



## DAVE'S DAIRY

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Had to go over on Tuesday to Clarkson's to get some of my sheep that had got into his flock. When I got close I could tell Clarkson was feeding his sheep with silage. When I got closer, I could tell he was getting to the bottom of silage in his pit, because the smell was more than usually powerful and I was really sorry for him. But he didn't seem unduly perturbed. In fact, he went as far as to say that you soon get used to it. And the sheep and cows didn't mind at all, and when I saw how they tucked into it, I actually began to wish I had some of my own. And when I found that this pit of silage had been made ten years ago, when hay was worth 30/-a ton, I went as far as to tell him that he was a lucky man to have it. I thought at the time that he didn't seem to think it was entirely luck, and muttered something about others having the same chance to make silage as he did.

Then he backed the dray down for another load, and I went across to the yards to pick up my sheep. They didn't seem to want to leave very much, and when I got them back with my flock I couldn't really blame them, because there wasn't a great deal to eat in my paddock, and the wind was coming from Clarkson's. In fact, I thought that one old ewe looked at me with a particularly sour expression.

As I rode home I got to thinking about Clarkson and his silage. Perhaps it wasn't just luck on his part. Now I come to think of it, I remember when he made that pit. It was just before harvest of 1935, and we were all sorry for him because he had to start harvest two weeks before the rest of us. And when he'd finished the pit he just scooped dirt over it and left it. I couldn't help being sorry for him at the time, doing all that work and not having anything to show for it. So perhaps it wasn't all luck.

When I got home the dogs ran into the kennel, the baby started to cry, the Italian prisoner came out sniffing and muttering something about "worsh", and the pet calf came up and licked my boots.

On Friday we had another dust storm.