

# CLOVER LAND

## The "Make-Us-Prove-It" Ranch Farm of the Upper Peninsula

By W. A. ROWELL of Marquette

"THIS is the pride of the farm." I looked over the slats of an ill-made door, into a roomy box stall, and saw eleven of the nicest, fattest, reddest, little Duroc Jersey pigs that I believe are on exhibit anywhere in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. W. B. Housholder, superintendent of the Upper Peninsula experiment station, at Chatham, Michigan, was the proud speaker and his big chest expanded as he watched the little fellows at their dinner. The mother of these pigs, although not being a prize winner at any of the big shows, certainly deserves a blue ribbon for bringing into the world such a litter. She is a pure bred Duroc Jersey and has the qualities of a good mother.

"These pigs were born on the 16th of January and when five weeks old weighed 30 pounds," he said. "Hank," he called to one of his men. "Let's weigh one of the boys again and see what their increase has been." After a lot of unnecessary squealing, and anxiety on the part of the old sow, the pig was put into a bag and we went to the milk scales for the test. "Just 44 pounds, and they are just six weeks old today," Housholder said. "Don't tell me you must not raise pigs in Cloverland." Such fine results surely opened my eyes and I asked him just what he thought of the hog industry in the Upper Peninsula.

Mr. Housholder is a thorough believer that the Duroc Jersey breed is the best adapted for Cloverland. He has followed the following figures in feeding and says that the results are most gratifying.

Sows—Nursing: Grand barley 4½ pounds, middlings 2½ pounds, ground oats 3 pounds. All skimmed milk she can drink. Ration should be large enough to keep her in good condition.

Sows—Not nursing. Growing pigs.—Same as above, less skimmed milk. Same as above except to give them all the skimmed milk they will drink. Amount of ration for all should vary with the size of the hog, for 3 to 4 pounds of grain produces 1 pound of pork.

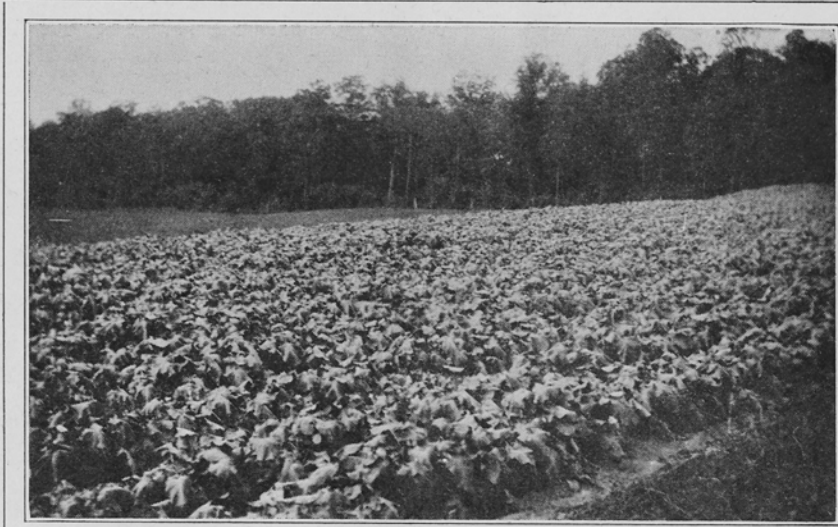
We then went over to the pig sheds and he showed me some shotes that were about 7 months old and weighed 275 pounds. These hogs are being fed according to the table above. There is no doubt that the hog is a profitable asset to the Cloverland farmer should he pick his breed carefully and feed with care and judgment. Of course, we all realize that this is not a corn country, but in the above tables there is no corn listed, and barley takes its place.

Barley will grow in Cloverland, and barley will take the place of corn, as the following figures show. This table is given also to show the great increase in the bushels per acre that Housholder has been able to produce through hand selection from variety test plots:

Crop	Number of Acres			Yield Per Acre			Total			Kind
	1916	1917	1918	1916	1917	1918	1916	1917	1918	
Barley	5	5.5	8.5	17.5	30.5	49.3	85.3	168	419	Orderbrucker
Oats	6	4	4.7	25	47	64	151	188	301	Worthy

During the season the Chatham station has furnished barley seed to 23 farmers, among whom Louis Harmon, Cornell, Michigan, had a yield that averaged about 70 bushels per acre. Oats were furnished to 23 farmers from this station.

A very searching potato experiment has been carried on at the farm during the past year, when 22 varieties were planted in order to get a fair idea as to the best and biggest yielder for Cloverland. Different varieties yielded from 140 to 400 bushels per acre, with the Green Mountains topping the list for late yielders.



A field of rutabagas yielding 19.46 tons per acre. Excellent succulence for both sheep and cattle. Upper Peninsula (Mich.) State Experiment Farm

We were sitting in the office of the superintendent, a new building recently erected under the careful guidance of Mr. Housholder, talking over matters pertaining to the work of an experimental station, when he asked me to accompany him through the seed department and laboratory. This is in the same building as the office, and heated by the same boiler. J. S. Jeffery, land commissioner of the D., S. S. & A. R. R., after looking through this seed house, pronounced it the finest thing that he had seen anywhere.

It is a three-story structure. The upper floor contains a large room for the drying of seed before they are put into the bins. Then along the sides of the remaining half of the top floor are built-in bins, their sides gradually forming a funnel at the bottom through which the grains gravitate into the hoppers and bags below on the second floor. The second floor contains the office of the superintendent and his office force on the one end, and the seed room and the laboratory on the other. Below, on the first floor, is the heater, tool room and work bench, separated from the milk room by a heavy concrete wall.

"Farmers in Cloverland must raise more pure clover hay. It is almost impossible for me to get enough pure clover to feed my sheep," said Mr. Housholder. Timothy hay is hard on the soil and takes away from it all plant food elements, and returns practically nothing. Continuous growing of timothy will deplete a soil. Clover is high in fat and protein and excel-

lent for cattle. It gathers nitrogen from the atmosphere, stores it away in the soil for other plants to use, and in addition develops a large root growth, which adds much organic matter to the soil and leaves the land richer in nitrogen, the most expensive fertilizing element, and in organic matter than it was before the crop was grown. It makes the best hay for roughage for sheep, cattle and hogs. For cattle it produces milk products and keeps cattle in better shape. For sheep it increases growth of wool, keeps sheep in better shape and will cause ewes to give birth to larger and stronger lambs, whereas

tory. He comes from the famous Sir Ormsby Banostaine, champion, and is a grandson of the world's champion dairy cow over all ages and breeds—Duchess Skylarm Ormsby, queen of the dairy realm.

The herd of 35 head of Holstein-Fresians, now on the Chatham farm, are pure bred and have made some remarkable records during the past year. In 1916 eight cows (2 6-year, 5 4-year, 1 3-year) produced 80,966 lbs. of milk. The year 1917 ten cows (2 7-year, 5 5-year, 1 3-year, 2 2-year) produced 161,246 lbs. of milk. In 1918 ten cows (5 6-year, 5 2-year) produced 109,740 lbs. of milk. You will note that the herd remained practically the same in numbers, but the average age decreased and the average amount of milk increased. This herd has been brought up gradually by the hard and untiring efforts of the superintendent.

Mr. Housholder is a believer in fall freshening, provided the cow is given the proper care and proper feed. He told of a test that he had run for three years, using the same cow during the entire period. The cow showed an increase of over 5,000 pounds of milk from the day she was four until she reached her 7th year. An average cow will gain 2,000 pounds during these years, but the fact that this animal increased 3,000 pounds more than normal makes it very plausible that fall freshening is the best.

In the feeding of his herd, Mr. Housholder has experimented with root crops and pea silage and found the latter much more effective and cheaper feed.

We went out to the sheep sheds during the afternoon and I saw a very interesting test being conducted to determine the most economic ration for sheep, the ration that will produce the most wool, keep the ewes in the best condition and furnish the largest and strongest lambs.

The following method is employed in feeding:

Lots of 30 lambs each—Barley vs. corn.

Lots of 30 ewes each—Silage vs. roots.

Lots of 30 ewes each—Dried beet pulp vs. bran.

Lots of 30 ewes each—Hay as a check.

As the experiment is not completed no definite conclusions have been reached. "It is possible at this time to state, however, that the ewes fed silage at the rate of two pounds per day do not consume within 25 to 50 per cent as much hay as the other lots. The experiment will be com-

(Continued on Page 48)

timothy will cause constipation in sheep and oftentimes death.

During January a bull was purchased for the Chatham station from A. T. Roberts, of the Emblagaard



Burton W. Housholder

dairy farms. As yet this animal remains without a name, for the Marquette farm has not yet sent the necessary papers regarding its his-



Pea vines 12 feet long at the experiment farm

# CLOVER LAND

## The Happiest Man in Cloverland

By HIMSELF



try dances and last but not least the district school, where it was the ambition of the big boys to lick the teacher, and when I speak of this there comes to my mind some interesting ancient history along that line which would take too much time to mention.

At the age of 17 I left the farm to attend the High school at Marquette, going to Ishpeming High school the next year, from which I was graduated in 1897. During these years I had the privilege of playing on the first football team organized in the Upper Peninsula in 1894 at Marquette, and afterwards played on the championship team at Ishpeming. After I was graduated from the high



"Bun" Goodman

school, we formed the team known as "Randall's Rough Riders" and had the satisfaction of holding the championship until we disbanded in 1900. During that time we were fortunate enough to win the championship against all comers, which included the famous Company I team of Marinette, who were our hardest rivals and whom we defeated two seasons with barely any score.

While attending the high school my dad saw to it that my business education was not being neglected, as I spent my week ends at the farm attending to the office duties connected with my father's business.

After I was graduated I went into business with my father, buying and

selling mining timber, which finally grew into a lumber manufacturing proposition, which latter we sold out last year at Little Lake.

Some people ask me how I come to get so much fun out of life. My only answer is that there is enough of fun for everyone if they will only help to make a little fun themselves or stop to take it.

For a good many years I have helped out in various entertainments by telling dialect stories, but it was not until about seven years ago that I attempted to disguise myself or fool anyone. My debut in this line came about through a request from Frank St. Peter, of the Carpenter Cook Co., Menominee, and the company's Ishpeming manager, Mr. O'Keefe. I was asked to disguise myself as a lumberjack and butt into the banquet that they were going to give for their traveling salesmen at the Menominee hotel, and create a rough house. Of course, as usual, I was willing to try anything once, so I rigged myself on that evening in the regulation stag trousers, rubbers and socks and lumberjack outfit in general, and after greasing my hair, so as it would hang straight over my eyes and manipulating my complexion to appear as though I had not washed my face for a week and sprinkling a liberal quantity of booze over my clothes, I shouldered my "turkey" and appeared at the door of the Menominee hotel.

Right away there was a lot of excitement, as those especially fine and gentlemanly traveling men did not care to associate with a drunken lumberjack, and consequently he was immediately ordered out.

I managed, however, to get to the clerk's desk, and when he informed me he could put me with some of those traveling men I was nearly mobbed when I volunteered the remark in broken English that I wouldn't sleep with those kind of men because I was afraid of getting "scratchy." As I turned around, I began to scratch rather freely at my ribs and right away they noticed my bag was sitting on top of their grips. They began to scramble and pull their grips away and soon the poor lumberjack's bag was alone in the middle of the floor. I picked it up and, with the pretense of swinging it onto my shoulder, batted one of the finely dressed gentlemen who was standing close by, and from that moment on he couldn't keep his hands still, as he imagined that he was full of cooties.

It would take too much space to relate the happenings that took place

in the ten or fifteen minutes that intervened between the time I came in and when the banquet was to start, and I don't believe I have ever had to exercise my brain since that time quite as strenuously to keep from being ejected bodily from the office. Finally the time came for them to go into the banquet and, as they started in, I also pushed in and sat myself down at the table.

Immediately, Art Hoffman, who now manages the Upper Peninsula Produce company of Escanaba, grabbed me by the shoulder and bade me stand up. He made a short speech to those present, telling them that this new fellow's membership would be terminated abruptly, and with that he turned me toward the door and began walking me out. I offered no resistance until about half way out, when I suddenly showed fight, kicked Hoffman's feet from under him unexpectedly, fell across him and then prepared to meet the rush that was sure to come.

There were about a dozen fellows started after me, but, having on rubbers, the slippery floor didn't bother me much and I gathered in legs by the armful and in a few seconds had a nice pile of traveling men on the floor. In the mixup I made it a point to jerk open their neckties, muss up their hair, pull their shirts out of their trousers, pull their coats half way off over their shoulders, but finally allowed myself to be turned out and almost took the side of the building along.

They then slammed the door, shut and locked me out and, as I stood at the door frothing at the mouth, I could see them yet straightening their wardrobes and trying to comb their hair with their fingers and gazing at each other with wonderment as to why the police department was so slow in responding.

I then left the door and entered the dining-room through a rear door, having been put wise to this entrance beforehand, when there was another commotion, but not quite so many volunteers to lick me as the first time. I insisted in broken English that they give me something to eat, as I had not eaten in three days, to which one of them volunteered the statement advising them not to feed me because "if he gets a square meal he will lick us all."

C. I. Cook, however, who was my confederate, suggested that I be fed. The disgust that was plainly shown in the faces I will never forget. However, I was seated between two very well dressed and precise gentlemen, one in particular was especially fastidious, and when he accidentally made known to the Frenchman that he also was French by criticizing him in his English and admonishing him in regard to the blue-points served not being "a strange kind of a hen's eggs," he nearly died, when the Frenchman in his delight threw his arms around him and made out that he was endeavoring to kiss him. The nine-course dinner was something new to the Frenchman, and of course he had some criticisms to offer in regard to the slowness in bringing in the pork and beans, etc.

After the meal was over the Frenchman was called upon to address the gathering, which address consisted of a stump speech, in which one of the prominent ones present was made the butt of his remarks.

My identity was made known then, and as there was a large number of those present with whom I was personally acquainted, it was especially gratifying and very amusing to hear

(Continued on Page 25)

## The Happiest Man in Cloverland

(Continued from Page 14)

them confess having been completely fooled.

The joke seemed to take so well that I have played the Frenchman, both the lumberjack and the refined Canadian, many times in a good many places. As the latter character, I have had the pleasure of fooling some prominent men, among them one prominent business man in Grand Rapids, whom I made believe I was in this country purchasing supplies for the Allies, and as I found he was interested in an overall factory that was having hard sledding, I confidentially informed him I was especially interested in materials such as they made overalls out of, and we agreed on a price, which was away over the regular, and, for an hour or so, this man had the happiest dreams of his life, thinking of the endless order he was going to get and which I assured him would be his. It has always been my aim, whether playing lumberjack, telling stories or otherwise, to refrain from saying anything that would offend the most fastidious or cast any belittling reflections on any nationality.

While some people may consider this a loss of time on my part, I have found it a good investment from the standpoint of recreation as well as from the fact that it has made for me a large circle of acquaintances, the benefit of which I have substantially felt, especially since I have taken up as a side line the writing of life in-

surance for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. So far I have been able to lead their Upper Peninsula representatives in the amount of insurance written, and, as I do not attribute it entirely to my ability, I naturally conclude that the acquaintances I formed on the above occasions are responsible for my success.

There are many amusing incidents that could be related, such as my first trip from the farm to the circus and the Fourth of July celebration at Marquette, which I will never forget, as my mother made me a pair of pants out of an overcoat for the occasion, and, in the course of manufacture, ran out of material, making it necessary to leave the legs short, which I offset by wearing my long-legged boots of those days, and the time I had keeping those legs in the boots, together with the fact that when I was viewed from the front or rear the style of the pants would not tell one which way I was going.

Then there are many funny as well as interesting incidents connected with my experience in the woods, from the running camp to managing the sawmill, where I had to play the part of bouncer and local police force at all hours of day and night, and sometimes without warning. On one occasion I had to finish up one guy that the bookkeeper started on and made a failure.

## Cloverland Sheep Have "Bloom On"

THE following letter was written to Hon. R. E. MacLean, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Delta county, Michigan, by J. L. Gray, now located on his new ranch at Alfred, Michigan. Mr. Gray came from Idaho to Cloverland in 1918. No better proof can be had of the truth of what is claimed for Cloverland, "the best grazing country in the United States, if not in the world," as Frank G. Hagenbarth said after his thorough investigation in 1917. Mr. Gray's letter follows:

Mr. R. E. MacLean,  
Secretary and Treasurer,  
I. Stephenson Co., Trustees,  
Wells, Michigan,

Dear Sir:—As per request, am giving you my impressions of the future sheep industry in Upper Michigan. Will say that I came here from southern Idaho last June. I shipped several thousand head at that time. These sheep were in a starved condition when they arrived at Alfred, Michigan, having come from a drouth district. We had lost seven thousand head of lambs and three thousand head of ewes before shipping these sheep to Michigan, and when the sheep arrived a great number of them had to be helped off of the cars. By October 1st they were fat and fine, which proved to me, beyond a reasonable doubt, that this clover and timothy and June grass is wonderful feed for sheep, as it puts on the fat.

A great many people say that it is too cold in Michigan for sheep. This is March 13th and the winter is now breaking up, and to tell the truth we haven't had what I call a winter snow. It was never over ten inches deep at any time.

Isn't it a fact that Canada lies north of Michigan, and haven't they raised as fine sheep as are produced in the world in Canada for the last fifty years? Then, again, take a sheep from the north down to South America, on the equator. The sheep may have sheared twelve pounds in the north, but when he arrives in the warm climate he either dies, or else his wool turns to a light hair, something like a goat, which proves again that it takes a cold climate to grow good wool. In other words, it takes a fairly good winter to produce a wool crop; just as the fur-bearing

quality of fur. As the president of animal of the north produces a higher one of the largest commission firms of Chicago said to me last fall: "The west is done for; the sheep must move east, and where will they locate?" I told him in the neglected cut-over lands of Northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Sheep are perfectly healthy here, no diseases of any kind, and they have what we western men call "the bloom on." The boom is coming for the cut-over lands of Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan. You could not stop it, if you tried.

Respectfully yours,  
J. L. GRAY.  
Alfred, Mich., March 13, 1919.

## Calumet's Auto Show and Fashion Promenade

By H. W. MORGAN

The Calumet Colosseum opened its doors for the fifth annual Cloverland Auto Show, April 9th to 12th, inclusive. The interior of the Colosseum was most beautifully decorated in white, while the presence of the national colors gave the show a patriotic atmosphere.

The 20,000 square feet of the Colosseum was devoted to display of some thirty-two makes of cars, trucks and hundreds of automobile accessories, too numerous to mention.

Petermann Brothers, Red Jacket, conducted the style show, the styles being displayed by fifteen local beauties of Cloverland. The creations were of the very latest, some being designed by America's foremost designers. So beautiful and original were the gowns that everyone was commenting on them. Never before have the people of Cloverland witnessed a more beautiful style promenade, and where there was so much "food for thought."

The Calumet & Hecla orchestra was also on the job. It is equalled by few and excelled by none.

It is estimated that over 100 cars were sold and over 9,000 admission tickets disposed of.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

We offer Western Grazers their choice of

# 25,000 ACRES of CUT-OVER Lands

in the Heart of Cloverland, Alger County, Michigan  
on **VERY EASY** and **LIBERAL TERMS**

Mr. H. N. Carley, of Wolton, Wyoming, arrived April 1st with 1,700 sheep to take possession of the 840-acre tract he purchased from the Chatham-Trenary Land Company. Mr. Carley says:

"It is not the best farming lands in the company's acreage, but it is well adapted for our purpose. There are some 300 to 400 acres that we can rapidly get under cultivation, as the stumps are well rotted."

We have many tracts that are equal to the tract purchased by Mr. Carley. We have several tracts with better soil, that are also easily cleared, and are well covered with grasses and clovers.

We invite you to come and look over these tracts. [We court investigation.

## CHATHAM-TRENARY LAND CO.

Marquette National Bank Building,

Marquette, Michigan

# We Are on the Job

The Prescott Company is taking prompt care of its customers' orders, and every department of the big shops reflects the hum of industry.

We are building saw mill machinery and mine pumps for particular customers in every part of the world. Every one knows this is one of the largest machinery plants in the northwest, and the users of Prescott machinery know it is also the best.

## THE PRESCOTT CO.

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN