

retained his plough team of four bullocks, and argued that it would be good for England if all farmers did the same.

I have a sneaking suspicion, too, that he was right, or at least, right in part. When I look back on the farms and farmers that I knew best, recall what horses cost them to breed or buy, and the time, money, and labour spent on them when they were in use, I find myself wondering if it would not have been better to keep to the bullocks with which some of them began, and which still, when I was a boy, did much of the heavy transport on the roads—at almost no cost at all, once they were there, but a little axle grease and much profanity. In any case, I find an idea here for Andy. Why should I not teach him to carry and haul while he is cleaning up the rough grass my sheep refuse to eat? He would not cost as much to keep as one leg of a horse, and if he added a little to the gaiety of the neighbours that would not be a bad return for the kindnesses I can't otherwise pay for.

A READER sends this note: "If Elsie has no secret, if there is nothing behind those eyes but anatomical details, what makes you worry about disposing of that small scrap of surplus flesh which she produced the other day? I would be more afraid to deny Elsie some intelligence and some free will

than to affirm that she possesses them, because I am afraid that, if we deny her her thoughts, some one will later on get around to denying us ours."

If I knew the answer to that question I would know the answer to the flower in the crannied wall. But I can't help it if I contradict myself. I was born, or very early became, a lover of animals, and at the same time their murderer and devourer. In 60 years I have not been able to get that confusion straight, whether I wrestle with it on my feet or on my knees. Even in our strictly human relations we murder our friends and torture those we love (if the poets and prophets know anything). My sheep, my lambs, my cows, my calves, every living creature about me, confronts me daily with a biological dilemma whose horns I shall never escape. The best I can do is to live with them as long as I can, as gently as I can, as harmoniously as I can, and when I am sharpening my knife hope that they are too dull to understand.

(To be continued)

ROKEBY SCHOOL JUBILEE COMMITTEE

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF THE ROKBY SCHOOL WILL BE HELD IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS AT EASTER, APRIL 12, 13, 14, 1952. All Ex-pupils, Ex-teachers and Ex-committee Members are requested to contact the undersigned in order that a complete roll may be compiled. Enrolment forms will be forwarded to all wishing to attend. As enrolments close on January 31, a prompt reply is essential.

J. E. CROZIER,
Hon. Secretary,
Mr. Hutt Rural, Rakala, Canterbury.



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