



SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

Gardening under Protest

by "SUNDOWNER"

I CAN hear Jim's tractor approaching and have to fight a battle to sit indoors writing. I am three-parts animal, and the fourth part remains human and civilised with difficulty. Though I am lazy out of doors I never want to be indoors unless it is wet outside or cold. I can't read for hours and hours on end; find it burdensome to talk too long to educated

SEPTEMBER 28

people; and very soon get tired listening to music or looking at pictures. It is not age or spiritual weariness, but something that age does not affect and time will not cure. We are all, of course, habit-forming more or less, and the things we do to our animals are also being done to us until, like them, we observe the rules. But it never gets any easier to live the life of the spirit. The most I can say is what Eric Linklater said after pondering on the filth, ignorance and misery of Korea, and the "squalor of the

tropics" in New Guinea--that "I am for civilisation."

But I worked once with a man who never took a holiday, and one day, when I went too far in urging him to mend his ways, he made this violent reply:

"It's easy enough for you. You're a bloody savage. A week up a gully makes you happy, shooting pigs or rabbits. It would drive me mad. I want a month in the Hotel Australia, and if I took it I would go mad when I came home. Go up your bloody gully, but leave me alone."

It was civilisation spitting at barbarism, both against the wind. And that, as somebody has said somewhere, is spitting in our own faces.

YESTERDAY, though she was racing the Calendar by five weeks, we found Betty looking with some embarrassment at a new-born calf. If it was her own calf it had not sucked her, and in a few minutes she turned her back on it and started to graze. It then moved shakily to Elsie, who has a calf already and showed no desire

SEPTEMBER 30

for two. It was clearly a stray, but the question was how a calf a few hours old could lose its mother and wander in on us.

The mystery was, of course, solved in an hour or two, but the solution was a little astonishing. The calf was five days old, not a few hours as we had supposed, and after its first drink it had received no nourishment until we found it. It had been hidden in a gorse-filled gully, so successfully that the owner of its mother decided it had been born dead, and took her home (four miles away). Somehow or other during the next five days it had worked down the gully and pushed or fallen through our fence. Though it was very weak it sucked vigorously when I held Elsie by the horns and gave it a stolen breakfast.

[THE most interesting sheep I see at

Addington are those that nobody wants to buy--the superannuated rams, the long-tailed half rams, the bald-headed and bare-bellied ewes that some clever dog has separated from the blackberry bushes in Westland, the tatterdemalion but still dignified high-country wethers, long in the feet, knobbly and shaky in the legs, but proud, as broken-

OCTOBER 1

down swells ought to be, the black, brown, and spotted old girls that could so easily be goats, the horned, half-horned, blind, and half-blinded oddities that no one had a chance or took the trouble to throw over a fence before the trucks were loaded. Somebody buys them, and somebody takes them away: a drover to feed his dogs, a carrier too busy to cut his lawn, a boy who has read that big dealers begin as little dealers, or one of the mystery men in every community who have no address, no occupation, no place of business, no use for the things they buy, and an irresistible impulse to go on buying them. If I were sure that police would not arrest me, and that my curiosity would outlive cold, hunger, and discomfort, I would stalk one of these buyers and follow the transaction through.

But it would be a sentimental stalking. These sheep that nobody wants are the half of a half per cent in every district that for one reason or another do not die young. They were passed

N.Z. LISTENER, OCTOBER 29, 1954.

Whole Meal and Wholly delicious . . .
and made from



Sanitarium

WHOLE
MEAL
FLOUR

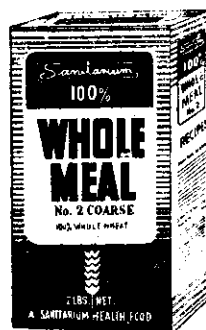
100% WHOLE MEAL GRAIN

With Sanitarium Whole Meal Flour you can table scones, cakes, nut or fruit loaf, puddings that any cook would be proud of. And you can use standard white flour recipes . . . just by increasing slightly the quantity of liquid or fat called for. For example, if the white flour recipe asks for one cup of milk, with Sanitarium Whole Meal Flour use 1½ cups . . . if 4 oz. of butter are needed, use five. With this simple adjustment there's no trick in turning out delightful and much more wholesome scones, cakes etc.

At your next baking, try using Sanitarium Whole Meal Flour . . . using those additional quantities of liquid and fat.

Another fine food product of

The SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY, Christchurch.



42.T.2