

Dungog and Round About

(By our Special Representative.)

INSTALMENT XXXXIV.

GUYGALLON.

The home of the Hereford, is a great big estate, owned by Mr Reynolds, of Tocal, and managed by Mr Sam Lill. It stretches along the road quite a space and loses itself on either side of the road, being dotted all over with the familiar white-faced beefers. Hereford owners are generally jealous of the grand breed; I know of a station up New England way where hundreds of guineas are paid for a bull, and after he has served for three years he is shot, the owner not wishing to spoil his own stock by too close breeding, and unwilling that other breeders should profit to, mayhap, his detriment. So, at the end of three years, bang goes several hundred of guineas! It's a costly game, but it pays in the long run. And we are all after the long run.

Unfortunately, I did not get particulars of this estate: I don't know whether to praise the country, or the cattle, or the courteous manager first, and as this foregoing paragraph strayed so far away from Guygallon that it would get footsore trying to get back, and give up in despair, I am tempted to do the same. I will, too! I must mention, though, that the stalwart Bill Lill continues to extend the cheerful smile to acquaintances visiting Guygallon or those passing through it.

LOSTOCK.

Wonder what Lostock stands for? It looks a mixture of German and Swedish. Some people call it

and Swedish. Some people call it "Loss-tock," while others call it "Lo-stock." Latter is more euphonious. Anyhow, I don't care how it's pronounced or what it means, after all. It's a nice place to holiday in, that's certain. Plenty of fishing and shooting and swimming and hill climbing, and—yes, and river crossing. The road from Penshurst to Carrabola (15 miles), dips to baptism 17 times. I know! I was through all the fords in flood, with the water over the knee pads in places. It's a picturesque and money-making place; otherwise people wouldn't stand it.

Just before entering the new Gob division—deviation, I mean the road into Mr Kelly's dairy farm is encountered. Mr Kelly milks 35 cows out of about double the number on the 182 acres, and tills some 12 acres of fine flats on the river side between the two milkings. In addition Mr Kelly works another 160 acres. The ridges are well-cleared and the flats like unto a pancake for real straight-out lying—not the vulgar lying, remember. With his family, Mr Kelly enjoys the respect and admiration of the whole countryside and whoever numbers them amongst his friends possesses those who are trusty as steel.

Quite a large concern is the dairy and farm of Mr Jas. Richardson, "next door," as it were. I should opine that a big cheque finds its way regularly once every two weeks, into Mr Richardson's exchequer, judging that is by the quantity and quality of his herd. The 40 acres of cropped land out of a total of 580, appear to a layman to have been intelligently worked during the years it has been under his ownership. Mr Richardson takes considerable pains with his affairs, seemingly. Mr S. Hodges

affairs, seemingly. Mr S. Hodges is another farm I regret to have missed.

Lostock hath its hall! Seeing the timber on the ground (close to the public school) at my visit gave pause to reckon how much effort was required to initiate the idea and how much it took to keep it going. I fancy I could guess the names of the prime movers in three; wouldn't mention them because I might be wrong. (Once heard the admirable Judge Murray reply to an enquiring solicitor: "I won't give my reasons for my decision, because they might be wrong.") Moral: Never give reasons unless you are compelled to. I won't give names in this case; wild horses wouldn't make me. So there!

Lostock Public School: Home of education, of culture, and of cheer! Years will never efface recollection of how kindly I was treated here in a period of illness and depression. Mr Guido Weber (worthy son of a worthy and scholarly father) controls the destinies and education of Lostock's well-mannered and healthy looking school children, and, with his estimable and hospitable "better half," takes the keenest interest in their welfare and advancement, and

when the inevitable order for advancement in the service happens along. Justification of the foregoing lies in the fact that I knew Mr Weber as a young school boy, possessing an abnormally big head. There are two brainy people at the school residence. Back of the school is the holding of the cheerful Mr T. Lawrence; flood waters prevented me calling.

(To be Continued.)

in that of the district. Foregoing is a trite saying, but as used on this occasion, is the genuine inventory of one who, for the first time, during this long series of articles, claims that he has travelled hundreds of thousands of miles, and observed somewhat. This is no flam. The cheerful couple may be truthfully described and genuinely, too, as a blessing to Lostock. The district will lose two good souls when the inevitable order for ad-