

which you reprinted from the *Daily Express*, surely he must be prepared to go to his city job at 6am, since this is the time at which most farmers have to get up to tend to their animals regardless of wind and weather, and they have no cosy office to work in.

From my experience the farmer milks from 6am until 7am has breakfast from 7am until 7.30am, then goes on the farm to tend its needs until noon. Dinner is usually from 12 until 12.30pm, then back to work until 4pm, when a 10-minute break is taken before milking. Milking is from 4pm to 6pm when the farmer has supper.

After this he is usually so tired he has only enough energy to check that the animals are in no trouble and go to bed. This happens seven days a week, 52 weeks a year.

Surely Mr. Wallace's view is how most town people understand farming to be. My only hope is that a person with the same views as Mr. Wallace about farming does not become Prime Minister.

REINAR KALMARN (15), Bush House, Pembroke Road, Pembroke, Dyfed.

Woman's world

With reference to "When is a boar not" (*Farmlife*, February 7) I am reading my grandson's *Animal World Encyclopedia* and would suggest that the wild boar is a species of pig, the name being applicable to both sexes. The "lady" in question is referred to as the female of the species and not—the wild sow.

The *Financial Times* article would appear to be correct. We learn something new every day, don't we?

MRS. DOREEN HACK, Coombe Farm, Brighstone, Isle of Wight.

Capturing our history

We were interested to read your article on historians Tom and Kate Mason. We wish more people would do this research as so much of historical interest is being pulled down and the old people, with their wonderful stories, are dying.

I was 15 when I became interested in our local history on a coast with many smuggling stories. I read all I could and went to the Record Offices. I left the village for 12 years, but returned to live here with my husband

for the 1972 centenary of our school it seemed a good time to do more research.

By this time I had collected many old photos, account books and three diaries written in the 1840s which gave an insight into life then.

We decided to publish a book ourselves with the aid of a helpful printer. We have been amazed at its success—we sold the 1,000 copies in two years and have decided to have a reprint.

Perhaps this will encourage other amateur historians. Even if they don't go into print everything will be on paper. ROSEMARY ROBERTS, Redcroft, Paglesham, Romford, Essex.

Record of a Guernsey

I am interested to know if any other Royal Dairy Show winners have lived so long or done so well as a Guernsey cow, Browning Velvet, born on January 4, 1954. She died in July 1973.

My husband was in charge of her for many years and took her to the London Dairy Show for the first time in 1961 after she had had six calves. She was made breed champion, also being first in LPI and 3rd in the milking trials. She was again breed champion in 1963 and first in LPI.

She averaged 10,300lb at 5.08 per cent in her first 10 lactations and was awarded 10 PRs, 7 DMs, a CM and GDM. She was also PSI.

The herd was sold in 1969 but Velvet was retained as a house cow and she calved a fine heifer calf, her 16th,

descendants in the sale and we have her 13th calf in our own small herd.

MRS. E. DRAPER, Saltley Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex.

A touch of bloat, dear?

How is it, that an illness Or a niggly pain Can be explained by husband In bovine terms quite plain? My goodness, it's annoying To be compared to sheep or cow, But it's even more degrading To be likened to a sow. In fact it gets quite vexing When in the throes of 'flu. You're told to pull your socks up and:

"Cows make less fuss than you."

When I had indigestion He really got my goat, He came in with a suggestion—

His cow remedy for bloat. But then he's really not so bad,

In fact he's quite a pet. He may be a poor doctor, But he'd make a darn good vet.

HEATHER HORN, Blackabroom, Bridestowe, Okehampton, Devon.

Reading that takes a Londoner back

It is not given to many to find themselves living within five minutes' walk of Oxford Circus after a lifetime of milking cows and facing the daily chores of an average farm. Now I can read the farming papers and stand on the outside looking in.

Your excellent Milk extra

conservation and feeding of a dairy herd. Each of your articles takes a different view of rearing and feeding dairy cattle.

I can see now that no one system is better than any other.

One must equate one's own circumstances, climate and capital. Then, whichever method is chosen, go for it without compromise or regrets.

Good advice at the start supported by good stockmanship and lots of hard work, must be successful. By and large the capital can be raised if one can prove that one deserves it.

From here on the outside I believe that life on the inside has a great future and is still the good life.

EILEEN SWORDER, 1 Paddington Street, London.

Books quest

I wonder if any of your readers could help me to obtain books which I read as a boy 30 years ago? They were on the experiences of a businessman who took a farm during the war.

Three books were published entitled *Glory Hill Farm—1st Year*, *Glory Hill Farm—2nd Year* and *Glory Hill Farm—3rd Year*. I do not know the name of the author.

Any help in finding copies of these books would be much appreciated.

KENNETH DODD, The Bungalow, Cote Hill Farm, Osgodby, Market Rasen, Lincs.



Mary Knight warms up beside the wood burning stove which has taken the shivers out of her Marshfield, Chippenham, Wilts., farmhouse. Built of cast iron it is fitted with doors which enclose the fire completely at night and keep it safely smouldering until morning. With the doors and draught vents open the fire quickly blazes into life.

The stove is Norwegian, burns both wood and peat and, says Dick Knight, throws out such a heat that with the sitting room door open the rest of the house can be heated too. "We've tried all kinds of fires in this house but this is the first which has ever made the place warm," he said.