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## CONSTERNATION ON THE FARM.

(By TOWN GIRL.)

"An hour earlier to-morrow 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 my "town" friends realise what it means for everything on the farm to "tumble" to the "hour earlier" innovation. Since I've been "farming" I have learnt that regular hours for feeding cattle, poultry, &c., is very essential, and when it comes to milking the cows it is more important still. Cows know "milking time" and will give down their milk very much quicker and easier if you are regular. Perhaps it is not generally known that cows can give, or they can withhold. I've learnt this by experience.

I was terribly tired on Saturday night, after driving a pair of horses "chain harrowing" the fields all day. It was hours before I really got to sleep. "An hour earlier to-morrow, lass," kept ringing in my ears. I always make it a point to be "first down" mornings. Thump, thump, went the floor underneath my bed. I awoke startled. "Goodness, it can't be five o'clock already: I've only just got to sleep." But my clock said it was five, then I remembered. "Blow old Willett and his daylight saving," I yawned. Thump, thump, again. "Master banging the ceiling," I said. Rubbing my heavy eyelids open I was soon into my "farm togs" and downstairs. Master was trying to stifle a yawn as he smiled and said, "Thought you'd get left this morning, lass: Never mind, you'll be done an hour earlier nights now, that'll give you more time for your bit of gardening."

Master's given me a plot of ground all to myself and I'm planting Arran Chief spuds and Gradus peas, and broad Windsor beans. I think of inviting the Food Controller down later on to a beanfeast.

I found that the "new time" hadn't affected the blackbirds and thrushes singing in the orchard. They always begin at daybreak. What a place this is for bird music. Our farm is surrounded with trees and woods. Every field and wood seems to hold an orchestra, and the performers vie with each other in their efforts to produce the best and sweetest music. The first thing that I found upset by the "new time" was my pet cock robin. He always meets me in the path as I go to the cowsheds, and I never forget to take some crumbs in my smock pocket for him. "Why, wherever is Dickie," I wondered. I'd nearly reached the sheds when I suddenly heard "Dick, dick, dick, dick," close behind me. There was my little "red-breast" looking quite bewildered. Hopping on to my arm, he looked at me as much as to say, "What's up? Ari't you early, or am I late?" On opening the stable door I found Bess, the cob, laying down. She is generally up, "whinnying" for her feed. "Get up, you lazy Bess," I said, "it is feed time." But she just shook her head sleepily and answered "neigh." Not until I got her chaff and oats did she budgo. I suppose she thought I was only "chaffing" her.

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

My cows are generally waiting for me and greet me with a welcome "moo," but now they wern't sure what to do. They knew my voice. I always talk to my cows and call them by their names; they like it, and look for it. A gentle "Get up, Damsel," or "Come over, Blossom," goes a long way towards gaining their confidence. But on this occasion they looked like a friend of mine did when I found her "in deshabille," and she exclaimed confusedly, "Why, I wasn't expecting you already." I talked coaxingly to the cows as they started to "fidget." 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 singing. I believe in singing to the cows during milking, they love music, and it conduces to free lactation. Being Sunday, I tried hymn tunes first, but as Ancient and Modern and Sankey's did not have the desired effect I gave them "Hail, smiling morn," and in desperation I got down to "Come, fill up the flowing bowl." But the flowing bowl, or pail, wouldn't fill up in its usual style. "Take all next week to get them into their stride," said master, as I showed him the result of my labour.