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milk. Back at the farm he loads the bottles on to the two horse carts. Joe and Charlie, a lantern swinging between them, get a quick bite of midnight supper as they are harnessed. Then Charlie with a second roundsman turns down-harbour, Joe turns up-harbour—and your milk is on its way.

Outside the milk roundsman's house there are two trees. Joe stops under one and the roundsman runs home for a quick hot cup of tea—while Joe, presumably, enjoys forty winks on his feet. By 3.45 a.m. Joe is digging his toes in pulling the full cart to the top of the hills. By 4 o'clock the first bottle clinks in exchange with last night's empty. Then Joe begins moving steadily downwards, stopping at a call, starting at a whistle as the roundsman runs into this, into that, into the next house with his canvas container full of bottles—sometimes not going back to the cart for half a mile or so. Slow work for Joe, four hours of it; but he keeps level, doesn't lag behind too long, doesn't go too far ahead, even when he is nearing home. The roundsman runs to the last block of buildings, Joe edges past this driveway, past the next driveway, further, a little further, and there he is, on the very corner of the block, half of him on to the crossroad, ready for a flying start. Heavy flying, it may be; but watch Joe, head down, shoulders plugging away, and listen to the clatter of his hooves as he tears off round the corner towards home and 9 or 10 hours out to grass.

(But he has to pause, even then, on the way; it is 7.30, perhaps 8 o'clock, and the roundsman ties Joe to the second tree outside his house while he goes inside for his breakfast.)



At the farm again, the roundsman takes the pasteurised milk in the cans and drives in the motor van round the dairies in the district; then back for the morning's wash-down—little cans, big cans, dippers all to be thoroughly washed, scalded and drained; the treating house lorries call for the raw milk and take the empties back for filling with pasteurised milk. And at the treating house there is more washing, more sterilising, of every utensil, every bottle.

An hour here and there for oiling harness, washing down the carts, cleaning the vans; another hour here and there for shoeing Charlie and Joe; and the morning has gone. Two afternoons and one evening a week go in collecting from customers who do not leave daily or weekly money out with their bottles; one afternoon goes in the weekly visit to the city office to present accounts; one afternoon, with luck, is empty for gardening, odd-jobs about the house, odd-jobs about the farm; and in between, the roundsman takes his sleep when he can get it—and few noises will stop him.

Nice work if you can get it?

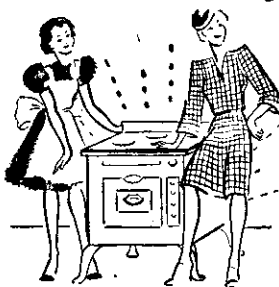
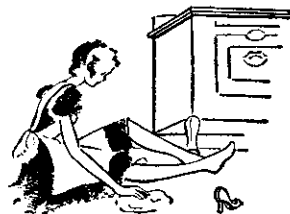
—J.

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This is the range no longer new,
With its burnt on grease that sticks
like glue,
Ugly, dirty, odorous, grim!
When a stove should look so spick
and trim.

This is the housewife all forlorn.
She scrubbed and rubbed till she's
tired and worn.
She's used cleaners and soap and
other things,
But that grease on the metal parts
sticks and clings.



Then Mrs. Ata popped in one day,
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Atamax did it with speed and with ease,
For Atamax whisks away caked on grease.

For all tough cleaning, where you require a cleanser with a real bite in it . . . and particularly for all the dirty work round the range, Atamax is the modern cleaner. It "gets" burnt on grease and dirt in a way no other cleaner can.

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