

# Faith and Good Works

by "SUNDOWNER"

THERE must be cows that come when they are called without hope of reward. Hudson saw them in England, and they have appeared from time immemorial in the literature and legends of Europe and Asia. But we don't seem to breed them in New Zealand. In four years I have not implanted in Elsie anything that I could call a disinterested regard for me personally.

She comes when I call if the way is not too steep, the distance not too great, the heat not too troublesome, or another paddock not too dim for her dull mind. But in general she does not come. She looks, and listens, and watches to see if there is anything exciting to follow. If there is not, or she thinks there is not, she resumes her grazing or cud-chewing and at once. I am sure, forgets the interruption. Betty is a shade more responsive, since she does come sometimes, answers my call now and again with one of her own, and appreciates having her ears, head and throat rubbed if I go to her instead of waiting for her to come to me. She is, of course, in full milk, and no doubt associates me vaguely with relief from tension when her bag is full. She also gets more petting than Elsie, whose calf is still running with her after seven months, and keeping alive in her some traces of protective aloofness.

But I do not deceive myself about one or the other. They are neither wholly indifferent to me nor genuinely devoted to me. I am a part of their world which they have learnt not to resent or fear, but which means nothing closer or warmer than that unless it offers food, or escape, or both. If cows in 50 years ago museum pieces in a margarine tins world—a fate forecast for them by a Lincoln College lecturer who has been looking at some oil-palm countries—it will not be their fault if no tears water their way to oblivion, but they will have done very little to start the tears flowing.

HERE is the kind of letter it is still possible to receive in New Zealand: My son took over a much neglected farm 2½ years ago. Of its 1450 acres, 500 acres

are relatively flat, and 300 of these had been heavy totara forest milled 50 years ago. With the help of two brothers, a tractor, giant discs, and heavy harrows, he has cleared 250 acres of stumps, and ploughed the whole 500 acres. Last year he had 700 sacks of wheat, and he will probably have the same this year. In addition the boys have cut down rimu, totara, matai and pines growing on the property, and built a 4-stand woolshed without help from outside. I would like to show you this place.

And I would like to see it. But I don't need to see it to believe. I know my correspondent and accept his facts. What seeing might bring me is the thought that there is a Cadillac in every farm labourer's lunch bag. Not every labourer can find it. But the reward is there for those who know where to look for it, and how.

There remains one question that some readers will think crucial: the capital and credit of this young man when he started. I don't know how much money he had or how far he was guaranteed at his bank: whether his father countersigned his cheques or some stock and station firm

DECEMBER 30 liked the look and sound of him.

When Earle Vaile "pioneered the pumice" 40 years ago, and 25 years later published the record—a story that would have been a farming sensation if it had not appeared at the beginning of our most terrible war—I wanted to know how much money he had when he went into the pumice country. He wrote at once and told me, and for those days it was a substantial amount. But it was not enough to make hard work unnecessary, or initiative, or wise planning; to cover up neglect or blunders; or take him home again in safety if his pioneering failed.

That, I am sure, is the story of my correspondent's son in Hawke's Bay. Whoever satisfied the bank to begin



E. EARLE VAILE  
Hard work was necessary

with, it was courage, enterprise, sound planning, and ceaseless work that kept the guarantee good. I am not young enough to think that what he has done any farmer's son could do if he tried. My point is that when a man does appear with the necessary qualifications the opportunity still exists for the application of his talents. This farm was lying neglected for all Hawke's Bay to see. When it was offered for sale by auction there was one bidder.

[ FIND it pleasant when a visitor catches me scything, or grubbing gorse, or hanging a new gate; not so pleasant if he finds me dagging sheep or tailing lambs. But I should not be capable of these different reactions. I should be as proud to be cleaning a fly-blown ewe as to be pruning roses or making hay; especially when I do the first job with some skill, the other two clumsily. In my Utopia all jobs would have the same value, and bring the same reward; and I am not going to reveal at present how I would get them all done.

But I recently met a young Englishman whose complaint, I thought, was legitimate. He came to New Zealand anxious to learn to farm, booked in to a good hotel, and inserted an honest advertisement offering his services to anyone in

the country who could find room for a Public

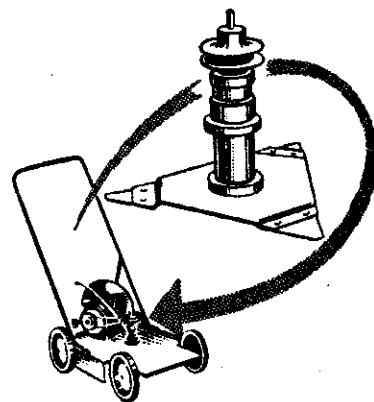
School boy whose chief qualifications were good health and zeal. Several replies came to the hotel, and from these he chose what seemed like a suitable offer. He would be given an opportunity to learn everything that was done on the property, a medium-sized sheep run, and as soon as he was worth anything he would be paid current wages. He arrived on a Saturday night, spent a pleasant Sunday with a cowman-gardener and two shepherds, and reported in tweeds on Monday morning for his first lesson.

The boss, who believed in learning by doing, took him to a sty in which there was a litter of young pigs, gave him a knife, and told him to castrate the boars. He was not told, and at first did not know, which were boars and which sows, and when he had solved that problem—the boss had deliberately gone away—he still had to catch his victims and decide what to do next. By ten o'clock he had caught one animal, sat on its head to stifle its squealing, cut it about, and covered himself to his elbows with blood. Then the boss's two daughters arrived with a billy of tea, a cup, a scone, and in-supportably pleasant smiles.

It was the end. He liberated his pig, refused the tea, refused explanations, went to the hut and washed, and left next morning. A joke is a joke, but that man's report when England receives it will be something that we richly deserve.

(To be continued)

## BUILD YOUR OWN POWER MOWER!



With a Monro 18" Cutting Head (the heart of the mower) you can build your own rotary mower at a big saving! The cutting head is the mower's most important part — and a Monro is the best you can buy.

\* Double ball-bearing \* Adjustable cutting height \* High-grade steel knives, easily changeable \* 18" cut.

COMPLETE HEAD, £6/- POST FREE.

Plans and Specifications for Build-your-own-Mower supplied with every Monro Head, or sent on request.

Trade enquiries welcomed.  
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**MONRO FOUNDRIES LTD.**  
PORTAGE ROAD, NEW LYNN  
AUCKLAND, S.W.A.

## IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM INSECT BITES

Banish pain immediately from insect bites—apply JOHNSON'S BURN CREAM—pre-eminent too as a general purpose ointment in the home. At chemists everywhere. Dist. POTTER & BIRKS (N.Z.) LTD., Federal Street, Auckland.

## Liquid thread!

Will invisibly mend that tear or cigarette burn in your best suit. Ever so easy and only takes a few minutes. Mends socks, kiddies' clothes, underwear, overalls, leather goods, upholstery, too... Wonderful for reinforcing nylons!

Withstands washing, boiling, ironing. Think of it, Mum, no more tedious darning for you!

ONLY 3/6 Per Tube, Postage 3d.



To Menda Ltd., Box 734, 144 Victoria St., Hamilton. Send me..... tube(s) of LIQUID THREAD. I enclose PN/cheque for £.....

Name..... Write Address..... clearly!

Trade inquiries welcomed.

(continued from previous page)  
press of the people. The third time it stopped, Janet, grown bold, had managed to push her way to the front, with Kathy clinging anxiously to her skirt.

The horses seemed frighteningly close now, but they couldn't reach them alone. Kathy could see the red flaring nostrils and the glassy eyes of one joggling gently just above her before she was swept back by the crowd. There seemed to be great boys pushing and tramping on either side of them, and two stops later they were further back than when they'd started. Janet had lost her hair-ribbon, and Kathy's shoe was half-off. The crowd seemed to grow, as the afternoon advanced, and pressed all round them, ignoring them, in the forward surge each time the horses slowed down. Now they were struggling only to keep together, to stay on their feet, engulfed and drowning in the waves of people. To Kathy the raucous beat of the music and the squeals of

the riders seemed to be coming from all round her, as if the staring, red-mouthed horses were prancing and trampling on her from all directions. She clung to Janet, and gave herself up to terror.

It was Mrs. Warren from next door who found them and led them sobbing with shame and relief back to the car. Janet had lost the shilling and Kathy one of her shoes, and Aunt Edith was very short with them as she packed them into the car. Gran, she said, had been very worried, and they didn't deserve such treats. But the old lady wiped Kathy's face with a licked hanky, and said very little. It wasn't until they were out on the main road that with a surge of joy Kathy remembered the singing birds. She still hadn't got one, but at least she could think about them and shut the sneering, trampling horses out of her head. She settled back against the seat beside her grandmother, and considered. "Which coloured bird did you think was the nicest, Gran?" she asked.