

MATRONAE AGRI

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Mr. President, Fellow Members and Ladies. May I, also, welcome you to this Ladies' Night, which is our eighty-third one. May I also tell you I am most grateful to have been chosen to present the paper this evening.

Ladies' Night is one of many traditions of our Club and the Latin title of my paper, Matronae Agrae, conforms to another convention. It purports to mislead you from the true context of the paper. It is selected to imply that the subject matter tonight perhaps has to do with ancient Rome and the rural antics of the wives, daughters, sisters, and lady friends of the wicked Caesars.

The title is designed to delude you that perhaps we are going to investigate the feminine aspects of Virgil's Georgics (Art of Husbandry). To give you a clue, however, to the real subject, may I quote one line of this poem --- "Nec mi-hi displiceat maculis insignis et albo---", which my translator deciphers to read "---nor does one specially marked with white spots displease me---". This now disposes of all academic and didactic requirements of the evening. The tradition of the Club is not to impose upon the ladies

in this fashion, but to do our best to entertain them.

My real title, "Matrons of the Farm", is about ladies, mainly matrons, rural ones, it is true, but they are modern. My story is primarily concerned with seventy-two-female^s, black and white, Holstein-dairy cows, their daughters, grand-daughters, the sire of the herd and the farm they all live on. There are only a few other feminine farm animals. Other ladies concerned with the farm include the city owner's wife, the farmer's wife and the wife of the hired man. My theme, therefore, is about ladies and for ladies.

The farm subject has been presented previously to the Club by other senior members but not on Ladies' Night to my knowledge. The material was handled in a most pessimistic fashion. The hazards of the farmer, particularly the city farmer, was discussed in detail - grasshoppers, dust storms, floods, tornadoes, farm mortgages, economic loss, sorrow and grief and ultimate return to strictly urban activities. No one should deny that any of these adversities do not exist, for they do, but therein lies the challenge to the

city farmer and his country partner. They hope and aspire to be so well schooled in agronomy, insecticide, veterinary medicine, animal feeding, weather prediction, economics, and even politics, that with their erudition they expect to conquer all these vicissitudes and recover at least six percent on their capital investment.

When a city man decides to purchase a farm, the first step is to convince his wife that the venture is a desirable one. Most city wives are apt to be less enthusiastic about a farm project than their husbands. They will not see clearly the validity of the investment, in capital gains, tax advantages, health improvement and inexpensive weekend vacations that comprise the husband's viewpoint. These returns are not as tangible to them as a dividend check from A T & T, which is so readily converted into cash and even more readily disbursed at Marshall Fields or Sak's Fifth Avenue. Most of them, however, are most tolerant of their husband's agricultural fancies and their contributions to the farm project are not to be minimized. On occasion the husband needs understanding feminine sympathy, or more

objectively, a quick drink and an attentive ear to the recurrent misfortunes. Hard luck is transient, however, and one must look at the long pull of the situation and I am reminded of an old saying from the country.

Whenever an old farmer passed away, his friends around the town would often say, "Well, if widow-so-and-so just hangs on that quarter section she'll never go to the poor house."

Having acquired the farm, the next step for the city man is to find a good farm partner, with a wife who is equally competent. She must have good health, and should be able to run the farm for short periods of time if her husband is sick with a cold or laid up with a bruised leg when a cow kicks him. During the planting and harvesting seasons she is often called into service to run a tractor, or other equipment, and she must be almost as efficient as her husband. The farm wife usually is the farm bookkeeper in addition to her other duties.

If the farm wife is lazy, or a poor housekeeper, or a poor cook, or uninterested in farm life, her husband is a lost soul and everyone else

concerned suffers in proportion. Most farms need a hired man and most of them are married, which brings another feminine personality into the picture. The very number of ladies involved in this project does not suggest mutual and harmonious accord.

The dairy farm is really a milk factory, presumably run on a more or less organized business basis. The farmer is the president, who provides the labor and also the equipment, such as tractors, plows, cultivators, combines, wagons and so forth. The city partner is the treasurer who is responsible for the land, the buildings, and the financing. The two partners must acquire a herd of cows by buying a group of ^{part-time} ~~cows~~ from a neighbor who is retiring or in smaller lots from several local sales. The herd consists of the adult females, the young stock, heifers and calves, and the bull. The workers are the adult female cows, seventy-two of them in this instance. The young stock usually become adults when they are two or three years old by producing their first calf and thus beginning their first lactation period. They are milked twice daily by machines, once at 5 a.m. and again at 5 p.m. -

365 days a year. Because of higher milk production nearly all the cows are Black and Whites or Holsteins. ^{Friesians} They are considered preferable to Jerseys or Guernseys whose milk content is richer in cream, but whose daily milk production is lower.

Our milking herd live communally in a large barn 140 feet long with 72 stanchions, a row of 36 on each side. A stanchion is a stationary mechanical device that fits around the cow's neck and allows her freedom of movement to eat, drink, stand up or lie down but keeps her in a localized area in the barn. Over each stanchion is a number, the name of the cow, her birth year, date of the birth of her last calf, date of her last rendezvous with the bull (date of conception) and the expected date of her next confinement. Each cow wears a necklace with a brass plate with her number on it.

One might think, ^{with} ~~that~~ 72 female cows so arranged in such a barn with no bathroom, that the area would be intolerably filthy. Quite the opposite is true and milk inspectors from Chicago, Milwaukee, the State of Wisconsin and

Washington, D.C. swoop down from time to time to make sure that certain standards of order and cleanliness are maintained. The barn is cleaned by a mechanical device twice daily, and the floor swept and limed. The beds are changed daily with new clean straw. The barn is heated by the warmth from the bodies of the 72 cows and is quite comfortable even in sub-zero weather. One problem is the moisture in the expired air from this many cows and this is handled by automatic fans which blow the moist air outside the barn. Water is supplied to each cow from an individual automatic drinking cup. They are fed from a manger, the bottom of which is made from glazed white tile. Any farmer who does not maintain top standards of cleanliness is dropped from Class A to Class B by the milk inspectors and the price he receives for the milk produced is dropped 15 or 20 percent. When the herd is turned out for exercise there is great commotion, and shoving around to see who gets out of the door first. When they return each cow goes to her own stanchion as they have been trained. There are a few who are disobedient and act as though they can't remember where they live but a mild

reminder puts them in their proper places.

These black and white cows are beautiful animals. Not all of them are of the chorus girl level of Borden's Elsie, but they are nearly all intensely feminine in their fundamental nature and the similarity of their many activities to the human species is remarkable. When they are turned out to pasture in the spring - they all go shopping. They try each corner of their enclosure, sample the grass here and there, and finally most of them settle down at one chosen place to eat. One cannot avoid the comparison with the urban ladies, who shop at Fields, ^{Worth's, Bloomingdale's, Brooks} Mandels, Sak's, Carsons, and finally reach a decision to buy the hat at a given place. The manner in which they treat a newcomer is also somewhat like the humans. When a new cow has been purchased she must be kept in the barn for a day or two and not released to range about with the rest of the herd. They all look her over even though she has no hat, suit, shoes or girdle. Sometimes the other cows will be a bit rude to her, push her away from the water trough, butt her when she comes to the feed rack, but eventually she finds her

proper place in the group. If she is strong and well built, she may teach some of the old ones in the herd a lesson. If she lacks aggression, she just becomes one of the girls. It has been said that every cow has a rating in the association just as it is on an army post - the general's wife, then the eagle colonel's, the lieutenant colonel's and so on down the line. There is no question that when the cows are out in the lot there is one who always comes in the barn door first and woe be to the cow who attempts to usurp that privilege. Another fearsome old girl always waits to be the last one in the barn. There are many cow personalities, the dowager who is always pushing her weight around and she is always a hefty clumsy old cow. Then there is the nervous active type, not so weighty, more streamlined as to body build, and she is the big milk producer. Another type is the shrew, never obedient, kicking at her neighbors or anyone who comes near her. There are the worriers, the neurasthenics and hypochondriacs, always fearsome and apprehensive.

They are all maternal but some are perfect. Such a cow conceives and gives birth to a calf in nine months and the next year she repeats the cycle,

almost to the day. She is healthy, friendly, placid and consistently a good milk producer. Cows of this type have been known to live up to eighteen or nineteen years of age and still produce.

Some cows are always sickly, with sore feet, or arthritic joints, or mastitis and their physical discomforts make them poor milkers.

The milking herd are an emotional group who are very easily upset.

If milking time occurs when an electrical storm is in progress, with lightning and thunder, the milk production will drop 20 or even 25 percent. If the barn is repaired in the wintertime when the cows cannot be put out in the cold - the strange carpenters and their noise annoy them and production falls.

Flies are the worst pest, not only to the cows but to the farmer and everyone else. They annoy the cows constantly and in hot sultry weather the herd becomes so emotionally upset that in August milk production is the lowest for the year. No device or method has been discovered that completely eradicates the flies. Cleanliness is paramount but chemicals gradually

produce an immunity in the flies and may damage the milk. There are a number of complicated traps and electronic devices of limited value.

Although the cows are milked with machines they do not tolerate any change in the routine as to ~~the~~ time or person. The hired man milks certain cows day after day, and the owner milks his group, with no interchange as this would promptly curtail production. In most dairy barns, the farmer has a radio going at full blast during the milking period, usually giving out the current Elvis Presley rock and roll. Some would have you believe that the old cows like this type of music but the more logical will tell you it jams out minor noises that would annoy them.

The cows have a language which is truly of interest. I would not have you believe they have the vocabulary of Vassar graduates but they certainly talk. One seldom sees two old cows talking to each other but there's a lot of conversation to their young. There's also some romantic phraseology between the bull and the young heifers, hardly poetical, but one can sense the affectionate intonation of the sounds, both feminine and masculine. Most easy to translate is the maa-aea of a young calf which obviously means,

"I'm hungry". A mother cow, under special circumstances, is allowed to nurse her calf for some weeks and otherwise care for it. When weaning does take place her cries of maternal grief are readily intelligible as to their meaning. When an old cow has her calf in the summer out in the pasture she always hides it. Sometimes this is in a deep grassy plot - a thicket of weeds or in a nearby cornfield where the calf can crawl under the barbed wire fence but the mother can't. When the farmer goes out to bring the calf into the barn, the old mother stands placidly by as he hunts for the hiding place of the calf. She appears not to notice him at all and pretends there is no evidence that she has recently become a mother. Every now and then she will give a low moo-oo to her offspring on the other side of the fence as if to say, "Don't you dare move." - or "Lie right where you are and not a sound out of you". When the farmer finally gives up the search she gives a different and softer tone to her moo, telling the baby the farmer is leaving but to stay put as he might be fooling. He leaves all right but goes to the other side of the cornfield and gradually

returns under cover. Sooner or later she will call out the young offspring with an invitation to nurse and the farmer takes over. It is the same each time she has a calf but the old cow gains in experience in finding better hiding places, and, also, the farmer in finding them.

In the spring, all of the herd, old and young, and the bull, voice a terrific protest, to get out of the barn on the first sunny day. The combination of sounds that they emit seem to make no sense at all and when they are released they run hither and yon, kick up their heels, and the young heifers bawl in sheer exuberance their happiness over the delightful change of weather.

I cannot refrain from a minor digression to tell about pig talk. Lady pigs are almost as interesting as cow matrons. The mother pig, better known as a sow, makes a great to do about delivering her offspring. She takes the clean straw which the farmer provides, arranges it, re-arranges it, and makes a sort of nest. Most deliveries are at night and she expects the farmer to supervise the obstetrical procedure, which he does if he is

intelligent.

First, she lies down on her side and drowzes while the farmer sits by. Occasionally she grunts with a labor pain and these become more frequent. Soon a little pig is born and the farmer takes off the placental sac, wipes off the piglet's tiny snoot, smacks him on the back and puts him on his feet. The little one runs through the straw till he is clean and if one picks him up - his skin is pink and clean and he smells just like a newborn baby who had had all the expert care of a city hospital.

The farmer must superintend the delivery of each pig and a litter consists of eight to 12. After the last one is born the old mother gets up and starts to talk to the little ones. She then lies down and gives them their first meal and each one has his special place where he has a permanent lease.

After the feeding the mother talks to the family about the home and certain rules. One corner is reserved for bathroom purposes and within a day or two she has them all housebroken with repeated lectures. They all sleep in another corner. The old saying, "as dirty as a pig", deserves modification.

A pig is as dirty as his owner. If the farmer cleans the bathroom corner of the pen each day the pig family remains clean. Much more could be said about the conversation of the mother pig to her offspring, as she converses incessantly with them as she moves about the pen, but we must return to the dairy matrons.

A part of the cow's life is her education, which begins a few minutes after she is born, as a new calf. As soon as ^{the calf} this is delivered from the mother, she arises and begins to clean up the baby and also to teach it to stand on its feet. First she cleans the face of her newborn child, and gently nudges it about the head and neck to persuade it to follow its natural instinct to kneel on its forelegs. She continues to lick the neck and back, nudging it all the while, and within 10 or 20 minutes she has the baby on its feet and clean as can be with curls and marcel waves in its new black and white coat that would draw compliments from Elizabeth Arden. The next educational step is to feed the offspring. The little calf is wobbling about while the old mother is watching it and she

maneuvers herself into such a position that the little one will bump against her udders with its head and the first thing you know the new born is sucking out a meal with gusto. Within a few days the youngster is promoted to second grade which is strictly a girls' school, as all the bull calves are sent to market promptly for veal and only the heifer calves are retained. These little heifers are quickly weaned from breast feeding to artificial methods. The farmer straddles the back of the little one, grabbing her neck with his right hand and then pushes her nose into a bucket of milk. With his left hand he smears the milk over her face and lets her suck his milk drenched fingers. After a few lessons she knows that her meals are served from a bucket and she drinks all by herself. In a week or so she learns to eat ground feed, hay and a little silage. She is also introduced to a water faucet and cup which is an automatic device that allows water to fill it when the cow or calf presses down on a lever in the middle of the cup with her nose. The only problem here is that the young calves not only learn to drink from the water cup

but they learn to play with manipulating the lever and to splash and to spill water all over their pen.

For the months to follow, up to the second year of age, they live lives of ease and contentment, eat, drink, chew their cud and sleep except for the best looking young heifers. They must be taught the feel of a halter and to be led as they will be entered in the local beauty contests sponsored by the 4H Clubs. When a heifer has her first calf she is again on the disciplinary route. First, she is assigned a permanent stanchion in the barn. When the herd is turned out for daily exercise, she goes along, and when they return to the barn, she must be taught to go to the same stanchion (her own) each time. This process usually takes about two weeks of maneuvering. She must also be acclimated to a milking machine. This teaching is simple or complicated, dependent on her disposition. Only a few are vicious and have to be roped so they will not kick or have to be chastised for misbehavior. When she becomes a placid milker the graduation ceremonies are over and she is another working matron, who produces one

calf each year, produces milk for ten months, and rests for two months before her next confinement.

The medical care of the dairy herd is another extensive problem.

Disease, obstetrical complications, and injuries of dairy cows are almost as varied as in the human race. Congenital abnormalities are not infrequent. One of the more common is twins, rarely triplets, and very rarely quadruplets. This might seem to be a truly favorable affair but such is not the case. After the mother gives birth to the twins she is usually a wreck from the strain and stress of a multiple pregnancy and the delivery. Her milk production is cut 30 to 50 percent for that year. The twins, if they are not identical, are valueless except for veal, as both the male and female are apt to be sterile and incapable of reproducing. If they are identical they are apt to transmit the twin-producing propensity.

There are all sorts of congenital defects in the young calves and some of the bizarre ones are sometimes exhibited at the County Fairs. You have all heard or seen the two headed calf, or one with five legs, or two tails,

or some other monstrosity. Their life expectancy is, fortunately, usually limited.

Before the calves are six months old they must be vaccinated against Bang's disease or undulant fever. This is a blood stream infection due to a specific abortion bacteria common to farm animals as well as man. In the dairy herd it causes the cow mothers to abort and the milk of the infected animal may carry the disease to a human if the milk is not properly pasteurized. Fortunately, this disease has been almost wholly eradicated in Wisconsin within the past few years. Another disease that formerly was a real health menace to the human race was bovine tuberculosis which is now completely under control in the whole United States. Pneumonitis and acute mastitis are common infections but almost any acute or chronic disease is a possibility.

One morning just after milking was finished my farm partner suddenly called to me to see an old cow called Nettie, who seemed to be dying. He said that only a few minutes previously she had been quite herself. She

was on her knees, obviously in great agony. Her eyes were red and the lids were swollen. The tears were streaming down her face and mucus was dripping from her nose. She was breathing rapidly and one could hear her wheeze. Suddenly, over her whole body, there appeared large patchy elevations of the skin. It was no diagnostic feat to recognize that she had a severe allergic reaction like hay fever and the enormous flat lumps in her skin were giant hives. We called the veterⁱnarⁱan and he gave her a hypodermic of adrenaline (10 times the human dose) and she was a new woman. She had probably been exposed to a lot of ragweed dust mixed with the hay.

One of our better cows was a young heifer named Mollie who had just had her first calf. Both her mother and her sire had unusually fine pedigrees and she was a real "blue blooded aristocrat". We were much alarmed when she did not act like her usual self. There was a decrease in her milk production and she showed a little weight loss. She didn't eat quite as well and she seemed to walk with a peculiar gait. She looked sick. The cow doctor looked her over and said, "hardware". This slang term

meant that she had eaten a nail or two, a small piece of barbed wire, or perhaps several pieces of sharp metal. These pieces of metal work their way into the stomach wall or through it and sometimes travel into the chest cavity and even into the heart. This may be a lethal event and the cow falls over dead as in a heart attack. If the pieces remain in the abdominal cavity - the patient can be operated and they advised that Mollie should have a laparotomy. The two vets came, scrubbed her up, donned their rubber gloves, aprons, and all the paraphernalia of the surgeons. They prepared Mollie with a hypodermic of barbiturate, and a local anesthesia. They draped her with sterile cloths and went to work. An incision of about 18 inches long allowed exploration of her abdomen and they brought out the offending five pieces of metal, sewed her up and put on the bandages. Antibiotics kept down infection and she started to eat after a few days and made an uneventful recovery. The fee for the operation was \$35.00, somewhat less than that on the human.

Some years ago when ex-President Truman threatened to take over our profession and put all the doctors to work under his bureaucracy, I felt

disinclined to work for this old politico and phantasied about becoming an obstetrician for cows. Even in the luxurious dairy farms the obstetrical practice is at a low standard. It is generally assumed that this is a natural process and Nature will take care of everything. The expectant cow mother may have a little extra food but certainly there is no prenatal care and nothing special is done till it is found she is in trouble with a breech presentation, prolapse of the cord, dead calf, twins, or any of the other difficulties that occur in human obstetrics.

It is not uncommon in cow obstetrics that forceps are needed and they are not unlike those in human practice. In serious cases, however, when manual efforts are without avail a block and tackle is brought forth and sometimes the tractor is hooked on. This is tragedy indeed, but no worse than occurred in the history of human obstetrics years ago. It would be safe to say that the veterinarians handle these problems in about the same manner as midwives did at the time of the Revolutionary War.

A current obstetrical tragedy now in process on our farm might seem

to contradict this last statement. Our very best cow is named Eileen and she had produced four lovely daughters for us. When the third daughter, Ellie, was about 12 months old (in the human sense, a teenager) somehow or other the gorgeous young Ellie got mixed up with the bull and turned up pregnant. This we did not discover till she began to show the unmistakable signs of this syndrome with a matronly development far beyond her chronologic age. The veterinarian has examined her and has told us that she cannot have her calf normally, therefore, he must do a Caesarian section. This will be more than a blessed event in the neighborhood, and we are expecting a number of visitors for this modern procedure.

Another medical problem on our farm is concerned with infant feeding. The young calves are weaned a few days after birth and are taught to drink milk from a pail, as you know. They are given a measured amount of milk each day from any cow in the herd. Sometimes they are given food supplements of which there are many. There are dried milk pellets with vitamins,

special synthetic proteins, saturated and unsaturated fats, and all sorts of fanciful combinations. On the adult side, the cows' diet consists of hay, corn silage, and ground corn and oats. Throughout the United States there are feed companies who sell fancy nostrums, dietary fads, vitamins, trace minerals, (special fat, protein, and carbohydrate supplements) which they claim will increase milk production and improve quality. Their products, in reality, are the same as the old patent medicine favorites, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's vegetable compound, Peruna, Castoria, Father John's Cough Syrup, and a host of others. The salesmen are high powered and the gullible farmers are all too easily convinced that these quacks have a worthy product.

Antibiotics have been administered by the veterinarians to the cows with the same gusto that they have been given to humans by their doctors, with both good and sometimes bad results. These side reactions usually of an allergic character, are quite similar to the human ones but the major side issue is a more complicated one. The cheese makers cannot use milk

with an antibiotic in it as it distorts the manufacture of cheese products.

The farmer with an ailing cow or two with mastitis, foot infection, or pneumonitis, must discard the milk from these cows whose milk shows even a trace of penicillin.

If he ignores the rule and he is caught marketing such milk, the cheese makers have it ^{so} arranged that he is severely fined and further penalized by not being able to market his milk for a week or ten days.

This, however, is only a minor tragedy.

A major catastrophe of farm life is the occurrence of a fire. Sometimes it is only a brush blaze out in the field or a small outbuilding, but too often it is the barn housing the animals. Volunteer fire fighting teams with equipment are called from the small towns near the farm and they perform in excellent fashion to keep the fire from spreading but it is almost impossible to save the building where the fire begins, particularly a barn full of hay. The old cows can be taken out of a burning barn without too much difficulty if time permits. On opening the regular barn

door the milkers file out in the same disorder as they do under standard circumstances, even if there is fire or smoke about, and are saved. The young heifers and calves, however, are quite different, not having any training. They become hysterical and run and jump in every direction and the loss ratios are high indeed.

It is never easy to discover the source of the fire and many explanations are offered. Frequently it is blamed on faulty amateur electric wiring, or "spontaneous combustion" from wet hay in hot weather, and of course, cigarettes or matches. Arson is sometimes the explanation and it is well known that the incidence of farm fires is higher in times of depression. Recently a fire destroyed one of our neighbor's barns and we offered to board his cows for a while till he could arrange his new program. He could not rebuild the barn in the winter and had to sell the cows. He practically insisted that we buy them as he did not wish them to be separated or sold to strangers. He still comes to visit them regularly.

A constant challenge to the farmer is the weather. Too often it's too

hot or too cold or too dry or too wet. No wonder there is a high incidence of ulcer of the stomach in farmers. The inconstancy of the weather and the inaccuracy of the weather prophets make him a gambler and the odds are seemingly not in his favor. In the winter if there is a heavy snowfall, with repeats from time to time it is a great advantage. The snow protects the alfalfa crop, which is a perennial, from devastating changes in winter temperatures. It also provides adequate moisture for the land in the spring. At the end of the winter, if the rains are spaced right, the spring plowing can be done, planting is properly timed and the crop is off to a good start. If the rainfall is heavy everything is delayed and germination is slow and a poor crop results. If the weather is too dry crop yields are low.

There is much speculation on when the first frost will occur in the fall. The first one is usually mild and just enough to stop the corn from maturing, and spoil the garden produce and the flowers. Sometimes it is

severe and accompanied by an unusual storm, even a blizzard. On our farm this date is automatically settled by the belief of my partner who swears the first frost comes almost exactly ~~five~~^{Six} months from the first real thunder storm in the spring. Last summer we had almost perfect weather and the crops were like the vegetation in the tropics, but the year before was dry and the farm looked like a desert area in Arizona.

Although our main interests this evening are concerned with the ladies, one cannot wholly neglect the male side of the situation. The patron of the cow family is technically known as the herd sire or, in plain language, the bull. He lives in separate pen, has his own manger, water cup, feed rack, and lives like a king. He is truly a key personality and his responsibilities are tremendous. In choosing the bull, his ancestral family tree much be carefully scanned. For a few dollars one can secure an authentic pedigree of six generations. The milk production of his mother, grandmothers, great grandmothers, should be up around 15,000 pounds per year with 500 pounds or more of butter fat. The records of his father, grandfather and

paternal ancestors are evaluated on how many good milk producing daughters they sired. Genetically it is known that the capacity of the female to produce milk is passed down through the male. In other words, a high milk producing female's son will transmit this quality of his mother to many of his daughters. Not all daughters share this inheritance equally, however. Furthermore blood often runs thin in humans in the second or third generation and also in cows.

When the bull is being chosen his body contour must be carefully evaluated. His general appearance must be masculine, with a thick strong neck, broad shoulders, a straight back, well shaped fore and hind legs. Most bulls are purchased when they are about a year old and ready for service. They must be evaluated as to aggression and interest in their responsibilities. Nearly all dairy bulls have a bad disposition after their second year of life. There is an old farm story about a city visitor who inquired, as he stood leaning against the gate of the bull pen, if the bull inside was safe? The farmer replied, "Yes", the bull was safe but

the city visitor wasn't if he didn't move promptly.

When the daughters of a new bull begin to arrive they are carefully studied for contour and resemblance to the father (and mother), and as they come into the herd, their production records are compared to the mother's. If a bull continues to produce daughters with records better than the mother he is rated by the National Holstein Association and many honors accrue to his owner. If he proves to be a bum, after a year or so, he ends his career as hamburger at the Milwaukee Yards.

In recent years there has been much ado about doing away with the farm bull by employment of artificial insemination. In the beginning the method was very popular but it has become a very controversial issue at the present time. Many farmers insist that the method produces more bull calves than heifer calves but this has never been proved. There are many arguments that time and experience will finally resolve.

And so it goes. If there are no problems with the bull, there's the cows, or the heifers, or the calves. At the end of the year all of the

bad and the good must be added up and properly assayed. The new heifer calves of the year must be inventoried, their birthdays and identifications properly recorded. The blue bloods with gene^aologies going back to the old country must be registered properly. The young matrons of last year must be checked as to growth, weight, and their availability for a date with the patron of the herd so that nine months later they will become workers in the milk factory, and perhaps produce another prospective matron. It is crystal clear that the women do all the work, raise the family, feed the young, and lead a captive life. Let us hope that no unrewarded lady ever investigates this situation, decides it is her destiny to organize a society for the improvement of these poor female cows, or organize a union. There's been enough trouble in the nat^ural course of events without creating new artificial ones.