

have it on authority of one of the experts who comment on the report that the humane spring trap is a delusion.

MEETING Gordon at the Show last week made it the best show I have attended for a long time. Fifteen years ago we were neighbours, and met and talked nearly every day; but I lost him when I went north and he went south, and for a dozen years I had hardly seen him. Then I ran into him in the cattle

pens and the day became what every Show day ought to be—a profitable picnic.

All men change with time; but Gordon changes less than anyone else I can think of, both in body and in spirit. I have wondered sometimes what he does to defeat time, but have always reached the same answer: nothing. He is too healthy to require a prescription, too honest to play any tricks. He looks young, because he remains young, in his mind and heart, and especially, I think, because he has never been jealous, bitter, or mean. It interested me to notice how many people (men and women) seemed to know him, how many stopped and shook hands with him, and how often his smile lit them up as it has always lit me up and lightened my step for a yard or two.

That is the Gordon who was born and not made. But there is a made Gordon too, as there is a made Jim, and both were made in the same factory: Lincoln College. I could not help remembering as I walked round with him, listening to his comments on the exhibits and on farm problems generally, that college trainees used to be the farmers' richest joke; that when one appeared in a district for the first time he was either laughed out or sneered out or frozen out, or driven so sharply in on himself that his confidence quickly left him. It was certainly like that where I grew up myself, and there was more in it than jealousy, ignorance and a peasant-mindedness. The college farmer of those days often was a joke. His fences were a joke; his stooks; his stacks; his drills and plough furrows. Today he is the leaven in the lump of tradition that is the average farmer's whole theory and practice. To walk round the Show with Gordon was like walking round his farm with Jim: it made me feel that the stream of agricultural knowledge has begun to flow again. Instead of the deep and dark stagnation of my youth I saw movement, and now and again a pleasant sound.

(To be continued)

H. G. Wells

"[H]e was an extraordinarily copious and quick-minded talker. Besides this, he had a delightful robin-like laugh of mischief—two or three tiny pips of sound that invited everybody else to laugh with him. There was never the smallest suggestion that he thought himself an exceptional person. No pomposity, no outward gravity. He belonged to a generation that in Bernard Shaw's phrase, 'hadn't the great man feeling.'"
—Frank Swinnerton in a BBC programme.

Developing and Printing "Home Photographic Service"

For all branches of Photographic Work.
PROMPT SERVICE GUARANTEED.
EXPERT CAMERAMEN AVAILABLE FOR
WEDDINGS and PARTIES.
30A ELLICE STREET, WELLINGTON.
Phone 52-355.



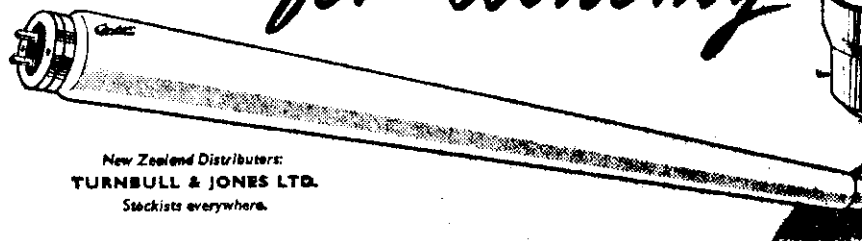
Snug in their Rainsters. They're ready to rough it in Rainsters! Whatever the weather a Rainster can take it. In the care of that super-dependable, all-British weatherproofing and waterproofing they'll stay snug as a bug in a rug. Wrap them up in Rainsters and let them run in the rain!



HAPPY AS LARKS, DRY AS DUCKS



Switch to
Condor
for economy



New Zealand Distributors:
TURNBULL & JONES LTD.
Stockists everywhere.