Agricultural Research Institute
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A Village Diary of George II’s day

Countrywomen who Fly
by Lady Bailey

On the Training of Animals
by the Duke of Montrose

Beheading Village Schools
by Sir Michael Sadler

Mussolini’s Short Way with Erring Landlords

Third Birthday Number
192 Pages

"The Countryman" makes one feel in the country – Thomas Hardy

The Countryman

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Birthday Improvements

We celebrate the third birthday of The Countryman by once more increasing the number of pages. The review is now just twice the size it was throughout our first year.

A second birthday improvement is in the look of The Countryman page. This is brought about by decreasing by one line the number of lines on the page and by adding a trifle more to the width of the paper.

A third improvement is obtained by adopting the new Suntone process for our illustrations. Hitherto we have had to print our illustrations on ‘Art’ paper. We do not like ‘Art’ paper. It is not a pleasant substance, and it means binding and inserting difficulties. The Suntone blocks are more expensive than the blocks we have been using, but they make it possible for us to have illustrations on the ordinary paper of the review and to get rather a nice effect in doing so. We are also enabled to have as
many or as few illustrations as we need, and to distribute them about the review instead of placing them mechanically, for the binder’s convenience, after every sixteenth or thirty-second page.

The Suntone process is also a great advantage to advertisers. They are no longer restricted to ‘line zincos’ or to what are called ‘65-screen process blocks.’ Advertisers can now use any kind of illustration they please. In this connection may we say that, since our last issue, we have had more letters from readers saying how much they like our advertisements?

By the kind consent of a number of firms who had contracts for right-hand pages facing reading matter, we have, with this issue, changed over all our advertising to left-hand pages. In the opinion of typographical experts, to have all our literary matter on right-hand pages — it will be noticed that it has always begun (on the title page) on a right-hand page — will add to the artistic unity of the review and will be grateful to the eyes of its readers. This advantage will be gained without taking from our advertising pages that intimacy which makes them so attractive to the commercial world.

From the present number our printers are the Alden Press, of Oxford, and they are using for THE COUNTRYMAN a brand new printing press.

Also the matrices for our type-setting are new.

Like THE COUNTRYMAN editorial and publishing office at Idbury, which is so rural that it is possible to gaze from it into four or five counties, our printers’ works, new, light and airy, look out on fields.
OCTOBER the 11th was the Coronation [of George the Second].

the 13th Masson being sick and lame gave a bond of 30li. to indemnify the parish. Mr. Massey made the Bond & had 10s. 6d. for making it; the Stamps, Horsehire etc. included, miserere Deus.

the 16th. was the Visitation when I subscribed 1s. for the use of the Clergy’s proxy of the Archdeaconry. tho’ the Ancient custom had been to subscribe but 8d. for a Rectory, 6d. for a Vicarage and 4d. for a Curacy.

the 24th. I made my Will and laid it in a Tin Box in my Burse where the College Seal use to lie.

Nov. the 3rd I cut a Colliflower in my Garden as large as both my fists, and sent it to my Lady Wolstenholm.

the 11th. Sow’d pease and Beans in my Garden.

the 14th. payd Shansman 6s. 5d. due to him as he says, last Spring for work done in my garden etc. and 4s. for 4 days work in the Garden now.

Dec. the 8th. had the Colick all day.

the 9th. wrote to Mr Favel to be excus’d, abundance of rain having fallen made the ways bad
the 8th. Enter’d my son Benj. in the Accidence.
the 13th. Tom: bought an Hog at Turvey of Mr Peers for 3li. 2s. weighed 12 Score & 12 pound
the 17th. pd Mr Edmonds the Wheelwright his Bill & for 48 Newspapers and a Quire of Affidavits 15s. 10d.

pd then Mrs Bran for 2 Turkeys one last year 4s. 6d. & one this year 5s.

March 21st. pay’d then Mr. Battison in my parlour but forgot to take a receipt.

1728

April the 18th. 42 dozen of Sheaves yielded but 6 Loads of Marketable Wheat.

May the 16th. being Thursday Mrs Mary, wife of Mr John Rey Junr. pd me for her father Mr Uriah’s small Tithes due for his cows, calves and pigeons, for the year 1721 16li. 10s. I also paid for an hog 2li. 8s. & for cheese 3li. 5s. the Hog my son Bought of him, and the cheese my Wife Bought of his Wife.

June the 7th. Sent to Mr. Chaderton by my daughters Jane & Mary a little Basket of Beans, being the first I gather’d; having a little before been presented by him with strawberries and pickled Jack

July the 22nd. Mr Uriah Ray and his son John abus’d me very much on Ryland Balk by No-Man’s-plat: his son Tho. was there but was not so uncivil.

October the 1st. Mr Collins and Mr Favel came to the following agreement at my Brother Philips, I being Witness, viz that Mr. Favel should have 16li. a year the Easter-Offerings, Surplice fees the Churchyard and Vicarage House for the present;
and in case the living would bear it, he would add
20s. p. annum more or if Mr Favel should think
fit, He might pay Mr Collins 35li. a Year clear,
and reserve the residue of the Living for serving
the Cure.

The 4th. Paid Mr. Steffs an half year’s payment
of the Land Tax being 6li. os. 3d. at 3s. pr pound.
Note The parish raises for the King this year
91li. 13s. 9d.

November the 1st. My cousin Ridge’s house was
Burnt; the fire was occasioned by his sister’s
looking under a Bed with a candle for an halfpenny
that one of the children had lost there, as was said.
Some of the children narrowly escaped.

25th. Mr Price’s Model of the Bridge to be
built over the Thames at Fulham prefer’d before
all other models.

1729

March the 25th. I prayed by Henry Fenn.

April the 1st. Ordered Wm Allen of Brigend to
be blooded for the Plaurisie.

2nd. Ordered him to be blooded again. The
first time about 110zs was taken away; the 2nd.
about 9; he grew better after the 1st. blooding.
His blood was worse at the 2nd blooding than at
the 1st.

3rd. he was blooded again, 10oz. being taken
away as before.

4th he dyed.

14th Tho: Rey & myself were Witnesses to a pair
of Indentures for the putting out of Mr. Chambers
child to James Turland. The Money was to be paid by the Bro. of Mr Chambers whose name was Wm. He was to pay 6li. next Midsummer, and if the child liv’d to Midsummer come 12 month, said Wm was to pay 7li. 6s, in all 13li. 10s. to the sd James Turland to whom she was bound for 13 years, viz. from April the 4th 1729.

May 7th. A Wet Day, Cold & Snow mixt with the rain; We had cold wet weather ever since the 28th of April, except a day or two.

May the 16th. Mrs Gibbons being ill of a fever intermittent & the gout in her Stomach was so ill that t’was thought another fit would carry her off: so she desired me to write to Dr Brown of Arlesey to make all the haste he could to her assistance; nobody being to be had, it being night, about 9 a clock I sent my son Tho: who lay at Bedford, and went early the next morning to Arlesey when he hears the Dr. was gone to the Bath. I should have said Mrs Jolliffe desired me to write to the Dr., and gave my son 5s. for his pains.

June 14th Jno. Hannah made an end of hanging the chamber over the parlour.

Note. This week Mr Rolt was carried to London to be cured of lunacy.

July the 10th Mr. Whitworth gave my daughter a purge of Mercurius dulcis, which overwork’d her and made her very faint, Miserere!

Mr Priaulx held a feast at the Bell in Bedford to which were invited . . . the persons who secur’d Mr Aspinall’s effects. The founders of the feast were New College in Oxon: & Immanuel College
A SUFFOLK FARM LABOURER
The subject of this study, by Winifred Ward, has lived all his life in one cottage and has worked on the same farm for fifty years.
in Camb: to each of which Mr Aspinall had left in Will an 100l. I was not at it.

Note. It was put off for a forth time.

Aug. the 6th. Extracted out of the *Northampton Mercury*

London July 26. Mr Cowel's great Aloe, called the Sophy of Persia's Joy or Moses Candlestick at the Ivy House in the back part of Hoxton beginning to blossom, having blossom branches already apparent and as many more expected, it is now aspiring the 3rd story in height and tis supposed it will elevate it's Summit 4 stories high. Also that it will produce purple blossoms, it being the first of its kind did ever blossom in England, may deservedly be accounted the wonder of this part of the European World. Note that it was said in a paper some time ago that the Aloe blossoms but once in an 100 years and the flowers of it is 20 foot high.

Aug. the 19th My Wife bought of Mrs Mead an 8 day clock 30s. six Black cane chairs, two of which were elbow-ones 16s. and other things.

The 27th. We made our Harvest Cart, Mr. Chadarton, Mrs. Chadarton Mrs Jackson and her sister, Mrs Jolliff's Gardiner who play'd upon the Violin, and sung very well ; her footman, and 2 or 3 Maid servants ; etc. being at it. The next day in the afternoon we made an end of the harvest; only the Tithe of Bull's pikle and Rudd's close was behind, not being ready.

Aug. 31st. In the evening I pay's my sister 7li. being 5 Moidores and some Broad piece in value 23s. out of which I had 18s. being t'was more than 7li.

Aug. the 28th. Mr. Vere John Alston had a fall
from his horse which endanger'd his life; it was in Pavenham Lane, having been at his Bros. where (as it is said) he drank too much. It is fear'd he will die. Note that upon my enquiry of him at his house where I went to see him, he told me that the day he had been so unhappy as to fall from his horse, he had been to Mr Lamb's of Sharnbrook where he din'd, and assur'd me that they had but 2 Bottles of Wine; which however disordered him; that he came from there about 4 in the afternoon that as he rode over Shambrook field, Sr Rowland Alston his Bror. met him, and seeing him disorder'd by drinking, wou'd fain have had him went home with him and take a Bed there, but he woud not and so rode homewards; Sr Rowland sent his Steward Tarry after him, who rode with him some little part of the way; but Mr Alston clapt spurs to his horse and coming into the road at Challington Fox, his horse fell into a cart tract and down he came, throwing Mr Alston, and falling over him, but beyond him so that he was not at all hurt by him: Tarry was about a furlong off when he fell; so he soon came up to him, and had he not been there as soon as he was, he had probably died on the spot, for his head lay under his breast; so he set him up and riding to Pavenham for help, he brought him home.

(To be continued)

The above extracts, printed for the first time, are taken from the Diary of the Rev. Benjamin Rogers, for over fifty years (1720-1771) rector of Carlton in Bedfordshire. Rogers was born in 1686 and was educated at 'the Freeschole at Bedford' and at Sidney College, Cambridge. Having
spent five years as usher at his old school, at the salary of £13 6s. 8d. a year, 'besides some perquisites which were inconsiderable,' he was promoted first to the vicarage of Stagsden and then to the rectory of Carlton. He was presented to both these livings by Lord Trevor, Keeper of the Privy Seal under Georges I and II, and son of the Lord Trevor who was Charles I's Secretary of State.

The Diary begins in 1727, when Rogers was well established at Carlton and engaged in farming his own and neighbouring glebes. His time, in fact, seems to have been far more occupied with his farm and garden than with his parish, and many of the entries are notes of financial dealings.

The records become sparser as the years go on, and end abruptly in 1752, with a note on the bottling of cider.

The little notebook was begun as a tithe book and contains, besides the Diary proper, long lists of payments of tithe and particulars of the glebe lands.

Roger's own hand is remarkable in that period of bold writings and quill pens. The Diary is tiny, and carefully ruled into two columns; the letters are so minute that they are difficult to read without a magnifying glass, but each one is perfectly formed and finished. And, that there may be no ugly gaps at the ends of lines, a little scroll is introduced to fill up empty spaces. The writing goes so near to the tops, sides and bottoms of the pages that in many places it is worn away with much fingering. Rogers was not a man to waste even the margin of a notebook.

It is remarkable that two such interesting Diaries as this Diary and the Grave Digger's Diary (published in the April and July 1929 numbers of The Countryman) should have come to us from neighbouring Bedfordshire parishes. And more remarkable, perhaps, that though there is a century between the two Diaries, many of the same families appear in both. We are much indebted to Mr. C. F. Farrar for his transcript and historical notes, and to Miss M. M. Walton for her kind loan of the original.
Malthus in the Fruit Garden
by E. A. Bunyard

More fruit is wasted to-day from that simple and confiding Rousseauism which allows every fruit tree to bear as it will, and when it will, than from any other cause, save one. The worst enemy in apples and pears is that virulent fungus, the Black Scab which, like the Black Death, fully merits its two capital letters. Of this, however, another time.

It is the overwhelming amount of inedible fruit that is grown that needs an impassioned crusade. Offenders are found in all classes, and if any garden owner will lay his hand on his heart and reflect how much of the fruit which goes into the fruit-room comes out again only to find its way to the rubbish heap, I think my first point will have been made. All this inferior fruit is not only waste in itself, but waste of the fruit trees' energies and the chemical resources of the soil, a drain on capital which must be replaced if bankruptcy is to be avoided.

The remedy is, of course, thinning; vigorous and long-visioned thinning of branch, flower and fruit. Most standard trees in garden or orchard would benefit immensely by the removal of half of their branches. I speak, of course, of those gardens where pruning has been neglected for several years. Cut out those crossing branches, let the light and air into the tree with the dour energy of a Priest of the Inquisition confronted by the schisms and heresies of his day. Those cordons, those bushes
or espaliers, with their tangled coral-like bunches of spurs should whet a holy fury in the pruner’s soul. To what purpose do we conserve a bunch of thirty fruit buds when there is only room for three fruits?

This, then, is our standard, visualise the fruit on the tree fully grown and well exposed to the sun—this is all there is room for. Such you will say is no work for the layman—how if his zeal should lead him to cut out the faithful fertile branches and leave those deceptive heretics who, in their day, will produce, not flowers of good faith, but sterile leaf buds only?

To the laymen, therefore, another chance is given. When, in May, the flowers expand, thin these rigorously, leaving only such well-placed bunches as will have all the light and air they need. Sad indeed is it to strew the ground with half opened petals—Get thee behind me, Rousseau!

The flowers will fall in their season, and, if all are left, none may set the desired fruit. It is a commonplace in Kentish orchards that half a crop of blossom sets more fruit than a full one, and if five per cent. of the flowers come to fruit a good crop results. Think of the labouring bee doing its good office of fertilisation in return for its honey. Let that work be thorough and well done by reducing its area.

But even now a last chance remains for the timorous. The young fruit will be set in early June and can then be thinned out should it, by our standard given above, be superabundant. Even in July or August it is not too late for a final regulation.
A Note on Training
by the Duke of Montrose

LATELY there has been some discussion as to whether skilled training on special lines spoils a human being or animal for ordinary work. Looking at it from a countryman's point of view, they say such things as field trials ruin sporting dogs, and sheep dog trials are not good for shepherds' dogs, and show jumping spoils hunters. Can this really be so? I cannot follow it. The idea seems to be that specialised training makes an animal soft; and because soft, therefore unfit for the rough and tumble of every day work. Or else they say the animal gets so wrapped up in using his brain in one way, i.e. on fine points of style, etc., that he loses the art of prompt action to meet circumstances as they may arise in his common round and daily task. But why should this be so? Surely outstanding skill in competition, whether field trials or show jumping or anything else, is only well developed intelligence or strength; and surely anything which tends to make eye and brain—or man and beast—work well together must be of assistance in daily work?

I imagine that if 'the young gentleman from the University' were to harden his muscles and spend time out of doors handling the spade or the pick-axe, he would get through as much work as 'the horny handed son of toil' and with no more fatigue, or ill effects from exposure to weather. I cannot see that brain and knowledge must of
necessity spoil work. On the contrary, if the young gentleman knows something about balance and leverage and anatomy, he should greatly improve the output. Sheer physical strength may be admirable for ordinary work, but that does not say that skill added to it will not give even greater results. Indeed, so much is this so, that one might say that skill coupled with less physical strength will give equal results. For instance, a jujitsu expert will throw a heavy Cumberland wrestler any day, and Carnera will not always win.

Look at this matter another way. How often do we find in history that some great man has risen from some very humble beginning, or some good animal has been bred from some non-pedigree stock. This outstanding excellence does not depreciate the value of his work; and it would never have been known had there not been some form of competition in which his powers could be shown and demonstrated. In animals, certainly, pedigree counts; and excellence in work added to pedigree is of inestimable value. Where people sometimes go wrong is that they pay too much attention to silly fancy points. Too much 'feather' on horses' legs, too small teats in cows, ears cut on dogs, tails docked on horses, etc. These points of excellence do not assist in work, I admit, and certainly not if carried to extreme; but to say that show jumping for horses, field trials for sporting dogs, sheep trials for shepherds', and even ploughing matches for men must of necessity do harm and spoil them for ordinary work, seems to me pure kill-joy nonsense. I cannot believe it to be so.
Priscilla
by Elspet Keith

PRISCILLA was forty-eight, but chronology captured nothing of her essence. She was a stray verse in a world of bulky prose. The lady whose price was above rubies, with her scarlet and fine linen and gorgeous Eastern husband, was a worldling compared with Priscilla, who owned little besides 'personal references.' Priscilla had served many mistresses and masters, and her meekness had often been a ready tool for selfishness.

The Listening Angel who guards such as Priscilla had left her long enough in the bonds of domestic drudgery to enrich a nature that seemed almost too good to be true. 'Too good to be true'? Priscilla was so good that she made everything true. Her quality was like the growing grass and the song of birds.

On the second day that Priscilla hovered in my rural kitchen, wearing sand shoes—if sand shoes can be imagined on a wren, the bird Priscilla most resembled—our subject was—need I say?—puddings, the daily recurring dead wall. Priscilla had a book with a hundred pudding recipes, many of them suspiciously alike except in name; but then, as Priscilla explained, it must have been difficult for the lady who wrote the recipes to remember up to a hundred.

Was it to be steamed lemon pudding or spotted Dick? Priscilla looked at me anxiously, head a little to one side, lips parted, and a pink-knuckled
hand raised with the recipe book open. Neither pudding was any trouble at all, she assured me, and as I seemed to pause, she offered to make both. My eye caught a glow of sunlight that fell just then on three horses in single file ploughing a near field.

‘Look! How lovely!’ I said. Priscilla looked ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘I’ve been watching them all the morning. There’s a lovely may hedge there.’ Priscilla glanced at me dubiously. ‘Do you think the horses know about the may?’ she said. ‘It is difficult to tell,’ I replied carefully. ‘Anyhow, if they don’t know in our sense, I’m sure they’re all the happier because of it.’ From that moment Priscilla was my friend.

Out of a deep respect and love for animals, Priscilla abstained from flesh-eating. She told me that she had often tried to love spiders, but, though she liked them better than when she was very young, she could not say that, as yet, she loved them as she ought. To our very ordinary goat I have heard her say as she clung to its wayward head: ‘Be good, darling. Now, loved one, stand still and let yourself be milked nicely. There’s a good girlie. And, if you’re good, you shall go the the mountain.’ The ‘mountain’ was a ridge of downs near by. Another day as Priscilla carried a pail of water to the goat, she said: ‘Now, darling, take your water nicely. It’s good for you, besides we can’t afford to give you milk!’ She rarely passed without carrying the goat some twigs or a tuft of juicy green. One busy day, as she was hastily passing near the animal, she called: ‘Bless you! You miss me, I know,’ and paused to throw the goat a kiss.
‘Butchers aren’t really nice men, do you think?’ Priscilla asked me one day when she had fetched some chops from the next village. I tried to look intelligent. ‘The shop was empty of meat because of the weather,’ she went on, ‘so I said to the butcher, “I see you have no meat. I suppose you will be getting in more creatures presently to murder them.”’ He laughed, but it was a nasty, heartless kind of laugh. ‘But I daresay,’ she reflected, remembering that I was a meat-eater, ‘he really couldn’t help it, poor man. He’d be good if he knew how. I did know one nice butcher who hated the work, but he preferred to do it himself for he killed more kindly than other people. It is all want of thought. People won’t think. It always has been done, they say, but in the very beginning people didn’t eat meat; did they?’

‘I wonder!’, I replied.

‘Wouldn’t it be lovely to be Queen and forbid people to kill animals,’ said Priscilla. Then, sighing deeply, ‘Nobody listens to me, but if I were a Queen it would be different.’

‘And if they disobeyed the Queen, what would you do?’ I said.

‘Beating isn’t any good, even with the naughty ones,’ Priscilla said thoughtfully. ‘I’ve seen it with naughty children. Love could always win them round. I believe in love for that.’ Priscilla seemed to think deeply. ‘The real difficulty would be with the food reformers,’ she said. ‘They are often very disappointing. I am downright ashamed of some of them. There was Aunty Jane now, with her bad temper. Not that vegetarianism would
ever make such people bad-tempered. They'd be queer anyhow, don't you think?'

'Perhaps they're only hungry,' I hazarded, but Priscilla ignored such ribaldry.

'And there was Uncle Percy!'

'Who was he?' I asked.

'Oh, he was Aunty Jane's husband, only she's dead now. Nobody could bear with her but me. That made me sorry for her, I suppose. It got so bad that her husband separated from her. I don't wonder the poor man got tired of her. Uncle Percy really meant to be a good man in the beginning, but living with Aunty Jane made him degenerate spiritually. Anybody could tell from his books he meant to be good. You know that one, "The Healing Power of Love?"' Priscilla was astounded that I did not know of any of Uncle Percy's books. 'He would be hurt if he thought people hadn't heard of his books,' she said. 'I bought ever so many of them at one time, thinking to do good. I didn't like the books much myself, but I knew the man, so that made it difficult. He had a slimy kind of way with him, really, and he always called people "Sister." "Have you any pudding left, Sister?" he would say to me, and I would go and see what I could get for him. That man would eat and eat. You would think he would never be satisfied.'

'But I don't understand,' I said. 'Whose house were you in when your Uncle asked for pudding?'

'Oh he wasn't my real uncle. We just called him that, and Aunty the same. She was head of a Home for Crippled Children, and I went there
to help look after the poor little souls. Once a nasty woman took Aunty to law because the children didn’t have enough to eat. When it was looked into, it was seen that Aunty Jane couldn’t give the children more food because she hadn’t got it for herself. It really did Aunty Jane good being taken to law because people then sent food and clothes and things and the Home always had plenty of everything after that.

‘Once Uncle Percy gave all his money to Aunty Jane to keep because his conscience wouldn’t let him own money. Besides, he thought that Aunty would take good care of it. But when Aunty Jane died, and Uncle Percy wanted his money back, he couldn’t get it because she had left it all to a clergyman! Uncle Percy couldn’t say anything because he had given her the money really. His religion wouldn’t let him take the clergyman to law, but he was angry. He did everything spiteful he could think of against that clergyman, only he never got his money back.

‘Uncle Percy came often to the Home after Aunty Jane died. Ugh, I couldn’t bear him. He would come suddenly and put the two great cold palms of his hands on my back, to draw out the good rays for himself. He believed that everybody gave out rays, and he said mine were good ones. One day when I went to my room I found Uncle Percy lying on my bed drawing out my rays. I got a scare at first, but there was nothing wrong, really, and I couldn’t help laughing. Uncle Percy kept his head to the north when resting, so he had his feet on my pillow and his head where my feet would
have been. I went to another room after that, but I was glad when Uncle Percy went away. I didn't like the way he spoke to Sandy, the dog. I did love that dog. He was a dear. It isn't natural for a dog to be vegetarian, and one day I brought home a fine big bone for Sandy. I often did that. Uncle Percy was very angry. He said I pampered Sandy. Would you believe it, he took away the bone and hid it from the dog.' 'Perhaps Uncle Percy wanted to gnaw the bone himself,' I said.

'Well, he was always hungry,' said Priscilla, 'but I never knew him eat meat. I said to Uncle, "Anybody would think from your books that you loved animals, but you don't really." He said, "Sister, loving is not indulging. You indulge that dog. A dog is a dog and should be kept in his place if you truly love him." I said, "That's not my way of loving". Uncle Percy was always like that. He spoke beautiful words and wrote about Universal Love and so on. He was a good man, you see, but just terribly selfish and greedy.' A wistful expression crossed Priscilla's face. 'If only reformers wouldn't call themselves by grand names but were just known as ordinary hypocrites, it would make it much easier for other people. I have been taken in ever so often.'

Soup for Schools. — Hot soup at mid-day for village children who come from a distance is practicable, at a halfpenny per child, if people can be found near the school able and willing to make it in turn. It must be made of peas or lentils, thoroughly well cooked, onions, potatoes and other vegetables, and stock from meat bones. — L.F.R.
Beheading Country Schools
by Sir Michael Sadler

It is a very black mark against the classes who were dominant in Parliament and in local government during the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century that they were stingy, timid, stupid and wall-eyed in their behaviour towards village schools.

Very many persons, we are thankful to remember (squires and their wives, parsons and their wives, as well as others, gave generously, in some cases lavishly, for the building of schoolhouses and the support of teachers, long before Governments in England began to make grants in aid of education. It is also gratefully to be acknowledged that a few country people in good positions tried to think out what a village school might do, and did not spare themselves in personal service. Among such were Hannah More, John Keble, Mrs. Sherwood and Dean Dawes. But the bulk of the upper and middle classes in the English countryside (unlike the Scots) were bored by education.

A small number of influential country people, all honour to them, went abroad to see what Pestalozzi and Fellenberg and (after the sixties of last century) the Danes under the leadership of Grundtvig, were doing for the betterment of rural schools. The short list of these intelligent and painstaking people includes the names of the Rev. Charles Mayo, the Countess of Lovelace, Kay Shuttleworth, Tufnell, Horace Plunkett and Lord Bledisloe. But the ordinary travelling Englishman and his ladies went
down the Rhine, to Paris or to Italy, or, later, to Switzerland and the Tyrol, without giving a thought to what the schools were doing in Germany, France, or elsewhere. Even to-day the educated Englishman or Englishwoman, when he or she goes to Switzerland for climbing or for sports, rarely finds time to look into the arrangements which the Swiss cantons and communes make for country children.

We are unobservant because our interest in these matters has never been awakened. Yet, in order to achieve the English ideal, nothing was more indispensable than the right kind of education. But, at the very point in which we ought to have been resourceful, inventive, ingenious, we were numb, stagnant, and dull. Nevertheless, we are very far from being a dull and heavy-minded people in dealing with things we really care about. Evidently one of the things we did not care to give a great deal of time and thought to was the village school. Why there was this indifference, when there was no indifference about dogs, gardens and needlework, is a question which goes to the heart of English History.

And now that we are in full spate of reaction against the neglect of country schools, we have an urban electorate (or rather its spokesmen) deciding what the country shall have or not have. In handling the question we have not yet got the skill which long experience gives; the judgment and insight which centuries of experience in using stone gave to Cotswold builders.

At heart England has always been willing that country boys of promise should be given their
chance of rising in the world to a station appropriate to their ability and character. The future of clever girls it was disposed to leave to be settled in other ways: but about boys it was not selfish or ungenerous. It trusted to there being a patron who would notice a lad's promise and give him his chance. One of the most famous benefactors of University College in its middle age (Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham) started life in very humble circumstances in a Yorkshire village. And this is only one of a thousand cases.

The desire, which actuates all the educational organisation of our time, to leave neither Giotto nor Giotto's sister by the sheepfolds, is a generous desire. But about what is to befall Giotto or Giotto's sister when they have left the sheepfold and got to Florence, there is no clear thinking. We plan what we call a highway of what we are still content to call education; in a glow of optimism 'Education' is great and Examination its prophet.

The Hadow plan was pretty well thought out for urban conditions, and for conditions like those which prevail in the industrialised West Riding of Yorkshire. But the application of the plan to country districts was but sketchily considered. There is a danger lest country children may get an education with less vitamins in it than they need. What will the new central schools be like in rural districts? What will be the spirit of their work? To these questions no one gives a clear answer. We are jumping at conclusions.

And yet at this very moment, here and there, there are English village schools which, with the
wise encouragement of His Majesty's Inspectors, the goodwill of the Board of Education and the friendly aid of County Education Committees are, without exaggeration, the best and most promising and most intelligent rural schools in the world. Let me mention as examples the village school (Church of England) which Mr. and Mrs. F. Reyment have inspired at Hertingfordbury near Hatfield, Herts, and the village school at Tewin near Hertford, in which Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hollis have kindled a new life. There are many more, but those who see these schools will be proud of English village education.

But what, I end by asking, will happen to these schools, and to schools like these, if they are decapitated and if the older children are sent away in the bus to some central school, planned perhaps on conventional lines?

One can only hope for the best: that County Education Committees will be encouraged by public opinion, and permitted by law, to use discrimination in applying the well-meant Hadow plan to village schools.

It was a fine example of searching Japanese wit that Mr. Yanagi, author of a life of William Blake, and a leading worker in the foundation of Korean and Japanese folk art museums in Tokyo, gave to a meeting of the Idbury Village Neighbours. It concerned the three sixteenth century generals, Ieyasu, Hideyoshi and Nabunaga. Ieyasu is fabled to have said, 'If a bird will not sing, wait until he does'; Hideyoshi, 'If a bird will not sing, make him'; Nobunaga, 'If a bird will not sing, kill him.'
THE CHAMPION MARROW
From the painting by J. Kynnersley Kirby, exhibited at the New English Art Club
Photograph lent by P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.
MOTHER told me this story of Mary Ellen Bell when I was grown and married. ‘Mary Ellen’, she said, ‘came to live in the little cottage just opposite the house where most of you were born. Jim Bell was the woodman. He went away long before your time. His first wife died and left him with five children. Mary Ellen came as housekeeper. It was a sorry day for her when she came. He was a nastynatured man and when he’d had drink, which was as often as he could get it, he was bad beyond description. Mary Ellen hadn’t been there a year and a half before she married him. She had to. And then one by one the children came until there were five of hers, ten all told, and the eldest of the ten not sixteen. His first five were all boys. All Mary Ellen’s were girls. I can’t help describing them that way. Mary Ellen always did. She always talked of his or hers. I never knew much about her trouble until all these ten children were around her. I say around her, because it always seemed like that. Wherever she was, whatever she was doing, there would be two or three hanging on to her. There never were ten children so different. His were loud, strong and quarrelsome. Hers were poor, weakly things that never even cried above a whimper. The cottage had one fair-sized room downstairs, and two smaller rooms upstairs. Jim Bell and his five boys slept in the rooms upstairs. Mary Ellen and her girls had one
large bed and a box bed in the ground floor living room. This sense of division worked itself out in hard, cruel, terrifying little household things of which I got a glimpse or two at the finish. The finish seemed to come all in a few days, but I did not know how long the wearing, tearing process of breaking Mary Ellen had been going on. She came to me one day when I was churning. When she looked in at my kitchen and saw what I was doing, she let out a little cry. "Oh, you’re churnin’, mistress. If only I could make butter but—you know—I cannot." "But why not, Mary Ellen?" "Well mistress, you see, my hands is that hot." It’s true enough that it’s hard for a body to make good butter if she has hot hands. I said to Mary Ellen, "Anyway, you haven’t got a cow." "But that’s just it, mistress! Jim’s gone to the town to-day and he’s buying a one. And he’s no money. He says he’ll take all I’ve left. I’ve fourteen pounds. That’s all there’s left of what I had. He’s had all of it. For hisself. I don’t mind much. I said he could have my fourteen pounds to buy butter. Every week, say two pounds of butter. That would last a long time, mistress, wouldn’t it? He says his lads must have butter. Mine get none. And, mistress, there’s another one comin’. I’m frightened it might be a lad. Poor’s the chance he’d have as a little ‘un with his. I’m fair distracted. And now there’s to be a cow. And, oh; I canna make butter, my hands is that hot." And after standing a minute, looking at those thin, work-scarred hands of her’s, Mary Ellen went out. I told your father about it all when he came home, but there did not seem
anything we could do. He said, "Take her a pound of your butter over, and tell her you'll help her when the cow comes, if it does." I took the butter to her and offered my help, but Mary Ellen said little but to thank me. She kept rubbing her hands and looking at them. It appears that Jim Bell did not come home that night. Anyway next morning early, someone came running for me. I went at once. In the corner by the fireplace was a bench or settle as we called it. There were nine lots of children's clothes neatly folded, with the clogs well cleaned and bright on the floor beneath. There were five lots at one end and four lots at the other. Mary Ellen had remembered until the end that horrible division. There was a loaf of bread on the table. A crust had been cut off the side. My pound of butter was on a plate close by. Some of it had been used and the big knife was still on the table. In a cradle in front of the fire sat a wide-eyed little girl—but fourteen months she was—quietly sucking that piece of buttered crust. The back door of the room was open and I could see the wash tub with Mary Ellen's stockinged feet hanging over the side. Silly they looked somehow. On a wooden table in this scullery place which I could also see, was a wooden plate. There were five slices of bread on it, buttered. And four slices with no butter on. After a while we found a letter from Mary Ellen to her sister: "Dear Lizzie, I am going to drown myself. God forgive me. It's the cow somehow. I've been frightened of my next one being a lad. Lizzie, I'll never be able to make butter to please him—my hands are that hot. Mary Ellen."
THE SALE
From the picture by Charles Crundall, exhibited at the Colnaghi Gallery
Rural Authors.—XI. Charles Waterton*

Who does not know Charles Waterton’s ‘Essays on Natural History’ and ‘Wanderings in South America,’ those amazing books wherein we learn about the Vulture’s Nose and the Rumpless Fowl, about Labarri snakes and riding on a crocodile? Do they still, together with Macaulay’s ‘Lays of Ancient Rome,’ Tennyson’s Poems,’ and White’s ‘Natural History of Selborne’ take their place in the ranks of leather-bound books awarded as prizes for school work? I hope so. Not that Charles Waterton himself would have cared. The pleasures of discovery and the satisfaction of writing down the results, liberally interspersed with Latin tags, was sufficient reward for him. He was far too humble a man to anticipate fame, far too unworldly to care about posterity. Nor is it as a traveller, a naturalist, or an author that we are concerned with him here, but rather as an English country gentleman, and a lover of animals and birds, in his home at Walton Hall in Yorkshire.

And what a home it was! Since his succession to the estate Waterton had done everything in his power to make it a haven for wild creatures. He commenced by fencing the park with an eight-foot wall. This cost him £9,000, a sum saved, as he

used to say, from the wine he had not drunk. Within this barrier he ministered to the particular fancies of avi-fauna of the locality in the way of cover, and marvellously did they respond to his care and affection. The herons flourished in their wood to such an extent that, at the time of Waterton’s death, it contained some forty nests. The rooks did likewise, and so did the pheasants. Waterton transformed the trunk of an old oak tree into a nesting place for owls, and the owls came. He constructed a nest in a decayed ash tree for one particular bird, and that very bird took advantage of it. There was a lake in the grounds, with swampy ground near-by, and here water-fowl gathered in large numbers. An observer notes that once, in the month of January, he ‘counted 1,640 mallards, wild duck, widgeon, teals, and pochards, thirty coots, and twenty-eight Canada geese, and there must have been many more out of sight of the window. A few cormorants usually joined the throng, with goose-anders, tufted ducks, and abundance of water-hens.’ The sand-martins alone seem to have been ungrateful, for when their would-be host had a walled bank in the garden specially pierced with upwards of fifty holes and filled with drain-pipes for their reception, they at first took possession of every hole, but next year and for some years afterwards they entirely abandoned them. Yet even they eventually returned. Being a great believer in the balance which Nature preserves among wild creatures, no feeding was done except that a few boiled potatoes were placed on the ground for the jackdaws when the weather was partic-
ularly severe. But no shot was ever fired within these charmed grounds, no dog or keeper ever ranged the woods, no boat was launched on the lake from Michaelmas-day to May-day.

We can picture Waterton perched for many an hour in the branches of some large tree, alternately reading Latin and gazing intently at the creatures around him, or seated in winter time by the fire in the little square house, watching the robins as they hop around him. Or we may find him with a telescope surveying the heronry and noting that herons do both 'dive and swim.' At other times he whistles to the night-jar or lures the corn-crake or, with that curious contrivance which had belonged to his great-grandfather, gives forth sounds so similar to the call of a quail that every member of that species within hearing is attracted.

That strange-looking circular tower, over there, with the conical roof supported on a round stone pillar some five feet high, is the starling tower and is so constructed to prevent cats and rats molesting the inmates. That tall two-storied building in the distance against which a ladder is lying is the pigeon-cote, so designed as to thwart successfully the numerous pigeon-stealers in the district. Those pheasants, apparently roosting in the trees, are not really pheasants at all but merely wooden dummies to attract, as the marks of shot testify, the activities of the poachers.

Waterton's love of trees amounted almost to veneration. He studied their ways and was a fearless climber of them. On this subject he gives some advice: 'Brittle are the living branches of
the ash and sycamore; while, on the contrary, those which are dead on the Scotch pine are tough, and will support your weight. The arms of the oak may be safely relied on; but, I pray you, trust with extreme caution those of the quick-growing alder. Neither press heavily on the linden tree; though you may ascend the beech and elm without any fear of danger.’ It is stated that at eighty-three Waterton climbed an oak to inspect a nest. He gave names to many of his favourite trees. Thus there were the Twelve Apostles, the Eight Beatitudes and the Seven Deadly Sins, while an oak and a fir which had grown twined together he named Church and State. One of his prejudices was against the use of scientific names, which he thoroughly detested.

His mode of life was austere. He was shaved and dressed by four. He then occupied himself with prayer in his private chapel, after which he wrote letters, read a chapter of some Latin or Spanish author, and did some bird stuffing until eight, when he breakfasted. The room in which he slept was small and carpetless, his pillow an oaken block, his bed the bare boards, from which he rose at midnight to spend a few minutes in the chapel. An eye-witness gives the following account of a midnight visit to Waterton, during the last year of his life. ‘I found the dear old wanderer sitting asleep by his fire, wrapped up in a large Italian cloak. His head rested upon his wooden pillow, which was placed on a table, and his thick silvery hair formed a beautiful contrast with the dark colour of the oak. He soon woke up, and with-
drew to the chapel, and on his return we talked about the brown owl, the night-jar, and other birds."

Although he lived so simply, spending upon himself a mere pittance, Waterton’s generosity was great. He allowed his tenants to get into heavy arrears, and, although his name never appeared on a subscription list, he gave handsomely to charities. He used, too, to carry about with him on his daily walks an old knife, which he gave to any poor shoeless person he chanced to meet. This was a sign to a certain shoemaker in Wakefield to supply the bearer with a new pair of shoes. On one occasion, not having the knife with him, he handed over his own shoes and stockings to a poor wayfarer.
April 1930

The Country House Aeroplane – IV*

Countrywomen who Fly
by the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E.

It is rather wonderful to think that, if you get a really grilling day in the summer, you can pull out your small aeroplane, start it up, take off and fly yourself down to the seaside for the day or for a morning or merely for a bathe. Given a suitable field, with clear approaches and a small shed in which to house a light aeroplane, and there is the possibly of flying to any town in England or Europe or North Africa which possesses an aerodrome. And, of course, still further afield if you make sure that the petrol and oil for your light aeroplane are to be had. If you want merely to go up to Scotland, you need about three and a half hours from London to get to Edinburgh. On a fine day some of the scenery up north, when seen from up above, is very beautiful. You can fly over the wild lake country in Cumberland and look down on the islands between the Scottish and Irish coasts. Crossing the open sea between Britain and Ireland from Stranraer takes about fifteen to twenty minutes, and, unless the visibility is very bad, you see both coasts all the while. When flying about England, you realise the variety of the country. It is hard to imagine, until you have seen them, the changes in the panorama from plains to hills, from valleys to

mountains, from moors to pasture, from plough and stubble lands to industrial parts. The country is always different: large lakes, large rivers, still a few forest belts and a sort of lattice work of roads and railway lines on which you see trains or motor cars and carts and horses—a kingdom of insects, all very busy and intent on just one spot of ground. The clouds are often wonderful, sometimes looking like seas and islands, sometimes like floating mountains. On days of good and fair visibility there is a feeling of vision and of freedom and of great interest in the large view and the advantage of free passage in any direction unimpeded through the clear and endless space of the air that surrounds the world. But of course there are times when it is not a pleasure to fly. There is fog or low clouds, or perhaps black storm right down to the ground, or a very strong head wind that allows you to make only two-thirds of the progress which you would otherwise have made.

There are now so many flying clubs that it is not a difficult matter to get taught to fly an aeroplane, and these clubs give first class instruction for small fees. A great deal of doubt is still felt by some about the safety of flying; but if commonsense is used, and the few simple instructions are rigidly adhered to, there need be no question as to the advantages to be gained by owning a light aeroplane, and either having an engineer pilot as chauffeur or piloting it oneself. There is little needed in care and upkeep but most certainly a knowledge of running repairs, etc. This any woman acquires who looks after her own car. There is little to
learn and it is straightforward and simple; but it is necessary to be fitted out with this small amount of knowledge.

No one, I feel, can fully realise what the possession of an aeroplane means until he or she has tried it. I hope many women will try it, because the joys are so many and the interests and opportunities so world-wide and immense. Also I think that if people use flying and the private ownership of aeroplanes reasonably, they can advance aviation in Britain enormously and help to show what air travel will mean on the great Empire air routes.

A Farewell Song for April 5

A hogg is a lamb of the previous Spring, and April 5 is the date when the hoggs return to their owners on the Westmorland fells after wintering on the lower farms

HERE's a gay farewell, my black-faced rover,
    From the man and the land that wintered you.
Good-bye to the wall you clambered over,
Good-bye to the hedge you scrambled through!

You were well content while the storm-clouds drifted
And winds held revel where you were born,
With the lee of a wall till the rain had lifted
And finding a shelter by every thorn.

Then the curlews came, and they set you dreaming
Of young green heather on wild wet hills
With unknown waters in moonlight gleaming,
And fence-less pasture that no man tills.

So here's good luck, and when next November
Brings Autumn's whisper of Winter rain,
You may well forget, but we shall remember
For we'll have wintering hoggs again!

G.B.F.D.
Trespasser Catching

by A Farmer

I SAID to myself that I should prosecute any trespasser I caught that afternoon. First came two women. They left the road and walked up the field towards me. They were each carrying their tea in a shiny black leather bag. They were dressed in black, and each was approximately fourteen stone. Both were getting puffed with the uphill walk. As they were passing me I addressed the nearer. ‘Are you aware that you are trespassing and also doing damage?’ ‘Law!’ she said, putting down her bag. ‘Be us?’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘you should keep to the highway.’ ‘Yerr that, Betsy?’ she said to her companion, ‘My! Look at un. All gritty and stwony. Think of my pore wold feet. You should keep thicky road in better fettle, Sir, so as we could walk on un.’ ‘The road is not my liability. I must ask you for your names and addresses.’ ‘Betsy, we be vor it. Sir, bain’t you Maister Eldridge?’ ‘If you must know, yes. Now will you give me your—’ ‘John Eldridge, Master Jacky, doan’t you remember Charlotte? I’ve a bathed ’ee many a time. You be grewed into a fine chap. Lord! I can mind you a cryin’ for the sponge.’ It was indeed true. I could dimly trace in this huge woman the nurse-girl of my childhood. We chatted amicably for a while and I explained that I had a lot of trouble with people trespassing and was trying to stop it. ‘That be all right, Sir,’ she said, and as she went
on her way, 'us won't do it no more. I be reel glad to a seed 'ee.'

I looked down the field. Children, in the charge of a girl of about thirteen, were straggling up the hill all over the field as if it were a public recreation ground. As they came near I called them and asked for their names and addresses. They all wept. I began to feel a brute. However, it must be done, I thought, and turned to the biggest girl. 'Now then, it's no use crying—your names?' 'Mine be Mary Luther, he in the short knicks be—' Here she took to sobbing. It was hopeless. 'Oh, get along,' I said, 'and in future keep to the roads.'

They straggled away and I noticed a man coming up the field, stopping every now and again to admire the view. 'Right,' said I, 'I'll have one more shot.' When he came opposite me he stopped. 'Isn't it a perfectly topping day, Sir,' he said, beaming at me. 'It is,' I said; 'but why do you walk on my field instead of the highway?' 'Well,' he said; 'look at the highway. This is much nicer for walking.' 'Yes,' said I; 'but you realise that you are trespassing, I suppose?' 'Trespassing,' he said, 'why this field is grass. I would never think of walking on a field which had a crop.' 'My dear Sir,' I said; 'I have gone to considerable expense to lay this field down to grass.' 'But I don't understand. Everyone walks on grass. Grass isn't a crop.' 'Oh isn't it. Grass is the most valuable crop the British farmer tries to grow.' 'You know that's awfully interesting. I've often wondered why there was so much grass land. I never thought grass had a value except for hay.
The Same Farm for Centuries
from a Swedish Correspondent

STOCKHOLM.—At a recent exhibition at Karlstad, in the home province of Selma Lagerloef, no fewer than 164 farmers received diplomas from the county governor in appreciation of the way in which their families had clung to their farms. Olaf Gullbrandsson, a former Swedish M.P., has a farm which has been in his family since 1470. Gunnar Persson’s farm dates back similarly to 1480. The Bergerud farm has gone from father to son since 1503; Domartomten and Ulvsby since 1557 and 1590 respectively. The oldest family farm on record is Bordsjoe, which has come down from father to son since 1360 or for almost 600 years. Rydboholm has remained within the same family since 1430 and Jemtland since 1514.

Some time ago the vicar of Leoderup applied to recover a medieval gift of the year 1250, consisting of five farms, and two ‘eel fishings’ bequeathed by Sir Jens Kanne for the ‘vicar’s table’ as a ‘soul gift’. The vicar and all his successors were to read soul masses for Sir Jens. These farms had been sequestered by the Crown. The supreme court acknowledged the right of the Loederup vicar to the holdings although he conducted vespers services instead of masses. In Kristdala the post of vicar has remained in the Meurling family from 1582, and from 1780 has descended from father to son. A noteworthy fact is that the vicars have been elected by the parish and no external influence has been used.
April 1930

Air Ministry as a Helper of Agriculture

by C. S. Orwin, Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics

Much has been written in the Press by way of protest against the new aerodrome which the Air Ministry is equipping at Dry Sandford in Berkshire. Whatever inconvenience there may be in store for Oxford in general and Boar’s Hill in particular, arising out of the noise from military aeroplanes of the largest size, the case against the Ministry on the score of spoliation of the countryside has been overstated. The vast expanse of open ground, with the church spires of Abingdon in the middle distance, the whole framed by the Chiltern Hills and the Berkshire Downs, presents a very beautiful prospect, and one that is far finer than could be obtained by strollers in the lane through the small enclosures which formerly comprised this area. Everything depends, now, upon the style and arrangement of the buildings to be erected. If these can be placed and designed in such a manner that they will not be offensive, those who have at heart the preservation of rural beauty will have cause for congratulation rather than for complaint.

From the agricultural point of view the work at Dry Sandford has a particular interest. It may be argued that in a country so highly industrialised as England, the farming industry can only continue
if it can offer a reward to its workers comparable with industrial wages, and that the best way to make this possible is by taking every opportunity of turning the farm labourer into a mechanic. The hand-milker must be educated to use a power milking machine, the horseman must become an engine driver or a motor mechanic, and so on. There are obvious limitations to the development of this idea, such as those imposed by the nature of the soil, the contour of the land, etc. But the big obstacle is the size of the average farming business, and, in the case of arable cultivation, the size of the average field. If the work undertaken by the Air Ministry, at Dry Sandford and elsewhere, in grubbing trees and hedges, in filling ditches, in levelling land, and so forth, were not to impose a prohibitive capital charge on the land, work of this character might receive the serious attention of landowners in suitable districts, and enable them to lay out their farms in such a way as to give the maximum of efficiency to cultivation by mechanical power. With information available as to the probable capital cost, the Government might do a useful work by offering State Loans to facilitate reconstruction on these lines. The farming units of this country were originally laid out with an eye to farming operations conducted by manual or, at most, by horse labour. Just as the manufacturer has to realise, from time to time, that his factory equipment has been rendered obsolete by the progress of research and invention, so the landowner and the farmer may be called upon to re-equip themselves to take advantage of the means at hand for increasing the output of labour.
A New National Gallery

' COUNTRYMAN ' Proposal Approved

The National Portrait Gallery gathers together portraits the test applied to which is not so much artistic value as historic interest. In our last issue we made the suggestion that there ought to be a New National Gallery of oils, water-colours, prints and drawings, other than portraits, collected primarily for their value in elucidating national history. The COUNTRYMAN had principally in mind many interesting things now scattered in country houses, inns, farmhouses and cottages.

We are glad to say that hardly was the COUNTRYMAN published when the Royal Commission on National Museums and Galleries Report came out with a vigorous representation that 'the nation whose word "sport" has been incorporated into the language of Europe has done little or nothing to build up a collection of sporting pictures,' and that the time had come for 'a more concentrated effort' to acquire work of the 17th century and earlier, and even of the 18th century and early 19th century. The Tate begins with Hogarth only, and the National Gallery has very few paintings of the 17th century. It is deplorable that portraits which may have been of historic value have been lost to the nation because the identity of the persons represented was unknown and therefore the National Portrait Gallery could not accept them.

We have been favoured with a number of encouraging letters. The director of the Tate Gallery informs us that
he has long been planning an exhibition of sporting pictures. It will probably be held next year.

Dr. Cyril Fox, the director of the National Museum of Wales, draws our attention to the well-catalogued collection of ‘Bygones’ under his care.

Sir Frank Baines and Sir Reginald Blomfield feel what ‘an interesting record’ the proposed national collection would be.

Sir John Stirling Maxwell fancies that the need can be met by the London Museum, by the print room of the British Museum and by such local collections as that recently opened in the Kelvingrove Museum, Glasgow.

Dr. F. R. Bather (editor of the Museum Journal), hopes that the proposed Folk Museum will have a historical side and so be the destination for the valuable things we have in mind.

Professor A. E. Richardson calls the idea ‘wonderful,’ though ‘there is, in the London Museum something of the sort contemplated, and many things at South Kensington escape ordinary notice.’ The professor of architecture in London University is himself so much interested in humble objects of art that it is natural that he should be acquainted with the interesting things in such county museums as Taunton, Plymouth, St. Albans, Bedford and Colchester; but, as he says, ‘it is possible for the bones, birds and feathers department to smother the rest.’

The secretary of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust sees the scheme as promising a circulation of copies to schools.

Sir H. G. Lyons, director of the Science Museum at South Kensington, finds the idea attractive, but ‘rent, equipment, warding, etc., make up a considerable expenditure,’ and he ‘cannot think of any gallery which supports itself by the exhibition of pictures relating to a single subject.’ The new museum for marine objects and pictures which it is proposed to develop at Greenwich is on our lines, ‘but,
presumably, it will be supported by public funds.' In a later letter, Sir Henry expresses his satisfaction with the recommendations of the Royal Commission and says that though they do not go so far as The Countryman proposal, 'once a good representative nucleus existed, periodical temporary exhibitions in relation to the permanent collection should be possible to arrange.'

Mr. Guy Dawber, A.R.A., ex-President of the R.I.B.A., writes: 'I have always felt that what we need is a series of local museums or picture galleries, on quite modest lines, in our country towns or even villages – places in which could be collected and shown articles of local handicraftsmanship, and local costumes, furniture and implements and the everyday things used by people in the past, showing the way they lived. These museums – as I say on the most modest lines – like that at Rochester of the Seven Poor Travellers – could be run by some old man or woman, in a spare room of the village, and small committees of two or three at the most could run it.* But I would bar absolutely the usual junk you find now in such places – the bows and arrows and shields collected by the squire in his travels abroad, that he does not know what to do with – absolute rubbish from any local standpoint. It is the lack of any sense of local patriotism, civic pride so to speak, in towns and villages that we have to struggle against. I feel sure if you tackled the subject, and pressed it forward, something would come of it. I have always felt in travelling abroad, that so much interest is added to towns and small villages when you find that there is a museum of local pictures and objects of interest. We invariably send these things to the county town, where but few see them and they are divorced from their place of origin.'

From Mr. W. Grant Keith we have the following useful notes:

*The Hon. Stafford Cripps has started a cottage museum at Filkins.
Crace in the British Museum, but the prints and drawings forming it are housed in portfolios and are used only by the researcher. The B.M. gives periodic exhibitions of prints and drawings illustrating different subjects drawn from their immense stores, but there isn’t space there to set up a permanent show of the kind. I believe there is a splendid museum of local history in Norwich. Paris has its Carnavalet Museum for local history (the London Museum takes after it) and Venice its Museo Civico. I mention Venice because I brought back with me from Italy the new illustrated edition of Molmenti’s *La Storia di Venezia nella Vita Privata* from its beginnings to the fall of the Republic, and some of the most interesting illustrations of old manners and customs come from material in the Civic Museum. But in looking through the hundreds of illustrations to Molmenti (three stout quarto volumes)—showing the life of the Venetians from pretty well every angle—one realises how widely spread is the material in public collections and private hands all over the place.

‘An increasing number of public libraries make an attempt to illustrate local history, but wall space is generally against them. As showing what can be done by way of rescuing things of interest I hear from Professor Richardson that he has just acquired a velocipede of 1805. By the way, he also possesses some original Rowlandsons—no one ever beat him at giving a close-up of his time.’

Mr. Harry Batsford, who has himself pleaded for ‘a complete section somewhere devoted to prints of social life,’ is ‘in entire agreement.’ ‘Existing museums are run on different lines, are all overworked and underfinanced, and are on a topographical rather than on the subject basis that is really needed. The Victoria and Albert would of course be extremely sympathetic, and would probably be quite glad to keep, classify and catalogue if somebody would make a start by giving them a miscellaneous collection. It would probably be better to have a collection made privately by someone
interested, and handled as Sir Robert Witt handles his valuable collection of picture reproductions. The only social collection of any importance is the Douce collection at the Bodleian, though it is an unscientific mass of stuff of an undiscriminating eighteenth-century collector.

The mention of Sir Robert Witt’s name is to the point. Our scheme will not get going without an alert enthusiast. Who is he—or she—to be?

Mussolini’s Short Way with Erring Landlords
from a Rome Correspondent

WHEREAS Dr. Mario Menotti is owner of an estate situated in the territory of the Commune of Fiano Romano, covering an area of approximately 2467 hectares [roughly 6,000 acres], consisting of fifty-two lots of land, eight woods and three large farms, with three farm houses, of which one is in ruins;

Whereas, for the past six years the owner, Dr. Menotti, has gone abroad, constantly travelling in different distant countries, so that for long periods it has not been possible to get in touch with him;

Whereas, it has been definitely ascertained by enquiries on the spot that it is solely due to the neglect and indifference of the owner, consequent on his continued absence and lack of interest, that the estate has fallen into a most shocking state of neglect, left to the tender mercies of a muddlesome administration, and yielding no appreciable returns from the agricultural standpoint, while the agricultural workers of the district are driven, by lack of adequate lands available for cultivation, to a permanent state of agitation, constantly endangering the social peace of that small locality;

Whereas, this normal state of affairs, evidently injurious to the private interests of the owner, and still more so the public interest, is anti-economic, anti-social, anachronistic, in entire contradiction with the vast, renewing and vivifying activities which the Fascist
Government firmly desires and pursues in the interests of the individual and still more in those of the public and of the nation, with a view to ensuring more profitable return and larger yields from agriculture, and is moreover, in striking contrast with the duties implied by the wise legislation on agricultural land reclamation, which make it a civic duty to reclaim inch by inch the national soil so as to secure more scientific and profitable farming;

Whereas, faced by such a deplorable state of affairs, the political authorities cannot look on passively at the impoverishment of a large and important estate, which could, under wise management, earn a very big income for its owner, and which cannot therefore be a matter of indifference to the economic life of the community with which it is connected;

Whereas, the right of property cannot consist in the jus abutendi which would make it lawful for an owner to exercise his rights to the length of destroying the property owned, for on the contrary the essence of property rights is essentially social in its nature, as its purpose is to harmonise and conciliate the rights of the individual with those of the collectivity;

Whereas, it is also in the interests of public order that the anomalous situation resulting from the state of affairs as above set forth should not and must not be further tolerated;

Whereas it therefore becomes urgently necessary to take steps to save the estate belonging to Dr. Menotti from the state of complete neglect in which it is now left and to restore it to a condition of adequate productivity;

Therefore in accordance with article 7 of the Act of 1865, on administrative litigation, and of article 3 of the Communal and Provincial Act sanctioned by Royal Decree of 1915, we hereby decree that the Hon. Orsolini Cencelli shall act as administrator of the estate in lieu and place of the delinquent owner.

This is the text of the decree just issued by the Prefect of Rome by which the Menotti property, valued at nearly a quarter of a million (pounds), is handed over to the administration of Count Valentino Orsolini Cencelli. The law authorising the action which has been taken is more than twenty years old, but no Government before Mussolini's was strong enough or sufficiently independent to enforce
it. Estates in Sicily and Rovigo have been similarly dealt with.

The present regime has proclaimed in the Labour Charter that property implies duties, and that if owners do not make good use of their landed possessions, so that these possessions shall play their part in promoting national prosperity, the State will intervene. The idea is that, in modern life, the fact that a man, because he has inherited or acquired lands, can deprive the community of the wealth they represent is preposterous. The Government is strengthening agriculture and improving the conditions of the farming people. The work is going on in all directions, and perhaps one of the most effective forms it has taken is that of making the farmer feel that his importance to the country is really realized by those in power. On all phases of national life the expert opinion of the agricultural community is sought through its organised representatives.

I am glad to tell you that the Confederazione Nazionale Fascista dell’agricoltura has as much weight in the councils of the country as the business men or the bankers.

Badger as a Pet. — The badger is the only type of British bear still remaining in these islands, and for this reason alone it would be a great pity if it became extinct, especially as it does so little harm. It does a lot of good in destroying wasps’ nests. It will eat almost anything, including carrion, beetles and insects. I am informed that badgers make extremely nice pets when taken young, but they must be kept in an enclosed kennel, which should have a concrete floor and iron bars with a warm sleeping compartment at the end. If allowed to run about your garden loose, they would soon root up the plants. They should be handled as much as possible when young. I heard of a lady once who had a young one which followed her about like a dog. — C.V.D.B.
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Building in Stone in a Stone District

by P. Morley Horder

YEARS ago in the World's Work, in St. Loe Strachey's County Gentleman, and in a book, Mr. Robertson Scott tried to solve the problem of the decent economic cottage. The problem, which was difficult enough then, is now, since the War, far more complicated. The imperative need for housing after the War was an excuse for accepting, without proper consideration, any form of building that seemed to give cheap and quick results. The countryside is suffering everywhere from the consequence of building uncontrolled by educated minds. Little has been learned in the art of building in these years of upheaval. In our haste to provide housing we have been blind to the fact that, in order to get economic results, it is fundamentally necessary to do a great deal of thinking on the subject of materials, labour and the perfection of the details of standardisation. When a large number of houses is required the problem is entirely one of grouping the units to suit the site, aspect, and views, using the natural materials of the locality.

I think I have examined every new method of building the small house and am convinced that nothing has been invented that in the long run will take the place of the method indigenous to the district to be built in. Except in large industrial centres, houses are not required in such large grouped numbers as to require mass production on such a scale as to make it economical to employ methods requiring costly machinery. This is why the use of concrete has not been found satisfactory in rural districts. The real solution of the problem of cottage building is to be found in the organisation of labour and the handling and transport of local materials in a more businesslike way. The cost of labour is rightly so much higher now that a more organised use must be made of the time and a higher efficiency must be obtained.

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experiment in his Cotswold village to save a lovely district from the horrors of the unseemly erections which are being scattered so irresponsibly. It is plain that, for the greater part of what is known as the Cotswolds, the ideal building materials (to preserve the serenity of the landscape) are the traditional stone for walls and stone-slates for roofs. The problem is how to get stone with the efficiency and business-like methods we apply to the brick field or, say, the slate quarries in Wales. The production and transport of stone must be concentrated on. Until this is done we cannot save the Cotswolds.

Mr. Stafford Cripps has done what every landowner in the district should have done. Hearing that four cottages were allocated by the Rural District Council to his village of Filkins he approached the Council and said: ‘Let me have the amount provided for these cottages and I will undertake to give you the accommodation required by your standard form. I will adjust your stock design to suit the site and build with the stone and stone tiles from the quarries on my Estate, by my own men, and will be responsible for any additional cost.’ The cottages, which are practically finished, speak for themselves in the accompanying illustrations. As to the cost, this has not yet been finally made up but will not be a serious extra per cottage. Obviously, much has been learned in this first experiment – enough to realise that with a higher order of organization (and a more favourable period for building) the result would establish quite definitely that these local materials can be used as economically as any foreign ones. Surely it is clear that, with direct labour and mass orders for material, such as doors, windows and staircases, for, say, fifty or a hundred cottages, required in different villages, no Council cottage need again be a blot on the landscape. As a matter of fact, it never was true that stone walls were dearer than brick, when the stone quarry was anywhere near; and it is only the stone roof that (as it needs higher pitch and heavier timber) presents any difficulty.
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Mr. Cripps has done a public service to the Cotswolds in the experiment of Filkins — there is no further excuse for any unpleasant buildings. Even if the cost of stone for walls and roof had been proved to be much higher than it is, local authorities must realise that sound building is much cheaper in the long run, and that the beauty of their district is a business asset that an educated community must respect.

[See also page 135 — Editor]
Sunbeam quality and efficiency is available in a wide range of cars — from the 25 h.p. Enclosed Limousine at £1250 to the 16 h.p. Touring Car at £550. There are four chassis types — 16 h.p. 20 h.p., 25 h.p. and the Three-litre super-sports. All have six-cylinder engines and an improved system of chassis lubrication. The various styles in coachwork include specially attractive Coupés, Saloons and Limousines, all designed and built with the extreme care which has always distinguished Sunbeam coachwork. We particularly invite attention to the five-seater Weymann Saloons on the 16 h.p. and 20 h.p. chassis; they are distinctive in appearance, luxurious in comfort and most moderately priced. Trial runs can be arranged at any time by appointment.

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Cheese: Hints for the Housewife
by Principal Mercer, Cheshire School of Agriculture

When mankind was very young, someone discovered that the fourth stomach of a calf contained a substance which coagulated milk, that the resultant jelly if allowed to stand, would separate into curd and whey, and that the curd developed a pleasant and characteristic taste. It was one of the great discoveries, for it enabled man to store all the important constituents of milk for an almost indefinite period, and gave us one of the most perfect of foods. There are 600 different kinds of cheese, but all methods begin with the addition to milk of rennet—which to this day is obtained by soaking a calf's stomach in salt water. But even before rennet is added, bacteria and moulds have been in action, and during the complicated processes of making and ripening they play a dominating part in determining the nature of the finished product. From the beginning of things the processes of manipulation varied in different districts, and, in certain areas, methods associated with special races of bacteria, were evolved. Thus, in the Emmenthal valley of Switzerland, a method was evolved which produced a cheese punctuated with large holes. The cause of the holes was a race of bacteria which, living upon the milk sugar, produced large quantities of gas during the ripening process. In the majority of cases the methods depended on bacteria which were virtually omnipresent. Cheshire and Cheddar, made originally in Cheshire and Somerset respectively, could be made virtually anywhere, while types such as Gruyere—a very similar cheese to the Emmenthaler—and our own Stilton could only be made successfully if the special moulds or bacteria were introduced. Probably this is why Cheddar and Cheshire have come to be the chief cheeses of commerce, though it is true that, in some cases, cheese types have remained peculiar to the
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district of their origin, despite the fact that they could, by mere copying of the method, be made equally well elsewhere. Dunlop cheese, which was and is peculiar to Scotland, is a case in point.

Great though the number of cheese varieties is, however, they all fall into one or other of three groups — hard pressed, blue-veined, or soft. Most people who go to buy a pound of cheese mean some sort of hard-pressed cheese. Judging by results, most people are content with what their grocer gives them, for four-fifths of the cheese eaten in England is a factory-made Cheddar type imported from New Zealand or Canada.*

More than half of the cheese made in England is of the Cheshire type. It differs from Cheddar chiefly in its open, crumbly texture and more delicate flavour. It is, however, a rather variable article as it is sold at any period from a few weeks up to a couple of years after making. New, it is soft and clinging when cut, and so mild as to strike some palates as insipid; as it matures it becomes crumbly and full-flavoured, but never approaches the taste of Stilton. Whether this variability can be counted to Cheshire for a virtue or whether it is a fault, who shall say? For the Lancashire miner demands one thing and the London clubman the exact opposite. In general, however, Cheshire may be regarded as the cheese ‘to make a meal of.’ It is practically all made in the farmhouses of Cheshire and surrounding counties, and none is imported.

Cheddar is the grocer’s standard cheese. Firm, close-textured and mellow, it will keep almost indefinitely with little change, and rarely develops mould or green colouration. It is a fuller-flavoured cheese than Cheshire with a soupçon of ‘bite.’ A good deal is made on the farms of Somerset and south-west Scotland, but the bulk of our supplies is made in factories in England or the Dominions. Until

* Imports for 1928 were (in thousands of cwts.) New Zealand, 1,556, Canada, 920, Holland, 229, Italy, 142, other countries, 158.
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recently the Dominion article was not easy to recognise from the home-made. Within the past few years, English cheesemakers, moving with the times, have employed skilled graders to inspect the conditions under which milk is produced and handled, to sample all cheeses before they are marketed, and to brand all which reach a specified degree of quality. The Cheddar makers have adopted the word 'Cheddaration' as their brand, while the Cheshire federation use a mark consisting of three C's intertwined (Choice Cheshire Cheese).

Glovester, Derby and Caerphilly cheeses, made in small quantities in their respective counties, all bear a family resemblance to Cheddar, while Lancashire, too little known outside its county of origin, may perhaps be described as a soft, full-flavoured Cheshire, particularly good for toasting.

Emmanthaler and Gruyere, already referred to, and the Italian Parmesan, famed for its remarkable hardness and granular appearance when broken, are in the same group. The last-named is usually stored for a long time before sale, which accounts for its hardness.

Of late years a good deal of Cheddar and Cheshire cheese has been used for the manufacture of proprietary brands of crustless or 'packet cheese.'

Practically all English cheeses are made from the natural milk of cows. But cheese of a sort can also be made from milk after the cream or a portion of the cream has been removed. Such cheeses, known in the trade as 'half-meat,' 'quarter-meat' and so on, are imported into this country in large quantities from Holland. Edam and Gouda are easily recognisable by their size, shape and rind colour; others resemble English makes, particularly Cheshire, so closely as to give our makers cause for complaint. The state of the law regarding cheese is interesting. Almost anything can be sold as 'cheese,' no matter what its composition may be. But it may not be labelled with the name of a specific type, unless it conforms to the standard normal
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of that type. Thus Dutch cheese, made from partially skimmed milk, may not be sold as 'Cheshire,' despite the fact that it is made by the same process, for the term 'Cheshire' implies a whole-milk cheese. It should in justice be said that exported Dutch cheese is graded and marked according to its composition; but that such distinctions are not always made clear to consumers is evident from the records of the courts. 'Half-meat' cheeses are not easily recognisable from cheeses made from whole milk; and it is not until their composition and nutritive qualities are investigated that the seriousness of substitution becomes evident.

An English hard-pressed cheese—or for the matter of that a Dominion one—represents one of the most concentrated foods available to the housewife. It contains practically all the nutrients of milk in digestible form, flesh-forming proteins and fats being combined in proportions singularly well suited to human needs. By common consent man needs a diet consisting of proteins and fats in equal proportions, with starchy materials equal to twice the total. No single food meets all requirements, but a diet of 'bread and cheese and kisses' commands at least the support of chemists.

English cheeses do not vary much in composition, mostly averaging 30 to 35 per cent. fat and 25 to 30 per cent. protein. The proportions of nutrients are not dissimilar from those in meat, but owing to its drier nature a pound of cheese is equal in food value to nearly two pounds of beef. Dutch cheeses usually range from 10 per cent. fat upwards, though fat percentages as low as 2 or 3 are recorded. Their appeal, of course, lies in their cheapness.

Of the blue-veined cheeses, Stilton, now made chiefly in Leicestershire, and Gorgonzola, originally an Italian cheese, are the best-known examples. They are made by different processes from those followed with hard-pressed cheeses. They mature slowly, and develop green and blue moulds, to which the characteristic flavour is mainly due.
SHELL and the Countryside

Shell began removing its advertisement signs from the countryside as long ago as 1926. In 1927 they also asked garage owners to remove Shell enamel plates from their premises. Many thousand such plates were, in consequence, abolished, and the work is still in progress.

Shell's Ways are Different
richer than Cheddar and Cheshire, samples containing as much as 40 per cent. of fat being recorded. Wensleydale cheese, made here and there in England, and the famous Limburger, belong to the same group.

Port du Salut is peculiar in that it cannot properly be classed either as a hard or a soft type. It is difficult to make this cheese except by inoculation of the milk or curd with the appropriate bacteria.

Finally, there are the soft cheeses – Coulommier, Camembert, Gervais, Pont l’Eveque, to name but a few from the extensive list – all made by processes akin to the Stilton method. Marketed while comparatively new, they do not as a rule develop the colour, flavour or aroma of the blue-veined sorts. Some of them, Roquefort, for instance, if genuine, are made from sheep’s milk, and certain Norwegian and Swiss types from the milk of goats.

Cream cheese is made either by the natural souring and solidification of cream or (more usually) by the addition of rennet to cream. As might be expected, it is remarkably rich in fat – almost as rich as butter, which indeed it resembles more closely than cheese.

*Bonnes bouches* rather than food, soft cheeses provide, in their variety and delicacy, many attractions to the housewife. In composition they fall short of other types, owing to their higher moisture content.

As to the real values of the various makes of cheese, it is impossible to be definite. Some idea of food value and nutritive properties can be gathered from chemical composition. But beyond that it is entirely a question of taste; and in matters of taste a thing is worth what it will sell for. Every type of cheese has its own standards of quality, based presumably, in a vague general way, on the prevailing tastes among consumers. The nearer a given cheese approaches to the standard desired by the public, the higher its quality and the greater its value. But there is nothing sacrosanct in such a standard – qualities condemned as faults in one
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make are hailed as particular virtues in another type; and
sometimes—by another palate—in the same make. It is
idle to enquire, therefore, 'in which cheese does one get the
best value'? Excluding the 'half-meat' and skim-milk
cheeses, every cheese offers much the same food value; and
the buyer alone can fix 'taste' value. The housewife who
purchases two samples at 1s. 2d. and 1s. 4d., and is chagrined
to find that her family prefers the 1s. 2d., has no case against
the grocer. His obvious defence is, 'You should have
brought 'em up better.'

For Countrymen & Countrywomen. XII

1. 'He embarked on a ship built of wood which he himself
had planted.' Who did?—2. What was the 'mean village
word,' the name of a sweet-smelling plant, which Dryden
refused to admit to his Aeneid?—3. 'Trees and fields will
not teach me anything, but men in the city can.' Who said
so?—4. In a pound of grass or clover seed containing one
per cent. of clover dodder, how many clover dodder seeds
might there be?—5. Name an animal, to be found on
every farm, that has five claws on each front paw and four
only on each hind paw.—6. 'If you are a cock, crow like a
cock; if you are a hen, lay eggs.' Where does this saying
come from?

Answers to January Questions.—1. Allowing for overlap, a
22 inch machine would not cut more than a 20 inch swath; on this
basis the mower would have to walk just under fifteen miles to cover
the three acres.—2. Darwin noted that the native trees of the southern
hemisphere are not deciduous; the spectacle of the first bursting into
full foliage of the leafless trees is therefore lost.—3. Catherine of Arra-
gon.—4. Eighty.—5. The Rural Workers' Insurance Societies.—6.
George III by Byron.

Both Mr. Henry Ford and Sir William Morris, it was
recently noted in The Countryman, are farmers' sons.
Sir Herbert Austin was also born in a farmhouse.
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GAIN IN MILES PER GALLON SAVE IN PRICE PER GALLON
Caravanning with a Motor

Many of us have toyed with the notion of travelling the countryside with a motor-towed caravan instead of hotels for headquarters. It is not too soon to set about enquiring the price of a brand new caravan and no doubt a second-hand caravan is bought more cheaply in the off season. An experienced caravanner is the well known writer on agricultural subjects, Mr. S. L. Bensusan. In a book recounting the adventures of a party of three in Wales, called On the Tramp in Wales (Noel Douglas, pp. 226, 8s.), he gives some practical details. When the evening halt is called the first job is the fixing of little boards below the wheels of the caravan so that they shall not sink into the ground if rain comes. Then 'all the impedimenta must be removed, the lean-to (canvas) put up, the beds made, utensils unpacked, the necessary conveniences adjusted, water and milk and other necessaries procured, stoves lighted and a meal prepared.' As he says, it is so easy to dispose of all these acts in a sentence; 'for those who have to carry them out the way is long and sometimes bitter.' The best pitch may be a hundred yards from water or a quarter of a mile, and perhaps the stove is one of those highly-commended patent arrangements of doubtful action. Light is also uncertain. About washing-up: it is 'not pleasant but it has to be faced at least twice a day on the grand scale and in lesser degrees at intervals.' Of the heating of water 'there is no end, but there is never any to spare; baths are of the kind to demand a gipsy training if they are to be quite satisfactory.' 'The making of beds and the cleaning of a caravan that will collect dust even in a meadow are a further test of patience.' As to food, on the first Bensusan trip the breakfast frying pan seems to have had five fatal side-slips. A standing dish in the colder weather, good for two or three days on end, was chicken stewed in a stock made with shin of beef and veal bones, the stock being thickened with barley. Note
The Higher Mathematics

"What's the great thought, padre?" "Oh, I was just trying to work a little sum. If an ounce of Three Nuns, costing twopence more than another tobacco, lasts half as long again and gives twice as much pleasure, how much do I gain by smoking it?" "You do it by Rule of Three. Three ones are three, Three Nuns are . . . ." "Priceless!"

* * *

The rest is silence—and

THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut—1s. 2d. an ounce

For FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to Dept. R., Stephen Mitchell & Son, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow. Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co (of Gt. Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
that all the waste must be buried deeply or rats will appear
by the third day. As to expenses, ‘over a term of four months,
under conditions that added to normal expenses, the cost
of three people, including the hire of the caravan and the
extended use of the car, came out to just £4 4s. a week
per head.’ Caravanning is ‘slightly cheaper than a holiday
in second-class hotels.’ Mr. and Mrs. Bensusan’s plan
seems to have been not to camp in a different place nightly but
to establish a camp for a week or so and then make car or
walking trips from headquarters. Readers thinking of
trying Wales by caravan or motor should secure a copy of
‘A Tramp,’ for it is informed, sensible and interesting.

From the House of Horace

A LETTER in The Countryman reminds me of a
pleasant experience which befell me in mid-November,
1924. I should premise that the house from which I write
was, nearly two thousand years ago, the house of Horace,
and that it is about one-third of a mile from the house where
Catullus probably wrote his lines to Lesbia’s Sparrow. Day
after day, morning and afternoon, as I sat reading or writing
in our garden enjoying the warmth and beauty of midsummer,
I was visited by a butterfly, a Red Admiral, which showed
me every sign of friendliness. He would light twenty or
thirty times on the table beside me, and venture almost, but
not quite, to perch on my hand, while at other times he would
fly round and flap his wings almost in my face. Colder
weather came at the end of the month, and I feared I had
lost my friend: but in a warm spell just before Christmas he
appeared again for a day or two, though in a somewhat
bedraggled condition. It has been noted, I cannot remember
by whom, that human companionship has an attraction for
the Red Admiral. – G. H. Hallam, S. Antonio, Tivoli,
Rome
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

AND

AGRICULTURE

THE Agricultural Research and Advisory Department of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., is at the service of all who are interested in the development of British Agriculture at home and overseas.

AN INVITATION

You are cordially invited to visit the Agricultural Research Station at Jealott's Hill, near Maidenhead, to observe the nature and scope of the activities and contribution of the Company to

A MORE PROSPEROUS AGRICULTURE

Write to the Secretary, Agricultural Research and Advisory Department.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited
Millbank, London, S.W.1
The Trend of Agricultural Thinking
by Student

Nothing is better than agriculture, nothing more fruitful, nothing more agreeable, nothing more worthy of a free man.—Cicero

I SHOULD like to ask a question. In persistently adding to their cultivated area, are Dutchmen blithering idiots? Once more the yearly report of the Netherlands Department of Agriculture provides figures of the old arresting sort:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Years</th>
<th>1909</th>
<th>1910</th>
<th>1920</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Acres of cultivated land and gardens</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>2,325,452</td>
<td>2,359,837</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acres of grass</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>2,963,445</td>
<td>3,026,077</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mention might also be made of the Zuider Zee drainage which will add an Oxfordshire of farm land to the country. And Holland is almost entirely Free Trading in agricultural products, it is a commercial and industrial as well as an agricultural country, and it is inhabited by people of much the same race as ourselves, with much the same national and local administration, and with, certainly, no advantage of climate.

NINETY-SEVEN PER CENT. HOME-GROWN—By courtesy of the French and German Ministries of Agriculture, I have the facts about the compulsory utilisation of home-grown wheat by millers in France and Germany. In France the proportion decreed on December 2, 1929, was 97 per cent. In Germany for October and November of last year it was 50 per cent.

THREE QUARTERS OF THE PRICE!—Lord Bledisloe will be missed, not least because he was an agricultural bridge between the Conservative and Labour Parties, who must come to terms if we are to get a move on in rural England. But it is worth sending him to New Zealand to secure chapter and verse for his statement that, whereas in
ALFA-LAVAL

THE MILKING MACHINE
WITH A PEDIGREE

It is over 67 years ago since the ALFA-LAVAL Company first began making dairy machinery and ever since that time their policy has been the same—'Test every product thoroughly at home before letting it appear on the market.' For the purpose of carrying out this policy the Company runs a large dairy farm and a herd of 120 cows. Here the famous ALFA-LAVAL Milking Machine was tested for many years. Every detail was tried out with the utmost care before ever a single plant was installed. You reap the benefit of these 67 years experience of dairy engineering and of this magnificent organisation for testing under practical conditions when you buy an ALFA-LAVAL milking machine.

For full particulars of the ALFA-LAVAL milking machine and of the service with which it is backed write:

ALFA-LAVAL COMPANY, LIMITED
34 Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1
Telephone: Victoria 7174 Near Tate Gallery

Also makers of the ALFA-LAVAL Hand driven Cream Separators
Great Britain from 35 to 40 per cent. of the price paid by the consumer reaches the producer, the New Zealand producer gets 75 per cent. In a note written to me just before his departure, Lord Bledisloe said, 'I shall rejoice in finding myself associated with Governments who, whatever their colour, are all out to advance the interests of the agricultural industry.'

A Farmer's Own Paper.—A reader, Major Keith, who farms in Aberdeenshire and Norfolk, has had the happy thought of starting a 4-page leaflet for his men called 'The "Wicken" and "Manor" Farms Point of View.' He is not content with writing it all himself. He offers a guinea for any article or suggestion, anonymous or not, accepted for printing. The temper in which this novel 'house organ' is written may be judged from two paragraphs: 'It is important to cut out weeds thoroughly. The only weeds that go for the asking are widows' weeds; a fellow has only to say "Wilt Thou?" and they immediately wilt. Not so with quicks and crabgrass.' 'The cost of repairing breakages on a farm is much heavier than is generally supposed. In fact, it has become so serious as to require consideration whether it is possible to continue to employ men, who, through roughness and carelessness, keep breaking things.'

Mismanagement of the National Estate—'The crash in hop prices,' a farmer writes to me, 'means that brewers are saving several hundred thousand pounds in buying their hops. Beer prices are fixed, so this prosperous trade will just pocket the money! Our land, under-capitalized already, is bled of a huge sum and the public gain nothing! I do not blame the brewers but rather the appalling bad management of our National estate.'

'My Seven Years' Farming.'—I have visited the author of this valuable series that has been running through The Countryman. He writes to me: 'I have now threshed out my seven acres of wheat. For sale I have ninety-four sacks, forty-seven quarters, which at 45s. is
A DIRECT AID TO
BRITISH
AGRICULTURE

CADBURY'S
DAIRY MILK
CHOCOLATE

Cadbury's use nearly 30,000 gallons of fresh full-cream milk daily—and every drop of it comes from English farms.
£105 15s. Threshing cost about £11 15s, giving £94 net. This brings my cash profit to the sum of over £150 for last year, not unsatisfactory for an extremely bad year. With the sixty-two cwt. I threshed out earlier from the rakings, and one and a half sacks of dampish wheat I kept for my poultry, I got just over fourteen sacks or fifty-six bushels per acre, which is a record in this district. I have also fully one and a half tons of straw per acre, a great help on a mixed farm. Obviously, wheat grown on these terms is a paying crop at 45s. or even less.

Dumped Oats.—‘Owing to the organization of our industry,’ writes a farmer to me, ‘this is a calamity, but with a better organized industry it might be a gain. The glut of cheap oats has brought down feeding stuffs some 30s. a ton, and this in a year when a hay shortage threatened high prices.’

Where Scots Farmers are Scarce.—Much has been written about the Scottish agricultural invasion. But I am told that in Lancashire and Cheshire there are not half-a-dozen Scots farmers. A Cheshire agriculturist assures me that there is not one in Cheshire.

Combines.—There will be five combine harvesters at work in England this year.

Horseless Farms.—We should learn something from the experience of the Ministry of Agriculture’s delegates to the United States to enquire into the use of machinery. In American agricultural papers I see page advertisements by one of the big combine manufacturers of a ‘First List of Horseless Farmers’—more than 200. An arresting feature of this list is not only the diversity of cropping followed by the farmers enumerated, but the small area of some of the farms. More than two dozen are of less than a hundred acres.

‘Hopeful of the Future?’—I said to an agricultural authority who called on me lately. ‘If the depression lasts a bit longer’, was his reply.
Decide now . . .
"TRY 'FORCE' FOR A FORTNIGHT"

Good for children and grown-ups, too! Made from whole wheat, containing all its vitamins. Served in a shake without preparation—ready cooked—delicious with milk or fruit.

"FORCE"
Empire Produce—Made in Canada
It's wheat—flaked!

FREE SAMPLE: Please send a postcard to A. C. Fincken & Co., Dept. Z. 197 Great Portland St., London, W.1, for a free sample of "Force."
Are We Really Eating Less Meat?
by a Young Farmer

THE suggestion has twice been made in The Countryman, that cattle production, on which so many agricultural writers build their hopes, may not be for an indefinite period ahead, an impregnable rock. In this country, as in the United States, it is repeatedly stated, the consumption of butchers' meat is decreasing.* It is not only, it is urged, that we have got down from big joints to small. Under medical influence, and with a wider knowledge of the relative value of different foods, meat is less in request among educated people. Some striking figures of meat consumption per head at three London hotels have just been given by Mr. R. W. Haddow in a paper read at the Moulton Farm Institute:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1925</th>
<th>1929</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>High class family hotel</td>
<td>4.9 ozs per head per day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hotel, with restaurant banqueting hall and grill room</td>
<td>6.2 ozs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Large commercial hotel with few women patrons</td>
<td>8.1 ozs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rough average</td>
<td>6.4 ozs</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A group of hotels finds its meat consumption has fallen from £154.1's worth in 1925 to £74.5's worth in 1927. On enquiry from Mr. Haddow we find that he means by 'meat,' beef, veal, mutton and pork.

It is not an easy matter, as Sir William Haldane, a recognised authority on this matter, once said to me, to find out exactly what the meat consumption of the country is at a particular period. According to the Ministry's report, published in January, the consumption of beef and veal, the most important meat from the farmers' point of view, has

* See The Countryman, January, 1929, page 430.
The Bread of New Health

It isn't 'cranky' to eat Vita-Weat in place of ordinary bread or toast. It's the pleasantest good habit you could adopt. At the very first crunch you fall in love with it. From the very first day you feel it doing you good. Before a week is out you feel worlds better. Vita-Weat is made of the whole wheat berry; there's no stodgy, undercooked starch in it. This is the bread that feeds without fattening, that helps your digestion, that corrects constipation. Your doctor knows Vita-Weat, and will tell you how good it is for you. Put it on the table at every meal.

Vita-Weat
THE BRITISH CRISPBREAD
Cartons at 1/6 and 10d. Packets at 6d. and 2d.
Made by
PEEK FREAN
Makers of Famous Biscuits
risen from 69.4 lbs. to 71.4 lbs. per head per year (or 3.13 ozs. per head per day), and the consumption of meat in general from 140.6 lbs. to 144.4 lbs. (or 6.31 ozs. per head per day). We have always to bear in mind that there are millions of people who would eat more meat if they were better off. At present they are not so well fed or at any rate so wisely fed as they should be. That is an outstanding fact of social conditions which we all hope will be improved.

Speculation on a future of vegetarianism must be considered to be as premature as were Sir William Crook’s speculations on a nitrogen shortage. Humaner transport of beasts by land and sea and a national enactment of humane slaughter would probably affect the pace of the vegetarian movement. And it is to be remembered that cattle not only produce beef but milk, and the milk consumption of this country ought to be, and I trust will be, doubled. But it is within the experience of all middle-aged people that, during the last two generations, there has been a growing demand for lighter meals—the consumption of poultry for example has increased and is likely to increase further; and there is an increasing inclination to find a large proportion of the dietary in dishes which have a very slight meat basis or none at all. The nation is eating a much greater variety of food than formerly. If meat consumption did decrease, and with it the possibility of increasing the milk supply as some of us would like to see it increased, what reason is there to believe that science, which promptly produced synthetic nitrogen and artificial silk when they were wanted, would be unequal to human needs?

Need I say that if a falling off in meat consumption were threatened it would not shake in the least my confidence in the future status of agriculture? It would be all to the good if those whose job it is to think of the utilisation of the land the day after to-morrow were to have their attention compelled to the fact that, willy-nilly, the cultivation of the land, with which agriculture began, is basic, and that it is as true
You'll enjoy everything about Grape-Nuts

"There's a reason"

You'll revel in the crunchiness of these golden kernels. You'll delight in the taste—so nutty, so fresh—just tinged with malt sugar. For unflagging vitality from breakfast onwards—eat Grape-Nuts—nourishment which tastes GOOD.

Ready to serve, with hot or cold milk and sugar. 10d. a 10-helping packet.

Grape-Nuts supplies the essential nourishment elements for health and energy.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Products, which include Postum, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flake...
as it was in Egypt 6,000 years ago, that from a given acreage it is possible to produce five times more vegetable food than animal food.

Is the Potato Undervalued?

by a Doctor

If it is the case, as is suggested, that the consumption of potatoes has fallen off, one reason is that few housewives have been educated to know a first-rate potato variety from a second-rate one. If they did know it, their kitchen arrangements are so unscientific that justice would not be done to it in the cooking. It might be added that the true food value of potatoes is known only to a minority. The influence of such writers as Cobbett, with his talk about the potato and Irish degeneracy, survives. How seldom does one meet anyone who is familiar with the work on the potato done by Dr. Hindhede, the director of the laboratory for nutrition research at Copenhagen? In his classic experiments two years before the War, three persons lived, for three, seven and eleven months, entirely upon potatoes and vegetable margarine with a flavouring of onion. ‘Both light and very strenuous work’ was done, but ‘the protein minimum for a strong adult man was not reached.’ (It should be mentioned that, in order to save salts and vitamins, the water in which the potatoes were boiled was drunk). A German doctor, struck by the results of Hindhede’s experiments, lived for nine months on potatoes and margarine. Up till then he had been such a sufferer from neurasthenia and sciatica that he had carried morphine in his pocket to end his life if the pain he underwent became insupportable. ‘During the experiment he got perfectly well.’ When some time later, for purposes of scientific investigation, he took to an abundant meat diet, ‘the old disease returned.’ The result was that ‘he gave up his medical work, bought a cottage in the country, and now lives with his wife and
There are two snags about living in the country. Maids and lights. You can't keep maids; you have to have lamps. The maids' difficulty is helped if there's a picture house. The matter of lights you can settle yourself at once. You can install your own electric supply at a cost which isn't much, considering the comfort and convenience you get. So enquire at the fountain head of Country House Lighting Cut out and send the coupon—whether your house is large or small—to the makers of the famous Chloride Battery, and they will tell you how and for how little it can be done.

The Chloride Electrical Storage Co. Ltd., Clifton Junc., nr. Manchester
children chiefly on a potato diet.’ Under the influence of unorthodox ideas about food, as has been so often stated, the Danish death rate in 1917–18 fell to the lowest figure ever seen in any country. In an article contributed in 1926 to an English medical journal, the *Practitioner*, Hindhede affirmed his conviction that a diet ‘mainly consisting of dairy produce and vegetables is the most healthy and cheapest.’

The Skimmity Ride

ONE evening, sixty years ago, just as dusk was falling, my sisters and I and our nurse, at our nursery window, heard the noise of kettles and pans, and, I think, a drum being beaten in the distance, to the quick march of a large body of men and some women. As the crowd passed we, with our little snub noses (I know mine was) flattened against the panes, were frightened by the apparition of two ghostly figures, hung high on 12-foot poles. Our old nurse said, ‘It’s the “skimmity” for Jack Evans and Meg Haspey. I knowed it would come to this.’ There were big dolls dressed in white night clothes, with the grotesque head of a man and a woman, one crowning each pole. The bearers of the poles juggled about and the ‘ghosts,’ followed these movements, sometimes with their faces turned towards each other and again turning away as though they would be apart. The show went by without giving a special performance in front of our house, which was an unusual proceeding, and, at the village cross, a halt was called and the four beer houses (now there are only two) did a good trade. Hardy or Philpotts describes a similar incident, but in the novelist’s story the man and woman are portrayed by figures with wax faces and lifelike coiffure, so that there could be no doubt as to their identity, and are laid in two open coffins. These were taken, if my memory serves me, to a field in the village at night time and the people of the neighbourhood danced round them to the light of flares. – *M.*
The men who ransack luggage at Continental ports, where English-speaking people arrive, know the bottle of Eno’s “Fruit Salt” quite well. They often find it. Native servants in India and the ‘boys’ who do the housework in East and West Africa also know it. So do maids in British hotels, universally. It's a British trait. Any change of climate, great or small, is apt to throw the inner system out of humour and out of tune, and the Handy Size bottle was made for those who think it best when sway to have Eno handy.
Is it Cheaper to Live in the Country?
More Housewives' Views

XII. (A Woman M. P.) – When we came out here twenty years ago we found that with a large family, the advantages of running wild in garden and fields, keeping animals as pets, having fresh fruit and vegetables and flowers of one’s own growing, far outweighed the inconvenience of having no car, no buses, few trains, no water laid on, no lighting, no drainage system and no suitable schools.

As to economy, rates and taxes are less; there are fewer doctor’s bills; fruit, vegetables, poultry and eggs are better and cheaper. I have had a cook and housemaid (sisters) over twenty years, a laundry woman twenty-five years, a nurse eighteen years, and a governess seventeen years; also a charwoman who comes out from the town, for fifteen years. We have only the last year got electricity from the town. Before that we had paraffin lamps. Aladdin are the best, though all are a nuisance. If means allow, private electric lighting is good, but if only a number of houses would combine in a village the expense would be much reduced. For heating, the cook-and-heat range is excellent. A small independent boiler run on coke or smokeless fuel solves the hot water problem. Catering presents difficulties, but if the village or adjacent town is not sufficient or convenient, the big London stores send promptly. Schools are a great difficulty. For several families to join in having an efficient governess is often a solution, and, once the ‘going away’ age is reached, holidays in the country are certainly enjoyed by the average child more than town. For myself, I lived close to London before my marriage and know all the advantages of town life, but every year I live in the country I love it better.

XIII. (A Retired City Man's Wife, Gloucestershire.) – Clothes, petty expenses, such
Dining on Damask

Table-cloths return in new and lovelier forms

If the white damask cloth, now restored to favour, has met with a warm welcome, the new tinted and hand-painted damasks have had a triumphal progress. Hostesses whose good taste and originality are famous are adopting them with enthusiasm. For this is damask alive to modern needs—colourful... harmonious... individual... yet severely practical.

Old Bleach Linen

Write to the Old Bleach Linen Company, Randalstown, Northern Ireland, for their handbook on the new coloured damasks. It gives valuable suggestions, with coloured illustrations. Old Bleach linen is bleached on grass in the old, old way, and the delicate colours are guaranteed sunfast and washfast.
as fares and entertainments all less. With regard to servants, many village girls like to stay in their own village. Electricity, if carefully watched, makes the cheapest lighting, especially if already installed in the house when it is taken. There is saving of time spent in trimming lamps, and to a slight extent, in re-doing dirty ceilings. Coal fires give the greatest heat at least expense. A well-trimmed oil stove is a great economy for occasional heating such as dining-room and bedroom. In a hall an oil stove warms the whole of a small house. A small car is cheaper than a pony.

XIV. (The Hon. Mrs. X, Who Lives Sometimes in the Country and Sometimes in London.)—Advantages: Having vegetables; not so much chance of spending money; better air; if the home is near a high road, transit easy; rent a great deal cheaper; much happier for children; tradesmen call nearly everywhere. Further, country girls stay in their places better. In forty-two years I have had only two cooks; other maids and outdoor men have stayed thirty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-one, twelve and ten years.

XV. (A Gentleman Farmer’s Wife, Hampshire.)—Life in the country is not a matter of economy but of temperament. Assuming two people have to live on an income round about £800 a year, tax free, in town or country, you will probably spend it all, and wish you had just another hundred or so. If you are of the temperament which appreciates a reasonable spaciousness of rooms, and plenty of flowers, and discovers pleasure in keeping an eye on the vegetables and the poultry and you will weed the flower garden yourself and will not mind the morning paper arriving late you will probably be able to say, like Montesquieu, ‘I waken in the morning with a secret joy at beholding the light — the whole rest of the day I am pleased.’ If you want the mental diversions of London your income will not permit many runs up to town. If
"Men are funny!"
says Mrs. Rawlins

'Mr. Rawlins is that faddish about the house. He will have everything done just so, and yet he can't bear to see you doing it. When I bring my ironing out in the evening, he thinks I ought to be at the pictures. But as I tell him—ironing's no trouble to me. Why, with Robin Starch it all but does itself. You see, mum, Robin's mixed in no time; you've got the gloss with it, and your iron goes smooth and steady. And to see that 'igh finish coming up makes the work more of a pleasure than anything.'
you try to make it do so you will pinch your daily life to the discomfort point and have the worst of both lives. Have a dog or preferably two dogs at all costs, and have some puppies now and then.

The servant problem is probably easier than in town if you are content to have untrained labour and teach it. Young girls who have just left school are easy to obtain and cheap either by the day or to live in. They need patience, but are no worse than inefficient older ones who ask high wages. Good maids will not come to small households in the country. 'Chars' for scrubbing and cleaning are plentiful and good: all the village women like earning a little money for their own pleasures; and washing, odds and ends of mending, cleaning and so on are not hard to get done. Eat your chief meal in the middle of the day and make the evening one as simple as possible. Then by one o'clock your household worries will be practically over.

Our practice is to have lamps and candles. Aladdin lamps are better to work or read by than electric light, which, with capital outlay of plant, upkeep, etc., is costly. In summer you will be working and watering in the garden until dark and then be ready to go to bed, so only for about six months in the year will you have to bother about lamps. A few minutes a day trims and fills them. The labour is much exaggerated. Anthracite stoves (Esse) are more convenient than central heating. They want little attention. By causing a chimney draught they ventilate the rooms and they don't give you those hours of discomfort when the boiler was forgotten. You can heat up any one stove and its rooms in a few minutes by opening the damper. For the room you sit in mostly, a good wood fire in an open hearth cannot be beaten

A cow is often worth while.

Have adequate arrangements for keeping fish and perishable foods. Refrigerators working with an oil lamp are now available. When settling down, write to every friend you possess and

TEA TIME!

Write for Catalogue

485. BOULTON AND PAUL, LTD., NORWICH and 139 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. (Phone Central 14642)

Garden Shelters, Greenhouses, Garden Frames, Motor Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, etc., may be seen in the London or Norwich Showrooms. Catalogues on request.
say, 'I am going to settle near so and so—do you know anyone there?' You will be surprised how many unexpected friends, even relatives, will turn up, and once there is some link in the neighbourhood the rest follows. Otherwise people may never even know of your existence.

XVI. (A RETIRED CIVIL SERVANTS' WIFE IN THE MIDLANDS.)—I assume an income of from £900 to £1,000. Life in the country more economical in all respects. The servant question is more acute than in London, but maids when obtainable are sometimes preferable as human beings. More organisation is required when living in the country and it is necessary to be more mentally self-supporting. Give the utmost attention to skilful installation of apparatus for cooking and for water.

XVII. (A RESIDENT BY THE SEA, KENT.)—On the outskirts of a small seaside town I find things more efficient even than in London. I am well waited on by tradespeople in every way. There are no hardships and no difficulties, and from the countrywoman's point of view there could be no comparison with life in London. But I run up to London for the theatre and to meet people.

XVIII. (A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE.)—My little country home is very small and easily managed, and hitherto I have not had any trouble to get properly served. But I am not a fair judge as I have no children and live a very quiet life.

(To be continued)

GYPSY HARRYING.—Our local police have been visiting all the houses bordering on a large common in the neighbourhood asking the occupants to refuse water to the gypsies for themselves or their horses. The more submissive of the inhabitants have reluctantly felt bound to obey; others have been wondering whether the police have any right to make such a request. — R. Beach Thomas
COLUMBIAN COOKERS
(British Made throughout)
FOR PERFECT ENGLISH COUNTRY FARE

The pure coal-heated oven ensures that juicy tender roast or crisp-crusted pie of appetising flavour - the hot-plate accommodates all the pans required for a meal of several persons. And these quick-kindling Columbian Cookers burn coal, anthracite or wood economically - can be fixed anywhere and easily.

Write to us for Catalogue and name of nearest dealer

Smith & Wellstood Limited
Est. 1854.
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

With Showrooms in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow
Oxford and Ugliness

The representative conference on the preservation of rural England which Sir Michael Sadler brought together in his own college at Oxford was praiseworthy practical work, the Warden of New College was a stout backer, and the cause must have been benefited by the large amount of attention which the Press gave to the proceedings. But it is doubtful if the University in general is entitled to much credit for its share in the movement. A Don writes to us:

‘You may know the wall about twelve feet high which Magdalen built round its gardens; a thing hideous in itself, although it might easily have been beautiful, and cutting the public off for ever from the very beautiful view as you come into Oxford from Marston. Then there is that University building which greets the visitor coming in from the Banbury side, a thing as ugly as any factory; and the whole lay-out of North Oxford by St. John’s is a dreadful commentary on what might be regarded as educated and enlightened landlordism, being nothing more than the mere exploitation of a monopoly. Beside these things, the new Pathological Laboratory, with its dreadful skyline, and Rhodes House, with its Corinthian front, its Byzantine middle and its Cotswold Manorial latter end, appear almost good.’

The attendance at the well-advertised C.P.R.E. exhibition and the meetings held in connection with it was poor, and Mrs. Parkes, who had given so generously of her strength and time, was almost in despair. No wonder that one of the speakers, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, was cutting about Oxford’s sham Gothic and some of its professors’ ‘Jacobean’ furniture.

‘Fine lot of beans’ a reader said over the wall to the best farm-worker gardener in his village. ‘Aye,’ said Samuel, ‘I could bide up all night eatin’ on ’em.’
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You can make a fine array of arguments in favour of a steel rod. Mechanically it may be a better piece of work than my two-piece greenheart. It will last longer, stand harder work. Lighter, no doubt, quicker in its action. A more deadly thing altogether. It will kill a fish in less time. But do I want it so?

I would have you know that I am no fish killer. I am not sure that I want a perfect weapon. I am not sure that I want a perfect line, a perfect fly. If my sport is to become a thing of such mechanical precision that I shall catch a dozen trout easily where now I strive for one, indeed I will have none of it.

Last year on one occasion I took with me three rods—my greenheart and two split canes, both of which cost much more money. I never used the split canes. And they are better rods. Then you say you are partial to your greenheart because it suits you? Maybe you are sentimental about it? Maybe I am.

But I will dare to say it is something much more real, something deeper than mere sentiment that creates my preference. There is a subtle reason. Will you smile if I say that these other things have no soul? My greenheart has!

At least, I know it is just as imperfect as its owner. It is quite as inconsistent; it does unexpected things. Neither of us is ever well-balanced. We both get tired towards the
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end of a week’s fishing. We both need understanding. There is an intensely human element in us both.

Perhaps I prefer it because I feel that no one understands it as I do. No one could get just the same service out of my greenheart as I do.

We have been through many adventures together. We know each other’s faults and fancies. We are aware of each other’s limitations. There is a curious community of experience. Could there ever be such a union between a steel rod and myself? Somehow I do not think so.

\[\textit{Crocuses after Queer Weather}\]

I HAVE never known a stranger beginning of the spring than this year with the crocuses. As a rule, I look for my first common yellow crocus about the end of the first week in January. Others follow it in two’s and three’s, until at the end of the month ‘the groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould’ all along the borders under the apple trees. This year I had no common crocuses in January, but in the rock garden my striped mauve and yellow winter-flowering crocuses, Sieberi and Imperati, were as brilliant and so wide to the sun and bees as ever. And even by mid-February I had hardly a dozen common yellows in the borders, and not a single purple or white. What has happened? Did the drought of last summer prevent the corms from rooting properly, or did the floods of winter chill them back into sleep? But if the queer weather made things difficult for the common crocuses, why not for the rose? I cannot see the reason. – E.P.

\[\textit{On a recent voyage, that eminent villager, Sir Oliver Lodge, submitted himself at seventy-nine, to the discipline of the ship’s gymnasiu...}\]
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Country Books of the Quarter

A SHORT GUIDE TO THE BEST READING

JOHN MAESEFIELD’S Hauubucks (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) reached us just too late for our last issue, but it is the high merit of a book that is really country and takes a way of its own that it has little to do with years. This downright country house and horseback conversation of fathers, wives, sons and daughters, local functionaries, good and bad lots, moderns and gypsies and servants, keeps to no date. And horses, dogs, gardens, flowers and handicrafts are just as they are always. It is wonderfully good in its special fashion. While Reynard the Fox was in broad daylight, we watch this drama as in a mirror, hear the talk as if it were microphoned to us. The drama seems at once real and unreal. Readers will have to look up the title of the book — They will then get an inkling of the poet’s point of view. In Down in the Valley (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.) the author of Joseph and his Brethren has written another Suffolk novel. A young man in his thirties, who likes Cowper and Crabbe, and is a good gardener, succeeds to a market town grocery with a pedigree. Struck by the beauty of a village which is unspoilt by alien architecture, he betakes himself to a cottage there, has his glass, his quoits and his ferreting with his neighbours, and learns to plough. Then comes woman. The book do wholly fare to be rural, even to a dedication to Mr. F. J. Prewett. Mr. H. W. Freeman is craftsmanly and can be open-eyed and open-eared without being physiological. – The sordid misery, hatred and futile waste of the unending struggle in that immense agricultural country, China, are told with incredible clarity and concentration in The Conquerors (Jonathan Cape, pp. 282, 7s. 6d.), by André Malraux. As might be supposed, the spirit and feeling of the book are admirably sustained in the competent and scrupulous translation of Winifred Stephens Whale.

We may remind readers who have enjoyed the diaries of
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General

LORD CARNOCK: A Study in the Old Diplomacy
by HAROLD NICOLSON 21s. net. (April 3)
Mr. Nicolson, author of "Some People" and biographer of Byron, Tennyson and Verlaine, has now essayed one of the most delicate of all literary tasks, a biography of his own father.

THE STRICKEN DEER
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that, since our last issue, there has been published the fourth
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Woodforde, 1793–1796* (Humphrey Milford, pp. 370,
12s. 6d.) and *Southev’s Journal of a Tour in Scotland in 1819
with Telford, the engineer* (Murray, pp. 326, 10s. 6d.).
Southev’s *Journal*, printed for the first time, is an addition
of note to the descriptions of Scotland, for there was nothing
on which the Poet Laureate disdained to write if he himself
became interested. Fifty pages of introduction by Professor
Herford painstakingly summarize the book for busy people.
Parson Woodforde continues to record exactly what he had
to eat and drink each day of his life, and other trivialities, all
of which have value now, and the Oxford University Press
printing is a satisfaction. There is one impression that
Woodforde and Southev, who had so little in common, both
leave on the reader, and that is the physical strain of travelling
on all but the best coaching roads.

*A Countryman’s Day Book* was excellent, but it is run
close by an American volume of an equally novel type,
The Gardener’s Bed Book (Lippincott, pp. 341, 10s. 6d.), by
Richardson Wright. There is something to read on every
night of the year, and the something is always practical and
always witty. It is a real gardener, a gardener with brains
and wide experience who is writing, and real gardeners will
delight in him.‘– How often, after a dinner ordered with
intelligence, prepared with art and served with discretion,’
cries Mr. Edward A. Bunyard in his *Anatomy of Dessert
(Dulau, pp. 134, 10s. 6d. net), ‘do we dwindle to a dessert
unworthy of its setting: who has not encountered the
Jonathan Apple or the Jamaican banana at a table which
would scorn to provide an unacknowledged St. Julien or an
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fruit grower and the gardener.—We do not care for such titles as *How to Make £50 an Acre* (‘Efficiency Magazine,’ pp. 123, 5s.), but Mr. W. P. Seabrook is a practical man. He has 700 acres of his own. He preaches fruit against meat and wheat. He argues that no country can grow apples to better advantage than England, and some of his oversea figures are remarkable. He does not hesitate to assert that ‘we could produce every apple needed until Christmas, and, with cold storage, carry on regular supplies until the Australians come in April.’ Needless to say he is talking about well-grown and well-packed fruit. Mr. Seabrook is for business men putting the right sort of sons into fruit-growing, and even retiring early themselves in order to go into it.

A book from Mr. C. S. Orwin is always welcome, and his workmanlike *Reclamation of Exmoor Forest* (Humphrey Milford, pp. 172, illustrated, 10s. 6d.) is, like his other volumes, of permanent worth. Twenty thousand acres, roadless, and containing but one house — such was the almost treeless Exmoor Forest. Its chief reclamer made twenty-two miles of roads, built twenty-nine miles of walling, and to-day there are fifteen farms and three hundred people. It is on the basis of great agricultural knowledge and much pondering of our national problems that Mr. Orwin declares that ‘England would be a happier if not a richer country’ if the reclaimers’ ‘belief in rural industry as a thing fundamental to national prosperity’ were a more fundamental belief. But did not a man of some eminence say to the director of the Institute of Research in Agricultural Economics, ‘Why do you trouble about farming? We need so little of it. Rural England must be developed more and more as the playground of the urban industrial worker’? — Regional Planning Committees that are wondering how to set about a survey, and just what kind of recommendations may be made in it, should see the sane and competent *Thames Valley from Cricklade to Staines*, a survey and suggestions for
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44 MUSEUM STREET LONDON, W.C.1
the Thames Valley branch of the C.P.R.E., prepared by Lord Mayo and Professors S. D. Adshead and Patrick Abercrombie, with an admirable preface by Mr. John Buchan, m.p., and plenty of plans and photos. (University of London Press, pp. 122, cloth 21s., limp 15s.). - Mr. W. C. Coles-Finch, whose books of rural memories were acts of merit, has now produced a volume packed with illustrations—a 9ft. tusk and a Neolithic boat in situ are not the least interesting—on The Medway and its country. (Daniel, pp. 239, 10s. 6d.). - Mr. Sidney H. Heath has a drawing or drawings of his own on almost every page of Homes and Buildings of Other Days (Philip, pp. 296, 5s.), which comprises in turn the parts of a cottage, of a farm, of a manor house, of a castle, of a church and of an old town, and is excellént to put in the way of young people. - 105 counties in Kansas with no more than a dozen possessing a population beyond 25,000—some have less than 1,500—and the suggestion that 400 'bigger and better clergymen' to a State instead of 4,000, are two of the things one comes across in an American work, Small Towns by Walter Burr, professor of rural sociology in the university of Missouri (Macmillan, pp. 277, 10s. 6d.).

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The old difficulty of finding a house in the country at night, especially if it is not a very big one, has been solved by a motorist who understands the feelings of friends when they search vainly up and down a dark lane for his gates. He has had mounted on his chimney a blue electric lamp, which one can see for a quarter of a mile or more. Then, in the garden, a 'flood light' lights up the whole of the house, so that it is impossible to pass it on the darkest and most miserable of nights. — W.

Not so long ago, in a crowded street I had to cross when up in London, the whole traffic was held up by a purple-faced youth who was trying to start a diminutive motor cycle which was pouring out clouds of smoke. Somewhere from above came the dry, caustic voice of a bus driver with the immortal remark, 'Come on, Elisha, git on wiv it!' — J.H.
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The Collector*

The purpose of a real collector is to rescue and restore to use those objects which have character and human interest. He should collect to preserve age-old traditions and to foster the growing desire for things made by hand. He should search for fine shapes, fine weight, true balance and comeliness. The day is not distant when all things wrought by hand will be at a premium, if only as models for a new order of thoroughness. There are the pot cranes for the open fire places complete with lugs and ratchets. Some have ornamented spandrels, some others have generous scrollwork and twisted bars. Here is evidence of traditional art extending from Tudor days to the first quarter of the 19th century. The old-fashioned boiling kettles and large cooking pots which formerly depended from these cranes and pot-hooks, have decoration, interest and use. The iron girdle plates or griddling trays have never been equalled for cooking cakes to a turn above a big fire. You may chance upon a levering iron for raising the logs above the ashes to encourage a blaze. Cottage pokers, log forks, rakes and trivets are among the many interesting finds. Toasting forks of fine steel, griddling traps for steaks, basting spoons with long slender rat-tailed handles, golfing irons, sugar breakers, iron frying pans, meat hooks with a dozen spikes, box irons, bacon roasters, iron chestnut boxes and iron racks for burning clay pipes can be seen at almost every country sale. If we extend the list we must include many other humble examples of old true craftsmanship which have use and curious beauty. There are, for example, the old-fashioned H and L-shaped hinges dating from the late 17th century, direct successors of the frog hinges of Jacobean times. In nearly every country smithy you will chance upon specimens of cross garnet hinges for boarded and batten doors. There,

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too, will be found the Norfolk type of latch, the drop ring handle and the wooden box lock with iron bands. Look further and you will encounter the Carron safes and cash boxes of George the Third’s reign, smaller editions of the great iron chests of the Tudors. At one period the blacksmiths were adept in shaping wrought iron candlesticks. These are generally of Queen Anne pattern, i.e. on a tall slender stem with a circular base and cap, the sconce generally with a sliding socket piece to increase the burning value of the tallow dip. Among the debris of old leaded casement frames in builders’ yards will be found the beautifully wrought window catches and stay bars. The wrought iron supports for late eighteenth century gutters are interesting, and so are the lamp brackets. You may even find a calthorp.

Cast iron objects are mostly in the nature of decorated adjuncts. They have not been collected in great numbers. Generally depicting agricultural scenes and rural sports, they are fine examples of modelling. One type consists of two plough horses with a man and a dog, the legend ‘God speed the plough’ running along the base. How attractive this group appears with the silhouette lit up by the flames! There are other groups depicting sport such as duck shooting and fox hunting. The collector who gives his attention to the iron work of the past is doing much to help the decaying country industry of smithery. In no other craft is tradition so persistent and even to-day the ironwork for farm and field gates inherits details which can be traced back to the Middle Ages. You will find these specimens of iron craft in untoward places, among the junk of marine store dealers, on the ground at the Caledonian market, in out-of-the-way smithies, at wheelwrights and once-prosperous waggon builders. Best of all, for those who relish fine art, is to search the barrows of the Marche Féri in proper season at Paris.

One farm-worker patient who sent a message to a doctor described himself as ‘very low-spirited at meals.’
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Tail Corn

I have limed my window box,' writes a woman novelist to us from London in January, 'and the round bed in front of the house has been cleaned and dug, and now wears (rather smugly) the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Even we townsters do our best.'

Among twelve children of school age at our end of Idbury there is only one girl.

Readers will remember Hilda Rose, some of whose remarkable writing appeared in our first number. In a later issue she was our 'Rural Author,' quotations being given from her 'Stump Farm,' which recounted experiences in the American and Canadian North West. She now writes expressing her enjoyment of 'The Grave Digger's Diary.'

To make sure that her week-old baby grew up intelligent, a cottage mother has been feeding it on rabbits' brains.

There have been 'Wiseacres' before our 'Solomon,' and there has also been a Solomon who was an agricultural journalist. Samuel Solomon was his name. But, as Mr. Orwin reminds us, he dubbed himself Sidney. He wrote about Exmoor farming and was the author of 'The Book of the Horse.'

'The Cat in the Window,' a country inn sign I have just noticed, has a friendly character. 'Tom o' Bedlam,' a few miles away, is a name new to me.

That threepenny weekly, The Listener, which reproduces in full the more substantial of the B.B.C.'s talks, will be a boon to many people in the country; and for the cleverness with which the talks are fitted with illustrations, I congratulate Mr. R. S. Lambert and his helpers. Friends of the R.S.P.C.A. will note with satisfaction the enlargement and improvement of its 'Animal World.'

Thirteen children in seven different standards is what a South African schoolmistress subscriber is wrestling with.
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The barn is like a robber's den,
With cobweb curtains grey and light,
And quiet noises now and then,
Like robbers slipping out of sight;
The farthest corner from the door
Is filled with sacks tied up with string—
The more I look at them, the more
I think they might hold anything!
Against the other end a heap
Is spread of yellow shining grain,
Perhaps when home the robbers creep,
It changes into gold again;
But Farmer Giles and all his men
Can get in here with just a key—
Of course a real robber's den
Would have an Open Sesame!

OUR readers were very pleased with the January Countryman. 'It is full of good reading,' wrote Mr. E. V. Lucas, 'and you can put it on a shelf like a book and it will stand up.' Another publisher had 'read it from cover to cover.' A well-known author wrote: 'It really is amazing, and the reason is that the reading matter is so good; its range is extraordinary.' The message of a subscriber who bears a famous name was: 'I want six copies in future instead of two because I think I can put my hand on fresh subscribers.' A distinguished public servant sent 'congratulations on an A1 number in quality, range and quantity. How do you manage to keep it so fresh? You are not young, Father William!' And a Welsh reader saluted us, 'Cofion cynes, a Diolch yn Fawr I Chwi!' The author of 'Tarka the Otter' sent three subscriptions to 'the best magazine published for the would-be and the real countryman.'
The Daily Chronicle

The Sane Family Daily

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Thus we feel with justice that we may sum up by saying that the 'Daily Chronicle' appeals to the world and his wife—and family.
OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS

VARIETIES OF ARCHITECTS. — I have more than once persuaded myself that I was equal to a job and that I could do without an architect. In each instance, sooner or later, I had cause to regret my over-confidence. Either I went wrong in materials or did not think of the best way in which the work could be done or I was unequal to the management of the builder in every particular. But the caution must be given that most architects are better at one kind of work than another, and that care must be taken to fit the right architect to the job. There are also incompetent architects. I once paid one £40 to go away. — S.T.

WOOD FIRES. — I never met a country man or woman either who did not prefer thorn to any other wood and it is procurable generally. — N. Teulon Porter

TREES AND WAR. — The effect of armaments in the past upon rural England has been truly extraordinary. No less than seventy acres of oak forest had to be felled for one man-of-war. But if maritime armaments helped to deforest the country, land armaments had the opposite effect. It is doubtful if the yew, which brings death to cattle, would have found a place in the churchyard if its staves had not been suited for the long bow. At a later date walnut timber fetched a high price for the stocks of guns. Indeed, many a walnut tree in its century-old prime owes its existence to thoughts of war. Judging by the amount of French walnut which floods the English market, Napoleon must have shown greater interest in this matter of future armaments than his opponents. — B. R. Waters

'THE GREATEST OF ALL AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS IS PEACE'.— I am interested in your phrase. I have been all over the world and was crocked in the War. I believe the future peace of the world depends primarily on good Anglo-German understanding. American wealth means nothing. The Roman Empire East and West had
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wealth. The British Empire has more natural wealth than the United States. If we want peace it is not in America, but in Europe that we have to ensure it. Only a few Americans have felt the horrors of war. The Germans have. If we want peace we must accept the Germans freely as immigrants all over the Empire and we must fuse our two races. When we make peace with the Germans in Europe and the Empire we shall make peace with the most influential non-Anglo-Saxon element in the United States. — R.H.R.

Farmers and Cancer. — To a farmer largely living on his own grown food it is a grim joke to see the public spending large sums on an anti-cancer campaign and resignedly in increasing numbers going down through cancer to the grave, while at the same time looking on at a short healthy home-grown food supply. — A Mere Farmer

Light Under a Bushel. — You are right in what you say about the way in which the Ministry of Agriculture spends time and money on producing excellent publications and then fails to keep reminding country residents that it has such things to sell. Some time ago, having been told that there was a publication just issued on a particular subject, I searched in turn for an official advertisement in The Countryman, two other periodicals and the Ministry’s own agricultural organ, all in vain. — Rustic

A Farmer, requisitioned to read the lessons in church, had some difficulty with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. When they appeared in the chapter for the second time he referred to them as ‘the afore-mentioned gentlemen.’

Country parson to parishioner, who, under the pressure of an increasing family, occupies two adjoining small cottages: ‘I never know, Mrs. King, whether I shall find you in the one cottage or the other. How do you manage to live in two separate cottages at the same time?’ Mrs. King: ‘Well, ye see, Sir, it’s like this. One we lives in and the other we keeps clean.’
The fourth book is not a book; it is a sham. But it is not a mere sham. It is bound like a book because, although folks are not ashamed to put by a few coins now and then for their children, or themselves, they don’t care to let a tin money-box be seen lying about. So this box can go comfortably amongst other books on the shelf; and it will easily slip into a pocket whenever you want it emptied at the Bank. The Westminster Bank does not reserve these as a privilege for its regular customers only; it issues them without formalities at any of its branch counters.
ANY of our readers will like to hear particulars of the praiseworthy effort which the well-known K.C., the Hon. Stafford Cripps, has made at Filkins, for the preservation of rural England. Mr. Cripps has not been content to work, for his own comfort and delight, on the fine old house in which he himself lives. Simultaneously, he has undertaken the renovation (in precisely the right way) of cottages in his village that were worth saving from a hygienic as well as an aesthetic point of view. (As we lately argued in ‘Babble about Old Cottages,’ there are, up and down the country, plenty of cottages that are not worth saving from a hygienic point of view, and at Idbury the other week we were heartily glad to see two of this class in flames!)

From this good work Mr. Cripps has now gone on, as related by Mr. Morley Horder, to show his Rural District Council, and, we hope, other Rural District Councils, how a landowner may co-operate, in a spirit of local patriotism, with his local authority. We have twice visited the new District Council cottages that Mr. Cripps’s foreman mason and the foreman mason’s father and other sound workers have built from Mr. Morley Horder’s plans; and there is substance in their boast that, except for the renewal of distemper, and re-painting of doors and gutters, etc., it is unlikely that much or anything will need to be done to the structure for a century. The cost of repairs, first and last, on
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many, if not most, of the ordinary type of District Council cottages, must be heavy; and it is a point to which unenlightened housing committees, with their cheeseparing methods, are blind.

Mr. Morley Horder's experience at Filkins shows that, with forethought and good organization, the difference between good work and scrimped need not be onerous. We are struck by an economy obtained by using, for the walling, stone straight from the quarry, entirely undressed. The special stone employed for the windows was, we believe, economically-bought out-size stuff. We are hoping that, when he has reckoned up all outlays, Mr. Cripps will find that, for the satisfaction of having in his village four cottages in flawless relation to its old architecture, he has not to make a contribution of more than £30 a cottage at the outside. We trust that Mr. Morley Horder will have the chance of showing what he can do this summer with a District Council scheme for twenty, fifty or hundred cottages. In building on such a scale there would be economies beyond what has been possible with four cottages. It is not only that doors, windows and staircases could be bought more advantageously. The workmen would have less broken time than there must have been at Filkins over building done in the winter.

But the chief fact we have to lay hold of is that, with quarries at hand, building in stone is not dearer than building in brick. Another fact is that, if good work in stone is not forthcoming, good masons will soon be very scarce indeed. Young men are not going into the trade as they used to do.
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As it Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, happy Finder! — Cromwell

In our efforts to save the countryside could we not do more in appealing to the eyes? When the postal authorities or other Government departments want us to pay particular attention to some new idea, we find our letters with special postmarks. Why not carry the idea a little further, and let us have some of the best of the countryside on postage stamps? We might have the best of our animals and birds, for instance — as many of our British possessions overseas have shown us theirs. Why should not England, as well as New Zealand or Australia, print a series of illustrations of characteristic fauna? The red deer is our finest wild animal — why not let London, Manchester, Liverpool, know it? The golden eagle soars over a hundred Scottish glens — is that realised by holiday-makers in Glasgow? Wild cats and foxes still catch grouse in Sutherland: salmon run Dee, Tweed and Avon; there are trout of the loch and the burn; there are pike and perch in the Thames. When a nightingale sings in Derbyshire people turn out to hear the wonderful singer of the South; how many even of South countrymen know him by sight? But the vision of the countryside in a succession of postage stamps (and why should all our penny stamps be the same design?) is endless. A plant of daffodils, waterfalls, hares, a bunch of heather, a country cottage with roses — what artist would not wish to reach the eye and mind of his countrymen with such a chance as a postage stamp used by the million every day?
Maps for the Countryman

To the dweller in Rural Britain, the topography of the district in which he lives is always a source of joy and interest. Every true Countryman delights in a map which enables him to become thoroughly familiar with the country. To show clearly on a map, not merely towns, main roads and railways, but such detail as byways, lanes, footpaths, woods, streams and the lie of the land, a scale of at least one inch to a mile is necessary.

The only maps which cover the whole of Great Britain on this scale are those produced and published by the Ordnance Survey. They are issued in several forms, of which the ‘Popular Edition,’ mounted on linen and folded in covers, at half-a-crown a sheet, is a universal favourite. Each normal sheet of this series measures \(27 \times 18\) inches, covering an area of 486 square miles. Contours are given at 50 ft. intervals; objects of antiquarian interest are indicated in ‘Old English’ or ‘Roman’ characters, and each sheet contains a mass of useful information not readily to be obtained elsewhere.

For those who require an accurate map of any locality on a still larger scale, showing all buildings, field boundaries, bench marks and many other features impossible to delineate on a smaller scale, the Ordnance Survey six inches to one mile maps are invaluable. These, too, are available for the whole of Great Britain.

The Ordnance Survey has just published a Land Utilisation Map of the county of Northampton in three sheets (each \(20 \times 30\) inches, price 7/9 the set, post free). Printed in colours to show cultivation, it is of interest and value to all engaged in Geographical and Agricultural research.

Full particulars of the Ordnance Survey Maps, with specimens and index diagrams, can be obtained from the Director-General, Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton. When writing, readers of The Countryman should mention this announcement, and the County or Counties in which they are specially interested.
The Kind of Protection the Farmer Must Have

THE reasoned article under the above title which Mr. E. F. Wise, M.P., contributed to our last issue has been followed by a useful exposition of his proposals for stabilising wheat prices by controlling imports delivered at the Farmers' Club. That the root of the problem which is troubling us all is to be found not in English market conditions but in wider international causes has been strikingly confirmed by a book published by the Oxford University Press, The Bread of Britain, (2s. 6d.). The author, Mr. A. H. Hurst, is a well-known member of the Baltic and has been a grain merchant all his life. He gives first-hand evidence of the present market instability and examines its causes. After demonstrating the changed conditions in the grain market since the last decade, he comes to the conclusion that in present conditions, it is no longer possible for the merchant to exert a stabilising influence upon grain prices. In the recent conversations between Mr. J. H. Thomas and the heads of the Canadian Wheat Pool, Mr. Thomas has been trying to secure a greater regularity in the actual shipments of wheat from Canada to Great Britain. At present these shipments are governed by the spasmodic buying policies of the big milling combines. More regular shipments would materially assist our coal export trade which depends on cheap return freights. Mr. Thomas's suggestion of building elevators on this side to store Canadian wheat until the millers require it is apparently not favoured by the Pool. The milling combines have now promised to pursue a more regular buying
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policy. But it is doubtful whether Mr. Thomas's objective, any more than the stabilisation of British wheat prices, can be secured unless our wheat imports are concentrated through one single organisation. At the time of going to press the Agricultural Conference is still sitting. Whatever its direct results may be, the discussions which have taken place must be useful.

A New Way of Lighting Motor Cars

HOW about improving the lighting of motor cars? A reader, Captain W. R. W. Kettlewell, who has lately suggested that the rules of the road at sea offer suggestions for the management of land traffic, points out in a letter to us an undoubted advantage of ships' lights; they show not only where the ships are but the direction in which they are going. Might it not be better for cars to carry, not white lights in front and a red light behind, as at present, but a green light on the right or off-side, a red light on the left or near-side and white lights in front? As to giving way, at sea the rule is, Keep to the right. Land traffic in the United States, France and Germany keeps to the right already, but in England, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria the rule is the opposite. At sea, when two ships meet at a 'junction', the vessel which has the other on its right-hand side gives way. This is known to motorists as the 'off-side rule' and has been strongly recommended by some, while others are in favour of traffic on the superior road having precedence. Probably an international compromise
The Soul of Tobacco

MAETERLINCK says of flowers that they yield up their Soul in perfume. What a noble thought!

But to the pipe-lover there is something infinitely sweeter than the perfume of flowers—the Soul of Craven Mixture.

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And the appeal to the sense of taste! How bewitchingly and entrancingly Craven captivates the taste. How lovingly the smoker of Craven Mixture handles his pipe. To him the taste and perfume of Craven are indeed the very SOUL of Tobacco—something to dwell upon, to revel in; something, as Sir J. M. Barrie says, 'to live for.'
could be arrived at whereby the ‘off-side’ would be the general rule and the ‘superior road’ the exception in the case of trunk and other obviously important main roads.

The Amateurs

As it is difficult enough to get official publications read, why should they be handicapped by the unconscionable delay which so often occurs in getting them into print? Take the Report of the Development Commission, which it is most important should be widely read, and consider the following dates:

- Report for the year ending . . . . March 31, 1929
- Ordered by Parliament to be printed . . July 22, 1929
- Received by The Countryman . . . . Jan. 4, 1930

To take all August, September, October, November and December in order to get this Report printed is preposterous. Any magazine publisher knows that a month or six weeks should see it out easily. In September the record would have some relation to what was actually being done and planned. In 1930 we can take but a moderate interest in the labours and notions of 1928. We do not believe that Sir Thomas Middleton is responsible. It is the system.

Country House Sales Trickery

We have heard lately of more than one person being duped in the disposal of a country house. In one instance a man was supposed to be the buyer of a house containing fine old furniture. He paid enough to get hold of the furniture. When he had removed it (and sold it at a good profit no
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doubt) he failed to complete the purchase as a whole, with the result that the vendor was left with an empty house, greatly diminished in value because of the absence of the furniture which had suited it perfectly. Mr. John Stevenson (of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents) has been calling attention to another trick. The rogue takes a short tenancy of a country house of a good type, and furnishes it with second-rate furniture and pictures, set off by a few genuine things that will take in people who view the place. He then puts the whole contents up to auction. The genuine things are bought in by the rogue, and the public is landed with what it finds to be rubbish — when the strange auctioneer is far away.

Money from the Clouds

A DISTINGUISHED aeroplane owner writes to us to make a suggestion to farmers with suitable fields. ‘An aeroplane does no damage whatever in a grazed field,’ says our correspondent, ‘so long as the machine is run up where the public which becomes interested in it does not trample the grass. Landing need only be allowed when the grass is short. At Aintree, a farmer charged a guinea, but that was for the Grand National. The aerodrome fee is 2s. 6d. From 2s. 6d. to 10s. would do. In Norfolk I have landed on splendid stubble fields. Ridge and furrow fields will not do, of course. The ideal landing field should have low hedges, no trees or next to none, and no telephone wires. Some protection from the weather in one corner by, say, a farm building or a little wood, is advantageous.’
IN Lotus Veldtschoen shoes Good Design is the offspring of Utility. Lotus Veldtschoen shoes were designed primarily to keep out the wet. To achieve this it was necessary to employ the best materials available, the most careful and finished workmanship. And so it happened that in achieving their primary purpose they achieved also—good looks.

Lotus Veldtschoen boots and shoes are made with uppers of double Zug and five-fold soles. They are constructed on the patented Lotus Veldtschoen principle and are absolutely waterproof.

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<tr>
<th>Veldtschoen Boots:</th>
<th>Veldtschoen Shoes:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Men's</strong></td>
<td><strong>Men's</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>63/—</td>
<td>55/—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Women's</strong></td>
<td><strong>Women's</strong></td>
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<td>57/6</td>
<td>50/—</td>
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</tbody>
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LOTUS
Veldtschoen
Guaranteed Waterproof
from LOTUS DEALERS everywhere
LOTUS LIMITED, STAFFORD AND NORTHAMPTON
A Cottage Secret

A WELL-KNOWN author who kindly confesses to a 'growing liking' for THE COUNTRYMAN, says that 'it would not be the admirable affair it is, if it did not drop deftly-calculated grit into the mechanism of people's illusions.' If we may judge from the number of rural sketches that reach us daily, only to be returned, there are many writers who take a surprisingly shallow and even sentimental view of village life. These writers are sincere enough, and they probably represent a large public. Ruskin's gibe is as true as ever: it is easy enough to reach people's hearts; the difficulty is to break their heads. If THE COUNTRYMAN is to fulfil its chief purpose as a witness of rural truth, it must speak of every rural need and village woe. Ignorance and poverty have many children. It is impossible to look closely at the moral problem without wanting to know why the percentage of illegitimacy is as high, in one village school, as seventeen; why in a school of thirty in another village, 'four scholars are tuberculous, two have heart ailments, one has spinal trouble and others are below normal.' There reaches us a small volume, Mother England (John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, pp. 206, 7s. 6d.) that uncurtains a shadowed corner known to every student of rural life who is in earnest. We have respect for readers whose religious scruples sincerely lead them to shrink from the discussion of this subject. But the wrong cannot be remedied until it is brought to light. In this poignant book it is brought to light. The book is a chance selection of letters, letters of
EXCUSE ME . . . . .

I crave your attention, just for a moment, to say a word about Fire.
My firm is well known for its fire protection appliances. We have a wonderfully clever automatic alarm—‘Thermo.’ It detects even a minor outbreak in 60 to 120 seconds. And Fire Extinguishers, specially designed for country houses; extraordinarily handsome things they are, too! But mostly, I want you to notice the ‘DAVY’ AUTOMATIC FIRE ESCAPE—maybe you have already seen it. So many country houses have it. It is the world’s most completely automatic fire escape. Please do me a favour—write to me for a folder about it, and above all, please mention ‘The Countryman’—

THERE’S A REASON

A. S. RYAN,
Sales Manager

WINDMILL STREET
MANCHESTER

Also at 65/66 Chancery Lane, W.C.2
correspondents whose surnames range from A to H. All the correspondence is of one year and is from working mothers and fathers who, in their misery, bring to Dr. Stopes a problem that is of dire gravity not only to them and their children but to the community. This ‘self-written record’ of a ‘dumb class, of whose lives history takes no cognizance,’ will draw tears. There are people who will cry out, ‘Why hast thou come hither to torment us before our time?’ The rural advance must proceed without folk who lack the imagination to understand what life is like, in a cottage of three tiny rooms and a scullery, with 30s. a week divided between two adults and five children.

18,000,000 Books: Borrowing and Buying

It is an encouraging thing that in five years the number of county libraries has increased from eighteen to forty-five. That is in England. As Scotland had already twenty county libraries in 1924, she had not so much opportunity to make progress, but she has now twenty-three. Wales has moved from six to ten. The increase of books lent in Great Britain and Ireland, from two to eighteen millions, is an even more striking piece of statistics. The indefatigable secretary of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust prophesies, and safely enough we believe, that ‘the next ten years will see as great a development as has taken place since the County Library Acts were passed.’ What we should like to know is how many books were bought last year by the adults who did their share of the 18,000,000 borrowings.
For 137 years

Rowland's Macassar Oil has been a favourite dressing for the hair, but its close resemblance to the natural oil has caused it to be used more and more as something better than a mere hair dressing.

Used to replace the natural oil, which is frequently removed by washing, it keeps the hair healthy and prevents the encroachment of grey-ness and baldness. Lack of the natural oil is a frequent cause of thin and falling hair.

Guaranteed free from harmful ingredients

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.
112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1
April 1930

Our Sky and London's

There could hardly be a more impressive contribution to The Countryman discussion on the question, 'Is it Cheaper to Live in the Country?' than the figures once more pressed on the attention of the nation by the R.I.B.A. During one year there fell the following weights of soot:

- City of London 595 tons per square mile
- Glasgow 447 ” ” ”
- Leeds (industrial) 342 ” ” ”
- Leeds (suburbs) 168 ” ” ”

It is not only the waste of health and materials that is caused by this soot. On the cold day in February on which we write there are thousands of people in London who have less fire in their grates than they ought to have. Yet millions of tons of coal are wasted in the soot of imperfectly consumed coal. In the United Kingdom the coal that is wasted as soot would heat half of the metropolitan area. What will posterity say of us?

Lions and Sea Lions

But there are things for which posterity will give us marks. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of the last century, the last quarter of a century even, than the enlargement of our minds about birds and animals. There have always been sportsmen to whom wild creatures were more than targets. But the last few years have seen an admirable development in bird and animal watching and in bird and animal photography. And bird and animal watchers and photographers cannot rest until other people have seen what they have seen.
The Problem of the Woman Worker

OPINION is strongly divided as to whether a woman should abandon her career as a business worker on her marriage, but in many cases she has no option. Even when the decision is not made by employers, personal reasons frequently settle the matter for her.

It, therefore, requires careful consideration to decide upon a business career if the years so spent are not to be wasted when this more or less compulsory retirement is brought about.

Many types of business training have very little, if any, practical value when it comes to running a house. Not all, however; some will continue their usefulness throughout life.

Dress designing is an instance. Every daughter of Eve wishes to be well dressed, but how expensive this can be without the knowledge which training in the Art of Dressmaking alone can give. Some think that dressmaking is a drudgery. Not a bit of it. If knowledge is acquired under skilled guidance, making one's own dresses will become a sheer delight, leaving entirely out of question the joys of saving in expense and 'going one better' than one's neighbours, and the satisfaction of being able to give that 'individual touch' which is the hallmark of the expert.

Provided the start is right there is no limit to the heights attainable by an ambitious girl, but whether the object is to own a Fashion Salon, to qualify for a position as Designer-Cutter with a West End firm, or to save money on dress bills one must begin at the beginning.

Madame J. Trois Fontaines, a go-ahead Frenchwoman, with years of experience on the Continent, has founded a School for this very purpose 'Beneath the Bells in Bond Street.' There, for quite a moderate fee, ladies receive the most practical tuition it is possible to obtain and, having obtained proficiency, are awarded a Diploma.

They may then feel assured that they have not only acquired a knowledge which will prove invaluable to them through life but that they have qualified for one of the most interesting and lucrative careers now available.

Call or write, CM, Paris Academy of Dressmaking Ltd., 24 Old Bond Street, W.1., for a descriptive brochure. [Advt.]
As naturalists have got closer and closer to wild creatures they have marvelled at the confidence they show when they are not shot at. The Times, in publishing a succession of delightful photographs of lions and sea lions, at their ease and in full enjoyment of their lives, a few yards only from the beholder, has done a great service. It is a satisfaction to this generation that the next will grow up with a different conception of man's relationship to wild life than that with which some of us were afflicted.

'A Grave-Digger's Diary' at the Antipodes

In that remarkable diary of an eighteenth century grave-digger that we published last year, mention was made of 'Farmer, Joseph Payen.' By the courtesy of the literary editor of that fine newspaper, the Sydney Morning Herald, which is an amazement to the visitor to Australia, our attention is called to a letter in its pages from Mary Allison Holt, of Appian Way, Burwood, who describes herself as a reader of The Countryman. Mrs. Holt records the fact that she once visited Felmersham church with her father, Arthur Wellesley Pain, first Bishop of Gippsland, and does not doubt that the 'Farmer Payen' referred to by Orpin was his father. Our reader mentions that a remote ancestor of hers chose to be buried at Felmersham 'because there were such nice, quiet people all round.' This reminds us of a visit paid to Idbury by the builder of the Forth Bridge, Sir Benjamin Baker. He was so taken by the view from our churchyard that he decided to be buried there.
HELP
THE
R.S.P.C.A.
TO
HELP
ANIMALS THAT ARE BADLY TREATED

In 1929
23,817 complaints of cruelty investigated
21,630 persons cautioned about wrong treatment of animals
2,624 persons convicted of cruelty to animals

If you know of any Animal that is being neglected or ill-used please report the matter at once (Telephones 5433 & 5434 Gerrard) to

The R.S.P.C.A.
105 JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W. 1
Ten Million Cyclists!

The secretary of the Cyclists’ Touring Club is kind enough to send us some figures in support of our suggestion that the end of the bicycle is not yet. The Board of Trade takes notice only of bicycles exported—340,000 in 1928. Mr. Watling (director of the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers’ and Traders’ Union) has lately published the following estimate based on figures known to the trade: bicycles in regular use, four millions; in use in summer, six millions; in occasional use at some period of the year, ten millions. This is about equal to a bicycle for every man, woman and child in the administrative counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire and Hampshire!

EPISTLES FROM AN OLD HOMESTEAD

2. WHY THE FARMER IS WHAT HE IS

"Agriculture is the most important industry and we do not want our country to be a mere congeries of towns and urban districts to which agriculture must be subordinated." —The Minister of Agriculture

Strangely little attention has been given to a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society by Mr. Harald Faber, agricultural commissioner for Denmark (the good friend of every student of agricultural problems), and reinforced by an address at Rothamsted. He begins by reducing to a common food unit (by a method which he explains) the crops grown in Great Britain and Denmark. Then he sets out the average yields from the arable land in England, Scotland and Denmark in 100 food units per hectare (2.4 acres).
Egerton Burnetts

Fabrics are reliable, the work superior and dependable. They have specialised in pure wool fast dye Navy Serges for more than half a century. Prices from 2/11½ (72 cts.) to 27/11 ($6.60) per yd.

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KNITTING WOOLS, from 3/3 lb. post free.

Patterns and Measure forms sent with pleasure.

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GOOD SOCKS

The Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool No. 83 Sock is ideal for comfort and service.

It's a good-looking ribbed sock made in a wide range of in-grain yarns in which there's a shade for every suit.

It is in excellent taste and has distinctive character due to skilful dyeing and blending of the St. Wolstan Wool which is the highest grade pure botany wool that can be bought. Ask your hosier for

Two Steeples No. 83 Socks

4½ Pairs Also ask for Two Steeples St Wolstan Wool Underwear

TWO STEEPLES LTD. WIGSTON,
LEICESTERSHIRE

A SHADE FOR EVERY SUIT
It has been a common criticism of accounts of increased production in Denmark that the Danes had more leeway to make up than we had. But this table shows that, though this was so, the yields in Denmark have increased in a greater proportion than our yields. Forty years ago Danish yields were 30 per cent below ours; now they are 25 per cent above. Since Mr. Faber read his paper he has made I understand, further calculations of yields in the richest and the poorest Danish counties. The comparative results are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Period</th>
<th>England &amp; Wales</th>
<th>Scotland</th>
<th>Denmark</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1889 – 1893</td>
<td>23.5</td>
<td>22.9</td>
<td>16.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899 – 1903</td>
<td>23.8</td>
<td>22.8</td>
<td>19.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1909 – 1913</td>
<td>24.6</td>
<td>24.2</td>
<td>25.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923 – 1927</td>
<td>24.3</td>
<td>24.4</td>
<td>30.6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Why have things fallen out as they have done in Denmark? First, there has been a great reduction in fallow. Then there have been increased yields of corn, roots and rotation grass, but particularly of roots. The dry content in mangels and swedes has increased notably. Superior strains of corn, roots and rotation clover and grass have been grown. ('There is no country,' writes the director of the seed-testing station, 'where the control of seed used by farmers is so extensive and so careful.') Further, the increased number of cattle and pigs has made available large quantities of manure, and this
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50 for 3/3  100 for 6/4
Also in Flat Pocket Tins of 50 at 3/4
manure has been supplemented by a yearly import of about 600,000 tons of artificials. Better methods of cultivation and more effective protection against crop diseases have no doubt played a part in the advance; but, as Mr. Faber concludes, 'the chief reason has undoubtedly been the increased cultivation of roots made necessary by the increased number of live-stock.'

But why did the Danish farmers take the steps which led to the advance of which I have spoken? I am in no doubt. The reason is that, as Bjornson Bjornstjerne once said, they are 'the best educated peasantry in Europe.' There was stuff in them to which advocates of change could appeal. There was something from which results could be expected within a reasonable time. Denmark, to many people in this country, is synonymous with agricultural co-operation. To me Denmark means, first of all, education. To put Danish co-operation before Danish education is to speak of the end before the beginning.

And it is not Danish agricultural education, excellent though it has been, that I have in mind. It is ordinary education, and that cultivation of the mind and spirit of which some people are well content to see our country children run short, and still expect to see a prosperous countryside. Rural Denmark as it is to-day is largely the product, as I am never tired of saying, of the höjskole, the country high school of the peasants' sons and daughters, which is found all over the country. That essentially Danish place of education vaunts itself that it teaches nothing by which a living can
Matlock

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Without superior for comfort, pleasure and health. 270 beds. Moderate tariff. Magnificent ground of ten acres.
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Easy and quick to apply. Fresh and antiseptic. Labour-saving and inexpensive! Stephenson's multiplies many times the life and beauty of linoleums, parquet, etc. Its bright polish wears well. Be sure to ask for Stephenson's.


Sole Manufacturers:
STEPHENSON BROS., LTD., Bradford.
be gained—and thus gives its students the best possible foundation for gaining a living.

In a speech I made lately I took occasion to protest, as The Countryman has so often protested, against ‘girding at our farmers for the wrong things.’ A great deal of nonsense can be talked even about education. Only the other day I heard of a farmer who was the best in his county. His farm was in apple-pie order. Yet he never kept accounts. Education, or at any rate education of a certain kind, has nothing to do with farming. If a census of successful farmers were taken in any district the majority would not be wholly composed of the ‘educated.’ This is not because education is of no value to a farmer. It is because too many men who have had education, in the ordinary sense of the word, rely in their farming on this ‘education,’ rather than on farming ability, farming instinct and farming experience. The properly educated farmer has many advantages over the uneducated one. That needs no arguing. The countryside wants more and more and more education. Without the wider view which education brings, if it is the right sort of education, how is the farmer to acquire or be inclined to acquire a fuller acquaintance with the economics of agriculture in its material and international aspects? Because he is so poorly informed on economics he is the prey of every shallow political talker or agricultural paper gasbag. What the farmer needs is not so much to be taught his calling, of which he knows most that matters. What he needs is to have his mind stretched, and this is primarily the business of preachers
All farm stock pays when fed on Clarendo. The bulkiness of this cooked and flaked cereal food, its high nutrient content and its digestibility make it the ideal main ingredient of the regular diet.

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CLARENDO

HOW MANY MEN

there are whose great wish is to be able to retire from business. They have reached the age of 65, but have only been able to save two or perhaps three thousand pounds, which, invested in good securities returning 5 per cent., give them too small an income. It is not generally appreciated that a Canada Life Assurance Co. Annuity will

SHOW A SAFE INVESTMENT

which produces a guaranteed income for life of considerably more than double the ordinary yield from good-class securities. For instance, a man of 65 with £2,000 invested in stocks and shares gets about £100 per annum, but by buying a Canada Life Annuity he would get a guaranteed income for life of £211 9s. 8d., thus showing

OVER 11% PER ANNUM

The Canada Life is the oldest Dominion Life Office, and has assets of £36,000,000 under direct Government supervision, so that your security is equivalent in safety to a Government pension, and any amount from £100 can be invested. The Company also issues very attractive Life and Endowment Policies, full particulars of which will be sent on application. Write to-day giving your age, to the Annuity Manager,

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Incorporated in Canada as a Limited Liability Company
Accumulated Funds £36,000,000
Established 1847

2, ST. JAMES’S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1
and schoolmasters, not professors of agriculture. What has been wrong with so many successful agriculturists is that they have been merely successful. But success is not enough. Nor is that personal kindness, which is characteristic of so many farmers, enough. The nineteenth century began to understand, and the twentieth century recognises, that civilisation demands more from a man than personal success and domestic virtues. It demands a cultivation of the mind, will and feelings. Education of the best sort brings that. It demands that a man shall be a success not for himself only but in his relations with the community. The marvel is that, after the way in which the nation has scrimped on education, and the way in which, in many places (not in all), parsons and ministers of every denomination (because they were not awakened themselves) have failed to awaken and develop the social conscience of their congregations, the countryman in farm-house and in cottage should be as good a man and as good a citizen as he is. The farmer may fairly complain of much unfair criticism in what is spoken and written in the name of agricultural progress by its ardent advocates. But no good can come of being mealy-mouthed about him. He is suffering from nothing so much as having been palavered to for two or three generations.

Political and local county form oratory and agricultural paper leading article-writing have been far too much in one key. The farmer has grievances. But it is not always the right grievances that his adulators dwell on. Nor do they dwell on all that has been attempted first and last on his behalf.
Beet Sugar Factories
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'We have done much for agriculture,' said Mr. Baldwin, 'much more than agriculturists themselves will acknowledge.' The farmer is what social and economic conditions have made of him. The only sure way of mending him is to mend social and economic conditions. Those of his well-wishers who have a real devotion to the countryside and open minds can help him. Whatever their Party associations have been, they can find out what has been wrong and is still wrong in those social and economic conditions. Having found out, they can, by thinking less of Party needs and more of the vital importance of agricultural life and industry to the nation (which is all of us), discover how the necessary changes for the better in our social and economic life can be brought about. – Solomon Wiseacre

--

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FOR THE MAN
who smokes two or three
pipes in succession

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wood is still hot. St. James's Palace Mixture,
which does not contain Latakia, is particularly
suitable for the man who smokes two or three pipes
in succession. Fine tobaccos from Virginia
and Kentucky blended with a semi-light leaf
from the sun-drenched fields of Africa make it
a delightfully cool and non-biting smoke.
Piquancy is obtained by the final addition of
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Indoors or out - a thoroughly satisfying smoke.

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'You mean they dispute liability altogether?'

'No not exactly. They have knocked about a month off, "in accordance with medical evidence submitted," they say.'

'And have you read your policy? Did you bring it?'

'No I haven't got it here. Matter of fact I don't know quite where it is. I suppose I did look at it when I received it though one never understands these things.'

'Well tell me what you can remember about it - the premium, the name of the Office, the amount of compensation. Perhaps I can identify it.'

'Ah, you think that is the one. Now tell me one more thing. Did you develop pneumonia suddenly or did it follow something else, flu, for instance?'

'Why flu,' of course. You remember what a lot there was about.'

'Well there is the point. I suppose you had flu, about a month before pneumonia supervened.'

'That's right. Said I got up too soon, but why the point?'

'Because apparently you have one of those unhappy contracts, which we are constantly condemning, that cover "All Accidents" truly, but only certain specified illnesses instead of "All illness." Pneumonia is covered, but not flu.'

'The Devil it is! But I understood "All Accidents and Disease".'

'Yes I know. Obviously the thing was not explained properly. ALL ACCIDENTS, yes, but NOT "AND ALL ILLNESSES".'
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Modern travellers live a sheltered life compared with that of our great-grandfathers, but even we need weather protection in our walks abroad. The modern raincoat is usually efficient. Being subjected to more than ordinarily hard wear, however, it needs cleaning and "reproofing" periodically. You will do well to employ "Achille Serre" for this. For seven-and-sixpence we will clean, reproof and retint any raincoat. Efficiently. To your complete satisfaction.

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for the man who
works out-of-
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Spotlights are
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give a clear white
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The Countryman is 2s. 6d. quarterly or 10s. (or $2.50, 62 francs, 10 marks or 9 rupees) a year, post free, direct from the Office, Idbury, Kingham, Oxford. It is also on sale at or can be ordered from all Railway Bookstalls, Booksellers, and Newsagents.

MSS., SKETCHES AND PHOTOS are carefully considered. When the sender’s name is written on them and stamped envelopes are enclosed, it is the rule to return what cannot be used, but no responsibility for safety while in the Editor’s hands or in transmission can be accepted. Intending contributors should pay special attention to the scope of the review and to succinctness. Suggestions for increasing the value and usefulness of the Countryman are welcomed.
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Management of Estates and Farms
Sale and Letting of Estates and Farms
Sale of Live Stock, Timber, and other Produce
Employment Register
Publishing

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And the children are not forgotten.

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The Countryman

A Quarterly Non-Party Review and Miscellany of Rural Life and Industry

Edited and Published by J. W. Robertson Scott
at Idbury, Kingham, Oxford

O more than happy countryman if only he knew his good fortune—Virgil
The best citizens spring from the cultivators—Cato
Agriculture can never regain even a moderate degree of prosperity unless it is treated on the lines of THE COUNTRYMAN, that is without Party bias—Lord Erroll

Vol. IV. No. 2 2s. 6d. quarterly July 1930

‘Directions for the Household of Henry ye Eigth’

While new tongues call, and novel scenes unfold,
Meet may it be to bear in mind the old.
Vain dream indeed, are thoughts of heretofore;
What then? Your instant lives are nothing more.

Thomas Hardy

BY the kindness of the Duke of Montrose we have had the opportunity of looking through an old scrap book, lately discovered in the library at Buchanan Castle. Among its contents are these amusing ‘Directions for the Household of Henry ye Eigth’, beginning with one for country house visits:

‘His Highness’s attendants are not to steal any Locks or Keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of Nobleman’s or Gentleman’s Houses where he go’s to visit.

‘Master Cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all Night on the ground
before the Kitchen fire.

‘No Dogs to be kept in the Court, only a few spaniels for the Ladies. Dinner to be at ten, and Supper at four.

‘The Officers of his Privy Chamber shall be loving together — no grudging nor mumbling; nor talking of the King’s Pastime.

‘The King’s Barber is enjoin’d to be cleanly, not to frequent the Company of misguided Women, for fear of danger to the King’s royal Person.

‘Coal only to be allow’d to the King’s, Queen’s and Lady Mary’s Chambers.

‘The Brewer not to Put any Brimstone in the Ale.

‘Among the fishes for the table, the Porpoise, if too big for a Horse-Load an extra allowance to the Purveyor.

‘Twenty-four Loaves a day allow’d for His Highness’s greyhounds.

‘Order’d that all Noblemen and Gentlemen at the End of the Sessions of the Parliament, depart to their several Counties on Pain of the Royal Displeasure.’

And here is an entry of a much later date:

‘Mrs. Montagu, disputing with Mr. Fox, who was at one of her Parties, concluded with telling him that she did “not regard him three skips of a louse,” on which he took up the Pen, and wrote the following Epigram:

‘A Lady once told me, and — in her own house,
That she did not regard me “three skips of a louse.”
I forgive the dear Creature, whatever she said,
For Women will talk of — what runs in their head.’

How many people are aware that a man was
once tried and convicted in London on a charge of 'seditious libel against Citizen Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul and Chief Magistrate of the French Republic, tending to bring him into contempt with the inhabitants of this realm, to excite the subjects of the Republic to kill him, and also to destroy the feelings of amity and friendship subsisting between the Republic and this Country'? The trial is reported at the length of eight columns in a copy of the Morning Post of Feb. 22, 1803, which also gives a gruesome four-column account of the execution, on the same day as the conviction of the libeller of Napoleon, of Colonel Despard and six other men for compassing the death of George III. From four to five this picture of an incident in the 'good old times' begins, the prison bell tolled. At seven the prisoners had their irons knocked off and were taken into the chapel. The service lasted three quarters of an hour, the sacrament being administered. The men were then taken, two by two, to the place of execution on a hurdle. ('It is the body of a small cart on which two trusses of clean straw are laid, drawn by two horses.') The procession was composed, in order, of 'The Sheriff of Surrey, The Clergyman in his Robes, The Keeper [of the Prison] with a white wand, High Constable, Chief Constables, The Executioner with a Drawn Sword, and the Prisoners on the hurdle' — Colonel Despard, when his time came, had the hurdle to himself. The men reached the scaffold, erected on the flat top of a building, at half-past eight. Seven coffins were placed near the drop. 'A bag of sawdust to catch the blood when the heads were severed was
placed beside them.' On the platform there were about a hundred spectators, including 'two sons of the Earl of Uxbridge.' One by one the prisoners were fitted with a halter and a cap. Colonel Despard, advancing as near the edge of the platform as his halter would permit him, made a speech to the thousands below. The clergyman then shook hands with all the prisoners and their caps were drawn over their faces by the executioner. At about nine o'clock the platform dropped. It is plain from the observations of the reporter that the short drop of those days did not secure instant death to all the men. The executioner had to pull at two of the men's legs. An hour after the execution Colonel Despard was taken down, his body placed upon sawdust and his head on a block. After his coat had been taken off, his head was severed by a knife and saw by persons from St. Thomas's Hospital, engaged on purpose. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and, carrying it to the edge of the parapet, held it up to the view of the populace, and exclaimed, 'This is the head of a traitor—Edward Marcus Despard.' Similar treatment was given to the other six bodies. 'The taking down and beheading of each occupied about five minutes. The bodies were put into their different shells and are to be delivered to their friends for interment. While the execution was going forward the populace took off their hats.' The warrant for execution, signed 'Pelham,' said, 'We have thought fit to remit part of the sentence, viz. taking out and burning their bowels before their faces and dividing the bodies severally into four parts.'
A Countryman in America

NEW YORK.—Went to the biggest picture house. Talkie in which English R.A.F. hero brings down Zepp over London to the strains of 'Land of Hope and Glory.' Saw and heard Baldwin unveil Pankhurst statue! Absolutely lifelike . . . Almost total absence of horn-rimmed glasses . . . Told that soup is being given to unemployed at some of the churches; apparently no other provision for unemployed . . . New buildings going up but not more marked than round Hyde Park. Interesting to see the concrete, mixed while in transit to the site, being run straight into the moulds from the motor lorries . . . Hotels a bit dearer than ours but better value.

WASHINGTON.—U.S. Dept. of Agriculture people wonderfully keen. Practically whole staff technical men, exactly opposite principle from that on which our Civil Service is run. (Same principle of manning Civil Service with experts obtains in Canada) . . . At a party met a German, a Korean and a Japanese all doing investigation in agricultural economics. One afternoon saw three men happily drunk . . . Much more at home in the U.S.A. than in France or Germany. Aberystwyth produces about the same effect . . . Negroes and mulattoes strike one. Some highly intelligent and refined-looking . . . Railway engines whistle like a pig with a cold having its throat cut. And as they do it for each level crossing it's a pretty continuous noise.

OTTAWA.—Canada is a nation. No doubt of that. A fine country, and a pleasure to meet its men.
Dominion experimental farm just on outskirts of Ottawa, visited by thousands, mostly interested in learning. Run on really scientific and practical lines . . . Lot of talk about Wheat Pool, but nobody believes it will do anything but carry on. Big problem though, and the Federal Board can't make people eat more wheat, which is the only alternative to growing less, though there is talk that the U.S. is going to give 24,000,000 bushels to China. That may pay them better than selling it: 48 at 20s. = £48; 24 at 40s. = £48; 24 free to China = good-will and possible future trade. Canadian wheat export to Japan grows yearly. Idea has got about that England does not want Canadian wheat, born of misrepresentations of 'all English wheat' efforts . . . All economics people here and in U.S. convinced that mechanization of agriculture is on the way inevitably. One cannot but be impressed with the U.S. and Canadian technical men. U.S. Dept. of Agriculture is far and away the biggest department of their Civil Service.

North Dakota.—In one Canadian city lunched with a Minister of the Provincial Government and a Dean of the University and dined with a postman and a fireman. Postman had been at a famous English public school and had been with the Canadians in France; fireman had been in the Canadian Army in the Great War and a Rough Rider in the Boer War. Don't know at which meal the conversation was the more interesting . . . Farmers' houses in N. Dakota make no attempt at amenities such as gardens. (Universities and colleges trying to improve this.) Farmers regard their
houses simply as places to live in till they want to move elsewhere. If they get a good year they spend the spare cash on a new car or on new implements. Agricultural colleges well supported both by boys and girls. But just now times are hard, lots of the farms are in the hands of the big insurance companies, who are running the farms with a manager, and it is these farms (mainly, though not entirely) which are leading the way in mechanization. Tractors outnumber horses, and big implements are the rule. Small number of men on the land strikes one. They are a fine type of manhood, upstanding and brainy.

Montana.—Names of the stations interesting—eight out of twenty English or Scotch in one stretch. In Ontario found Stroud and Painswick just four miles apart, as in Gloucestershire . . . A lot of half-wild horses. With advent of tractors, farmers had turned horses loose and they were a nuisance. Suppose most of them get rounded up in the end . . . I’ve realised one of my life’s hopes—seen the Missouri, biggest river in the world measured from its source to the mouth of the Mississippi. Threw a tin into it and wondered what were the odds against its getting to Ireland via the Gulf Stream . . .

This is an Indian Reservation, one of the Sioux. All the country across made me remember the books of my youth. The tribe here has recently won some lawsuit against the U.S. Government, which will make it comparatively wealthy. There are fine-looking schools for them. Some of them came into our hotel last night, big fellows and well dressed. Not that all those we saw to-day outside
were either . . . Air marvellously clear. I've never seen anything like it before. To-day butterflies out—all new sorts to me,—and I saw a magpie and felt as if I'd seen a friend. By the way, wherever we are somebody from home finds us out and comes in to yarn. To-day we've had three callers . . . Tractors and combines in every township stand in open in front of local implement store. District has had a thin time, but there seems a feeling that mechanization will save it. Only about one family to 1000 acres, and cheap wheat for the rest of the world if the fashion spreads. If we reduce labour on the land to such a minimum—one man to 500 acres—and have such big farms, all sorts of questions arise: They are recognised here and it's thought that wireless and the car provide solutions. On the other side, why not put the town into the country . . . Large percentage of Scandinavians here. Fine big men. This is indeed the 'wide open spaces.' I like the clear air, great distances, the hills and river. One young farmer, whom we found ploughing with a three-year old tractor, doing ten acres per day, said he was born in Minnesota, emigrated to Saskatchewan—fine country, he said—as a child, farmed there and had recently come over border again and settled in Montana. 'You can see something and there's room.' Went back to Minnesota last year to have another look and said he felt cramped . . . Here in Montana as in Dakota, farmhouses are mostly merely places to sleep and eat in. Had a midday meal at one, a 3000 acre farm. There were three men—all tractor drivers—the farmer and ourselves. A wooden frame house, in which
the farmer and his family lived, the men sleeping in a bunk house close by. We all sat down to a long table which was fairly loaded with two meat dishes, a dish of fried eggs, potatoes, sweet corn, two sorts of pie—one was huckleberry—and coffee. There was a good wireless set and a piano, some lithographs and a desk. No attempt at a garden. A car stood by the door; the farmer had fetched some of the tractor men in with it. As soon as they had finished eating, out they went. They were working seven a.m. to seven p.m. with the one break . . .

On these big farms, in that country with its winter, will the tendency be for the farmer to use his farmhouse as a business man does his office? He may sleep there in the busy season, and the rest of the time live far away. Fly there very likely. One man keeps two aeroplanes now. We motored from Montana to Regina. 200 miles in six hours running time. Dirt roads nearly all the way. About 120 miles of it is by arable land, and it was the height of the seeding season, and we saw fewer people than we would in ten miles of English arable land . . . Saskatchewan (the part we have seen, south of Regina) looks much more finished than Montana; of course it has been settled much longer. The homesteads are closer together, and have a cared-for look about them. Tractors doing nearly all the work, just as in Montana . . . Have I told you we found the Passion flower in great profusion in Montana? They call it the crocus. It grows wild in one or two places only in England—I know one of them—but here it was on the ranches in great profusion. As at home, it favours northern slopes.
July 1930

Foreign Birds in the Open Air in England

by the Marquess of Tavistock

In Sir Percy Fitzpatrick’s immortal book, Jock of the Bushveld, few pages fascinate me more than those which describe in sympathetic detail the characters of his draught oxen. ‘There are no two alike! You find them nervous and lethargic, timid and bold, independent and sociable, exceptional and ordinary, willing and sulky, restless and content, staunch and faint-hearted—just like human beings.’ How supremely true: and yet how few people seem to realize that any animals except dogs and horses possess individuality! Some of the most fascinating hours in my life were spent in studying the amazing differences in temperament of the members of a herd of park fallow deer. Of recent years my opportunities for observation have been mainly with birds, especially with the parrot family of which I have made a special study.

I have recently returned to an aviary a cock yellow-mantled rosella parrakeet who has completed his second winter at liberty, though for all the use he has made of his freedom, he might never have received it at all. He differs from all the other individuals of his race and genus that I have known in the intense degree of his devotion to his mate. Ordinary male broadtailed parrakeets pair for life and are faithful husbands, but their regard for their hens does not prevent them, when given their
liberty alone, from wandering about freely in the vicinity of the aviaries where females reside, paying their own hens an occasional visit only. When the cocks themselves are confined, should their pugnacity be aroused by the presence of rivals, they expect their wives to get out of their way when they are endeavouring to get to grips with the enemy. Should the hens be slow in moving away the cocks often vent upon them their baffled rage. My present rosella, however, is so passionately attached to his mate that he never leaves her aviary night or day except to feed, and in brief moments of sudden great alarm. Moreover, although he is an exceptionally hot-tempered and quarrelsome bird with all other parrakeets, should trouble arise when he is inside the aviary with a neighbour at liberty who tries to fight him through the wire, it is not he but his spoiled wife who takes the centre of the stage and snaps him out of the way without provoking retribution.

A strange thing observable with birds at liberty is the way in which an individual will occasionally completely alter long established customs and habits.

For many years an Indian ringnecked parrakeet has enjoyed his freedom from November to April. For the first six seasons he never strayed to any distance; fed most regularly on the seed-trays on the lawn and spent a lot of time in an oak tree nearby. In November of 1928, for no obvious reason, he went away to a place about three miles off and lived there for more than a month on such wild food as he could find. After that he returned to the aviaries, but habitually fed and spent his time in a
THE END AND THE BEGINNING

A Study for The Countryman by Winifred Ward
different place. During the past winter he actually duplicated his routine for 1928–1929, including the month’s absence. His old haunts, his old feeding place, remain as they have always been but they know him no more. It would be easy to imagine I was dealing with two different birds.

A cock Tasmanian yellow-bellied parrakeet, whose mate was confined in an aviary, spent the winter of 1927–1928 in the garden, coming regularly to artificial food. When released in the autumn of 1928 he stayed for a month and then went off and led a wandering solitary existence for months. In spite of the severe weather he never came back for food and we only saw him about twice between November and March. In April he began to visit the garden with increasing frequency and towards the end of the month took a sudden and violent dislike to a yellow-rumped parrakeet, living in one of the aviaries, whom he had hitherto completely ignored. By using his enemy as a decoy we enticed him into an aviary, and caught and returned him to his mate. Last autumn he went away for about six weeks only, after which he returned and was often in the garden with a pair of red-rumped parrakeets. Towards the end of the winter he began to come to the artificial food, and one day in March was again seized with the sudden determination to destroy his yellow-rumped enemy of the year before. The strange thing is that he never seems to take the slightest notice of the yellow-rump until the appointed day and then he can think of nothing but the necessity for doing him in! (To be continued)
AMONG fruit trees much can be learned from knowledge of leaf colour. Pale yellow leaves indicate a want of nitrogen or water starvation. A rusty brown shows a need of potash; indeed a serious lack of this essential element will kill the margins of the leaves so that they appear as if burned. By manurial deficiencies the whole tree will be affected. If a single branch is affected a more local cause must be sought for – perhaps the goat moth is boring his way into the pith. A silvery appearance of the leaves may be due to red spider, or if in peaches or plums to the silver leaf fungus, for which, alas! death and destruction are the only remedies in advanced cases. The healthy leaf should be a rich green and of a size varying with the variety, but if the colour is good there is not much wrong.

The annual growth of shoots is a valuable sign of health. Young trees should grow vigorously. Premature fruiting will dwarf them permanently. They must be coaxed back into health by better feeding and a reduced crop.

Any nibbling or perforation of leaves gives warning that some pest is at work, and if taken in time may be dealt with successfully.

Fruit trees suffer much in this country from lack of water, especially those on walls. Peaches

* This is the second article in a series by the well-known fruit-grower. In our last issue Mr. Bunyard's subject was, 'Malthus in the Fruit Garden.'
and pears are often ruined by drought in a year of normal rainfall. A wall, especially of brick, acts as a sponge and also keeps off rain from one quarter. Peaches, after the fruit is gathered, are too often forgotten and dried out, and next year the flower buds drop at the first touch of spring. A good watering—by which I mean several pails to each tree—will save the tree and preserve the blossom for next season.

Our garden walks are charged with a new interest if we add to our enjoyment of our fruit a study of the trees in growth. An old French writer speaks of a pear which would not grow well far away from the house; ‘it pines for its master’s breath.’ A graceful fancy not without value to the thoughtful gardener.

MORE PAGES BUT LESS BULK. — We are offered excellent papers on which to print THE COUNTRYMAN which would make it twice as thick as it is now. Our policy, however, is not to increase but to decrease bulk to the utmost. The height, width, and weight of THE COUNTRYMAN were planned so that the review should be handy for the pocket and the shelf. Lately, with the increase in the number of pages, THE COUNTRYMAN has been getting a little thicker than we liked to see it. Our new specially-made paper meets the difficulty. THE COUNTRYMAN, with 192 pages, is now thinner than it used to be with 128. In taking the course we have done we are glad to find ourselves in accord with the practice of some of the best book publishers who are steadily using thinner and thinner paper.
A Mannie on Horseback
by Elspet Keith

'Aye,' chuckled Sandy from his elbow chair, 'the Auld Folks' Weekly tak's some beatin'. My, but the jokes is gude.'

For one moment Mistress Hill stayed her fevered pace on her 'clootie rug' to say heartily:

'Aye, man, the Auld Folks is a graun' journal.'

'Cut the swatches even, ye limmer,' she admonished her second daughter, Jean, a fat, rosy girl of nearly thirteen, whose thick fair hair made her like 'a sheepie lookin' through drift.' She then added gently, 'I'll put a mannie on horseback for the pawtren in the centre.' It taxed Jean's powers to please the rug-maker, but she gloried in her job and longed for the appearing of 'the mannie on horseback!'

'Aye, t'aye; the Auld Folks gets better ilka week,' reiterated Sandy.

'There's still room for improvement,' said the pupil-teacher, seventeen-year-old Susan, looking up from her books; 'but,' she added with sarcasm, 'it's a year since I glanced at that excellent miscellany.'

'Auld Folks,' said her mother warmly, 'is the very best journal in the known wurrld; in fac' a' thing that comes oot o' Aiberdeen is "honest and o' good report," as the Bible says. There's nae anither ceety like it anywhere.'

'You haven't seen many "ceeties"," said Susan, in an undertone.

'Na; nor div I want to see many ceeties,' was the
answer. ‘Wad I gang to Rooshya, think ye, or to Cheena or some ither heathen land to get the marra o’ bonny Aiberdeen? A’m thinkin’ Jonah got a gey fleg when he set out for foreign ceeties.’

A soothing remark from Sandy was lost in a sound of rapping on the outer door. Davie Sim, the neighbour who entered, was a huge man with girl’s eyes. Davie was in great distress, but before he could speak, Mistress Hill had begun to roll up the ‘clootie rug’ saying: ‘What’s the matter noo, Davie? Has Mary coupit the broth pot ower the bairn?’

‘Na,’ said Davie humbly, ‘I’m on my road to the doctor. Wad ye kindly gang and sit wi’ Mary till I come back. She’s feart. The littlan has a queer-like, chokin’ hoast. I doot he canna last lang.’

‘It’ll be the croup,’ said Mistress Hill. ‘Ye’ll bring no doctor here. A woman that’s nae skeely savin’ a bairn i’ the croup shouldn’a’ be a mither.’ With incredible speed Mistress Hill packed a big basket. Lifting the singing kettle from the hob and throwing a shawl over her head and shoulders, she shouted: ‘Come awa’, Davie; an’ Jean, you come an’ help to get mair bilin’ watter ready. I’se warrant,’ sarcastically, ‘Mary’ll hae put the fire oot wi’ her tears.’

Laden though she was, it took Davie all his time to keep up with Mistress Hill who spoke, as she ran, the whole way to Bogend. There they found the luckless Mary weeping, with a gasping infant on her knee. The other children were crying in sympathy, and a small girl struggled with a lame bellows at a nearly dead fire.

To their joy, the children were packed off to bed in Jean’s kindly care. Soon the infant, stripped,
steamed, oiled and rolled in flannel, was resting peacefully on Mistress Hill’s broad lap, while the horrible croupy sound had become a mere ‘hurstle.’

‘An’ would they kill my dawtie?’ crooned Mistress Hill. ‘Hush, my weary wee doo! Eh, Mary Sim,’ turning to the awed and dumfounded mother, ‘Ye’d have had something to answer for if ye had let this bonny cratur slip oot o’ your grip. Woman, ye micht think black burnin’ shame o’ yours? A fine wife ye mak’!’ The torrent flowed in a whisper, but Mistress Hill never for an instant forgot her patient as she swayed it gently before the now blazing fire. ‘An’ seein’ the bairn’s easy-like, will ye turn off that watter cairt o’ yours?’ The grateful Mary obediently tried to stop snivelling and humbly waited further orders. There was perfect quiet as Mistress Hill laid the baby in its warm, waiting cradle.

Then a scream was heard above, and presently Jean’s head appeared at the kitchen door as she said: ‘Everybody’s in their beds and they’re a’ gude bairns, but little Tommykie’s lug’s sair again, and what will I dae?’ Mistress Hill sent Jean home with the injunction that nobody was to wait up for her, for she, ‘wouldna’ leave Bogend till she was sure that they were a’ richt.’ On her return Jean gave a graphic description of the scenes at Bogend ending with: ‘I declare, I never saw such a lot o’ calamities; it was just oot o’ croop and into earachel’

Jean felt in a heroic mood. The wag-at-the-wa’ creaked out nine quavering strokes. Her mother was sure to be late. There lay the ‘clootie rug’ and a neat pile of swatches. Her father was again
absorbed in the humours of *Auld Folks*, and Susan was deep in a novel. Jean set to work feverishly on the rug. The thought of that ‘mannie on horseback’ charmed the artist in her. It was past eleven when Mistress Hill appeared, her face glowing with the joy of her medical triumphs. She delivered her story to the appreciative Sandy and Susan, and, while folding up her shawl, suddenly spied Jean who instantly began to blubber.

‘Gude preserve’s lassie! What hae’ ye done to ma rug?’ Mistress Hill’s voice ended almost in a wail.

‘I was only tryin’ to help ye,’ said Jean, weeping aloud. ‘I’m sure I *thocht* I was makin’ a mannie on horseback, but he widna come richt an’ he’s turned himsel’ into an ivy leaf!’

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For Countrymen & Countrywomen XIV

1. What are the agricultural associations of Mrs. Grundy?
   - 2. ‘I was now settled at Waltham Cross, in a house in which I could entertain a few friends modestly, where we grew our cabbages and strawberries, made our own butter, and killed our own pigs.’ Author?
   - 3. What Prime Minister said that rooks were his delight; he could sit all day looking at them?
   - 4. From what country did we get hawthorn hedges?
   - 5. An author wrote that he would have a novel as if ‘hewn, a lump out of the earth.’ Who?
   - 6. What is the height of a Shire horse and a Shetland pony?

Answers. – This quarter we are trying the experiment of printing the Answers in the same number. They will be found on page 381.

Answers to April Questions. – 1. Coke of Norfolk. – 2. Marjoram

Advertisements Declined. – We have declined for this issue three pages of advertisements which we did not consider suitable for THE COUNTRYMAN.
My Carrion Crow
by Hamish Nicol, F.R.C.S., F.Z.S.

I got her before she could walk. I found her easy to feed with raw meat, bread and occasionally a spot or two of cod-liver oil. I gave her water from a piece of wet cotton wool. She appeared happy and contented, grew rapidly, and in a few days could walk well and strongly.

Having known no other parent but me she has no fear of me or my family though she is shy with strangers. She is very clean and loves to take a bath, which she often has with me. Every morning she is brought up to the bath-room, where she plays with sundry toys and sits on the side of the bath. She will often jump down on top of me and, after having a good drink of the water, will have a bath. I splash the water over her which she much enjoys.

The instinct of self-preservation was there from the first. She has always been ready to defend herself with her formidable beak and she can now use it very cleverly. It is quite impossible to touch her against her will. Her beak is everywhere and she can peck very hard!

She will notice at once anything she has not seen before. Though always ready for instant flight or defence, her curiosity will induce her to hold her ground at a distance. She will walk round and examine the object from every point of view, gradually getting closer until she is near enough to peck it. This she will do and jump back. She will do this several times till she has made up her mind.
that it is safe. Then she will examine the object closely and try to pull it to pieces. Once she has examined a thing she will remember it on other occasions and is never afraid again.

It was amusing to see her trying to hide her food at first. She would place a small leaf or stone on the top of quite a large piece of meat and walk away, apparently quite satisfied that it was hidden. On coming back she would see the meat and take it up again and hide it in a fresh place with no better success. Very soon, however, she got more clever, and now she will hide a thing so quickly and cleverly that, if one is not watching closely, it is very difficult to find. This hiding habit was a little trying sometimes since she selected clothes as good hiding-places. My wife and daughters were not pleased to find pieces of meat carefully tucked away in their slippers and stockings. On one occasion she selected my wife’s bath sponge and studded it with pieces of not very fresh meat, like currants in a bun!

For toys, anything bright will do or better still something she can pull to pieces. Seedsmen’s catalogues are popular, especially if they have plenty of bright pictures. In the garden she will pick off all the bright flowers.

She is fond of a game she invented herself. It is quite simple. She has to peck my foot and I have to dodge; she is quicker than I am and my feet and socks suffer, so I have had to discourage this game. It is very tiring, too, because she never seems to get tired. That there is no malice in it is shown by the fact that when we are resting she will come up to be caressed.
MR. HAMISH NICOL'S CARRION CROW
'TALKING' WITH HIM
She is wonderful at catching things. She is as clever as a sea lion. She will catch a small ball of paper time after time when thrown to her and from a long distance. She will even catch a match.

She shows distinct signs of affection. When I am in the garden she will come and sit on my knee or the back of the chair and if I go away will cry out till I come back. She loves being fondled by me and will run to me for protection when frightened. She will walk round the garden with me just like a dog.

I often try to estimate her thinking powers. One method has been to place some bright object in a little tin box, allowing her to see me putting it in and then place the top on. She will stand over me while I am doing it and try to stop me. When given the box she will try to open it. After a very short time she learnt the way to do it. She would hold the box steady with one foot and hammer away with her beak at the junction of the lid with the box. After two or three hard pecks delivered with considerable force and wonderful precision the lid would come away and she would take out the hidden object. Now when given the box she will have the lid off in less than a minute.

Her main article of diet is meat which is given to her in one large piece. She stands on it and pulls off pieces with her beak just like a hawk. The pieces she pulls off are very small but when she has reduced the bulk she will swallow the remainder, often a piece one would imagine impossible to swallow. She appears to be able to digest almost anything. One morning she ate a large piece of
sheet indiarubber, quite a lot of paper, the best part of two matches and a lot of my sponge besides meat and bread. She did not seem any the worse. She had a good drink of hot soapy water to wash it all down.

She will often carry things about in her beak, like a pelican, while she looks for a hiding place. If she cannot find a suitable place she will lay out her treasures in a row and swallow one after the other.

She likes bread soaked in water. I am trying to teach her to soak the bread for herself. I think she will soon learn. She will often sit on the side of the bath and drop things into the water. I am quite sure she does this so that I shall pick them out for her. She will wait for them to be handed back and sometimes she will do this over and over again.

I suppose that most people would laugh if told that a crow can sing. But the crow has a large vocabulary and quite a good song. The well known ‘craw craw’ of the crow, I take to be a call to its mate; there is another ‘craw’ much louder and with a distinct note of alarm in it. This is uttered as a warning, and my bird will utter this cry when she sees anything she is frightened of. She will cry out like this if she sees a cat in the garden or something strange in the house. There is no doubt as to the meaning of this cry. Then there is a soft crooning sound she will utter when she is being caressed. She will walk round and round in front of one, with beak to the ground, rather like a ruff, uttering this sound and continue to do it when on the hand being stroked. Then there is a chattering sound, a
mixture of all sorts of cries which she will make when by herself playing in her run. It sounds like a conversation, which it probably is. There are other notes she utters which I have not yet been able to separate. Lastly her ‘song’. This is quite distinctive. She will extend her neck, raise her head and her tail and utter a series of Ha! ha! ha’s! in quick succession, ending in a kind of quick caw caw caw. I have counted as many as twenty Ha’s. Sometimes she will do this over and over again.

A Friendly Chaffinch

I am reminded by G. H. Hallam’s story of his Red Admiral friendship in the April COUNTRYMAN, of an incident which stands alone in my experience of birds. It was in May 1918, when I was in camp near Faversham, and I was walking back from the powder factory down a narrow path bordering a cherry orchard. Suddenly from one of the trees a hen chaffinch flew down to my shoulder, fluttering round my face with little caressing chirps and pecking very gently – kissing if you like to use the word – as I have seen a pet bullfinch with its master. I stopped for a moment, and then walked slowly on, with the bird still fluttering backwards and forwards from my shoulder to my face. A little further down the path she flew back to a tree, then back to my shoulder. Then I turned a corner, and the adventure came to an end, for the orchard was bounded by a chicken-run, and for some reason the chaffinch flew from my shoulder to the floor of the run, where she was killed on the spot by a Dorking fowl. I made every inquiry, but could not hear of anyone who had lost a pet chaffinch – there were very few cottages near – and I could only suppose that it was a wild bird. – E.P.
The Mind for Angling
by ‘Salfario’

It should not be necessary to say to an angler, ‘Before you go fishing be sure that your rod, your reel, all your tackle is all right.’ He should know that his rods and reels need attention; that his line should be taken off at times and rewound; that casts should be orderly and flies in their places. He is a poor angler who is not as mechanically right as he can be. If he does not do at least these possible things thoroughly and well he has no right to anticipate success. I suggest, however, that there is still a preparation needed after all these other things have been done. That preparation is mental. Many an angler who has had an unsuccessful day, and has returned blaming wind and weather or this or that material thing, would be nearer the truth if he blamed his own frame of mind, his mental attitude and outlook. If the angler’s mind is not right, then his angling will not be right. This must be so just as long as angling is more than mere mechanical precision and dexterity. It is, and always will be, more than that.

I am daring much in offering advice, yet here it is. Begin the day by being expectant rather than hopeful. The former is more active and action is needed all day when you are angling. Expectancy is more alert than hope and very much more awake. If you are matching your wits against a trout you need to be awake — and alert. Get from somewhere, somehow, an easy mind right from the beginning
of the day. Begin with that kind of mental quietness that will make all your actions rhythmic, smooth, as far removed from jerky as they can be. Let there be decision about all that you determine to be and do. Above all things, do not snatch—either at methods or trout! The man who starts the day jerky in his mind will cast that way and strike that way—to his undoing and the ruin of his sport. Begin the day by thinking of angling and think of nothing else all day. If you find your mind is wandering to other sports and other places, give up angling and go to them. Concentrate or you will not catch—trout or salmon anyway! Trout and salmon have a most curious habit of rising when you are not looking—or are looking at the scenery. Be prepared to be persistent as well as patient. Because there is nothing in the creel at lunch time, or even when you take tea—the day is not then over. Petulance and irritation, slackness and impatience have just as often been responsible for empty creels as wrong flies or contrary winds. Rises are wasted on a man who has reached the stage of being peeved. I have never yet met a good bad-tempered angler.

YOUNG BILL'S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE

1. Way in which young Hens are encouraged to do as well as they can
Our Countryside on our Stamps

THE reasonable and practical plea of The Countryman for putting the countryside on our postage stamps has been supported not only in the Times and in a question in Parliament but in two issues of the Field, surely the most English of our journals. As the Field says, we have a countryside of great beauty, but 'we have millions of citizens who know nothing, or almost nothing, of our scenery or our birds and beasts. If more townsmen were familiar with the fact that our countryside holds such magnificent creatures as the red deer and the golden eagle, animals of such rarity as the pine marten and wild cat, birds which are native to this country only, such as the red grouse, might they not be expected to be proud of their possessions of this kind, and do their best to keep them as their heritage? Roe deer, salmon, boxing hares, nightingales (how many townsmen would know one by sight?), daffodils as Wordsworth saw them, the tors of Dartmoor—the subjects for such illustration are endless.'

And our contemporary proceeds to quote: 'A pastoral idyll of harvesters at work in the fields. A woman at the loom with two children at the knee, and a calf nuzzling in the background. A shepherd piping beside a blazing hearth, with two lambs warming themselves in the background. An old Roman watching the flight of an eagle.' Descriptions of landscapes in a picture exhibition? Not at all—extracts from the Times describing the subjects of a new issue of Italian postage stamps.
celebrating the bi-millenary of Vergil! In other words, Italy does just what our Post Office won't do.

And not only Italy. The French have on their stamps representations of the Pont du Gard, the Port de la Rochelle and Mont Saint-Michel. All over the world, indeed, great nations and communities young in Statehood are proud to show their countryside and fauna on their stamps. From a pile of such stamps before us we reproduce a few. It would be, as we have said, a reasonable, practical and advantageous thing for Great Britain to have such stamps.

Great Britain led the world by inventing postage stamps, but our issues have steadily degenerated in quality. There is no well-known country with a series of postage stamps so uniformly atrocious from an artistic point of view. And millions of these stamps we press daily, with the authority of the King's head, on the notice of country people, young and old, who have no art galleries to correct or lead a taste for which little or nothing has been done at their village school. And then we wonder why, in the countryside, there is so often indifference to the passing of beauty in old buildings and memorials of the past generally, so often a ready acceptance of 'District Council Cottages,' a byword in many districts for feeble, parsimonious gracelessness. The postage stamps of France and Germany and of several European States are a liberal education. Ours are depressing. We are glib about raising the standard of education and about encouraging Art, and are spending thousands of pounds for these ends, and all the time the Government itself is doing
THE COUNTRYSIDE ON OTHER PEOPLE'S POSTAGE STAMPS
what it can, through the stamps we all have to use, to show that beauty does not matter.

Fortunately, we have a King who is learned in philately. Over stamps, like coins, the Sovereign has considerable power. If His Majesty should see fit to suggest to the Post-Master General that the time has come when the whole character of our stamps might well be considered in the light of the changes so happily made by other nations and our own Dominions, every man and woman who cares for the national reputation abroad will rejoice, and all who are labouring to raise our artistic ideals and to preserve the national store of natural beauty will feel their hands to be strengthened.

**YOUNG BILL’S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE**

2. *Way in which an old Horse that is being taken to be sold is kept from having his feelings hurt through hearing what they say.*

3. *Chewing gum saves a Cow chewing its cud in hot weather*
Castles in the Air
by an Airman

On hot summer days, when big white ‘cauliflower’ clouds sail like fairy castles in the blue above, airmen may enjoy the most fascinating pastime man can wish for.

Off we soar, exploring the battlements and pinnacles of giant fortresses. Castles in the air indeed! Who can remain unmoved by the romance of aerial exploration?

Among the Clouds

Secure in our little aerial charger we recapture something of the wild enthusiasms of a Don Quixote. Look! a hideously shaped, grey, cloud-like monster lurks in the shadows of his lair. Shouting aloud we turn and dive, thrilled as we feel our war-steed tremble at the fury of the onslaught.

Clouds in their changing assume a hundred different shapes. Each one takes on a character and significance. Watch them as they ride majestically, their great and towering mass firmly laid on ethereal foundations. There pass a range of mountain peaks. Here a white-sailed galleon rests in stately calm serene on seas of summer blue.

Inside the Clouds

Now we fly through them. ‘Cauliflower’ clouds are ‘bumpy’ inside, which is hardly unexpected

since they are just piled-up masses of hot, expanding, steamy air. Emerging from them an aeroplane looks as if it had enjoyed a Turkish bath. But traces of condensation soon vanish in contact with the clearer, dryer atmosphere outside.

Rainbows! Who can resist the temptation to dive through them? It is harder though to break up a rainbow than anyone might imagine. We return to find it just the same; an unchanged, unbroken, laughing circle of radiant light.

_Above the Clouds_

Everyone should fly. Earth's petty troubles fade to insignificance. Flying gives man a broader view of life. It breaks down narrow-mindedness. Who can think meanly, when, high above the highest clouds, he gazes up into clear sky which has remained unbroken in perfection since the dawn of creation? Here in the azure fields above are the happy hunting grounds where future generations will seek to renew their strength.

_A Reader_ is getting great satisfaction out of single espaliers along his garden borders. They branch out at a foot from the ground, grow rapidly, and make a fine show with their flowers and fruit. On one of his walls he has a rare display of that strange-looking plant, the gooseberry fuschia (*Ribes fusciiades*), the thorns of which are even more unfriendly than the loganberry's. Under the trees the heavenly blue muscariaria is green all the summer and in bloom for two months. Sometimes one is warned not to cut old orchard trees too severely; but in my friend's garden—the soil is deep—the branches of the old trees have not only been thinned but topped severely, and the young growth is abundant, healthy and fruitful. — _B.P._
Sept. the 16th. Mr. Favel was at my house with a design to go see the eldest daughter of Mr Carter of Turvey unmarried; but considering the matter thoroughly he resolv’d (if possible) to renew his suit to his old mistress, my wife having 2 days before received a letter from her, which we thought at least not unfavorable to such a design. And this seem’d to please him much better. So he wrote to her at Perkenhal whither he had been but a little before, but suffer’d to have no conversation with her; her sister Paradine taking her out as soon as dinner was ended, so that he saw her no more. This very remarkable, she had us’d him all the summer with the greatest civility and friendship in all appearance. Upon hearing this of Mr Favel I advised him to go over and try whether he could succeed with Miss Phany. Note, upon considering the matter I find myself mistaken for I remember I gave him the former advice, before he told me how kind Miss Paradine had been in the summer.

Oct the 1st. dined at Mr Collins where Mr Favel should have been but he went to Peatenhall to see Miss Fanny.

3rd. Jno Fairey borrowed a horse of me to see after his wives brother Wm Estwick who had not been heard of since Michaelmas Day when he went to Ingham Fair and hearing that a man was found dead at Wymington and that the coroner had sat
upon the body after which it was buried there. He went thither but found it was not his brother.

We heard my Lord Sandwich was dead who used to be beaten and otherwise cruelly us’d by his servants. Smallpox then much at Huntingdon and Godmanchester but a very mild sort; insomuch that not above 2 dy’d though above 200 had had them at Godmanchester only and those two, it was said, killed themselves.

28th. I heard that Dr Mead and his lady and all the family but Mister Cox were down with fever. Miserere. Very much now in the kingdom. Desinat.

30th. Mr Tippery, Mr Goodhall & Mr Richards of Biddenham were at my house. I drank too much Mead which made me very sick. Finit.

Nov. the 5th. The Lights or Coruscations were seen very much in the Evening appearing reddish which I had never observed before.

It has been and still is a very sickly Season, 993 having died in London last week about 900 the week before when the mortality began there: there having been an Increase of about 300 the former week and about 100 more the last Week. In the country few escape the fever that Rages or a Cough though neither are mortal hereabouts. Miserere Deus!

Dec. the 1st. Borrowed then of Mrs Jolliffe 20li. So much rain fell this day that my wife who went to Harold about 11 a’clock in the forenoon, had much ado to get home.
16th. We had dismal accounts of damage done by, and several persons drown'd in the floods, and lost in Quick sands: and that upon the 11th. the tide was so high, as to be 5 Inches deep in Westminster-hall.

18th. Wm Whish went off, the Bayliffs being at his house. *Miserere!*

Anthony Collins Esq the famous freethinker of whom there is a good character in the Northampton News-paper, died lately.

1730

June the 6th. Wm Whish, Butcher, came out of Jail. He compounded with his Creditors for 10s. pr pound . . . we lent him 40s. each except Thos. Lucas and John Hannan, who lent him but 20s. each. I was put in trust to receive the rents of his Estate at Krysoe being 10li. 10s. pr. An. I pd to the creditors of Wm. Whish as follows viz. To Wm. Islip, June the 1st. 3li. 9. 6. Note his debt was 4li. for which he ought to have taken 40s. but he promising to be kind to Mrs Whish if she brought the money I sent 4li. by her, but he gave her but half a Guinea back. Oh Shameful!

June 8th. At Bedford with my wife when I heard that Barnack a pipe maker (that hang'd honest John) was poison'd that day before by his wife (who had been long gone from him) who put Arsenic in his hasty-pudding and 2 children, who came into the house whilst he was eating it, ate with him. She ran away as soon as she had done it.

15th. My Lord Trevor was taken ill on the
Evening of the 8th. and died on the morn of the 9th. very early of a fit of the collick it is supposed. O Dolor!

July the 1st. My Lord Trevor was buried at Bromham, all his sons attending the Funeral. He was buried at 8 a’clock at night.

Sept. the 2nd. There was a Horse-race in Cow Meadow near Bedford promoted chiefly by the Duke of Bedford and Sir Humphrey Monoux there not having been one at Bedford before in any one’s memory. One Rich Master of Lincoln’s Inn playhouse’s Horse won the plate value 26li.

the 6th. Being Sunday my servant John Palmers died of a violent Fever.

the 8th. I was Seiz’d with a violent shivering about 3 in the Afternoon which continued for 4 Hours, after which follow’d great Sweating which lasted all night: In the morning I took a vomit and went to Bed again and took the bark, which purged me. My wife having some paper of Mr Whitworth’s sweating powders, I took them which at last procured an intermission. So I took the bark again (I thank God) with great success on the 11th. and now have no more of it since yesterday.

The 23rd. Mrs. Whish came to my house and paid me 4li. 10s. for a half years rent. It should have been 4li. 10s. 6d. but I abated 6d. in consideration of her trouble, charges etc.

Nov. the 12th. Jno. Wallinger went to Bromham for a sheep that my Lord Trevor ordered me.
the 19th. I read in the Northampton Newspaper that the Grand Seigneur was depos’d and imprison’d that the Vizier, Reis Effendi (or Secretary of State) was strangl’d and cut in pieces, and so cast to the dogs; and that the Mufti (High-Priest) out of reverence probably, drowned; and that they had set fire to Constantinople and burned down 2000 Houses. The Express set out for Vienna, through the Burning. *Heu quam incerta sub sole sunt omnia!*

Dec. the 7th. I put in 30 sheep (17 of which cost me 13s. 9d. and a shilling over: the others cost me 11s. a piece) upon my Turnips.

Jan. the 2nd. Yesterday I expected my fever which for two months last past, left me 10 days and was upon me again. I say I expected it yesterday being the 10th day but it did not come. I had indeed for a fortnight or more taken Rhubarb every day except Sundays etc.

*(To be continued)*

Mr. C. D. LINNELL sends us some interesting information about Mrs. Mead, mentioned in the last instalment of the Diary. She was the wife of the famous Richard Mead, M.D., F.R.S., the friend of Pope, Newton and Bentley. He married, as his second wife, the youngest daughter of Sir Rowland Alston and lived at Harrold Hall, the property of the present Rowland Crewe Alston. Mead (1673–1754) was a physician at St. Thomas’s Hospital and was called in to see Queen Anne on her deathbed, and later on was physician to George II. At one time he was making eight thousand guineas a year, and he persuaded his friend Guy to build the Hospital which bears his name. He also presented a statue of Harvey to the Royal College of Physicians.
Humble Pie*

SPRING had come. The stack-yards of the valley were empty. Men forgot how a week before they had looked with foreboding at the last stacks. Spring had come. They turned to the work with fresh zeal. They worked bare-headed under pelting showers and blinks of hot sun. They marvelled at the mornings, when the silent valley grew light. They rejoiced when they sank to the ankles and rich mud squelched over the horses’ hooves. They laughed aloud when the cattle were put out from the dim byre to the field. The beasts walked slowly at first, dazzled by increase of light. They began to cavort. Staid old cows flung their heels and galloped, tail in air. The stirks bellowed and leapt and settled down at last to eat greedily. All day long, while the cows and the stirks were feeding, the young calves capered. They chased each other round the field, legs braced, tails erect and stiff. They ran among the cows, disturbing their matronly serenity, and setting the whole herd in an uproar. The foolish mob began to prance again. And when even the calves had run enough they gathered into a corner of the field to play ‘I’m the king of the castle’ on a heap of weeds and earth.

The morning air was tremulous with the bleating of newly-born lambs. The shepherds were happy among their sheep. They went out in the early morning with a bottle of milk for unmothered lambs. They seldom returned before night. Every house

* The scene is Inverness-shire.
had hay in the oven, where lambs could be warmed, and the feeble life cherished.

All winter's fears were hid beneath the growing grass and the new leaves on the trees. Men strode up and down the fields, when the sowing time came, and gloried in the strength of their bodies. The unsmutted grain trickled through their hands, the warm air caressed their swinging arms, and their faces. They were too content to sing, or cry, or move out of the orbit of their work.

They worked as no one would believe possible. They tore huge boulders from the earth. Unaided striplings levered them on to a horse sledge, and dragged them to the edge of the field. They shamed the hired men of the valley below, as they laboured alone in the fields of their folk, from dark to dark, as the swift days rushed past them, wheeling over the flat fields.

There were times when they laughed aloud and did not know why. There were times when they felt that out of the earth strength flowed into them. Then they would stretch their arms slowly, and brace their legs, and feel that they could move the earth with their glorious strength.

Men looked at evening on the easy beauty of the day. They went heedless from day to day, their thoughts free from planning for the morrow, their minds on the strip of land yet to sow, and nothing else. It was a foolish happiness they had. It was a happiness they saw no reason for, alone in the fields, with the curlews as lonely as they, high over the head of the valley, and the earth growing warm about their feet. – M.
Butter: Hints for the Housewife
by E. Rea, N.D.A., N.D.D.

The practical hints about the varieties and qualities of cheese, by an acknowledged expert, which appeared in our last number, have been so much appreciated that we follow them, in this issue, with first aid to the housewife about butter. The writer is particularly well-informed on the subject. — Editor

Very few people appreciate the fact that butter is the most nutritious form of fat in the human dietary. An excess of animal-fat is a common cause of digestive trouble but it is possible to eat butter at every meal with beneficial results. Butter, made, as everyone knows, from milk — Nature’s most perfect and digestible food — consists of about eighty-five per cent. of fat and twelve per cent. of water, the remainder being ash or inorganic matter, with traces of curd.

Two things make butter more nutritious and digestible than other fats. First, the fat globules which exist in milk are in a liquid or emulsified form and in a very fine state of division, and are thus rendered more digestible. In the process of churning these minute globules accumulate or coalesce until large enough to be visible as tiny solid granules. Secondly, butter is very delicate in composition and consists of nine different fats, four of which are in liquid and five in solid form at ordinary temperatures.

The proportion of liquid to solid fats varies slightly at different seasons of the year and, apart from the influence of temperature, this variation causes alterations in butter texture. In spring, when cows go out to grass, there is an increase in the proportion of liquid fats. Thus there is a softer butter often difficult to handle in warm weather. In winter, when cows are mainly fed on dry foods, a harder butter results.

The four liquid fats are mainly responsible for the flavour of butter. They readily absorb and retain external odours. The chief volatile fat is known as butyric. Under certain conditions it readily deteriorates and gives rise to tainted
or rancid butter. The conditions favouring the development of rancidity are warmth, bacteria and damp.

So here are important reasons why butter should be carefully treated in the house. It should be kept in a cool, clean, dry place, and be protected from dust, the universal conveyor of micro-organisms. Finally, no strong-smelling commodities such as fish, soap, coffee, etc., should be stored near butter. Inexpensive 'butter-coolers,' made of porous earthenware, are obtainable from most large stores, and butter stored in one of these and placed on a stone shelf or pantry floor will keep in excellent condition. Water is placed in the lower portion. As coolness is maintained by evaporation, the cooler should be placed in a current of air. During the hottest weather butter may thus be kept as much as 10°F. below the room temperature; the butter-cooler is always available and will soon save its own cost in ice. The only maintenance required is to replenish the water supply daily and occasionally to scrub the pot with a stiff brush and salt and water to prevent the pores becoming clogged.

The flavour and keeping quality of butter are determined by scrupulous care and cleanliness at all stages of manufacture, especially in the ripening and churning of the cream, by the skill of the buttermaker, and by careful storage in the home.

As to the method of making butter, who has not taken a bottle of raw milk on a picnic some hot day, and, on uncorking the bottle at tea-time, discovered tiny yellow fat globules, butter in fact, floating on top? In the north of England and in Scotland the churning of whole milk is still practised as it is considered that this system produces butter of superior flavour and texture. But this extra quality is not compensated for by the additional labour required, and the cream-separator or the setting-pan and skimmer are replacing the old system.

Naturally the housewife is not equipped with apparatus to test the butter she buys, but trustworthy quality may be recognised thus:
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Flavour. — Butter should have a sweet, full and nutty flavour and be free from any oily or bitter taste.

Texture. — To test a brick of butter for texture and quality, cut it half way through with a knife and then break it. The cut surface should be solid and smooth like wax, while the broken surface should show a distinct granular fracture like cast iron. A streaky, uneven or dragged appearance denotes inferior making.

Colour. — This should be clear, glistening, natural and even all through.

Moisture. — Press a piece the size of a walnut between a wooden spoon and a pastry board, when it should be free from large drops of moisture. Any drops of water should appear as very fine beads, clear and not milky or cloudy.

Good farmhouse butter will keep from ten days to three weeks, according to the cleanliness of the cream and method of ripening. Factory-made butter is usually prepared from pasteurised milk or cream with the addition of a culture of lactic organisms (known as ‘starter’) and will keep for longer periods. It is forbidden by law to use any form of chemical preservative in butter, but keeping quality and flavour are both improved by the judicious use of pure salt. An impure salt will quickly give rise to taints. First quality butter can only be produced where scrupulous cleanliness is observed throughout the process of manufacture from cow to churn, but where any doubt exists as to the trustworthiness of the cream, good results may be obtained by pasteurising (that is, heating up and immediately cooling) the cream after separation. This will reduce taints and obnoxious organisms and give the ‘starter’ or lactic bacteria an opportunity to produce a clean, evenly ripened cream which, in about four days will be ready for churning.

Ripened cream is a distinct advantage for butter-making as it ensures an improved flavour, colour and aroma, as well as a larger yield of butter and it churns more readily.

In buying butter the housewife will do well to remember that it is impossible for home supplies to meet the requirements of more than a small percentage of the English market. Such a state of affairs is inevitable in a country where a large population in a small area necessitates the greater
HOLIDAYS on the SEA

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proportion of the milk produced being sold as whole-milk, thus rendering butter-making unprofitable. Let us consider the economics of butter-making. The returns are low owing to the fact that about three gallons of milk of average quality are required to produce enough cream to make one pound of butter. Fresh milk sold wholesale, will average 1s. 4d. per gallon so that the resulting butter will cost 4s., less the value of the skim milk, which is considerably less than the price obtainable for the butter and the value of the milk used in its manufacture, and this includes no charge for labour. The amount of milk required to produce one pound of butter would, if made into cheese yield approximately three pounds, worth say 1s. 4d. per pound.

This explains why only eleven per cent. of the butter consumed in this country is home-produced and the remainder imported. Practically, home-produced butter is only obtainable direct from the producer or in the country markets. Butter-making at home is usually done on a small scale. It is mainly produced during the spring and early summer months when milk is plentiful. Hence supplies are somewhat irregular. Much of the imported butter, particularly that from the Dominions, is of good quality and is obtainable under its true name.

There are on the market several descriptions of butter each bearing a special name, some of which are rather misleading to the housewife in that the name employed is calculated to convey the impression that they are home-produced, whereas in reality they are the result of a blend of one or more butters, sometimes home and Dominion, sometimes home and foreign, or they may be colonial and foreign or foreign alone. The consumer when buying such butter is therefore advised to enquire what the blend really is.

Despite the fact that of the estimated butter consumption in Great Britain (15.4 pounds per head annually) only eleven per cent. is home-produced, good English butter is obtainable. An organisation has recently been started known
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as the Devon Butter Producers' Association with the object of controlling the production of and promoting the demand for genuine Devon butter of the highest quality. The Association carefully inspects methods of production and tests butter samples through the agricultural analyst, for purity and keeping quality, before licensing its members and issuing the Association's stamped wrappers. The importance of butter producers' associations will be understood from the fact that the Minister of Agriculture's advisers have stated that it is impossible to identify butter by chemical analysis as either home-produced or imported.

Our Readers' Motoring Tales

I am one of those quiet, solitary fellows who take a rod when their day's work is done, and wander off in a small car to fish isolated streams till night falls. One evening the nearest road to the stream was so narrow that I could not park the Morris without blocking the lane completely, so I opened a field gate, drove the car in, and left it on the grass. Dusk having descended, I returned to the car, swung myself aboard, pressed the starter, and, like a good motorist, did not switch on the lamps till I heard my engine running. But no flood of golden light responded to the switch. I dismounted anxiously, to find both lamps (my model has combined head and side lamps) lying crumpled on the turf. During my absence a cow had lumbered along the hedge, seeking some convenient scratching post. It hailed the lamps with joy, and rubbed off the nearside lamp. Then, as there was evidence, it had proceeded to rub off the other one. When I sent in a claim for two new headlamps to my insurance company it disclaimed liability— an act of God! — G.W.

One of the queerest experiences one can have while motoring is surely meeting a flock of sheep on a dark night. Their eyes are an almost terrifying mass of green lights. — G.P.
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The Mysteries of Timber-Production
by the Right Hon. Sir Francis Acland, Bt.

The ordinary fairly small scale timber-planter does not generally get very much farther than the feeling that the question whether it pays to grow timber depends on the price seventy years hence and on the rate of compound interest which should be used in his calculations, and that as both are highly uncertain it is not much use to bother. Mr. Hiley’s new book, Economics of Forestry (Clarendon Press, pp. 269, 21s.) shows that in spite of these uncertainties it is well worth bothering. It gives, for instance, the main facts and figures from which one may estimate the extent of the future shortage of coniferous timber, with the comforting calculation that if prices rise one per cent. a year they will be double in seventy-seven years. It gives useful data on all the elements which go to make up costs of establishing a plantation, with which one’s own costs can be compared. It puts the compound interest demon in a place where one can at any rate look at him clearly. If total costs of an eighty-year rotation of first quality larch have been £68 an acre, one will need £120 more to give a three per cent. return, and £890 more to give a five per cent. return! It proves by formulæ, which look quite horribly complicated, that there can only be a profit on a plantation if the yield is greater than the interest at which money can be borrowed. By adding, ‘This is self-evident,’ Mr. Hiley gives us one of those touches of nature which shows that even at his most algebraical he is akin to the ordinary man. It fully confirms and justifies one’s instinctive feeling (born from observing that in the four per cent. interest table one required £4 16s. return in forty years but over £10 10s. in sixty years, and that in the bulk of a conifer the narrowing of the rings after forty years is hardly made good by their greater circumference) that one must sell timber in short rotations if there is to be any chance of profit. (Incidentally that table gives the answer to a question often
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put by friends, ‘Why don’t you plant oak?’ One would need a return of £110 for 120 years, a reasonable oak rotation.) It brings out the overwhelming importance of securing a good market for thinnings: ‘It is more profitable to plant land costing £20 per acre where markets are good than land costing £5 per acre where markets are poor.’

The best it can say of Scots pine is that, if prices rose one and a half per cent. per annum, pine plantations on first quality sites might yield from four and a half to five per cent. Of Douglas it says that even if it fetched only a third as much per cubic foot as Scots pine it would still be a much more profitable tree to grow. And it gives in the twelfth chapter some tables showing costs of growing different trees to different sizes on different qualities of land, and at different rates of interest, in terms of cost per cubic foot, which will be to some foresters the most valuable part of the book. The only criticism that can be made is that though tables and formulae have been given in great quantity and detail, they mostly proceed on the assumption that what a man wants to find is the value of his land, whereas that is generally the one thing he does know quite definitely. Foresters doubtless should be just as much illumined by learning that on certain data their land must cost minus £3 per acre, as that they will have to sell their timber at 2s. 6d. per cubic foot, to cover costs; but somehow they are not. On this matter, however, long experience has shown that forest economists are adamantine and incurable, but Mr. Hiley is so human and so helpful that there may be hope in his case.

A READER on a walking tour asked a farm-worker to direct him to the ‘corner where Ermine Street crosses the Icknield Way.’ The man seemed puzzled and a discussion followed. At last the man got his bearings and exclaimed joyously, ‘Aye, mister, you’re wanting t’corner where t’old dog bit t’shepherd.’
SHELL and the Countryside

Shell began removing its advertisement signs from the countryside as long ago as 1923. In 1927 they also asked garage owners to remove Shell enamel plates from their premises. Many thousand such plates were, in consequence, abolished, and the work is still in progress

Shell’s Ways are Different
Sane Sanitation for Country People
By a Sanitary Inspector

The only simple, cleanly and right sanitation in the country is the earth system, if it is applied with science and intelligence. The top spit of soil, especially old garden soil, is full of bacteria, many millions of them in as much soil as would cover a finger-nail. In the second spit of soil the bacteria are not so thick, and in each succeeding spit there are fewer and fewer. Soil bacteria consume waste products with amazing speed and success. The conditions for success are, in the first place, that only earth, and top-spit earth at that—assuredly not ashes—shall be used. The best plan is to fit at the back of the closet a hanging door by which the pail may be pushed in and pulled out. When the pail is pushed in it must have a shovelful of earth in it. Each person who uses the closet throws in a shovelful of top-spit earth from a box at seat-level, provided with a little kitchen fire-shovel. There should be a small trapdoor so that the soil box may be filled from the outside. Once a day, or as often as necessary, the pail is withdrawn and a reserve pail, which has been airing in an out-of-the-way corner, is slid in. The contents of the pails must be thrown down in a shed open to the air but not to the sunshine, which would be death to the bacteria. A little more soil may sometimes be advantageously thrown on the shed heap so that it shall not be wet and that the waste shall be fully covered. When the heap reaches a convenient size, another heap may be started. In a month or two heap number one will be found to consist of valuable fertiliser which can readily be used in the garden. The activity of the bacteria is shown, not only by the breaking down of the waste, but by the reduction of the paper to little eighth and sixteenth of an inch bits. It is scandalous to have valuable fertiliser wasted by the adoption of the ordinary water-closet system in the country, where it is not imperative.
In no other class of car is choice so restricted as in the seven-seater limousine range at about £1,000, and in no other class is the British quality of what may be called thoroughgoing luxury so successfully displayed. Among these few models, the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam stands out in no uncertain manner — a fact confirmed by the large number of these beautiful cars to be met with in town and country. This model is fashionable simply because most present-day buyers are capable of close judgment in cars.

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Family Farming 1.—But on Large, not Small Holdings

by J. E. F. Jenks, Institute of Agricultural Economics

It is not without significance that the working farmers of the north and west are surviving the depression much more easily than the better-equipped employer-farmers of the south and east. This is largely a matter of grassland and arable; but the labour-problem is a factor of considerable importance. Of equal significance is the fact that most of the produce that competes with ours is grown by family-farmers.

The economic advantages of the family-farmer have been by no means overlooked in this country, but we have been rather too prone to take, as a model, European peasant-farming, which is based on the intensive cultivation of small holdings by a dense rural population, noted for its frugality and untiring industry. Such farming is extraordinarily difficult to reproduce in this country, except in specially favoured areas; we have no national policy of food-production to supply an incentive, and no peasantry to supply the human material. All the world over, intensive farming depends on cheap labour, and the more people the land is made to support the harder must those people work and more frugally must they live. Our rural population has come to look upon limited hours and a liberal diet as an inalienable right.

But there is another type of family-farming, one that is carried on under conditions not very unlike our own and by our own race. The Dominions have always had to face an even greater disparity between wages and prices than that which perplexes us to-day. Human energy is relatively scarce in a new country and is often at a premium; farming has seldom been able to compete with other occupations as regards wages, and isolation and inadequate accommodation have been additional factors making for a chronic shortage of farm-labour. On the other hand, produce-prices tend to be
THE COUNTRYMAN

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WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1

—NOT JUST A TRIFLE BETTER— BUT ‘MILES’ BETTER
July 1930

relatively low because many of the agricultural areas are at a great distance from their markets and the cost of transport (and in some cases of refrigeration also) has to be met; most overseas farmers would be glad to get English prices.

Hence the Dominion farmer is usually a family-farmer, largely, if not wholly independent of the hired labour which he can so ill afford and he has such difficulty in procuring. Yet he is by no means a peasant, as we understand the term; in outlook, economic position and social status he is on a par with the English farmer; he has his car and his telephone, he lives well and need not entirely neglect recreation, he frequently takes part in local, provincial, and even national politics; his farming methods are based very largely on scientific research and are steadily advancing in efficiency.

How is it done? How can the Dominions increase their output of agricultural produce when their wages are higher and prices lower than they are in this country? Most of us realise by this time that farming conditions are on the whole no more favourable overseas than they are here, quite apart from the cost of labour. Improved farms command as high a price as they do here, and the cost of improvements makes virgin land almost, if not quite, as expensive. Climates vary enormously, but they are seldom as favourable for grass and crops as that of Britain, and their uncertainties are more pronounced; a wet harvest or a severe winter can be costly and destructive, but an Australian drought or a Canadian hail-storm may wipe out the year’s income altogether. Nor is the reason to be found in the natural fertility of the soil, for a comparison of yields per acre is all in favour of Britain, and this is not entirely due to differences in farming methods.

The only adequate answer is to be found in the greater productive efficiency of human energy. The annual value of the agricultural output in Australia and New Zealand is over £500 per person engaged, and in Canada £360, as against £250 in this country: and it is the production per person (not necessarily the production per acre) that deter-
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mines the prosperity of farming and the well-being of those engaged in it. If the Dominion farmers have had any advantage at all it lies in the fact that they have had a clear start, with no cheap labour on which to base their farming methods and no tradition of 'high farming' to maintain. Consequently they have learnt to utilise the labour of themselves and their families with the greatest possible efficiency.

This rather remarkable degree of efficiency is based primarily on 'concentration' or 'one-product' farming. To be successful, each department of a mixed farm requires the undivided attention of an expert, and where there is a large number of departments it is one man's work to supervise the whole and market their products. Clearly mixed farming is unsuited to the working farmer or is at any rate limited in its scope to the number of working members of his family old enough to accept responsibility.

On the other hand, concentrated farming justifies far greater outlay on labour-saving machinery and high-class breeding-stock. Thus, a farmer deriving his living from 200 acres of wheat is well able to afford the latest and best harvesting machinery, whereas a farmer growing only twenty acres as a side-line on a mixed farm would certainly not be justified in going to the same expense.

The overseas farmer thus finds it far easier to increase his efficiency than the mixed farmer in these islands. A New Zealand dairy-farmer is his own cowman, knows his cattle intimately and is often an expert in his own particular breed; his herd will contain from thirty to eighty cows in milk, so that it is well worth his while to obtain the best milking-machinery and a high-class bull; moreover, he takes an active interest in the management of his local dairy-factory (usually co-operative), since a farthing a pound for his butter-fat will mean a substantial addition to his personal income.

Similarly, the wheat-grower, whether in western Canada or the Australian wheat-belt, tends to be an expert in the cultivation of cereals; he is a keen student of research work
The World's Workers

"More baccy?" "Well, just another fill....
Some day, perhaps, I'll write a poem about Three Nuns." "Some day, perhaps, I'll get this garden weeded." "Not if you ask a Three Nuns man in to help.... How beautifully your garden smells!"

* * *

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with new crop-varieties and (in Australia) with fertilisers; his fallowing system is comparable with good English farming practice, and he is prepared to lay out considerable sums in bigger and better implements to make his own labour more effective. In Australia one man with a big team of horses can grow 300 acres of wheat in a season, and with less effort than an English ploughman expends walking behind his slow-moving pair; he needs extra help at harvest, but it is cheaper to pay casual labour £1 a day than to keep men the whole year.

What lessons, if any, have Dominion farming methods for us? Obviously we cannot transplant their practices wholesale, even if we so wished. The combine-harvester, for instance, is not well adapted to the English climate, and we are not likely to find much use for shearing-sheds capable of dealing with thousands of sheep a day. But the Dominion farmers, though they too have had hard times, are solving their problems more rapidly than we are doing. They have long recognised the important principle which we have always tended to overlook, namely that agricultural prosperity is based on human efficiency, and the person best able to maintain and increase that efficiency is the farmer himself. It is the working farmer alone who can survive the combination of high wages and low prices.

2.—A Rejoinder

by the Author of 'My Seven Years' Farming and What It Has Taught Me'

THE family-farmer solution will not wash. In effect, it means that the farmer's sons become ill-paid, over-worked drudges. More and more they will just refuse. Secondly, in the ideal England I dream of, the producer on the land, be he farmer, farmer's son or farm labourer, will also be an important consumer of the townman's products, in order to balance mass (and therefore cheap) manufacture and to produce a better citizen. High consumption by the
LOTUS VELDTSCHOEN are so made that they are in fact a shoe within a shoe. For the uppers are double, of waterproof Zug leather. The inner of the two uppers is turned in and stitched to the inner sole, while the other upper is turned out at the edge and stitched to the welt and the outer sole, which is of finest bark-tanned leather. This double sole was designed primarily to keep out the wet. Incidentally it gives you more than double the wear you would get from a pair of shoes made in the ordinary way. Lotus Veldtschoen are literally an economy. They are also, to lovers of country life, a boon and a blessing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Veldtschoen Shoes</th>
<th>Veldtschoen Boots</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Men's . . . 55s.</td>
<td>Men's . . . 63s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's . . . 50s.</td>
<td>Women's . . . 57s. 6d.</td>
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</table>

LOTUS Veldtschoen

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
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land man means high wages, not cheap farmer's sons. I have absolute faith that this arrangement is practicable. Even if a good case can be made out for the family-farmer, Mr. Jenks starts with the error of drawing deductions from Colonial life and applying them here. We must seek conditions from the Dane and the Hollander, if at all. To my mind, it is in home-farming at its best that we can learn our best lessons for general application. Our best farmers are neither incompetent nor foolish, and their methods represent the most suitable methods, after much trying out. Unfortunately, we have so many farmers who are only second-best or worse. Of course, one should keep all foreign practice under lively observation, and anything showing even glimmerings of hope for us should be tried out at our Farm Institutes, etc.; but the experts who do this work should be careful not to start a tearing campaign on insufficient facts.

Mr. Jenks says the New Zealand family farmer knows all his cows. Does not the average English farmer, and know them much better because more complicated feeding and housing mean more cow idiosyncrasies to know? How can he compare New Zealand with England? There the grass grows all the year round and much faster; the cows are always out. Here open-air dairying is only possible on certain soils, and udder troubles in the winter are serious. The home farmer pays away, roughly, one-third of his gross milk return for concentrates, sometimes more, and has to make hay and grow roots. The same with South American and Canadian and nearly all Australian corn-growing. There is a certain similarity of climate which makes wheat-growing a simple mechanical process as against in England a highly complicated art. Sheep-farming, especially lambing in Australia or New Zealand, is ever so much simpler than in England.

I knew the Australian 'cocky' (small farmer employing no labour or only occasional labour) of thirty years ago, and from what I read in occasional Australian papers he is still much the same as a type and he is much the same as his type
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in England. Although a fair climate gives him certain advantages of life, I am sure our farmers have as many cars and general amenities of life, type for type, as the Colonial. Where the Colonial gains is that what labour he does employ is physically and mentally far superior to English farm labour, and the farmer himself is on the average much more mentally alert.

The family-farmer of Australia cannot keep his sons on the land. It is, perhaps, the one problem Australia is up against. When he has solved that problem it will be time to consider if he offers us a model!

As a farming land, England is a thoroughbred, full of spirit and wants handling, but is capable of great things. If, as at present, we are making a mess of the job, we shall only make things worse by treating her as a mongrel. In fact, if we tried to do so we should do nothing with her at all. Colonial methods will not do in England. We must farm high or give up. I repeat we must study our own best farms, then other high-farming countries of somewhat similar climate.

Joe Basset

Or should it be Bassett? I do not know, for I have never seen it spelt. But here, on the borders of Surrey, Hampshire and Sussex, I hear it often, as the local name for the larva of the cockchafer, that loathly white grub which spends so large a portion of its life underground, gnawing at the roots (among other plants) of our strawberries and raspberries. I have just been talking to a gardener about his losses with Joe Bassets, and he became reminiscent about a favourite spaniel, now dead. ‘Old Shot, he was the one for them. He was the best as ever I see. Dig them out, he would, and eat them, gobble them up. Oh yes, he could smell them, no doubt, under them stones over there, and he’d go for them – scratch them out and eat them. No, I don’t know as ever I heard why they’re called Joe Bassets, but that’s the name.’ Is it local, or a corruption, or what? – E.P.
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**Cottages in Stone in a Stone District**

By the kindness of the Hon. Stafford Cripps, K.C., we are able to give the fullest possible details of the cost of the four cottages at Filkins, Oxfordshire, which Mr. Morley Horder has built for him in stone in the traditional manner. In the last issue of *The Countryman* they were described and illustrated. First the general statement:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wages (including supervision)</td>
<td>741</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone and Stone Tiles</td>
<td>150</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Materials Purchased</td>
<td>807</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haulage</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurances</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>3</td>
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Per Cottage, £444 10 9  
£1,778 2 11

*Estimated savings possible on repeating similar contract on larger scale.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>By doing own Haulage (ascertained saving)</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By using own Sand (ascertained saving)</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reduction of height of ground floor 6 in.</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of alterations in course of erection</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extra discounts 5 per cent.</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of Carved Stone Arches</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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On Four Cottages ... £169 10 0

Per Cottage, £42 7 6

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<th>Item</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bricks, 37,850 at 70s. (less 2½ per cent.)</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Timber</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dressed Stone (Windows, Coyns, etc.)</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cement, 15½ tons</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lime, 8 tons, 2 cwt. 2 qrs.</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sand, 99 loads at 6s. 6d.</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breeze Blocks, 300 yds. at 3s.</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Concrete Lintels, at 1s. 4d. foot</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Damp Course</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drain and R. W. Goods</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doors and Frames</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Windows</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grates</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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The importance of an adequate supply of cool, pure water on the farm is emphasized by agricultural authorities, by whom it is contended that open ponds are subject to serious contamination, which leads to ill-health and the spread of disease among cattle.

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Gates ........... 2 4 1
Paints, etc. ........... 4 19 2
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Total ........... £807 17 3

Now for answers to questions that may be asked. (1) How far is the quarry from the site?—One and a half miles. (2) What is stone charged at quarry?—5s. per yard. (3) What are slates charged?—As these come out with the stone they are charged at the cost of making, £3 per 1000. (4) No charge for plant and clerical expenses?—No. (5) Water supply?—Not included in District Council contract and is not therefore charged. (6) Boundary walls?—These are in existence and the Council does not provide dividing walls. (7) Thickness of walls?—Fifteen-inch stone and three-inch breeze blocks. (8) Floor area of the two types of cottages?—(a) 761.1 square feet; (b) 788.82 square feet. (9) Drain and rain-water goods for less than £16 for four houses?—There is one cesspool for the drains from the four sinks placed at the required distance. Rain-water carried to soak away three pipes distant from each downpipe. (10) Plastering?—On breeze blocks and brick partitions, one coat, half-inch thick, finished. No skimming. Ceilings and other lath work, two coats, finished. No skimming. (11) Baths?—Not usual in this type of Council house, but space provided, and tenants can buy baths for 30s. each. (12) Grates and ranges for four houses, presumably four ranges, four parlour grates and four bedroom grates for £22?—Can be supplied for this sum. (13) Gates and posts for four houses, 44s.?—There are three gates, ones serving for two inner cottages. (14) Paints, or colour, nails, screws, locks and hinges, £13 10s. Query, quality?—Good fair quality. (15) Four staircases, £21. Three only? Actual price paid, less two and a half per cent.
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Tail Corn

Nonsensical paragraphs have appeared in the press about Sir Horace Plunkett’s aeroplaning. The truth is that, although he has had a good deal of flying, he has not flown alone.

One subscriber writes on all his envelopes in nice capitals, PRESERVE RURAL ENGLAND

Several readers have been asking for particulars about Horace’s house, from which Mr. G. H. Hallam sent to our last number a butterfly story. The house of Mr. Hallam, who was a master at Harrow for many years, is an old sequestrated monastery, bought by his father-in-law half a century ago. It is the lower part of the house which belonged to Horace.

An East End child who had been taken to the country told a reader that she liked being there for ‘there’s such a lot of sky.’

From the report of a Women’s Institute: ‘Our Secretary has never missed a meeting for two years, though she has had a baby this year.’

One of our staff usually travels home for week-ends with a large basket of eggs. She carries them bare in the basket because she finds that people have a careful respect for a woman with a basket of eggs. Last week-end there sat down in the seat opposite her, a stout country-woman with an even larger basket of eggs. Naturally this led to confidences, during which our colleague learned with surprise and horror that ‘more hearts and homes are broken over poultry than anything else.’ The ticket collector arrived next and his eye brightened at the sight of the eggs. ‘I don’t suppose you’ll believe me, miss, when I tell you we used to get them down the line for fifty a shilling. We got forty-eight and the chap what brought ’em had two out of every shillingsworth.’ If our staff would consistently travel with unwrapped objects, such as cabbages, turnips or ferrets, what stories might we not glean for ‘Tail Corn’?
IMPORTANT NOTICE

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BETWEEN the years 1760 and 1810 the manufacture of cast iron stoves and grates became a fine art. Carron was the centre of the industry. These grates were devised for small country houses and cottage bedrooms. As coal was conveyed by barge on the rivers and later by the canals to almost every village in England these small stoves and fireplaces were thought indispensable. They can be recognised by the ‘Adams’ decoration, the semi-circular basket and most frequently by the name and date, Carron 1790, etc. The iron dogs and firebacks made in the Sussex Weald during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries are eagerly sought for, but they are rare. The makers of antiques have long since discovered the market value of copies. The iron fireback for open fireplaces can be traced to the fourteenth century. The writer once chanced upon a fine specimen formerly in the Fleur de Lys Inn at St. Albans. The earliest example in the country is dated 1420. The basket grate of the middle and late eighteenth century was evolved from the iron dogs of earlier times. As coal came into general use for fuel, so wrought iron baskets were added to ride upon the dogs. In the reign of George II Hogarth drew a typical basket grate in process of transition from the earlier type. It was left to the brothers Adams to shape the dogs with wing pieces and to add classical finials in the form of urns. Later, Count Rumford invented the register grate. The best houses invariably had steel grates with rich chasing. Cast iron was left for the bedrooms.

I must add to my Notes this quarter this sentence of Noel Carrington’s from a booklet dealing incidentally with the furniture that Heals have made for the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey. ‘There is every reason to foresee the bursting into flower of one of the finest periods of English furniture.’ – R.B.
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BILBERRIES, among the first of the wild fruits to ripen, may be looked for from July 4. They can be served as double-crusted pies or in separately baked flan cases. At one time bilberry pies were a favourite delicacy in Yorkshire for funeral teas, though by no means hastening one’s own. The berries are also excellent for stuffing hazel-hens, and later on the red whortleberries make a particularly good stuffing for grouse, giving somewhat dry birds an extra fine flavour in harmony with their natural surroundings.

Prepare the bilberries by cooking them in a very little water to give the juice a start, or without water in a jar in a saucepan of boiling water. Sweeten with white sugar, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and slightly thicken the juice by stirring in one level dessertspoonful of arrow-root, diluted with a little water, to every pint of fruit and juice mixed. Boil till it thickens. Let it get quite cold. (Thickening the juice slightly in this way prevents the under crust of the pie getting soggy or sodden). Lightly grease and flour a deep plate, one of fire-proof glass is excellent. Rub one ounce unsalted butter and two to three ounces of lard into six ounces of white flour, mix in two ounces wholemeal flour and a level teaspoonful of salt. Make into a firm dough with the yolk of an egg mixed with some water, about one gill altogether. (Flours vary in how much moisture they will take up). Roll out quickly about half inch thick. Fold and leave for half-an-hour. Then divide in two and roll one out about one-eighth of an inch thick or slightly thicker. Place this loosely over the plate; don’t stretch it. Brush the inside with white of egg — this is another dodge to prevent sogginess — fill with the prepared fruit. Brush the flat rim with water. Cover (again loosely) with the second piece of crust. Press together. Trim and flute the edges, brush the top with white of egg. Dust well with castor sugar and bake in a rather hot oven 375 deg. F. When the pastry is cooked the pie is done.

For a flan bake the crust first in the usual way, and when cooked pile in the prepared fruit either hot or cold into the hot or cold crust. Top up with whipped cream and serve.

To stuff hazel-hens or grouse prepare the fruit in the same way, using less sugar but adding a few breadcrumbs and if liked, a very little cinnamon. Lard the birds with fat bacon and serve with watercress. Or the birds may be spatchcocked and served with crisp potatoes, runner beans and bilberry sauce prepared as above for the pies but used cold.
TOWN CONVENIENCES for COUNTRY HOUSES

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The advent of the Glow-worm, the original domestic boiler, raising as it does, constant and abundant Hot Water for Baths, Lavatory Basins, Sink and, if required, Radiators and Towel Rail, marked a great advance in domestic comfort, convenience and economy.

Now that this boiler is on a price level with the 'cheapest' of boilers (it can be obtained from £4 15s. including Feet and Tray), the point to consider is fuel consumption. Here the Glow-worm scores handsomely. Fuel that lasts 3 months with other boilers lasts 4 months with the Glow-worm. This really amounts to a month's free fuel every fourth month or a free quarter's fuel every year. Therefore, think economically and install a Glow-Worm.

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Is it Cheaper to Live in the Country?

More Housewives' Views

XIX. (A COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE IN WALES.

Until I was about twelve, I lived in the country, from then till about thirty in a town; and again for another twenty-five years (till now) in the country.

If you are a producer you will certainly live cheaper and better in the country, and fresh food stuffs are better. If your tastes are refined and you want to cultivate them, I do not think you can do better than live in the country.

Musical, artistic or literary tastes give insight and bring people of all types together. They are found, often undeveloped, side by side with strong practical virtues. The people around you will never regard you as one of themselves, till you have worked with them, in some way or another. The influence of country life is to simplify and get one's standards of value into proportion.

I hear tell of parts of the country where there are no servants, but my experience is that any woman who makes her home as happy and comfortable for her servants as she can afford to make it for its other occupants, can, and does get good servants easily and keeps them.

Where there is a sufficient income and good water power have electric light. Where there is neither, have acetylene or petrol gas, or use oil lamps downstairs, and candles upstairs. You use less light in the country. Heating is likely to be dearer, because of the greater cost of transport. Anthracite is of increasing use in warming.

You can train the village grocer to get all you want. The large provision dealers send their own motor lorries round regularly to the retailers, so you do not wait indefinitely for what is 'sent for.' Clothes can be got in many cases locally if you do not try to dress like a town's woman. The local shops act as agents for the large manufacturers and most of the practical standard things can be got.
The Cellar

Steps

A good man does good now and then where it is not likely to be seen. Electric light in a house is like. Needless to say it’s in the drawing room: but there are obscure places to which only Madam and the maids ever go, where you will find it doing good in secret. In that deep linen cupboard, so that you don’t mistake tablecloths for sheets—or on the cellar steps, so that you won’t have to pay damages for an ankle or a hip. In a country house electric light makes all the difference to life. And the cost is perhaps not as much as you were told. At any rate—enquire.

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Clifton Junction near Manchester.
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I think the ideal is to be within two miles of a small town and railway station.

There are sides of the work of the country housekeeper that are so pleasant as to be recreational. Then, if you want handicrafts, the women’s institute can put any branch within your reach. Or you can turn a barn into a studio, and if you have the taste for it, work at music, art or literature. You will be astonished at the avenues that will open before you. Or, as Professor Haldane suggests, do research work, biological, geological — breed snails and study heredity, as the M.P. does whose example he holds up. There is no end to what you can do if you wish. Rural conditions lead to less superficial friendships and to the better way of cultivating a few kindred spirits, wherever they appear. The elementary schools are greatly improving in the country, while the secondary schools are excellent. Both will soon be in a position to cater for all types of children and give them all they need. It will be much happier and less expensive to send young children to the local schools than continue the present boarding school system for younger children, which has so many drawbacks for both parents and children.

XX. (A Squire’s Wife, Berks.) — In the country one’s cash is not drained away. The dress allowance for the whole family, too, may be safely halved. Rates are as a rule much lower. Really good and experienced servants are very difficult either to get or to keep in the country and require correspondingly high wages. But the mistress who is considerate and patient, and willing to train a young girl, can usually get someone from the village who will be glad to take a situation near home. The best plan is to begin with quite low wages, £14 to £15, and, if the girl does well, to raise her to £15 or £16 at the end of six months, with another rise at the end of the year till she gets up to £20. After that a rise of one pound regularly every year generally keeps her happy and satisfied.
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"Gossametax" being perfectly porous 'lets the body breathe.' It is a rapid absorber and dries quickly. These are factors of utmost importance in keeping the skin healthy and functioning normally. "Gossamatex" never strikes 'chilly' to the body, and gives perfect personal comfort such as no other fabric does.

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39 Panton Street, Haymarket, S.W.1.
To live happily in the country, in the depths of the country that is to say, we need plenty of interests, not only such as gardening, poultry, etc., but intellectual interests. It is essential to keep abreast as far as possible with modern thought in art, literature and, above all, social work. There is an incredible dearth of capable people willing to do public work in the country. They are needed as members of district councils, housing committees and district nursing associations. The countryside has completely changed in the last twenty-five years. The lady bountiful and all the mixed good and evil she stood for has gone. What is now needed is that country people from cottage to castle should co-operate and work out their own salvation. But after having suffered or enjoyed being 'done for' by the big house for generations it is difficult for agricultural workers to help themselves, even though they may have lost much of their admiration for and subservience to the rich. Public work is certainly more trying and difficult in the country than in the town, but it is of absorbing interest for it is so much more individual and the issues are, as a rule, simpler.

Country life as a whole is infinitely more satisfying than town life. The quiet and peace (of nature, not man) acts like balm on the spirit, and the winter is just as beautiful in its way as the summer. For those who are nearing the retiring age and propose to live in the country, on anything from £400 to £1,000, no time in their life will be happier or more useful.

XXI. (A Peer's Daughter in Oxfordshire.)—Every drop of my blood is rural. Life is more expensive in a town owing to the perpetual dribble, but companionship is cheaper and the stimulus to brain is easier. Life in the country is costly unless you can do your own garden work in part, and for a woman it is more lonely unless you have a real occupation or have children. The servant problem is easier.

(To be continued)
Not necessarily and not even probably an idle life! Indeed we can tell from the watery shadow on the wall that the morning is still young. And with the 'dash' of ENO—rousing, sparkling, corrective and clean beyond words—the day is beginning, not only early but well. For ENO's "Fruit Salt" is part of morning wisdom, and you might see this little scene enacted day by day between seven and eight in the lives of many men who are notable for the amount of work they do and the weight of responsibility they bear.
Rural Authors. XII. Alfred Percivall

ALFRED PERCIVALL, author of 'Somerset Neighbours,' 'They're Telling Me;' and (last year) 'Gorse, Heather and Peat,' is the pseudonym of a parson who held a living in Somerset. He now holds a living in Berkshire, his native county, and it is said that he writes his stories when he has to stay in bed. He declares that they are true. Well, here is what happened one night out on the Downs at Christmas time, under a sickly moon, with a piercing north wind blowing and showers of snow falling.

The carrier's cart had turned turtle, sowing its contents broadcast. By the side of his horses stood John Betts, with a rakish sprig of mistletoe in his cap, addressing to them, in unsteady and intemperate whispers, a variety of home truths more applicable to himself then his beasts. There lay the old waggonette with one wheel wrenched off. A herd of Gloucester Spots, penned in a field at the roadside, had got out of bounds, run amok on the highway, and terrified a young mare new to the carrier's job. Each frenzied passenger was busy to salve her recent purchases from the jetsam which bestrewed the road. An urgent matter this in view of the swine. These wreckers were possessed with an evil spirit of loot and curiosity to which modesty was a stranger. Occasional shrieks of despair betrayed some despoiled owner who had hoped to preserve the secret concealed in her parcel. One pig had taken a fancy to a pair of stays, and another to the wrapping paper and string. And there were other articles of underwear in evidence of many colours and sizes.

The air was full of inquiry and lamentation. 'Me wool, me wool! Where-on-ever's me layloc wool?' 'Anyone see

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July 1930

a jack-i'-the-box? On'y it be a green sea-serpint what bobbles and bibbles out'n his pulpit. "'Tis a super-myst'ry what's tooken my slipper—twin o' this one on me feet." 'A winding frog for our lill' Jim, wi' a spring to his belly, 'I'm hunting.' 'There go the last button off me petti, pop! She'll droop for certain.'

In the centre of the road, where she had been shot so abruptly, sat a huddled figure, cuddling her knees and crying hysterically at intervals: 'Tunnie, Tunnie! Petunia, I say! Be'ee dead and killed, girl? Why for don't 'ee answer? Where be to? Pity o' Heaven! How-so-be I don't believe I be hurted, not to say hurted, then.'

To her advanced another victim, Mrs. Leek, announcing in breathless anxiety: 'I gotten me a blue glass ornament down to the town—pray the Lord no one haven't pitched on her!' 'Tis not onlikely,' replied her squatting neighbour, in whom I now recognised Mrs. Pym, 'I don't set over-comfortable myself; but where I be tipped, there I bides.'

By the gate-post stood a group of three girls holding each other by the hand, eyes a-goggle, and cheeks distended with bull's-eyes.

'God be good to us all! Whoever gotten my Japanese numbrilla, a frail piece for sure in such a hell-and-baloo.' It was the voice of Mrs. Dummett, and I had not the heart to reveal the fate of her treasure before she had faded again into the distance. There came another voice I didn't recognise. 'Anyone seen a lill' bag with my 'initials on her—a pupple satin snippit of a thing—with blue forget-me-nots in a yeller heart and pink reins and tussels and—Oh, my dear dear, what a set-to!' And she too drifted away.

But only into worse trouble. For Mrs. Tucker, at all times a victim to nerves, in this crisis had recourse to her family heirloom—a huge footman's umbrella. With this she had been defending herself against all evils, real or imaginary, by violently opening and shutting it, shouting 'Boo-whist!' the while. Even now that the tempest had
Betty!

Where are my
Reckitt’s Bath Cubes?
It was only last week I bought a packet!

A bath that’s been treated to a Reckitt’s Bath Cube is a better and more bracing bath. The water cleanses you as plain tap water never can. The action of the pores is stimulated. And when you come out—the suppleness, the smoothness, the rightness and the brightness—and the feeling that it’s fine to be alive!

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at 2d. each or in cartons of 6 cubes for 1/-

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Soothing and refreshing

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turned her weapon inside-out, she swept the road around her with the skeleton as with a besom. The net result of these gymnastics was only to make the pigs more playful, and to infuriate those of her companions whom she tripped and wounded. And now an ominous 'My soul!' proclaimed the owner of the 'pupple' bag another victim.

Over the hedge I could just discern now and then a figure with skirts held high, pursuing a large sow which had made off with some valuable. What this was I soon learnt. For beneath the semi-circular canopy, which lay far apart from the waggonette proper, crouched another shape with a brand new flannel petticoat, the price-ticket well in evidence, over her bonnet like a lampshade. Fearing she might be injured I approached and asked if I could help, when my friend, Mrs. Nutteridge, peeped at me through the placket-hole. 'Oh, my goodness to-day!' she wailed. 'Tis a glomeration-pickle fit to puzzle old Budzebel. And out yonder,' pointing to the pig-field, 'triddles Jane Coggins. Gone and lost her curls she have, and must needs go dobbing about wi' a head like a wurzel – God's Pity! The pigs abroad and all. What a coil!'

The only signs of festivity were shown by those same pigs scampering about at hide and seek with bags of nuts, simlins, and biscuits, disdaining the oranges and crackers which littered the road. To these, however, the ever-frugal Mrs. Okey was already directing careful attention, wiping the healthiest in her skirt and collecting them in the horses' nosebags. Nor were the swine destined to play at their own sweet will for ever unmolested. Nemesis was swiftly approaching in the person of Mrs. Wedmore who, armed with the driver's whip, bore down into the thick and started laying about her at all and sundry, to the imminent danger of friends and foes alike.

The climax came at the moment when Mrs. Busk, on her hands and knees to windward of Mrs. Pym, was complaining that 'our Liz have droppit her lucky thrupenny-
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bit,' and Betts, expectorating heavily, was suggesting something about seeking a seed of frog-spawn in a sago pudding. Suddenly the leader of a score of pigs, smarting under Mrs. Wedmore's well-directed aim, plunged headlong into Mrs. Busk. She in turn upset Mrs. Pym, disclosing a two-pound pancake of margarine, and over their prostrate forms the frantic pack trekked for their secret gap in the hedge. It proved to be their last sortie; the other marauders were already on the run with Mrs. Wedmore in hot pursuit. 'Gorse, Heather and Peat' is published at 7s. 6d. by Blackwell.

The Trend of Agricultural Thinking

LESS THAN ONE ACRE AND A COW.—Mr. S. R. Whitley, leader of the agricultural deputation to New Zealand, sends me an interesting account of how New Zealand farmers, faced with a simultaneous drop in the value of both their chief products, wool and butter-fat, are likely to face the situation. But first let me give the official returns from a group of twenty dairy-farms in the favoured Waikato district: Average size of these twenty farms, 78 acres; Butter-fat produced per acre, 162 lbs.; Butter-fat produced per cow, 302.81 lbs.; Cows milked per farm, 41.73; Acres per cow milked, 1.869; Thus these twenty farms (which are practically 'all grass') require only a little over one and three quarter acres per cow milked. Now Dr. H. E. Arnett has put 'intensive grazing' to practical test under favourable conditions and gives the following figures: Thirty-three acres of intensively grazed land kept thirty cows plus twelve in-calf heifers plus two bulls plus two horses in addition to forty breeding ewes and their lambs, while twenty-seven acres had been cut for ensilage and five acres for hay (thus providing far more winter feed than could be required for one season). All the stock maintained good condition and gave good yields. 'One swallow does not make a summer,' writes Mr. Whitley,
A DIRECT AID TO BRITISH AGRICULTURE

CADBURY'S DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

Cadburys use nearly 30,000 gallons of fresh full-cream milk daily—and every drop of it comes from English farms.
‘but these figures do seem to indicate that an area far less than one acre per cow is required when intensive grazing is skilfully used.’

**How Is It Done?** - Mr. Whitley goes on: ‘Ten cwt. of ground lime is applied every second year, and three to four cwt. of super-phosphate with one cwt. of potash salts are applied each year. The farm is divided into fifteen paddocks of about two and a half acres each. The cows are kept in each paddock not longer than two days, to be followed by the dry and other stock, and as each paddock is wiped up, it is drastically harrowed and dressed with sulphate of ammonia at the rate of three cwt. per acre per annum. The best pastures consist mainly of perennial rye-grass, white clover, red clover, cocksfoot and dogstail. With a well-distributed yearly rainfall of fifty to sixty inches and a climate which enables a good hay crop to be produced even in mid-winter by intensive treatment, it seems as if the very practical dairy farmer of New Zealand would not be long in seizing on ‘intensive grazing’ as a means of combating lower butter-fat prices. New Zealand dairy farmers are keen co-operators and well able to follow where the scientists are leading. Science has made their great industry possible and is likely again to save it from financial difficulties. Science and education are well developed in New Zealand.

**Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior and Agriculture.** - This is the designation of the head of the Government of the Netherlands although Holland is a commercial and industrial country as well as an agricultural country.

**Not a Cure-all.** - ‘The position of agriculture in Germany,’ one reads in a copy of ‘an outline of German political, economic, social and cultural life’ just to hand, ‘is alarming’—in spite of the fact that German farmers—a third of the population—have any amount of Protection.

**Scottish Farmers who have done well.** - From a well-informed reader on the Scottish
LEADERSHIP

At any time during the last 40 years the ALFA-LAVAL Company could have placed several types of milking machines on the market, any of which would have been superior to any being offered for sale at the time. From 1894 to 1918 no less than 19 different types were developed, but it was not until the latter date that one was actually put on the market. Since then research work has been continued unceasingly, and to-day, in 1930, the

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the 'Super Milking Machine' has been evolved, and after exhaustive trials has been placed on the British market. This milker works on an entirely new principle, since the pulsators are controlled by electromagnets instead of the old pneumatic devices. This reduces the power required to drive the plant to a negligible quantity, thereby decreasing the cost of milking, and in addition ensures a higher standard of milking efficiency than any machine yet produced. For full particulars of the ALFA-LAVAL MAGNETIC milking machine and of the service with which it is backed write:

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Also makers of the ALFA-LAVAL Hand driven Cream Separators
Border: 'We have not been feeling the depression so acutely in this district during the financial year now closing. In fact, several farmers have told me that they have had a slightly better twelve months. The breeding of sheep, the backbone of farming in these parts, is still very profitable, and cattle breeding is also good. Cattle feeding left money behind it in the winter and the feeding of fattening sheep has been still better. The poor grain prices have been outbalanced by the unusually heavy crop, and on the whole I think that the returns for oats sold this year will have been quite up to the average, while the oats consumed by live-stock have been very much increased, resulting in a reduction to a half or even less in the outlay on concentrated feeding stuffs. On the higher ground, some farmers have sold oats who have had none for sale for several years past, and have thus increased their returns unexpectedly. Potatoes are grown only in very small quantities, and such as could not be disposed of have been consumed by cattle. So that on the whole it has not been such a bad season as was anticipated, which no doubt accounts for the lack of enthusiasm for the two mass meetings held in the district. Relatively speaking, they were poorly attended and the average farmer was frankly uninterested and quite sceptical of their value. The situation in the purely arable counties is, of course, different, though the threatened spate of bankruptcies does not seem likely to materialise.'

'TURN TO SOMETHING ELSE.'—'There is some plain-speaking in the foreword of Sir Robert Greig, of our Department of Agriculture, to the yearly report of the National Farmers' Union of Scotland,' my correspondent continues. '“Scottish agriculture judged merely by cash returns is better than it was.” As to the potato glut, “a few acres of sugar beet on most of the east coast potato farms would not only have provided a direct profit, but, by reducing the total average of potatoes, have done something to maintain their price.” Sir Robert emphasises the fact that only
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six per cent. of the Scottish agricultural output is potatoes and only ten per cent. cereals. The total value of what the Scottish farmer produces, even allowing for the difference between present and pre-war prices, is, he points out "greater now than before the War." And he concludes vigorously: "It does not follow that if cereal growing becomes permanently unremunerative, arable farming should cease, for cannot we, like the Danes, turn to something else? It is something of a jolt to get out of an old rut, but Scotland has transformed its agriculture more than once. We have one of the finest soils and climates in the world for growing forage, root crops and grass, and we have a traditional skill in stock farming. The markets open to us for live stock products are shown by our imports: Mutton, fifty-six per cent.; beef, sixty per cent.; pig meat, sixty-eight per cent.; butter, eighty-nine per cent.; cheese, seventy-seven per cent.; eggs, fifty-five per cent.; poultry, thirty-seven per cent."

The Largest Ploughed Field.—The last of the Oxford Agricultural Economics Research Institute's studies of successful systems of farm management, designed to maintain arable farming, is A Specialist in Arable Farming (Clarendon Press, pp. 24, 1s. 6d.) by the Director.* Mr. Orwin gives a characteristically cogent account of the pioneer enterprise of Mr. George Baylis, who has devoted 12,000 acres in Hampshire and Berkshire to corn-growing by means of artificials, clover and fallows. Except for two hundred and fifty horses—Mr. Baylis is still using two-horse teams, though he hires steam tackle and lorries—there is no livestock. One field of 400 acres is probably the largest ploughed field in England. More than 500 tons of artificials are bought yearly. The land is clean, the crops are the best in the locality, the houses, cottages and

*Reference may also be made to another publication in the same series. The Improvement of Upland Grazings, in which a landowner in Wales, Mr. Stanley Bligh and Mr. F. J. Prewett describe 'the evolution of a method of grassland improvement as effective as economical.'
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By appointment to H.M. the King
By appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
buildings are good. Most of the land is owned. An estate of the value of some £100,000, plus the value of the live and dead stock, has been built up from nothing. For the past few years Mr. Baylis, who is assisted by his sons and one or two bailiffs, has not been making money, the advantages of the rationalization of his farming having been overtaken by rising labour costs. Mr. Orwin suggests further mechanization. 'Farmers in the depressed areas are asking for State action to save their industry from insolvency, and what clearly is in their minds is that something should be done to sustain them in their present methods. But something much more fundamental than adjustments of prevailing systems, or palliatives or aids, is needed.'

Unorganised Farming.—Once more Mr. F. J. Prewett, of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford, has produced a searching account of a department of agricultural industry — this time A Survey of Milk Marketing in Derbyshire (Clarendon Press, pp. 70, with diagrams, 2s. 6d.). The needs of the time are enforced in such a sentence as 'Nothing is more clear from the evidence of this Survey than the utter disorganization of the producers.' In view of some claims it is worth noting that, even assuming all the members of the National Farmers' Union in Derbyshire to be milk-producers, they do not number more than sixty per cent. of the milk-producers in the county.

Industrials and the Countryman.—Two well-known firms deserve a word of commendation from the countryman. The first of these has coped with a fruitful cause of udder trouble in mechanical milking. The success of mechanical milking depends upon the correctness of the squeeze and release movements on the cow's teats which are brought about by the pulsator. During the squeeze the milk is drawn; during the release the cow gets a rest. By actuating the pulsator by means of electricity instead of the old pneumatic device, the change-over is now shortened and the cow gets a maximum length of milking
A MAN IN RAPTURE

Quoted from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie . . . .

THEN I sat down beside Gilray, and almost smoked into his eyes. Soon the aroma reached him, and rapture struggled into his face. Slowly his fingers fastened on the pouch. He filled his pipe, without knowing what he was doing, and I handed him a lighted spill. He took perhaps three puffs and then gave me a look of reverence that I know well. It only comes to a man once in all its glory—the first time he tries the Arcadia Mixture—but it never altogether leaves him.

"Where do you get it?" Gilray whispered in hoarse delight.
The Arcadia had him for its own.
Country Tales

'A little meal talk over neighbours is right enough; it do make the day go by a bit quicker, and sends a body to bed with a chuckle' - Mrs. Ellis's 'Villager'

FARM-WORKER, overheard in conversation with another farm-worker about gardening, refers to a third farm-worker’s garden which is overgrown with weeds: 'I wonder who gets old Joe's shootin' this year.'

'Smoke' Cook was ill, seriously ill. He was an old soldier (in the time of long service) and sulphurous language he regarded as part of his mother tongue. As he lay ill he made use of the usual oaths. 'Smoker,' said the old woman who acted as his nurse, 'thee shouldn't swer, thee bist goin to die, thee shudst praay. If thee gets well, then thee canst swer.'

'O h, look at the horses in the field,' cried a town two-year old, catching sight of ploughing for the first time, 'A man's pushing them.'

Stranger to host of village inn after sampling beer: 'I suppose nobody has ever really got drunk on this beer?' Host (candidly): 'No, but we've had three bursts.'
Figure and Vigour

My dearest Elsie,
I expect John showed you my letter—the one in which I showed him how to keep his manly figure within bounds. Well, I do hope you will see he takes my advice and eats Vita-Weat instead of ordinary bread. And you too, dear, should do the same, because there’s nothing like this crispy Vita-Weat for keeping one slim and trim and for making one feel happy inside. You know how much better I’ve been these last two years. I don’t know what indigestion is nowadays, and I’ve ten times as much vigour as I had. I put that down entirely to obeying Dr. Jones and taking Vita-Weat at every meal. You see, it contains no undercooked starch, and all the goodness of the whole wheat is preserved in it. And it is so much pleasanter than any other kind of bread . . . .

Vita-Weat
THE BRITISH CRISP BREAD

Cartons at 1s. 6d. and 10d. Packets at 6d. and 2d.

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The Truth About the Dunmow Flitch

The first mention of the Dunmow Flitch—Dunmow (with the accent on the first syllable) is in Essex—is in Chaucer and in 'The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman.' As the modern ceremony is but an August Bank Holiday diversion, without historical justification, it is of interest to turn to the Chartulary of Dunmow Priory (at the British Museum) and see what exactly happened, in the words of Dugdale's Monasticon, when a man 'that repents him not of his marriage in a year and a day lawfully went to Dunmow' for the bacon. The entry of 1445 runs: 'Memorandum: that one Richard Wright, of Badbourge, near the City of Norwich, in the County of Norfolk, Yeoman, came and required the Bacon of Dunmow on the 27th day of April, in the 23rd year of the reign of King Henry VI, and according to the form of the charter, was sworn before John Cannon, Prior to this place and the Convent, and many other neighbours, and there was delivered to him, the said Richard, one Flitch of Bacon.' An entry of 1510 (temp. Henry VIII) records the success of Thomas le Fuller before Prior Tils, 'as also before a multitude of neighbours.'

After the dissolution of the monasteries, the bacon-giving seems to have passed to the lords of the manor of Little Dunmow. They held their courts—as they have been held within living memory—at Priory Place, formerly a farmhouse and now four cottages. In a parchment book belonging to a former lord an account of the ceremonies of 1701 is as follows: 'A Court Baron of the worshipfull Sir Thomas May, Knight, there holden of Fryday, the 27th day of June in the Thirteenth year of King William ye Third and in ye year 1701 before Thomas Wheeler, Gent., steward of the said Court. Be it remembered that att the Said Court it is found and presented by the Homage aforesaid that John Reynolds of Hatfield Regis, alias Hatfield Broadoak, in the County of Essex, gent., and Ann his wife have been married
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for the space of ten years last part and upwards, and it is likewise found, presented by the Homage aforesaid that the said John Reynolds and Ann his wife by means of their Quiet, Peaceable, Tender and Loving Cohabitation for the said space of time, came and claimed the Bacon. Whereupon the said Steward, with the Jury, suitors and other officers of the Court, proceeded with the usual solemnity to the ancient and accustomed place for the Administration of the Oath (and receiving the Bacon aforesaid), that is to say to the two great stones lying near the church door [the stones still lie there] within the said Manor. Whereupon the said John Reynolds and Ann kneeling down on the said two stones the said Steward did administer unto them the Oaths [that they in a twelve month and a day repented not in thought any way], and immediately thereupon ye said John Reynolds and Ann, claiming the said Bacon, the Court pronounced sentence for the same, and accordingly a Gammon of Bacon with the usual solemnity was delivered unto John Reynolds and Ann his wife.'

With the gift of the bacon, in 1751, to Thomas Shakeshaft, weaver, and his wife Ann – the proceedings are reported in the Gentleman's Magazine of the time and a painting was made by a local artist, David Ogbourne – we have 'the last legitimate instance' of the ceremony. The certificate of the worthy Thomas survives. Both his wife and he signed with a cross.

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wise man who is in orders in the country will always provide something for the people to stare at so that he may escape. A large coloured check may be employed or a stout wife who rides a bicycle.' In other passages the author is reprehensibly naughtier than he might be. But readers of Kindness in a Corner have been known to arrive at the end with a quiet smile on their faces, and increased friendliness to humankind at their hearts. And, after all, readers of books are not children. But many of them are women, and even in what our forefathers called a fantasy, they will abhor the paternal offer in Chapter 8. And they would seem to be right. — Corduroy, by Adrian Bell (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) is a well-written because simply-written account of the experiences of a young man (from Chelsea) on the land (Suffolk), at market and in the hunting field up to the time he took a fifty-acre holding. The author has cleverly contrived to produce a book which will go some way towards letting an honest man know whether he would really like farming. A young woman who is frank with herself may also
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In all his poetry W. H. Davies has done nothing less forced than his introduction to a discovery of distinction, A Greene Forest, by John Maplet, a kindred spirit (temp. 1567). It is published by the Hesperides Press in a pleasant quarto of 190 pages at 30s. and upwards. The work is ‘A Naturalle Historie Wherein may be seen the most sufferaigne Vertues’ not only of stones and metals but of ‘Herbs, Trees and Shrubs, Lastly of Brute Beastes.’ Very few of the author’s statements are true, but does that matter when the old vicar of Northolt believed them to be true and is ‘entending that God be glorified and the people furred’? Do you not want to read how the wild cat is ‘of all things annoyed with the smell of Rue and the Almond Leafe and is driven away with that,’ or to consider the ‘Dogge’s merveylous perceiuance’ or to learn that the mouse is ‘a verie ravenour or greedigut’? — A new Hendy book — Wild Exmoor through the Year (Cape, pp. 320, 10s. 6d.), which has something about deer, badgers, squirrels, foxes and rabbits as well as birds— is welcome, particularly when illustrated by so close an observer as A. Carruthers Gould. One of his drawings shows a rabbit butting a stoat. The author notes that stoats and weasels climb quite high trees. Two death’s head moths he hatched were four and a half inches between the tips of the upper wings. Both moths gave their characteristic squeak after emerging from the chrysalid sheath. The skull was well-defined; ‘to see the cross-bones demanded considerable exercise of the imagination.’ — Birdland, by Oliver G. Pike (R.T.S., pp. 119, 6s.), is called ‘a book for young people,’ but it will be read by every grown-
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up in the homes it enters. There are about fifty page illustrations from photographs of special excellence, for they nearly all exhibit birds in action, most of them feeding their young or each other. — *The New Nature Study*, by F. J. Wright (Butterworth, pp. 287, 5s.), is a pleasantly practical book for people who have yet to learn what phenology is, and have not done their duty by getting for themselves, from the Royal Meteorological Society (49 Cromwell Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.) the sheets to be filled up with bird and plant dates in their districts. This phenological work is being done all over Europe; in Russia there are already 5000 observers. A record of the author’s shows that, one June afternoon, a pair of willow warblers visited their nest with food thirty-four times between three-thirty and five-thirty p.m. Mr. Wright once captured a mole ‘by a lightning swoop’; when released it swam across a small stream.

The only fault we have to find with Walter Wilkinson’s *Vagabonds and Puppets* (Bles, pp. 213, 7s. 6d.), is that it did not run through The Countryman. We call attention to it with glee, even though some minion of the publisher’s has gummed, with filthy fingers, a price leaflet right over the title-page. The author has done what some of us might wish to do, betaken himself to the villages in the summer with a puppet show, and worked his way. Once he found himself with tuppence. Such a man may see and hear a great deal, and, if he is honest-hearted, can write things about village life a bit different from the essays that we post back to some would-be contributors. He has an ear for such a saying as this, ‘Look at them daisies; they’re almost as good as flowers, ain’t they?’ And on his own account he can write, ‘The only reason why some city folk hate the country is because it makes such fools of them.’ We look for a visit this summer to Idbury. — It is suggested that in Ernest Ballard’s rural sketches — his new volume (Williams & Norgate, pp. 165, 6s.), is entitled *The Little Man in Blue* — there are ‘no impossible people doing impossible things.’ It is an un-
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[Advt.]
July 1930

a piece of wood from which is depending a swarm weighing fourteen pounds two ounces. Such facts as that, a five pounds or seven quarts swarm of bees numbers 25,000 and the approximate capacity of a standard frame is 4,500 worker cells, and five pounds of honey are minor contents of the 'Beekeeping Annual' (pp. 109, 1s.). There is also a story of a friend of the editor's who was a quarter of a mile from home when he saw a swarm of bees pass over his head. He followed it and had to climb several fences to keep it in sight. When he caught up with the swarm it was entering an empty hive of his own!

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will rub his hands and use us as we have used the Victorians!

It is unkind of Sidgwick and Jackson to bend our thoughts
Londonwards with A National Theatre (pp. 151, 5s.), by
H. Granville-Barker, though he does speak of ‘possibly
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the chance of a good swim have usually to be forgone, but
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A list of books most in demand at Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus's during the past quarter, which will keep the country resident from missing works of importance:

Fiction. — Huxley, Brief Candles; Gorki, Bystander; Undset, Kristin Lavransdatter; Bloch, & Co.; Irwin, None So Pretty; Ferber, Cimarron; Macdonald, Noose; Wilder, Woman of Andros; Locke, Town of Tombarel; Walpole, Rogue Herries; Smith, Red Wagon; Hergesheimer, Party Dress; Williamson, Patriot's Progress; Houlé, Violet Ryder; Sackville-West, Edwardians; Coppard, Pink Furniture.

Biography and History. — Belloc, Richelieu; Clemenceau, Grandeur and Misery of Victory; Blunden, Leigh Hunt; Ludwig, Lincoln; Nicolson, Lord Carnock; Sitwell, Pope; Thomson, Short History of Scotland; Liddell-Hart, The Real War; Mauris, Byron; Bland-Sutton, Story of a Surgeon; Hardy, The Later Years of Thomas Hardy; The Private Letter Books of Sir Walter Scott; Gwynn, Sir Walter Scott; Cecil, Stricken Deer (Cowper); Tillyard, Milton; Lamb, The Crusades; Karsavina, Theatre Street.

Essays and Monographs. — Birkenhead, World in 2030; Cresswell, Poet's Progress; D. H. Lawrence, Assorted Articles; de la Mare, Desert Islands; The Hundred Best English Essays; J. C. Powys, Meaning of Culture; Montague, A Writer's Notes on His Trade; Hindus, Humanity Uprooted; Points of View; Melchett, Imperial Economic Unity; Muir, How Britain is Governed; Laski, Liberty in the Modern State, Dangers of Obedience; Edwards, Rock Gardens; The Little Oxford Dictionary; Jeffery, Rheumatism; The Complete Book of Gardening; Times' Printing Number.

Poetry and Plays. — Campbell, Adamastor; Eliot, Ash-Wednesday; Wolfe, Uncesellar City; Connelly, Green Pastures; Famous Plays of To-day; The Plays of John Galsworthy; The Plays of J. M. Barrie; Ervine, How to Write a Play.


Travel and Sport. — Worsfold, France in Tunis and Algiers; Freeston, The Roads of Spain; Maugham, Gentleman in The Parlour; Parker, Fine Angling for Coarse Fish; Kittenberger, Big Game Hunting; Myers, Lawn Tennis; Hutton, Fishing Ways and Fishing Days; Parkinson, Dinosaur in East Africa; Shaw, Famous Shipwrecks.

Someone tells me that when Joseph Arch was a resident in the National Liberal Club his son was head waiter there. Was this the source from which Bernard Shaw, in You Never Can Tell, got his waiter whose son was a barrister? — L.D.G.
Make full use of the 'preserving season' by providing yourself with a copy of THE HOME PRESERVATION OF FRUIT & VEGETABLES by Margaret J. M. Watson.
6s. net. (6s. 6d. by post)

'Every housekeeper or cook should arm herself with this little work.'—The Field

'We should like to see this book in the hands of... every fruit-grower and market-gardener in this country.'—Journal of Education

'An admirable guide... Should have a wide circulation.'—North British Agriculturist

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Amen House London, E.C.4
July 1930

Just How Would it Work?

Our squire's plenty good enough to suit the likes o' me,
I don't want no committee my gaffer for to be:
Committees! What's Committees? It's grocers growing tall,
Butchers and bakers—a pack-thread gang! Gi' me th' Hall.

Not since Orwin and Peel's Tenure of Agricultural Land
have we had a book grappling so closely with the problem of the future control of the land of England
as a work by the author of Hundred Acre Farm called The Organisation of Farming (Heffer, pp. 229, 6s.).
Following upon his helpful examination of the results of farming of the various types and on the varying acreages to be found
in this country, and upon his scornful treatment of the clichés of some rural reformers, Mr. F. T. Garratt proceeds
to describe exactly what he conceives would happen if it were decided to bring the bulk of agricultural land under
County Council committees, to be administered by them on the same lines as County Council small holdings. He argues
that, whatever the disadvantages of such a plan, (1) the boundaries of farms would no longer have to be the boundaries of estates, (2) the amalgamation (or division) of holdings—the author is under no illusions about small-holdings, a subject which he discusses at some length—would be, with much advantage, greatly facilitated (3) a public body
would not be prevented from improving buildings by the inability or disinclination to borrow which affects so many landlords, and (4) as the State would not incur the same suspicion as the private landlord of acting from class motives, much of the old landlord's powers over tenants' farming methods could be restored and would be more effective because a bad tenant could not easily play off one local body against another, as he can one landlord against another. As to the committees being 'a pack-thread gang,' the small-holdings committee of one County Council with large estates is composed of eleven farmers, one nursery gardener, two retired professional men, two ladies active in local life
MINTY VARSITY OXFORD SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

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and one trades union official. It would probably be necessary, Mr. Garratt thinks, to strengthen the committees and co-ordinate their work by the appointment of paid chairmen. He believes – and he is himself a farmer and County Councillor in an area noteworthy for the variety of its agriculture and the extent to which the various Small-Holdings Acts have been put into operation – that a few years in charge of a large estate has a remarkable effect on a man’s outlook, and such committees ‘would soon develop the interest and enthusiasm of a keen landlord in the most absorbing of all occupations.’ ‘Above all, the transference of the landlord’s authority would make the public interested in agriculture.’

Mr. Garratt keeps emphasising that the local committee would be in no hurry to make changes. But ‘farms would be continually falling in through the death or retirement of the tenants, perhaps five or eight per cent. of the land yearly.’ ‘The organisation of the industry can only be modified slowly.’ (Mr. Garratt’s present book is sub-titled Production; he promises another on Marketing.) The author does not anticipate a curtailment of large-scale farming. ‘There would be a squeezing-out of the less economic farms by a process of consolidation, combined with an improvement in buildings and a higher rent per acre.’ To conclude, Mr. Garratt classifies the farmers of the country, in present conditions, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Male Relatives</th>
<th>Man and Boy Employees</th>
<th>Total Acreage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number</td>
<td>Number</td>
<td>Number</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clean Boot farmers</td>
<td>30,000 to 35,000</td>
<td>5,000</td>
<td>300,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirty Boot farmers</td>
<td>over 80,000</td>
<td>30,000</td>
<td>200,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Family farmers</td>
<td>120,000</td>
<td>40,000</td>
<td>50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part-time farmers</td>
<td>100,000</td>
<td></td>
<td>1,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The part-time farmers are some of them wage-earners, included in the 100,000 casual farm-workers. They employ some labour.

D.
Worms in Dogs

Dogs of all ages and Breeds are subject to worms. They are a fertile source of disease in the Dog and should have immediate treatment.

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WORM POWDERS

Safely remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs.

WORMS IN A FOX TERRIER.
The Cottage, Sandhills, Walsall,
March 3rd, 1887.

Please send me one of Naldire's Worm Powders. I consider them splendid. I had a Fox Terrier almost dead last Sunday, and got one of your Powders from a friend, and in fifteen minutes after the dog had it, she passed a tapeworm almost 60 feet in length.

Frank J. Brown.

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Can Frost Kill Heather?

This next August will provide an opportunity for testing a point about which there has been hitherto a considerable difference of opinion. That is the extent to which hard frost can damage or destroy the common ling or heather (*Calluna vulgaris*) of the hills. There have been botanists who have contended that heather cannot be killed by frost. Heather is a plant native to Scotland and the North, they have argued; obviously, then, it must be hardy, just as spruce and pine are hardy, and frost cannot harm it. Also, they have been able to contend with perfect truth, the heather which others have declared to have been frozen, because of its seared and lifeless looks, has really been damaged not by frost but by the heather beetle (*Lochmaea suturalis*) a pestilent insect which feeds on the foliage of heather, eating the stems bare, and which already in some places has become a plague. That is one point of view. But if you ask the old shepherds and ghillies, who know the hills better than the rest of us—oh yes, the heather can be frozen. Not every winter; but when you get first wet, then hard frost, and then the north wind, frost hits the heather on some parts of the hill as if it were flame.

Can the plant recover, then, as it does every year from the ordinary spring burning? We shall see—in fact, the answer is there in some places to be read to-day. The frost of February, 1929, without any doubt killed many heather plants down to the ground. There was no fresh growth from the root last autumn; will this summer set matters right, and set new green shoots on the hill for the sheep and the grouse?—E.P.

'A' or 'E'.—What is the Ministry of Agriculture's authority for using the spelling 'thrashing'? Every well brought-up boy knows that thrashing and threshing are two different things!—*B.C.L.*, *Durham.*
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ORNAMENTS

BROMSGROVE
WORCESTERSHIRE

3023 SPRING Height 2ft. 3in.
Lead £3 5s. Castone £5 10s.
The Woodcock Carrying its Young

HOW many people have seen a woodcock carrying its young? A subscriber in Aberdeenshire writes to us: 'We were so very much interested to see the same bird in nearly the same place two days running carrying one of her chicks. She carried the chick with her legs.'

A naturalist who spent a day or two with a Hampshire reader recognized the notes of forty-nine birds.

'If I am unable to see you,' writes a reader to the Editor, 'it's wonderful, by Wireless, to have heard you breathing.'

The Real Reasons.—Mr. Baldwin has evidently to learn that farmers are quite thankless. But reform must be pushed on with, irrespective of gratitude because justice demands it and because the health of the community is at stake.—A Farmer's Wife.

Training Dogs.—I disagree with the Duke of Montrose in your last issue. My experience is that the show and competition render an animal useless for the purposes for which it was originally destined by man, that is sport. Field trials and so on are interesting in themselves and in the case of the dog do credit to trainer and trained, but I never had a field trial winner that was as good as a home-trained dog which would not be looked at in field trials.—An Old Hand.

The 'Love' of Flowers.—In a posthumous paper by D. H. Laurence in the New Adelphi he argues that the love of flowers is a very misleading thing. 'Most women,' he writes, 'love flowers as possessions, and as trimmings. They can't look at a flower, and wonder a moment, and pass on. If they see a flower that arrests their attention, they must at once pick it, pluck, pluck it. Possession! A possession! Something added on to me! And most of this so-called love of flowers is merely this reaching out of possession and egoism: something I've got: something that embellishes me.' But why women only?
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As it Seems to Some of Us

To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end Happy Seeker, Happy Finder! —Cromwell

The Laureate

No living poet has written about the country with a closer friendship, a truer feeling or a more moving downrightness than John Masefield. We of The Countryman have a natural pride in the fact that a Laureate of Oxfordshire should be succeeded by another poet living in our county, and particularly a poet who is a reader and a friend of our review. We are proud above all in the knowledge that the Laureateship is held by a man who adds to his devotion to beauty, beauty of character and of life.

At Eighty-Six

Even at eighty-six Thomas Hardy did his bit for the preservation of rural England. In the new ‘Life’ Mrs. Hardy speaks of him, at that age, burying paper which was blowing about the lane, and stopping, ‘for quite a long time, to pull off the branches of a tree a heap of dead weeds that had been thrown there by some untidy labourer who had been cleaning the fields’. Hardy said — and it ought to be written up in village schools — that ‘a man has no public spirit who passes by any untidiness out of doors, litter or paper or similar rubbish.’ The only criticism that can be made of the almost perfect biography is that among the illustrations there is not included Hardy’s ‘little sketch of the rows of railway trucks, with animals’ heads at every opening, looking out on the green countryside they were
The fourth book is not a book; it is a sham. But it is not a mere sham. It is bound like a book because, although folks are not ashamed to put by a few coins now and then for their children, or themselves, they don't care to let a tin money-box be seen lying about. So this box can go comfortably amongst other books on the shelf; and it will easily slip into a pocket whenever you want it emptied at the Bank. The Westminster Bank does not reserve these as a privilege for its regular customers only; it issues them without formalities at any of its branch counters.
July 1930

leaving for scenes of horror in a far-off city.' We ventured to ask Mrs. Hardy if we might not be favoured with the loan of it for The Countryman. She is kind enough to write that the sketch 'is no longer in existence, as my husband left directions that all the notebooks that remained were to be destroyed after I had used them for any biographical purpose.'

Edward Strutt

We deeply regret the death of the Honourable Edward Strutt. In a letter to us Lord Ernle calls him 'the greatest figure in agriculture I can remember; we must go back to the eighteenth century to find his equal.' His scientific organisation and careful, kindly, far-sighted management of the farms of his brother, Lord Rayleigh, and of his own firm, showed what large farming might be. No agriculturist had sounder information about the crops he grew, the machinery he used, the beasts and milk he produced and the labour he employed, and none was more ready to be taught. His early efforts to establish sugar-beet growing and beet sugar production demonstrated his accessibility to ideas. The co-partnership scheme, the yearly dinners of which we so often attended before the War, and the comfortable cottages at Terling, made plain his belief that only with the help of a good class of contented worker was sound farming possible. Edward Strutt was an Englishman of a fine type. As an agricultural politician he ever tried to take a national view, and although in his later days he was distressed by the state of agri-
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culture in East Anglia, he was, like Mr. Orwin, a firm believer in arable farming. As he once said to us, ‘I’m a ploughman.’ When we first outlined our plans for a non-Party rural periodical, to be published, not in London but the country, it was like Edward Strutt to insist on his name being put down for twelve copies. Strutt knew his business as a farmer; he was no end of a trier, hard-working and a good master. He was liked for his downrightness, his acumen and his knowledge, and loved for his warm heart and a kindly chuckle that it is a pain to think we shall never hear again.

A Missing Biography

We warmly congratulate the admirable Folk Music and Dance movement on the opening of Cecil Sharp House. But where is the biography of Cecil Sharp? Cecil Sharp House, Cecil Sharp’s collections, and Cecil Sharp’s Folk Music and Dance movement are memorials indeed. But what of Sharp himself, one of the best Englishmen of his time, a devotee, a man of real humanity, a fellow of infinite jest? Memories of such a man are precious, but every year the number of men and women who knew him grows smaller. Why cannot we have the biography? If there is no one man or woman in the movement with leisure and aptitude for the work, surely a useful volume could be produced by co-operative effort?

Pageants of What?

We are all for life and colour and music and enjoying ourselves in the sunshine, and we have had in our time as much fun out of dressing up
DINING ON DAMASK

TABLE-CLOTHS RETURN IN NEW AND LOVELIER FORMS

If the white damask cloth, now restored to favour, has met with a warm welcome, the new tinted and hand-painted damasks have had a triumphal progress. Hostesses whose good taste and originality are famous are adopting them with enthusiasm. For this is damask alive to modern needs—colourful... harmonious... individual... yet severely practical.

OLD BLEACH LINEN

Write to the Old Bleach Linen Company, Randalstown, Northern Ireland, for their handbook on the new coloured damasks. It gives valuable suggestions, with coloured illustrations. Old Bleach linen is bleached on grass in the old, old way, and the delicate colours are guaranteed sunfast and washfast.
as other people. But has not the time come to appeal gently to the sense of humour of some of the contrivers of Summer 'Pageants'? These 'Pageants' are unquestionably responsible, like so much 'Art,' for no little falsification of social history in the minds of people who have neither opportunity nor taste for historical study. During the preparation of a series of a dozen or more Wireless Talks a few months ago we had to contemplate the 'good old times,' and in the Far East we have shuddered at and smelt the Middle Ages. As our reproduction in The Countryman of old Diaries shows there are none keener than we are on giving the past its due; but the vigour of the present-day struggle for better times is weakened by the lazy humourless presentation of tuppence-coloured simulacra of the past which are historically absurd.

Sense and Nonsense about Wild Flowers

DEFINITE instances of serious uprooting of wild flowers are more to the point than the general statements so frequently made. Here are three first-hand statements from correspondents: (1) 'Last year and the year before there have been enormous numbers of fritillaries sold by men in the High Street of Cheltenham. Huge baskets three feet across, stuffed with thousands of blooms. More of them are sold than of wild daffodils. The area of wild daffodils is immense. But the area of fritillaries must be limited. It is a deplorable sight.' (2) 'I have a little wood full of primroses. One morning I passed a gipsy woman, wheeling to the station for conveyance to London a perambulator
For fair hair

Rowland’s Macassar Oil (Golden), specially prepared for fair hair, has wonderful tonic and brightening powers and yet does not darken the hair. It is equally valuable to those with grey or fading hair. Stage and film stars have testified to its merits.

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For dark hair ask for 'red' — the original.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

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full of primrose roots.’ (3) ‘One of our men found about forty bundles of ferns in one of our woods ready to be sent away.’ May we repeat the suggestion we made some time since that one of the best ways of helping the preservation of wild flowers is to teach in the schools, and in our own homes, by example, what the Japanese have demonstrated, that a few flowers, or even one flower is a pleasanter thing than a crowded jugful? At the same time it is well that those of us who live in the country, and have flowers about us all the time, in our gardens, in the fields and in the hedgerows, should try to understand the passion for flowers which may exist in flowerless Silvertown and Southwark. In May we sent a box of cowslips to a hard-worked parson’s wife in a poor London parish. ‘I wish you could have seen,’ she writes, ‘how the children from the poorest homes crowded round the flowers with eager, outstretched hands. To have flowers all their own to hold and to smell was an undreamed of joy.’

Sanity in Sanitation

THE Home Croft movement is not only carrying on its praiseworthy home-crofting but trying to raise a memorial to a man to whose real service to the countryside we are never tired of drawing attention. The late Dr. Poore, Professor of Medicine at London University, wrote the soundest sense on rural sanitation, and if the Minister of Health would listen to us he would send a copy of this distinguished physician’s ‘Rural Hygiene,’ or at any rate the part relating to commonsense sanitation for country cottages, to all Rural District Council Sanitary
An Easy Shave
Without Soap, Water or Brush

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And a Razor—that's all
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Inspector-Surveyors in the kingdom. (Far too many of these functionaries, having been accustomed to live in small towns, have an ungovernable passion for cesspits.) Meantime, on another page, the simple facts of the Poore method are set forth. The Home Croft people see the Poore plan in terms of reduced cost of equipping their homecrofts and of economically working the land attached to them.

**Vacca Pauperis**

It was a happy plan for the British Goat Society to pass its fiftieth year under the presidency of Mr. Holmes Pegler who has done such remarkable service in the cause of *vacca pauperis.* In the noteworthy yearbook of the Society (200 pages) mention is made by Mr. Pegler of ‘that extraordinary animal, Didgemere Dream, which in 1926, had a record of 4,236 lbs. of milk in 324 days, an average of over thirteen pounds a day.’ Do goats pay? ‘Any goat worth keeping,’ one member writes, ‘should give not less than 1,000 pounds of milk a year, which at 3d. per pint, gives a profit of at least £5 after all expenses were paid.’ We remember the time when the notion that a goat could give a gallon of milk was laughed at. But during the twenty-four hours tests at the Dairy Show last year no fewer than 125 yields of a gallon were recorded. In order to further goat-keeping we shall be pleased to send any reader a copy or copies of the Editor’s ‘Case for the Goat,’ containing the experience of twenty-four goatkeepers, for the nominal price of a shilling each. (As the book has a number of plate paper illustrations the postage is 4d., but we defray this. The original price was 5s.)
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Ask your Baker to supply you with a loaf made from English Wheat, a perfect loaf of flour milled solely from English Wheat by using, as an ‘improver,’ 5 per cent. of Energen (High Protein) Flour. Energen Flour is a pure wheat flour specially milled in Canada, therefore Bread made from English Flour and Energen Flour is an entirely British Empire product and 95 per cent. English. Energen BREAD—made only at Energen Works by special processes—used in the Slimming Diets, and for Indigestion.

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An Old Way to Keep Old Paths Open

We are sorry to hear from Colonel John Buchan that, in the present congestion of Parliamentary business, he sees no chance for his Bill for the Preservation of Footpaths. Meantime as that survey of footpaths, suggested in the report of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, seems also to be delayed, a brutal thought occurs to us. Why not start in each village a new kind of beating of the bounds? Every year the school children would take their way along footpath after footpath in the parish, headed by their teachers, and at the beginning and end of each path the sturdiest lads would be more or less realistically swished with a ‘That’s for remembrance!’

The Little Rural Industries

We commend the report of the Rural Industries Bureau (6 Bayley Street, London, W.C.1., price 6d.) to the attention of our readers. For eight years the Bureau has been persevering at its stiff task of shepherding village industries which, what with agricultural depression and factory competition, have been going through hard times and suffering heavy casualties. It would be unreasonable to look for mass results in a field of essentially retail effort, but the report does show that by patient and pertinacious teaching many a little industry has been enabled to hold its own and even to strike out into fresh fields. The coaching is given in various ways. There is a useful and practical series of pamphlets which are in steady demand, there is the skilled staff of the Bureau to advise at headquarters, in
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The Two Steeple's 'V' Neck Vest appeals to the modern man. There are no buttons to come off, break, or cut holes in the fabric in the wash. The simple 'V' opening fits perfectly, lies quite flat under the shirt, and is thoroughly comfortable and trouble-free. Ideally neat for wear with cricket or tennis shirt.

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Wellington, Somerset.
of Peace of the County?” Shall I be ‘a permanent resident in the County’ and am I ‘willing to take an active share in the magisterial business?’ I must take stock of my legal experience. I was an assistant to one of the parties in the last case taken in Westminster Hall before the opening of the Law Courts in the Strand. I was present as a spectator and auditor at the Parnell Commission and at the South Africa Committee. I have heard an old-style cross-examination at the Old Bailey (the old stuffy one). At a police court I once bailed out a clergyman (a Duke’s nephew who when drunk had an irresistible passion for Gladstone bags), and afterwards went surety for him at the Sessions—and learnt later that he had dined with the police-court magistrate a week before his arrest, and that the Chairman at the Sessions had once been his churchwarden! My first acquaintance with the administration of justice was made when I was taken by my father to a little market town police court. There, to my childish amazement that such things could be, he was fined 30s. and costs by the rector who had been taking tea at our house the previous afternoon. A vaccination case.

In putting some old stone windows into the old stone walls of my house we discovered, at two places in the centre of the walling, stones which were smoke-stained. They had evidently had a term of previous service in a chimney. No one can doubt, on looking at the stone of which my walls are composed, that old though they are, many of them have been used before. And, it may be—who knows?—used before that! Is it too fantastic to
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suppose that, in some of the old walls in our region, there may be stones or pieces of stone which had a period of service in a local Roman altar?

Among the regrets of a countryman must be that he has not planted more trees. Many of us would plant more if we realised how quickly they grow. Some limes I put in seven years ago are now considerable trees, while chestnuts planted at the same time were this May a mass of nosegays. But nothing is surely more glorious than the crabs 'in variety.' Why does not some enterprising nurseryman make his catalogue different from his rivals’

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In a twelvemonth the number of regular workers (males) on the land in England and Wales alone has decreased 6,211.

Of the men who offered themselves for the Navy and Police, 90 and 95 per cent. respectively were unfit.

by putting in a series of photographs of trees at ten, fifteen and twenty years after planting, with girths and heights?

Two pregnant things have been said during the past quarter, one in the excellent Week-End Review and the other by the Prime Minister. Said Mr. Gerald Barry: 'Apart from all humanitarian considerations, the economic wastage of the slums is a more serious drain than the National Debt.' (One thinks of Macaulay's, 'The Huns and Vandals that will destroy civilization are bred in the slums'). 'We hear war called murder,' remarked Mr
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MacDonald; 'it is not; it is suicide.' (We are finding £600 a minute to pay for the War). It is easy for us in the heart of the country to get into the way of thinking that these truths are not for us but for townspeople. — Solomon Wiseacre

THE COUNTRYMAN'S PROBLEMS

We are always glad to give to subscribers any information this office or our contributors may possess on any subject. With this number of the Countryman we reproduce some answers of general interest.

Stone Wall. — Cumberland. No unmortared wall can be guaranteed against horses if they once begin rubbing against it. Protect by putting in oak posts, say every seven feet, and two feet deep, to wall height, and running along top of posts two strands of barbed wire.

Semi-Rotary Pump. — R. If the work is heavy for one man, get from maker a V-shaped double handle for two men.

Dry-Rot. — F. P. 'Dry Rot in Wood, 1s. 6d'. H.M. Stationery Office.

Pergola. — Suffolk. Use railway sleepers sawn down the middle. Just the right length, nine feet, and, when sawn, are about square. Creosoted throughout as they are, they will last half a century and are of a nice tone. Also cheap, 3s. 6d. each. Not a bad plan to cover top of each upright with zinc or lead. Set uprights on square blocks of concrete (easily made in a box). Let the blocks be of greater area, nine inches, than the posts, and eighteen inches deep. Insert in the concrete, while it is being made, an iron strap, with two holes in it for bolts. Then the post is set on the blocks and two bolts are run through the strap and the post, and all is taut and defiant of weather.

District Council Committees. — Reverend. Certainly a Council may appoint non-members on its committees.

Limping Dog. — S. D. Young terrier limping slightly. Feels no pain when pads are pressed. No question of damp sleeping quarters. Probably small boils between toes. May be almost invisible save in a slight redness.

Elderly Fowls. — L. M. We remember about thirty years ago a hen which was still laying at eighteen years old.

Home Canning. — Wales. Home canning is not done by soldering but by the canning machine's pressure on the side and top of the tin together. A woman can work it.

Waterproof Map. — Mrs. J. Just published by Ordnance Survey. (Any bookseller). Will stand washing with soap and water.
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During the present year £10,000 must be raised to maintain this work, and readers of The Countryman are earnestly asked to help.

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A Horror that Can be Stopped

The Steel-Toothed Trap is an instrument of torture for it is not designed to kill, and its victims suffer a long drawn out agony. Trappers themselves admit that it is a fiendish device, and a blot on civilization; but, though these facts are indisputable, economic reasons are urged for its retention. The Anti-Steel Toothed Trap Committee believe that the use of this trap (and the equally barbarous wire snare) can and must be discontinued, and in the following statement they desire to set forth their view of the problem as it affects the animal most often trapped in this country, viz: the wild rabbit. The Committee advocates the following programme:

(a) Reduction of the numbers of rabbits by humane methods only.
(b) Prohibition by law of the use, sale, manufacture, and importation of traps and snares calculated to cause suffering, and particularly of the gin and common wire snare.
(c) Research with the object of improving known methods and of discovering new methods for the humane destruction of rabbits.
(d) Control of professional trappers by public authorities; enactment and enforcement of exemplary penalties against amateur trappers employing inhumane methods; co-operation by the Ministry of Agriculture in promoting the adoption of humane methods.
(e) Prohibition of the sale of mutilated carcasses.

Cruelty of Existing Methods — Millions of wild rabbits are taken in Great Britain every year, the means most frequently employed being the gin and the wire snare.

The gin comprises a pair of steel jaws, controlled by a powerful spring, which crush the leg of the rabbit, and hold the victim until either it is taken out by the trapper, or killed by a stoat, cat or dog, or dies of thirst, pain and exhaustion. It is not uncommon for dogs or cats to be found in such traps, and in some parts of the country the screams of trapped rabbits are heard throughout the night.

The snare is a running noose made of wire. Its peculiar cruelty lies in the fact that when a rabbit has been strangled to the point of unconsciousness, the noose relaxes and consciousness returns, the process of struggling and strangling being repeated again and again. Also whenever the snare catches a rabbit round the loins, and the string breaks, the animal wanders away with a tight band compressing its abdomen, and dies after weeks of agony only. Being easily made, and hard to find when set, the snare is a favorite device of poachers, and its elimination must always be a difficult matter.

Humaner Methods

(a) The box trap. This is a permanent self-setting trap, capable of taking large numbers of rabbits in a night. It must be positioned in a gap in a fence through which the rabbits become accustomed to pass when the trap door is locked. It is highly successful in suitable country.
(b) **Netting.** This is a skilled art, and amateurs are not very successful with it. Proficient netters are able, however, to take large numbers of rabbits. Mr. Collington (Bridge House, Lesiate, King's Lynn) claims to have invented a system which overcomes some of the difficulties met with by inexperienced netters.

(c) **Guns and dogs.** Accurate shooting is humane, but only a small number of rabbits at a time can be killed by this method, and an incompetent sportsman cause much suffering.

(d) **Spring snares,** adapted to break the rabbit's neck. The best at present on the market is the Lewis, the new model of which weighs eight ounces, costs 2s., and can be obtained from Mr. Lewis, 21 London Street, Basingstoke.

(e) **R.S.P.C.A. knotted snare.** This is an ordinary snare with a knot to prevent the noose from being drawn tight. It holds the rabbit alive without strangling, and is fairly satisfactory. It will not catch very small rabbits, and is inhumane when the noose is made too small (it should be five and a half inches in circumference), when the peg is pulled out of the ground by the rabbit, or when the snare is not visited promptly.

(f) **Quick-killing traps.** The most promising of these are the Aucott, which costs 12. 9d., plus postage, and can be obtained from Mr. R. W. Aucott, 'Densray,' Wellesley Road, Cliftonville, Margate; and one invented by Capt. L. Cookson, 9 Canterbury Road, Oxford. These traps are at present being tested.

**Legal position** — According to law: (a) Traps should be visited once between sunrise and sunset, but this enactment is not enforced. Professional trappers obey it fairly well, but poachers, farmers and other casual trappers do not. (b) Section 6 of the Ground Game Act, 1880, stipulates that 'no person shall for the purpose of killing ground game employ spring traps except in rabbit holes.' This rule increases the difficulty of humane trapping, and is not observed in practice by trappers using other methods. The position needs careful consideration.

The Rabbits Bill 1930, which passed its second reading on March 7, would give power to local authorities to take steps for the keeping down of rabbits and would at the same time preclude them from using steel traps. While it needs some revision in Committee, it clearly constitutes a step in the right direction.

**Control of trappers.** Trapping should be in the hands of men controlled by a responsible authority which would ensure the use of humane methods. It will always be difficult, however, to deal with poachers and other casual trappers. Their case could only be met by the institution of exemplary punishment for the use of inhumane methods of trapping.

**Co-operation of the Ministry of Agriculture.** The Ministry of Agriculture could exert much influence by calling the attention of farmers to the importance of using humane methods of trapping. It could also promote research with the object of developing better methods; it could foster the nearly lost art of netting, and prepare for a system whereby the task of trapping should be undertaken by public rather than by private enterprise.
HOW HOUSEWIVES CAN HELP—By insisting on being supplied with humanely-caught rabbits, housewives can exert a considerable influence. Trapped rabbits usually show marks of the trap on the forelegs, while in the case of snared rabbits the heads are swollen or the eyes bulging. All such rabbits should be refused.

CONCLUSION—While this subject is not free from difficulties, it seems clear that if the use, sale, manufacture and importation of the gin and the common snare were made illegal, humane but effective means would be available for keeping down the numbers of rabbits. Such means might be somewhat less convenient and more expensive than the barbarous methods at present in use, but the community must be prepared to pay that price for conformity to the canons of civilization and decency. If animal lovers are content to wait for the invention of an ideally perfect trap they will continue to achieve nothing for an indefinite period in the future. The aim propounded by the Anti-Steel Toothed Trap Committee is to make the best of such humane methods as are at present available, and that aim is practicable and of urgent importance.

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Competition Answers.—Mrs. Grundy appeared for the first time as a character in 'Speed the Plough.'—2. Trollope.—Melbourne.—4. Low Countries.—5. Nathaniel Hawthorne.—6. Seventeen and ten hands.
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Modern Glasshouses

Embodying distinct advantages in design, construction and equipment, as the result of many years' experience as specialists in this class of work

GARDEN FRAMES in great variety for all purposes. GREENHOUSE BOILERS and all Heating Requirements. Special Catalogue (C) on request. Estimates free

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STAINES ROAD : HOUNSLOW : MIDDLESEX

METAL CRAFTSMEN

Hand wrought gates, grilles, well heads, weather vanes, and interior domestic ironwork.

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Example of our Hand Wrought Work

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the crowning achievement of forty-seven years’ leadership in the making of fine writing instruments

Waterman’s patrician

The “Patrician” is the finest and most beautiful pen produced to-day. Gleaming colours, incomparable craftsmanship, and a writing efficiency which for almost half-a-century has set the standard for the world, make the “Patrician,” of all coloured pens, the most desirable and the most highly prized. Every detail has been studied to produce a pen of outstanding excellence. Forty-seven years’ experience goes into the making of it. Three hundred processes are needed to perfect it. Five exquisite colours: Jet, Turquoise, Onyx, Emerald and Nacre.

Price 42s.
Pencils 21s.
Set (pen and pencil to match) 63s.

Of Stationers, Jewellers and Stores

THE NEW PEN BOOK FREE FROM

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, w.c.2

For Contents, see page 590. List of Advertisers, page 588
Rural Service Association
Scotland, Ltd.

popularly known as the ‘R.S.A.’, is a Society of
Landowners, Land Agents, Farmers, and others
interested in the land. The work is divided into
the following departments:

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Purchase and Supply of Estate Requisites
Sale of Seeds after careful Tests
Manufacture of Agricultural and Horticultural
Preparations
Buildings, Decorations, Electrical Installations,
Central Heating, Water Supply, etc.
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Tennis Courts
Management of Estates and Farms
Sale and Letting of Estates and Farms
Sale of Live Stock, Timber and other Produce
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Employment Register

‘The Countryman’ quarterly and the Price Book and Catalogues form the official
Publications of the R.S.A.

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YOU CAN SAVE INCOME TAX

by paying quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly instalments to the United Kingdom Provident Institution, under whose contracts you secure:

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THIS SAVING OF INCOME TAX makes such Contracts attractive, and secures investments at a good rate of interest

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If you write to the Secretary at 196 STRAND, W.C.2, mentioning your age, an illustration, applicable to your case, will be sent to you at once

Funds: OVER £18,000,000

Chairman: The Right Hon. Walter Runciman
At the gateway to Regent Street—the first street in Europe—Swan & Edgar at Piccadilly Circus is one of London's leading stores. For over a century this great and friendly firm has been famous for clothes and modes of quality and good taste.

Swan & Edgar
Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

London, W.1
'Phone: Regent 1616
Advice to Janet

My dear Janet,

What a tale of woe! Indigestion and the "middle-aged spread!" Well, I can't resist such an appeal, so I'm going to give you a piece of advice for which you'll always thank me. It's simply this. Have a toast rack of Vita-Weat put on the table at every meal instead of ordinary bread or toast. You know the stuff I mean—it's that delightful crispbread of Peek Freans'. Dr. Jones put me on to it, because he said it was free from "unconverted starch." Anyhow, I've found it most digestible, and for the past two years I've felt a "new woman" altogether. Vita-Weat will also solve your other problem at the same time, because although it's very sustaining it's not at all fattening. You're right to want to keep slim, and what I've been telling you is the healthy way to do it . . . .

Vita-Weat
THE BRITISH CRISPBREAD

Cartons at 1/6 and 10d. Packets at 6d. and 2d.

Made by PEEK FREAN Makers of Famous Biscuits
I don't think there was any word in the language, not even Bible words, which my grandmother pronounced with such an air of solemnity as the word "linen." The words "china" and "cut glass" ran it close, but "linen" was undoubtedly the word in which all her sense of the seriousness of living, her sense of household distinction, her deep sense of the importance of property, and her stern love of cleanliness, found most impressive utterance. She could never have smiled when she said "linen." Women in those days seemed to be laying in a stock of linen for the life to come.

—Sir James Barrie

OLD BLEACH LINEN

Old Bleach Linen Co. Ltd., Randalstown, North Ireland
“Did she really say that?” asked Mrs. Rawlins

That was a real compliment! And though I say it as shouldn’t, I did get up your friend’s things nicely. Right pleased I was to help her out, but I’ve got so many regulars that I couldn’t go over there every week. What would the Vicarage do without Mrs. Rawlins? An’ what would Mrs. Rawlins do without Robin Starch? That would be a cata-trophel! Robin mixes so quick, and the gloss in it sends the iron along double quick. No sticking, Mum! Nothing to cramp my style! It’s a real bobby-dazzler of a finish I get with Robin Starch. It’s what you’d call labour saving and it’s Mrs. Rawlins as knows it.”

ROBIN Starch

BECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL & LONDON
TO LOVERS OF RURAL ENGLAND

THE SCAPA SOCIETY for PREVENTION of DISFIGUREMENT in TOWN & COUNTRY
FOUNDED IN 1893 AS THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CHECKING THE ABUSES OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING.

71 ECCLESTON SQUARE,
BELGRAVE ROAD
WESTMINSTER, W. 1

8th July, 1930

DEAR SIRS,

The Scapa Society is most grateful to the proprietors of Shell for their continued and courageous support of the movement for protecting the countryside from disfigurement by advertisements. Your deliberate policy of refraining from using those forms of outdoor advertising to which exception is so widely taken is welcomed by this Society and by all others who care for the beauty of rural England.

For this reason we trust that the public will give your Company its full support so that other national advertisers will see the advantage of following your example.

In our common interest we hope that you will give this letter as much publicity as you can.

Yours faithfully,

[signature]
CHAIRMAN.

[signature]
SECRETARY.

Messrs. Shell-Mex Ltd.
The coupé which will not take more than two persons, except by utilising an outside dickey seat is always at a disadvantage. This Sunbeam coupé provides full seating for four people and, although a coupé in principle, is not so strictly limited in fact. It is modern in every way. All exterior fittings are chromium plated. All lubrication is carried out in one clean and simple daily operation by the central chassis lubrication system. There is a sliding roof, and a large enclosed boot at the back for luggage. And, above all, there is throughout the whole car the Sunbeam standard of production in performance, in comfort and appearance.

The price of this sliding roof model on the 16 h.p. chassis is £695. Other 16 h.p. models include two- and five-seater open touring cars, and Weymann and Coach-built saloons, at prices from £550. We shall be pleased to send you full specifications and to arrange a trial run any time by appointment.

The Sunbeam range includes six-cylinder cars of 16 h.p., 20 h.p. and 25 h.p. Five-seater cars from £550
Dunlop tyres standard

SUNBEAM

See the Sunbeam exhibit at the Motor Show.
Stand No. 83, Olympia, Oct. 16 - 25

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON

London Showrooms: 11 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1
Disfiguring Signs

A CERTAIN amount of rivalry has arisen among petrol firms as to which was the first to initiate the campaign for the removal of disfiguring signs in connection with the movement for the preservation of the natural beauty of the rural landscape.

Mr. P. G. A. Smith, manager of the advertising department of the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., in a recent letter to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, states:

"The proprietors of Pratts Motor Spirit were the first to approach the Scapa Society, as far back as 1923, on the subject of the removal of field signs throughout the country; and all such signs were removed by us at the end of that year, notwithstanding the fact that this represented the forfeiture of some thousands of pounds representing rentals to which we stood committed.

'Ever since that time it has been our firm policy to oppose the erection of signs of any kind calculated to disfigure the landscape, and notwithstanding the activities of competitors we have refused to advertise on railway bridges, despite their many advantages as a means of reaching road users.

'We are entirely opposed in principle to the provision of blatant advertisements for display on dealers' premises when such premises are calculated to affect the amenities of the landscape.

'Like competitive companies, however, we are to a large degree in the hands of garage proprietors, some of whom strongly oppose any suggestion of removing signs now displayed on their property. In this respect, however, we say emphatically that, notwithstanding this company's universal representation at garages, we have substantially fewer and substantially smaller signs than most of our principal competitors.

'It is one thing for companies to express their willingness to remove signs from garages when permitted to do so, and another thing to get such permission, to press for which might result in the loss of an important account, and that would be commercially unsound. We are, however, doing everything possible to achieve the laudable object of your Society, and have instructed our branch managers throughout the country to effect the removal of all signs, disfiguring the landscape, at the earliest possible opportunity.

'Thus, it will be seen that this Company is in sympathy with the highly commendable aim to keep our country beautiful.' - Advt.
Out of the mouths...

"I say, sir, I've just discovered a thundering good tobacco!"
"What's it like?"  "Well, it's cut in funny little circles, which make it amazingly cool to smoke, and the flavour's something to write poems about. And it burns so slow that it really costs less to smoke than ordinary cheap tobaccos. Oh, I haven't told you its name"  "Yes, you have. I smoked Three Nuns before you were weaned, my lad!"

* * *

The rest is silence—and

THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut -- 1s. 2d. an ounce

For FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to Dept. R., Stephen Mitchell & Son, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow. Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
There is a "BLOSS" Stool or Chair
to suit the Countryman's Home. They are
dignified and artistic in appearance, sound in con-
struction and pleasing in price. Write for Free
Illustrated List of many designs

FIRESIDE CHAIRS from 5s. 11d., DINING CHAIRS 7s. 6d.,
ARM CHAIRS 13s. 11d.

Handicraft Workers supplied with Chair and Stool Frames,
also Rush and Seagrass, Coloured or Natural, for Seating

C. BLOSS & SONS Ltd. (Chair) PRINCES RISBOROUGH, Bucks
SAME PRICE
AS PETROL BUT
COSTS LESS PER MILE

NATIONAL
BENZOLE MIXTURE

NATIONAL BENZOLE COMPANY LIMITED, WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1

(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled
by the producers of British Benzole)
In 1687
King James II visited Witney
and was presented with a pair of Blankets with a gold fringe by the Witney 'wavers', of whom Thomas Early was one

EARLY WARM
ALL-WOOL BLANKETS

Look for the label on every pair

From all good Drapers and Furnishers everywhere

CHARLES EARLY & CO. LTD
WITNEY
OXFORDSHIRE
Established 250 years
Wrought Iron Gates, Etc.
BROMSGROVE GUILD LTD.
BROMSGROVE, WORCESTERSHIRE.
THE NAME "LUVISCA" is the busy man's password to the best modern features in shirt and pyjama design. Neither laundering nor constant use can damage the fine smoothness of the fabric.
Autolycus Limited, Vagrant Merchants. — 1

A MONTH ago we were safe from want, secure as the world saw it, salaried, with long holidays and brief hours; Betty with a salary to satisfy any decent need, and a pension before her, I with Cambridge when my years assisting a Scottish Professor were over, and after Cambridge a life of leisure, quiet among books and wise men. Now we are vagrants, encamped without leave on a waste place in dreich Inverness-shire, unincomed, disreputable, with no more possessions than the caravan we live in and the-car-that-was we use to haul our trailer and our merchandise over all the rough roads of the north.

I planned to end my two years’ assistantship and go to Canada. It was really a name for my intention to escape from the work in which I found nothing
but weariness. We married and put Canada a year away. There was the sad necessity of making a living, and the very present knowledge that our training had taught us nothing of any value for food-getting. The idea of selling dishes occurred first. For that we needed a caravan, some movable place to live in. We thought of an old motor bus which cou’d be converted, and would be a van for our goods through the day and a sleeping place by night. The trade papers and a diligent search in all the garages in Aberdeen showed us nothing but the readiness of garage proprietors to sell us ancient hacks at fancy prices and the sulkiness of said proprietors when we innocently revealed how little money we had.

In the midst of our searching I came across a man very eager to sell a 1926 Essex which had had a slight fire in its inside. ‘Engine’s good,’ we were told. ‘Michty,’ he said, ‘I’d get a quid for the back o’ it for a hen coop.’ On Saturday afternoon we went again, to offer thirteen pounds, and pay fourteen if needful, and found the car sold. Garage-man was very friendly, and chatted from underneath a very sad Morris, and at last, giving up hope, waved a spanner in the direction of a nearby shed remarking, ‘Buy that thing. It’d pull a house.’

‘That thing’ was a most disreputable Yankee car, broken as to all the leaves of the front spring save two. However, we had it into the light of day. The battery was working a wireless set in a nearby ice-cream shop, we were told. If we came back they’d have it ready. The horse-power dismayed us. Twenty-five horses, all ready to drink deeply,
all to be paid for at the rate of one pound apiece per annum—it was a thought. But the garageman, skilfully piloting us past the broken spring, dilated on the amazing reliability of the Chalmers, its docility—oh, a paragon. We had her running. She was indeed a revelation. Silent, running smooth with a sound of unlimited power, we bought her for ten pounds on May 21, 1930, thus taking the first definite step on our hawker way.

The bus was now out of the question, so we routed between lectures for a caravan. The man who sold the Essex to the man who sold us the Chalmers came with a story of a real fine caravan to be had reasonably from George White. He said George White in such final tones that I was almost ashamed to ask where I could find this man who was obviously known to everyone save me. George White we found did a most uproarious business in a quiet side street of Old Aberdeen. Amid the peace of old trees, aged houses, and professors he repaired all sorts of traction engines, heavy lorries and threshing mills. There were Fodens and Sentinels packed into that yard like herring in a barrel. I looked aloft for the crane that dropped them into place until I saw a man with arms and hands on him daintily steer in a five-ton lorry.

I asked for George White, and in a moment there were a dozen men leaving their hammering to shout, ‘George! George!’ there’s a man to see you.’

George White appeared quietly from the street, where no one had ever dreamt of looking. He was broad and fair, and spoke in such a winning tone
that in five minutes he knew my business, my offer, had showed me a receipt dated last autumn for the wood used in the caravan, spoken his price, remarked that it had dormycroft roof, said in elderly brother tones that he was born in a caravan and knew what he was doing when he built one. Increasing family made this one too small. Perhaps increasing girth too. Swore the caravan would never leak nor sweat, nor be over hot in summer nor over cold in winter. 'Double-lined with three-ply wood. Wood alone cost forty seven pounds. Lovely little stove—oh a fair winner. Sleep four, light as love, strong as death. You'll put your duffle in the back of the car. Here, take this key and say George White sent you and have a look at it.'

We inspected the caravan. It was lying in a burnt-out shell of a building that was once a granary. Outside the building but inside the yard, was a throng of caravans in which dwelt George White's father and mother and various relations. The caravan, though dirty, looked good to us. It was roomy. Internal measurements thirteen feet by six foot six. It had the noted dormycroft roof and eight windows therein, all opening. There were three windows in the body of the caravan, and one in the door, which opened in two parts, like a barn door or a miller's, a very great advantage, when one wishes to bid a fine morning to the Grampians. The stove was there, lapped in asbestos. There were two lockers, one four feet long by eighteen inches by eighteen inches, the other two feet long and the same dimensions otherwise. There was a cupboard reaching from the floor to the roof, with four shelves.
There was a very fine roomy wardrobe, and a cupboard the top of which served as half the table. The other half-table folded over. The beds were hinged to hang against the wall when not used. They were solid; two of them, each four foot six broad. The colour scheme of our caravan—by this time we had come to think of it as ours—was, outside navy blue with a thin yellow panel; inside was light oak. The wood was most excellent.

While Betty was teaching—we needed money so badly she kept on her job, even though we were married, until the summer holidays—I strolled into George White’s yard. He said, ‘Fifty Pounds and she’s yours,’ and looked reflectively at his waistcoat. ‘Forty,’ said I. ‘Forty-seven and I’ll put a drawbar on your car,’ said he in a distant tone. ‘Put a drawbar on and forty-five,’ said I. Whereupon he swung round like a flash and grabbed my hand after the fashion of an Irishman striking a bargain. A moment’s pause. This was May 27. ‘Thirty Pounds at the end of this month and the rest on June 15,’ I said boldly, although I was in terror he’d say No, and I had not a penny in the world until my salary came in at the end of the month. ‘Bring your car Monday,’ said George White.

On Monday I brought the car, but first I gathered enough money to pay what we agreed on. After paying my month’s digs I had about seventeen pounds. There was nothing for it but to do some pawning. Pawn I did, borrowed trade plates, and drove with great caution—the car being a non-chancy cratur—to the yard. George was waiting
this time, I think really to see the car. He walked round it in a friendly way, looked at the tyres, muttered something about seeing to that, ordered me to be back shortly because he hadn’t much room, and vanished. When I returned from correcting degree papers and watching people sit the silly exams I once thought important, the car had a drawbar fixed. I found afterwards a smith would have charged two pounds for the job. There were two tyres I knew nothing of in the back seat of the car. Three strong men started Corybante, and juggled her on to the road. George appeared like the genie in Aladdin’s time. ‘One of them’s new,’ he said. ‘Thirty bob for them both. Absolute gift. She’d pull a house. Men horses and cars best well shod.’ The tyres would have cost me two pounds apiece. And so George White vanished in some chameleonish fashion against a background of old engines and puddles of oil.

At the end of May, then, I owned a car, a caravan, on which I was fifteen pounds in debt, and a motor bike. Caution would have sold the bike but it was new in January, had hauled me through blizzards, and I did not relish the idea of selling it for twenty pounds less than I paid for it. So I pretended it would be useful and lived on air until the middle of the month when Betty got two months’ salary, and we took my chattels out of pawn, paid for the caravan and the tyres and asked George White if he’d tow the caravan out of the town a bit where we could stay until all the degrees were over, and we could set our hawker’s course north.

George said in his most casual tone that he had
been offered seventy pounds for the caravan after he sold her, and two pounds a week rent by a man desperate for a caravan who had been asked sixty pounds for a thing made of canvas, the size of a pack of patience cards. He said he would move us on Saturday forenoon. That was June 14. I had an exam to invigilate that forenoon, but Betty led him to a place we’d found before, and out of which George White assured us we’d never find our way again. ‘I’ll come, though,’ he added.

The Friday night before we flitted was quite busy. Betty came off a five o’clock train, having taught all day. We bought a mattress, costing us three pounds six shillings, and spent the noble sum of sixteen shillings and seven pence in Woolworth’s on dishes. Pots and pans cost us eight shillings. And thus we were furnished. I stole silently away to waste money on a twenty-five shilling .410 gun and a metal fishing rod which, with line, cartridges and hooks, ran to a couple of pounds.

June 16. - Had insurance man out to inspect caravan. Passed it O.K. Insured (with personal

YOUNG BILL’S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE

5. Green Spectacles to Induce Stock to Eat Burnt-up Grass
belongings) for £250 against fire; premium 18s. a year. Visited china merchants who insisted on treating us as a joke.

June 18.—After rampaging through catalogues of general dealers, came to the conclusion that dishes were fragile and needed knowing. Decided on selling fruit and cheap books. Next problem how to carry them.

June 21.—Came across light trailer. Cost us two pounds ten.

June 30.—Licensed car. Changed her nomenclature. Was hackney and trade car in her day. Private again. Licence £6 17s. 6d. June salary melting.

July 2.—Had friends out to tea. About nine o'clock decided to move. With their help packed, took the trailer to pieces, put body inside caravan and wheels in car. Motor cycle in caravan. Almost upset getting out. Fixed rear light of motor cycle to rear of caravan, with generator attached to door handle. Set out at ten o'clock, of a pleasant warm evening, for Grantown, 110 miles. Small boys waved us vigorous farewells.

(To be continued).

The drawing, on the opposite page, of the kindly Master of one of the most successful rural Poor Law Institutions (with excellent arrangements for casuals), appears appropriately at a time when a Government report has been issued reflecting justly on the management of some casual wards. The sketch is one of a series of country portraits done specially for The Countryman by Mr. Anton van Anrooy, R.I.
THE MASTER OF A RURAL POOR LAW INSTITUTION
How to Tame Wild Birds
by E. W. Hendy, Author of 'The Lure of Bird-Watching,' etc.

The best way to tame birds is to keep a bird-table, or tables. It is unnecessary, so far as the bodily welfare of the birds is concerned, to feed them except in cold weather. But if you supply food for them all the year round they become accustomed to human presence, and, as Lord Grey has pointed out, realize that in a certain area—that is, on and near the bird-table—they are safe.

Tame robins have become proverbial: I have known many; but during the summer of 1930 they mysteriously deserted our board and our garden. It was the chaffinches that were tamest. Whenever the weather allowed we took our meals on a flagged space bounding the south side of our house, and, as we ate, the chaffinches walked round our feet, under the table, and devoured the morsels we gave them; occasionally they perched on the table. Pied wagtails and greenfinches sometimes came with the chaffinches, but they never ventured so near.

It was an interesting experience to look down from above upon a 'wild' bird at a distance of only a foot or two. From this vantage you can see every separate feather on the blue head and russet mantle of a cock chaffinch: you can watch him turning the hemp seed with his tongue as he holds it between his horny mandibles, and hear it crack. You may note, too, that his long middle toe is slightly turned inwards, to get a good grip.
Soon we began to recognise the differences in the individualities of our guests. The most trustful was a cock whose white wingbar was almost obscured by the greyish wing-coverts. He was the father of a family and brought two of his infants with him. It was ridiculous to see these fluffy hunched-up bantlings swinging their heads and bodies from side to side as they squeaked for food, though at the same time they showed that they were perfectly capable of getting their own dinners by picking up crumbs almost at their father's feet, as he fed them. Another cock chaffinch looked very worn with family cares, and was constantly collecting food and flying off with it. He was almost as tame as the first chaffinch, but the others were more wary. All were extremely quarrelsome; in fact they seemed more nervous of each other's presence than of ours. The tamest of the chaffinches were all cocks; hens came too, but they were far shyer. This was unexpected: I think the explanation is that while the hens were incubating the cocks had fed daily and hourly at our bird-tables and had become inured to our proximity.

I never succeeded in inducing any of these chaffinches to feed from my hand, though I have in times past had several robins who would do so. The chaffinches became suspicious as soon as I held my fingers near the level of the flags on which the crumbs were spread, though they took food only a few inches distant from my finger ends. I was surprised to find that the fledging chaffinches showed the same suspicion. Was this wariness a piece of inherited instinct or did they learn discretion from
their father’s example? Such questions may seem trivial, but if we could interpret them correctly they might lead to the elucidation of some of the most secret mysteries of bird-behaviour. The border line between instinct and intelligence in birds and animals is a very tenuous one: it is only by careful observation of individuals that we can ever hope to discriminate; even the smallest incident properly understood may prove to be a clue of infinite importance.

No doubt some fortunate human beings are endowed with a certain magnetism which disarms the suspicions of wild birds. Many of us can remember, in one of the London Parks, the man on whose arms, head and shoulders the sparrows used to perch in numbers. I once knew a lady who could put her hand beneath a sitting robin and feel the warm eggs, and another whom a brown owl allowed to take a similar liberty. These privileges are not vouchsafed to all. But anyone who can remain quiet—and does not keep a cat—can teach wild birds to trust them. And they will thus learn more of their individualities than from any cage-bound captive. A tamed bird in the bush is its natural self.

‘When He Suddenly Met’—

‘POLICE CONSTABLE BROWN, of Barnet’, a daily paper states, ‘was cycling along when he suddenly met’—what do you think?—‘an ostrich’. We offer a prize of a year’s subscription to The Countryman for any experience on a country road capping this.
THE MILL, CRANBROOK, KENT
A study for THE COUNTRYMAN by Winifred Ward
Woman's Song
by Sylvia Townsend Warner

Kind kettle on my hearth
Whisper to avert God's wrath,
Scoured table, pray for me.
Jam and pickle and conserve,
Cloistered summers, named and numbered,
Me from going bad preserve;
Pray for me.

Wring dishclout on the line
Sweeten to those nostrils fine,
Patched apron, pray for me.
Calm linen in the press,
Far-reaped meadows, ranged and fellowed,
Clothe the hour of my distress;
Pray for me.

True water from the tap
Overflow the mind's mishap,
Brown tea-pot, pray for me.
Glass and clome and porcelain,
Earth arisen to flower a kitchen,
Shine away my shade ingrain;
Pray for me.

All things wonted, fleeting, fixed,
Stand me and myself betwixt,
Sister my mortality.
By your transience still renewed,
But more meek than mine and speechless,
In eternity's solitude,
Pray for me.
Oct. 1930

An 18th Century Parson Farmer
The Diary of Benjamin Rogers. - 3*

Jan. 27th. 1731. The Election for Bedford began about 10 in the morning, and ended the 29th about 4 in the afternoon. The Candidates were Sir Jeremy Vanacker Sambrook of Bush-Hill near London, whose Estate is said to be 1200 li. pr Ann., and whose Uncle is Said to have as large an Estate and a great deal of ready money all of which will be Sir Jeremys at his sd Uncle's decease; he is abt 28 years old as I suppose, and a little man. The other was Dr. Tho: Brown of Arsley, by some not tho't to be Qualified, by respect of encumbrances on his Estate. The Election was carried on with great Partiality on the Drs side. After the writs bore date, the Mayor with a majority of the Aldermen agreed to make a great Number of Burgesses and Freemen to strengthen the Party; 84 were said to be Nominated and Voted: but some of them not coming in, the Number of Burgesses and Freemen sworn is said to be betwixt 50 and 60 (six of which sworn Burgesses were Clergymen). A good many of which were sworn during the Election viz. after the Writ bore date. They were made pretty soon to gain time for this base practice. Which adjournment Sir Jeremy always protested against and demanded the poll to be continued. The Whigs also would not allow the Certificate men to poll, 37 of which would have poll'd for Sir Jeremy, and 16 only for Dr. Brown; except those that were sent

* Rector of Carlton, Beds, 1720-1
from one parish to another within the Town of Bedford, which were very few. Also they would not allow men to vote who liv’d in Town-Houses, tho’ they paid full Rent for the Same, most of which (being about 9 or 10) would have poll’d for Sir Jeremy. There were also several Notes, and one Letter under Young Mr. Edward’s Hand (which he is said, indirectly to acknowledge to be his) promising either money or the payment of Debts etc. Some of which were produced in open Court. The Sum of the Poll on both sides was 719. Sir Jeremy having, after all their tricks and foul practices, a majority of 31 according to the check poll and 29 according to the mayor’s poll.

_Feb. the 5th._ Doctor Godfrey prescribed to my daughter Sarah (who is not well yet) gratis, as he said, as followed viz. He order’d an Ounce of Hiera piora to be put in a pint of Mountain Wine (my Wife us’d Mead instead of it) which he said must stand a Week before it be given; two spoon-fulls of which, more or less according to her constitution, must be taken over night and 4 the next morning: the night following a sufficient quantity of Snakeroot and venia Treacle to be taken: these to be repeated alternately till she was well; by this he said he had cured a great many of the same Fever with her’s and so for his Gratis I gave him _Egratias._

_Feb. the 8th._ My journey to Bedford Election contributed very much I think by the blessing of God to the Cure of my fever to whom I give most hearty and unfeigned thanks for the same.

_Seat. the 30th._ Paid Mr. Charles Rey 3s. 5d.
for a Vagrants Tax. The whole tax for this Parish is 1 li. 5s. 6d. Novum.

Oct. the 5th. John Stokes farmer was Buried. A little before he was Buried, the Coroner sat on the Body and a jury being call’d and sent out, brought in a Verdict of Man-slaughter, and charg’d upon Mr. Wm. Goodhall and one Islip of Bramham. It seems about a fortnight before, this Stokes was drinking at the Green dragon at the door, when Mr. Goodhall, his wife, and Islip were going home on Horseback this way. Mr. Goodhall went up to the door to light his pipe, whereupon Stokes (as his manner was) began to abuse him in a most virulent manner calling him Rogue, and his Wife Whore over and over, upon which Mr. Goodhall whip’d him and Islip came up and lighting from his horse kick’d him. I do not hear he struck him with his hands: But Stokes was heard to say, take your foot off you Rogue, Islip. However Stokes was at Bedford next Saturday, being three days after, and seemingly pretty well; but presently after was taken Ill, and died of Mortification.

Nov. the 3rd. My Lord Longueville Earl of Sussex was Buried this Day at Eston where his Seat is. He was 43 Years of Age. He had but a small estate, not exceeding 7 or 800 li. pr ann. He had a place in Court; out of which being put, he betook himself to Drinking, which is the cause as is supposed, of his Death.

Nov. the 24th. My wife was delivered of a son at night; both like to do well. χιπιξ τω Αεω I kissed all the women which I never did before. Bene
Dec. the 17th. My wife being ill, at her desire the Child was not baptis’d till this day by the Name of Samuel at my Mother’s request. Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Whitworth and Mr. Chaderton who offer’d his services standing Surties for it. Note Mr. Chaderton would not go to Church, tho’ a pretty fine day. Papae!

(to be continued)

For Countrymen and Countrywomen. XV

1. In whose hands is most of the land of England? –
2. Which of our classics is described by its author as having been written ‘in a retired thatched house? – 3. What is the nearest point to London at which rice and cotton are grown? –
4. Which two British authors expressed these opposed views: (a) ‘I can enjoy society in a room, but, out of doors, nature is good enough for me’, (b) ‘Let me have a companion of my way’? – 5. Name the Roman writer on agriculture who gave the instruction: ‘On feast days the old ditches should be mended, the public roads worked, briers cut down, the garden dug, the meadow cleaned, the hedges trimmed and the clippings collected and burned, the fishpond cleaned out; on such days, furthermore, the slaves’ rations would be cut down as compared with what is allowed when they are working in the fields in fine weather’. – 6. Who perpetrated

The two divinest things this world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot!

Answers will be found on page 589.

A subscriber mentions that in New Zealand there are now about a hundred Women’s Institutes.
The Feudal Lady
by Elspet Keith

BEAUTIFUL stone house, austere but opulent, alight in the western sun; a broad and perfect lawn, a cloud of pure campanula blue against a high yew hedge, and two women discussing their village.

Lady Amberton (silvery-haired and sixty): They never take out any books from the library unless there is a competition, and I had so longed to get them to read.

Miss Predgar (any age; eager, slight, not a trace of selfishness nor even of ambition except to carry the gospel of good fellowship to other women): Dear Lady Amberton, books don’t matter so much as you think. Things are better in ever so many ways. People are quite different. Every class is different.

Lady Amberton: If they don’t read, how can they ever learn?

Miss Predgar: I don’t know, but they do learn. The feeling is changed somehow, and, do you know, I think the greatest change is often in the mind of the lady of the great house.

Lady Amberton: I thought she died in the eighties.

Miss Predgar: No, she was only re-born then, and the present day specimen is sometimes wonderful.

Lady Amberton: Fussing on committees and giving W.I. teas?

Miss Predgar: No, I am thinking of a woman I know in Sussex. She is a feudal lady with a compassionate modern mind. There was a girl of
unusual beauty in one of her villages. Her name was Rhoda. She was the only child of labouring parents and they adored her. A dreadful thing befell Rhoda while she was still in her teens. It seems to have been that rare tragedy, a really wicked man and an innocent girl. When Rhoda came home her state of mind was suicidal. The parents were stricken. They shuttered part of their cottage and were scarcely to be seen. My friend, who was the only person, except her parents, whom the girl would see, went almost daily to the cottage. She feared for the girl's reason. In a nursing home, Rhoda went through agony of mind and body. She would cling despairingly to my friend, clutching her hand. She longed to die. The young mother could scarcely be persuaded at first to look at her infant. My friend would sit and talk with Rhoda. She would show her gently that a child with such a father needed a loving mother more than any ordinary baby. The poor girl struggled hard to overcome her repulsion, and after a time she mothered her infant. When Rhoda returned home her parents behaved with great kindness. The grass grew and was as green as ever. The gossip died down. The villagers accepted the little boy naturally. Perhaps they had never sensed all the bitterness in a commonplace incident. Rhoda's mistress wanted to have her back again, but the father of the child lived too near, and a place was found for her in another county with an elderly unmarried lady who was touched by her story. Rhoda sent money home regularly and went often to see her boy and her parents. Meanwhile she had stopped writing to her sweetheart, a young
man of the village who had gone out to South Africa some years before. The village had not failed to send him news. Again and again he wrote to Rhoda, but in vain. She tried to forget him. The determined lover then travelled all the way from South Africa to get an answer to his letters. His generous love wiped out the past. He insisted on marrying Rhoda. He willingly adopted the boy, and took the old people as well as Rhoda and the boy back with him to South Africa.

*Lady Amberton:* Men are often very good about that sort of thing, I think. It is a beautiful story, Miss Predgar, and it proves what you said about the lady of the great house; but what else makes it specially modern?

*Miss Predgar:* Three things. First, no one ever dreamt of suggesting that Rhoda should marry the father of her child. Second, each of her mistresses was her friend in a modern sense, and the elderly lady, one of those once despised ‘old maids,’ showed herself to be a woman of tolerance and understanding. Third, the feudal lady behaved with such wisdom and compassion that she not only kept the poor girl sane when her little world seemed to crumble, but made it possible for the infant — perhaps the most important person in the group — to be given a good start and a happy childhood. Could such a story have been told even twenty-five years ago? Would any book in your library inspire such a gospel of humanity and kindness without a taint of class feeling, unless, indeed, it were the Bible?

*Lady Amberton:* I wonder! I don’t like that wicked man being let off.
THE PLOUGHING MATCH

*A study for The Countryman* by E. M. Bacon
Foreign Birds in the Open Air
A Note on Personality, by the Marquess of Tavistock*

It is curious to notice the effect among birds of a dominant personality, or an unlucky association. Some birds are as thoroughly demoralising to one another as some humans. Last year in adjoining aviaries I placed a pair of Sapadoris parrakeets and a pair of Guilding’s amazon parrots. The former were newly wedded and the latter had been happily married for some years. At first all went well and the two male birds were attentive to their mates but after a little while bickerings of increasing seriousness began to occur in both establishments and the two cocks spent all their time on the wire netting nearest to each other shouting coarse jokes and generally behaving in the most vulgar and ridiculous manner. When the amazon finally turned on his mate and bit her severely, I placed the two cocks where they could no longer see each other. The parrakeet quickly reformed, but the parrot remained intractable to the day of his death and was never again to be trusted with his hen.

A rather similar incident occurred when a breeding pair of Pennant’s parrakeets were kept alongside a pair of Queen of Bavaria’s conures. A broad-tailed parrakeet, such as a Pennant, is in many ways by nature a gentleman, but a conure is the essence

* Continuation of an article in July COUNTRYMAN
of vulgarity; noisy, interfering and ridiculous. After a while I let out the conures and the cock Pennant. At first the latter seemed to dislike them and was inclined to attack them, but as time went on it was clear that they exercised a kind of sinister fascination over him. Although they gave him no encouragement he ceased to object to their presence and followed them about, neglecting his own wife until he gave up visiting her aviary altogether. When the hen conure was killed and I was obliged to confine her husband in a different aviary, the Pennant never left him. He sat on the roof all day long and became cheeky and quarrelsome and inclined to attack me if I went near. Finally, to prevent his complete moral degradation, I caught him and returned him to his own mate. Within a week he was a reformed character.

A hen Layard's parrakeet is another dominant personality and a corrupter of her associates. Although friendly with strangers and women she is a little demon both with me and the aviary attendants and attacks our hands furiously if we put them inside the aviary, indulging meanwhile in the most shocking language. As a mate I gave her a plumheaded parrakeet who, when first put in with her, was a very timid bird, dashing to the far end of the aviary when anyone approached. After spending a year with the Layard, however, and listening daily to her vitriolic abuse of her owner, he began to get infected with the same spirit and would swagger up as near as he dared uttering the pretty plumhead warble which was the nearest he could get to her harsh screeches of rage. The
moment, however, he was given a mate of his own kind, all his bumptiousness vanished and he became a normal bird once more. The Layard’s influence is not, however, confined to her mate. In the adjoining aviary is a hen Malabar parrakeet, a timid last year’s baby, nothing like full grown. After a time I began to notice that the Layard would call her up as near as she could get and then spend quite a long time obviously admonishing her. As a result the Malabar has now learned to imitate nearly all the Layard’s cuss-words and when I pass along the front of the aviaries flies up instead of flying away, and eyes me with a boldness which I feel sure will soon give place to downright disrespect.


\[\text{The Country Bus}\]

\textit{by Joyce M. Westrup}

\text{THE} heavy bus
Swayed smoothly down the hill
Into the sun of an Autumn afternoon.
And all the tired eyes of the passengers
Blinked happily. The school children
Whistled together, high and sweet and shrill.
The bus was like a cage of sleepy birds
In a gold mist.
Suddenly the conductor
Knew it was so. A smile
Brightened his long sad face;
‘Blimey!’ he said,
‘You’re like a bloomin’ lot o’ little sparrers.’
A Countryman in Canada and the United States

SASKATCHEWAN.—Here there are plenty of home-steads which deserve the name, well looked after, tidy, some with gardens and some quite luxurious inside. The Dominion Government finds trees and shrubs for farmers. A two or three-section man, owning his land, seems able to make a decent living, doing the work himself with very little outside help. It is remarkable how everybody insists on the greater ease of tractor-farming, now that the combine has come to do away with the hard work of the harvest and the slavery for the wife of feeding the threshing gang. The Prime Minister, Dr. Anderson, who five years ago was a school inspector, tells me he gave instructions that only English pencils were to be used in Government offices. He got a note from the department responsible enclosing a warped pencil, saying, ‘This is why we don’t get English pencils.’ He wrote on the note, ‘I would rather use a bent English pencil than a straight foreign one,’ and sent it back. The Minister for Agriculture was born in a farm-house just outside Gloucester.

REGINA.—Saw the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool buildings. They have a wonderful organization. There is plenty of criticism of the Pool, but I don’t think the majority of farmers will give it up. They feel they have a square deal, and that they did not have it before the Pool came. . . . Is not the future of Canada as much in its minerals as in its agriculture? Air craft are helping the prospector, they tell me. So is wireless making his life easier.

CALGARY.—At home it is not self-evident that the rivers made their valleys. Here it’s plain what the rivers did and are doing. You see the level prairie, and there’s a gash

* Continued from our last issue. The diary records observations made this summer.
October 1930

across it, and in the bottom the river, earth cliffs, sometimes each side, sometimes one side only, where the stream is eating in that direction. And the other side of the gash the prairie goes on, just at the same level.

Alberta.—Saw the Rockies for the first time from the roof of the hotel. Sixty miles or so away, a pinnacled wall of snow. Curious, one’s reactions to scenery. It didn’t thrill me like my first sight of the Missouri. And it’s curious how the men who have lived years on the prairie—I’m telling of the dead flat parts—say it grows on them, till they object to hills and trees. Say they cut off the view! Is it a case of ‘Where the treasure is, there shall the heart be also?’ I suppose our love of hills is a fairly modern thing, perhaps a reaction from town life. Remember how old Cobbett spoke of the Cotswolds—true he rode over them in November... The country is pleasantly wooded and undulating, and the streams remind one almost of Welsh rivers.

Drove over to the Turner oil fields and saw the biggest gush in the world. The whole district is a wonderful sight. There is a fault runs all along the shallow, narrow valley for twenty miles, and along the fault are derricks, and here and there stand-pipes discharging burning gas into the air. A roaring, twisting flame from twenty to fifty feet high. The gas comes from a bed of sand 5,000 feet down. It blows up through the pipe (forced down into the sand or into the porous limestone above it) bringing oil with it. The oil and gas are easily separated, and the gas is allowed to escape and is burnt. They light it by throwing a burning sack over the pipe. It seems an awful waste of power, but to utilize it would mean big capital expenditure, and no one knows how long the supply will hold out. There are towns of wooden shacks—more than one is called Naptha. Clean, new and untidy, but one thing can be fairly said: getting the oil here does not make the same blot on the landscape as coal-mining. Those roaring flames are a sight I’ll never forget.

Victoria, B.C.—We’ve come through the Rockies by
the C.P.R., traversed the Okanagan fruit district from Summerland in B.C. to Yakima in Washington. We came from Yakima to Vancouver, 311 miles in thirty-six minutes down the west side of the Cascade Mountains, double the speed of the train. The roads are being made for speed; the corners are banked a lot and the curves are as wide as possible. From Yakima to Seattle took five-and-a-half hours for the 163 miles, and we stopped forty-five minutes at four intermediate stops. Those were all the stops we made, and I don’t think we passed five pedestrians outside the towns, and there are no villages and few side roads. This makes conditions very different from ours. After Seattle, at the stopping places we pulled off the road into regular bus stations.

The fruit district of Okanagan is a long, narrow valley which runs north and south. The rainfall is from six to ten inches, some of which is snow. The district depends absolutely on irrigation. So does the Yakima fruit district in the extreme south of Washington. Most of the land is rocky and sterile, but wherever there is any soil it is irrigated and trees are planted. Here and there are bigger areas of deep soil – it is a fascinating district geologically. Sometimes the trees grow splendidly; but in some places they don’t and we saw some abandoned orchards, trees dead, without a leaf on them, properly pruned and shapely, dried out for want of water. Irrigation is not the simple matter the beginner thinks it is; it has all sorts of problems, and anyone thinking of starting in the district should get advice from the Dominion Experimental Farm at Summerland, B.C. In places there are communities of growers.

Penticton reminded me of Wales with a touch of the Scottish lochs. The orchards are splendidly kept up. Ninety per cent. of the growers dispose of their fruit through the local co-operative, which grades and packs their fruit and sells it through a co-operative selling organisation, the capital arrangements of which are interesting. Their share
capital is 'revolving'. That is, each year a deduction is made from a grower's returns. This is credited to him as share capital; it is used, less what may be wanted for any extensions, to extinguish shares of a certain age. No interest is paid on this capital. Think it out and you'll see there is no object in paying interest. Consider the implications. Vested interests are done away with; nobody can gradually acquire a purely financial interest in the concern. One can glimpse a new financial system. However that may be, the concerns we saw seemed prosperous and expanding and to command the support and confidence of the growers. They no longer have to tout for members, but have a waiting list. All members must market their stuff through the co-operative. Grading, packing and refrigeration or cold storage are all studied most carefully. They have to be.

At Yakima, at a Chamber of Commerce dinner, heard an address on football by the football coach of Washington University, who gets a bigger salary than its Dean. He was a man of parts, a good speaker and was an extraordinary mixture of pure commercialism and idealism. He treated the game as a business and as a former of character. We also had a demonstration by someone whose business it was to lead the applause at the matches!

I like Canada and her atmosphere. If one remembers her youth and what she has done, there is plenty to admire. I've visited the Universities of the Prairie Provinces and that of British Columbia, and spent many pleasant hours. One lunches at a cafeteria - help yourself on to a tray. Canada knows what she wants and the staffs are in real earnest about their work. A large proportion have travelled a lot. I've yawned with two Premiers and more Cabinet Ministers. They are vital men. There is a much warmer feeling towards England than a year ago.

Very great interest was taken by Canada in the appointment of John Masefield. Every paper I saw had leaders about it, several of them devoting the first, and a long one
at that, to it; and the comments were far ahead in literary feeling to that in the only English paper I've seen.

At the Summerland Experimental Farm, B.C., they say that if you thin out the blossom of an apple tree that ordinarily bears a good crop every other year, that tree will crop every year. They are not sure whether that applies to all varieties that have that lazy habit, or whether it applies outside B.C., but it is an easy thing for anyone to try. Curiously, thinning out the fruit after it has set (which is done in the Okanagan district) does not seem to have the same result.

Nice place this, a good district in which to complete one's existence, and a lot of people are doing that, if little more. Very English, and Victoria is a Garden City. The real thing.

Surveying for the new railway from the Peace River to the Pacific is in progress. By the use of the aeroplane, the man in charge can get to places in a few hours instead of eight days. Flying is making a great difference to life in the North West. So is radio. I am told that outboard motor boats are playing their part too, and I can well believe it, for it's a land of rivers and lakes - land of waters!

Illinois. - A sign outside one town I liked, 'Population, 1,000. Friendly people.' . . . Travelling by bus is pleasanter in the hot weather than by train. The buses average thirty m.p.h., including stops for meals. . . . One Kansas paper has fallen foul of Lord Derby for saying that the chief topic of conversation in the U.S. was Prohibition and how to avoid it. I would agree anyhow that Prohibition was first, and I'd put Baby Austins second! But I'd add the Prince of Wales to the favourite topics. . . . Hurray! I can get the New York Times and English cricket reports again. Baseball is all right; it is the way it is played that 'gets my goat' - the fielding side shouting at the batsman to put him off and the spectators yelling at everybody, including the umpire.
CALIFORNIA.—The most prosperous-looking agriculture we have seen. Orchards of almonds, orchards of walnuts, orchards of prunes, orchards of apricots, orchards of pears and cherries, all beautifully kept. Nearly all the cultivation between the trees done by tractors. Irrigation from wells everywhere in the orchard and market-gardening districts. The market gardening or 'truck farming' as it is called, is done on a big scale; we saw one 900 acre lot of asparagus, all grown to be canned. We went over a factory where they were loading cases for Glasgow and Southampton. Big fields of tomatoes, but the product is not to be compared with ours, and I think this is more or less true of all Californian irrigation-grown stuff; it is often beautiful to look at, but generally lacks the flavour of the more naturally-grown article.

Chiefly I shall remember the Sacramento San Joaquin delta for its wonderful colours. Think of a road straight as a Roman road, raised six feet above the fields; on one side acres of vivid green rice, on the other, ripe barley and wheat just in ear. Two or three herons standing in the rice. To the North, Mt. Shasta — another Fuji; behind, Mt. Diabolo; sixty miles to the East the Sierra Nevadas showed dimly, and on the West there was a jagged line of brown hills with green woods running up them; and a blue sky, flecked all over with those light clouds that never get between you and the sun.

One farm, which had 5,000 acres of rice, had sown it all with an aeroplane, for the second year in succession, the manager said he should always sow in this way. The plane flies low over the flooded fields and the grain is poured through a slot in the floor of the cock-pit; the draught from the propeller spreads it evenly a chain wide. They can do an acre a minute, including stops to fill up. The yield is said to be improved.

We saw 800 acres of pears, apparently ruined by 'pear blight'. They were pruning, and burning the affected
branches in portable furnaces, but the blight was spreading faster than they could deal with it. Mexican labour, used in sugar beet and similar crops, costs about thirty-five cents per hour. The more skilled labour varied somewhat; one figure given was two dollars per day, with board and lodging. I suppose the change in eating habits has helped the truck and fruit farmers; it is certainly marked. There is a great cult of vitamins, and fruit and salads play a bigger part in meals than they do in most of ours.

A friend drove us to the Yosemite valley. We bought peaches by the roadside, and four hours later, ate them with snow round us—except some that were not too ripe, which we fed an hour afterwards to a bear. He wanted more. Wonderful roads are being made through the mountains, beautifully graded. It is curious how many folk here think our English roads are not up to their standard. I fancy it is because so many knew them in 1918 and 1919 only.

Los Angeles.—The lot of an orange grower appears to be a happy one, if one can judge by appearances. Beautifully kept orchards, loaded with fruit, and a steadily rising demand. Prosperous looking all round, including the houses on the plantations. Lemon orchards too. Again the bulk of the working is done with tractors... The national plant of California ought to be the wild oat. It is everywhere—along the railway embankments, occupying every building site in the towns, being made hay of in the country—good hay too—and being used as pasture. Sometimes it's difficult to tell whether the crop is wheat with wild oats or wild oats with wheat! In such cases it is cut for hay. Another product of California is young men in old Fords; I don't think a Ford is ever scrapped out here. We motored to the Mexican border. The road has notices, all directed towards the North, pointing out the dangers and penalties attached to the driving of cars by intoxicated people.

Motored to the Imperial Valley, which is 200 feet below the level of the sea; one of the hottest places on earth, where
It never rains. The road in from San Diego falls from 4,000 odd feet above sea level to 200 feet below in ten of the most desolate miles I know. No soil, no vegetation but an occasional miserable cactus; hills of stones which are red as if they had been burnt; and the air, though the sun had gone down, strikes one like the blast from a furnace. The hotel had cooled air, but I slept naked on the bed. A variation is to sleep in a wet sheet. Here they make hay at night, and here, for the first time, I smelt a field of lucerne. Not the flower, it was not in bloom; just the odour of the plant. There is quite a population in the valley, all engaged in agriculture by means of irrigation. Temperature 100° to 120° in the day time and 90° to 100° at night. In the winter they say it is from 40° to 60°, and very pleasant.

(To be continued)

6. Hens being Drilled to lay the Best Type of Egg

7. Kind-hearted Farmers have Fattening Mirrors for Shorn Sheep
Country House Catering

2. Sweet Herbs, Caraway Seeds and ‘Seedy Cake’
by an Innkeeper’s Daughter

COOKING in the country is much more interesting than it is in town. It is pleasant during the spring and summer to have one’s job in the kitchen and slip down into the vegetable garden for a few minutes to gather a fresh leaf here and a sprig there of the sweet herbs one wants to use; their flavour also is so different from the contents of the bottles and packets of dried leaves and stalks one has to put up with in town. If mistresses did but know it, a herb garden of her very own would attach many a girl to a country place. I have known the experiment tried most successfully, and with great advantage to the meals served. Home-grown and gathered herbs make ordinary food just a little unusual—rare! People like a delicious surprise and are intrigued by a subtle flavour or aroma they can neither name nor place, and the cook gets a reputation for genius, and is flattered. This sort of thing makes her want to know more and do better, and she who haunts the garden for herbs will very soon be asking for books about them and other things. Gardens and books contain the soul of cookery. In the spring and summer a cook is too busy making preserves and pickles and bottling fruit and vegetables to have time to read much, but it is pleasant during the winter months to sit by a bright fire and study about the old herbs and read the stories connected with them. Therefore I recommend everyone to start a herb-patch for the kitchen. The autumn is a good time to begin, because now plants can be divided. Some may even be kept indoors.

There are other flavourings we neglect that are particularly good. Bay-leaf, for example, is a great change in these days from the perpetually used vanilla essence, in caramel custard, stone cream and similar dishes. It will even lend distinction to a cornflour blanc-mange or iced cream dishes.
To let its use die out is a pity. A fresh leaf is necessary and it must be gathered from the real old-fashioned laurel or sweet bay (the *Laurus nobilis* of Linnaeus).

Caraway seeds are another good flavouring, too good to have lost favour in the nineteenth century; actually the poor dears were said to be indigestible! Such a mistake! Archdeacon Nares in his *Glossary*, published in 1822, says 'the seeds being esteemed carminative and stomachic, are still used in confections, cakes, etc,' and quotes the well-known passage from Shakespeare, 'Nay you shall see mine orchard: where in an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own grafting, with a dish of carraways and so forth.' This, he says, has given rise to many disputes and conjectures whether the seeds alone were eaten with the apples or whether they were made into comfits. He clears up the discussion by quoting from the *Haven of Health* (1584), in which the author Thomas Cogan, after stating the virtues of caraway seeds and some of their uses, adds, 'For the same purpose careway seeds are used to be made into comfits, and to be eaten with apples.'

At that time, in the days of Elizabeth, a country festival was held at the end of wheat-sowing in October, known as 'The Seed-Cake,' when Tusser tells us this delicacy was an important feature of the entertainment provided by the farmer:

> Wife sometime this week if the weather hold clear,  
> An end of wheat-sowing, we make for this year.  
> Remember thou therefore, though I do it not,  
> The seed-cake, the pasties, and furmenty pot.

Even as late as a hundred years ago it was the custom in country places in the Midlands for the farmers' wives to send presents of home-made seed cakes to their friends. I wonder if anyone does this to-day - anywhere? I should like to know, also, if it had any connection of any kind with the giving of soul-cakes? These I fancy go back to pagan days and came from the East; but it would take a learned man or
woman to clear up this interesting bit of kitchen or still-room history. I have a number of notes but no time nor the necessary learning to make them hang together. My business is to cook the cakes, their history is my recreation.

Personally I think the ‘Seedy-Cake,’ made on baking days with some of the bread dough better than those made with baking-powder. The following is a recipe we like because it is a good ‘cut-and-come-again’ loaf that keeps moist to the end. Ingredients: 2 lbs. bread dough, 1 lb. flour, ½ lb. lard, and 6 oz. butter (margarine can be used), 4 oz. minced mixed peel, 2 lbs. moist sugar, one large nutmeg, 3 oz. caraway seeds (or if there is an objection to seeds, caraway essence for flavouring can be bought from the chemist). Knead all the ingredients into the dough, adding the flour gradually until it is all worked in and the mixture does not stick to the hands. It will take about two hours to bake in a very moderate oven. Another family recipe which is excellent is made differently. Take ½ lb. butter whipped to a cream then add ¼ lb. sifted sugar and the yolks of four eggs, put in separately, and each well mixed before adding another; 1 oz. citron in small pieces, ½ oz. of caraway seeds, ½ lb. flour well dried; then whisk the whites of 4 eggs very well and add just before putting in the oven. Bake it one hour and a half in a moderate oven. Anyone trying this must remember that preserved eggs won’t answer; those two days old are best.

**The Original of ‘William.’**—With reference to the statement about the waiter William in ‘You Never Can Tell,’ I am one of the few surviving original members of the National Liberal Club. So far as I can remember, Joseph Arch’s son was never head waiter there. At a dinner given to Arch at the Club about thirty years ago I sat next to one of his sons, who was at that time door porter at the Portland Hotel. —*E. Howard.*
ON the Loch landing-stage, as I brought the two-seater to a stop, there was only a weather-worn sea-faring man. I beckoned and he came towards me. 'Is this where the ferry leaves?' I asked. 'Aye,' he answered. 'What time does it leave?' 'There's nay anither till the morn.' I groaned, and my wife, hidden in her furs beside me, groaned also. 'Na, nae anither,' he sighed.

Missing the ferry, I knew, would mean another two hours on the road. We had come far and it was a cheerless September evening. To add to our depression, the man volunteered that it was 'a lang wey roond an' verra akward'; it was, 'straight eneuch till ye get to Auldrobin and then ye'd best spier again.'

Before we were half way to Auldrobin it began to rain in a generous Highland fashion. Auldrobin, when we got there, seemed asleep. After several attempts to find the best part of our way we were told by an aged inhabitant that 'ae wey's gude's anither, but the low road's aye the best.' It took half an hour to discover that what we took to be the low road ended in a field.

I shall not enumerate all the wrong roads we took, all the wrong directions we followed, or recite what I said to my wife and what she said to me. The breaking point was almost reached when the 'near front' burst. It had had enough. So had I. While I was tightening the last nut on the spare wheel, we heard voices. Soon, four men, who had been looking upon the whiskey until there was no more left to look upon, staggered into the light made by our head-lights.

To these merry fellows our plight was a joke, and they attempted to play 'Ring a Ring o' Roses' round the car. I was cold, hungry, thirsty, dirty and wet. The more I fumed and spluttered, the more the men laughed.
At last the most sober of the quartette silenced his fellows, and after listening to my story with a beatific smile upon his face said, 'Awa' wi ye tae Muchtorbie. There, under the lamp, ye'll see a signboard that'll put ye richt.'

Muchtorbie, I found, was perched on the summit of a steep hill, and I overshot the lamp with hanging sign, before I realised that we had arrived. I backed down the hill to read the sign, and, after some manœuvring managed to make my head-lights illuminate it. Eagerly my wife and I climbed out of the car and hurried forward to it. When close enough to read the lettering we stopped, breathed heavily, and looked at each other, for all that appeared upon the sign was 'DO NOT SPIT'. 'As if a Scotchman would waste anything,' said my wife. 'As if a Scotchman had no sense of humour,' said I.

Gladys, Chimney Sweep

It began during the War, when her brothers were called up and her father broke his leg. For fifteen miles there was no chimney sweep and it was the spring-cleaning season. There really was nothing else to be done, Gladys must help. She began by going to one or two houses quite near her home, and the thing becoming known, she was pestered by the housewives to come to them. She found she could sling the brushes and the sack for the soot on her bicycle, or over her shoulders, as the men did, and that, although she might be less expert than her father, every job she went to she did better. So she made up her mind to continue, especially as her father's leg did not set well, and gave him constant trouble. And one of the brothers did not come back, and the other married a girl in a distant town and started work there. She now has her printed postcards to send making appointments, and her motor bicycle.—E.W.
Three Farmers

I. A Farmer who Bought a £1,350 Car

The sad plight of many East Anglian farmers is well known. The writer of the following article farmed in East Anglia, but he did remarkably well. He retired in the fourth year of the War with a considerable sum well on in five figures. His statement is supported by the address of his accountant, by an offer to show securities and by our knowledge of the respect in which he is held in his county. He is now seventy-five. It is to be borne in mind in reading the statement (and the statements of two other farmers which follow) that many things have happened since the fourth year of the War.

My father had nothing to start with beyond high principle, love of study, and willingness to work hard. In 1846 he hired a farm of forty-six acres in East Anglia and started with £200 borrowed capital. In 1876, after giving me a good education, he took me into partnership, at the age of twenty-one, at which time he owned 165 acres. He had purchased the original forty-six acres and the remaining 119 on mortgage. We then took in surrounding land, where our neighbouring farmers one after another had failed and given up their farms in a wet, foul and exhausted condition.

Eventually, after my father retired from active farming, I was farming 1,500 acres and had crops up to sixty-four bushels wheat per acre, eighty bushels barley and 112 bushels oats, on farms which, when they were given up, were growing about fifteen bushels wheat, sixteen bushels barley and thirty-two bushels oats, and, in some instances, not much more than the seed sown. We more than quadrupled the wages bill, bought steam ploughs and cultivating

*Like the farmers whose successes were described in ‘From Civil Servant to Farmer’ (Jan., 1929) and ‘A Farmer who is Farming with Ford’, this farmer is a subscriber to The Countryman.
tackle, a mole-draining plough, and up-to-date efficient drills, disc harrows and other implements and machinery. We had a railway siding made into our principal farm premises so that we had coal, manures, cakes, feeding stuffs, etc., brought, and our own produce sent by rail, thus keeping our horses at home busy on the ploughs instead of carting on the roads. I only remember discharging two men during the half century I was connected with farming. We used to dig about to find sand, gravel and stone which we raised at slack times to sell to the Council for roads. I bought concrete-block-making machines for making blocks for building cottages, farm premises, etc. I also purchased a thatch-making machine for making thatch in winter for covering stacks quickly in summer, a fence-making machine for making sheep fencing from hedgerow stuff, etc., thus finding sufficient winter work to keep the whole summer staff employed. I generated electric current at two of our principal farms for lighting up the barns and premises and for running electric motors for winnowing, threshing seeds, elevating, etc., thus taking off the most laborious work from the men and giving them an interesting job tending the machines. We covered all our stock yards, thereby conserving the bodily heat of the animals and lessening the quantity of food needed, and preventing the most valuable constituents of the manure from being washed away.

We went in for early maturity with our live stock, turning out cattle weighing eighty stone at eighteen months and one hundred stone at two years; jointers and bacon hogs on the same principle, selling direct to the butchers by weight, and for years the price of our beef was 2d. per stone above the top market price, as our beef was beautifully marbled and ate like marrow. We endeavoured not to lose the first fat of the calf. Thus the animal was always putting the fat among the lean instead of loading it quickly in lumps as is done by rapidly fatting lean stores. The meat is worth much more than the difference, and, thus fed, costs less.
I went to the bacon curers to find out the style of pig they required and used to send them truck loads of bacon hogs direct. We had carts made for conveying cattle and pigs from place to place instead of walking them on the gritty roads with their soft feet, thereby entailing great suffering and loss of weight. We had movable breeding pens made for our sows, placing these out in the fields where the young could run out in the grass, white clover and lucerne, saving much expense in feeding and adding greatly to the fertility of the land without cost of carting manure, while giving the animals the most healthy life possible.

I always tried to spread the harvest over several months by having early and late crops—winter oats, winter barley, rye, early peas, for both podding and seed, to begin with, and other crops, such as red clover seed, as late as possible, and used extra phosphate to bring some fields on early, and extra nitrogen to make others late, so that work could be steadily taken as the crops came on. Seasons vary so greatly that for successful farming it is essential to spread risks as much as possible. No man can farm against seasons. One other thing I did which helped immensely; I had large covered barns built at four of our chief farms—two our own and two hired, in which case I paid interest on outlay—so that the threshing tackle could be under cover and threshing be carried on from either side in any weather. A straw-baling press received the straw as it fell from the threshing machine and so kept all clear, instead of the place being quickly choked up as it would be with an elevator.

I gave some time to the study of agricultural chemistry, analysing the soil as far as I could and frequently sending samples away for analysis to find out what was lacking. I was frequently puzzled at poor results until the chemist put me right. The cropping I adopted was five course (1) barley (sowing down with clover, rye grass, etc., where required), (2) clovers, rye grass, etc., (3) peas or beans, (4) wheat, (5) roots, fallow, etc., sometimes putting oats at
or occasionally having them as a second white crop. I did well sometimes with spring Manitoba wheat, 'Marquis,' growing up to six quarters per acre, sown May 1.

I had a map of the farms printed, always carrying one in my pocket to note down where drains were, or where required, and for noting anything when going round the farms that occurred to me, such as fitness of certain fields for certain crops and the many fugitive things that come to one's mind and then vanish. I found these maps of the greatest service and always completed one each year showing the year's cropping. They helped to show the reasons for certain results that otherwise would have remained unexplained.

Reverting to cropping, farmers when breaking up grass land frequently sow down to oats as the first crop. This, I noticed, seldom gave best results and often the crop was spoiled by wireworm. I used to plough the clover and grass leys in wet weather when land was too wet to carry the horses elsewhere, thus giving useful grazing run for stock right up to the last minute. To plough red clover leys in September for wheat one has to sacrifice valuable grazing run, and, the land being hard then, I found this most costly in wearing out ploughshares quickly. By ploughing in wet winter time it was often done when the land would not carry the horses elsewhere and they would have been practically idle. I turned the grass or clover in on the flat with one-way ploughs, putting the herbage in deeply to the bottom with a cup disc coulter of my own invention. The turned furrow resting lightly on the turned in herbage allowed the water to drain away and the frost to get in to pulverize it. I never failed to get an excellent seed-bed for peas or beans in the spring. I used to put them in with a fertilizer disc drill about the first week in April. Peas after clover or grass were always the cleanest crop, since the clover or grass having been cut two or three times the previous year, thistles and many other weeds were absent. After the peas were off, a heavy double disc harrow behind a tractor made a perfect seed bed for
wheat, thus reducing the cultivating cost for this best of all crops to a minimum. The one ploughing for peas was done at a leisure time and the next break up by disc harrow at about one fourth the cost of ploughing. The wheat thus following a double leguminous crop (clover and peas) had the land well stored with nitrogen and produced a bumper crop. I drilled the wheat with a fertilizer disc steerable drill and at the same time sowed the phosphates, potash or lime in the form of lime-phosphate as might be required. I do not know how to grow heavier wheat crops or how to grow wheat at less expense.

My 'ten commandments' in farming were: (1) Keep all ditches and watercourses clear. (2) Drain where necessary. (3) Keep land clean. (4) Keep it efficiently cultivated. (5) Keep it sweet by applying lime when needed. (6) Keep it stored with phosphate and potash. (7) Keep it well supplied with humus, by green manuring if necessary, when short of straw manure. (8) Grow leguminous crops for nitrogen. (9) Drill fertilizers inimical to wireworms in rows with the grain using fertilizer drill. (10) Adopt five course rotation with wheat after two leguminous crops.

I took my valuation in the spring when most of the produce had been threshed and sold.

In the above account there appears to be a deal of 'I'. But I should say that the farm workers who toiled with me were all interested in the work and worked with me, and were as proud of the crops as their employer. The men had good homes with large gardens, indeed cottage-designing and building has been one of my hobbies. As I required to import more men into the neighbourhood, I built them cottages, twenty-nine on my own land and fourteen on farms rented. I paid 5 per cent. on the cost.

I used a good deal of high grade basic slag and liked to put it on three years ahead of the crop for which I required it. Thus I would put it on for the root crop to be ready for the clovers, the second crop after roots, as I found it does
not go to work immediately, requires to get well mixed up in the soil and does not get washed out.

Last year I carried out some experiments in transplanting corn two months after sowing, transplanting single plants twelve inches apart all ways and grew thus thirty-nine ears from a single grain planted out April 1. This plan should be right for a small-holder who could thus sow his wheat in a small seed bed in September and at his convenience, plant his land by hand in October, November, December, January, February or March. It would all come about together in harvest and he need not hire drills for which he would have to wait too late to get best results.

I would not advise any farmer to take more land than he can canter round before breakfast (as I used to) and attend to carefully. If prosperous he had better invest surplus in Consols, etc., and forget it!

I gave up business in 1918 because I wanted to spend a few years travelling with my wife, and I had an illness come on which prevented me from carrying on my special work of selecting and bringing out new varieties. Also I was sixty-three and had a competence and there were several things I cared about more than accumulating more money. Further I was glad to let a relative who had been with me many years have my business and make his fortune.

If I had carried on under the present changed conditions I should have tried to produce as heavy crops as possible of finest quality so as to command best prices. As farmers are handicapped in marketing I would have tried to secure an interest in a breakfast food and an oat-meal firm, etc., so as to sell my produce direct, just as I did in buying shares in bacon factories, dairy companies, and a sugar factory. I expect I should have gone in for a caterpillar tractor and used more machinery so that fewer men at better wages could have coped with the work. But there are present difficulties which I did not have to contend with so it is difficult and hardly fair to others to say what should
be done. Of course I might have thrown up the sponge, although I did not feel like it. The worst year I had was when I lost £2,000 from a bad season.

I have never regretted giving up; I gave £1,350 for a beautiful car and drove my wife to Wales, the Lakes, Scotland, Land’s End and all about the South, West and East coasts and we had our happiest time together – far more enjoyment than a few extra thousands would have given. I think men in successful businesses wear the harness too long; instead of making the best of their lives, they accumulate a burden of wealth and responsibility which spoils them unless they are exceptionally fine men and can keep on unloading their wealth as it accumulates, by aiding causes beneficent to the nation as I know some do. There is much in life worth more than money as soon as one has sufficient.

I have had the privilege of giving several thousand pounds away and hope to clear off a great deal more, instead of leaving it for a scramble at our death. A man who was a pupil of mine about thirty years ago carried on, on my lines and has prospered, I believe, more than I did. He has magnificent crops. There is another splendid farmer near, his crops are treble his neighbours (on the same sort of land). He farms on similar lines. He showed me his balance sheet

**YOUNG BILL’S GUIDE TO RURAL LIFE**

8. Ministry of Agriculture says Meat must be Hung for three days before Marketing
made out by chartered accountants, and it disclosed equal prosperity to my own. With all my own steam tackle, etc., I could get my big fields cropped for about 10s. per acre. Farmers could do it now, and some do, where they will take the trouble to learn and are willing to apply themselves earnestly to their business as a successful man in town has to do.

2. A Farmer who has Failed

Last year we took the opportunity to visit in the West Midlands, a tenant farmer, a subscriber to The Countryman, whom we knew to be a man of exceptional intelligence, wide outlook, ceaseless industry and frugal life. We liked the look of his farm, and were sorry to hear that, in spite of all his efforts, he was not doing well. Instead of the diary, carefully kept from 1919, which he promised to send us, we received at the beginning of August a letter from which the following is an extract.

You shall have that history. Such ugly things as contagious abortion, bad lambing seasons, bad harvest weather, falling prices and interviews with bank managers about realizing further and yet further investments will be recorded, but somewhat dimmed by the passing of time; while the pleasant sides of farming will have become more vivid in recollection. From these remarks you will see that I am contemplating a big change in my life and that at the age of forty-three. My reason is that I see not the slightest hope for an educated man making a decent living out of farming in England for the next ten years. There will still be 'a living' to be made out of farming by family farmers or men who simply have to put up with a bare existence because they are either not mentally equipped to do anything else or because they have no opportunity of changing their occupation. All others will flee from farming as and when opportunity arises.
I felt somewhat grim and not kindly inclined towards some of my fellow-citizens and legislators when this summer, for the last time, I built my hay ricks, a job I like to reserve for myself if possible. Again I feel unkindly when going the rounds with the shepherd. In many of the ewes both he and I can trace with interest features of their dams or grand dams, and sires or grand sires, all bred on the farm. As my pedigree flock is the main feature of my farming I feel uneasy when the shepherd, as yet unsuspecting, speaks of next year's lambing, and of future work and future hopes. All the work, all the enthusiasm of eleven long years have gone to waste. Yet such it must be, if I am no longer going to be satisfied to remain the unpaid slave and worker for our selfish industrial population. And I refuse to be their slave any longer and work in the same food-producing gang as the Rumanian or French peasant, or even the hard-worked but ill-paid small-holder of Denmark or Holland, or any of that long list of agricultural serfs who supply the markets of our English towns. Having the opportunity to do so, I have made up my mind to leave the slave-gang and join the richer table and easier conditions of their masters, whereby I mean the non-agricultural class.

I have given up hope of help from politicians. Not until compelled by sheer force of a rapidly diminishing national credit will our town-bred legislator think of British land as a valuable source of national wealth. And how long our unseen riches or our so-called invisible exports will be able to gap the bridge between imports and exports I cannot foretell, but I believe it will be longer than I care to wait.

Also I notice that both the Conservative and the Labour parties are more and more inclined to foster small holdings, and I feel the educated farmer is not wanted. Having regard to the will of the people, that we must have cheap food, bought at a lower cost than it can be produced by a well-paid farmer employing well-paid men, I think they are right and that small-holdings and family farms are the only
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solution. I say so with regret, even repugnance, because, knowing the conditions of many of our small-holders here and of the peasant class in several European countries, I am of opinion that small-holdings are anti-social from nearly every point of view. No Government can regulate the standard of living, the hours of labour or the employment of women and children among small-holders.

It is here that I cross swords with the author of *My Seven Years' Farming* in his rejoinder on page 263 of the last issue of *The Countryman*. And yet I notice he holds much the same view of an ideal Rural England as I do. But having regard to that imperative command of our electoral majority, that food must be provided under cost of production, the family farmer is the only solution. What other farmer would be allowed to employ children of all ages, at all hours, or a married woman for twelve to fourteen hours but the small peasant farmer? What other agricultural workman would be permitted to work twelve to sixteen hours a day, with no half-day holidays, not excluding Sunday, but the small peasant farmer? And hence he alone can produce food at a price to compete successfully with produce grown in Tunisia and Algeria, Persia and Russia, Rumania and Poland, or South America and South Africa with their cheap native labour. 'We must seek conditions from the Dane and the Hollander,' your correspondent writes. Let me tell him that my shepherd and my waggoner would refuse to live as the small Danish or Dutch farmers do. They rightly want their half-day a week and would not think of working in the fields on Sundays. The Danish, the Dutch, the French and the German peasants do so without grumbling. Also the breakfast, the dinner, the tea or the supper table of the Continental peasant would very soon cause my workmen to keep an eye open for a job in town. As regards South America, which he mentions, we cannot compare our labour conditions with theirs, as I know from a friend who owns a large estancia in the Argentine. He also men-
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Who does not envy the swallows when they fly from our grey skies into the warm sunshine of the southern seas? What could be more delightful than a holiday in these same seas, soft breezes stirring the palms over cities of ancient renown, fanning white beaches from Africa's shores to Italy's ramparts and blowing our cares away?

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tions Canada and Australia, but I think he will agree with me that since the grain and wool slump every man who has the chance is fleeing from farming in those two countries. The trouble there, as everywhere, is that there are fewer chances of finding occupation in towns. Wherever there is a ghost of a chance they disappear from the country and help to swell the populations of Sydney and Winnipeg.

Either by tariffs or import boards we could drive our own products to such a level as to make rural England prosperous. But it is useless to live in a fool's paradise and expect such a thing to happen in the near future; hence I have made up my mind to quit farming, which I am luckily able to do. And now that I have made up my mind I already feel quite a sense of relief. Last year having had bumper crops of clover and hay, and having cashed what I could spare, I actually made a profit of about 5 per cent. on the capital. But 5 per cent. on capital, and no remuneration as manager and worker, and remembering the heavy losses of the last five years and the probability, aye certainty, of losses this year, these are slave conditions to which I shall not submit. Apart from the produce of this farm in the agricultural line, I do quite a good export trade with pedigree stock to the continent of Europe. None the less I shall give it all up without regret.

3. A Farmer who 'Intends to Counteract the Depression'

FROM another East Anglian farmer who describes himself as 'a reader of The Countryman from the first number', we received in August the following account of 'the steps I intend to take to counteract the agricultural depression'. He says he has 'never written for publication before'.

FOR six years I hired a 500 acre heavy clay corn-growing farm and every year I lost money. But each year I hoped that next year prices would improve and that 'the Govern-
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ment would be bound to do something to help agriculture soon.’ However nothing occurred to help the situation and I was left with no alternative but to get out of the farm and make a new start. During the last two years there I had begun to take an interest in poultry and found these paid so well that I decided that I would concentrate on poultry. The question then arose, should I go in for poultry alone or take a small farm and make poultry my main line? I decided on the second course as I was a farmer born and did not want to get out of farming entirely, and also because the general farmer had such large advantages over the poultry farmer, that it would be uneconomic to throw these away.

As I had made such a failure of my first farm I decided that at least I would learn from my mistakes.

My mistakes were:

1. Owing to loss of capital, I had been compelled to farm low so that, although cultivating expenses were high, the return was low. Resolved: To take a small farm for which I had ample capital, which would enable me to farm it well and so obtain a good return. And to remember that it is cheaper to pay the bank interest than the merchants, and that one can often pick up bargains for cash which are not available on credit terms.

2. Most of my capital was locked up in corn and was only cashable after harvest. Consequently for months I was short and had to let bills accumulate. In order to pay them I had to thresh immediately after harvest regardless of the state of the market. Resolved: To concentrate on products which would give a quick return on capital and would bring in an even flow of cash all the year round.

3. The only form of power kept was horses, with the consequent high costs of cultivation. Resolved: Only to keep enough horses for drilling and carting and to do all the remaining work by tractor.

4. Kept too many labourers and did too much hand work. Resolved: To keep only a few skilled men and let machinery
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do the work. And, as far as possible, only do work which machinery can manage.

5. Had a large acreage of long fallows with the consequence that I did not get any return from this land until the end of the second year. Resolved: To have no long fallows but drill the foul fields with tares or clovers and get a crop from it. Then break it up with a tractor, pull it about and clean it.

6. I grew roots although I had no sheep. Resolved: That the hand labour connected with roots makes them far too expensive. I cannot afford to grow water at the price of champagne! I can manage without them perfectly well.

7. I relied chiefly on farmyard manure for fertilising the farm. This has to be moved many times by hand labour. Every time it loses a large proportion of nitrogen, so that by the time it is safely ploughed in it has become very expensive. Resolved: To rely chiefly on artificial manures which are very little above pre-War prices and cost very little to sow. Only to keep stock which pay in themselves and not buy stock just to make muck. To have all yards covered and dry so that all the muck made will be good and none of it wasted by being washed away. This will also enable me to save the huge waste of labour, time and straw which is incurred by continually carting straw into wet yards.

8. I grew far more corn than my stock could eat and so was compelled to sell. Resolved: To grow enough corn for my stock to eat and no more so that I need only sell if I wish.

In a recent issue Mr. Frank Gray, ex-M.P. for Oxford, described his successful experiment with young tramps whom he had taken into his own house, and, after a period of training, sent out to situations. He tells me that one youth whom he picked up from the road soon after won a scholarship.—S.
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How to Store Fruit Successfully
by E. A. Bunyard

Of the various pests which reduce our fruit crops the average fruit store occupies the third, or perhaps fourth, place. We pride ourselves in these days upon our appeal to experiment and not to authority, and yet for a hundred years or so we have copied from some authority a counsel to store our apples and pears in a 'dry airy place'. Year after year we saw our apples gradually shrivelling to mummies but no one dared to question magistral authority of a phrase so oft repeated. The secret of keeping apples and pears is to keep the juice in the fruit, and this will only be possible in a moist atmosphere, or by enclosing the fruit in some way so that it is protected from the drier air. All this was known to the Romans who kept pears in jars covered with chaff and sealed up with wax, and this is still a good method. Place the fruit in a tin or crock and cover with clean sand and you may easily keep your Cox's till May. If the sand is not quite clean a slight earthy taste will be conveyed to the fruit. Perhaps the best method of enclosure is to wrap each fruit in grease-proof paper and put in a box which can then be stored in any cool room, cellar or out-house. For large quantities we must provide the right atmosphere in the store and there is nothing better than a cellar for this purpose. The even temperature and slight dampness is ideal and cooking apples such as Bramley's and desserts such as Sturmer Pippin can be kept unshriveled by anyone in such a store until May. Ventilation should be very slight; in my own cellar store two small windows, two feet by two at the top, each covered by perforated zinc give all the air necessary beyond general ventilation which comes say twice a week by opening the door when looking over the fruit. If water runs down the walls and collects in pools on the earth floor no harm is done, possibly some good, and any very dry cellar should have a pail of water always in it. Failing a cellar any
The fourth book is not a book; it is a sham. But it is not a mere sham. It is bound like a book because, although folks are not ashamed to put by a few coins now and then for their children, or themselves, they don't care to let a tin money-box be seen lying about. So this box can go comfortably amongst other books on the shelf; and it will easily slip into a pocket whenever you want it emptied at the Bank. The Westminster Bank does not reserve these as a privilege for its regular customers only; it issues them without formalities at any of its branch counters.
room or thatched shed will do provided the air is kept moist and ventilation reduced to a minimum. If the store has been used for fruit the previous year shelves should be washed down, and, when dry, a sulphur candle should be burned to kill any fungus spores. Place the fruit on clean paper, straw goes musty in the damp, and hay is anathema. Store only clean unspotted fruit. Anything with scab upon it is not only a waste of time to handle but a danger to all healthy specimens. If sound well-ripened fruit (this is most important) is put away in such conditions it will be in use to the utmost limit of its season. Emergency stores are sometimes needed when a heavy crop has to be handled, and clamping as used for potatoes is quite effective and I have seen large piles of fruit kept between hurdles in the orchard well covered with straw opened up in January in good condition. Potato trays may be piled outdoors and covered with a roof of galvanized iron until the frosts come with no harm to the fruit. In moments of extreme pressure I have stored fruit in a wine cellar and vice versa with no detriment to either product.

Number 6, The Pheasantry, Chelsea, was a pheasantry! About 1706 it was Box Farm and pheasants' eggs used to be hatched out under hens, for various estates.

A man was commiserating with a young shepherd on the loneliness of his life, and suggested that a portable wireless would do something for him. But the shepherd stretched out his hand to the vast extent of rolling down, and exclaimed, 'Ah, mister, before I can come by one of them, I shall 'ave got used to all this 'ere.'

'A parent of a pupil who had received at the end of the term an unsatisfactory report of his boy's work,' writes a devoted secondary school master to us, 'came to see me and explained how he had cautioned the lad against lack of application. 'I told him,' he said, 'that if he did not get a better report next term, there was nothing for him but the land.' Under this dire threat my pupil's work improved.'
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The Advantage of being in Debt
by A Danish Farmer

I am a Danish farmer, and I own a farm of about two hundred acres in Jutland. On most farms we have the same number of labourers summer and winter alike, as you have. We have also to pay the same taxes, and our ‘debt’ demands its interest in the winter too.

When I have spoken to English farmers about my ‘debt’ they look at me without comprehension. ‘Do you mean to tell me,’ I ask, ‘that you do not know what debt is?’ I dare say that no Danish farmer lives so long that he gets rid of it. When he buys the farm, he buys the debt too. We pay our rent to the credit-associations, which are intermediary between us and the capitalists who put their money, as loans, into the farms, and receive a bond of security on all farms which are members of the credit-association. This system has, I expect, often been mentioned in the English farming papers with relation to reforms in English land policy.

Is it agreeable? Well, I think all of us would like to own our farms without any debts at all; but when a man has not the amount of capital necessary to buy a farm I think this is the most comfortable way of obtaining a loan. And providing the rent is paid at the right time you may do as you please with the farm and the capital will not be recalled nor the interest raised.

Seventy or eighty years ago the loans conceded were only a small part of the value of the farms, but time has altered this, so that many farms now carry a loan of about two-thirds their value. This means that most Danish farmers own about a third part of their farms only. The system has this benefit, that a clever man with only a little money can get a bigger farm, where his ability can be productive, but when he has got it the interest he has to pay is a whip which

* Gunnar Nislev, a favourite in Danish journals.—Editor
STEADY NERVES AND A CLEAR EYE

Not scarcity, but missed birds and 'runners' spoil the day. No man who is less than fit can be certain of doing himself justice. A faint headache or the slightest trace of jumpiness is fatal to good shooting. Many sportsmen safeguard themselves by taking a 'dash' of ENO'S 'Fruit Salt' before they start the day. ENO helps to keep the nerves braced and the eyes clear.

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forces him to do his very best and get all he can from his land. Intensive farming is for him a question of necessity. Therefore, the high standard of Danish farming is not a result of virtue but of compulsion.

Perhaps I may say, as my private opinion, that if Denmark had not so big and good a customer as England, it would scarcely have reached that standard in so short a time. The English market takes the largest part of our exports. Should England ever be able to supply herself with foodstuffs, the Danish farmer must try to lead his exports in other directions. It would be almost the same situation as if India closed her doors to British industry.

Red Versus Black Ants

IN the garden of this house – Horace’s old home at Tivoli – (writes G. H. H. from S. Antonio, Tivoli, Rome), I was the witness of a battle between two armies of ants. We noticed one morning that a small space of the garden floor was alive with small red and large black ants, evidently fighting to the death. After a while the reds withdrew worsted and leaving the ground strewn with many corpses. That was soon after breakfast. In the evening we found the battle raging again. The reds were back, reinforced, and now greatly outnumbering the blacks. Their mode of attack was interesting; two of them would seize a black by the antennae or his front legs, while a third sawed his head off. The result was a complete red victory. The blacks – all who were not left dead and headless on the ground – withdrew vanquished, and, as far as I know, have never been seen again.

[Horace’s house at Tivoli, where he lived under the auspices of Mæcenas in his later years – as well as the Sabine Farm which is up in the hills thirteen miles away – is described in a small book published by the Harrow School Bookshop. It contains a number of illustrations and maps and plans, one of which we reproduced.– Editor.]
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The Trout Beneath the Willows
by Salfario

I was told that there was a good trout beneath the willows. There was. So far as I am concerned it may still be there. Had I caught it there would have been no story. At least there would have been no story with a moral. And a story is not worth the telling without. Not only did I lose the trout, but a cast and three flies also. Such a loss is no light thing to a Border man. It makes him think. It makes him want to blame something or someone. When there is nothing, no one to blame but himself, it is no wonder that he remembers the wretched incident. It is the rule to point the moral at the end of your story. But I will give you the moral now. An angler must not be mean. And, withal, he cannot afford to be lazy. Meanness in angling always brings loss of something. The mean angler will lose fish, he will lose tackle - I can imagine him even losing his temper. After that he will have lost his self-respect. To lose all these things at one time is almost to beggar a man!

Before I reached the stream I made up my mind what lure I would use. This, in fact, is a foolish thing to do. My plan was to catch trout with creeper and for that I was all prepared. When I reached the stream it had risen three feet in the night. It was a fly water. Everything said, Snipe and purple, Dotteril and yellow, and such like spidery things that Border trout have much liking for in May. There was a cast in my case with these flies on it, but it was a last year's cast, if indeed it did not belong to the year before that. Laziness and meanness said, 'It will do.' I went at once to the willows where I had been told a good trout lay. It came to the Snipe and purple. I tightened on that trout firmly, but quite nicely. There was a boil, a swirl of yellow beneath the willows. The line came back at me - slack! It was then that I took the time, the trouble, and had the heart to make up a new cast. But I took no trout from beneath those willows that day!
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The High Farm Rents of Holland

From a Correspondent at the Hague

People in England seem to have the notion that in Holland rents and wages are much lower than they really are. I think you will be surprised to learn that in the province of Groningen there is no district where the rents are less than £5 an acre. In three districts they come up to £5 13s. 4d. an acre. In Friesland £5 8s. 8d. is the rent average in one district, and nowhere are rents more than 2s. short of £5. In most of North and South Holland, again, rents are well over £5. Rents are lower in Utrecht, where in three districts they are over £4, and in two districts £3 11s. In other provinces rents are lower, but plenty of Gelderland farmers are paying close on £5. In Overijssel rents over £3 are common, while, even in the sandy regions of North Brabant, rents rise in places to £4 and over. In Drenthe, throughout a considerable region, they are £2 and over.

In Friesland the wages of regular farm workers range from 25s. to 41s. 8d. a week, with free land and ground for potato-growing and pasturing milch sheep. In hay-time wages may rise to £4. Farm hands who live in may get from £25 to £50 a year. As to hours, setting summer time against winter, the average would be about ten. In Groningen wages run from 30s. to 31s. 8d. a week. The average day is a little more than nine hours. One district has had an eight-hour day for a long time; here wages run up to 28s. 4d.

In North Holland the minimum wage in the arable district is 31s. 4d. with extras; in the grass districts 40s. and milk. During hay-time it advances to 41s. 8d. The working day is about ten hours in the grass districts, a little less in the arable. In South Holland wages are about 40s. In Zeeland the wage is from 3s. 4d. daily in the winter to 4s. 4d. in harvest. The average day is nine hours. In the sandy provinces of North Brabant wages go down to 29s. except in the case of horsemen, who get 30s., and often receive potatoes or land.
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The Garden

Autumn-flowering Shrubs

We can plant shrubs and trees again— that is one of the pleasures of October and November—and we can choose what to plant. I suppose it is because spring is mainly in our thoughts when we plant in autumn, that we choose for the majority of our flowering shrubs those that are in blossom in April and May—the cherries and lilacs and viburnums and the rest, which form the main bloom of the year. Later, perhaps, we learn to choose shrubs that bloom when the others are over—clerodendrons—that spread their scented white corollas from their crimson calyces in August; or the handsome Desfontainia Spinosa, with its holly-like leaves and scarlet waxy tubes of flowers, brilliant in July. But first and best of all, when once we have come to know them, we shall place the Eucryphias, Cordifolia and Pinnatifolia, and the hybrid between them that seems to combine the virtues of both. No more lovely shrub grows in any garden than these Peruvians, Pinnatifolio deciduous, and the other two evergreens. I have done best with the hybrid, and every recurring August I look at my trees, twenty feet high and more and sheeted with their gold-anthered blossoms, like large white dog-roses, I wonder what is the limit of their growth, and for how many seasons more I may watch that exquisite column tower higher and higher into the Autumn blue.

A Tragedy of Melons.—In the intervals between heat waves we forget what heat waves may be capable of doing. That may perhaps be the explanation of an accident which occurred in my garden during the heat wave at the end of August. In an ordinary garden frame under glass were seven or eight melons, stood to ripen on inverted flower-pots as had been the others which had been
Gardens the Astolat Way

Shallow terraces of old, moss-covered stone, a tiny bridge crossing the tranquil pool where sits a jolly bearded gnome fishing from the brink. See the flame-coloured marigolds, the tall stocks and delicate sweet peas that border the crazy-paved path leading to the gate in the plaitwood fence. Isn’t the rustic summer house inviting? And look at the blue-tits feeding from the thatched roof bird table. All these beautiful accessories were made and supplied by the Astolat Co., and they make lots of other things, too - old English garden furniture, heather thatching, garden ornaments and even tennis courts and bowling greens! Write to-day for their illustrated catalogue to:

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taken up to the house. And on that first day when the thermometer jumped to those unexpected heights, my gardener—I do not know a better for fruit and vegetables—had left the melon frame partly open as usual, to admit the necessary air. He came to look at it in the evening, and found every melon roasted. They ought to have been covered from that relentless sun. I went to look at them the next day, and gazed upon the fruit that I had hoped to see in dripping sherds. There they were, like so many ungainly baked potatoes.

When the Year Begins.—According to the calendar, the year begins with the month of January. But not for me. It begins for me when the daffodils and crocuses are rooting deep down into the soil, when the swelling oak-buds are pushing the dead leaves off their pedicels, and when the forget-me-not plants with the tulips buried between them take the place of heliotrope and ivy geranium in the terrace garden beds. But those are not the best of the beginning. October begins again the bird song of the year. Not with the robin, for the robin has been singing since August, and only stops during the whole year for the few weeks of moult in July. But the cycle of song opens with the thrush, and when the thrush first flings his free notes from the larch, I listen to him as I listen to no other bird. No other bird except the cuckoo in April brings to me the same sense of contentment with a new opening. Later there will be others to join the thrush, the hedge-sparrow with his quiet little conversation of a song, the wren impetuously trilling from the fence, the lark in the blue over the wet plough, and the other larger thrush, the missel thrush, bugling from the elm. But the song thrush is the true beginner, and I date the opening of the year from the day when I first hear that ‘island voice’—what an epithet that is of Meredith’s!—which has been silent since midsummer.—E.P.
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Ballacrochan

I STOOD on a day this autumn on the bank of the river Findhorn, looking at the tumbled stones of what were once the walls of a sheep pen. On the other side of the river, opposite the pen, was a derelict house and farm buildings. There were the remains of one or two farm implements—an old time stone roller, for example—lying about in the docks and nettles near the house, but it had evidently not been used as a dwelling for years, and stood there staring as a house does with its frameless windows like empty eyesockets. As I looked, two sheep rushed out of the front door. 'When was that house last lived in?' I asked my companion. He could not say. 'But you know whose house it used to be?' he asked. I shook my head. 'That was the farm-house given to the man who killed the last wolf.' I think that sentence, spoken to me as I stood by that tumbled sheep pen, brought me closer to the days when there were wolves in this island than I have ever been before. There are few glens in Scotland with a more majestic loneliness than the wild ravine torn by the course of the Findhorn, and there could be no fitter setting for that story that I knew so well, but had never realised belonged to the very ground on which I stood. I thought again of the two children killed by the huge black animal, of the summons by the Laird of the dwellers in the glen for a 'tainchel', or organised hunt; of MacQueen of Pall-a-chrochain, the giant of six feet seven inches, bidden to attend with his dogs; how MacQueen promised to help, but when the 'tainchel' was to open had not arrived; how he arrived late, and was angrily rebuked by the Laird—and then of the end of the story, as told in 'Lays of the Deerforest': 'MacQueen lifted his plaid—and drew the black, bloody head of the wolf from under his arm—'Sin e dhui! (there is it for you!) said he, and tossed it on the grass.' MacQueen of Pall-a-chrochain killed that last wolf in 1743, and he died in 1797. That does not seem
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so very long ago, but the whole story became living and real to me as I stood looking at the white walls of the empty farm-house, and realised that the name of the part of the glen in which I was standing—a name I had often heard without thinking of its derivation—was Ballacrochan.—E.P.

The Eighth Commandment

SOME years ago, writes a subscriber with clerical associations, our rector, who was more advanced in his views than his congregation, presented to the church two large bejewelled candlesticks. One day these candlesticks disappeared, and the parish became mute. Some years later the candlesticks were found in a well.

The next disappearance occurred when the living had changed hands two or three times. The new rector was asked why he never used, or had in the church, a certain embroidered banner as it was very beautiful and had been made by some famous workers. The rector said he had never seen it but would make a search. His search produced nothing, however, so the parishioner suggested asking the son of a former rector whether the banner had been sent away to be repaired or cleaned. The rector wrote to his predecessor’s son who was himself in orders. The beautiful banner came back by return of post without explanatory note or comment! Later on the living was again vacant. When a new rector came he noticed that there was no pulpit. For some time he preached from the lectern, until one day his churchwarden told him that until quite lately there had been a pulpit. The rector asked in astonishment what had happened to it. ‘Oh well,’ said the churchwarden, ‘old Mrs. P.’—naming the autocrat at the big house—‘always did dislike it, so when there was no rector here she just upped and took it away.’ Not until the bishop had been called on to intervene would the determined old lady part with it from her loft where it lay concealed.
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THE Irishman, when he means that you should or ought to do so and so, says ‘You have a right to do so and so.’ I was driving a motor across the O’Connell bridge in Dublin. It has two rows of double traffic lines, making it necessary for you to decide, before starting to cross the bridge, which road you want to take when you meet the road fork at the other side. I had not known of this requirement and took the wrong side of the bridge. When I attempted to get into the other line of double traffic, I was stopped by a constable who said, ‘You had a right to cross on the other side of the bridge.’ ‘Yes,’ I answered (being an Englishman newly in the country and not understanding the use of the word ‘right’), ‘but I did not exercise that right.’ The constable was nonplussed; only for a moment, however. ‘Ach, now,’ said he, ‘get along wid ye. Ye’ll be a visitor maybe.’ — S.L.

The Collector. — VIII. Fenders

THE fender belongs to the closing years of the 18th century. The 1780–1830 fenders are generally of steel, brass or wire. They take a variety of forms, from serpentine to circular, or with quadrant ends. The later ones have upright supports for the poker, tongs, shovel and brush. The tall guards of wire were designed for nurseries and schoolrooms. These had a festooning of wire under the brass rail and are generally of elegant form. The fire implements sought after to-day are the Adams set with vase tops. Some are inlaid with copper decoration, others are elaborately chased. The market value to-day is from three to five guineas a set. But you may be lucky and find a complete set for a few shillings. A little work with emery paper and oil will restore these admirably designed fire irons to their original state. — B.
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The Gaping Raven is old. He has nested in that dangerous place for scores of years. Probably he believes himself to be immortal. The upper and lower mandibles of his beak are always open, like a washerwoman’s clothes-peg. During the months of nesting he perches - when not seeking his food of beetles, daws’ eggs, young rabbits, and carrion - on the top of the precipice among the stunted bluebells and the sparse bracken, preening and meditating, watching. He sits on a little knoll which gives a field of view upon all approaches, and scratches with the claws of his knobbed feet. His head is nearly bald and his skin is black and wrinkled like pitch in the sun. He scratches scores of times in the hour and shakes his plumage, which looks like a fly-blown black boa thrown away on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday night. I shouldn’t be surprised if I were told that he hadn’t been inside an egg for a century. And always that
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malevolent gape. Yesterday I climbed to a ledge whence a view of the nest could be seen, and the old bird and his mate flew near me, their feathers glinting shiny-purple in the sun. They dived at the jackdaws, and when a kestrel-hawk- dainty, slender windhover with large brown eye, red-brown back, and grey poll–came to its eyrie near, they bullied it, screaming in rage and fear. On the ledge I found one of the Gaping Raven’s pinion feathers, and it smelt rank and musty. I found also the furry skeletons of many rabbits, all the bones nicked by the powerful beaks. There were rat skulls as well, and the headless remains of sea-birds— they had picked these up on the tide line, birds whose heads had been knocked off by the stoop of peregrine falcons. The fledglings in the nest croaked to their parents for food, heedless of the warning to crouch low and keep silent. Not liking the ledge at all, since it was one hundred and fifty feet to the rocks below, and most of the hand-clutches and footholds were loosely embedded flakes and therefore treacherous, I climbed up again and made my kettle-fire in a cove about three hundred yards up the coast. While I sat there afterwards, smoking, my companion yelled to me in his boyish excitement to observe something in the sky. I looked up and saw the Gaping Raven with some immense thing in its beak. High above him a peregrine falcon was anchored in the wind, and even as I watched it dropped like a black anchorhead of iron, making its point at the raven. The plunder was immediately dropped, and, uttering an oath of rage or boredom, the raven prepared to arrest the plunge with the twin spears of his beak. As usual, the fight ended in a draw; but what I am so eager to impart to you is this: the plunder fell with a clash and clang on the rocks, and scrambling to it, we picked up a young rabbit in a gin, or steel trap, with chain attached, the load weighing about three pounds.

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The next morning, coming into the cottage I overheard from the sitting room this conversation.

*Mrs. Hector.* *Uncle Joe,* puffing at pipe, hat on head, hands in trousers pockets. Did ’ee ever think of taking another husband?

*Uncle Joe.* Promptly. Noomye!

*Mrs. Hector.* *Uncle Joe,* after several puffs, reflectively. I’ve been thinking I’d like to see a woman about my place.

*Mrs. Hector.* I wouldn’t have another man, not if ’a were decked in diamonds!

*Uncle Joe.* What then, did your other man serve ’ee bad?

*Mrs. Hector.* Noomye! ’A were as proper a man as ever walked ground. ’A were as good a man as ever broke bread. I never heard’n swear, noomye, he never even zaid dang to a dog!

*Uncle Joe.* Wull, I’ve been thinking I’d like to have someone to do the cooking down in my place. ’Tes a nice comfortable house, and not damp, like some be.

*Mrs. Hector.* I don’t trouble.

*Uncle Joe.* I thought ’ee might suit me, that’s all.

*Mrs. Hector.* Not if ’ee were decked in diamonds.

*Uncle Joe,* scraping to his feet, puffing pipe, and preparing to return to his cottage, ‘Oo well, tidd’n no odds.’

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WHAT has happened in the publishing world? Fewer country books seem to have been issued during the past quarter than in any quarter since The Countryman started. To those who have had the fortune of a country childhood, there cannot be a book fuller of riches than The Small Years, by Frank Kendon (Cambridge University Press, pp. 196, 6s.). A friend to whom we gave our copy writes: ‘With a feeling of thrilling expectancy you turn the pages—and it is you, with your small brother, trudging over the stubble, hazel rod on shoulder, bait in pocket; you, sitting on the stile in the sun of the morning, debating on the dark, delicious, half-fearful possibilities of the wood; you, letting fly an arrow clean over the highest roof and the highest tree, and you, out in a summer-morning world of five o’clock, on tip-toe past houses shuttered and asleep, past sheep grey with dew, browsing in a grey field. Mr. Kendon has done a rare and beautiful thing in capturing with the fluent pen of one grown up the delicate perceptions of childhood.’—In The Flower Show (Heinemann, pp. 312, 3s. 6d.), we see Denis Mackail, at one single country function, in the space of a day and a night, cleverly visualising the social life of a county. This is a cheap edition.
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Little Known England: Rambles in the Welsh Borderland, the Cotswolds, the Chalk Hills and the Eastern Counties, by H. D. Eberlein (pp. 142, 12s. 6d.), is one of Batsford’s many excellent books. It is packed with first-rate illustrations and has five maps for the country traversed. ‘Those that travel the turnpike roads,’ said Cobbett, ‘know nothing of England.’ For English people or Americans who have yet to make acquaintance with some of our remoter countryside, this is the guide. — Although the map in The Cotswolds, by A. D. Murray, with illustrations by J. J. Gardner, the first of the Crypt House Guides (Gloucester, pp. 104, 2s.), leaves out Idbury, we can appreciate the little volume for its handy size and its comprehensive account of what the author of A Cotswold Village called our ‘high-lying Cotswold plains’. — Bell’s Pocket Guides are well known, and Kent, by E. E. Wimbolt, is satisfying, while of the pictures we need say no more than that they are by Winifred Ward. The author, though he is not of Kent himself, declares that ‘Kent, of all the counties in England, is thickest set with historical reminiscences.’ — The powers of S. P. B. Mais have been tried in many books. It isn’t far from London (Richards, pp. 365, illus., 7s. 6d.) is a record of walks, most of them taken in February and March — ‘the weather in England is very nearly always ideal for walking.’ Mr. Mais can still do his twenty miles a day. It is an ideal book for a Londoner held in the Metropolis for a while. — Exmoor and Other Days, by A. O. Fisher (Constable, pp. 240, 10s. 6d.), is vigorous hunting and shooting memories with the authentic flavour, ‘dedicated to the owner of the coat tails in front.’ — As the Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments reminds us, our bridges over four centuries old are ‘few and far between’. In order to help to preserve the fine bridges we possess, the Society for the Protection for Ancient Buildings has had the happy thought of having a survey made. The Ancient Bridges of the South of England, by E. Jervoise (Architectural Press, pp. 144, 5s. 6d.), is the acceptable first instalment.
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*The English Plough* (Oxford University Press, pp. 184, 7s. 6d.), a valuable monograph, with thirty illustrations, by J. B. Passmore, lecturer in agricultural machinery at Reading University, travels from the eighth century to the present day. Although it confines itself to the man, ox or horse-driven plough, it is a useful supplement to Lord Ernle’s *British Farming Past and Present.*

*Wheat* (Macmillan, pp. 335, 12s. 6d.) is the work of two Canadians, Dr. W. W. Swanson, professor of economics, Saskatchewan University, and P. C. Armstrong, consulting agriculturist. It furnishes a serviceable and timely account of the production and handling of wheat in Canada, and goes on to ‘Western Wheat in Britain’, ‘The World Wheat Situation’ and ‘The Future of Wheat Growing’. ‘Wheat as a one-crop system,’ the authors admit, ‘is a pioneer expedient, and it must ultimately be changed for something more stable.’ ‘Wheat is a good crop to raise’, they say, ‘but there is a better—men and women’. It will be a surprise to some readers to learn that the percentage of owner-operated farms in Canada has dropped from ninety-two to sixty-nine per cent. in twenty-five years. We hope to look through this book again, but it is discreditable for it to be sent out with no index. — It is not every pamphlet issued by the agricultural departments of our teaching institutions which is worth the trouble involved in filing it. The productions on *Sugar Beet in the Eastern Counties,* issued at Cambridge, to which the final report (by C. Burgess and P. E. Graves) has just been added (Heffer, pp. 80, 2s. 6d.), are admirable work with which Mr. Venn’s Farm Economics Branch may be well satisfied. We are given three years’ results from 7,000 acres (530 separate fields). The second reduction in the subsidy, which comes into operation with next year’s crop, makes it most important to have all this data on which to arrive at fair prices between
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farmers and the factories. It is suggested that 35s. 4d. per ton of beet of fifteen and a half per cent. sugar content—seventeen per cent. is the English average—is the minimum price that could be accepted. Fenland growers have averaged a cash profit of £7 per acre, and upland growers £2 10s. The two largest factories have for two years reported a net profit of £5 5s. per acre of beet worked. — The Ministry of Agriculture sends us a well turned out series of poultry pamphlets, Diseases (pp. 46, 8d.), Scientific Principles of Breeding (pp. 26, 8d.), Poultry on the General Farm (pp. 34, 8d.), County Egg Laying Trials (pp. 64, 1s. 6d.), Table Poultry Production (pp. 46, 1s. 6d.) and Poultry Breeding for Egg Production (pp. 24, 6d.). — Science in the Country, by W. B. Little (Pitman, pp. 219, 2s. 6d.) is up to date with a chapter on electricity containing six rural illustrations. — The American rural manuals, in 'Lippincott’s Farm Enterprise Series' and 'Lippincott’s Home Manuals' are no new thing. It is enough to record the publication of Dairy Enterprises by J. C. McDowell and A. M. Field (pp. 478, 223 illus. and four coloured plates, 10s. 6d.), and a fourth entirely rewritten edition of Successful Canning and Preserving by O. M. Malcolm (pp. 679, 303 illus. and six coloured plates, 12s. 6d.). The fresh material in the canning book deals with the crystallization of fruits and the conservation of nuts. Drying is dealt with, as are also the curing and preservation of meats.

We are often asked for a modern book about water finding. Here it is, The Modern Dowser: A Practical Guide to Divining, by Vicomte Henry de France (Bell, pp. 148, illus., 3s. 6d.). The author is a dowser, claims to be able to find metals as well as water, has attended ‘numerous conferences on the subject of dowsing’ and is president of an International Union of Dowsers. He discourses not only of the rod but of the pendulum, and asserts that anyone can attain to a mastery of dowsing. — Our Catkin-bearing Plants, by H. Gilbert-Carter, Director of the Cambridge Botanic Garden and University lecturer in botany (Clarendon Press,
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A List of books most in demand at Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus's during the last quarter, which will keep the country resident from missing works of importance:

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Biography and History.—Becher, Personal Reminiscences; Yeats-Brown, Bengal Lancer; Lobagola, African Savage; O'Flaherty, Two Tears; Cust, King Edward VII; Mary Gladstone, Diaries, etc.; Frank Benson, Memoirs; Carswell, Sir Walter; White, Misfits; Davies, Problem of 20th Cent.; Canada (Cambridge History); Cam, The Hundred and the Hundred Rolls.

Essays and Monographs.—The Simon Commission Report; Mansfield, Novels and Novelists; Dillon, Russia To-day; Farson, Seeing Red; Angell, Money; Hodgson, Rationalisation; Muir, How Britain is Governed; Maritain, Art and Scholasticism; Sheppard, Historical Fiction; Lyon, Discovery of Poetry; Murry, Studies in Keats.

Sport and Travel.—Martin, What's Wrong (Golf); Chalmers, Sign of the Dog and Gun; Country Vicar, Cricket Memories; Chapman, etc., The Game of Cricket; Rendall, Things that Matter in Tennis; Brooke, Horse-Lovers; Eberlein, Little Known England; Rogers, Atlantic; Chapman, Across Iceland; Goldring, Sardinia; Court-Treatt, Sudan Sand; Grubb, Amazon and Andes.

Poetry and Plays.—The Imagist Anthology; Oxford Book of Greek Verse; Collected Poems of Edith Sitwell; Connelly, Green Pastures; Stuart, Nine Till Six; Hardwood, Man in Possession; The Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Religion.—Lambeth Conference Report; D'Arcy, Thos. Aquinas; Bury, Papacy in the 19th Century

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MISS JEBB (Mrs. Wilkins), in her survey of small-holdings, published in 1907, found that those in the New Forest area supported a population which was getting ‘the greatest value out of this so-called waste land,’ a population moreover, which was ‘enabled to live well on an acreage which could not otherwise possibly support them.’ She found cows, pigs and ponies picking up a substantial part of their living in the forest. On a holding of twenty acres, typical of many others, there were fourteen head of cattle, of which seven were milking cows, four heifers and three yearlings, one horse and four brood sows. This picture, allowing for changes in transport, remains true to-day. A considerable population continues to get the greatest value out of ‘the so-called waste land’ and even to thrive with their small-holdings, many of which are very small. This sets one thinking and I have been wondering since I came to live in the New Forest last year whether it would not be possible for small-holders in other parts of the country, or a percentage of them, to enjoy the same advantages. In rough mountainy country, farmers, large and small, have the hillsides on which their flocks can range. But there are other possibilities, and, since land has begun to go out of cultivation under the present economic stress, a survey of waste and wasted land would, I imagine, bring to light some tracts at any rate, where the soil and situation would be not unfavourable to a reproduction of the conditions current in this part of the country. In that case the question one asks is whether in the national interest it would not be wise and prudent to find a way of associating small-holders with such lands so that they can be utilised as the New Forest is utilised. If, as I fear, the experts turn down the idea as visionary and
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impracticable, I would plead for an experiment. Even if it
cost something to get under way it might turn out that,
given an appropriate organization, the various financial,
administrative and social problems involved would be not
insuperable. In that event the experiment might establish
a valuable precedent. Dr. Addison is shortly to ask Parlia-
ment to set up a statutory company for demonstrating in
large-scale arable farming. Why not arrange for a demonstra-
tion of small-scale farming, with common rights over the
new land now running to waste thrown in?

A Reply to the ‘Rejoinder’. — I must
correct a few impressions of agriculture in the Dominions.
The Australian ‘cocky’ of thirty years ago is not evidence;
overseas farmers have changed in thirty years as much as
overseas agriculture has done, and that is saying a good deal.
And quite as many farmers’ sons follow their fathers’ calling
as is the case in any other profession. I lost my first job in
New Zealand because the farmer’s son came home (from
one of the best secondary schools in the country) and decided
to throw his lot in with his father. As to climate, a one hun-
dred per cent. fall of lambs is considered exceptional and many
flocks do not average more than sixty per cent. The ‘all-
the-year-round’ grass in New Zealand is a myth, as anyone
knows who has seen unfed cattle come out of a New Zealand
winter. Every dairy-farmer provides hay and usually roots
or ensilage as well. I was six years in New Zealand and found
that the alleged difference between the English and N.Z.
climates existed mainly in the imagination, though I admit
that in the far north (N.Z. is 1,000 miles long) the winters
are mild (and very wet). The overseas farmer does not farm
‘highly’, but he certainly shows no signs of giving up. He is
doing his best with a situation which is even more difficult
than that which English farmers have to face, and he looks
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October 1930

Country House Airmanship - VI.

Gliding for Countrymen

by an Ex-Flying Officer*

The downs and hillsides of England are growing familiar with the wind-driven monoplanes which are making our dreams of bird-like flight come true. Within the next two years gliding will rival motor-cycling and motoring as an out-of-doors activity for men of limited means. 'Gliding' or motorless aviation is flight in which height is lost as forward progression is gained; 'soaring' is flight in which height is gained and sustained for many hours, if need be, uprising air currents being used to support the craft 'on the wings of the wind'. Gliding is a sport for the million; soaring is mainly for the expert. If air enthusiasts in Germany can aspire, within two or three years, to more than a quarter of a million glider pilots - men, women and children are all indulging in the sport on the hillsides of the Rhineland - there must be something in the new method of flying. There is an unquestionable zest in careering about the sky mounted upon a motorless 'plane moving on pinions of air, for the feeling engendered is one of greater dominion and exhilaration than one gets in flying in an aeroplane, with its noise and smell and machine-made motive power. The virtues of gliding, besides those of incomparable safeness and cheapness, are bound up in that glorious sensation in which one feels as if wings were actually attached to one's shoulder-blades.

An ardent and regular glider, owning his craft, can indulge in the sport for a capital outlay of as little as £50, for buying the glider, and a running cost of practically nothing a year.

For particulars of the above and properties of a similar character, apply:

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FOYLES for BOOKS
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While the chief handicap of the aeroplane is the considerable and nerve-trying novitiate which must be served before a flying instructor will pass a pupil as fit to ‘go solo’, there is in gliding no ‘dual control’. An aspirant’s first ‘flip’ is a solo flight.

The usual type of glider in which a great deal of the practice work has been carried out in this country has a single plane and a tail-plane mounted on an open-framework fuselage. The pilot sits in the place where, in an ordinary motor-driven aeroplane, the motor would be fitted.

Even at the outset of his English demonstrations Kronfield did seventy miles along the South Downs. In a raging storm over the Baltic, Herman Dinort flew in a glider for fifteen hours. While these accomplishments may be thought not to advance the sport from the point of view of the ordinary amateur, they are important to him in indicating the high spots of the art and science of gliding. England is an ideal country for gliding, for bluffs and ridges, from which the glider can be catapulted into the air in the approved manner off a rubber rope, are to be found in almost every county.

A ‘British Gliding Association Journal’ runs to twenty-eight closely-printed, illustrated pages. ‘The ideal type of gliding hill,’ it says, ‘is of horse-shoe shape with the centre facing south-west. There should be as little in the way of trees, roads, hedges, or rocks, as possible. The height of the hill need not be more than about one hundred feet, but it should open on to a plain. The gradient may be one in six or one in eight.’

Increase in the Number of Pages. — In this number of THE COUNTRYMAN there are 208 pages, as against 96 in our first year. With advancing claims on our advertising space, we are careful to maintain the number of pages of reading matter. There is more reading matter in this issue than in any previous number.
is a title well-earned by the EMG, the Hand-made gramophone.

Deep in the country and in places more remote abroad, the EMG is the treasured possession of men and women who appreciate music; for the EMG alone provides enduring pleasure by reason of the really satisfying fidelity of its reproduction, the complete absence of that feeling of the 'mechanical' usually associated with gramophones, and its utter reliability in service.

The EMG is unique among gramophones for it is made for the few, yet it costs no more than an ordinary gramophone. Made with musical reproduction the first and only consideration, it yet contrives to be beautiful. The cabinet work is of the finest character and relies principally upon the cunning choice of woods for its decoration.

No large amount of advertising is done, nor is it necessary. We sell direct to the customer only, and every customer invariably sends his friends to EMG.

We should like to send you details of the EMG gramophones - they range in price from £12 12s. od. to £48. All are designed to play with fibre needles which save record wear and give reproduction unsurpassed by any other medium.

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11 Grape Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 2

Telephone Temple Bar 6458
Tail Corn

I was surprised to see a moorhen high up on a pear-tree this morning', writes a reader. Another says, 'This morning I have watched a sparrow-hawk kill seven swallows.' A third states that he has had 'every seed-eating bird' in his South London aviary.

It is nearly thirty-two years ago since Mary Anderson, then in her twenties, made her last appearance on the stage, except for her appearances for war-time charities; but with what pleasure many readers of The Countryman must remember her! The other day there came the surprise of this kind message

It is a pleasure to review what is memorable.
Mrs. T. J. Edmondson

The Dean of Windsor writes to say that he remembers the phrase 'a lazy wind', mentioned in the last issue of The Countryman, being used to Mrs. Baillie by an old woman in 1898.

A visitor on a Lincolnshire farm asked a lad how old he was. The youth thought for a moment and then answered, 'Ah be seventeen coom mook-cart'n (come muck-carting).'</n
A boy taken to London lately, and shown over the Natural History Museum, said on his return that he had 'been to a dead circus.' An aged member of a Women's Institute, on a trip to the metropolis, found herself at the Zoo and was shocked by the reptiles. At last she said, 'Seems hard to believe the Almighty made 'em. More like t'other chap's work to my thinkin'.'
THE FIRST IMPRESSION

on entering the hall is of the cheerful colours in the deep, bright, beautiful rug spread upon the beeswaxed floor. It was made by hand during the long winter evenings. So were the cosy hearthrug in the dining-room and the bedside rug in the guest-room. The lovely colours were chosen from the ninety-two shades in which Turkey Rug Wool is obtainable.

Does rug-making interest you? Then send for the new illustrated book, *RUGCRAFT*, which gives the fullest and clearest instructions for making rugs and contains five full-page coloured diagrams, price 6d., post free, together with free samples of wool, from Dept. 86, Patons & Baldwins Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

TURKEY RUG WOOL

BEST & GOES FURTHEST
'When there’s a thunderstorm,' said the gardener’s wife, ‘I cover up all the mirrors and open all the windows a little so that if the lightning gets in it can get out again.'

That tale of sheep-stealing in the sixteenth century, which is to be found in the new volume of the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society, is almost worth the price of the volume. The Robsons of North Tyne made a raid on Liddlesdale, which was Graham country, and took back with them a flock of sheep which happened to be infected with scab. The disease spread to their own flocks, and this so incensed the Robsons that they returned, captured and hanged seven of the most substantial Grahams, saying, ‘The next time gentlemen cam’ to tak’ sheep, they war no to be scabbit.’

The Merryweather who put Bramley’s Seedling on the market is now ninety-two. Bramley, the introducer, was a butcher. It is possible that the apple was raised by a lady named Brailsford. It came to maturity and had its merit recognised in Bramley’s time.

One day last July, we noticed in an Essex paper, a girl named Greenfield was before the magistrates for damaging the hedge of a farmer named Hedge. P.C. Bramble had charge of the case.

One blusterous summer day the post brought with parcels of books for review, a mysterious flat box. Inside, in purest tissue, lay a dozen members of the gladiolus family. A Royal branch, apparently, for the creamy Queen of Somerset lay side by side with Purple Robe, and the Queen of the Roses, on top of Darkness, was next to Red Coat. Admiral Fisher and Dr. Pearson were court officials in pink uniforms. What a flower the gladiolus is as Kelways have reared it, with dual rows of giant trumpet blooms that unfold to the very tip in an ascending ladder of loveliness! The Editor’s room was glorious for more than ten days. Earlier in the year a wonderful collection of pyrethrums arrived from the same benefactors.
"Gossamatex" is the finest, thinnest and lightest material produced, keeping the wearer as cool as it is possible to be in the hottest climates, yet affording adequate protection against chill in cold and variable temperatures.

"Gossamatex" is an entirely English production, comparable only with the finest silk, to which it is infinitely superior, being less expensive, healthier and stronger. Washing actually improves its texture, and it neither becomes "greasy" nor "clinging".

"Gossamatex" being perfectly porous "lets the body breathe." It is a rapid absorber and dries quickly. These are factors of utmost importance in keeping the skin healthy and functioning normally. "Gossamatex" never strikes 'chilly' to the body, and gives perfect personal comfort such as no other fabric does.

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October 1930

Other People's Letters

Field Trials. - I am greatly taken by 'An Old Hand's' reply to the Duke of Montrose. What 'An Old Hand' says is undoubtedly correct. These field trial dogs are useless for providing sport - for which they are bred. I, too, think there is only one man who should 'train' or 'break' in a dog for the gun and that is the man who is eventually to work him. - Another Old Hand.

It cannot be denied that bench shows have spoilt sporting dogs for work - notably pointers and sealyhams; but I do not agree that field trials or sheep dog trials have spoilt dogs for practical work. - Montrose.

50,000 Tractors a Year. - I see it stated in a Russian paper that the tractor factory, Traktorstroi, at Stalingrad, 'the biggest in the world', begun September 25, 1929, and finished in June this year, is to turn out 50,000 tractors a year. At the enormous collective farm, Gigant, 250,000 acres I think, it is planned to sow 164,000 acres in eight days. - A.I.S., Stockholm.

Endeavour. - That 'Townsmen's Guide' cartoon in the July Countryman recalls the story of the children who got an ostrich egg and put it in the pen of their pet bantam with the label 'Keep your eye on it and do your best.' - Berwick.

Of Course. - The vicar's wife was giving wisdom and consolation to a mother whose son had gone to prison. The mother listened patiently and when she had done, said, 'Yes' um, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good; if these little things didn't happen there'd be nothing to talk about.' - L.

In the next issue of The Countryman, the author of 'My Seven Years' Farming and What It has Taught Me,' to which so many appreciative references have been made, will contribute an article, 'My Eight Years' Farming and What It has Taught Me.'
SAFEGUARD
YOUR ESTATE

Every Estate is liable to Death Duty, which must be paid promptly in cash. The steeply ascending scale of duties now in force often necessitates the breaking up of estates, and the forced sale, at a loss, of the most valuable assets.

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Under the “Globe” Estate Duty Policy, the moneys may be paid direct to the Revenue Authorities before grant of probate.

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These schemes will enable you to make the fullest possible provision for your heirs and successors.

A special leaflet, “Useful Information—Estate Duties,” explains these policies in detail. May we send you a copy?

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IN the days when speeches were printed *verbatim*, a common addendum was ‘Loud and prolonged cheers.’ It is gratifying to see the old phrase at the end of the ‘Times’ report of the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s statement of the Government’s agricultural policy. There is plenty in the Government statement on which there must be a diversity of opinion, but everyone who is anxious about the future of Rural Britain must feel the importance of such an elaborate, considered, and, we take pleasure in saying, essentially non-Party deliverance. As a farmer reader puts it to us, ‘the Government’s statement gives one the impression of a man about to tackle a tremendous job, just planning out how he shall begin.’ The ‘Scottish Farmer’ justly calls the Marketing Bill ‘a distinct advance in economic legislation.’ It is an agriculturist of experience who writes to us that the proposals ‘get us away from notions of agriculture as a sort of national luxury, a side line in our national economy to be fostered with a dole here and a dole there; principles are outlined on which there may be built a great and prosperous industry out of our national resources of soils, climate and the agricultural ability and agricultural tastes of our people.’ The Government’s proposals demonstrate what The Countryman has contended from 1927 (and its Editor for so many years before that),* that much of the rural problem is no Party

* See a series of articles in the *Nineteenth Century and After* in 1913 and 1914.
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Any sum from £100 upwards will secure a proportionate income. Specially favourable terms are granted those in impaired health. Contracts may also be effected under which the Full Return of the Capital invested is Guaranteed.

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matter at all. An increasing number of concerned and informed men and women of all Parties are practically of one mind about that problem. Neither Party prejudices nor the requirements of Party machines based on the towns must be permitted to hinder the taking of overdue legislative decisions. It is not only the general economic situation of Great Britain and the world that presses for these decisions. Never, as Sir Horace Plunkett notes in his valuable and timely record,* 'has the general public been so sympathetically interested.' The public is beginning to understand. Last year the arable acreage in England decreased 114,000 acres; in Scotland it was the lowest on record. It is not only that displaced farm-workers go to the towns to swell the numbers of the workless. No less an authority than Sir Daniel Hall reminds us that 'though food may be cheap now, a regime of food production below cost will not go on for ever. In all countries the men working on the land are discontented with their inadequate remuneration and are abandoning farming. Food production is not keeping pace with the growth of population. Now is the time to help agriculture and to enforce such measures of reconstruction, such rationalisation of the industry, as can increase production and reduce costs.'—Dr. Addison begins on a sound foundation. He proposes to build on the fact (which The Countryman has so often stressed) that Great Britain, unrivalled in its congeries of cities and large towns and its high standard of living—Mr. J. M. Keynes says, forty-five per cent. higher than that of

* Agricultural Co-operation in England, pp. 280. Routledge, 7s. 6d.
A DIRECT AID TO BRITISH AGRICULTURE

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

Cadburys use nearly 30,000 gallons of fresh full-cream milk daily—and every drop of it comes from English farms.
France* — furnishes our farmers, at their very doors, with the best market in the world for fresh food. The first problem, then, is better marketing for this immense and choice collection of customers, better marketing in a land where, in Sir Horace Plunkett’s words, ‘social tradition, the stage of development that farming has reached, and the organisation of trading have combined to make the growth of co-operation difficult.’ As that disinterested agricultural student, Mr. Christopher Turnor, points out, ‘agriculture is earning a profit.’ But farmers, as a class, are not getting it. Neither are the housewives of Great Britain benefiting.

THE ‘Times’ says that the Government statement does not disclose ‘a sovereign cure’ for our rural ills. There is no ‘sovereign cure’. Sir Horace Plunkett goes as far as to say: ‘The very suggestion of tariffs will hold up all the new thought and action now being lavished upon technical, social and economic problems by the Ministry of Agriculture, the Development Commission and E.M.B.’ But many people are not with Sir Horace and Mr. Garratt but with Sir Thomas Middleton, Lord Selborne and Mr. Turnor in favouring combinations of farmers having powers to cope with what the Government calls ‘the disruptive action of the minorities’ — as illustrated in the hop-marketing fiasco. We must face the facts of our peculiarly

*‘The well-to-do classes in this country are poorer than they were, but for the great bulk of the people the change in the standard of life has been remarkable. England is the richest country in Europe, four times as rich as it was a hundred years ago.’ — J. M. Keynes
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English food supply system. As Mr. Turnor writes to us, ‘this is the farmer’s last chance.’ But can the best decisions be taken on marketing before the nation decides on tariffs (which it is difficult to approve), import boards (which many thinkers prefer), or the higher negotiations of Lord d’Abernon?

What agriculture needs is not physic but physique. We are against tonics. But if the nation is ready to spend money why not buy clean milk and give a pint a day to all elementary school children? Major Walter Elliot, M.P., in whom the politician subsists advantageously with the medico, the agricultural scientist and the owner-farmer, could tell us of the increase in stamina, the decrease in sickness and the increased opportunities for mental development that a daily milk ration would bring about in the elementary schools of town and country. The results of a milk ration would be far-reaching. For one thing, the milk needed for six million children would produce a lot of wheat as a by-product. The milk situation is scandalous: (1) In 1926-7, five million fewer gallons produced, and in 1927-8, sixteen millions fewer*; (2) a twenty-one million drop in two years with an increasing population, the milk consumption of which, from a hygienic, not to speak of an agricultural point of view is already distressingly low (Great Britain, twenty-one gallons per head; U.S.A., fifty-six; Sweden, sixty-five); (3) the farmer getting only half the money the housewife pays for milk; (4) a negligible sale of fresh unpasteurised cream. Could there be a more

* The 1929-30 figures are not yet available.
Only a branch tapping against a window!
Only a squeaky shutter! Only imagination!
But there's no peace until you've been to see. All right for a man with a man's nerve.
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C.7
absurd state of things regarding the most vital of our food supplies?

Food is health. Given fair conditions, the demand for fresh milk, fresh butter and cheese, fresh vegetables and fruit and fresh farm poultry — we have heard of Irish chickens reaching our market after being cold-storaged for a year — is immeasurable. Because all these food products deteriorate in transport, our farmers have an outstanding advantage over the foreigner. Fresh farm poultry at 1s. 6d. per lb. live weight is better food value than a pound of imported meat at the same price. Moreover farmers' chickens are admirable consumers of our soft English wheat. As for a wheat subsidy it must be admitted that for every pressing argument pro there is another contra. It means help for a minimum of counties. What will the others ask for? If we must subsidise something, why not pigs?

The Government proposes that the nation shall tackle at one and the same time small cultivation and large cultivation. After all that has been urged by Mr. Orwin, half a million will not be grudged to give the best available brains a chance of what they can show us in big farming. (Combines have done good work this harvest.) It ought also to be possible to profit by such experiments as those of Mr. Debenham. As to small holdings, on which Mr. Vaughan Nash makes a suggestion in our present issue, it is idle to talk of increased production (and Dr. Ruston has shown that it is the highest
Thinning hair

is often due to lack of natural oil, which should be supplied from the roots. The best method of supplying the deficiency is by means of Rowland's Macassar Oil—the steady favourite of 137 years. It supplies the oil, stimulates the growth and nourishes the hair. Used regularly it will do much to prevent thin or falling hair, and by making it soft and flexible will cause the hair to remain in any desired position.

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producers who make the money) without giving the best possible chance to that considerable class which is eager to try its hand on a small scale. 'Small-holders are holding their own very well indeed' is the official statement. Enough experience has surely been gained in the provision of small holdings by County Councils to prevent too many mistakes being made. The methods of better marketing would ensure that the small-holders' little drops of produce, eggs, pigs, fruit, honey, etc., beyond their family needs and local retail sales, would flow easily into the stream of urban supplies.

As we ourselves move about among farmers we are struck by the way in which the need for security of tenure is insisted upon. The Agricultural Holdings legislation now in force seems such an advance on what was the law of landlord and tenant in our younger days, that it is easy to think of good farmers being better protected than they are. We have never been attracted by plans for encouraging farmers, as a general thing, to sink their capital and mortgage their future by buying their farms. But we know of tenant farmers who, because of the conditions of their tenancies, have not felt free to farm the very best they knew. It is only when our farmers – as a class, unsurpassed in any country for the stuff they are made of and for their potentialities – farm full out that our farming will reach the top of its form, and the community will get all the benefits it ought to receive. We hear of farmers ready, even in these times, to build Dutch barns, or make considered improvements of other
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kinds, but refraining from launching out because of uncertainty about compensation, or the certainty that they will not get it. It is grotesque that at a time when the greatest possible extension should be made in the use of electricity that no compensation is recoverable for the instalment of electric light and power. We must have conditions in which the best farmers will come to the top: treat the field well and the best grass will grow. Better marketing is urgent, but unless many of the best judges are mistaken, some of the financial advantages which reach the farmer may be taken from him in the future in raised rents. We know enough of the great services which the best landowners have rendered to agriculture to desire that every landowner shall have his utmost due, but there are landowners who, in the interest of agriculture and of the community, and in their own interests, should be gently relieved of their responsibilities at the earliest opportunity. It is two years since the Duke of Montrose, in one of his contributions to The Countryman, went as far as to declare that the day of the landlord and tenant was over, and that the day was coming when farmers might have some other fixity of tenure than so many of them now possess. The Government would complete its programme of proposed benefits to farmers, and earn their confidence, if it passed quickly a short Bill providing that no rents shall be raised for five years while reforms of a permanent sort are worked out.

But the sooner our minds travel from a national to an international treatment of the problems of
ABOLISH DRUDGERY

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The Kooksjoie Range need never go out. *That means no re-laying or lighting.*

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food supply, as of unemployment, the better. What the British farmer and every other farmer needs is a higher standard of living all over the world. We know how air traffic has made an absurdity of European frontiers. When it shall have diminished to the width of a lake the distance between the halves of the English-speaking world, when we have come to have a realising sense of Euro-Asia-Africa as a single Continent, and Australia is only fancifully at the Antipodes, our sons and daughters will overhaul many of our ideas and arrangements. Already over the Wireless there comes to every home such wholesome talk as this from Commander Stephen King-Hall: 'Our whole economic system of creating and distributing wealth is based internationally on competitive and nationalistic ideas. The world is an economic unit and whether we like it or not we are all interdependent. Nevertheless we persist in believing that the world can be run in a series of independent and water-tight economic departments—and we are paying the price for this economic stupidity.'

WHILE the methods of bettering the economic condition of the farmer are being evolved, we cannot remind ourselves too often that cash is not all that matters to agriculture or the nation. Farmers, like other workers, do not succeed by technical knowledge alone but by general qualities of character. With the right opportunities and the right leading, our British farming stock and our British farm-worker stock will go far. But education that is really a calling forth of the best powers of
3,000 cubic feet of COMFORT day & night for 6d

Open Fire or Closed Stove, each has its advantages. The “Cheer-ee-o” Stove combines the best of both. Handsomely finished, built to last a lifetime.

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mind and heart is needed if we are to have a civilisation worthy of the name. Along with the very best that can be done in framing agricultural legislation, there are needed better and better elementary and secondary school teachers, and better and better clergymen and ministers of all denominations, better and better wireless, better and better cinemas, better and better everything which has to do with the emotions and the development of mind and character. One national need is a wider concurrencement of the virtue of simpler living and of the truth that the cultivation of the land is the only real source of wealth. Then, although a vast amount of excellent service is being given in local administration and ameliorative social effort, there are too many men and women in the countryside who talk about the unemployed and the dole, but are themselves far too little employed. ‘They have failed to save themselves’ as the lamented C. E. Montague wrote, ‘from the baseness of taking from the world more than they give it.’ Dean Inge says that we have passed through a revolution. We are always passing through a revolution. In that formative period which never ends we have the privilege of lending our strength of mind and body and purpose, of being used-up in proving our patriotism, not in the glibness of our speech, but in humble service and in charitable judgment of the efforts of fellow-countrymen of another experience, training and environment than our own. So only, in recollection, can we look in the faces of the millions who died for their country, as we, if we do but choose to sacrifice ourselves, may live for it.
CUNARD WINTER CRUISES

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The Duke of Montrose’s Scrapbook

The extracts which, in the last number of The Countryman, the Duke of Montrose was kind enough to allow us to make from an old scrapbook found at Buchanan Castle have brought an interesting note from another subscriber, Captain H. T. Despard. He is a distant relative of the Colonel Despard, an account of whose execution along with six other men, we printed. ‘His brain’, Captain Despard writes, ‘had been affected by his long imprisonment without trial. For the first sixteen months of his imprisonment he was confined in a cell six feet by eight feet, without table or chair, fire or light. For many weeks his only food was bread and water. After two and a half years’ imprisonment he was released, apparently on his own recognisances. The conspiracy for which he was executed was the result of his resentment at the treatment he had undergone.’ So much for the good old times of 1801.

What They Leave out of the ‘Pageants’

Further examination of the scrapbook brings home the way in which, in the old days, the roads were obstructed by toll gates. A Shropshire ‘pike’ is to let at as much as £970 a year. An advertisement of an earlier date is of a ‘valuable estate and negroes (between 600 and 700 thereon).’
THE LURE OF LONDON is inexhaustible, but how many people know that there is in London the finest collection of genuine Lalique Glass to be seen anywhere. You can examine this lovely glass without being expected to buy, but if you wish to acquire some piece that particularly appeals to your taste you will find the prices astonishingly moderate. Mark this page as a reminder that you really ought to visit the exhibition soon.

BREVES' LALIQUE GALLERIES
IMPERIAL COURT, 2 BASIL STREET, SLOANE STREET
LONDON, S.W.3 - - LIFT TO SECOND FLOOR
TELEPHONE: KENSINGTON 1928-7471
In a newspaper cutting of 1827 is an account of a watchman's experience with resurrection men. 'He sprang his rattle and the miscreants made off.' In the chapel yard were a shovel and sack containing a body. In a neighbouring churchyard the body of a woman who had been drowned had been removed. These are not the glimpses of the past that we get in the county 'pageants.'

Then and Now

The changes that may take place in the countryside in a lifetime are illustrated by the fact that one of our readers, Mr. G. Eyre Evans, the antiquarian,

1. when two months old was passed through a riven ash by moonlight in order to be cured of the 'thrush,'
2. heard an old man tell the bees, 'The Missis is dead,' and saw him turn the hives and tie a black ribbon on them,
3. has seen a skep of bees carried over the lintel of a garden door so as not to pass through a door and break their luck,
4. was a witness of a bullock's heart being stuffed with pins and suspended in the open chimney of a cottage 'to keep the witches away,'
5. has seen the ceremony of a horse's skull (draped with a white sheet, and decorated with rosettes and coloured tapes and with eyes of bottle glass) being taken from door to door with singing of the 'Mari lwyd,' which still survives in some parts of Wales; and
6. has gone to bed by rushlight.

Mr. Evans' father, David Lewis Evans, professor of Hebrew, who died in 1902 at the age of ninety, had, as a youth, often spoken with the Welsh antiquary and bard, Edward Williams, who, in his youth, had conversed with Dr. Johnson.
Meet the TASTE-THRILL of the breakfast table—In this tempting, tasty food

"There's a Reason"

No breakfast dish could taste better than Grape-Nuts. That malty aroma! That nutty tang... chewy, crisp... loaded with flavours; loaded with nourishment, too! Here's the way to more enjoyable breakfasts! Try Grape-Nuts to-morrow morning and see!

Ready to serve with milk and sugar. 10½d. a packet for 10 ready-to-serve helpings.

How many uses have you found for Grape-Nuts? Send your name and address on a post card for a series of recipes to the Grape-Nuts Company, 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, S.E.1.

Grape-Nuts of course!

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Products, which include Postum, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.

MADE IN CANADA
Marble in the Cotswolds

VIEWED from one of its gardens the other day, there seemed to be one blot only on a delightful village in the Cotswolds—a white marble tombstone in the churchyard. The rural clergy and the Bishops who have neglected to remind them of their duty share the responsibility for having allowed churchyards in stone districts to be invaded by marble. It is not as if there were the least doubt about ecclesiastical powers. We have the highest authority for saying that ‘The general principle is that the incumbent, as representative of the Bishop, has a wide discretion.’ A clerical subscriber in a stone country puts up a notice intimating that marble tombstones are undesirable, and explaining why. Prevention is better than cure.

A Difficulty in Regional Planning

WITH tact and preparation of the ground, it is not difficult to persuade a Rural District Council to pass a resolution approving of the establishment of a Regional Planning Committee and to get the local Urban Council to join it. Out of the 643 Rural District Councils in the country, there are already 129 which have Planning Schemes in hand (for some 2,891,600 acres). These areas are described as ‘mostly interspersed among large centres of population’. The preservation of the countryside requires that schemes should be put in hand for more rural districts. Finance is the obstacle. Local opinion is often prepared to proceed to the stage of marking out the area to be planned. When
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it comes to providing money for the preparation of the scheme itself, things are at a standstill, unless a local enthusiast offers funds. So far, the local effort has cost nothing but the map, and it has obviously done good work in bringing about improvement in the plans of buildings. But the expense of the salary of a surveyor or the fee of an expert for the actual planning is alarming. There is certainly much to be said, as has been suggested by that active worker in the cause of regional planning, Major A. J. Muirhead, M.P., for securing County Council representation on a Joint Planning Committee. The effective co-operation of County Councils was made possible this year by the Local Government Act, 1929. This County Council representation would not only contribute wider views but procure a county contribution to expenses. Obviously, the county as a whole, as well as a particular locality, is financially interested, from the standpoint of rateable value, in wise planning. There seems no reason why a County Council should not make a money contribution and have representation, both on a fifty-fifty basis. Indeed we believe that at least one County Council has already agreed to stand in with local committees in this way.

Sky Pirates

It is something to find a well-known City man asking, at the London County Council, that steps should be taken ‘to prevent the desecration of London’s sky’—and in time, we do not doubt, our country sky—‘for commercial purposes’. We are
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Lotus Veldtschoen are very friendly shoes to the out-of-doors man—no matter what the weather may be. They wear and wear and go on wearing when other shoes have given up. They keep their shape to the end of their days and are absolutely waterproof. The twofold uppers of waterproof zug and fivefold soles see to that!

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all for immediate legislation. This ought to be possible by a non-Party private members' Bill. Apart from the 'desecration' argument, to which all subscribe, there is the further point that the firms using smoke advertising, and, in a more limited way, the firms using the hoardings, are beyond question getting publicity for which they do not pay. When the charges of the smoke-writing airmen and the hoarding firms have been paid, there still remains the unpaid account of the community. The fact that the community refrains from sending in its account does not touch the point. The community's enjoyment of life is sensibly diminished. The community has sustained 'moral and intellectual damages'. The only thoroughly honest advertising — our opinion may be held to be prejudiced but we declare our view — is Press advertising. It is not only that, by reason of this Press advertising, the community gets better papers and magazines than it could otherwise obtain. The community, if it does not like the character of the advertising in particular papers or magazines, need not buy these publications, in other words, need not see that advertising. We have all to see smoke advertising and hoarding advertising whether we like it or not. Of late there has been a great increase in hoarding advertising. It is being boomed in the technical press. Alas, it may be one of the bad things which have to become worse before they can become better. Whatever the towns may stomach — and we admit that some posters are things of distinction or of an interesting ingenuity or gaiety that has done something to enliven the metropolis and other great centres — we do not
"For ten years in constant use... and still looks like running another ten years, easily!"

Think over the following Owner Report:

The car, delivered in 1920, was run for eight years... for another two years it was employed as a van. The mileage is over 170,000 miles. The back axle has never been touched since it left the factory, and very little servicing has been done during this ten years' work. But this is not all. The owner adds, "The car still looks like running another ten years, easily!"

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The ‘Twenty’ Ranalegh Limousine as illustrated

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AUSTIN
think that the countryside will choose to put up with the hoardings to the degree in which they are tolerated by some county authorities to-day. The time will come when we shall know where town ends and country begins. It will be where the bill hoardings stop, or as they have no intention of stopping until they are made to, where they are stopped.

Save the By-Pass Roads

It is important to maintain the rural character of the new by-pass roads. To allow petrol stations or hotels on them is simply to make more streets. A useful argument for constructing a by-pass road can be found in an undertaking that no petrol stations or business premises will be permitted upon it. By such a prohibition the towns retain their trade.

'The Eminent Village'

The author of 'The Golden Whales of California' and 'The Daniel Jazz' has lifted up his voice again: 'The next generation will be that of the eminent village. The son of the farmer will travel, but only for what he can bring back. And the lonely country neighbourhood, as distinct from the village, shall make itself famous. There are river valleys all over the land that shall be known for their tall men as now for their well-bred horses. There are mountain lands that shall cultivate the tree of knowledge as well as the apple tree. There are sandy tracts that shall constantly ripen red and golden fruit, but as well, philosophers comforting as the moon and strength-giving as the sun. This, by
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Is noted for its steady burning and calorific qualities, needing little attention, making it a favourite incubator fuel with chicken raisers. R.V.O. is also the heavy oil engine fuel par excellence, giving all types of tractors extra power and first-class all-round performance.

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MOORCAGE HALL. E.C.2.
faith and a study of time, we proclaim.’ It is in ‘The Gospel of Beauty’.

**The Problem of the Large Garden**

The problem of the maintenance of the large gardens attached to many country houses has been solved in a new way at ‘an historic country mansion’, according to ‘Co-Partnership’. ‘We found that the gardens were being run on a profit-sharing basis. Twenty or thirty men were working in expectation of a considerable bonus at the end of the year. “It is the only way with a job like this,” said the steward.’ What saddens us is the abandonment of the large gardens of country houses—and market gardens for that matter—which are encroached upon by London and other cities. It seems a pity that, by intelligent regional planning, soil which has been got into such a wonderful state of cultivation cannot be saved for the production of fresh food for the suburbs.

**The Life we Lead**

It is pleasant to notice in the Constabulary Report that, whereas the boroughs have to have a policeman to every 699 of their population, we in the country can get along with a policeman to every 944 of us. A good deal of truth comes out when we look at the figures for London. In the metropolitan police district, they have to have a constable to every 384 inhabitants. In the City the proportion is actually as high as one guardian of the peace to every dozen citizens. The reason is that the police
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of boroughs and cities have many a duty to perform beyond that of coping with crime. Still, when all is said, we know very well that in the country we are more law-abiding than these townspeople. One reason is that most of our scallywags make for the towns.

The Limits of Shame

Some of us feel slightly ashamed if we see a bird and do not know its kind. But many people, who would be horrified at the ignorance that did not know a four-footed animal even at the Zoo, feel not the slightest shame for their inability to distinguish a hen blackbird from a thrush. One man, highly educated in most ways, used to say that he put all birds under one of three heads—sparrows, eagles and domestic fowls. Happily, the sale of books about birds increases rapidly. So also (we are well aware) does the demand for articles about bird-life.

Epistles from an Old Homestead

4. A Practical Method of Preserving the Countryside

We have all heard of the lunatic asylum water tap test. The patient was taken to the bath, the plug was put in, and both taps were turned on. Then he was given a pail, and told to keep the water from running over. If the patient was mad, he toiled at baling out the water and flinging it out of window. If he was sane, he turned off the taps.
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As we bale away at the flood of disorderly building that has desecrated so much of the countryside and threatens so much more—but do not let us exaggerate—are we giving enough thought to the better plan of turning off the taps?

Tap No. 1 is undoubtedly inscribed ‘Rural District Councils.’ There are 600 Rural District Councils. Some have built excellent cottages. There are others with a fine record in re-conditioning old cottages. The work of the remainder is such that, in many districts, ‘District Council Cottage’ is a byword for incompetence, unenlightenment, parsimony and impending squalor. Week by week, more and more of these ill-favoured, but much-needed, cottages are being built by Councils for the membership of which every would-be preserver of Rural England is responsible. As most Rural District Councillors are elected without opposition, is it any wonder that we should be afflicted by so much housing done on the cheap by sanitary inspectors?

The members of a Rural District Council are not always blameworthy. They believe that they can get sufficiently good cottages in this way. As a believer in the value of Rural District Councils (and Parish Councils and Parish Meetings), I should be very sorry to see housing taken from them. I do not want to lessen the importance of the Councils, to make it less interesting to serve on them, or to make the villages represented by them feel less responsibility for their own housing. The fact remains that the County Councils do employ architects, and that many District Councils scout the need of doing so. There are four alternatives,
Worms in Dogs

Dogs of all ages and Breeds are subject to worms. They are a fertile source of disease in the Dog and should have immediate treatment.

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Safely remove these pests within one hour, at the same time giving tone to the stomach, and producing first-rate condition in dogs.

WORMS IN A FOX-TERRIER.
The Cottage, Sandhills, Walsall,
March 3rd, 1887

Please send me one of Naldire’s Worm Powders. I consider them splendid. I had a Fox Terrier almost dead last Sunday, and got one of your Powders from a friend, and in fifteen minutes after the dog had it, she passed a tapeworm almost 60 feet in length.

Frank J. Brown.

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In small and large Tablets, of all Chemists and Stores.

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however, to taking the building out of the hands of the Rural District Councils:

1. Cannot two or even three neighbouring District Councils be persuaded, if not by some of their members, then by the Ministry of Health to share the expense of securing the architectural help that they will not engage for themselves alone? If the plan did not commend itself on aesthetic grounds, the economic argument might carry weight. The spectacle of lots of little District Councils’ sanitary inspectors, each evolving his own type of cottage, and separately advertising for tenders for a few cottages, is grotesque.

2. Could not the Ministry have done more in the way of helping with designs those Councils which are at the sanitary inspector stage of domestic architecture? Why should there not be Ministry models for different areas, all with practically the same accommodation, but with elevations in accordance with local tradition? There might be, for example, the Cotswold Design, the Warwickshire Design, the East Anglian Design. It is not an ideal arrangement. The R.I.B.A. will not like it. (Perhaps that is why it has not been adopted). The employment of a competent architect by a District Council is desirable. But if the Rural District Councils are unenlightened or recalcitrant, if these local legislative Ephraims are joined to their idols of sanitary inspectors, why not the next best thing? The result must be something better than the rows of unseemly cottages the sanitary inspectors are putting up in the light of their own understanding.

3. The Ministry is certainly culpable in not having insisted on the right to censor District Councils’ plans. Under the Addison scheme the Government paid all the heavy deficit over and above the penny rate. So the Ministry kept a control over expenditure. This gave the architects of the Ministry an opportunity to combine guidance in architecture with care of the State purse. On the whole the result was
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not unsatisfactory. Then came the Chamberlain Act of 1923. The State gave a fixed subsidy, irrespective of the cost of the house. The State was no longer interested in the capital cost. The Ministry was only a sanctioner of loans. If the cost of the houses was reasonable the loan went through. If the cost was too high, the Ministry called for the plan, but only in order to consider the price, not the plan. Under the Wheatley Act of 1924 (which also provides for a fixed subsidy whatever the cost) as under the Chamberlain Act, standards of accommodation are specified and therefore reasonably-sized houses are erected; but the plan and appearance of the houses is left in the hands of the local authority. The Ministry need not even see the plans! All it can demand is figures of outlay and room space. In practice, many Councils send their plans to the Ministry. Its officers have therefore an opportunity of offering advice. Happily, this advice is often accepted. But the worst designers are usually the most pig-headed and scorn advice. I know of a Council which rejected the advice of both the chief architect of the Ministry and of the honorary architect of the local regional plan and insisted on its own unfortunate designs. I see no reason why the Ministry should not at once take or seek from Parliament powers to censor the decisions of District Councils which will not employ an architect. It is too silly to have, in one part of the Ministry of Health building, Mr. Pepler and his staff, carrying on his campaign for the preservation of Rural England, and, in another part of the building, the architectural advisers of the Ministry having to pass, willy nilly, plans for spattering the countryside with sanitary inspector cottages, if only they are big enough and not too costly. The matter is the more urgent because the policy at the moment, rightly enough, no doubt, is for the State to decentralise and to increase the responsibilities of local authorities. I am indifferent whether the control of the design of District Council cottages shall be the affair of the Ministry or of, say, a County Council committee of two or
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three members sitting with an equal number of local architects.

4. There is one step which the Ministry of Health could take immediately. The Ministry pays, through the County Councils, half the salaries of the sanitary inspectors. If the sanitary inspectors of District Councils really do their sanitary inspecting it is a whole-time job. No doubt there are plenty of members of Rural District Councils who are quite agreeable to their sanitary inspectors not doing the jobs given them under some recent Acts. But it is in the interests of the community, and it is the law that the regulations provided for in these Acts should be carried out. Why should not the Ministry of Health send a circular to all District Councils, pointing out that it is no part of the duty of a sanitary inspector to design cottages, that the proper duties of a sanitary inspector have considerably increased of late years, and that the Ministry cannot approve of the services of sanitary inspectors being used for purposes outside those duties?

So much for the Ministry of Health.* As to district councillors and sanitary inspectors, it is no use spending ourselves on complaints that their taste does not suit us. The thing to do is to mend their taste. Or, if that be impossible, mend the

* I am delighted to find the following passage in the Ministry's new Housing Act circular, received since this article was in type: 'The Act provides wide powers of agreement between county councils and rural district councils under which the superior resources of the county councils may be brought to the aid of the rural district councils in the provision of houses under Part III of the Act of 1925. Such agreements may take many forms. They may for example provide for giving a rural district council the advantage of the use of the experienced and skilled staff of the county council in the preparation and execution of schemes, they may provide for the linking up of various building proposals within a county or they may extend to the undertaking by the county council of the whole or a definite part of rehousing work in the whole or a defined part of a rural district on such terms as may be arranged between the county council and the rural district council.'
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taste of the next crop of district councillors and sanitary inspectors. And here we come to Tap No. 2. The way to mend their taste is to catch them young. We cannot develop taste in local building, good taste that will value old buildings and old bridges, and preserve all that is delightful in our countryside; we cannot have a wide appreciation of the fact that cheapness is not economy unless we begin with the children at school. We cannot scrimp on education, or take no trouble to get value for the money we spend on it, and then expect taste and wise thinking from ignorant, unstimulated boys. In many rural schools and among many rural teachers there is an appreciation of beauty, and an inculcation of an elementary sense of civic responsibility. In other schools the drab walls, tawdry pictures, feeble sewing and trumpery craftwork reflect only too plainly the poverty of taste and the narrow social outlook of the teachers and their teachers. Figs are not gathered from thorns. Nor can taste and good citizenship be expected in district councillors to whom ratepayers have grudged the teaching of the difference between beauty and ugliness, between the sound and the trumpery, between the frugal and the stingy. It is impossible to emphasise the fact too strongly that the preservation of rural England is first and foremost a question of education. Only an ill-educated population would callously destroy or fail to cherish and maintain its inheritance of natural beauty. But need we have an ill-educated population?

Sir Fabian Ware, Sir Philip Stott and all the other people who did the work for the well-attended C.P.R.E. Conference in Cheltenham town
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hall are entitled to no end of credit for their exertions, but – The 'but' is that, as at other gatherings of the kind, and many a Regional Planning Committee meeting – I know, for I have been bidden to three C.P.R.E. meetings lately, and I belong to two regional planning committees – there is too much gratulation on the wonderful domestic architecture we have been dowered with and on how it ought to be protected for our benefit. The practical question is rather, What sacrifices are we making that we may deserve to keep it?

Still more, What are we doing that our store of beauty may be added to? It is a poor-spirited thing to enjoy what our forbears have bequeathed to us, and to leave nothing in our turn for those who come after us. Is it not possible to have too much of what may be called the museum atmosphere and attitude in considering the amenities of the countryside? Let us guard religiously those things of the past of which we are the guardians, but let us face, not with apprehension but with faith, the days that are to come. If architecture has any meaning at all, we may confidently expect that as good houses as ever have been built in the British countryside are still to be built. Architecture is not a dead but a living art. That some practitioners of architecture live in the past, think and say little that is good of their own time and have scant understanding of it does not affect the fact in the least.

The ideas of some of the polite about old-world cottages seem to be based on the assumption that the original habitations of rural working folk were Broadways and Chipping Campdens. They never
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were. The fine houses of Broadway and Chipping Campden were the dwellings of the better-off. The poor lived in hovels, most of which have tumbled down or been pulled down or turned into sheds. The dwellings of the poor have usually been poor. Many farm-workers' cottages may be 'picturesque,' but they belong to an age in which 'the humble poor' were regarded as a permanent, requisite proportion of the population, a natural object of the landscape. That bygone age delighted in the contemplation of 'ruins,' even had them built. Our own age has more sense and more right feeling. The farm-worker families of a self-respecting agriculture will refuse to live in unhygienic dwellings. The day is past for teaching hygiene in schools and talking it in political speeches, and not caring for it in practice. I want to preserve the best in rural Britain. But it must be a rural Britain of which the nation can be proud. I should have small faith in the future of agriculture, the future of Britain, or the future of architecture if, when I gaze on the vast tracts of unspoilt and unbuilt-on countryside remaining to us, I did not see the possibilities of new villages, or new groups of cottages, which, in architecture and arrangement, shall compare with the most photographed village now existing. These new villages and new groups of cottages will come into being when the cultivation of British land is realised to be the prime necessity of our race, and becomes therefore not only an honourable but a remunerative pursuit. It is for this reason that the basis of all our work, agricultural, social and aesthetic, must be economic.—Solomon Wiseacre
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is guaranteed to be fully active in regard to Vitamins A and D. One pint of the oil added to one cwt. of mash provides the necessary Vitamins A and D to ensure growth and health.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>½ bottle (12 to gal.)</td>
<td>1/3</td>
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<tr>
<td>½ gallon tin</td>
<td>3/9</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 gallon tin</td>
<td>6/6</td>
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<tr>
<td>5 gallon tin</td>
<td>31/-</td>
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<tr>
<td>25 gallon barrels</td>
<td>145/-</td>
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THE COUNTRYMAN’S PROBLEMS

We are always glad to give to subscribers any information this office or our contributors may possess on any subject. With this number of The Countryman we reproduce some answers of general interest.

Dairy Farm Results. — New Zealand. Milk Production: Five Years’ Costs and Financial Results (South Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, Kent, 2s.) and ‘Results on Five Dairy Farms’ (Reading University, 15.). Rent of a fifty acre small-holding for dairying, say £2 per acre. Capital, not less than £600. Artificials, say 9s. an acre. A good grade cow, £30–£35; yield, say, 800 gals. Price of milk about 1s. 1d. wholesale and 2s. 6d. retail. Estimate three acres per cow and total cost of keep, £20–£23. Poultry are now more remunerative than dairy stock. A profit of 5s. per bird may be realised.

Modern Coal Cookers. — Mrs. G. In the closed cooker no more air is allowed into the fire chamber than is actually required for combustion. There is, therefore, no waste of heat up the chimney, as in the old-fashioned ranges. If the top plate of a range is polished, the heat radiation from that part of the range is reduced by half, but immediately a cooking utensil is placed upon the polished surface, the heat is conveyed rapidly to that utensil. The surface of the range can be enamelled so perfectly that it neither chips nor blisters, and there is a remarkable reduction in the heat of the kitchen consequent upon the smooth surface radiating a minimum of warmth. There is no necessity to use expensive anthracite, although the best anthracite gives the best results. Dry steam coal, coalite and coke will all do well in a range that is entirely closed, particularly if the air supply to the fire chamber is under complete control.

Cream Cheese. — Willing to Learn. By the courtesy of Miss Bennion, chief dairy instructress, Cheshire School of Agriculture: (1) Take thin cream, place in a basin or enamelled pail and regulate temperature to sixty degrees to sixty-five degrees, the latter in cold weather. (2) Add rennet, eighteen drops to each quart of cream, which should always be diluted with a little cold water before adding. Thoroughly mix in the rennet by stirring at least five minutes. (3) Cover vessel with cloths and leave for eight to ten hours to thicken. (4) Ladle out into fine textured cloth. The cloth is previously scalded and cooled. Tie up the cloths, bag fashion, by taking the four corners and fastening with a piece of string, and hang up to drain in a draughty place when the atmosphere is pure. Never put more than about one gallon of cream in the same cloth, or it will become acid too quickly owing to failure to drain properly. (5) Twice daily, oftener if convenient, open cloths, and with knife scrape down hardened cream from the outsides and thoroughly mix with that of softer consistency from the centre. Advisable to change cream into at least one fresh cloth. Oftener the cloth is changed the better.
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Drainage usually occupies two days but may easily be hastened by frequently opening cloths, scraping them down and using a small amount of pressure. Pressure required is obtained by putting a board with a small weight on the bag of cream placed on a table. Moulding the cheeses may be done as soon as cheese is of a firm but pasty consistency. Open cloth and thoroughly mix with cheese a small quantity of pure salt. It is not necessary to add salt though a small quantity assists in keeping and helps to bring out flavour. Cheese may be moulded in square, oblong, round and other forms. The moulds may be lined with greaseproof paper or butter muslin into which the cheese is filled. The paper or muslin is then wrapped over and a small weight placed on top for pressure. Next the shaped cheese may be turned out. Cheeses should be made so as to weigh about four ounces each. Half a gallon of cream will produce fifteen cheeses.

For double cream cheese very thick cream is used. Should be cooled down to sixty degrees and placed at once in a fine textured linen cloth and hung up to drain. Process is similar to that described above, except that no rennet is needed. Mould while still moist and of a pasty consistency.

Gardener's Blistered Hands — Mrs. L. No wonder. Your 'kind of Virginia creeper' is Rhus Toxicodendron (Poison Ivy) which, beautiful though it is in autumn, should be grubbed up and burnt. Sometimes it is called Poison Oak, as in one variety the leaves are shaped like the oak. Fortunately this plant is little known in England, but in Canada and the United States, one has a real dread of it in the woods.

Thatch and Insurance. — S.D. Average cost of insuring a house with tiled roof and valued at £500 is 25s. This is the usual 5s per cent. rate. With thatch the extra rate is on contents, 2s; on building and contents 3s. Weight of thatch on timbers averages eight cwt. per one hundred square feet, enabling lighter roofing timbers to be used than with slate or tiles.

Water. — R.D.C. With regard to County Council financial help to small local authorities for the provision of water where the rateable value of a parish is low, several County Councils are moving, but there is a great difference in the financial resources of a county like Lancashire and, say, Oxfordshire.

Training Centres for Unemployed. — B.D.J. Explanatory leaflets from Ministry of Labour, Whitehall, S.W.1, and Annual Report (1929), published by the Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.

Exemption of Dogs from Licence. — J.M.M. Shepherd, one or two dogs. Farmer, one or two dogs. Occupier of sheep farm exceeding 400 sheep, three dogs, for 1000 sheep, four dogs, and for every 500 sheep above 1000, one dog, additional total exemption not to exceed eight dogs.
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10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine
1,100 children are always being maintained

Funds urgently needed for all Branches of the Society's work


164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

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There is Hope for England in her Children

I live at X which is on the edge of the moors. There is, living in a small house on the moor, a family called Y. The family consists of father, mother, girl aged twenty-two, girl aged nineteen, five boys aged fifteen, thirteen, nine, seven and four.

The father was run in about fifteen years ago for stealing . . . so far as I know he has not been run in for any act of dishonesty since.

The mother is half-witted and is useless for bringing up or taking care of the children. She will do no cooking and takes no interest in the house or children and does not even keep herself clean.

The eldest daughter got into trouble. . . .

The second girl is unmarried, and has recently had a baby. . . .

The family, so far as the parents are concerned, are a bad lot. . . . I feel that the boys are going to be brought up as ne’er do wells if they are left in their present surroundings. There is no sort of control or home life, and the mother is quite useless.

Dr. Z. attends the family and has done his best to improve the conditions at home, without success. Mrs. A. who lives close to us, has also done her best without result. . . . I shall be extremely grateful if you can advise me as to what you think will be the best method of helping the boys.’

This was the S.O.S. received just before Christmas from a country gentleman.

Can there be hope for England in children such as these?

Of course the Children’s Aid Society came to the rescue.

This is just one specimen of hundreds of cases helped every year.

Help the Children’s Aid Society to SAVE OUR CHILDREN.

One guinea will maintain the Society’s whole work for one hour. £40 will feed, clothe, and house a child for one year.

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1791 1930

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IT has been suggested to me that if we could see our way to allow our Readers the advantage of sending The Countryman to friends and relatives at home and abroad, for a year, at Half Ordinary Price, by way of a Trial Subscription, we should give a great deal of pleasure and have ourselves the advantage of introducing the Review, directly or indirectly, to a large circle of readers. I have pleasure in announcing, therefore, that the Publisher will be willing to despatch by way of a Christmas or New Year Present in December, 1930, or
as a Gift, any time during 1931, The Countryman for a year, post free, to any part of the world, for a Half-Price Trial Subscription of 5s. only, and will send the Donor’s Greetings or Compliments with it, as may be desired.

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which interfere with the effective working powers of the mind, and in their place it develops strong, positive, vital qualities such as—

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<td>Will-Power</td>
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and a Reliable Memory.

By developing these qualities Pelmanism certainly adds to your efficiency and consequently to your earning power. But—what is equally important—as a result of cultivating your senses, getting your mind in order and helping you to acquire a healthy mental outlook, Pelmanism increases your happiness and enables you to develop a finer appreciation of the beauties of Nature, the Arts, and Life generally.

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"Still waiting for the great thought, dear?" "Most extraordinary! No sooner had I got my pipe going than the whole blessed speech went and composed itself." "Get along with you, James! You'll be saying next that your best sermons are written under the influence of Three Nuns." "Well, I'm not so sure..."

The rest is silence—and

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You can see with half an eye

that that's a 'Nugget' Shine!

'New shoes, old shoes, Black shoes, Brown shoes, they all come my way. Some there are that it seems a pity to waste good 'Nugget' on, but it's just them that need it most. It smartens 'em up wonderful and makes 'em look like new.'

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Black, Tan, Dark Brown and other shades

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A pretty predicament! But not to be wondered at when the only light in the wine cellar is candle-light. How often do you wish you were able to touch a switch and have a rush of real light! Generous light upstairs and downstairs, in attic and cellar, within and without. The Chloride Battery will bring it to you. And the cost is not ruinous. Act while the thought is with you. Post the coupon to the makers of the Chloride Battery for this valuable information.

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Improved design of engine—greater power and performance—numerous chassis improvements, new design in coachwork—new prices.

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Improved design of engine—greater power and performance—improved coachwork, including new seven-seater Coachbuilt Limousine—new prices.

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Retains the many special features which have made this model Supreme in its class—alike in appearance, in spacious seating and in value. Supplied with Limousine and Landaulette bodies.

Sunbeam has again advanced its standard of beauty, comfort and performance—and the new prices make Sunbeam value greater than ever.

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Trial runs on these 1931 models can be arranged at any time—without obligation.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON
London Showrooms: 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1
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Give a ‘Luvisca’ Garment

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SHIRTS
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WHEN a busy man who is also a wise man needs Shirts and Pyjamas he does not worry over such terms as 'taste' or 'strength' or 'good fit.' He just says 'LUVISCA' — and so makes certain of everything that to him means good dress. There are colours and patterns to satisfy every liking and desire.

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If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. 168M), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.
A Gypsy School Tragi-Comedy

THE exacerbated criticism roused by every unveiled fault of the early and mid-Victorian mind needs a counter-balance. For a change, let us admire some virtues of the fifties as they shine out from the pages of a Remark Book, dated 1852-55, which belongs to the Pitt-Rivers Museum and has been kindly opened for us. The Museum, now much enlarged, was originally built as a School for the Children of Gypsies, an outcome of the unselfish work of a certain John West, Rector of Chettle and Farnham, who had been moved by the heathendom of these young outlaws. What chiefly interests the modern reader is the glimpses of the characters of the ‘ladies and gentlemen’ of the Visiting Committee who so conscientiously, religiously, not to say portentously entered their comments in a book kept for the purpose. We have to bear in mind that these public-spirited men and women believed in a literal interpretation of the book of Genesis,
the certainty of an ever-burning Hell, and a sharp
distinction of social classes, not to speak of the
deserving and undeserving poor.

Four of the long-vanished actors in the little
school community stand out for our pity and our
praise. First let us put the strained and godly
school-mistress, aptly named Miss Dove, who died
so becomingly at her exacting job. Scarcely
second shines out the patient, plodding ‘Servant
Girl,’ so often tragically ‘subject to fits,’ of whose
work the Recording Angels of the Committee
usually say: ‘Found the Institution looking very
clean in every part.’ Her cooking is always praised.
Thirdly comes The Pig. Finally, there is the good
boy of the school, Henry Martin, with a slate
‘without a fault,’ ‘sums correctly done’ and ‘dictation
without a fault.’ Alas, after Miss Dove had passed
to brighter realms, Henry was bracketed as a truant
along with a certain wicked Harry Barney. It is
to be feared that Mrs. West, the new mistress,
lacked understanding of the vagabond heart of a
gypsy boy. Let us hope that the ‘simple questions
as to the way of salvation’ which were so well
answered by ‘all the children’ did something to
modify the downward course of Henry’s later
career. In all the record few things stand out more
remarkably than the general acceptance of Ill-
health. The following are the extracts:

July 23, 1852. The children have behaved fairly to the
Teacher, an improvement is seen; the Servant Girl being
subject to fits appears unfit for the place.—C.J.G.

July 27. Isabella Hughes had been taken away by her
Mother on Sunday when returning from Church.—E.L.
July 30. Amberlane Barney and Henry Martin did a
sum in simple addition readily and correctly. The Collect
for last Sunday repeated and the Catechism said and two
hymns. Miss Dove thinks the children are growing attached
to her. They were looking clean and healthy. Suggested
that the linen room would be much improved by being
boarded over instead of covered with a cloth.—R.M.

The Pig has nothing but very coarse Bran.—E.L.

August 18. Children well reported of by the mistress for
their conduct towards her. I examined them in the Books
of Genesis and the three first Chapters of Exodus. The
answering was more distinct and intelligent.—R.M.

August 24. The Servant had not had her fits but she had
not been well; suggested to the Teacher that she had better
walk out with the Teacher and the children for the sake of
her health when her work enabled her to do so.—C.J.G.

Sept. 7. Children much in want of their pinafores and
others Trowsers.—E.L.

Sept. 19. Found the children at dinner eating heartily;
after which they were washed and had their hair brushed,
as usual. Examined them in Exodus xvii. In the writing
from dictation Henry Martin’s slate without a fault: their
sums correctly done. All stood up to answer elementary
questions in Geography. Their demeanour improved and
general appearance greatly for the better.—R.M.

Sept. 23. The house appeared well ventilated and whole-
some. The bread was spoken of as rather sweet from the
wheat grown, the meat very good. The butter is not good; it
will be well not to have so much in at a time again. Children
read fairly, though still with a particular tone. Answered
simple questions as to the way of salvation very well. I
should hope as to the Prayers Morning and Evening that for
the future a short portion of the Bible might be read, and
some prayers used of a spiritual and Evangelical tendency.
C.J.G.
Oct. 6. Found the Mistress and the Children going out for their exercise, and as they had not been out on Saturday I did not stop them.—E.L.

Oct. 13. The Mistress still looking very poorly. The Servant and Children have all had colds. Some Furze wanted for lighting fires.—E.L.

Oct. 14. Miss Dove better. The children looking as if they had had colds, but attentive during their examination in the Collect for the 18th and 19th Sundays after Trinity. House as usual very clean. Paid Miss Dove £5 10s. and Mary Ann Dunsford £1 15s. as their quarter's wages.—R.M.

Nov. 12. Henry Martin's slate was without a fault. I also tried them in the map of Europe. They were very attentive and apparently very happy. Also, thank God, free from cold.—R.M.

Jany. 21, 1853. Writing from dictation moderate, with the exception of Henry Martin's slate which was right. The children conversant with their arithmetic, as far as they are advanced, but the sums faulty from being worked over fast. Spelling by syllables correct.—R.M.

March 11. Saw the Copy Books and think there is an improvement in them.—F.S.

March 14. The Floors of Rooms not looking so nice as usual, the Servant having been poorly lately.—E.L.

March 18. Met Capt. Littlehales to settle a few things about Amberlane Barney's journey which was fixed (D.V.) for Tuesday next. (Unsigned).

March 23. Found Miss Dove very poorly indeed. She had sent for Mr. Foot. Finding her so very ill I went to Mr. Prother, who with Mrs. Prother kindly came up to see Miss Dove and provide her with everything that was requisite.—E.L.

March 26. Visited the School. Found Mr. and Mrs. Prother here and Mr. Foot. Miss Dove was very unwell indeed in bed. The servant had sent for her Mother to help her. Mr. Prother had kindly sent for Mrs. Wheeler to
nurse Miss Dove. Gave Mrs. Wheeler charge of the Institution, etc., and desired that Mary Ann Dunsford's Mother might return to her home. The boys at work with Mr. White in the ground.—E.L.

March 28. Overtook the sister of Miss Dove, Mrs. H. Gould, on her way to see her and brought her on. Found Miss D. in bed after having passed a very restless night, but more composed when I was at her bedside. She twice asked me to pray and was able to join in prayer. May the Lord in mercy grant our petitions! A messenger had been sent to Mr. Foot who sent a small bottle of medicine with special directions about her which shall be attended to. Her sister will remain with her to-night. Another sister expected. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Prother who are all kindness about her. Ordered Mrs. Wheeler to remain until she hears further. Miss Barrett looking after the children who were clean and orderly. I examined them. The Scripture answering intelligent. Henry Martin's writing from Dictation without a fault. That of the rest moderate. (Unsigned).

March 30. The house ordered to be kept very quiet on account of Miss Dove who is a little better to-day. Sent to Thick Thorn Inn for some Sherry Wine ordered by the Doctor.—E.L.

April 3. Mr. Foot thinks Miss Dove a little better.—E.L.

April 7. Heard in the morning from Mrs. Hawkins that Miss Dove had died at nine o'clock the previous Evening. Her friends had been and measures had been taken for the Coffin, etc., being got ready. Left word with Mrs. Hawkins that whatever time the friends settled to remove the remains to let me know and I would be here if possible; at all events I would be here to-morrow if engagements in Wimborne allowed it. Desired that the Institution might be well cleaned, especially the Matron's, the bed furniture and bed clothes be washed.—E.L.

April 9. Visited the School, found the remains of Miss Dove with all the Clothing, etc., belonging to her had been
removed the previous Evening to Gussage St. Micael, the
funeral being fixed to take place there on Sunday next.
Discharged Mrs. Wheeler. Desired Mrs. Hawkins to
follow the Rules, Dietary, etc. To get on with the instruc-
tion as well as she could.—E.L.

May 14. Pig killed. Weighed 9 stone 8 lbs.—E.L.

The extracts have been sent us by Miss Mariel Russell, Secretary
of the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Farnham, which is twenty-two miles S.W.
of Salisbury. The ‘Remark Book’ and a little engraved collecting
card are, she tells us, all that survive of the Gypsy School. General
Pitt-Rivers bought the place to house his excavation models, peasant
objects and other collections made up till the time of his death in 1900,
and Captain Pitt-Rivers favours us with a copy of a delightful guide
to the collection. We will welcome information about the Gypsy School
from readers of The Countryman who happen to know anything
of its history.

A Countryman in Nazareth

To escape from the guide—that was my first
thought, and within a few minutes it became an
insistent necessity. It was intolerable to be asked
to stare at the tinsel and tawdriness of modern
shrines, at a table at which a particular meal was
said to have been eaten two thousand years ago,
at a carpenter’s shop which was obviously an under-
ground cistern. It was not easy to escape, for there
are guides who apparently believe in the absurdities
which they reiterate to travellers—and even if you
contrive to lose the guide there are still the picture-
postcard sellers waiting for you round the corner—but at last we were alone in the road that runs from
Nazareth down the hill.

Down the hill. . . . Nothing was so new or
unexpected to me as that. Nazareth itself, as you
realise when you first catch sight of its buildings,
driving through the Plain of Esdraelon, with Mount Tabor on your right and Mount Carmel away on your left to the sea, is ‘set on an hill’. It is a village high among the mountains. But somehow I had not thought of it as a village with a street running up and down hill, so that whenever Joseph’s son left the carpenter’s shop he would walk up or down the rough road in which I stood, with its stones muddy with March rain. To go away from home always down hill, and coming home always to have to climb up hill — that was a new idea to me.

The carpenter’s shop itself I could see almost from where I stood. I had seen the same thing in Jerusalem — a little place open to the street, the back of it in a half light, its floor littered with shavings, and the smell of planed wood breathing in the sunshine. There can be little difference between the shop of to-day, with its simple tools and furniture, and the shop of many generations gone. But the abiding things of all the centuries are not in buildings or in streets. I found them in the sights and sounds of the fields, among birds and flowers. On the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth we had stopped at Jacob’s Well — one of the few certain sites in Palestine — and had drunk of its tepid water and walked in the garden. And in the garden there were goldfinches singing in the trees, and I thought of Francesca’s ‘Nativity’ in the National Gallery, with its delicately painted birds and singing choir. But the flowers were the real link with the past. In the road dropping from Nazareth you can stand by the hedge-bank with the common plants, the speedwells and pennyworts
and stitchworts, growing there as they have always grown, and you can climb up from the road to the little plots of ground, some of them wild, some cultivated, by the side of the hillpath. There are carpets of flowers there, irises, cyclamens, grape hyacinths, scarlet anemones—'the lilies of the field'. Looking at these, watching a child gathering them, perhaps, you can travel back through time as you will, and can glance from the petals among the stones at your feet to the sky-line in cloud and shadow, miles away, of the unchanging hills.—E.P.
An 18th Century Parson Farmer

The Diary of Benjamin Rogers. – 4

Jan. —., 1732. A Distemper, called the Cough, spread all over this Kingdom, very few escaping it.

Feb. the 19th. At the beginning of this Month it grew very Mortal, at London, so that 1588 died in one Week, and the next week 1166, and the next but 628 so that the Mortality is much abated.

Feb. the 23rd. I received a letter from my son Benj. informing me therein, that Broad pieces would be current no longer, and that they would be call’d in to be Recoin’d and no more than 4 li. os. 10d. would be allow’d per ounce, and also that a proclamation was publish’d to that purpose.

Feb. the 23rd. Wm. Shepherd of this Town went to Boston to be dipp’d for the Bite of my Dog; (mad as was suppos’d). Note, a little after this I lost my Boar, and one of the Black Pigs, bitt by the Boar by madness. Mr. Nichols a Counsel, and then at my Lord Trevor’s, gave me a Recipe to cure creatures so bitt. It is as follows, viz.

Take three handfuls of Lung-wort, or Jew’s Ears (it grows upon the Top of Moss on Mole-banks in Clayey or Woodland Ground and is like the Wing of a Bat), Boil these in a Pint of Milk till a quarter part of the Milk be consumed; then Strain it, and add to it an handful of Rye-flour, and as much powder of yellow Sanders as will lie upon a shilling. Stir all the Ingredients well together, and give it Luke warm to the Creature Bit with the Mad Dog, every other Day for three days fasting. χάρις.

This Medecin I gave to my Hogs, al which (beeing above 20 in Number) we were afraid were
Bit by the Boar which dyed mad, which had been
Bit by my Dog which dyed mad (as we suppos’d
he did) and also to my 2 Dogs; and I hope with good
successe. Tho’ one of the Black pigs died since,
much in the same way as the Dog and Boar died:
But then my son said that he thot this pig being an
underling, had not so much of the Medecin as the
rest had: (for they would not take it singly but we
were forc’d to put it in a Trough). This Pig fell
at the Next full of the Moon after it was supposed
to have been bitten, but al the rest continue well.
\chi\acute{\i}\nu\i\omicron\sigma\upsilon\tau\omega\theta\epsilon\omicron\omicron\nu.

Feb. the —. Lady Jolliffe was taken very ill,
losing the Use of her Limbs, and Dr. Godfrey was
sent for who taking it to be the Palsy, ply’d her with
rich Cordials, he allow’d her to drink a pint of
Mountain Wine besides pr day.

March the 14th. Dr. Mead and his Lady came to
Harold which pleas’d my Lady very much. He
upon Examination of Dr. Godfrey and the others
said that there was a great decay in Nature, and
finding withal a fever, it was agreed to lay aside the
use of Cordials, upon which the Fever abat’d, and
her senses return’d, being beside delirious; And
Jellies and Nourishing things were given, but with-
out much effect, she continuing as weak as ever.

April the 12th being Wednesday. My lady Jolliffe
died, in her I lost a very good friend. She was a
lady of great spirit, of a good deal of wit, religious,
charitable, prudent.

April the 21st. I went to see Mr. Richards.
Notwithstanding our account stood plain and mani-
fest in my Book he had no account in his book which
is very strange, and depended wholly on mine. He
wou’d have it that I owed him but 1 years rent due
at Xmas 1731. But I early convinced him that it
was 3 years tho’ it had been easy to have cheated him
out of 100 li. But I thank God I had not the least
notion in my soul to do it and was as earnest to set
him right as if his case had been mine. May this
be a Caution to him and to me to be careful in all
things.

April the 24th. The Honble. Mrs. Anne Jolliffe
was Buried. All the people of Harold and My Lady’s
Tenants, the Pall-Bearers and the Clergy had King’s
Scarves, silk Hat-bands and Gloves. The Tenants
and Farmers of Harold had Hatbands and Shamey
Gloves. The rest had Hatbands and Gloves. The
funeral was Grand, being order’d from an undertaker
from London. Mrs. Mead was pleased to
order Hatbands and Gloves for my children.
χιρή. Note, She was buried by daylight and there
was no Funeral Sermon.

May the 8th. Being Monday my dear Mother
died a little before nine in the Evening of a Dropsical
Gout in the 75th year of her Age and was buried
in my Fathers Grave who died Aug. 2, 1708. She
left me 20 li. and my children 5 li. apiece and to my
sister Phillips eldest child 40 li. In this case I think
I have hard measure. My mother knew my cir-
cumstances and before the making of her will I
had six children and one more at her death to whom
about half a year before her death she had given a
guinea. She knew I had then about 200 li. My
Father left My Mother all the personal estate so
that I was turned out into the wild world without
a penny to help myself. Indeed it pleased Mr. Aspinall to make me Usher of the Free school* (for which I owe him immortal thanks) but the value of this was but small being but 13 li. 6s. 8d. pr. Ann. besides some perquisites which were very inconsiderable. For what reason my Mother took so little notice of me in her Will I know not, unless influenced by her Party. For it is plain I have very little more left me by my Father and Mother than they cou’d not hinder me of. But I wil say no more of this, but in patience possess my soul, and be thankful to God for what I have.

The 10th. She was Buried.

May the 25th. Mr. Peter Hazlewood of Bedford came to my House and dined with me, afterwards we endeavor’d to agree upon the sum he was to have to take my son Benj. Apprentice. He insisted upon 45li. and I upon 40 Guineas. Indeed I can by no means Spare so much Money, but my Lady Jolliffe having intended to give 20 li. with him to Mr. Hazlewood, and Mrs. Mead, after her death, offering the said sum of 20 li. out of reverence to her Aunt’s Will, I could do no less than comply in this case, and leave the rest to providence, which I hope will prosper it. χάρις.

June the 9th. Lebbieus Murphin cam to my house, and paid me a half year’s Rent; and after a good deal of talk about the Repairs etc. we agreed to Refer the case to two men. He to choose one and I the other, on the 14th day about one a Clock in the afternoon to make an end of the Matter. Juste descerent. He told me then a Strange thing

* Bedford
that was done lately at Bolhurst viz. the 5th of the Month being last Monday, said that my Cousin Gurney’s Shepherd being persuaded that he ought so to do, by these words of our Saviour; if thy Eye offend thee, pluck it out, and if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; Cut off close to the Belly: Dr. Harding of Kimbolton has him in care and, as he says, he thinks he can cure him. The Man they say is a Sober man but I am afraid not well in his Wits.

(To be continued)

Mr. C. D. Linnell writes to us that he has found it extremely interesting to read Benjamin Rogers’ Diary alongside the very similar, though larger, production, *James Woodforde: the Diary of a Country Parson* (1760-1790) which began to come out two or three years ago. ‘The impression I get is that during the greater part of the Eighteenth Century the world (as far as it affected the lives, outlook and language of the upper-middle classes) stood still. Though my comparison has been cursory, Woodforde in 1780 speaks exactly the same language as Rogers in 1730. Another point is that the society with which they mixed is almost identical. Also Rogers was an assistant master at Bedford Grammar School, and Woodforde applied for its head-mastership.’

‘To the discovery noted earlier that the flowering of *Prunus pissardi* gives the optimum date for sowing spring oats (to counter the May frit fly) may now be added that of the elder (*S. nigra*) for sowing swedes and that winter oats are best sown half-way between the dates of ivy bloom and ripening of holly berries.’—Footnote from the 38th Phenological Report, edited by a committee of the Royal Meteorological Society (Stanford, 3s.).
I AM permitted to reply in The Countryman to some of the criticisms of my recent book, 'The Future of Farming'. My forecast engendered an amount of heat which was quite unexpected, but I think the reasons are pretty plain. It has been a common cry for long enough that agricultural policy should be lifted out of the arena of Party politics. Speakers in all Parties have given expression to this very desirable aim. But it seems that when put to the test, the bias of Party and the desire for political advantage are too strong for them, and political capital must be made at any cost. I am a poor politician myself, and I had no thought of Party politics when writing my views on the future of farming. But it seems that because I tried to find something more constructive, something more permanent, than a policy of the dole, the reviewers of the more conservative press were not content to express disagreement with my conclusions, backed up by reasoning to support their objections, but sought to damage my plea by mere invective. With this I have no quarrel; the Party politician must be allowed to grind his axe in his own way. Criticisms of technical journals can be explained equally easily and with a good deal more sympathy. They know as well as I do the acuteness of the difficulties under which so many farmers are
working to-day. They opened my book, I think, hoping to find in it an advocacy of one of the measures of subsidy or guarantee put forward in the hope of bringing relief at once, or within a very short time, and in their disappointment they turned and rent me. What they failed to appreciate was that my book was written wholly and solely to deal with the 'Future' of farming, not with the present. While I believe that a guarantee of a wheat price, or a prohibition of imports of black-currants, or a variety of other similar aids would help the farmer to-day or to-morrow, I do not believe that a sound agricultural industry can ever be built up by these means; and leaving the consideration of what should be done temporarily to the decision of others, I applied myself to the evolution of a scheme which might be brought slowly into operation, to reconstruct farming in some of its leading branches permanently, on an economic rather than on a parasitic basis. If my anonymous reviewers could have brought themselves to read my book from this angle, I think they might have dealt more gently with me, even if my arguments led them to conclusions other than those at which I have arrived. After all, each of us has really only one object to serve, namely, the good of agriculture, and this, in my mind, as probably in theirs, is synonymous with the good of the whole country. Not all my reviewers have been merely destructive in their comments. On the contrary, some have been definitely appreciative, whilst others, who disagree with my conclusions, have been at pains to give reasons for their differences. I concluded that the big reforms which seemed to me
called for, mainly in the direction of a re-grouping of holdings to intensify the output of labour by the mechanisation of agricultural processes, could only be carried out with the assistance of the State as landlord. They are prepared to accept my diagnosis of the agricultural disease, and also my proposed treatment, but only up to the point at which I suggest that the State should step in. This is an intelligible point of view and one which will have many sympathisers. I can only say that if this is the sole point of difference between us, if they believe that faith in the future of farming is still strong enough to stimulate the old landlord and the private investor to set about its reconstruction, by all means give them a chance. But reconstructed it must be, as the only alternative to policies of despair.
2. Fixity of Tenure and the State
by the Duke of Montrose

With reference to some remarks in the last Countryman on my views concerning fixity of tenure for tenant farmers, I would like to make it quite clear that as a result of my experience with smallholdings and the Land Court in Scotland, I think it would be preferable that fixity of tenure should only be granted when tenant farmers are tenants of the Government or some public authority upon publicly-owned lands. Fixity of tenure under a Land Court is not really a good policy for a private landowner, and for the following main reasons:

1. It terminates private negotiations as to rent between man and man, and introduces a third party into what ought to be solely a private business.

2. If the rent is determined by a third party and fixed for a period, it makes the landowner a pure rent receiver, and nothing more.

3. It dries up a source of capital for the farm, as, naturally, with a fixed rent which cannot be added to, a landlord will not invest further money in a farm, for he cannot get any additional return or rent upon it.

4. The practice adopted in fixing a rent is not usually to determine what the farm might have been under good cultivation, but just to consider what is a fair rent for it in its existing state. The result is that men who wish to have low rents let their farms down to a miserable state.

5. An objection to fixity of tenure is that the landlord has no say as regards an incoming tenant, as the holding is left to the nearest heir-at-law; with the result that some most incompetent men come into possession of farms, and cannot be got out.
6.—Fixity of tenure is a grave hindrance to the sale of land. Who wants to buy property when they cannot get entry to occupy it? The only way for a landowner to dispose of such property would be for him to be able to transfer it to the Government for settlement of death duties, or some other similar purpose.

7.—Finally, what is the end of fixity of tenure to be when the landlord is nothing more than a pure rent receiver? The position cannot go on forever, because in say a hundred years' time a tenant may well object to continue to pay rent, seeing the landlord has put no fresh capital into the farm for over a hundred years.

Under a Land Court as we have it now in Scotland, rents are fixed for seven years. At the expiry of each septennial period an appeal can be made for a new fixed rent, and experience has shown that in many instances continuous reductions have been made; in some cases as much as 15 per cent. or 20 per cent. for three periods consecutively. This means that 'fixity of tenure', if carried on long enough, comes to the same thing as confiscation of property. The only way out would seem to be another Land Purchase Act as they found necessary in Ireland. But where is the money to come from?

On the other hand, if a landowner can hand over blocks of land to the Government in payment of death duties with sitting tenants, then there can be no possible objection to those tenants having fixity of tenure, and the Government becoming a pure rent receiver of a fair rent determined by one of its own departments.

In conclusion, therefore, I say fixity of tenure as a policy should be, when possible, on publicly-owned lands, but not on private estates.
A Shepherd’s Christmas *

by Elspet Keith

On a Christmas Eve in the eighties a farm labourer, his wife, and the man’s old father sat by a carefully nursed, open fire. The light of one candle wavered in the gloom. The woman bent over her sewing, and her deft hands moved as if the fingers were conscious of their task. At times in response to an infant’s whimpering stir, she pushed the rocker of a cradle with her foot. The aged father sat in a high-backed, bare, Windsor chair, a red handkerchief tied round his bald head, his hands clasped on his shepherd’s staff. His rheumatic feet and legs encased in wrappings looked like twin mummies. His round blue eyes gazed fixedly at the gleam of red fire. Husband and wife spoke freely, for the old man was deaf. ‘Poor dad!’ said the woman softly. ‘I’m sorry, Ben. He’s not a mite in my way, that he ain’t. He don’t cost much, poor dad. Baby’ll miss ’im.’ ‘I tell ye, he mun go. His own dad went to the House.’ ‘Christmas day to-morrow,’ murmured the woman. ‘Tis my only free time. I reckon if we starts early I can get back by ’leven. He ’ont know, I tell ’e. He’s past it. D’ye think I want to?’ The man looked harassed. ‘Ten shillun a week; it ’ont feed more’n six.’ ‘I might get more sewin’, said the woman. ‘tis allus a half-crown.’ And then, ‘Won’t ye tell your dad, Ben?’ The man set down his drinking mug and, bending forward, patted his father’s hand,

* This story is founded on fact.
THE SHEPHERD OF THE DOWNS
A Study for The Countryman by Campbell Keith
and raised his voice: ‘You an’ me’s goin’ a walk i’ the mornin’, dad. D’ye hear? We be going’—ah, I can’t tell ’im, mother. Better say nuthin’.’ The woman raised her eyes, and, watching the old man’s dull stare, said: ‘Maybe ye’re right. Poor old dad!’

Christmas morning dawned amid the perfect seclusion of fallen snow. Before the children stirred the woman had given her men a hot drink and had wrapped up cheese and bread for them to eat on the way. The only sign of feeling the coming change that the old man had shown had been his refusal to go to bed. He had sat all night gazing into the cold ashes as he had gazed at the evening fire. His daughter-in-law washed and tidied him and put a bundle in his hand. When she kissed him goodbye he tried vainly to speak, but Ben’s matter of fact: ‘Come along dad,’ stopped him.

The two men set off eastwards to trudge the miles that lay between them and the House. The old man hobbled down the hillside leaning heavily on his staff, mumbling as he went. Ben’s thoughts pursued their bitter course. He sharpened his pace. He must get back to the farm by eleven.

The snow had filled the hollows, but here and there were patches of mossy green. As the sun rose the air was filled with limpid blueness that hurrying masses of cloud seemed only to enhance. A lovely world it was, so remote from the House. At a turn in the valley road the old man stopped short as if in pain.

‘Feet hurtin’ ye, dad?’ asked Ben kindly. ‘Aye, boy. They does ’urt a bit.’ ‘Look ’ere, dad. Do ye get on my back an’ Ben’ll carry ye.’ The old
man stood and gazed into a nearby wood as he had gazed into the fire. 'D'ye hear, dad? Ben'll carry ye pickaback.' 'Aye, boy,' the old man said at last. Stooping, Ben hoisted the old man carefully on his strong back, trained to carry heavy loads. Slowly, heavily, with his father's staff in his hand, Ben trudged on, his eyes on the road. For these English shepherds there was no guiding star of hope. They met no magi by the way nor heard the song of any heavenly host. Yet on all sides what loveliness! Such whiteness and greenness, such play of sunlight and of cloud, what depth of woodland, what grace in the flight of birds.

'There, dad,' said Ben stopping at a sunny, sheltered corner, 'us'll sit here a bit an' have our morsel. 'Tis snug for ye here.' He set the old man gently down, and the pair rested with their backs to the wind, while the warm sun uncreased their anxious wrinkles, and an unwintry breeze played little ruffling tricks with their belongings. Ben had nearly finished munching his bite when a queer gurgling sound made him turn sharply to find his father's face puckered and lined with woe. The old man made no effort to wipe away the tears that rolled down his harsh cheeks. Ben's heart was pierced. He had almost persuaded himself that his father was as deaf and insensitive as he seemed, but there was no mistaking this misery.

'There, there, dad. Don't ye take on. Ben'll come an' see ye times, an' bring ye a bit o' baccy. Ye'll 'ave a fire every day to warm ye; an' company, dad. Ole Isaac's there, an' Master Martin.' 'Taint that, boy,' gasped the old man. 'House is good
enough for the likes o' I.' Ben was troubled. The inner voice that had tormented him to send his father to the House, now accused him of heartlessness. Then the pale face of his wife assailed him and the remembrance of the young baby, and the old dread of the master perhaps giving up sheep, until his simple mind became a turmoil. "Taint the House, boy," repeated the old man. 'What be it then, dad?' Speech was at all times an effort, but at last the old man quavered: 'Just 'ere on this werry spot, and on a Chrissymus day, five an' thirty year ago, I sat 'ere wi' my ole father to rest like. I were carryin' 'm to the House same as ye be carryin' I. I never see'd him no more.'

Ben sat pondering deeply. He had finished eating. Then he got up resolutely, and, without a word, once more lifted the old man on his back. With the staff in his right hand he stood for a moment or two looking earnestly towards the country town where loomed the dreaded House. Turning sharply westwards, he said, 'Ye ain't goin' to no House, dad; yer comin' home wi' Ben.' Ben paced uphill with a lighter step than he had descended. There was a sudden change in the weather. The wind rose, and quickly gathering clouds soon drenched the two with sleet. But what did that matter! Heaven had opened for an aged shepherd.

How many Sussex novels are there? In that excellent periodical, the 'Sussex County Magazine' the librarian of the Worthing public library enumerates no fewer than three hundred! The authors begin with Harrison Ainsworth and end with Edith A. Zangwill.
9. Keep your Turkeys' Minds off Christmas

10. Keep China Eggs out of the reach of Chicks

11. Avoid Accidents through having your Wireless within Hearing of Livestock
My Eight Years of Farming
And What They have Taught Me*

We have pleasure in printing the first of another series of articles by a 'gentleman peasant'—the author's phrase—which have so much interested our readers. He has written in five articles of his first six years' farming, and, after that, of his seventh year's. The value of the articles is much enhanced by the manifest effort that is made to provide an absolutely true record of actual experience and to make the financial side of the operations perfectly clear. Our contributor explained in his opening article that he belonged to a class of men, of a certain social position, with more or less private means, who farm some land of their own, men to whom their holding represents a part of their livelihood. These people get from their farm a largely self-supporting home, a certain amount of food, often some firing, always an occupation, generally a little cash. So the thing is worth while.

When I wound up last year's accounts I took my profit to be over £150, that is actual cash £109, and nine tons of oats in hand, above the three tons which I usually hold for the year's working. Oats were then £7 10s. In the end I fed those, so my real profit was £109 only. This year I have some fifteen tons of unthreshed oats on hand.

In summing up the position at Michaelmas, 1929, I concluded that the farm was at nothing like its full productivity, and that I would develop it further, although this entailed a certain small risk in so far as it delayed my getting as much ready cash. But I felt that my general position did not necessitate ‘safety first’. I was also not uninfluenced by the general position of the country. I always feel the £ is tied to gold by bonds which could be broken, and that it is well to develop the farm further to balance possible dangers to the part of my income derived from fixed interest-bearing securities.

I will repeat here that about £160 is the rent this farm would fetch, and that there is interest on the capital in stock to consider. Therefore I am carrying on the business of farming at a serious loss. It is very difficult to estimate what the farm gives me in value as a free home, a useful part of my food and general services, but I am inclined to think that if I made no cash profit at all I should scarcely be actually losing.

Now I know my neighbours better, I am interested to find how many of them farm on much the same terms. To quote the conversation of one, which is approximately that of several: ‘Before the War I was farming 1200 acres, sheep and corn. I was not very happy, in fact I was pretty miserable at times. I never balanced things up because I did not want to know how I actually stood, but I doubt if I was ever solvent. Then the War came, and, I don’t deny it, I had a pretty good War. In 1919 I saw I was safe. No more farming for me, I thought. At that time farming still looked good, but I thought ‘I won’t be greedy. Some other man can make a bit on the place,’ so I got out. I did not know it then, but I got out just about the right time. However, once a farmer always a farmer. I was wretched with nothing to do, so in 1921 I bought this place (150 acres mixed, mostly dairy). I paid too much, but things were still dear then. I don’t care, however; I am all right; I have enough
to live on outside the farm. I don’t know about the farm paying, but I live on it.’ This man keeps no accounts. In some cases men of this type have taken to dealing or some other money-making trade attached to agriculture, using the farm, which does not pay as a farm, as a home and a working base. Three men are ‘developing’ as bungalow villages part of their farms bought to their embarrassment in the War or early peace. I believe that quite a lot of men who are farming in a fairly substantial way with apparent success are responsible for the illusion that ‘farming is not in such a bad way after all’, though they are not making a true financial success of their farming.

Here I should like to answer ‘The Farmer who Failed.’ (COUNTRYMAN for October). The truth about many family farmers is that they are not holding their own but do not show the break-up so patently as wage-paying farmers. They are not economic, and the town workers will wake up to this. Round me are several family farmers on farms similar to mine, employing one or two, in one case three sons. The wife works hard with the daughter or daughters at poultry, often ‘Teas and Minerals’ and summer lodgers. These farmers employ some labour for hay and harvest, or lend each other sons. One farmer has a regular man at 30s. a week; some farmers take ‘pupils’ ‘as family’ for 5s. a week and keep. Some of these farmers pour out their troubles to me, and I have other reliable sources of information. I am sure that all their cash income added to their rent does not equal my wages bill, acre for acre, apart from any cash I get. Add to this the profit made by me in the improvement of my farm.

In 1922 when I bought my farm it was a good grass year. I had agreed to buy all the hay from the farmer who sold the farm to me. Cutting about the same acreage he could only scrape up fifteen tons against my 104 this year. This is typical of my all-round improvements, which, were I a tenant, would be a free gift to my landlord. My neigh-
hours, the family farmers, are scarcely keeping their farms level. Some are slightly improving, some are letting their farms go back. Most to-day are pretty deeply in debt. From a national point of view they are bad occupiers of their land. To have a lot of family farmers contented because they live out of their land and spend nothing is no good to the town worker. The town worker wants farmers producing a lot and spending, that is, consuming a lot. I think the Trade Unions are waking up to this. (But what I write does not apply to the holder of a few acres.)

If we could stabilize marketing and land tenure so as to make farming less of a gamble I think we could, and perhaps should, aim at attracting more people of some private means to my kind of 'uneconomic' farming. Just as the family farmer subsidizes his farm with underpaid labour so do people like myself subsidize their farms with their private incomes. In my case I expect this subsidization to be only temporary, but even if it is permanent it suits me as a way of life and for me is sound business. May I recommend this question to the further consideration of any readers interested in farming economics? The right type of man, with other income resources, is a much better occupier of the land in every way than a family farmer.

It goes against the grain to stand still. I entered a competition for the best average of grass land on the whole farm. (Incidentally, two years running I got second prize in a very close contest.) One of the judges said to me: 'Just think what your farm would produce if every field was as good as the home field. We have measured the hay and checked it, because the feat seems incredible. You must have three tons per acre. I have never seen a piece of grass I consider so good all round.' For one cut of meadow hay even in a good season this is very good. I want to push the farm up and just see what it will produce. I also want to have the best farm in the district; already I think it is well in the first flight. This policy, as the year's results show, means less
cash than might be for the current year. It ought to mean more cash in future years. Time will show.

As a first step to my new policy I re-organized my labour. My foreman used to do the carter's work. I had drifted into this arrangement, but it was unsound. He was called away to various little jobs, and, as the third man could not plough, useful time was lost. I engaged a new carter at 32s., cash with milk, faggots, rabbits, house, etc., rising to 35s. in a year. The foreman was now free to throw his weight where required. The third man, now fourth, I decided to keep till Michaelmas to help with the general summer work, and his extra help enabled me to push on further with a lot of minor jobs, new gates, docking, altering water supply, gravelling yard, etc., things not absolutely essential but things I am glad to see done. This has added to my labour bill and gives no immediate return.

I am glad to say that when I put this man off at Michaelmas I was able to get him another job. He had been with me since I started, with one short break, and I should have been very sorry to fling him into the unemployed mass, although he was an inefficient to the extent that his timidity with horses prevented him becoming my carter and so keeping his job. In the summer, when root hoeing starts, I propose to engage another man and keep him about three months, June, July and August, to see me through the rush of hay and harvest. As things are I do not anticipate any difficulty. I shall pay £2 a week, not a bit too much for a man in casual employment to keep a family on, but 10s. a week more than the standard wage. I rather hope that out of the Government's agricultural plans there will grow up the establishment of a class of cottage holders on whom one can draw for casual labour, knowing that it is part of their scheme of life, and that they are not just unfortunates who cannot get a steady job, as is so often the case now. Further, out of a cottage holder type we should probably get far superior men. I always feel that one of the reasons why
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Farmers have what I call a ‘thirty-shillings-a-week’ mind towards labour is that, partly out of kindness and partly to ensure adequate summer labour, they carry, all the year round, men who are only really wanted for six months or even less.

I mentioned last year that I was putting up a shed 140 feet by fifteen feet to act as a covered yard for the cows at night. I had this in use during the winter and it is a great success. I fenced off about twelve feet down the front of it with a small yard at each end, and a drinking trough at one end. I gravelled this enclosure, but it was reduced to a quagmire, so now I have concreted the front strip and put bushes and more gravel down each end. I hope this finishes the mud problem. However well ventilated a cow byre may be it gets hot and steamy to some extent. Then, after sixteen or seventeen hours of this atmosphere, the cows go out to a cold winter day and must feel it. The constraint of being tied up for that time is not good for them. In a well-strawed shed they lie at ease, keep very clean, grow a good winter coat and are in every way better off. They are lying dry and warm and do not get the rain pouring on to their backs as do cows lying out all the winter. (With a shed like mine the bad tempered cow would present a problem but I have always got rid of such anyhow.) Another great advantage is that ‘mucking out’ is done away with. The byre used only for milking wants hardly any cleaning and is always sweet and fresh. Dung is not wasted by being washed with rain, and one gets more. I had enough dung from housed stock for my spring requirements, and after harvest, when the men had time, I was able to give a good dressing to some seven acres of Field No. 3, which I want in future to cut for hay every year. I am absolutely convinced that the usual mixed farm method of tying cows in a byre at night is inefficient. But how can a tenant farmer put up a covered yard to-day? Of course, there are a few men who can, but I am generalizing. When I read Mr. Orwin’s in
many ways most useful book, *The Future of Farming*, I felt that he, together with the 'factory farming' school in general, overlook the fact that our mixed farming system has never been given a fair chance. Make conditions under which it can become efficient, and see what happens. I believe we shall get such an enormous output that, in a general way, factory farming will offer no chance of competing.

I am glad to see many Conservatives are taking the Government’s agricultural ideas seriously. Although for many of us the Government comes from a Party whose ideas in general we dislike and distrust, and are still very vague, they do suggest a chance of stabilizing farming conditions, and I personally hope Conservatives will put the State before Party in dealing with them. We do want stability so badly. It is said that the Marketing Bill takes away the farmer’s freedom, but in all seriousness he is now free only to be ruined; the buyers of all his produce are so much in agreement that his ‘freedom’ is purely theoretical. There are farmers now who cannot sell their milk on any terms! A lot of milk is being sold on such terms that it could compete as butter or condensed with these articles imported, but there is no stability anywhere. Millions of gallons of 6d. milk will be sold this year, but potential manufacturers have no certainty as to future supplies. They dare not commit themselves to a policy. All is chaos.

In my opinion too much is being made of the possibilities of large scale farming in England. To me, England, by reason of its soil and climate, is obviously the country for small farms up to some 300 acres, farmed on mixed lines, several lines interlocking, making the most of each other’s by-products. I note that Dr. Ruston, of Leeds University, comes to the same conclusion. I feel the advocates of big farming are allowing themselves to be carried too far with an attractive idea. Big farming has its uses on our poor soils for perhaps fifty years, but when the machinery of marketing and tenure has been built up even our poor soils will be most
productive and pay best from every point of view in relatively small farms. The financial returns of my own farm are misleading. There is an invisible return in farm improvement which cannot safely be put into terms of cash but will one day show itself. But my results do give an impressive lesson in the difficulties of reconditioning land potentially first class, and suggest that the average beggared-out farm of

A JAPANESE VILLAGE PRIEST (SHINTO)
A Sketch by Elizabeth Keith for The Countryman
to-day will want a lot of cash pouring into it before it offers
a fair return to a farmer. I feel that the engineer has rather
neglected the special needs of the small 100-200 acre farmers,
who, owing to their numbers, offer a big market.

(To be continued)

‘When He Suddenly Met’—

_A Dozen Stories and the Prize Winner_

‘Police Constable Brown, of Barnet’, a daily paper states, ‘was cycling
along when he suddenly met’—what do you think?—‘an ostrich’. We
offer a prize of a year’s subscription to _The Countryman_ for any
experience on a country road capping this.

So we wrote in our last issue. And now for some replies.

‘About six one foggy morning,’ writes Mr. J. E. Newman,
‘I was walking along a footpath at Wantage when there
suddenly loomed up an elephant, also walking along the
footpath. I got off.’ Through the fog one day, near Swanage,
Mr. B. McConkey also suddenly saw an elephant, and he
adds this piece of corroborative detail, ‘Seated on his back was
an “Indian” who hailed me with “Guid mornin”’. Mrs.
Hollingsworth has a friend who, in a mist on the Yorkshire
moors, had to stop his car ‘because of an elephant having a
rest.’ A quarter of a mile further on he met a distracted
youth who cried, ‘Have you seen a stray elephant, Mister?’
Mrs. E. W. Shawyer goes one better, for in a Cheshire lane,
she suddenly met ‘two elephants.’ Mrs. Shawyer, in her
turn, must retire in favour of Mr. E. M. Pyne. He was
tramping one of Surrey’s beautiful lanes, about half past
nine in the evening, when he suddenly heard ‘a heavy
thudding, shuffling noise—it was four elephants!’ Another
reader, whose name we have unfortunately mislaid, also
met four elephants—in Windsor in mid-winter with six
inches of snow on the ground. He adds that they had ‘pads
on their feet and bags on their ears.’
It was not on a winter but on a summer day that E.P. had his adventure. ‘My daughter was driving me, in the depths of the country with not a house or soul in sight. We turned a corner and met an elephant. It walked slowly along the road past us. “I don’t believe it,” I said. We turned another corner and met two dromedaries. “This is serious,” I said. “Alligator next, I expect,” said my daughter. Round the next corner, a hundred yards away, we met first a camel, and then – the rest of the travelling menagerie.’

The number of elephants in the rural districts seems to be remarkable. We expect to see a column for them in the next Ministry of Agriculture returns. Even other new columns may be necessary, for in the Western Highlands, at the head of a drove of cattle, I.M. met ‘a man sitting on a camel.’ And not a menagerie man. But the camel belonged to a menagerie. The beast had fallen sick in the far north, and had been left behind in the care of a drover who was ‘skeely’ in the treatment of animals. ‘The drover cured the camel and got so fond of it he would not part with it and used it to ride upon when driving his cattle.’

But enough of elephants and camels. On the roadside between Maisemore and Hartbury, ‘one July evening,’ says Miss Mary Spalding Walker, ‘I saw a large frog with its head wedged in the jaws of a grass snake, thirty-six inches long. The frog, released, hopped away.’

With snakes we get away from quadrupeds. Miss Leslie Wood’s tale is of a biped: ‘I was motoring along the crowded high street of Merton, when I saw a man riding a push bicycle, on the handlebars of which sat, calmly and apparently comfortably, a fine swan.’

E.C.L. breaks fresh ground. He was lately out for a walk in the rain when, ‘there, despite the rain, was a bonfire. “Soakin’ night,” said a man straddled over it in his shirt sleeves, “jest givin’ meself a warm-up.” The blaze was boiling off his trousers in a cloud of steam, while the rain poured on his shoulders and hair. His jacket and hat he
had fixed on a contrivance of twigs and turned to the fire. I asked him why. "Weren't more'n half home," he said, "and me legs were perishin'." I leant against the wheel of his cart respectfully, with the water creeping from my collar to my shoes, and asked him how he managed the fire. "Forren parts," he said, wringing his sleeves, "you has to make a fire in forren parts." "South Africa, an' China, an' India," he added after a pause; "all them forren parts."

Finally, we have Mrs. Aikin, of Abbey Dingle, Llangollen: 'My brother-in-law, the late Dr. C. E. Aikin, told me that, with some friends on a walking tour, he turned off a main road into a field where the party sat down against a stone wall for lunch. Here one of the party discovered in the grass—a human ear. There was never an explanation of it.'

On the excuse that there was an explanation of all the other stories, we feel that interesting though they all are, the prize must go to Mrs. Aikin.

But is it not possible to have an explanation? We offer another prize of The Countryman for a year to the reader who sends us the best explanation in a reasonable number of words.

For Countrymen & Countrywomen — 16

1. 'Miller's damsel'. Explain.— 2. In which century was it written that the arable fields of the town of London were fertile? — 3. A bird that drinks like a horse by sucking up the water? — 4. 'Though Jason's fleece was fam'd of old, The British wool is growing gold'. Author? — 5. Who invented the word 'folk-lore'? — 6. In what well-known autobiography do we find the author writing, 'I would enlist as a soldier or herd sheep at five shillings per week, as long as I lived, rather than be tied to live in London'?

Answers will be found on page 797.
We left Aberdeen then, with the car bellowing, and the trailer sliding forward, and the inexpertly balanced caravan rocking, and little boys cheering. At Inverurie we got commercial petrol. The garage man pumped our tyres, and admired the caravan, whose curtains were by now flapping in the breeze. His praise of the caravan was very grateful, since children had yelled 'Hey! Tinkies.' But a rubicund old dame eyed us and remarked, 'That's the right holiday.' We felt dirty, and when our very bilious bed-quilt, which we took into the car in case we should be cold, stretched along the axle and round one wheel, we looked vagabondish.

Outside Inverurie, the tube from generator to lamp slit, but was mended with handkerchiefs and string. The old car was by now settled down to its job. Silence on each side of us and before us. Betty sat with matches, watching, in case we were not running fast enough to keep the battery charging. A magnificent night, the smell of clover beating like wings about us. But oh, the sorrowful drought, and the parched fields. Long ages of tarred road, bending down towards Elgin and the sea, and the sea air coming up. Wiggled through Elgin's narrow streets and round Elgin's acute corners, away from the sea towards Rothes, and the smell of distilleries.

It was now light, dusky in the hollows, but almost sunrise. We passed Craigellachie and Aberlour. Farm steading blazing by the road. Distraught-looking man driving out cattle. A woman running helplessly about. Poor creature, it was an unhappy time for her for such a thing to happen. A youth retrieved some trifling piece of harness. Pigs squeaked and ran towards the fire. The noises of crackling made it difficult to hear. We ran about carrying out truck which might as well have been burnt. The fire went to the stackyard and the engine room and tins of petrol banged. One could stand now with an easy conscience and watch the
bonny thing. Beasts were all out and it was a rich man’s place. But even so fire’s saddening. The drought doomed the place. There were only trickles of water. We waited until day dimmed the flames, and drove towards Grantown.

Rabbits in multitudes across the road. Brought out the .410, and there were few rabbits to be seen. Stopped suddenly at a grassy clearing beside a corn field. A rabbit sat up to watch. Fired several volleys until it was accustomed to the noise, and then by chance the gun fired straight and killed the rabbit. Gutted it into a ditch and carried on.

Past Grantown, on the road south of the Spey, we halted, opened the caravan, and took out the washing stuff. We cleaned ourselves a little, lit a fire and cooked breakfast. Both very tired, though drummy-tea (water and tea and sugar and milk boiled all together in a kettle) refreshed us. We had planned to sleep awhile in the caravan by the side of the road, and then carry on to a camping place, but made up our minds it was a pity to make two jobs of it. Better to find the camping place first, unharness, then sleep. Besides, it was a public road, the day was getting on, and our curtains are skimpy. We’d sleep sounder in a less gazy part. We took our way along the road almost to Nethy Bridge, where we found a gate, and a fir-wood, and water. It is quite a task for two people at any time to lift the caravan on to its trestles. There are jacks, but they swivel all over the place, and the only plan is for me to lift one end of the van while Betty juggles the trestle more and more into position. It was stiff work this morning because neither of us was over fresh. We got it on an even keel at last. We meant to get to bed at once, but Betty swore she could not sleep in the caravan in the dirty state it was in. The bike dripped oil, the stove scattered soot and cinders, there were papers and dishes and the typewriter all over the shop. So we made a fire. I made a little dam for water and she boiled a kettle and scrubbed the floor and made all straight. Then we slept until after midday, squatters.
Culreach, our next camping place, would have done very well for beginning our fruit peddling. But we wanted a few days to look around. There was a hawking licence to get. Betty entered the Aberdeen licensing office with seven shillings to get a licence. She was given a little form with a crown at the top and a place at the foot where a justice of the peace could sign, and told to come back with two guineas. Finance was a bit of a worry. So we thought we’d sit a few days in Culreach and rest and think about our next step. We were both glad to rest a day or two. Betty was tired with teaching in the hot June weather. I was getting rid of a filthy head I had had for weeks in Aberdeen, dragging out my last weary lectures. We were camped in a very fine place. The trees about us were all resinous. I never smelt anything like them. There had been a tremendous drought, and a spark from the chimney would have set the whole country in a lowe. However the farmer pooh-poohed our fears. The resiny sticks made a grand fire in the stove.

Well, we sat and thought about how fine the weather was and where and when we’d begin our business. There was not much money in our store, so the sooner we began the better. The country round about was dotted with villages full of summer visitors, who would surely buy fruit if it came to the door. We were quite encouraged by our inspection of fruiters’ windows. Fruit was colossally dear, which meant good trade for our fruit, cheap and good.

The joy we had in seeing small oranges priced large was rather overshadowed when we discovered that other things as well as fruit were expensive. It gave us a shock to find that we could not buy bread and meat anywhere near the prices we paid in Aberdeen. So we retired from Grantown in good order to lick our wounds and decided to buy our food in quantities from Aberdeen.

So we clad ourselves for the motor bike, Betty in breeches which were patently not made to measure, I in oily coat and knee boots. We got our kit bag and set off. The villages
we went through were thick with pretty people in flannels and gay colours.

We were rather a pair of scarecrows. So we slipped down a bye-street where there were no flags welcoming strangers to the town, and reclaimed the Matchless, for so we had dubbed the motor bike.

Scarceness of money was still our problem. We had to buy our first lot of fruit, get sides on the trailer, pay petrol and our hawker’s licence, as well as feed ourselves. The resiny sticks of the wood in which we camped made good fire but went off too quickly to cook with. In Aberdeen we bought our coals by the stone – fourpence the stone in a poor quarter. But one could scarcely insult Grantown’s merchant princes by asking a stone of coal. I remembered how during the Coal Strike, some people were fined for gathering coals from the railway line. The main Speyside line ran about a half mile from the caravan, so we rose bright and early one Sunday morning, and collected lumps which fell from coal wagons or the engine. We became quite expert in knowing the best places, bends in the line where the wagons rocked and leaned, and where the engine braked. Meat was a big item on our bill. We thought two shillings the pound for mediocre steak stiff. So one evening we gathered our fishing tackle and made towards Tomintoul. It came dark and bitterly cold when we had caught a dozen little things. We got back and fried them. The poaching ancestors began to talk now. I sat and whacked off a bit of the account for The Countryman while Betty had a couple of hours sleep. I wakened her before dawn with coffee. She still alleges that a teaspoon she put in her cup disappeared, dissolved by the coffee. It was a bit strong. Anyway it wakened us.

We took the Matchless and the .410, and got lost in a wilderness of burnt trees. But not a rabbit could we see. I really had to restrain Betty. One gets years for sheep-killing. At last we emerged via Loch Tulloch. The sun got
January 1931

up to look at us like the rabbits and I blazed away with as little result as if it had been at the sun I aimed. About a mile along the road a roebuck stood in a hayfield and looked at us. The .410 would not have killed him. Anyway he was too bonny to think of hurting and there was a house close by. We went further down the road, with crows cawing at us, but without getting our rabbit. Miles from home we ran out of petrol. We went to bed at eight o'clock dead tired. Douce folk strolled by in their Sunday clothes. We slept until two o'clock.

I wrote to a Scottish newspaper saying how finely I'd represent it in Speyside. We got the Newtonmore district, and were asked to send a weather report daily. That meant a shilling a day income, and we jumped at it.

We wrote a friend in Glasgow saying we meant to run there for a couple of days to see the fruit market and buy. He invited us to bide with him. Glasgow had the most courteous policemen on point duty with the bonniest Highland voices, who came rushing across the street when they saw we were bewildered. Perhaps Betty looked tired. We had done the best part of a couple of hundred miles in quick time.

At the fruit market, we were quite lost in a mass of fruits feet high and a babel of noise. But with a bold air we produced a little notebook like the other buyers we saw, and interrupted I suppose big deals in thousands of cases. It was like us to choose a Saturday. After a while we had nibbled enough apples and handled soft fruits to excess. Then we made our order, and arranged for it to be sent to us at Kingussie.

Sunday in Glasgow was Sunday in Glasgow.

On Monday the noise and traffic had driven us both almost distracted. I went again to the Candle Market quarter and bought paper bags, big and bigger, to the value of ten shillings. Scales were next in the list. The directory did not help me much. The people I saw first had a most magnificent place, all cash registers. I began shopping with
my cash warm under my heart, and left feeling like a worm, my money shrivelled to nothing. The other shops were quite different. They made no mention of deferred terms. I escaped with my money, and without mortgaging the caravan and the future for ever, but without a shred of self-respect. I don’t mind keen winds but heaven keep me from keen business men. A tiny shop sold me scales and weights for seven and sixpence. I bought a tarpaulin to cover the trailer with another thirteen and fourpence.

Our fruit cost £4 16s., paper bags 10s., weights and scales 7s. 6d., the cover 13s. 4d. We left Glasgow in a drizzle. The tramlines were all skiddy and we were glad to be done with cities for a while. The road to Stirling— we went home the quickest way— was slithery. Betty bought a pair of Wellingtons in Stirling. Real useful they proved. In Perth we bought oranges, two pies, and caramels. That practically ended our money. We spent half an hour near Dunkeld eating wild strawberries and raspberries. Rain came on us there. We fled into the lowering north. At Blairatholl there were floods. The wind was in our teeth all the weary climb over Drumochter. When we arrived as far as the caravan we found that there had not been a drop of rain since we left until we came back. Very tired and dirty we washed and made tea and went to bed.

Holidays were done now. On Tuesday July 15th we packed. The motor-bike had to be lifted into the caravan. It weighs three hundredweight and there were only the two of us. The caravan had to be taken from its trestles, turned, and towed among tree roots on to the road. While we were away a small boy was kind enough to let the wind out of all our tyres. We were in mortal terror that they were punctured. We had as before our triumphal procession. When we were crossing the Spey Bridge near Nethy a policeman spoke to us most severely. Said the bridge was closed to traffic more than three tons in weight. I soothed him and swore we were less than a ton, and was eyed reproach
fully by Betty whose arms ached. We washed in a burn near Kingussie. Railwaymen working on the line pointed at us. We went through Kingussie in good style. When we were through I remarked how the folk stared. And Betty replied that while we were passing through the throng she bowed right and left. Just like royalty you know. She expected me to be elated over it too. The chimney of the caravan had a most drunken tilt. We halted at Newtonmore post office to send off our weather report and buy food. From there we made along the Great North Road which has gone up in the world since it used to be a waterbound road named the Old Edinburgh. We swung back on the other side of the Spey to find a camping place. We drew up beside a fine white burn, in a heathy valley, with not a house for miles. Our sorrows were not over. The telescopic interior of the chimney stalk was battered with the branches of overhanging trees. I spent some time straightening that while Betty scrubbed the floor of the caravan and came out at intervals to tell me all about the oil the stove leaked and the soot I was knocking down. We cleaned up the mess enough to live in it for a day and ran up the burn to have a douk in a pool. The water was warm as new milk. We splashed about until the kettle boiled.

(To be continued)

Attractions of New Zealand. — The people we want out here are the retired professional men with families who have just enough to live on and whose children will grow up in the existing conditions. Poor Londoners all drift back to the towns. It seems such a pity, for it is a lovely country with tremendous possibilities. I have no desire to return to England and the cold.— A Girl in New Zealand.
Things I should Now Do Differently
by an ex-Londoner

If I were once more making my trek from London into the country, the first thing I should do differently would be to have a smaller house. In going to live in the country, where so many things seem to be cheaper than in London, it is easier than in town to slip into taking a house that is bigger than one's needs. But every additional room counts in the cost and strain of living.

I am clear that I should have done well to have had a better view. Whether from the garden on a fine day or from the house on a wet or very cold day, satisfying, I should almost say, bracing prospects, and a wide view of the stars at night play no small part in the happy life.

I do not regret buying my house. But, if I were to start all over again, I should hold even a firmer control over myself than I thought I was doing and wait until I had been a year or even two in the house before spending quite so much on the property. One may think one is spending prudently, but only after one has been some time in a place is it possible to know what expenditure is really desirable and defensible. I should certainly not get for my place, if I sold it, as much as I have spent on it. I am sure that I did right in having an architect. I wish I had spent more on him.

The only thing that I ought to have spent more freely on at the beginning was trees. I continually regret that some of my trees have missed the years' growth they would have had if I had planted more confidently when I first arrived.

In making a garden I am sure that one has to check one's tendency to make extensions. There is no use in having more than enough. One must continually view the garden—and the lawns—in the light of being one person's or two persons' or as-many-more-persons-as-you-like's work. Are these persons available?

I ought certainly to have satisfied myself more completely
about the water supply. And I ought to have dug underground tanks and arranged for the electric light engine to do the pumping. Electric light, central heating and a good laundry I have not regretted. I think I might have given more thought to the cooking apparatus. This is an anxious matter. On the matter of heating the house, I wish I had considered, as far from the station as I am, oil firing of the central heating furnace. Anthracite and coke haulage is a burden. I think my central heating (a thing in which there are constant advances) could have been better planned. I ought to have spent more.

In the matter of domestic and even outdoor labour I am more and more disposed to believe that the more educated it is the more economical it is. If I were beginning again I should have every reasonable labour-saving device (provided that it could be easily repaired when necessary). But there is little profit in placing labour-saving devices in the hands of people who cannot understand them.

We have not regretted any of the local public work we have done. But if the village is small it is a mistake to allow organisations to lean on one. Set them going and (after resolutely cross-examining yourself as to their real value) contrive to help them to keep going; but as soon as ever possible, let them move under their own steam. In a village it is only too easy to take oneself too seriously. On the other hand, there is a great deal in most rural districts which wants taking very seriously indeed. And a constant danger is, if not idleness, at least having an easier and more complacent life of it than one would be likely to have if one were still in London under the observation of people of equal or wider information and experience. As The Countryman has said, one must not be a refugee from life. It is imperative to possess facilities, by being on a good train service, for getting frequently a kind of mental wash and brush up.

I have said nothing of livestock. I have never regretted having too little. I have often found I had too much.
An Aftermath of Frost

LAST year, my readers may remember, I made at this time a note of some unexpected consequences among shrubs and plants in the garden that had followed the searing frosts of February. In that month, besides other damage, many of my tree heaths and four large myrtle bushes had apparently been killed; I cut them down to the ground, and the heaths in the summer threw up fresh green growth from the root, while the myrtles by November had formed compact little bushes with a foot or more of thick growth. This progress has continued, so that the myrtles are now handsome shrubs, some three feet in height, which this autumn bore buds. They have even been improved, so far as their shape goes, by the frost.

But other shrubs in my garden, the Grevilleas, still present odd problems. In February, 1920, a large plant of Grevillea Rosmarinifolia, was terribly hit by the frost; it looked as if it could not recover. A neighbour in the same situation, Grevillea Sulphurea, which I had always been told was less hardy, was practically undamaged. It duly flowered that year, though later than usual. But rosmarinifolia had had the heart taken right out of it. In ordinary years it breaks open its buds in February, and is covered with its lovely flowers, like little pink nautiluses, until October. Last year it never flowered in the summer, but began to open buds in mid-November. This year it has done the same. And it looks as if its season of flowering had been permanently altered, so that for the future it will continue to be not a summer flowering, but a winter flowering plant. If this is so, it is surely one of the queerest consequences of severe frost. The Grevilleas have not been known or studied long enough for the books to tell us much about their reaction to exceptional cold, but this behaviour of G. rosmarinifolia suggests speculations as to the origin of what are known now as habitually winter flowering species.—E.P.
SCRAPS FROM A DIARY WRITTEN IN THE AIR

FRANKFORT—BERLIN.—We are flying very low, at times just on the tree-tops, and have to turn slightly to avoid this castle or the side of that slope. At one point we seem within ten feet of the trees. The mist is now practically down to the ground. We are completely enveloped and have to climb sharply to avoid the rise of the hills ahead which are to be feared with so little height. . . . Clear of the mist we have run into beautiful sunshine, and as we come over the edge of the hills to the flat plains, we see the mist behind looking like a captive balloon fastened to the hilltops. . . . We are sailing in perfect weather towards Berlin, among the great lakes on the west and north west.

BERLIN—VIENNA.—We have climbed to 3000 feet as there are mountains to cross. We follow the Elbe which is running through wooded and hill country and travels in a ravine. Soon the country grows flatter, but is still very beautiful. A slight mist fills the valleys and softens the views, as with photographs taken a little out of focus. . . . The Elbe has widened out and is clearly more navigable. One tug is towing twenty-three small barges! . . . Passing over Prague, we seemed to see the whole Austrian Air Force—machines of all types standing in rows, reminding me of a day’s catch of fish, with the fish laid out, dressed from the right! . . . It is very clear to-day, and there is brilliant sunshine. We can see for at least forty miles in every direction. . . . Flying at 4000 feet and still climbing. A scribbled note in reply to mine tells me that this is to take advantage of the wind.

which, a little higher, will be practically astern. Now we are at 6000 feet, now 8000, and so steady. . . . The atmosphere, so clear, pure, rarified, reminds me of Switzerland. . . . The restfulness is delightful. So quiet that I could easily sleep if I didn’t want to keep a look-out the whole time! . . . It is now a little cloudy ahead, but the clouds are not thick enough to worry us, and we fly over them and still see through them. . . . Mountains ahead! They have suddenly appeared; so suddenly that they seem to have popped up their heads through the clouds to have a look at us, and to ask ‘Where have you come from?’ They look like two inquisitive old ladies in poke bonnets. . . . Now mountains stretch right across the horizon. . . . Although quite ten miles away, the Danube seems as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. . . . Vienna! Who would travel any other way when they can have such a journey as this!

Vienna – Munich.—I can count five ranges, one behind the other; the farthest range must be at least 10,000 feet. It is a lovely day – so sunny that it is almost too hot. The visibility is remarkable, the farthest range of hills must be at least 100 miles away. (A note poked through to my friend procures the information that the hills are at least double that distance.) . . . There is now a bank of clouds ahead as far as eye can see; they appear to be at about 1000 feet, so we fly in sunshine while below us it is probably raining. Only very occasionally can we see the ground. . . . It is now much clearer; a flash from a small pond, like the flash of a mirror reflecting the sun catches my eyes and makes me blink. . . . It is a beautiful autumn evening with hardly a breath of wind, and we are flying at only 300 feet, throttled down so that it is very quiet and smooth. It is like coming into a sheltered harbour.—R.M.W.

‘RATHER quiet in places’ was a cottager’s verdict on ‘The Good Companions.’
London as a Bird Dormitory

For one of the most remarkable sights of the City go to St. Paul’s churchyard on any autumn or winter evening half an hour before sunset and watch the starlings come in to roost. If you have not seen the thing before, you will hardly believe your eyes – or your ears. From almost every quarter of the countryside round, but mainly from the east and south-east, the birds flock to the cathedral in thousands after thousands. An unending cloud of dark, fluttering wings drops like torn paper from the sky. The birds settle most of them first on the trees in the churchyard, and then fly up to the cathedral, here they cover every ledge, niche, cornice – every inch of roosting-room they can find. And all the time they keep up an incessant babel of chattering, whistling and singing, an incredible noise that drowns every other – if you stand on the north side of the churchyard you can hear nothing else, not even the motor-buses roaring down Ludgate Hill. More and more starlings crowd to St. Paul’s every year, and to other London buildings – the British Museum, and the National Gallery, perhaps carry most next to the cathedral. But every large building in the centre of London is being occupied in turn. The starlings have discovered that on London buildings they are safer than anywhere else at night, and they have converted the heart of the greatest city in the world into one vast winter dormitory for birds. And all this in the last few years. Only a very few starlings used to roost on St. Paul’s before the War. It is the same with the British Museum. When I went there first in 1919, having not been in the building for five years, I could not understand the new sound I heard at dusk when I came out from the Reading Room into the autumn evening. And the gatekeeper told me that it was only a few years since the birds had begun to come. And now to London, every evening, more of them year after year, they flock in millions.—L.Y.D.
HEAL'S ANNOUNCE

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198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.
WASHINGTON, D. C. — I made a silly slip about the Montana crocus. It is the Pasque flower, not the Passion flower. . . . The corn (maize) crops are very fine in many parts. I do not know any crop which looks so luxuriant; and, when it is planted in check rows — equidistant along the rows — so that you see regular rows almost every way you look, it gives the impression of good and finished farming. No other grain is capable of giving such a yield. . . . We saw men in very scanty clothing driving tractors and horses. One coffee-coloured and blistered individual was in nothing but a bathing slip and a large hat. He seemed happy. . . I had three days in Kentucky. Here are stone walls, iron entrance gates, drives, nice houses, thorough-bred horses, shorthorns, a rolling country pleasant to go through, even if it was suffering from a drought and a heat wave which had scorched brown the famous blue grass, and was wilting the occasional fields of corn, which, with the fields of tobacco, were the only things not English-like. I was told — in another State — that Kentucky measured its yield of corn in gallons (of brew) per acre. That may be a libel, but Kentuckians are hospitable. We spent Sunday afternoon in the Mammoth Caves, I suppose the only cool place for 500 miles or more round. When we came out I wanted to go back. The Cave area has just been scheduled as a National Park, and the Efficiency Department which runs the National Parks is getting to work there. Visited a 450 acre farm, with a good house, built by an Englishman who came out fifty years ago. The surroundings were beautiful, but the place was remote from neighbours or a town. The builder is dead, and of his large family no one is carrying on the farm. All are engaged in business in towns.

There are some remarkably interesting things from the social point of view going on out here. I've told you about
Where skies are blue just now

Spring is the ideal time to travel abroad. Especially delightful are the Italian Lakes and mountains, when everything is fresh after the winter snows. Spring is also the best time to visit Palestine and Northern Africa, while Corsica, the Balearic Isles and Southern Spain offer numerous attractions for the early visitor.

Delightful holidays at a reasonable cost may be enjoyed in Spring time under sunny skies. Let us give you information. We will be only too glad to arrange a tour to suit your individual taste if you so desire. You will be relieved of all troublesome travel details without additional expense. Bring your enquiries to

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the co-operative societies with their revolving capital, and no interest paid on it, which seem to have found the way to do away with vested interests. There are big industrial firms with rules prohibiting the entry of sons of big shareholders or high officials, and I have been over a big dairy farm, milking some 1300 cows, which is trying out, gradually and carefully, remarkable decentralising schemes. It is too complicated to describe fully, as there is more than one system being used; but one is that, instead of growing all their forage crops themselves, they sublet farms and buy the forage crops they need from the tenants, at fixed prices, and guarantee to take everything grown. These farms also take the dry cows and rear the calves and lease the cows when in milk to the central farm. Financial help in form of a bank guarantee for certain defined objects is given.

Why the author of your ‘Seven Years’ Farming’ assumes that the farmer’s son must be sweated I don’t know. Tractors help him. I saw one family farm on which two brothers were driving a combine and two pretty sisters were fetching the grain away in a motor truck. As to specialisation v. diversification, it is a big question, and the battle is being fiercely fought here. Specialisation is winning and on arable will win finally everywhere. But that might mean that most of England should specialise in grass.

One Englishman resident in the United States said to me, after I had told him that I’d seen nothing to beat the best of English scenery, ‘No, I wonder why I ever came to live away from it.’ But he has a liking for America.

A genially intoxicated individual appealed to me on Broadway for a nickel to ride on the car. He made his plea on the double grounds (1) that he was Irish and stony broke, (2) that with the nickel he could ride to a place at which he could get more drink. Immorally, I gave him the nickel. (He offered to repay it if I would meet him later on at an unspecified place.)

(To be continued)
'COUNTRY LIFE'

'COUNTRY LIFE' has been called the finest illustrated weekly in the world. It has always reflected what is best in our home life—the quiet beauty of our country homes and gardens, stockbreeding, and agricultural interests, our national sports, such as hunting, shooting and polo, while the weekly article by Mr. Bernard Darwin stands by itself in the literature of golf. Even the weekly supplement has an unusual attraction, for few Englishmen can refrain from that delicious game of dreams which consists in selecting a home of their own from the Estate pages of 'Country Life'.

'COUNTRY LIFE'

FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS OR DIRECT FROM COUNTRY LIFE LTD., 20 Tavistock St., London, W.C.2
Country House Catering

3. Our Oldest Dish, Frumenty, and How to Make it, by an Innkeeper's Daughter

WHY not do something? One way of helping English and Scottish agriculture would be by eating Scottish oatmeal porridge for breakfast, and, as a change two or three times a week, frumenty made from English wheat. Frumenty is best made from new wheat or barley. Get some new wheat from a neighbouring farm. Soak the grains for twelve hours in cold water, and then drain them. Put them into a clean sack, and thrash and beat well with a paste-pin or thick stick. Finally, wash well by rubbing between the hands in three or four different waters, the object being to raise the bran or skin of each grain so that it may be completely denuded. This is the most troublesome part of the business, and is the way to do it if you can’t get a miller to hull or husk for you.

The wheat when hulled or husked must be softened gradually or ‘cree’d’ as they say in Derbyshire and up North. To do this:

Put one quart of wheat into a pot, or an earthenware jar with a cover, with five pints of cold water and boil it for two hours or until it is much swollen and soft, taking care to stir it often to prevent burning as it thickens in boiling. Pour it into a deep dish to cool, and it will turn out a stiff glutinous mass (which when boiled in milk, forms frumenty, properly so called). It will keep good three or four days in cold weather and may be served in various ways.

Derbyshire, Lincoln, Gloucester and other counties all have their special frumenty recipes. Even London has a word on this once-favourite national dish. ‘It used to be sold every fall in Covent Garden and perhaps may be had there still,’ says a writer in November, 1860. The following recipe from a Cheshire family (given by Mrs. Charles Roundall of Dorfold Hall, Nantwich) carries with it an air of richness:
Fresh fruits and specially chosen nuts........
these are some of the good things you'll find
in Cadbury's Princess Elizabeth Chocolates.
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MAKER OF FINE CHOCOLATE
BOURNVILLE
Boil one pint of new wheat to a jelly. Add two quarts of new milk to one quart of jelly. Boil all together till well mixed, stirring well. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a little nutmeg and sugar, add well washed currants and stir in off the fire. Pour into cups and serve cold. (Without the currants, she adds, furmity is good served with compotes). The dish was to be eaten on Wake Sunday.

In some old cookery books ‘cree’d’ wheat is described as ‘furmity wheat’, and only last year, at Bath, a farmer’s daughter of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, told me that forty to fifty years ago when she was a child her mother bought ‘furmity wheat’ at Bristol to make furmity for Mothering Sunday. When I visited Devizes shortly after (November, 1929) I found that Mr. Joseph Strong, 7 The Brittox, Devizes, always prepares some for Mid-lent Sunday which can be sent by post, if ordered. He uses Australian wheat which is hulled before he ‘crees’ (or stews) it. I ordered some for last Mothering Sunday and it travels quite well by post. If there were a demand for hulled and ‘cree’d’ wheat, no doubt bakers in other parts of the kingdom would be willing, like Mr. Strong, to supply it. Once more the custom could be revived of having special days in the week when ‘cree’d’ wheat might be bought either for eating as porridge with hot or cold milk, or for making into delicious furmity to be eaten hot or cold. If there are others who still prepare the wheat as Mr. Strong of Devizes does, I should like their names and addresses.

Until 1917 bowls of furmity were always prepared for sale and shewn in the shop window of Pavitt’s Dairy, New Bond Street, Bath. The late Miss Pavitt, who died early in 1929, used to buy the wheat from the neighbouring farmers, her niece and successor told me, until the War made it difficult to get; she also told me that her Aunt ‘husked’ or ‘hulled’ the wheat by knocking it in a sack in the manner already described. In 1927, I was told at Melton Mowbray that furmity is still made in Leicestershire in the country places, and if one calls at a farmhouse or cottage during the hunting season one is almost sure to be offered
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a delicious hot cupful. Up to the end of the last century (I was told this year by one who heard it as a child) ‘Ot Wheat’ was cried in the streets of Leicester by a man who carried it in buckets suspended from a wooden yoke worn round the neck, milkman fashion. It was ‘cried’ and sold in similar fashion at Derby. As frumenty is a perfect food, the dish is worth reviving if only for the sake of the national health.

Ranging Butterflies

For many of us who live in the South Country the year 1930 will be memorable for the spread of that beautiful and interesting butterfly the Comma (Polygonia C.-Album). Only a few years ago this was a butterfly which was extremely local in its habits, being confined to a few districts in the West Country of which the Wye valley was the chief. But during the last two or three years it has suddenly enlarged its range. In 1929 it was reported in some numbers from Berkshire and Hampshire; this year it has been found in quantity in Surrey and here and there in Kent. There seems to be no reason to account for this change of habit, or apparent desire of travel. But the Comma is an unaccountable insect in other ways. It produces from the same brood two different types of butterfly – different in structure as well as in colour and marking – one being the normal dark chestnut marked with black and with its wings deeply angulated, and the other a paler, larger butterfly with its wings much the same shape as those of a Small Tortoiseshell. Will these types some day, perhaps, become entirely separate, so that we shall seemingly get two species from one? The Comma, in its changes of form and habit, surely is yet another example of evolution going on under our very eyes.– E.P.
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Buying Jam: Hints for the Housewife
by Ernest Marriage

The practical hints about the varieties and qualities of cheese and butter, by acknowledged experts, which appeared in our April and July numbers, have been so much appreciated that we follow them, in this issue, with first aid to the housewife about jam. The writer, who was formerly a manufacturer of excellent jam, is particularly well-informed on the subject.—Editor.

What the housewife wants to know about the recent ‘manifesto’ of a number of jam makers who, in conjunction with the Society of Public Analysts, seek to set up new standards for jam, jellies and marmalades, is the effect it will have upon the purity of the goods she buys. She will have to be an adept at reading between the lines to learn anything. It is laid down that jams are to contain (a) a minimum percentage of soluble solids, (b) a minimum fruit content for each variety of jam.

From other sources than the ‘manifesto’ I learn that the minimum percentage of soluble solids (chiefly sugar added to the fruit or existing in the raw fruit) is to be sixty-eight and a half per cent. As for the fruit content, it will be different with different fruits. Two schedules have been drawn up, one for first quality or ‘full fruit standard’ jams, the other for second quality, to be known as ‘lower fruit standard’ jams. Particulars are not yet available to the public, but the ‘lower fruit standard’ jam will contain less of the fruit after which it is called, and the gap presumably will be filled ‘with other fruit juice.’ If the reader cannot make head or tail of this, small blame to her.

Coming to the provisions for labelling these ‘standard’ jams, in the case of ‘lower fruit standard’ the words ‘with other fruit juice’ are to appear on labels in letters of a size equal to that of the named fruit or fruits. But there is no such proviso made in regard to the ‘full fruit standard’
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jams. Why not? One thing to the good is that on labels of mixed jams, of whatever quality, the name of the fruit forming the greater part of the jam is to be printed first, as for instance, 'apple and raspberry jam.' Where fruits are present in equal parts the maker is free to adopt any order. This regulation, with which no one can find fault, I put into practice twenty years ago.

It is stated that the Federation has based its standards on pre-War figures for jams made on recipes which have been recognised by the public as being of 'first quality'. Can anyone with a thorough knowledge of the jam trade for the past forty or fifty years place any value on pre-War standards? In those days the purity of a jam too often depended on the relative prices of the named fruit and of the adulterant—generally, then as now, apple in some form. Purity and 'first quality' ought by rights to walk hand in hand; in the past they have not invariably been close companions, and 'full fruit standard', handicapped by the addition of fruit juice, will also be some steps behind.

This tangled web is really the result of a compromise between the analysts and the manufacturers, with the consumers in a minor position. Years before the War, apple pulp was mixed in with more costly fruit to cheapen the resulting jam. With a microscope the detection of the adulteration was easy. To avoid discovery, apple pulp was filtered and the juice alone used. Whether due to carelessness, or to imperfect methods, apple cells were from time to time found in jams such as black currant, raspberry or even plum; but fifteen years ago power presses were available which would separate all particles from the juice, leaving nothing for the microscope to reveal in the jam. At this stage the manufacturer could defy the analyst to detect the adulterant. The only drawback was the cost of machinery. During the war considerable attention was paid to the utilization of waste food products, and the separation of pectin from cider refuse was worked out by the National
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Fruit and Cider Institute. Pectin is the jellying property of apple juice (also contained in other fruits and vegetables) in a highly concentrated form, free from incriminating fruit cells, and is now an ordinary article of commerce. It makes available for all a perfect adulterant, hitherto only obtainable by the few who could afford the costly apparatus to prepare the fruit juice for themselves. By this time things had reached the stage when analysts were baffled by fruit juice whose presence they might surmise but could not absolutely detect, while jam-makers who put in a small amount of pectin were troubled by the competition of those who gave themselves a free hand. Evidently some compromise was indicated; pourparlers between the rival camps were started about two years ago and the ‘manifesto’ of the jam manufacturers is the result.

It has long been obvious that the commonsense standard that a jam should contain solely the fruit after which it is called, and sugar, does not appeal to many jam makers. They have fought against it in the law courts. Now they seek to rid themselves of this stumbling-block by setting up a new standard, two standards in fact. Although the ‘full fruit standard’ may be adulterated to an extent unspecified, for all we are told to the contrary, it will by arrangement pass as pure, unless the legality of the whole business is challenged. Makers who supply ‘lower fruit standard’ preserves are not to have quite the same easy position – the words ‘with other fruit juice’ must appear on the label. As to guarantees, if a label states that the jam contains no other fruit or fruit juices, the buyer would know what she should get, but the words ‘this jam is guaranteed to conform to the agreed full (or ‘lower’ as the case may be) fruit standard of the Food Manufacturers’ Federation’ have no meaning whatever beyond what the Federation may choose to impart to them.

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STUDY YOUR STUDS! 
A GREEN tree on a green sward, and there's a picture of England. Too often in my wanderings round the counties I see another and less pleasing sight: young trees dwarfed and stunted, fighting for their lives in a dense tangle of grass. The leaves are yellow, even in high summer, and we can easily foretell that in a few years the struggle will end in defeat for the trees. How can we reconcile this seeming paradox? The struggle is for water, and the young tree cannot send its roots into the surface soil where the grass is already in occupation. A mat of grass roots forms a sponge, and it is ready and able to take most of the water which falls in summer. The surface of the soil for some eighteen inches is a territory where an intense struggle goes on for the available water supply and the army of occupation, in this case the grass, sees to it that no intruders come. For this purpose, besides taking the lion's share of moisture, the roots exude a poison which kills or checks the roots of young trees, especially those of fruit trees. To the newly planted tree it is most important that a grass-free patch should be kept in which the young roots can extend and find their nourishment. When this is done they soon establish themselves and are able to send roots down into the subsoil where they can draw their water supply without competition. Once this deep root system is established it can laugh at grass, and so we get our English scene in park or orchard, the green tree and the green grass which grows all round it.

But parks and orchards are grazed by cattle who leave behind them valuable manurial assistance for the trees, and in Kentish cherry orchards we find it pays well to feed the sheep on cake, the extra cost being well repaid in heavier crops. All trees on grass which is not grazed must have some help. Nitrogen in the form of nitrate of soda, or potash put
Thinning hair

is often due to lack of natural oil, which should be supplied from the roots. The best method of supplying the deficiency is by means of Rowland's Macassar Oil—the steady favourite of 138 years. It supplies the oil, stimulates the growth and nourishes the hair. Used regularly it will do much to prevent thin or falling hair, and by making it soft and flexible will cause the hair to remain in any desired position.

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in in Winter in the form of kainit will plentifully repay its small cost. Any trees which have been stunted should be cut back rather severely after such manurial help has been given, as one does not get strong growth from weak branches. For standard trees a veritable pollarding is necessary to form a new head, and bushes too must be cut hard back. Nothing in the orchard is more surprising than the response of trees to such help and if stone fruit is in question, plums or cherries, lime will help them and improve the grass. Should it be impossible to remove the grass round the tree and keep the soil clean for a year or two the potash and nitrogen as advised will make a great improvement in stunted trees, and ornamental trees no less than fruit bearers will soon show their gratitude by fresh growth and that lustrous green which tells the gardener that all is well.

FOX, CAT AND CHICKENS. — I wish one of your readers would give me an idea how to deal with the problem of ‘too many foxes’. Our district happens to be very difficult for fox-hunting. A few years ago a well-meaning but impulsive fox-chaser, who had only just arrived in our neighbourhood, decided that we had not enough foxes. So he turned down a lot, in order that the local pack should always ‘find’ when they came near his estate. Now where a fox was very seldom seen, foxes are nearly as common as rabbits. I frequently watch foxes from my bedroom window, chasing the rabbits round the field. Only a few evenings ago an old dog fox chased our cat till she took refuge in the house. We do not keep chickens; but nearly all our neighbours do. And they all keep asking me to destroy the foxes. They know I have a gun. But if any of my friends knew that I had shot or poisoned or trapped a fox, I should be deservedly ostracised. Will anybody tell me what I ought to do, or say, when attacked by the poultry-keepers? — Llewellyn Hutchinson.
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An Angler’s Conscience
by Salfario

January 1931

When I was very young I read that Nimrod was a mighty hunter. I was interested. Afterwards I was allowed to read Fennimore Cooper. I was thrilled. Then they told me that the surest, quickest way to catch rabbits was to put salt on their tails. I crawled stealthily through the woods; I was a reincarnation of Nimrod and Yellow Hawk. But I caught no rabbits. I was told that the trout I saw in our village stream could be caught. It was suggested that a piece of string, a bent pin, a worm were all that was required. I caught no trout that way. There were sisters who laughed. Their laughter did not hurt much. It merely spurred my will to be a hunter!

I determined that the day would come when I should snare and outwit and catch these things. And the day did come. I would have you know that there was nothing unkind in this will to snare, outwit and catch. The will, the thought, the concentrated effort needed to do these things did me no harm as a boy. Would you learn restraint? To wait, to watch? That there is a time, a second even, when you should control, hold in, hold back? And another moment when your action, your decision must be as quick, as startling as the flash of a salmon’s tail? That there is great value in being quiet and unseen? That there is reward to him who waits and watches and is patiently persistent? Then learn to match all the sense you have against all that God has blessed a trout with. And in the combat you will learn these things, at least in part.

Perhaps the provision of these things to hunt, to try our skill on, to test our wits, is one of the subtle means prepared by Nature for our good, for all creatures’ good. Maybe we should all be better if we had to hunt our food. No one believes that the domesticated animal is wholly an improvement on the wild one. I find no trace of the idea of killing
The men who ransack luggage at Continental ports, where English-speaking people arrive, know the bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt" quite well. They often find it. Native servants in India and the 'boys' who do the housework in East and West Africa also know it. So do maids in British hotels, universally. It's a British trait. Any change of climate, great or small, is apt to throw the inner system out of humour and out of tune, and the Handy Size bottle was made for those who think it best when away to have Eno handy
in any of this development. I was never interested in killing—
even flies. But there is only one end to hunting—one proper
end, one noble end. I have suggested a nobler end than
being killed to be eaten.

There is an aspect of this idea of killing which is curious.
It is best illustrated by a story once told me by a butcher.
A worthy and kindly man he was, of the type that only
lives now in villages—small and remote villages. He em-
ployed a new boy, who, in the early stages of his training,
was told to stick a lamb. The boy boggled at this horrid job.
He said he couldn’t. My friend the butcher did not upbraid
or even chide him. He appeared to agree with the boy and
told him to release the animal and let it out in the pasture
near by. Later in the day he told the boy to go and catch
that lamb. It was not until a long time had gone by that the
boy returned, breathless and well nigh exhausted, dragging
the lively creature behind him. Said he, ‘I’ll stick the little
devil now if you like!’ I would not suggest that this story of
the butcher’s boy explains why I have no compunction about
the killing of a trout or salmon. But I do admit it indicates
my attitude of mind.

I have more than once said that it is only the fool trout
that gets caught—and the fool salmon for that matter.
Everything is in their favour, and, brainless as they are,
there are a hundred reasons why they should never be caught.
In almost every case a capture is directly attributable either
to their greed or carelessness. You will see that I almost argue
that Nature made these things for the catching—I cannot
think for what else they could have been made so devoid of
feeling as humans know it. I do not argue that they are food
for men—though indeed they are. None of these obvious
reasons satisfy my attitude. I am satisfied, knowing as I do
that a fish, fairly caught, fairly deserves its fate. There’s
nothing gives me greater pleasure than to release a trout that
is not of reasonable size, and see him dart away again. But,
I am just as pleased to unhook quickly, and quickly kill a
The Soul of Tobacco

Maeterlinck says of flowers that they yield up their Soul in perfume. What a noble thought!

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good fish that has cost me much labour, skill and patience to lure and land. I am not unmindful of the time when a certain net was so full of fishes that it broke in the pulling of it in. And I remember how it was that such a marvellous thing came to happen.

Fungi, Edible and Self-Recording
by the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Acland, Bart.

HAVING been knocked off everything except vegetables in a (perfectly vain) attempt to cure asthma, I have lately been attending to fungi, in spite of the correct British prejudice in favour of the mushroom, and nothing but the mushroom. I have found that for many years one reasonably edible sort and three most edible sorts have been growing unregarded in my garden. The one reasonably edible is the puff-ball, which is all right, when white, but a trifle hot to the taste. Then comes (1) the Fairy Ring mushroom. In the excellent illustrated handbook of the Ministry of Agriculture (post free, 3s.) this is said to grow by road-sides, but I find the local road-sides more conspicuous for bungalowoid growths in straight lines than for fungoid growths in circles. With me it grows on lawns, and is impossible to confuse with others because of its tough stalk and the tough attachment between stalk and head, for generally, when pulled up vertically by the head, a little earth and grass come up on the root. That it grows in rings is less characteristic, as other sorts do the same, and usually only a very small section of the ring can be made out. It is the French champignon. It is small; what the Ministry calls rufescent-buff and I call pinky yellow all over. Then (2) there is the Edible Boletus, called by the household the Penny Bun. This is the French cépe. It has tubes instead of gills, and can only be confused with another kind, very like it externally, the flesh of which turns blue almost instantly when the top is broken. The flesh of the edible one keeps white, and is excellent. The
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tubes should be taken off, though they are not poisonous. Lastly (3) and, with us, less common is the Chanterelle, which is apricot colour all over. Its gills arise gradually out of the stem, and do not bend over but stand up and crumple round the edges which are much higher than the middle. The Penny Bun and the Chanterelle live under trees.

Causing mushrooms or fungi to make records is an amusing game, though perhaps already sufficiently well known. When they are at their best one merely puts them down flat on paper (the white gilled ones on coloured paper) for a night. In the morning there is a lovely pattern made by the falling spores, which can be fixed (more or less) by spraying as with a pencil drawing. I recently picked a mushroom eleven inches across which weighed 18 ozs. without stalk, and as my friends do not believe this, it is useful to have the size permanently recorded, apart from its being a very beautiful thing, in all the shades of rich brown.

The only case in which I have ever been tempted to confuse an edible with a less edible fungus is that of one of the true mushroom family (pholiota) which really is very like a mushroom, except that its flesh stains yellow when bruised. Probably the best guide to those who are really nervous would be to avoid anything with white gills, though the parasol mushroom has them and is said to be preferred by some to the common mushroom. To me it seems rather tasteless. This does not mean that no inedible fungi have coloured gills, but only that the most poisonous fungi have white ones.

A farmer lately received from a man who had been in his employment as a milk-roundsman a letter enclosing £3, with the explanation that he had joined the Salvation Army and felt that he must make restitution. What should the farmer have done? What he did do was to send £1 to the Salvation Army, £1 to the penitent, and keep the remaining £1 for himself.
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Wanted, Gentlemen Thatchers!

That distinguished architect, Mr. Alfred Powell, writes to us: In the July number of the interesting and helpful Countryman there was a photograph of a cottage with a dilapidated thatched roof. May I put in a plea for such simple repair, everywhere, as would put such little matters to rights?

Wherever I go about England I am always coming upon useful old buildings wanting just a little help, at the right moment. Their number is increasing rapidly, and by our inattention will presently get beyond us to deal with.

What is wanted, in many different districts, is a young man, an intelligent undergraduate perhaps, willing to learn and able to lead in a companionable way— for he might learn to take a hand in the work— say three or four builders' workmen. The men must be paid their proper wages and I cannot but feel, from my own past experience of such work, that once it is begun all sorts of help—in materials, lodging, food and even funds—will be forthcoming, and from most unexpected quarters, so widespread is the regret of decent people at the decadence of these neglected buildings. Wages and workmanship guaranteed, there would not only be no difficulty in doing the work, but to many (and I heard of an undergraduate the other day, after a six months search for work, settling down as a shop-walker in London) it would become a pleasurable life to lead, wandering up and down England putting her lapses to rights.

Much of the loveliness of England consists in the old barns, farm buildings, cottages, etc., and we shall be sorry fools if we let them go, with their beauty and all they have to tell us.

The work is urgently needed if the buildings are to be saved and I hope this letter may awake a response before it is too late. I suppose £1000 a year would keep one gang going and busy, and it could hardly be better spent.
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Plain Figures from a Farm

To the experiences of the three farmer readers, recorded in the last issue of The Countryman, we add the following communication from a well-known agriculturist, whose farm we have visited: ‘The following figures show (a) the total receipts from my farm for three pre-War years, (b) the total receipts under same conditions for last three years; also the costs of (a) labour, (b) bills for blacksmith, wheelwright, harness and all repairs (which are chiefly labour) for the same two periods. The percentage of the cost of these two items towards the receipts is also shown. It will be noted that the average labour bill has increased from £1286 to £3021, nearly two and a half times. But, in the meantime, 150 acres of land have been seeded down to pasture and the farm is not as tidily kept. Thus labour costs fully three times the amount of pre-war days. The bills for repairs, etc. rise from £503 to £1016, more than double.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Gross receipts</th>
<th>Labour cost</th>
<th>Bills, repairs, etc.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>£6767</td>
<td>£1216</td>
<td>£563</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905</td>
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The figures are from the audited accounts of a 1,000 acre farm in Lincolnshire about two-thirds arable, just useful land, typical of thousands of acres of surrounding country; they are farm accounts and do not include any expenses for living, management or interest on capital. The land is
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admitted to be well farmed—the amount spent for labour, and £2,500 for cake and manures proves this—and it is also well managed. Fortunately the farmer has some private means, having dabbled in other industry outside farming, and during the last three years he has paid the following private money into the farm to keep it going: April 1928, £1,000; August 1929, £1,000; July 1930, £1,000. To-day this farm account is overdrawn at the bank £1,240. I offer anyone £1,500 to square this year, but this is not the worst. The average receipts of the last three years, £8,753, are, it is true, the result of low prices, but, at the disastrous prices ruling to-day, the yearly receipts will be about £7,500, a further reduction of about 14 per cent. I wish emphatically to state that I do not advocate reducing our men’s wages; that cannot save the situation. I want them to be satisfied and help us, and I maintain the industry should enable us to pay a fair wage. Owing to the season, this year is especially disastrous. For the last three years our corn has averaged £2,400 a year—and the farm has lost money. This year—with slightly less acres—I will take £1,200.’

A Quarter of a Century after Lubin.—A reader in Rome tells us about the celebration, in the Capitol, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the International Institute of Agriculture. Not only the King and the Duce but the Papal Nuncio and the President of the League of Nations were there. ‘After a quarter of a century,’ writes our subscriber, ‘the world is still a long way from realising Lubin’s ideal of “conserving the Conservative, the farmer”’. The agricultural crisis to-day is a world-wide menace not only to economic prosperity but to political security. The Governments know that local and national measures cannot afford a remedy for an industry in which prices are mainly determined by world conditions.’ Two days after the celebration a moving ceremony took place at Lubin’s grave.
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GLASGOW
January 1931

Rural Authors. — 14. William Cobbett

Just 110 years ago William Cobbett wrote the first of his 'Rural Rides.' It has remained for a young publisher, Peter Davies, to issue, under the admirable direction of G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, who have done so much for Cobbett, a more complete edition of the 'Rides' than has yet been available. It appears in three fine volumes of distinctive appearance in a limited edition at three guineas. There are, besides twenty pages of excellent notes, indexes of persons and places and a two-page map of Cobbett's country. Some readers may think that certain of Cobbett's references to the 'agriculturasses' who led farmers astray are not inappropriate to our own time. But it is not in Cobbett the politician, but in Cobbett the yeoman-farmer and lover of agricultural England that the countryman of to-day particularly delights. Here is our country, as it was at the time of the industrial revolution, preserved for us in the pages of what the Coles call a 'vigorous, combative, prejudiced but always interested and interesting personality.' Cobbett gives us pictures not only of the countryside but of himself.

A group of women labourers were attending the measurers to measure their reaping work — such an assemblage of rags! There were some very pretty girls, but pale as ashes. Their blue arms and lips would have made any heart ache... The labourers seem miserably poor, their dwellings little better than pig-beds... (In Gloucestershire.) The girls at work in the fields — always my standard — are not in rags, with bits of shoes tied on their feet and rags tied round their ankles as they had in Wiltshire. ... The parish of Weston is remarkable for having a rector who has constantly resided for twenty years! I do not believe that there is an instance to match this in the whole kingdom. ... Under the sole of the shoe is iron, from the sole six inches upwards is a high-low; then comes a leather balm to the knee; then a pair of leather breeches; then
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a stout doublet; over this a smock-frock; and the wearer sets brush and stubs and thorns and mire at defiance. . . . Met a farmer who said he must be ruined unless another 'good war' should come! . . . The hares (which were very thickly in sight before) started all over the field, ran into a flock like sheep; and all are agreed that the flock did cover an acre of ground. . . . The people of Benenden have, with singular humanity, fitted up their stocks with a bench, so that the patient is not exposed to the danger of catching cold by sitting, as in other places, on the ground, always damp and sometimes actually wet. . . . Before I got into Folkstone I saw no less than eighty-four men, women and boys and girls gleaning or leasing in a field of about ten acres.

And what could be better than those three pages about the old farm-house he saw for sale, but we make extracts only:

Every thing about this farm-house was formerly the scene of plain manners and plentiful living. Oak clothes-chests, oak bedsteads, oak chest of drawers, and oak tables to eat on, long, strong, and well supplied with joint stools. Some of the things were many hundreds of years old. But all appeared to be in a state of decay and nearly of disuse. There appeared to have been hardly any family in that house, where formerly there were, in all probability, from ten to fifteen men, boys and maids: and, which was the worst of all, there was a parlour! Aye, and a carpet and bell-pull too! One end of the front of this once plain and substantial house had been moulded into a 'parlour'; and there was the mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as bare-faced upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of. And, there were the decanters, the glasses, the 'dinner-set' of crockery ware, and all just in the true stock-jobber style. And I dare say it has been 'Squire' Charington and the Miss Charingtons; and not plain Master Charington, and his son Hodge, and his daughter Betty Charington, all of whom this accursed system has, in all likelihood, transmuted into a species of mock gentlefolks, while it has ground the
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labourers down. Why do not farmers now feed and lodge their workpeople, as they did formerly? This 'Squire Charring-ington's father used, I dare say, to sit at the head of the oak-table along with his men, say grace to them, and cut up the meat and the pudding. He might take a cup of strong beer to himself, when they had none; but, that was pretty nearly all the difference in their manner of living. So that all lived well. But, the 'Squire had many wine-decanters and wine-glasses and a 'dinner set,' and a 'breakfast set,' and 'desert knives'; and these evidently imply carryings-on and a consumption that must of necessity have greatly robbed the long oak table if it had remained fully tenanted. That long table could not share in the work of the decanters and the dinner set. Therefore, it became almost untenanted; the labourers retreated to hovels, called cottages; and, instead of board and lodging, they got money; so little of it as to enable the employer to drink wine; but, then, that he might not reduce them to quite starvation, they were enabled to come to him, in the King's name, and demand food as paupers. And, now mind, that which a man receives in the King's name, he knows well he has by force; and it is not in nature that he should thank any body for it, and least of all the party from whom it is forced. Then, if this sort of force be insufficient to obtain him enough to eat and to keep him warm, is it surprising, if he think it no great offence against God (who created no man to starve) to use another sort of force more within his own controul? Is it, in short, surprising, if he resort to theft and robbery?

I could not quit this farm-house without reflecting on the thousands of scores of bacon and thousands of bushels of bread that had been eaten from the long oak-table which, I said to myself, is now perhaps, going, at last, to the bottom of a bridge that some stock-jobber will stick up over an artificial river in his cockney-garden. 'By——, it shan't,' said I, almost in a real passion: and so I requested a friend to buy it for me.
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When the old farm-houses are down (and down they must come in time) what a miserable thing the country will be! Those that are now erected are mere painted shells, with a Mistress within, who is stuck up in a place she calls a parlour, with, if she have children, the 'young ladies and gentlemen' about her: some showy chairs and a sofa (a sofa by all means): half a dozen prints in gilt frames hanging up: some swinging book-shelves with novels and tracts upon them: a dinner brought in by a girl that is perhaps better 'educated' than she: two or three nick-nacks to eat instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding: the house too neat for a dirty-shoed carter to be allowed to come into; and every thing proclaiming to every sensible beholder, that there is here a constant anxiety to make a show not warranted by the reality. The children (which is the worst part of it) are all too clever to work: they are all to be gentlefolks. Go to plough! Good God! What, 'young gentlemen' go to plough! They become clerks, or some skimmy-dish thing or other.

The Countryman continues to maintain its rural character. 'A pair of swans has hatched out seven cygnets a few yards from our works,' writes the printer, 'and the whole family can be seen proudly swimming past the office window in the river below.' The same office has sometimes a view of a kingfisher.

Friendly Red Admirals.--I was much interested in the note about the Red Admiral butterfly which seemed to like the companionship of the writer. In our seaside cottage garden we have many Red Admirals. One of them used to accompany my husband and myself on a favourite walk along the cliffs, and fly a little ahead and settle on the path until we came. It continued like this for about twenty minutes, until we shoo-ed it behind us. It happened several times during the hot weather, but, of course, we do not know if it was the same butterfly each time.—A.C., Steffensen, Hellerup, Denmark.
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A SHORT GUIDE TO THE BEST READING

RATHER gentleman’s reading, don’t you think?” said the old lady. She may or may not have come on E. F. Powys. A young woman poet, who is not a prude, found his ruthless books ‘a nightmare of Nature without God.’ Appraisers of the poet in Powys will be glad to know that he has a long novel nearly ready. The time seems to have come for him to try another medium. Powys is a writer of power. Some of his sketches, studies and allegories, however, have come to be as like as two bluebottles – the same yokel or parson, who is not quite a yokel or not quite a parson of our own day or any other day, but some doddering daftie or degenerate of a particular kind of Powys countryside, and some ghastly, though not obviously inevitable circumstance, and every now and then a seduction or a criminal assault or thoughts of one. We are for exhibiting to sentimentalists and ignoramuses our farm-workers, farmers, parsons, denizens of country houses and rural authors and editors as they really are; and, things having been as they have been in the villages, it is to be expected that there should be the morally halt and lame among us. There are some rural dwellers, however, who are not nasty old men or lascivious malicious women or mental deficient. The decent, the striving and the undaunted – even if they do not find it easy to be all the time decent, striving and undaunted – have their place in a just representation of the rural scene. On the Powys page the afflicted in mind or body barge to the front. A man of genius, as Powys is, must take his own way. But people who are not squeamish about a natural Rabelaisianism, and believe in account being taken of the whole, not a part, of the countryside, do not find it easy to give him his due over an offering of narratives (The White Paternoster, Chatto and Windus, pp. 294, 7s. 6d.) that in spite of distinguished literary merits, contrives sometimes
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to weary instead of enlarging experience or giving pleasure. — *Maid’s Malady*, by Isobel Wyatt (Hodder & Stoughton, pp. 350, 7s. 6d.) and *Broad Acres*, by J. E. Cranswick, (Constable, pp. 512, 7s. 6d.) are first novels smacking of the authors’ counties. Mrs. Wyatt has done fine service in garnering a countryside so rich in lore, dialect and pungent rusticity as Sedgemoor. Mrs. Cranswick, who is known of many for her sound, domestic talks over the wireless, writes as a Yorkshirewoman of village life in the eighties, indoors and out, and — need we say? — of horses. — Shameless prolixity and illiteracy are so common in books of recollections that it is agreeable, in a slippered mood, to come upon a volume like *As We Were*, by E. F. Benson (Longmans, pp. 364, 18s.), that is the work of a skilful and painstaking writer, with a sense of humour and perspective, and a story to tell.

We like the way he puts it about his people. His father, the Archbishop, came of a five centuries-long line of ‘ascertained persons, all entirely undistinguished.’ Who would have suspected Henry Chaplin of such a fondness for broad beans that at a friend’s house one Sunday he gathered them in his hat and begged for beans and bacon for dinner? A Yorkshire chatelaine of the eighteen-forties deplored the fact that people should be so particular about their food. ‘Give me’, she said modestly, ‘a trout from my own stream, a grouse from my own moor, and an apple from my own orchard.’ Mr. Benson knows his class and his era. It is all very polite, very charming; no stress or strain; real ladies and gentlemen. Even poverty is of the kind that can be met in a well-bred way. But just what sort of a labouring world of hamlet and manufacturing town had made possible the cushioned stuffiness of so many ‘important’ people? — J. L. and Barbara Hammond tell us. In three well-known works, *The Village Labourer*, *The Town Labourer* and *The Skilled Labourer*, they have set forth our social annals of 1760–1832 with a clarity and patriotism which compel respect. Now, with *The Age of the Chartists, 1832–1845* (Longmans, pp. 394, 12s. 6d.)
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in which there is hardly anything about the Chartists—we are brought to the time, about 1840, when those responsible for the government of England became painfully aware that, whereas in 1790 the country labourers were about double the town workmen, the town workmen were now nearly double the country labourers, and 'constrained to a low and grovelling mode of living.' The Hammonds flash beams of scholarship and unselfish industry over the valleys of the dead. Singly no man or woman could have done this service so well. The reader is lent such vision that he may live sensitively through the packed, victorious, squalid years of the industrial revolution. He shares its material triumphs, shudders at its festering slums and unconscious cruelties of class and sect, smiles at its sincerely pious mis-educational absurdities. The story is told with intelligent compassion. It often moves like some noble tragedy. It is always more interesting than most of our novels. The ugliness and grisliness of the time were redeemed in part by the unending efforts of men and women discontented with things as they were. From the Hammonds' valuable researches into the limitations of 'getting on' we learn with greater certainty not only the way by which the nation has come but the way by which it must go. — The Medieval Scene (Cambridge University Press, pp. 173, 5s.) corrects still too common beliefs about merrie England. We are again under obligations to the scholarship and imagination of Dr. C. G. Coulton. 'No ordinary confession', it seems, 'could absolve a man who had wilfully assaulted the parish clerk.' There is an amusing account of how a thirteenth century parson wanted his tithe of milk in the convenient form of cheese; but certain farmers declined to give it, except in the raw state. So 'they brought it to church; and, if the priest were not there to receive it, then (as the bishop publicly complained) they poured it out on the ground before the altar, to the dishonour of God and Holy Church.—Nowadays every schoolboy may know where Urbana is.
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'These bulletins are an altogether admirable series. They should be of very great value to farmers.'—Country Life.
But, so far is the East from the West, that we are quite sure very few of our grown-up readers do. Urbana is the seat of the University of Illinois. From its Press comes a large, handsome, illustrated, heavily foot-noted volume, The Doctrine of the English Gentleman in the Sixteenth Century (pp. 288, 2 dollars 50), equipped with ‘a tentative bibliographical list of treatises on the Gentleman and his Training published in Europe up to 1625’, containing, as we live by bread, more than a thousand references. Under the title ‘Agriculture as an Occupation for the Gentleman’ one German, three English and four Italian books are cited. It is all inconceivably learned. On the title-page is the name of Ruth Kelso, which ought to be a nom de guerre but isn’t. Alas, ‘agriculture may with difficulty lay claim to a place among gentlemanly professions.’ We must leave it at that, while thanking Ruth Kelso for her friendly gesture of an abundant leisure that some of us in rather worried Europe may envy. – If more village histories are not written – ‘behind our villages lie more than fifteen centuries of history’ – it is not for lack of guidance. Since the War half a dozen books of good counsel have appeared. None is more engaging or comprehensive or better to look upon than a shilling treatise by a well-known bookman, How to Write a Village History (A. L. Humphreys, York Lodge, Reading, pp. 42). It is a considered, helpful, witty book. By a happy stroke the technical instructions are garnished with an extract from a village historian, Richard Gough (born 1634) who made a plan of his church, showing where everybody sat, and then wrote thumbnail sketches of the congregation. ‘John Aston, hee was a sort of silly fellow, very idle and much given to stealing of poultry and small things. Hee was many times caught in the fact, and sometimes well cajoled by those that would trouble themselves noe further with him. Butt at last hee grew unsuffereable, and made it his common practice to steal henns in the night and bring them to Shrewsbury, where hee had confederates to receive them att any
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time of night. Hee was att last imprisoned and indicted for stealing twenty-four cocks and henns. The Judge, seeing him a silly man, told the Jury that the matter of fact was soe fully proved that they must finde the prisoner guilty, but they would doe well to consider of the value, and thereupon the Jury found him guilty of fellony to the value of eleven pence, att which the Judge laught heartily and said he was glad to heare that cocks and henns were soe cheap in this country. This made John Aston more carefull, but hee left not his old trade whoally.' It is the parish of Myddle, in Shropshire, that has the honour of having had such a historian. — *The English Scene: The Spirit of England in the Monuments of her Social Life and Industrial History* (Black, pp. 133, 7s. 6d.) consists of a number of well-known articles from the 'Times', with some additional chapters by the anonymous author and thirty-one excellent illustrations in photogravure. It is the very book for an overseas friend. We note that there are still fifty-five toll-roads in England, and eighty-eight toll-bridges. The stocks at Rugby were used as lately as 1865. How many people know that an Elizabethan quintain is to be seen in good condition at Offham in Kent? Admirers of the good old times may be reminded that 'in some places it was compulsory to bait a bull before it was killed for food, and butchers were punished for killing bulls "unbaited."' A bull-ring may be seen at Horsham. — There has been no mere book-making in 'The English Heritage' series which Lord Lee and J. C. Squire are editing, and the most recent volume, *The English Parish Church*, by A. R. Powys (Longmans, pp. 175, 3s. 6d.), is a little book that it has been a satisfaction to write. We all know the high qualifications of the secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings for furnishing a trustworthy account of the plans, the secular and unusual uses, the architecture, and the fitting of parish churches. He thinks that about 12,280 of the churches in the 16,630 parishes of England are of 'ancient origin'. Of the things that he has dug up in his reading take
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this extract from a Dominican document of 1274, 'The first thing plainable is that some parishes are too poor for any good parson to take.' Here is a personal reminiscence, 'At Montacute, the sons of the Rev. William Langdon, who preceded my father there as vicar, with but one, or perhaps two, intervening incumbents, cut the quatrefoil band and the rich base moulding from the south wall of the tower, so that they could the better play fives between the buttresses.'—*Old Watermills and Windmills* (Allan, pp. 253, 16s.) by R. Thurston Hopkins, with an introduction by that well-known 'windmillian', Arthur Beckett, who speaks of having seen 'nearly thirty windmills at once' in Sussex, and is learned about 'Norfolk giants' with sweeps that describe a circuit of one hundred feet, is full of pleasant drawings and photographs. — A few years ago a Japanese friend asked us to send him every book about gypsies which came out. The long list of living and dead authors of three hundred quotations in *The Wind on the Heath: a Gypsy Anthology*, chosen by John Sampson (Chatto & Windus, pp. 382, 7s. 6d.) shows how interesting the 'Egyptians' have always been. In one of three longish entries in her diary, written a year before her accession, Queen Victoria says: 'Alas; I too well know from experience that whenever any poor Gipsies are encamped anywhere and crimes and robberies etc. occur, it is invariably laid to their account, which is shocking; and if they are always looked upon as vagabonds, how can they become good people?' Dr. Sampson's book contains a number of valuable 'correctives and explanations' and a glossary, is illustrated by Augustus John and John Garside, and is produced with the care that Chatto and Windus give their volumes. — That there are in addition to a score of weeklies, two dozen monthlies and quarterlies published in Welsh, and that at Welsh 'preaching meetings' eight considerable sermons may be delivered in twenty-four hours, are among the things told us in *A Wayfarer in Wales*, by W. Watkin Davies (Methuen, pp. 222, 7s. 6d.). Among
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the illustrations is one of a chapel to which the whole con-
gregation comes on horseback. — *British and Foreign Trees
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pp. 299, 12s. 6d.), is full of interest and erudition — besides
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Who does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved by me;
But he — I venture the suggestion —
Does part of it who plants a tree.

Why do the French fishermen who frequent Penzance
ask for any broken branches of Cordyline australis they may
see? Answer: ‘They cut them into pieces about eighteen
inches long, flatten them on two sides (so that they may rest
steady), and sharpen their razors on them.’ Many North-
erners have yet to learn that the banana and orange may be
seen in the open in Cornwall, that 130 different plants have
been in flower in December at Falmouth, and that in
January Penzance is as warm as Constantinople. — Dr. Best’s
painstaking and comprehensive *East Yorkshire: A Study
in Agricultural Geography* (Longmans, pp. 194, illus., 16s.)
is also the kind of book which many counties will wish to
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I found a penny when I dug the garden,
And, fancy, Thomas wishes he were dead!

is a child's verse from Country Bumpkins by Doremy Olland (Methuen, pp. 68, 5s.) — More than 100,000 copies of the altogether admirable and now fatter Week-end Book (None-such Press, pp. 564, 6s.) have been printed with its motto:

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by Harold Monro. — In failing to attract to his 'National Observer' as many as a thousand readers W. E. Henley was among the less successful of editors; in drawing into his pages young writers of mettle he was among the most distinguished. He was also a man of courage. When all has been said, however, in this able, painstaking and outstandingly towny memoir by Kennedy Williamson (Shaylor, pp. 300, 10s. 6d.), Bernard Shaw's judgment remains substantially true, that Henley was 'a tragic example of the combination of imposing powers of expression with really nothing important to express.' It is not too hard on the man who wrote, 'Out of the night that covers me' to say that, in the main, he was the hero of those who had almost grown up. — As the editor of The Countryman was an occasional contributor to the 'Spectator' before and during the editorship of St. Loe Strachey, and for seven years wrote two pages a week for his 'County Gentleman', St. Loe Strachey: His Life and Paper, by Amy Strachey (Gollancz, pp. 387, 16s.) has a personal interest for us. There is a chapter on the
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gallant effort of the 'County Gentleman.' Its circulation, we believe, never exceeded 3000. Although it had for its editor a delightful personality not unknown to our readers, Eric Parker, and for its buoyant manager, Percy Burton, a brother-in-law of Lord Northcliffe, it did not pay. 'The audience', Mrs. Strachey explains, 'were accustomed, not to country but to "county" pursuits, and these are not nearly so amusing to the general public; also county life was just beginning to disappear out of England.' 'The Diary of a Journalist Turned Countryman', which one 'Home Counties' contributed was almost the first 'back-to-the-land' writing of that type, and one week it sold 200 copies over the counter. Mrs. Strachey states that 'the highwater mark of the "County Gentleman" was its Cheap Cottage series and Exhibitions.' The editor of The Countryman went about the country interviewing landowners and others who had built inexpensive cottages. The articles were called 'In Search of a £150 Cottage', and several £150 cottages were found. Cottages were also built at the Letchworth exhibition at this price. Particularly pleasant and economical were the cottages of A. H. Clough, son of the poet. To test the building of some cottages the late Duke of Devonshire jumped on the bedroom floors. Mrs. Strachey revives our enthusiasm by quoting a letter written to St. Leo Strachey by the Editor of The Countryman on the eve of the opening of the Exhibition: 'I like to think of my last view of the cottages, our cottages, as I returned to the station. Dusk was not far off, but the open-faced workmen still laboured with a will. Above them some late lark singing. Beside them the waving corn. Which sight was goodliest I know not.' More might have been said about the work that Eric Parker, the editor of the 'County Gentleman', put into it. Mrs. Strachey's book is an open-hearted account of the personality and labours of a man whose connections, industry, literary knowledge, individuality, journalistic flair and public spirit gave him a position of usefulness and interest in the life of
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his time. – *The French at Home*, by Philip Carr (Methuen, pp. 218, 10s. 6d.), is noteworthy for its discerning rural chapters and a series of illustrations which are out of the ordinary in their effectiveness. In France it is not only that the agricultural population is still larger than the urban; ‘the eminent in politics, in the arts, in learning, in all the professions, cannot go back more than a generation without coming to the soil’. Two million people own and farm less than twenty-five acres; the folk who farm more than one hundred acres do not number more than 140,000. ‘French country society consists exclusively of small peasant farmers. There is no middle class. There are no little country houses inhabited by cultivated people living on moderate incomes. Such people go to live in the small towns. There are old families, still clinging to their chateaux, but if they cannot afford to spend most of the time in Paris, their life is almost as simple as that of the peasant farmers. They do not entertain.’ – *Fly Fishing*, by Viscount Grey of Fallodon (Dent, pp. 256, 10s. 6d.) appears in an eighth edition with two new chapters and with a number of engravings by Eric Fitch Daglish. Lord Grey does not know how many days he could fish without wearying of fishing. ‘Trout fishing has always been intermittent; of salmon fishing I have had not more than ten days at a time. On the occasions on which I have had a continuous spell of salmon fishing, I have quitted the river with as much regret at the end of the fifth or sixth week as I should have felt at the end of the first.’ – *A Summer on the Test*, by another Privy Councillor, John Waller Hills, has reproductions of etchings by Norman Wilkinson (Allan, 15s. but first published at ten guineas), and is a fine large book that, like the Test itself, has been too long beyond the reach of many of us. Interesting every chapter of it, informative always, delightfully illustrated, one reader thanks the author for his wise appreciation of a cold and windy day, and his case for wet fly fishing. – *Down the Fairway* (Allen & Unwin, pp. 240, 7s. 6d.), by ‘Bobby’ Jones, is an animated
ZULULAND: A Witch Doctor calling for Rain

Pictures such as this one — but each measuring 14 inches by 10 inches — appear in PICTORIAL EDUCATION every month, all exquisitely produced in photogravure. PICTORIAL EDUCATION is the perfect Magazine for children, for every child loves pictures. It may be ordered from any Newsagent, price 1s., monthly. A complimentary copy may be obtained from the Publishers,

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and sound, well-illustrated record (now in a third impression) of a remarkable golfing career, combined with any amount of explanation of how the wonderful things are done. He has got his temper ‘under control, to where there was no outward evidence of it except my ears getting red, which they do to this day.’ He changes the ball every sixth hole. He plays better fasting, and likes a day in bed on the eve of a big match. — The moral of the exceedingly practical Small Stage and its Equipment (Allen & Unwin, pp. 142, 5s.), written by R. Angus Wilson and prefaced by Sir Barry Jackson, is that the stage of the parish hall should be planned before the hall is built. The book, which has thirty-four illustrations, deals with the lighting set and the scenic equipment as well as the stage proper. Also there is a list of useful books. An acting area of twenty-eight feet by seventeen feet, side spaces of six feet and a back space of three feet wide are recommended. A height of three feet from the hall floor ought to serve. The stage is to be level, and the back wall should be cemented so that it can be used, when necessary, as a background. — In many of the families into which The Countryman goes there has been appreciation of the Wireless talks to children by Rhoda Power. Here, based on some of the talks, are thirty-two How It Happened narratives, with jolly lino-cuts by Agnes M. Parker (Cambridge University Press, pp. 199, 7s. 6d.). The stories, mostly about living things, are from a score of countries, and in just the right vein. — In her Portrait of a Dog (Macmillan, pp. 167, 7s. 6d.), Mazo de la Roche (winner of the ‘Atlantic Monthly’ short story prize) writes of a dog as a dog; as an equal and a dear friend. Her quick humour and sympathy are as rare as the economy and integrity of her style. The illustrations are charming. — Jock the Scot by Alice Grant Rosman (Cassell, pp. 213, 7s. 6d.), dedicated to Jenny o’ New York, Bunty of Chicago, Bobs of Portland, Maine, Snatcher of London and Chips of Adelaide, is also well illustrated; it is for lovers of Aberdeens. — In Sise and
In view of Dean Inge's recent pronouncements on marriage and of the interest roused by the Lambeth Conference, these two books are of particular interest at the present moment.

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6th Impression

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4th Impression

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Form in Plants, by F. O. Bower, F.R.S. (Macmillan, pp. 246, 12s. 6d.), the field traversed in the presidential address to the British Association is more fully covered. The whole is so interesting, not only as illustrating a definite theory but as a treatise on plant structure and the causes that have led to special forms as conditions of survival, that we would gladly see it in a form presenting fewer difficulties to the layman. — Very timely are the Ministry of Agriculture's excellent Bulletins, 2 and 4, Fruit Production: Tree Fruits (pp. 110, 1s. 6d.) and Fruit Production: Soft Fruits and Nuts (pp. 69, 1s.) both well illustrated. — The handy, omniscient Agricultural Notebook, of Primrose McConnell (Crosby Lockwood, pp. 551, 15s.), with its rounded edges, is a friend of forty-six years' standing. We warmly congratulate the author, who proudly inscribes himself, on his forty-fifth thousand 'thoroughly revised' 'Yeoman Farmer.' — Need more be said of The Practice of Soft Cheesemaking (Allen & Unwin, pp. 116, 3s. 6d.) than that three authorities have had a hand in it and that since it was first published twenty-eight years ago it has been revised five times? — Embroidered Flowers, mostly illustrations in three colours, and Hand Woven Garments Made on a Fifteen-inch Loom, also illustrated, are of the quality that the Dryad Press, of Leicester, has taught us to expect in its sixpenny Leaflets. Embroidery on Various Materials, by Elsie Mochrie, runs to sixty well illustrated pages and is half-a-crown.

General Reading

A list of books most in demand at Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus's during the last quarter, which will keep the country resident from missing works of importance:

Fiction.—Bennett, Imperial Palace; Priestley, Angel Pavement; Maugham, Cakes and Ale; Young, Miss Mole; de la Mare, On the Edge; Sitwell, Dumb Animal; Galsworthy, On Forsyte 'Change; Canfield, The Deepening Stream; Herbert, The Water Gypsies; Sassoon, Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man; Lawrence, The Virgin and the Gypsy; Stern, Mosaic; Macaulay, Staying with Relations.
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Biography and History.—Benson, As We Were; Churchill, My Early Life; Balfour, Chapters of Autobiography; Yeats-Brown, Bengal Lancer; Trevelyan, Blenheim; Craig, Henry Irving; Letters of Queen Victoria (Vol. I of new series); Drinkwater, Pepys; Blunden, Leigh Hunt; Carswell, Robert Burns; Marjoribanks, Life of Marshall Hall; Bello, Cardinal Wolsey; Hicks, Between Ourselves; Sitwell, Alexander Pope.

General Essays.—Masefield, The Wanderer of Liverpool; Russell, The Conquest of Happiness; Jeans, The Mysterious Universe; Spears, Liaison 1914; Wooley, Digging up the Past; The Eighteen-Eighties, edit. by dela Mare; Nevinson, Rough Islanders; Montague, A Writer’s Notes on his Trade; Inge, Christian Ethics and Modern Problems.

Sport and Travel.—Mawson, The Home of the Blizzards; Tomlinson, The Sea and the Jungle (new edition, illus. by Clara Leighton); Gerbault, In Quest of the Sun; Maugham, The Gentleman in the Parlour; Lunn, The Complete Ski-Runner; Gladstone, Record Bags; Grey, Fly-Fishing (new illus. edition); Dugmore, In the Heart of the Northern Forests; Pollard, The Gun Room Guide; Aldin, An Artist’s Models (dog drawings); Surtees, Handley Cross (a new edition, with intro. by Siegfried Sassoon).

Poetry and Plays.—Eliot, Ash Wednesday; Campbell, Adamastor; Sitwell, Collected Poems; Gibson, Hazards; Mottam, Poems, New and Old; Connelly, The Green Pastures; Maugham, The Breadwinner; Coward, Private Lives; Rice, Street Scene; Harwood, The Man in Possession; Six Modern Plays.

Art.—Wilenski, A Miniature History of Art; Duveen, Thirty Years of British Art; Art of Clare Leighton; Sparkes, Art and Artists; Manson, The Tate Gallery; Sitwell, The Gothic North, 3 Vols.; Orpen, The Outline of Art.

‘The postman, asked if I should stamp a letter for the postmaster,’ writes a reader, ‘replied, “Yes, I think so; it shows good feeling.”

Witches.—Things are not so different on Sedgemoor from what are described in the last Countryman. I have a witch among my acquaintance; a cottage two or three miles away has a ‘mommer’—which receives its daily ration of cider and tobacco—to ward off ill-wishings; several chimneys in the next village still harbour sheep’s heart charms; and only last year a local man summoned his neighbour for casting the ‘evil eye’ on him.—M.M.

Most of the people round here ‘hold with’ witchcraft, and the gypsies sell most of their rubbishy wares by threats of spells. I knew a woman who lived alone and always hid herself upstairs when the gypsies arrived. An old grandfather was a splendid looking old fellow who had sixpences instead of buttons on his waistcoat.—Devon.
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As Professor Julian Huxley has written, we have not ‘even a moderately full knowledge of the actions and detailed way of life of any but a few kinds of British birds.’ On the other hand, how many more gatherers of knowledge about birds there are than there used to be, and how many more people there are who know what has been found out. It is not only the succession of excellent books from the publishers which is a good sign. Account may also be taken of the feeling which is developing against ‘collectors’ and against unnecessary shooting. Take, for example, the opening paragraph of A Bird Watcher’s Notebook, by J. W. Seigne (Allan, pp. 236, 12s. 6d.): ‘About eight years ago I gave up shooting on my small property in County Kilkenny and made it a sanctuary, chiefly to study the woodcock. At first, I was often sorely tempted when I flushed a woodcock and watched it flitting away, a brown streak through the larches; but the pleasure and interest I now get more than compensate me for the sport.’ Eric Fitch Daglish, author of The Life Story of Birds (Dent, pp. 246, 6s.), has the advantage of joining to his art as a wood engraver in the Bewick tradition a wide acquaintance with birds and the gift of writing about them in a charming and informing way. We are reminded that, because birds sing under excitement, they may be ‘singing furiously when their nests are violated or their young attacked.’ Is it possible to hear too often about the oven bird, which, in order to get its big oven-nest ready by the Spring, starts work in the Autumn? Another curious nest is that which the tree swift builds for its single egg, the structure measuring less than two inches across and one inch deep. On the subject of bird mortality it is suggested that, though a sparrow may, in three years, hatch out as many as forty-five young, no more than two may survive. Mr. Daglish’s engravings are noteworthy, but when we come to Mr. Pike’s book Rambles in Britain’s
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Birdland (Jenkins, pp. 236, 7s. 6d.), we see what photography and particularly the cinema can do. Mr. Seigne, in the valuable drawings by Rickman in his book, demonstrates in his turn the high value of the pencil — the woodcock has never been more wonderfully portrayed. In Mr. Pike's volume, starting off with photographs of the murderous and felonious doings of the cuckoo, we have, among sixty illustrations, some first-rate ones of the way of birds with their young. As for the cuckoo's adventures, Mr. Pike once saw a pipit, in whose nest a cuckoo was laying, jump on her back and peck at her the whole time she was depositing her egg. The trespasser and thief — for in one photograph we see the cuckoo with the pipit's egg in its bill — took no notice. It is not generally known, by the way, that the cuckoo, though she is content to drop her egg in another bird's nest, 'watches over it very carefully'. Mr. Pike believes that a cuckoo would, in a normal season, lay a clutch of five or six eggs, and that all these would be carefully watched. Mr. Chance and Mr. Pike met with a cuckoo that laid twenty-five eggs in a season. Mr. Pike, who has half a dozen times photographed a young cuckoo in the act of flinging out of the nest all the rightful inhabitants, reminds us that when this dark deed is done the bird is still blind. A case is recorded of fourteen pipits in attendance on one young cuckoo. It is an interesting point about the buzzard, of which we might well have a larger number in this country, that it mates for life. Mr. Seigne, as we have noted, writes chiefly about the woodcock and snipe. His is a record of value which will appeal to readers of some experience of birds. He has found no difficulty in stroking a woodcock as she sat on her nest. In his book he gives us broadmindedly two chapters on vermin, one of which is from a bird-lover's and the other from a sporting man's point of view. In a chapter on rooks and herons the author writes of looking down, from a high window, into a rook's nest which was a-building. 'I saw her mate bring her seven
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twigs in all. Three of these she rejected scornfully and dropped over the side of the nest—why, it would be hard to say, for these rejected twigs differed little in size or shape from the others. Whenever this occurred, she abused him roundly, and he lost no time in flying off for another. If, however, the stick happened to be the kind she wanted he would remain to admire her nest-building, in which he only occasionally helped whenever a stick was particularly troublesome or awkward to fit in. When this was over, both birds would caw affectionately, bow several times to each other, extend their wings and fan their tails in the most ludicrous way. What appeared to please the hen most was when, on one occasion, her mate took advantage of the owner’s absence to steal a stick from a neighbour’s nest.’

*Bird Watching and Bird Behaviour*, by Julian Huxley (Chatto and Windus, pp. 128, 5s.), is the author’s recent wireless talks, illustrated by good photographs, including one of a black-headed gull sitting contentedly on a tobacco tin. One of the author’s adventures was finding himself within twenty yards of a white-tailed eagle, not forty miles from London. Then in Oxfordshire he witnessed an early morning ascent of martins, swallows and swifts to greet the sun and make themselves a longer day: ‘How far above the earth they flew before they reached the light and began to circle in it I do not know.’ He notes that in the autumn the reproductive organs of birds may shrink to a twentieth or even a fiftieth of their real size. What is it to have ‘a good knowledge of birds’? It is suggested that it is to know where thrushes, chaffinches and moorhens sleep. Other people than Cherry Kearton have wished that they might have the chance to go off and spend days in a penguin colony. In *The Island of Penguins* (Cassell, pp. 241, 10s. 6d.) we have all the marvellous incidents of the four months which Mrs. Kearton and he spent on a four-miles-square island containing millions of penguins, not to speak of cormorants, gulls, terns, ibis and other birds. And we have ninety of his best photo-
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graphs. More and more students are entering the minds of birds. The progress that is being made is shown in this book, from which little in the remarkable life of the penguin is hidden. Mr. Kearton even helped a pair to build their nest.

The Collector. — 8. Bells

The alarm bell, generally placed in a small bell turret well up above the roof, was used to awaken the household, to give alarm in case of fire, and to summon the master of the house from a distant part of the estate. The crank bell system was an institution of the second half of the eighteenth century. It lasted through the nineteenth century, down to the time when electric bells were installed. There is nothing more attractive than the bell board of an old country house, with the nomenclature in Roman capitals, Blue Room, Tapestry Room, etc. The burglar bell for shutters at back doors was developed from the crank bell. Collectors search for old needlework bell-pulls and many up-to-date country folk prize their antique bell system for its effectiveness.

Horse-bells are now rarely heard on country roads. The stage waggon and the timber float, drawn by a team of six horses in line, had perforce to give warning to lighter and faster traffic. The bells, four in number, were devised beneath a little pent house covered with leather, scalloped at the edges. Two spike irons held the bells in the socketed hames of the collars. You may fix such bells in a wrought iron stand made by the local blacksmith. They serve as a gong.

Motorcycling down a country lane I ran over a fine duck. I drew up as soon as possible with the intention of returning for the body and of paying an angry owner, when a motorcyclist passed, braked, swerved, picked up the duck, threw it on his pillion and vanished in a cloud of dust. — P.R.
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AS ONE COUNTRYMAN TO ANOTHER

THERE is this to be said of The Future of Farming, by C. S. Orwin (Clarendon Press, pp. 160, 5s.), and his earlier Tenure of Long Views Agricultural Land. Whether we are in or Short? sympathy or out of sympathy with him, his books stand by themselves in recent agricultural literature for their perspective, their documentation, their non-Party character—and their commendable brevity. In the pages of this agricultural author we rise to a level of discussion worthy of our basic industry and all it means to our physical, mental and social well-being. Mr. Orwin has no programme for the General Election. He is thinking not of votes but of farming. He asks us to consider calmly just what the future of our farming is likely to be—and prepare for it. An eminent man, in writing to us the other day, said that Mr. Orwin ‘is not everybody’. He is not. That is why we are interested in him. Mr. Orwin has lately been called a crank. We count it to him for righteousness. They make a fine company, the rural reformers who were cranks to their own generation. One day we must have an article in The Countryman on What Agriculture Owes to Cranks. How distressing it must be to the National Farmers’ Union, which believes that nobody ought to be heard on rural questions but farmers, to remember that some of the most valuable agricultural inventions were the work of parsons! We have all read what Jethro Tull’s contemporaries thought of him. We know the treatment the men got who produced the first mowing machine and
The fourth book is not a book; it is a sham. But it is not a mere sham. It is bound like a book because, although folks are not ashamed to put by a few coins now and then for their children, or themselves, they don't care to let a tin money-box be seen lying about. So this box can go comfortably amongst other books on the shelf; and it will easily slip into a pocket whenever you want it emptied at the Bank. The Westminster Bank does not reserve these as a privilege for its regular customers only; it issues them without formalities at any of its branch counters.
the first binder. Men now living, who count for something among farmers, would have nothing to do with the self-binder! There is an appropriate passage in a little-known book, *Ten Years of Gentleman Farming*, which chronicles the arrival, in 1862, at Aspatria, in Cumberland, of the first steam plough ever seen in those parts. 'The prophets opened their mouths and said "She'll nivver get up Thomson's Brow."' Thomson's Brow, an incline of a few hundred yards, was, in fact, soon climbed. "Well," said the prophets, "she's gitten up; but she'll nivver pleugh!"' Ultimately the prophets declared, on the first day of action, "She got up Thomson's Brow, an' she's pleughing; but she'll nivver pay."' Like Sir Horace Plunkett, Mr. Orwin had an idea, and, like Sir Horace, he has kept on pressing it. That is what most people cannot stand. But a day comes. Now Co-operation is before Parliament in a Government Bill – as Better Marketing. Soon most of what Mr. Orwin says will be taken for granted.

IF a great deal that is urged in *The Future of Farming* is not supported by Messrs. Newman, Baxter and Clarke, in their Report to the Ministry of Agriculture on their agricultural engineering investigations in the United States, we shall be surprised. When we read American agricultural publications, and listen to men who have been recently in the United States and Canada – and neither our readers nor ourselves are ignorant of the differences between conditions in this country and the United States – we are struck by the limited comprehension so many of our farmers have of the
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trend of things in the world in which they are living. Despite our own tractor trials, few farmers are really acquainted with what is being accomplished with tractors in England by a few far-sighted agriculturists. It is not for nothing that, in a single State of the American Union, combines have multiplied themselves six times within the last five years. Those of our farmers who conceive of tractors merely as mechanism for prairie-land, as contrivances of the Great West, need to wake up. The three States with the most tractors to the square mile are, we believe, all northern Atlantic States, chiefly farmed—and in small acreages—by people of our own kin. The combine has unquestionably a future in England. Mr. Orwin, in urging more machinery, is in step with the best thinking on the means of reducing agricultural costs. He is also the friend of the agricultural worker, because it does not pay to run agricultural machinery with cheap labour.

WHAT we particularly value in Mr. Orwin is his natural non-Party attitude. His Tenure of Agricultural Land stated as fairly as arresting the position in which many or most landowners find themselves. Once more, in his new volume, he is no Party man. Mr. Orwin, with better sources of information than most, is minded only to set out what he has come to believe are the facts, and to say, as simply and clearly as he can, just where they seem to lead. The draught he offers is new to some, but to all of us at the present time wholesome. Is it less than the truth that the fundamental principle underlying most efforts to bring about the
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amelioration of the agricultural position, 'rests upon the assumption that present-day farming systems are sound, that in their essentials they cannot be improved, that all the old garment needs is new patches'? Why, this very thing has been said in big type in an important daily paper by a responsible agricultural writer in the week in which we write! Could the position of many National Farmers' Union orators and their soft sawderers in the agricultural press be more accurately represented? Though, as Mr. Orwin writes, 'the ploughland farmer is in a serious plight', how seldom is it admitted that the complaint of 'a depression in all branches cannot be substantiated'? The condition of arable husbandry has driven more and more men into grass-farming of various types, but is it not manifest that 'the grass-farmer, secure in his present position, is taking no thought for the morrow'? While some Party politician friends of agriculture are asking for the moon, and the public is beginning to understand that nothing short of running the Ministry of Agriculture and the Government will suffice the N.F.U. — it has abused in turn Mr. Guinness, Mr. Buxton and Dr. Addison, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald — Mr. Orwin offers a few lucid pages of basic fact and disinterested, informed judgment:

1. The preservation of a balance between rural and urban industry is essential to the well-being of England, and that balance has been upset.

2. England is feeding itself only over the week-end.

3. Unless urban industry can have the place in foreign markets that it commanded before the War, which nobody
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believes is possible, unless two millions unemployed can be absorbed in urban industry, which no one believes is possible, what alternative is there but agricultural development?

4. If the reconstruction of agriculture is necessary, let it be reconstruction, 'not stabilization in its present unprofitable position.'

5. The time is ripe for an economic review of our farming systems 'in relation to (a) the further development of specialization in the production of crops and live-stock, (b) the improvement of the standard of labour by the extended mechanisation of agriculture and (c) the rationalisation of land settlement.'

Such are Mr. Orwin's reasonable propositions. He indicates methods by which the great changes in Land Tenure and Farm Management which he feels must come can be brought about. But it took a century to complete the enclosure of open fields and commons: 'it might take five-and-twenty to rationalise agricultural industry as it is to-day.' Quite so. The sooner we begin the sooner we may get somewhere. On the Party scramble Mr. Orwin says bluntly: 'Dr. Addison has stated that it would cost the country nearly three millions to pay the farmer the difference between current prices and 55s. for his wheat-harvest of 1929, and the money would earn the country nothing. Would not Mr. Baldwin be well advised to consider the allocation of such a sum annually to a scheme of reconstruction, calculated to earn interest, rather than to sustain a system under which, by the farmer's own admission, he can no longer live?' Mr. Baldwin has at the present time no Governmental responsibility. As for the Minister of Agriculture, we
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Mr. A. M. SALDO (Dept. 326), 14 Cursitor St., LONDON, E.C.4
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marvel at his moderation. The present price of wheat is 30s. The guaranteed price asked for is 55s. Subtract 30s. from 55s. and the amount of subsidy is 25s. A million and a half acres, at four quarters to the acre, means six million quarters, which at 25s. a quarter is £7 ½ millions. The country has no money to lay out imprudently. We do not in the least grudge spending money on agriculture. We want to see it spent. We have kept on saying so. But we want to see a prospect of getting value for what is spent. We do not believe it to be beyond the wit of the managers of the nation’s affairs to devise, with all the skilled assistance that is available, means of giving the farmer a fairer price for his crops, and means of protecting him from dumping on a scale that definitely injures him. We want to see such arrangements. But it is idle to cry for any step that would lead to a rise in the cost of food, for sooner or later that must bring the predominant partner of the towns to the ballot box against the country. From that cry our farming has to be once for all weaned. In words printed the very day before he died, the lamented agricultural editor of the ‘Times’, Mr. C. J. Macdonald, wrote that ‘the improvement of British farming must come from within the industry.’ It was a true word that his fellow-countryman, the Prime Minister, said the other month when he told the nation at large that ‘our weakness is not so much in our skill, our material, our resources or our opportunities, as in our psychology.’ Until there is an improvement in the psychology of the agricultural class and its spokesmen there will be no permanent improvement in its finances.
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To be a Seeker is to be the next best Sect to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble Seeker be at the end. Happy Seeker, Happy Finder! — Cromwell

Other People's Sheep

It was only the year before last that, within two miles of The Countryman office, a man (a centenarian, it is true) died who still had the net with which he had poached deer, and we may well owe our own interest in agriculture to an ancestral Border practice in sheep-lifting, which may now and then have ended on the gallows. Not unnaturally, then, we are interested in the news from Scotland of sheep-stealing 'on a somewhat extended scale.' Our respectable south country readers who never heard of such a thing, may like to know the 'Scottish Farmer's' prescription for dealing with the situation in the benighted north:

1) There must be a statutory registration of sheep marks; these marks must be confined by statute to the farm, and they must be unchangeable with change of tenancy.

2) A consigner of sheep to any mart must be under legal obligation to furnish not only his own name and address but also the flock marks of the sheep he is offering for sale. Auctioneers must be armed with statutory powers to refuse sheep in regard to which they have suspicions.

3) The police must keep watch on men who are suspect, just as they keep watch on suspected poachers.

Repressing our inherited instincts, which would rather lead us to ask, 'What is a sheep or two between neighbours?' we take our stand for law and order.
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January 1931

The Flying Archaeologist

THE COUNTRYMAN, with its 'Country House Aeroplane' articles, has recognised that the countryside, which only the other day went on horseback and in gigs, and now goes so largely in motors, must, like the Prime Minister, take kindly to the air. Even the editor of 'Antiquity' — of all papers! — writes his editorial notes and most of his articles on the basis of his aerial investigations! This is the kind of 'copy' the editor picks up: 'Thence we flew northward to the Roman town (Castor). Here we made the most remarkable discovery. We saw the streets and some houses plainly outlined in the corn. It was what we hoped for but more than we dared to expect. Well outside the visible ramparts was a fine camp, complete with rounded corners and no less than four parallel ditches. Such a camp must belong to the first century. Its survival, through the Roman period and through the vicissitudes of subsequent history, to be revealed thus as shadow in the corn is surely one of the most romantic episodes of modern discovery.' Mr. Crawford may well say that 'the young archaeologist who wants to make discoveries must learn to fly.'

Jack and Jill Did Go up the Hill

Many readers who are unacquainted with Mr. Edward H. Martin's 'Dew-Ponds' will welcome the last word of wisdom and experience on those mysterious receptacles of water on the higher parts of the chalk downs. It is that 'there is no such thing as a real dew-pond'! For the simple
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reason that 'a pond can never receive any dew worth mentioning.' The rain-gauges which Mr. Martin set on the top of the downs showed that thirty per cent. more rain was deposited there than in the Weald below. Therefore, he moralises, the tale of Jack and Jill going up the hill to fetch a pail of water is probably historically correct. 'In times before water-pipes were laid across the downs, and farms in the hollow had to depend on ponds for their water, it was no uncommon sight to see the inhabitants going uphill for their water.'

**Our Slimness**

As we have explained, The Countryman might be twice as thick if we cared to use the kind of paper on which some periodicals are printed. Although we no doubt lose some chance sales at the bookstalls and shops by not seeking bulk, we believe that our readers like a publication which is light in hand and goes into a small space. On the day on which the October Countryman appeared, with the intimation on its cover that 'in order to be handy for the pocket The Countryman is printed on specially-made thin paper', the report of the special committee of the Library Association came out with the following declaration: 'The public have become accustomed to buying books, and especially novels, containing 320 pages thick enough to appear to contain 500. Publishers could do great service by adopting the practice of printing on the dust jackets the number of pages in the book. [This is what The Countryman does.] The public would in this way grow accustomed not to rely on bulk as an
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indication of the length.' We feel sure that our readers commend our policy as they have opportunity.

Where the non-Party System Works

We have sometimes wondered, when we have been writing on non-Party action, how many people realise that non-Party government is going on all the time in this country. Here, from a well-known work, is an account of it:

In this country we have Parliaments all over the place—the great city corporations, the county councils, the borough councils, the district councils, and so on down to the parish meetings in the villages; and not one of them is worked on the Party system. They get on quite well without it. If you mention this, you will be at once contradicted, because on many of these bodies Party feeling is intense. The members hold Party meetings. The elections are fought on Party cries. Votes are taken on Party lines, and members of the Party which is in the minority are sometimes excluded from the committee chairmanships, which are the nearest things to ministerial offices available, though such exclusion is considered sharp practice if pushed too far. But all this does not involve the Party System any more than a pot of jam and a pound of flour constitute a roly-poly pudding. There is no Prime Minister and no Cabinet. The King does not meddle in the business: he does not send for the most prominent men and ask them to form a Government. There is no Government in the House of Commons sense of the word, though the city or county is nevertheless governed, and often governed with an efficiency which puts the House of Commons to shame. Every member can vote as he thinks best without the slightest risk of throwing his Party out of power and bringing on a General Election. If a motion is defeated, nobody resigns; if it is carried, nobody's position is changed. Things are not done in that
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very puzzling way. The way they are done is simple enough. The Council is elected for three years; and until the three years are up there can be no general election. Business is conducted by committees: public health committees, electric lighting committees, finance committees, and so forth. These committees meet separately, and set forth their conclusions as to what the Council ought to do in their departments in a series of resolutions. When the whole Council meets, these strings of resolutions are brought up as the reports of the committees, and are confirmed or rejected or amended by the general vote.

The book is Mr. Bernard Shaw’s ‘Intelligent Woman’s Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.’

**Viscountess Wolseley’s Exhibition**

**VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY** has arranged with a neighbouring municipality’s library to add an agricultural and horticultural library room. This room will be endowed. Lady Wolseley is not only gathering books for it but is making a collection of sketches of old houses, churches and other buildings which will show posterity what Sussex was like in George V’s reign. She is obtaining some of these sketches in a novel way. A fortnightly exhibition of local pictures is held and the artists who show their work give two examples to the collection in lieu of fees.

**Birds at Sea**

**WHEN** we think of the millions of people who have crossed the Atlantic it seems strange that so little knowledge has been accumulated about the birds along the passenger routes. Now, however, a writer in ‘Discovery’ has produced a map showing
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the birds he identified on a voyage from the Channel to St. Lawrence. A large public fancies that gulls are oceanic birds. The last gulls seen by the map-maker were only a little west of the Scillies. Within a hundred miles west of this point the gannet reached its limit, the date on which the steamship reached this point being August 31. On September 1 fulmars were abundant. On September 2 they were scarce. They became abundant again on September 3 as the American Continent was neared. Right in the middle of the Atlantic numbers of terns were met with coming east. A remarkable thing is that, on four or five days, there were land birds, utterly unable to alight on the water and without any means of getting food. Two golden or grey plovers were seen in mid-ocean, five and six hundred miles south of Greenland. ‘It is unlikely that they reached land before the Azores, more than 1000 miles further south.’ The writer may well ask, How do these birds manage to shape a course and keep it?

To Caravanners

The writer of our ‘Autolycus Limited’ is bent not only on caravanning but on instructing caravanners-to-be. This is the counsel he sends, taking time by the forelock, for those who would seek the road in a caravan in the Spring: ‘You must have a solidly built caravan, with heaps of locker room. You must have a caravan double-lined of wood, three-ply for choice, so that there is no warping or splitting, very rigid framework, a dormy-croft roof, which with the double lining
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prevents sweating, overheating and overchilling. Without a dormcroft roof ventilation is a hit-and-miss thing. The caravan should have eaves, especially at the ends where the weather beats, and where one enters or sleeps. A comfortable bed is quite necessary. All this talk about the simple life is dirt. And you must have casseroles. Fires outside at night, with peaceful figures round them, are picturesque in pictures; not if it rains in the morning, and there are wet clothes. And avoid tinned stuff. It is a nasty habit, and there are the tins to bury.'

A Change of Name

It is noticeable that the Ministry of Agriculture is employing the designations ‘agricultural workman’ and ‘worker in agriculture’. ‘Agricultural labourer’ and ‘farm labourer’ are still terms which may without offence be used in many districts in talking to men on the land. The names have the sanction of the original name of the National Union of Agricultural Workers (National Agricultural Labourers’ Union), and the titles of such well-known books as Hasbach’s ‘English Agricultural Labourer’, Green’s book of the same name, Dunlop’s ‘Farm Labourer’, Kebbel’s ‘Agricultural Labourer’, the Hammonds’ ‘Village Labourer’ and Rowntree’s ‘How the Labourer Lives’. But there is an increasing use of the phrase ‘agricultural worker’, and the name of the organ of the N.U.A.W. is the ‘Land Worker’. Strangely enough, the Scottish agricultural worker, though usually better educated and better fed than his fellow of the south, sticks to the name ‘farm-servant’. His Union is the
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<td>Bottles (6 to gail.)</td>
<td>2/-</td>
<td>1 gallon tin ...</td>
<td>6/6</td>
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CLARENDO
Scottish Farm Servants' Union, his paper the 'Scottish Farm Servant.' The Scottish farm-servant is correctly named because he lives in a house provided by his master, he enters into a contract of service, at the end of which he gives up the cottage he has been living in, he is paid partly in cash and partly in kind, he may be sued for leaving his employment, and anyone who engages him may be proceeded against for 'harbouring a deserter'. It is a curious fact that only in domestic service in Great Britain and in farm service in the north, where there is so much independence, does the word 'servant' survive in ordinary speech.

New Signs for Rural Inns

Two subscribers have been successful in raising the quality of the inn signs in their district. One of them is an artist, the other a retired naval captain. The captain tells us that he started on the work because of his interest in design and because there happened to be a first-class sign-writer in the little place in which he lives. 'I circularized the local brewers,' he explains, 'but got a reply from one only. Since 1920 we have done more than fifty signs, and have shown our work in London and elsewhere; but showing has never brought one order. An average sign costs sometimes £5, sometimes less, that is, the painted sign costs little more than the written sign. I do not aim at the antique. I endeavour to produce something understood of the people to-day. This necessitates plenty of lettering, for nearly everybody can read.' In the days of heraldry few could.
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5. AT QUARTER SESSIONS

BEFORE taking my seat as a justice I sought wisdom from an old friend who is chairman of his bench. I thought he said a sane thing: ‘Many a justice has quite a wrong conception of the duties of a J.P. A J.P. is not a judge. He is a juryman called upon to consider not law but facts, and with a power of inflicting punishment within limitations, upon which he is advised by the clerk. It is the clerk, not he, who is supposed to know the law.’

As the date of quarter sessions was inconvenient for me, I had half a thought of availing myself of the liberty to be sworn in, some time when I was in town, before a Judge of the High Court, as one of the Lords Justice is an old acquaintance. But I did not happen to be in London before the next quarter sessions came round. I also learned that the procedure in London is to be sworn, not before a single Lord Justice, as I had supposed, but before a Divisional Court of the King’s Bench, and that this practice is followed in cases of urgency only. A fee of £1 on the oath of allegiance and another £1 on the judicial oath is payable. It may be news to aspirants to their local bench to learn that fees (two guineas in our county) are payable when the new J.P. is sworn in at quarter sessions.

The swearing in—an affirmation in my case—consisted in making, in the clerk’s office, two attestations concerning true allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, King George the Fifth, and promising to ‘do right to all manner of people
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after the laws and usages of the realm without fear or favour, affection or illwill.' I repeated them later on in the presence of the chairman and my fellow justices before we entered upon the business which occupied us before we trooped into court. As it was understood that there were more justices than seats, some of us were brisker than others. In the court, everybody in it, four young barristers and about a dozen officials and policemen and the two members of the public, stood up at our entrance. The two solitaries in the public gallery were not joined by other members of the public during the course of our proceedings. We had not much business, only two orders for the diversion and stopping of portions of the highway in the road-making operations of the County Council, a motor car appeal which was not proceeded with, and one criminal case.

It was a case of indecency, remitted for sentence. After retiring to consider our judgment, the offender, who had been several times convicted, was given five months hard labour, in addition to the month he had spent in prison. It was plain that many members of the bench—'May it please the Bench' is the barristers' mode of address—were uneasy about the matter, for the only alternative was release. The difficulty was that the medical officer would only say that the man was sub-normal; he would not certify. It appeared that there were no powers of detention and treatment. Obviously, there ought to be. Here was a man who, anyone could see, was, in some measure, short of wits, but hale and in his thirties only. He had been through
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the War and had come out with a 'very good.' In the interests of the community and of himself, some provision should be made for his segregation and, if possible, for the cure of his aberration. As it is, he is likely enough to commit his offence again, and he will not always be caught. On one point there is cause for thankfulness. The statute provides that such a man may be whipped. There was no thought of inflicting the barbarous penalty. The prisoner's Adam's apple rose and fell when he was spoken to by the chairman, but when the statute was read out and he heard the mention of whipping his face blenched. — *Solomon Wiseacre*

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