

water in the house, but you respect the ancient well in your side yard, and you restore it joyously, deep-hewn wooden trough and all, and hang beside it the bright new dipper, for the thrill from your boyhood days that it gives you. You listen to the wheedling of the architect-friend who wants to change your old, old Colonial find into a suburban bungalow of the latest type, to cover your broad weather boards with stained shingles. You endure the landscape gardener's arguments, that man who hitches his horse to your favourite cherry tree and tells you that your four ancient elms give a sparse air to your place, and that California privet trimmed pyramidentally or squared to the compass is a positive necessity. And, having listened, you send the architect and the landscape maniac away. You have no need for either. For you have your own pastoral picture of what your farm, after sufficient time has gone by, is to look like. The chapter on "Planting Pastoral Pictures" is as full of colour as a painter's colour-box.

It is a road sign, this book, to the city-driven man and woman who have achieved a competence and have lost health perhaps and the spirit of youth and the sense of vision. It has but little to do with the fertilising of soils and intensive theories generally, but it is more likely to start the reader to his long-contemplated hunt for an old, "abandoned farm," than the most precise of books on the new science of farming.

TRUMAN A. DEWEESE'S "THE BEND IN THE ROAD"*

The Bend in the Road does what its author in his preface hopes it will do, clears away the city jungle and opens up the vista of your own plot of ground, your pruned red apple tree, your purple-clustered grape vines, your bee-hives filled with yellow honey, your strawberry bed and your flock of white, proud-stepping Leghorns. It has to do with the primal pleasures of seed-time and harvest, lived through upon your own "country place," however modest. It is a strong new voice to the chorus of the country-life movement.

It is not the sort of book that would be classed among modern contributions to the problem of "back to the soil." In fact here lies its newness, in its slight disdain of the push-button methods of intensive, electrified, up-to-date farming. This country place, you see, is for pure pleasure; the hoe is bought deliberately because it is more fun than the brassie or the cleek; the hissing sigh of the scythe as it mows down the grass brings back memories utterly forgotten until now, that you are the richer for, and that you will never do without again. You wish the conveniences of running

**The Bend in the Road.* By Truman A. DeWeese. New York: Harper and Brothers.