donkeys. On his breakfast cream pitcher is the image of a donkey, the books he reads are held in place by donkey book ends, and his pipe rests in a donkey holder. Moreover, Dr. Woodward collects humorous stories and

anecdotes concerning donkeys. With a chuckle, the Emory professor remarks that when he gets old and doesn't have anything to do. he can look at his collection and it will serve to recall some of his accomplishments, people he has 'Listen, you little squirt. Lorraine known, and the impression he has



RUBBER ON FARM MUST HAVE CARE

Rural Food Production Increased Use of Rubber.

By M. R. BENTLEY (Agricultural Engineer, Texas A & M Extension Service.)

Motorists-and aren't we all?have been so busy worrying about the tires on their cars that rubber on the farm has not received much

Rubber has played an increasingly important part in food production in recent years. Rubber tires for tractors and farm implements; rubber tubing in milking machines; rubber rings for canning in glass jars-the list is almost endless. Here are suggestions for care of

rubber on the farm: Block up the wheels to keep weight off the tires when machines and implements are out of the fields

for any considerable period. If rubber-tired implements are stored on cinder floors, block up the tires or place planks under them. The sulphur in the cinders breaks down the rubber.

Tractor Tire Slippage. Excessive slippage of tractor tires causes heavy wear, just as skids and quick stops do on automobile tires. Over-loading the tractor is one cause of slippage, and pulling in snow or

Keep rubber-tired implements out of the sun when not in use. Under-inflation damages both rub-

mud without chains is another.

ber and fabric in the tires. A solution of calcium chloride to prevent freezing is recommended

for northern areas if water is used in tractor tires to add weight. Rubber tubing in milking machines will last longer if it is kept clean. After each cleaning and ster-

ilization, the tubes should be hung

up to drain and dry.

AGRICULTURE IN INDUSTRY

By FLORENCE C. WEED

Goat Herd Value

"The poor man's cow" has always had a variety of uses. In Texgon, goats run in sizeable herds. Often 300 to a farm. They grow fat on coarse vegetation on which other animals would starve. In these western states, the clip amounts to about 16,000,000 pounds of goat hair each year. This does not nearly supply the raw material for plush fabrics for upholstering furniture and automobiles. Texas has more than 3,000,000 goats clipped annually while New Mexico

is next with 201,000. Goat and kid skins make fine leather for shoes, book bindings, grew the idea which resulted in his leather purses and cases. Our goat herds do not yield enough to supply the need and 68,000,000 pounds of skins are imported annually.

A milk goat herd, maintained by the U.S. bureau of animal industry at Beltsville, Md., has proved that the Toggenberg and Saanen breeds supply milk similar to the Holstein cow. Goat milk has the advantage of more vitamin B, a softer curd and smaller sized fat globules and is highly recommended for invalids and people with delicate digestions. The milk is widely used for making Swiss cheese. The meat is nutritious but is little used in America except when the flesh of the angora is sold for mutton.

Domesticated goats are thought to be descended from the wild goats of Persia. Wild goats are found only in Europe, northern Africa and the Himalaya mountains.

Agriculture News

Repair

With so many automobiles at rest much of the time, many garages will find their usual work curtailed. However, according to the U.S. department of agriculture, garages, particularly those in the country, are likely to pick up much general repair work for farmers and others. Garage mechanics may be called on to exercise ingenuity in making parts normally supplied through other channels.

Average Acreage According to census figures, the average acreage per farm in the United States in 1940 was 174, compared with 154.8 in 1935 and 156.9

Save Baling Wire

Farmers use between 90,000 and 100,000 tons of baling wire a yearequal in weight to three large warships-for baling hay, straw and other forage crops, the U.S. department of agriculture reported in urging farmers, dairymen, stockyard operators and livestock producers to conserve baling wire.

Watermelons Are Africans Watermelons, summer-time delicacy, are believed to be natives of Africa.



CIRCLE



WITH this one pattern you can outfit your youngster with as fine a set of play clothes as the most pampered child in the world could own! The pattern includes a smock-full cut, fitted through the shoulders, topped with a round collar and appliqued with two bright red apples which turn out to be pockets-overalls of sturdy proportions and very brief rompers— these again to be appliqued with the cunning pockets. Decidedly an invitation to start sewing at once, isn't it?

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KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN MUFFINS % cup milk 1 cup flour 2 tablespoons ½ teaspoon salt 2½ teaspoons 1/4 cup sugar

1 cup All-Bran baking powder Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 6 large muffins, 3 inches in diameter, or 12 small muffins, 21/4 inches in diameter.



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