

5404 N. Okemos Road,
East Lansing, Mich., 48823,
Sept. 10, 1969,

Dear Eben;

I just finished reading your column about the moon and found it interesting, as all of them are.

When you speak of people now days hardly noticing the moon it reminded me of something which happened in 1921.

I spent two years in Oregon, working with poultry and came back to Michigan in Oct. 1922, where I handled the Leghorns in the first two years of the Mich. Egg Laying Contest.

Having had some carpenter experience, I was building a 20 x 60 foot chicken house for a young couple who had recently settled at Medford, Oregon. They had come out there to get rich with chickens but soon there was some work to it. He told me later that the heaviest thing he had used in Chicago was a pen. He had been a bank teller.

I was building this chicken house in Oct. 1921 and at the time his wife's grand parents were visiting them. Her grand father was born and raised in Iowa and went to college in Chicago and became a doctor and was in the Health Department there for many years.

This trip to Oregon was about the first time he had been out of the shadow of tall buildings since he was a young man.

One afternoon, while he was helping me, he looked up and said, "what is that over there?" I said, "what, the mountains?" He said "no, in the sky." I said, "do you mean the moon?" He said "no. ----- the moon wouldn't be out in the day time. At least it isn't in the East." He meant in Chicago.

I think you will get as much of a kick out of this as I have.

In one of your recent columns you compared the present price of chickens with the past. You remember in the days before Cod Liver Oil when it was nearly impossible to raise chicks in the winter in our climate without rickets.

I raised over 2,000 Barred Rock broilers with C.L.O., hatched in Feb. 1926, and shipped them to Detroit in April and May.

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what they thought I got for them. They might guess 20 or 25 cents per pound.

Eben my top price was 65 cents and my average price was 58 cents alive.

This is hard for the present generation to believe.

I certainly enjoy reading your column in the Poultryman and leave it until the last as a kind of dessert.

Yours Sincerely,

Charles Delamarter