

Yesterday I saw a man out in the field cultivating, stripped to the waist, today a good coat comes not amiss.

Loss of chicks, pullets and hens from paralysis and going light, as well as other troubles is so heavy that some old timers who have kept chickens since the days of settlement are quitting the game.

George Godde died suddenly in Los Angeles from heart trouble last Sunday and was buried in Lancaster the middle of the week. I did not know of it until I read it in the Lancaster paper this Sunday morning. He was a son of Max Godde Sr.