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The Cows Again

Morning tea, dinner, afternoon tea, break the long day but at four o'clock the cows are in again and by the time it is all washed down and the clear water has taken the dragging stains of spilt milk from the concrete and the cooler is shining bright again and the smell of the byre and the tractor and the dogs and the horse and the sweat of a day's work are washed off and tea eaten, it is just as much as anyone can do (except when lambing time comes); and the farmer reads the morning paper for half an hour and must be in bed quickly or the alarm clock next morning will drag him out in a temper that is bad for the mild cows.

The next day the hired man enlists. In the Army they do not go for 16 hours every day and they get leave, although there is no farmer's wife to mend and wash for them, and no soft thick scones and sweet tea to flavour the dust in their throats morning and afternoon. And when he goes there are no more men to be hired and still they want more milk, more milk, more and more and more, and it is hard with no help with all the acres crying for a man to nurse them and all the miles of fences shout-

ing for support and all the animals unknowingly demanding time and labour, time and labour, time and labour all day, all night, all week, all month, all year, all a long life.

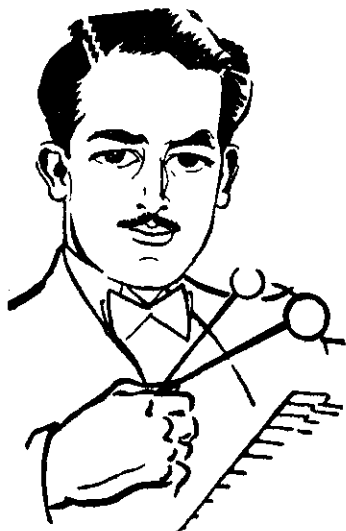
Listening to Daventry

And in the city they cry for more milk and cheese and cream and eggs and butter and they are even afraid in some places that they won't get them because the farmers are listening to the Daventry News.

As if farmers with 80 cows, and 500 acres and 300 sheep and a wife and a family of five or six, and no hired man to be had for love or money either—as if farmers ever have much time to listen to the Daventry News. There is a war on, yes, but it is here, right here, between the byre and the paddocks, between the plough and the stubborn earth, between the farmer and his wife and their family and the farm and the weather, the crops and the animals:

and in the city in the afternoon, nice young ladies (very well-meaning) take tea together, and wonder (for they are very thoughtful) whether the wool you can get nowadays, is quite fine enough for the brave boys in camp.

Recorded Personalities In Caricature (27)



WHO IS HE? — Many musical folk were intended for the law—Handel and Schumann, and even Bing Crosby, among others. But music, like murder, will out, and to music they fain must turn. Here is another who was lost to the law. He was born in Naples, and early proved himself a born musician. For years he played in the United States, and afterwards took charge of Jack Hylton's Band at the Piccadilly Hotel. He was once "all set" for a broadcast when he suddenly discovered that he was in the wrong studio. Two minutes before he was due to go on the air he had to move himself and his xylophone to the right studio. He is also a most efficient "camera fiend."

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

HERE are seven questions, one for each day of the coming week, and bearing on some item in one or other of that day's programmes which appear in this issue of *The Listener*. You can check up your solutions by referring to page 55, on which will be found the correct answers.

SUNDAY: Which operatic composer was the youngest of the 21 children of an old French army officer?

MONDAY: Which famous love song was dedicated by its composer to his cousin, a fine singer, whom he subsequently married, and who later brought his songs European fame?

TUESDAY: Which famous composer-entertainer's first venture was as one of a pair of black-faced minstrel-buskers at Punchestown Races—an enterprise that yielded them fourpence each?

WEDNESDAY: Which artist once journeyed backwards and forwards each week from his home in Stockholm to Copenhagen, where he was a Professor in the Royal Conservatorium of Music?

THURSDAY: A composer was once handed an ode to a lady on her birthday, and at her request he went straight to the piano and composed an immortal melody in a few minutes. Who was the composer, and what was the song?

FRIDAY: One piece of music depicts the legend of an Eastern princess who enticed young travellers into her castle by the waving of an inviting scarf. At the height of a night's feasting and dancing, tiring of each fresh lover, she stabbed him and had his body thrown into the mountain torrent. Who was she?

SATURDAY: Which pianist-composer-entertainer is able to memorise a piece of music perfectly after the first hearing?



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