CONSTERNATION ON THE FARM.
(By TOWN GIRL.)

"An hour earlier tomorrow morning, lass," said my master on Saturday evening.

This "Summer Time Act" is all right, you know, when you get used to it. But I wonder how many of our "country" friends realize what it means to those in the small farms. Since I’ve been farm girl, I have learnt that regular hours for feeding cattle, poultry, etc., is very necessary, and where it comes to milking the cows are more important still. Cows know “milking time” and will go down that milking very much quicker and easier if you are particular. Perhaps it is not generally known that cows can give or can withhold. I’ve learnt this beginning.

I was terribly tired on Saturday night, after doing a long day’s work, and I went to bed early. Thump, thump, went under my bed. I woke startled. "Goodness, it can’t be five o’clock already! I’ve only just got to go to bed. But my clock is not five, I remem-

bered. "How old Wilber and his dairy serving," said a friend. "Master bang-

ning in your ear, I say. Holding my heavy eyelids I was soon on my farm shoes and down.

Master was ready to stills a yawn as he came in. "You’d better get up this morning," he said. "You’re never going to do your job unless you have more time for your bath of course."

Master gave me a plug of ground all to myself, and I’m putting Arran Chief seeds and Grading and baling Windsor bales. I think of twining the nectarine down later on to a hedge. I think that the “new time” hadn’t affected the ducks, and thrushes skipping in the orchard. Why, whatever is Dickie, I wondered. I at least reached the streets when I suddenly heard "Dick, dick, dick, dick," close behind me. There was my little “red-breast," looking quite bewildered. Hoping on to my arm, he looked up at me as much as to say: “What’s up? Ain’t you early, or am I late?” On opening the stable door I found the nest, the nest, laying down. She is generally up, “whishing” for her food. “Get up, you lazy bird!” I said. “It is feed time.” But she just shook her head sleepily and answered "notch." Not until I got her shawl and oats did she budge. I suppose she thought I was only “challenging” her.

The ducks started "quick, quickening," as they heard my voice. “You mustn’t let them out yet,” shouted master, "or they will be dropping their eggs all over the place." Ducks usually lay their eggs early morning before they are let out, so I had to feed them inside the house and give them their usual time to “do their bit.” The chickens soon woke up, and were delighted with the opportunity of catching the “early worm.” The worms and snails taken unawares; evidently they hadn’t been notified of the operation of the new Act.

My cows are generally waiting for me as I did greet me with a welcome “moo,” but now they wait any time to do. They know my voice. I always talk to my cows and call them by their names; Pees like it, and look for it. A gentle “Get up, Dianne, or ‘Come over, Blossom,” goes a long way towards gaining their confidence. But on this occasion they looked like a friend of mine did where I found her "in speechless," and she exclaimed confidentially. "Why I wasn’t expecting you already." I talked coaxingly to the cows as they started “la-did.” I explained the “new time” to them, and asked them to try and adapt themselves to it for my sake, but the milk would not come properly. Then I tried amusing. I believe in singing to the cows during milking, they love music, and it continues to free lactation. Being Sunday, I tried hymns twice first, but as Ancient and Modern and Sunday did not have the desired effect I gave them "Hail, smiling moon," and its deepening. I got down to "Come, fill up the flowing bowl." But the flowing bowl, or pool, wouldn’t fill up in its usual way. "Take all next crease to get them into their original," said master, as I showed him the result of my labour.

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