4-H

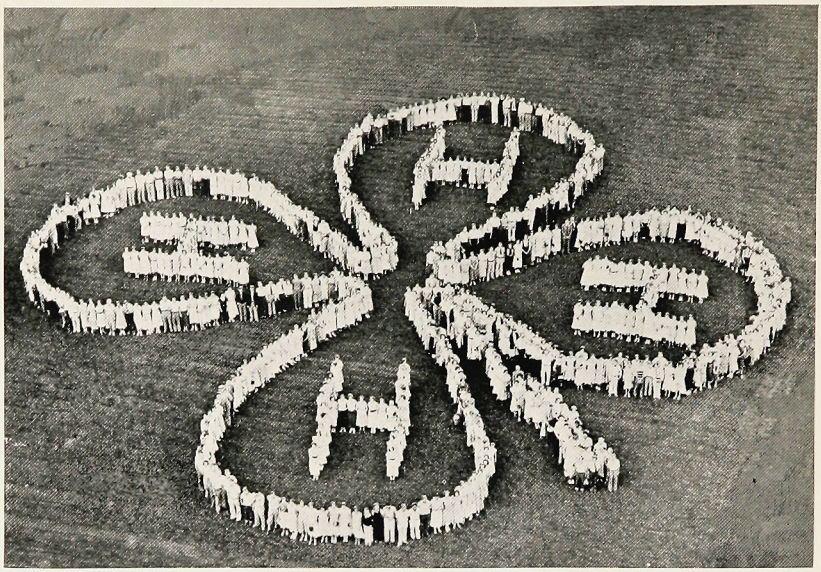
A Story

Kenneth Hinshaw

E. W. Aitors

4-H

A STORY—WEAVING TOGETHER ACTUAL 4-H EXPERIENCES, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' 4-H CLUB WORK, AND CHRONICLES OF IMPORTANT 4-H EVENTS



A living emblem of the 4-H clubs—boys and girls attending the short course for club members at Washington State College in a formation representing the national 4-H insignia. At right, the emblem in the 4-H colors—green and white

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A STORY—WEAVING TOGETHER ACTUAL 4-H EXPERIENCES, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' 4-H CLUB WORK, AND CHRONICLES OF IMPORTANT 4-H EVENTS

By

KENNETH HINSHAW

1926 National 4-H Club Leadership Champion

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United States, August 11, 1910

To

MY MOTHER

the most helpful "member"
of my 4-H Club

Preface

THE day that Will Rogers became acquainted with the 4-H Clubs he wrote: "With all the haywire ideas we have, every once in a while we hit on a good one. I was down to the Los Angeles livestock show, and I saw these hundreds of farmer boys that had fattened and cared for a calf, or pig, or sheep, themselves. It's a thing called the 4-H Club. Somebody was inspired when they founded that. It's all over the country. By golly, they are a great bunch of kids, and they have some fine stock."

Maybe you are one of the *great bunch of kids* who so favorably impressed Will Rogers, or maybe you are a grown-up who has run across their work or read about them in the papers—anyway you will recognize that there must be something of a story to this thing called a 4-H Club.

It is the purpose of this book to give you a typical 4-H story. This, however, is not to be considered a biographical sketch of one particular 4-H member because if we wanted to present a story on that basis we could do better by referring to the records of club members whose work likely surpasses anything described in this book. To all intents and purposes our story of "4-H" is fiction.

In telling you this story of Boys' and Girls' 4-H Clubs, it is our desire to give you a realistic picture of this truly significant factor in the lives of a great many of America's rural young people. We want to give the stranger to "4-H" an idea of what the movement is about and why it is important. For those who know what it is like to have participated in this remarkable project, we want to piece together something of the history, to reveal some of the personalities, and to recall memories of many of the events and experiences that have delighted, inspired and trained us because we were part of it all.

KENNETH HINSHAW

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CHAPTER ONE

Let Them Try

I

FOUR-H is a symbol of courage. Officially it is the name of a vast order of boys' and girls' clubs scattered from the tipmost corner of Maine to the sunny slopes of the Hawaiian Islands. They are tiny societies of concentrated domestic and agricultural courage. The government of the United States, through the extension service of the Department of Agriculture, actively sponsors their promotion and development. Their start, their objects, and the meaning that lies back of their unusual name are cut from the rugged pattern of American country life.

Like the hero striding into the scene at the darkest hour of the drama, 4-H clubs came into the agricultural program of this country at its zero hour. Desperation invented them. On the farms, advancement was halted, and, as in military conflict, could resume only when youth—the boys and girls—could be recruited to "carry on."

Farm folk were becoming tired of the fray. The weather, the soil, the season, and the markets all seemed arrayed against them. All over the country there were sections where the farmer was facing defeat—"licked" on his own land.

Then came the colossal tragedy of the cotton boll weevil's invasion, coming out of Mexico in 1892. This terror of the cotton plantation spread through the Southland like Attila's horde.

Texas was hard hit in 1903.

Down there in the sun-blistered south end of Texas there was a time when cotton was king. Relentlessly it ruled every man and mule in all that vast domain. It owned soil and season, and only the gods of chance who tossed dice for its health had any check on its powerful, despotic reign. When the fiftieth or sixtieth dynasty of cotton's royal family had about sapped man and land of the last spark of hope

or productivity, the boll weevil struck like a torch-wielding swarm of barbarians.

The kingdom of cotton was shaken to its heels. Doggedly those Texans grew crop after crop of cotton only to have them wasted and ruined by the sinister weevil. There seemed no end to the ravaging onslaught of those devils, the weevils. They were eating the heart out of the cotton industry—burning the heart out of the cotton farmers. In a few years more, American housewives would have only memories of gingham dresses. There could be no cotton clothing if the weevils continued unchecked. The kingdom of cotton was near ruin.

Then on January 15, 1904, the United States Government took a hand in the cotton monarchy. Not the marines, but a handful of equally courageous souls was dispatched to the troubled regions. These men were known as government agricultural agents and it was their business to find a system of farming that would be weevil proof. Then they were to teach this system to all those weary south Texas cotton growers. Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, appointed agricultural explorer by the U. S. D. A. in 1898, was put in charge of the boll weevil war. With these words he announced his plan of campaign to his small corps of assistants:

> "The only practical and rational plan for general relief that could be adopted is cooperation. First: Arrange to personally meet the farmers and enroll as many as possible in a general cooperative demonstration in which each farmer agrees to cultivate ten or twenty acres of cotton under instructions given by the U. S. D. A. which have proved to be a success. If the progressive farmers of the State will unite in this cooperative movement, it will influence many hundreds to line up in favor of better methods who might otherwise attempt to make a crop under the old plan and bring disaster to themselves and others."

Every one of the agricultural agents found prevailing conditions deplorable and one by one they laid the blame to the absolutism of King Cotton. His undemocratic reign made possible the terrible devilment of the weevil. But to overpower this white-capped king of the plains was no overnight skirmish. And to add to the problem, few men among all those cotton-whipped, weevil-scared, ill-faring

farmers would more than listen to a plan of campaign to restrict the mighty King Cotton.

Of all the schemes proposed, two—suggested in Dr. Knapp's campaign instructions—seemed most feasible for limiting cotton's power and outwitting the weevil. The first was to reduce the acreage devoted to cotton growing and establish rival crops that would furnish an income if the cotton crop were a failure, and at the same time give the land a chance to regain its fertility through crop rotation. The second plan was to harness old King Cotton himself by improving cultural practices and by guarding against weevil infestation so as to produce quality cotton with less hazard of partial or total crop failure.

But would those sun-beaten Texans follow such schemes? Hardly at all! Far too many of them would give the government agent to understand plainly that their fathers and grandfathers before them had grown cotton and if there was anything to know about cotton farming or anything to be grown in place of cotton, they'd have found it out in their own thirty or forty years of experience a blasted long time before any smart government "feller" sent out from Washington would ever hear of it.

That was that.

Temporarily baffled by the seeming stubbornness of those Texan cotton growers in neglecting to plant a few acres of corn, feed a few hogs, or even cultivate cotton more thoroughly, Dr. Knapp was no man to be discouraged. He stuck to the battle. Then with a burst of inspiration Dr. Knapp turned to the children—the tanned, cotton-dreading sons and daughters of the Texas cotton belt—and as if by clever strategy, he helped his agents enlist the services of youth in the boll weevil war. Meetings were arranged just for the boys, and, flattered by this attention, these youngsters from the cotton farms willingly assembled in schoolhouses, town halls or churches and there discovered they were to have one of those smart government "fellers" lecture on farming—the dirty, miserable occupation.

But this man, Knapp, was no pretender. He made diversified farming with its corn and pigs and cotton sound like a ball game. He knew of the success Will B. Otwell, president of the farmers' institute up in Illinois, had secured in bringing better corn to Macoupin County farms by distributing carefully selected seed corn to five hundred boys

and girls in 1899 who grew it and made an exhibit for prizes at the institute the following year. Likewise he knew of the similar achievement of A. B. Graham in Clarke County, Ohio, in 1902; of the Texas Farmers' Congress boys' and girls' league with its twelve hundred members in 1904; of the farmer boys' experiment club organized by O. J. Kern in Winnebago County, Illinois, to cooperate with the agricultural college in 1902; and of the three hundred and thirty-five members of the Sigourney Club in Keokuk County, Iowa, organized by C. E. Miller in 1904. He knew, too, that boys and girls had been interested in agricultural subjects back in 1897 when the junior naturalists' clubs were formed in New York through the auspices of the State College of Agriculture. Indeed, it was no passing dream that Dr. Knapp glimpsed when he advocated the organizing of boys' and girls' agricultural clubs. Already in 1907 a boys' club on the plan of the northern societies was organized by W. H. Smith, a school superintendent in Holmes County, Mississippi, and Dr. Knapp was quick to see the advantages of having boys supplement the work of adult demonstrators in the battle against the weevil. He, therefore, was eager to have clubs systematically organized throughout the South.

Thrilled by his enthusiasm, those young Texans fell in line with his plans. They organized pig clubs, corn clubs, cotton clubs; held meetings to learn the best ways to manage their projects; begged a half acre, an acre, a pig and a pen from their dads and went at it wholeheartedly.

Louisiana began to foster the club system. And from Aiken County, South Carolina, early in 1910 came the idea of girls' canning clubs, proposed by O. B. Martin, assistant in boys' demonstration work. The first one was organized by a rural school teacher, Marie Cromer, who taught forty-six girls to raise tomatoes in abundance, can them properly, and sell them at a profit. In two or three counties of Virginia, Ella G. Agnew undertook the same program and when the season ended it was learned that about three hundred girls were members of tomato canning clubs in 1910.

All up and down the wide cotton belt, boys and girls were getting organized, raising their pigs and tiny crops and canning vegetables. One year, two years, three years, and still more youngsters joined the clubs.

Then the story began to soak in through those wide, tall hats down into the brains that cotton farmers have stored away behind their brown, sweat-covered brows. Sure, they see the idea now! Corn will grow on cotton land—corn on cotton land! Pigs, too, and cotton —oh, much better cotton—can be grown in even weevil-riddled Texas.

"Kids doin' better than their dads," the cotton planters chuckled. "Twelve-year-old boy with a hundred dollars in the bank—made it growin' corn!" The cotton farmers were busy wondering why they didn't know these things before.

So old King Cotton and that blackguard, the boll weevil, were forced to recognize a Magna Charta for southern farmers after boys and girls in their pig and corn and canning clubs had shown them the way to get out from under the despot's heel. Thus, too, was born that great educational system, the cooperative agricultural extension service of the United States Department of Agriculture, and with it the remarkable discovery that new and better farm and home practices may be effectively demonstrated by the very sons and daughters of people indifferent to the slightest change in old methods which the progress of the times has long since made obsolete or inefficient. The elders do not often admit it—and maybe they shouldn't—but better livestock, finer crops and a neater home are on many a farm today because some boy or girl in the community demonstrated that such things were not only possible, but desirable and practicable.

From the South, the pig and crop and canning club idea skipped across the country like a Paris fashion. Severe old New England farms, where the pedigreed colonial traditions made managerial changes almost immoral, were awakened from Rip Van Winkle dreams to find young boys and girls raising better poultry and dairy calves than those old farms could recall having seen even in the glorious days when George Washington or Paul Revere chanced to stop at the farmhouse for a cup of cider. No longer entities unto themselves, these farms found they were on the doorstep of a great cash market. Eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit—cash in hand and a premium for quality. Calf clubs, poultry clubs and garden clubs—these well-managed, up-to-date proponents of the new kind of farming speeded the awakening of New England agriculture. Fathers were learning while sons were demonstrating. Those hillside, raise-your-own-living farms became mass producers of truck-loads of marketable products. Then

their owners with cash in their pockets have gone about fast improving these fine old colonial lands.

The Far West was invaded. Droll-voiced sons of cattlemen were showing their range-bred fathers how to grow year-old beef steers nearly as big as the two and three-year-olds of the range—and get a better price for the younger steer that was grown on little more than half the feed in less than half the usual steer-growing time. The cowboys tipped back their sombreros and looked dumbfounded at the fat club steers. With misty eyes they saw their native range dwarfed to a pasture for breeding cows and a feed lot for fattening calves.

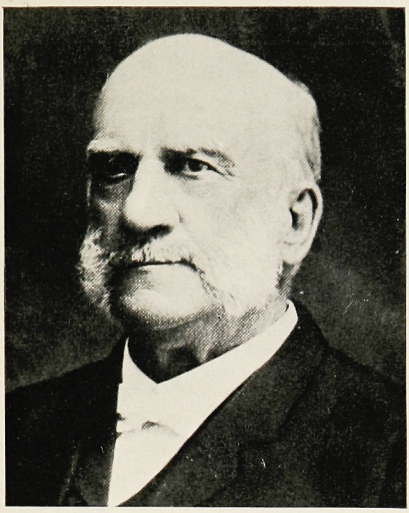
The irrigated valleys where potatoes and sugar beets grew in fabulous abundance were taught new acre records by the diligent, ambitious club boys and girls.

Wheat ranches, where the flour-giving cereal ruled like cotton in the South, found changes creeping into their cropping program. Boys' and girls' pig clubs, poultry clubs, dairy clubs and sheep clubs were bringing livestock to the summer-fallowed prairies of the wheat lands. Now more and more wheat was going to market on the hoofs of sheep and hogs, in the cream can or the egg crate.

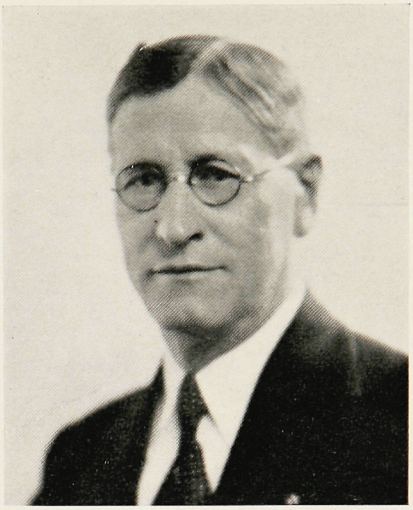
Not alone did these boys' and girls' agricultural clubs change the scheme of western farming, but at a time when national and international economics, commerce, industry, science and education were all contriving to set up a new order of American farming these societies of young farm folk speeded the new departure and with their playtime projects absorbed the shock of a swiftly changing agriculture.

In the cornbelt club work bloomed abundantly. The rich black soil of its prairie farms was ideally fitted to diversified farming—the open road of club work. Here groups of farmers, bankers, school teachers, and fair association managers cooperated and gave eagerly both leadership and prizes to foster and encourage the interest of farm boys and girls in agriculture. There was, in fact, one school superintendent, O. H. Benson of Wright County, Iowa, who saw the vision of a vast coordinated system of boys' and girls' clubs—all of a common courage, cherishing the same high ideals, and working to perfect a finer rural citizenship.

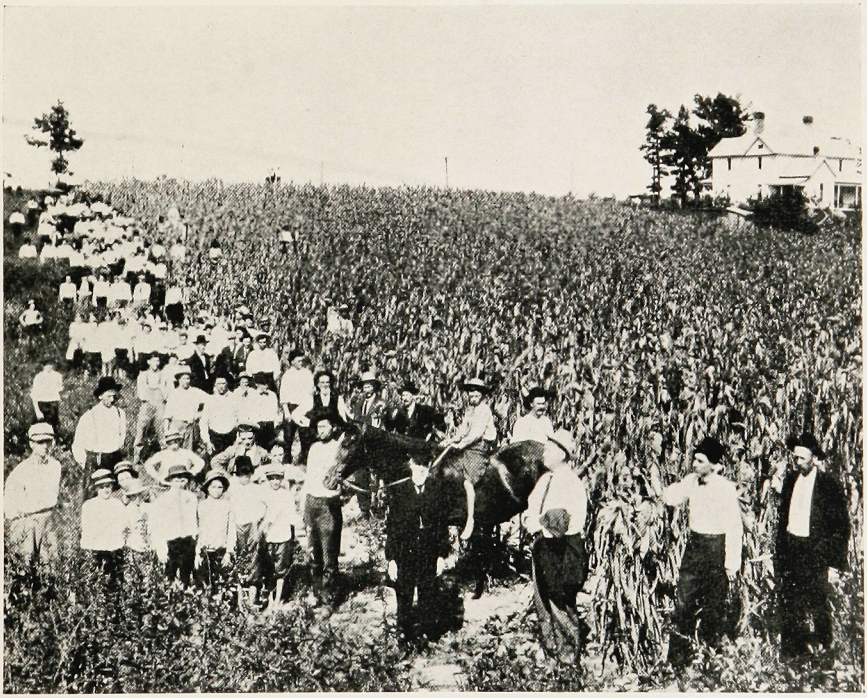
One day in the spring of 1906, Benson made a visit to a country school in his county, and, coming into the school yard at recess time, found the teacher and pupils busy searching for four-leaf clovers.



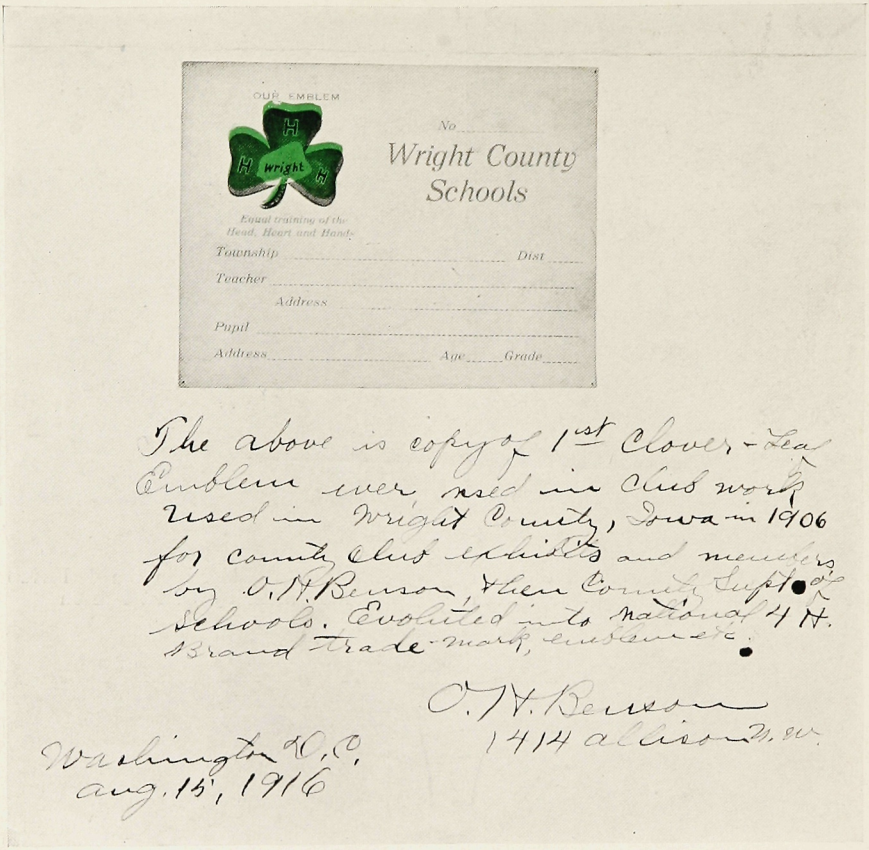
Boys' and girls' agricultural clubs became nationally significant under Dr. Seaman A. Knapp who used them in the government's war on the cotton boll weevil



The idea of using H's-on-a-cloverleaf as an emblem for rural boys' and girls' clubs was introduced in the 4-H club movement by O. H. Benson



This is one of the first pictures of a 4-H type of club. It shows Dr. Knapp with the members and leaders of one of the early boys' corn clubs in the South


OUR EMBLEM

H Wright H

Equal training of the Head, Heart and Hand.

No.

Wright County Schools

Township ..... Dist.

Teacher .....

Address .....

Pupil .....

Address ..... Age ..... Grade .....

The above is copy of 1st Clover-Leaf Emblem ever used in Club work used in Wright County, Iowa in 1906 for county club exhibits and members by O. H. Benson, then County Supt. of Schools. Evolved into national 4 H. Brand trade-mark, emblem etc.

O. H. Benson
1414 Allison St. N.W.

Washington D.C.
Aug. 15, 1916

A copy of the original emblem from which the national 4-H club insignia was developed

A boys' canning club in the early days of the 4-H movement. The young man at the right is Milton Danziger, the leader. The boy next to him (second from the right) is Donald Benson, son of O. H. Benson

When they noticed him, they surrounded him and joyously filled his hands with their tiny prizes. "For good luck," they told him and skipped away to search for more.

That moment Benson was thrilled by a new idea. For months he had been seeking a symbol for the boys' and girls' agricultural clubs. Other men and women before him had likewise sought some emblem that would symbolize the great order of rural clubs. Many symbols had been suggested, but none of them seemed comprehensive of the spirit, of the background, of the hope and vigor of the club movement. But when those healthy children brought in their eager hands tiny clover leaves, giving them with a free heart to a stranger, and wishing him good fortune, Benson was profoundly touched.

When he spoke to the school that day, he chose the subject of broadening one's opportunities in rural education by turning spare time to worthwhile projects about the home and farm. And now inspired by those four-leaf clovers, he sketched a vision of the great club organization and symbolized it with a clover leaf. On each leaf he outlined a letter H. One H for head—clear thinking; one for heart—true-blue loyalty, wholesomeness, clean living; and another H for hands—skilled and useful hands that are pledged to service not only for oneself, but fellowmen as well. Some time later a fourth H was added and a four-leaf clover used as an emblem. The fourth H stood for health—the precious spark of life that makes great accomplishments possible. Thus was born the 4-H club emblem—a symbol of courage for a great organization of youth.

Then in 1913 at the Conference for Education in the South which met in Richmond, Virginia, O. B. Martin proposed that rural boys' and girls' clubs use the figure four in front of an H as their brand for products they offered for sale.

On May 8, 1914, President Wilson signed the Smith-Lever Act and Congress made appropriations available July 1, thus providing funds for the national promotion of agricultural extension service, in cooperation with the land-grant colleges, thereby making the government of the United States an actual promoter of boys' and girls' club work. When a committee sought to devise an emblem for junior extension work, Benson's token of courage—the four-leaf clover with an H on each leaf—was found most fitted to the new national organization.

With this conquering pledge:

"My Head to clearer thinking,
My Heart to greater loyalty,
My Hands to larger service and
My Health to better living for my club,
My community, and my country,"

rural boys and girls have lent the enthusiasm of youth to building a finer stability to the American country home.

Their motto of courage—"To Make the Best Better"—is matched by only one—the unofficial, unpublished motto of their parents who say bravely: "Let Them Try." Theirs is the greater courage for they know the struggles, the disappointments, the defeats and the mirages of the economic world. Social and political worlds themselves revolve within the economic world—the cruelest of all. It is, then, a tribute to American parents that they take courage to say: "Let Them Try," when their children set out to explore the world that makes and buys and sells.

II

It seems that all those factors that make 4-H courage gathered for a tryst on the afternoon of the second Tuesday of October, 1915, in the little western town of Goldendale, Washington. Donn Bradshaw, a yellow-haired, eight-year-old youngster of whom much shall be said in this story, was, on this particular afternoon, busy with loading a big yellow pumpkin on a small red-wheeled coaster wagon out behind the Bradshaw bungalow.

After much puffing and grunting, Donn succeeded in depositing the mammoth pumpkin on the tiny wagon. Immediately, he seized the wagon tongue and proceeded along the south side of the yard toward the street. Halfway across the front lawn, the boy, the pumpkin, and the coaster wagon were suddenly halted by a woman's voice asking where the travelling pumpkin was bound for.

"Oh, please let me take it to the fair, Mother," Donn pleaded.

Mrs. Bradshaw paused in the act of sweeping poplar leaves off the front porch. "I said, 'no'—you are not to take that pumpkin to the fair," and she spoke then with an air of finality.

The lad jerked at the wagon tongue impatiently. The big yellow pumpkin shone serenely in the sunlight.

"But, Mother,—" the boy pleaded, and to each entreaty his mother answered with a firmer-spoken "No!"

The boy threatened defiance to parental orders. His mother stopped sweeping. "You are not to take that pumpkin to the fair, so put it away and don't be asking about it again."

The boy, the pumpkin and the wagon turned about and proceeded to backyard regions. The retreat halted for one more fervent wail of protest from Donn. No answer.

A jolly-faced gentleman coming down the sidewalk sang out a cheery, "Hello, neighbors," and paused to pass the time of day with Mrs. Bradshaw. The boy, the pumpkin, and the wagon quietly backed up to the front lawn again.

"Dear me! Such a time as I've had with this boy today," declared Mrs. Bradshaw. "He's bound and determined to take that old pumpkin to the fair, but it isn't fit to go," she explained.

"Oh, let the boy take it along if he wants to. If he gets beaten it may do him some good," the good-natured man, Mr. McIntyre, advised. "Anyway it won't hurt to *let him try,*" said he. "Besides, the boy has hope, and hope is a wonderful thing in this old world. Sure, let the boy take his pumpkin to the fair," and Mr. McIntyre, fine old fellow, winked at Donn.

There was some further discussion including an impassioned appeal of the pumpkin's case by young Donn, then the eager-looking little boy, the big yellow pumpkin and the squeaky coaster wagon set out triumphantly, hustling along as if to martial music. At half a block up the street cautions and admonitions from Mrs. Bradshaw were still being acknowledged by Donn. He must be careful not to get run over on the way to the fairgrounds. He must hurry home. He must not be down-hearted if the judges don't give his pumpkin a prize. To these and many more Donn shouted back a boyish, "All right, Mother."

It was two miles to the fair grounds and the way led through the paved streets of town and out over a rough and dusty road, up to the crest of a long, steep hill. The autumn air was warm. The sun was bright. Brown leaves tumbled down from poplar trees along the way and rustled and crackled as Donn went swishing through drifts of them. The pumpkin did an awkward dance along the wagon bed while the rattling, squeaky coaster rolled along merrily. It was harder pulling up the long hill. Donn grunted and sweat. If the pumpkin weighed twenty pounds at the start it weighed two hundred when Donn reached the top of the hill. Beads of sweat rolled down the boy's flushed face.

At the fairgrounds gate the watchman chuckled and motioned for Donn to enter. No small thrill ran up Donn's back as, for the first time an exhibitor, he crossed the threshold of agriculture's sporting sanctum, the county fairgrounds. Someone led a young stallion past the coaster wagon and, colt-like, the beast shied at the bright yellow pumpkin and went gallivanting off across the grounds with its wrathful attendant plunging stiff-legged along at the end of the halter rope. A big sow jumped off a loading-chute and whisked past Donn almost upsetting the coaster wagon and its precious cargo. For twenty minutes, five men and the sow played tag around the boy, the

wagon and the pumpkin. Then the mischievous hog chose another place to play.

Finally the pumpkin was deposited on a shelf in the pavilion and Donn was provided with a claim check. His name was entered on the lists of those helpful citizens who benefit agriculture by showing the way to a continuously higher standard of excellence for farm produce. He had joined the ringside—that courageous group that adores rivalry, tastes glory and defeat admirably and cherishes whole-heartedly the tradition of sportsmanship. He had enrolled in a new school, one that demands skill, confidence and perseverance beyond the scope of classrooms. He was an exhibitor!

Now the life story of Donn's pumpkin had been planned out months ago with a place on the pavilion shelf as a goal. The garden-planting fever had seized Donn every spring since he was five years old, each year a little harder than the year before. Presistent coaxing gained him a bigger garden spot each season, enough so at least that he could now look forward to growing more than just a bunch of radishes from his entire farming area. So this season Donn had planted pumpkins. You may be sure he had an excellent reason for selecting pumpkins as his special crop, too. You see, it takes no more ground space to give root to a pumpkin than it takes for a radish, but a pumpkin, once rooted, will send its vines out over the ground for yards and yards. That is exactly what Donn's pumpkins did. Although they actually held title to only a small portion of the backyard, they gained most of the rest and some of the neighbors', too, by the ancient and salient right of discovery and settlement.

Of all the pumpkins that set on Donn's vines, there was one more favored than the rest. Somewhere Donn read that a pumpkin or squash could be tremendously encouraged in growth by milk feeding. The method prescribed for applying the nurse-cow advantage to the pumpkin family was to cut a tiny hole in the vine about a foot from the pumpkin stem. Into this hole a strip of woolen yarn was inserted leaving one end of the yarn to serve as a wick when a pan of milk was placed under the wine. In this ingenious way, Donn gave his favorite pumpkin a daily sup of milk.

The pumpkin grew faster and faster and bigger and bigger. Then one day a terrible tragedy occurred. The poor old pumpkin couldn't make shell fast enough to hold all the milk it was drinking—if it really

drank any at all—so it up and burst itself half way around the belt line. Donn weaned it then and there, but still it grew. Maybe the milk feeding was only a bluff anyway for milk or no milk it grew to twice the size of any other pumpkin in the patch.

Because of its bulky proportions, Donn set his heart on exhibiting the big fellow. His mother, however, said it wouldn't do to display a blemished pumpkin. That was why she protested against his taking it to the fair.

Returning from the fairgrounds, however, Donn exultantly announced that he had found a way to overcome the blemish on his pumpkin. It was simple, so he said. All he had had to do was to set the pumpkin on the shelf in such a way that its position together with the ruffles of the paper that lined the shelf would shield the split side from the judge's scrutiny.

Mrs. Bradshaw sighed in dismay.

Donn was like a hound dog on leash the second day of the fair when he coaxed his mother to go with him to see if his pumpkin had won a prize. Donn had visions in blue—dreams of a big blue ribbon tied to his pumpkin.

When at last they made their way into the pavilion, Donn rushed along the aisles until he stood breathless before his masterpiece.

On a big wide shelf knee-high from the floor were two pumpkins. One was half the size of the other; was round, symmetrical and smooth. The other was Donn's—lopsided, overgrown, and with a deep scar peeking out on one side where the shelf failed to keep the secret of its tragic split. To the stem of the smaller pumpkin a blue ribbon was tied. A red ribbon was fastened to the stem of Donn's.

A lump swelled in the boy's throat. He swallowed hard. His mother arrived at his side.

"I got a second prize," Donn said, trying manfully to hide his disappointment. Mrs. Bradshaw observed that there were two pumpkins—only two—one awarded first prize, the other second, and in this case, last.

"Never mind, son," said she. "You can try again next year and perhaps do better."

He did.

III

All the factors that made the second Tuesday in October, 1915, so eventful for Donn Bradshaw did not occur in the brief span of a pumpkin's life. There is more to every story of 4-H activities than youth's efforts to grow pumpkins, raise a pig or make a dress. Ancestral traditions, family history, home life, training and ambition —all these are part of the 4-H pattern.

Donn Bradshaw was born on a farm. It wasn't just exactly a farm, but was more explicitly a wheat ranch. Being born on a farm was just the start in life that Donn always thought to be best.

This farm—this ranch—where Donn did his first kicking and squalling was situated about three miles south of the little town of Goldendale, Washington. It was flat on the bosom of the wide rolling prairie that comprised the Klickitat Valley. Westward in the distance rose the snow-capped peaks of the Cascades, north and nearer were the smaller buttes and hills of the Simcoe Range, east lay the monotony of the arid hills that rolled on endlessly in waves of greasewood and scrub oak, south and closest of the valley's borders were the bald humps of the Columbia Hills. Few trees graced the farmstead where Donn was born. The house was plain, but comfortable. His father was becoming known as one of the better farmers of the community, but the long hard battle of building a fine home in a new country was only well under way when Donn came along.

Just when his toddling steps were growing steady enough to trudge about the barns and corrals as he held tight to his father's finger, the mystery of Death came and Donn could find his father no more though he stood in the farmhouse door and called "Bop" many, many times. But always now there was no answer.

It was early that Donn learned that a human's life could be split just as unexpectedly as a pumpkin's shell.

Robert Fraser, Donn's grandfather, took his daughter and her baby son to his big homestead where a white house was set serenely on a hill overlooking wide fields and pine-covered woodlots.

On the Fraser ranch, two things particularly interested young Donn. One was the volume of natural history in his grandfather's

library. The other was "Old Roos'er," a dignified White Wyandotte cock which Donn took delight in chasing round and round the farmstead. The haughty, disdaining retreat of the majestic bird was made at a reluctant pace which nearly permitted Donn to touch him with a long willow switch. Day after day they staged their marathon, Donn seeing whether or not he could touch the big rooster's tail feathers; the rooster seeing that he could not.

Animals were Donn's first love. His faithful soiled rubber "Abie Horse" was beside his plate at every meal and beside his pillow every night.

The pictures in the natural history book were thumbed over and identified a thousand times. Then one time after a trip to Seattle, Donn became the possessor of a circus poster with bigger and more fascinating animal pictures. No collector ever prized a rare manuscript more than Donn loved the soiled fragments of that circus poster.

Finally it was decided that five hundred acres and no human playmates was environment better for bringing up a colt than a boy, so when Donn was four his mother rented an apartment in Goldendale and the process of domesticating him commenced. Here Donn found little people like himself. Next door there was a little boy named Frederick. He was only two, but it was no time until Donn and he were in partnership. And there was a little girl neighbor whom Donn decided he'd marry when they had grown up. There were other kids, too, and among them a bully who kept Donn in terror half the time.

Town life had one redeeming feature. It was the flock of White Wyandotte chickens Donn's mother brought from the farm. Among these was a pullet with a malshaped beak. She became Donn's own. "Crooky Bill" Donn named her, and he fed her from a can where she could peck into the wheat because it was very hard for her to pick grain from the ground.

Donn knew every hen in the flock. He knew every feature of every hen. One evening it was discovered that one of the single-combed setting-hens had forsaken her brood and gone back to roost with the flock. Her chicks were in danger of being chilled. Donn's mother took a lantern and tried to find the neglectful mother hen. She lifted every biddy several times trying to find one that would cluck. Donn looked on with growing impatience. Finally he burst out, "Why

don't you 'xamine her comb, Mama? She's got four notches in her comb and the other single-combed hen has five." Sure enough, the hen with four notches in her comb clucked and hovered the chicks.

Adored by Donn almost as much as "Crooky Bill" was "Tabby" a homely tortoise-shell cat that adopted the Bradshaws soon after they arrived in Goldendale. On May Day in 1914, "Tabby" increased Donn's livestock holdings by six kittens. One of these, a fluffy little fellow with a soft yellow coat, Donn named "Topaz." No finer friend of boyhood ever lived than "Topie," a gentleman cat a whole neighborhood learned to love.

Donn's sixth birthday was celebrated by a party with twenty-six of his little friends present. When the candle-lighted cake was placed before him, he solemnly announced that as he was now six he was too big a boy to say "Mama" any more, but would henceforth address her as "Mother." And the fact remains he stuck to his decision.

Of all surprises for a little boy, Donn thrilled most over the present his Aunt Jean gave him.

A pair of rabbits!

The buck was spotted gray and white. The doe was typical of the grayish brown Belgian hare breed. Donn was the happiest boy in town for weeks. He was in the stock business! These weren't just pets; they were the foundation of a great rabbit farm.

IV

But what has all this to do with 4-H clubs and a boy growing pumpkins in a small town back yard?

Much.

There is a difference in young pumpkin growers just as there is a difference in people. Among his young companions, Donn was a pioneer in many things . . . pumpkin growing, for example. Though people laughed at his pumpkins, laughed at his plans, Donn was not discouraged.

Nor was his mother. Even the ordeals of pacifying an outraged neighbor when the gate to Donn's poultry yard had blown open and his biddies had been discovered excavating tulip bulbs in the garden next door were not awful enough to justify crushing the enthusiasm of a growing son. What a blessing patience is to parents!

It does take courage for parents to say, "Let them try." But that and no less is the price of giving a boy or girl a chance in 4-H club work.

CHAPTER TWO

The Will to Win

I

MARCH winds sweep the Klickitat Valley like an invasion of foreigners. They change everything. Forcefully they bend the naked limbs of trees now east, now north, like some great giant making a rough attempt to awaken a sleeping child. They whisk the dead leaves out of the garden corners and fairly blow the sod away in their effort to shake life back into the yellow, listless blades of lawn grass. But for all their severity, the March winds are kind. They turn faintly warm, caress the land, and rip open the blankets of sulky clouds letting the bright sun shine through. And then the hills turn to soft shades of green and the checkerboard of the wheatland is marked off with blocks of deep green and dull black.

The March winds conjure a lovely spring and spread it over all the valley.

Immediately the roosters in back-lot poultry yards double their efforts in crowing. Small boys snap marbles along the street curbs all the way to school. And are late coming home, largely because coming home late is a part of a marble game. Mothers fret over soiled and worn trouser knees, and that, too, is part of marble games and part of March in Klickitat.

In a few days mud will appear on the sidewalks where city lots are plowed for gardens. Then comes the strong smell of stable dressing and the dank odor of moist earth. It is a time for old men to putter and fuss; for bankers and storekeepers to exercise their pudgy muscles; for flower-loving ladies to kneel over their sprouting bulbs; and for little boys to dream of agrarian kingdoms.

It is garden time in Klickitat when the gusto of the March wind warms the earth.

One day in early March a woman from the office of the agricultural extension service of the State College brought to Goldendale a box of

lantern slides. These pictured the work of boys and girls in 4-H clubs all over America. To see these slides the children were marched from the schoolhouses to the town's little moving-picture theater early in the afternoon. Donn Bradshaw sat with his fifth-grade class and wondered what the woman's lecture would be about. He hoped the slides would show pictures of animals. He always liked animals.

The hall was darkened and the youngsters momentarily ceased their squirming and whispering. Professor Holmes introduced the speaker. Her name was Mrs. Elizabeth Diets Jones, assistant state leader of boys' and girls' club work. In a brief and interesting way she explained how club work was organized and then she said the pictures would show what club work could do.

Donn listened attentively enough, but it was not until the pictures flashed on the screen that his interest was fully aroused. He sat up suddenly, for there before him was a boy much like himself, and with the lad was a well-groomed heifer.

"This is a calf the boy himself owned and raised," Mrs. Jones was saying.

The next picture showed a girl beside a table laden with jars of fruits and vegetables—her own accomplishments in canning. The next was a boy driving a fine little flock of sheep—his sheep—out of a rich pasture. And another showed a boy standing in his garden holding a silver cup . . . a girl feeding her flock of chickens that soon would pay her way through college.

Donn was entranced.

When the slides were all shown, the woman asked how many of her audience would like to do things like the achievements of the young people in the pictures. Donn enthusiastically held up his hand. Then Mrs. Jones passed around enrollment cards which she explained must be filled out and signed by parents. Donn secured a card. It seemed to him to be the key to a dream. He had a vision of his own backyard turned into a prize-winning garden that would give him profits with which to buy fine livestock. Donn scampered into the house eager to tell his mother about Mrs. Jones' lecture. He coaxed to have the card signed at once. Mrs. Bradshaw listened while she prepared the evening meal. She read the card.

"How big a garden must you grow?" she asked.

"Oh, it don't have to be very big, Mother," Donn said, "but it has

to be all my very own. I must do all the work myself and I'll sell vegetables and earn money for college."

"Well, if I let you have half of the backyard will that be enough garden?"

Donn joyously assured her it would. He seized the yardstick that hung unfailingly in the closet beside the ironing board, and rushed out to measure his miniature farm. When he returned, supper was ready and on his plate he found the enrollment card neatly signed.

That evening Donn scribbled a dozen postal card requests for seed catalogues.

As a gardener Donn was fair, but his mother was much better. She could see the weeds before they grew above the beet tops.

"The trouble is, Mother, I planted too many rows for so small a garden," Donn told her, half ready to hint that he'd like to have the other half of the backyard, too, for his project.

"You must remember you have just as many rows to weed if they are six inches apart in your ten-foot garden as you'd have if they were a foot apart and you used the full twenty feet of the backyard," his mother told him.

It appeared that sociology was a greater problem than agriculture in Donn's garden. His peas grew right over the tops of his lettuce and his beans and his carrots got badly mixed up. He had great difficulty hoeing the weeds between the narrow rows, and when he set the sprinkler in among his crops the dense foliage obstructed the distribution of the water so that his tomato vines were nearly drowned out while their neighbors, the radishes, suffered drouth much of the time.

There came days when Donn went more often to the swimming-hole than to his garden. He liked also to visit his chums, Roland and Frederick. Then at harvest time, he was offered a job by his Uncle Bruce, driving the "snap team" for the harvest outfit at three dollars a day. The war in Europe was making prices high and labor scarce.

"Three dollars a day is more than I can make in my garden," Donn said solemnly, "so I guess I'll farm for you."

Harvesting wheat with the heading outfit was always a thrill to Donn. Ever since he could remember he had visited his uncle's farm in the summer and ridden in the header boxes with the newly cut grain packed in tight around him. Driving the snap team was a promotion

over just visiting, and Donn felt he was fully as important as any man on the crew. His job was to coax enough work out of an ancient team to pull the loads of grain out of the header boxes, the huge lop-sided wagon beds for gathering the "headed" wheat. A rope net spread in the empty header box, receives the grain from the spout of the header, the machine that cuts the ripe wheat. The loader packs the grain evenly to the front of the box, right around the driver, and when the load is complete he sits in the spout until the next box drives up to be loaded. The header box is low on the right side for the spout to ride against it, but is twice as high on the left side over which the end of the net is draped. When the loaded box drives up to the stack, the stacker indicates where he wants the load by the position of the snap pole, a piece of wood the length of a header box with short ropes and snaps to hook to rings in the net where it extends over the low side of the header box. The stacker connects the pole and the net while the driver pulls the other end of the net over the load and hooks it to the cable drawn by the snap team. The driver climbs out of the way and the stacker shouts: "Let 'er go!"

At that signal Donn slapped his sleepy team and stormed them with persuasive words. The old team would pull the cable tight and then behave as if hitched to the Rock of Gibraltar. By doubling the rapidity of his slapping and the fierceness of his shouting, Donn coaxed an extra effort out of the lazy nags so the loaded net could be rolled onto the stack. The older mare of the team would lay back her ears and nip her teammate on the neck as if to say: "If you'd pull that hard the first time we wouldn't get slapped so much."

Then Donn would back the team to the starting position and toss the cable to the stacker. After that he sat in the shade of the stack waiting for the next load to come, wondering the while how he'd spend the three dollars he earned that day.

At this time the ranch had a large herd of grade Berkshire hogs. There was one little runt pig in the herd that took a notion to tag at Donn's heels whenever he was about the corral or pasture.

"Her name is Tessabel," Donn announced. "That's in honor of the heroine of one of the first moving pictures I ever saw." At every opportunity Donn would slip her oats from the horse-barn bin or let her nibble an apple core from his fingers. She became a great pet and

Donn's liberal handouts soon started her gaining weight, and by the end of summer she was larger than her litter mates.

The Women's Association of Goldendale, a civic-minded society, voted to award prizes of two dollars and a half for the best gardens grown by a girl and a boy under twelve years of age. Donn entered this contest as soon as he returned from the harvest field. On an appointed day three judges went around inspecting all the gardens in the contest. Donn was not caught napping. All that week he had spent many hours annihilating weeds, thinning the overpopulated carrot rows and training the pea vines to grow on wire trellises. He fed to his rabbits the last of the feeble lettuce that the pea vines had smothered. These efforts made his garden as neat as a battleship deck the day the judges looked it over.

Donn won the boys' prize, and the elderly judges commented lavishly on such skill in gardening. It was Donn's second winning—the other being that memorable occasion nearly a year ago when he exhibited the great split-sided pumpkin at the county fair.

When fair time rolled around in 1916, Donn was full of action. This time he prepared half a dozen exhibits of vegetables. It was necessary to pull up most of his garden in the search for choice carrots, beets and turnips, but he remembered mighty well the lesson of the over-grown pumpkin, and this time selected only those vegetables that were uniform and of good table quality. At the fair he was rewarded handsomely, for his garden exhibits won him four ribbons, three blue and one white, a third prize.

Not only in garden products did Donn start his prize-winning career that year, but also the New Zealand doe he had added to his rabbit "herd" and his White Wyandotte cockerel and trio brought blue ribbons. And in the school exhibits a map and a birdhouse each brought him a red ribbon.

Late in the fall, Donn completed his 4-H record book that showed when he had planted each vegetable, what it cost for seeds and plants, how many hours he had worked in his garden, what products he had sold or supplied to his home, the prizes he had won—and on the last page, his profit of eight dollars and twenty cents—the dividends from his first business venture.

"Jiminy crickets, but I wish I could get other fellows to join a 4-H club with me," Donn told his mother as he labored over his plans for

a bigger garden for next year. "We could have a lot of fun, and we could have demonstration teams and travel a lot and win prizes at big fairs."

"Well, son, why don't you persuade some of your friends to join your 4-H club?" Mrs. Bradshaw asked.

"Aw, they think it's silly to raise gardens and feed chickens. All they think about is baseball and football. Why, Mother, a lot of 'em won't join a 4-H club because they think it will make them be farmers. If they'd join a 4-H club some of them might start earning money to go to college so they could be whatever they liked when they grow up," Donn said solemnly.

Mrs. Bradshaw looked at her son. He was a slim lad, fair of skin and hair, but with eyes as brown as old walnut. He was a serious youngster. A dreamer perhaps.

II

Out in the Bradshaw backyard three refugees of a kingdom in distress shared one shelter, ate of the same food and idled away their time together like cronies of long friendship, but, had times been different, each would have snubbed the others and chosen companions far different from his present associates. Nevertheless, these refugees were game and good-natured.

As the weeks rolled along people began to call them "the happy family." But that was mockery. Each had been the proud lord of his own family and now in their dismal circumstances none had but himself to think of and among the three of them no leader was recognized. Awhile ago they had been vassals to a king—each with his part in making the kingdom flourish.

Who were these vassals?

A funny trio, and you may laugh when you hear their story.

In order of seniority they were: Henry Crow, the little, black mongrel bantam rooster that a farmer gave to Donn because he whipped the spirit right out of three big Barred Rock cockerels and made them roost in a plum tree; Romeo, the homing pigeon that survived the two pairs Donn had bought with rabbit profits to start a squabbery; and Golden Nugget, the New Zealand buck rabbit that Donn purchased to found a new line for replacing his grade Belgian Hares, the pets his Aunt Jean had made him so happy with on his birthday three years ago.

Donn was the king whom they served. Henry Crow, the bantam, had suppressed his masculine dignity to the extent of hovering three orphan White Wyandotte chicks Aunt Jean had taken from a hen that stole her nest in the rosebush by the ranch house gate. Henry Crow was a faithful guardian. He chaperoned his brood in the Bradshaw poultry yard most nobly. His pugnacity made him a good provider, for at one sally he could send the whole flock of greedy biddies away in flight so that he and his three wards might eat the best and the most of every feeding. Nor did Henry Crow desert his charges until the two pullets were twice his size and the young cockerel ready to crow.

But the day before Thanksgiving Henry's foster son was seen no

more in the poultry yard. A short while later Donn bought a pompous White Wyandotte cock and shut him up in the poultry house with Henry's foster daughters and a few selected hens. Then Donn brought Henry Crow to the small patent chicken coop in the little yard behind the bungalow. And here he lived in exile—a companion in refuge to a rabbit and a pigeon.

Romeo's plight was a sadder one. Once he had been lord of the patent coop, living with his pretty white mate. They had a couple of Red Carneau pigeons for neighbors and there were four fat squabs in the two nests. Then one day Juliet, his pretty wife, died. A few days later the four babies were stolen and a cat came and killed Punch and Judy, his neighbors, leaving Romeo lonesome and forlorn.

Tragedy brought Golden Nugget to the refuge coop, too. Henry Crow and Romeo could both remember the disturbance and uproar the night two dogs raided the rabbit hutches, killing the New Zealand doe and her family of six young bunnies. Golden Nugget's pen was too strong for the onslaught of the murderous hounds and he escaped harm. For safer keeping, however, Donn decided to put Golden Nugget with Henry and Romeo, for the patent coop was of sturdy construction and the high wire fence of its little pen gave a double protection to its inmates.

Donn soon discovered that each of the bachelors could bully one of the others, and also each had one as a chosen companion. Being a trio, their likes and dislikes could not be paired off without overlapping. Thus when Donn put the grain for the bantam and pigeon under the rabbit's hay the results were immensely amusing.

Henry Crow, usually the most sure of himself, would stride up to the food and with a couple of dexterous kicks proceed to remove the hay from over the grain. Golden Nugget, however, did not relish having his meals kicked around, so he would dive headfirst at Henry. Sometimes he would hit the bantam square in the chest, sending him rolling, but usually the alert rooster would jump swiftly out of reach.

No sooner would Golden Nugget get a mouthful of hay than Romeo, who always watched the quarrels of his fellow bachelors at a safe distance, would slip up behind Golden Nugget and pinch out a beakful of fur. This always tantalized the rabbit dreadfully, and he'd thump his feet on the ground in anger and retreat peevishly. Romeo would

reach up with his foot and scrape the tuft of Golden Nugget's fur from his bill and solemnly pick up a few kernels of wheat.

At this juncture Henry Crow would regain his appetite and stride up within striking distance of the pigeon. One blow from Henry's spurs was enough to teach Romeo that it was better to go hungry than to dispute the bantam's right to eat his fill first.

But as soon as Henry started kicking the hay around again Golden Nugget would promptly interfere. So for an hour at a time the three bachelors would wage their three-cornered scuffle for table privileges.

Strangely, their friendships were the exact reverse of their bullyings. Henry Crow loved nothing better on a cold and blustery day than to squat down beside Golden Nugget and keep his toes close to the rabbit's warm fur. He was even known to roost on Golden Nugget's back with no apparent objection from the buck.

Romeo enjoyed strutting and cooing his pigeon dances for the edification of the rabbit. Golden Nugget was a poor audience, but he was much better than Henry Crow, who always seemed annoyed and embarrassed by such goings-on when Romeo offered to perform for his benefit. At night the bantam and the pigeon huddled close together on the same perch even though Henry's lusty crowings in the night probably interfered terribly with Romeo's peaceful slumbers.

The days wore on. Donn spent hours and hours of the winter evenings studying parliamentary law, writing and improving constitutions and by-laws for imaginary 4-H clubs, always hoping that by these documents he might somehow create the organization of his dreams.

But what was the use? Donn would put the 4-H material and his new parliamentary documents carefully away. Their time might come. And if it didn't, what matter? Donn had his own kingdom of dreams. He was trying only to give other boys his experience and help, that they, too, might climb to success among 4-H members. But if they scorned his aid and his plans for them—then it was their loss, for Donn could go on by himself. He could become a "rabbit king" in semblance of the cattle kings of the plains. Though rabbits were not nearly so interesting as pigs or sheep or calves, he could raise them very well in town, and if he mastered the rabbit project in 4-H club work it would be just as much an achievement for a city boy as being a pig club champion if he lived on a farm.

He told his plans to the bachelors of the "happy family," for Golden Nugget as least was a pillar of hope. The big red buck would help him build a rabbit kingdom.

Frederick Armburg was his only human confidant. Poor health kept Frederick indoors almost constantly during stormy weather in winter, but Donn spent hours and hours playing checkers or talking of plans and 4-H careers in the overheated Armburg home. Frederick had a tempestuous temper and his frail body kept him from the rough-and-tumble games growing boys enjoy, but Donn was devoted to him because he listened understandingly to Donn's ambitious plans —the plans for becoming a rabbit king—someday a real cattle king of the West.

School studies were easy for Donn. He seldom had to do home work though his scholarship was good. There were times when his mother's books of history enthralled him and he would have more historical knowledge on the tip of his tongue than the whole text book of his class contained.

Then for a spell he found taxidermy his hobby. He trapped mice and preserved their skins by the most approved methods.

Feverishly he worked. If a subject interested him he would study it to the point of exhaustion. Parliamentary law, astronomy, taxidermy, European history, rabbit raising—each of these became a passion or a hobby to him that winter.

Then came the attack of pneumonia.

With vitality run low by study and lack of outdoor exercise, Donn was hit hard just as March and the marble season was coming. For weeks Donn was kept in bed. The happy family of bachelors missed their king, for now a nurse or Mrs. Bradshaw brought them food and nobody laughed at their bullying of one another or talked to them of hopes and dreams in which they might have a part.

Spring was in its full glory when at last Donn, now pale and wan from the fever in his lungs, could walk outdoors and touch the mellow, garden-begging earth. The grim needs of the war in Europe were pressing the country now and there was urgent need of more food—more gardens. In the evenings Donn played soldier with neighbor children, drilling in the street with wooden guns.

Then Donn found a new game of war. On the city lot owned by his Aunt Jean there thrived a thick turf of Johnson grass, that wire-

rooted, hard-to-kill forage plant. On part of this lot Donn and his mother had their chicken yard. Donn kept his rabbit hutches there, too, but over half the lot was unused. It was Donn's plan to reclaim this area, annihilate the Johnson grass, and raise a big garden on the fertile loam soil.

Each day he measured off a battlefront, spaded up the war zone as if it had been churned with shellfire and then "sniped" every single enemy he could find. This meant getting down on hands and knees and picking out every root fragment of the grass, combing the soil with a potato fork to be sure none escaped. He labored doggedly. Mrs. Bradshaw expected him to tire of the tedious task he laid out for himself long before it was half completed, but somehow he stuck to it. The battle-front crept across the lot five feet an evening with hardly a single pause. Already Donn had ordered seed for his extensive garden and by the last of May the ground was ready for planting.

It was a strange garden that Donn planted. Most of the seeds used were from sample packages requested from two Iowa seed houses. It was Donn's idea to make this an experiment garden so in place of ordinary vegetables he had plots of sudan grass, soy beans, field peas, vetch, squash, and corn. To find a good crop to grow for rabbit feed was his object, he said.

III

In April, 1917, events transpired which had a great significance for all the world, and even Donn, with his thoughts on a tiny kingdom of gardens and rabbits, was not to escape the far reaching influence of those memorable situations. America had gone to war. The struggling nations in Europe were desperately in need of food. Soon America's own great army would be calling for supplies from the land, and there would be few men left at home to produce the crops that were now so precious. It all put a great importance on the wee garden a boy can grow in the backyard. And that helped Donn.

His playmates stopped scoffing at his proposals to organize a 4-H club and raise gardens and care for rabbits in the proper club project way. They listened now to his plans because their parents and the teachers in the schools encouraged the boys to do whatever they could to raise food. It was Donn's great chance. He found another boy who, like himself, had enrolled in a 4-H garden project all alone and carried it through to a finish, receiving as a reward the 4-H achievement badge. This boy's name was Ronald Jones.

Assisted by Frederick, Ronald and Donn induced three other boys to join them in a meeting to organize a real 4-H club.

Immediately after school on a Wednesday afternoon the six youngsters stormed into the Bradshaw house. Donn introduced them to his mother. Each of the six boys twirled his cap a little faster and grinned as he acknowledged the introduction.

"I think," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "that you boys can hold your meeting more satisfactorily in Donn's office."

At this suggestion Donn showed the way to the upstairs room, and the six youngsters stomped and clattered up the stairway and into Donn's sanctum. It was a neat little room tucked in under the slope of the bungalow roof. The walls were covered with green burlap. There were shelves containing books and magazines and boxes where discarded toys were tucked away. A punching-bag was attached to the sloping roof in one end of the room. Each of the five visiting boys carefully examined and re-examined every movable object within the four walls. Donn looked on tolerantly. Each boy crowded up to the punching-bag and pummeled it.

At last Donn begged for quiet and pleaded that they settle down to their meeting.

"If there are no objections from the floor," Donn announced, "I will serve as temporary chairman and call the meeting to order." That sounded so overwhelmingly parliamentary that there were no objections forthcoming.

Ronald presented one of Donn's model constitutions for consideration, and this formidable document was speedily ratified. The name of the new club was to be "The Town Boys' Farming Club of Goldendale, Washington." One of the older boys in the meeting, Charles Congdon, was elected president, and Ronald, vice-president. The task of guarding the club's records fell to Donn as secretary. And very probably he was the only one in the club that knew the meaning of a minute book.

Just before the business meeting adjourned, Mrs. Bradshaw appeared with a tray laden with hot chocolate and cookies. The eats were fast disappearing when Donn raised his cup of chocolate and proposed a toast—"To making this here club the bestest 4-H club in the whole state of Washington."

IV

For two years the Town Boys' Farming Club sailed rough seas. During the summer of 1917 the leisure of vacation caused many of the six founders to forget their garden projects. The new member they had recruited was no help. By mid-summer he had totally forgotten there was a club. Even Donn himself had felt the inertia, for he completed only a garden project with a meager profit—twenty-seven dollars and twenty-eight cents.

Month by month Donn's exasperation mounted. On the last day of 1918, he called the club together for its annual meeting and assumed a dictatorship of its affairs himself. To the state club leader he wrote this colorful chronicle of his club's history:

GOLDENDALE, WASHINGTON,
January 23, 1919.

STATE CLUB LEADER,
Pullman, Washington.

Dear Friend:

Our club work for the season ceased shortly after the County Fair, which was held in October, but our troubles by no means ceased.

For three years this club has struggled for existence and during the same period has sustained its preservation. Indeed, I do not believe there is another club in the state of Washington that has had to face such odds as we have and still held out as long.

At our first attempt to organize a club we (by we I mean two faithful club members, Ronald Jones and Frederick Armburg, as well as myself) were utterly ignored by every boy we tried to get to join. Later we decided to let them go if they didn't want to join; so we finished the club year ourselves. Frederick was too young to join but he never lost interest. This first year was scarcely any club at all.

The next year, after we had got our pins, we aroused more interest, increased to seven members, chose Charles Congdon, president, selected our teacher as leader, and looked forward to a prosperous year.

But the school term ended in May and then our leader went away leaving us leaderless in the most critical time. Our club was forgotten about. Nobody knew there was such a thing as a club, except the