

**WE FARM FOR A
HOBBY AND
MAKE IT PAY**

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We farm for a hobby and make it pay by Henry Tetlow

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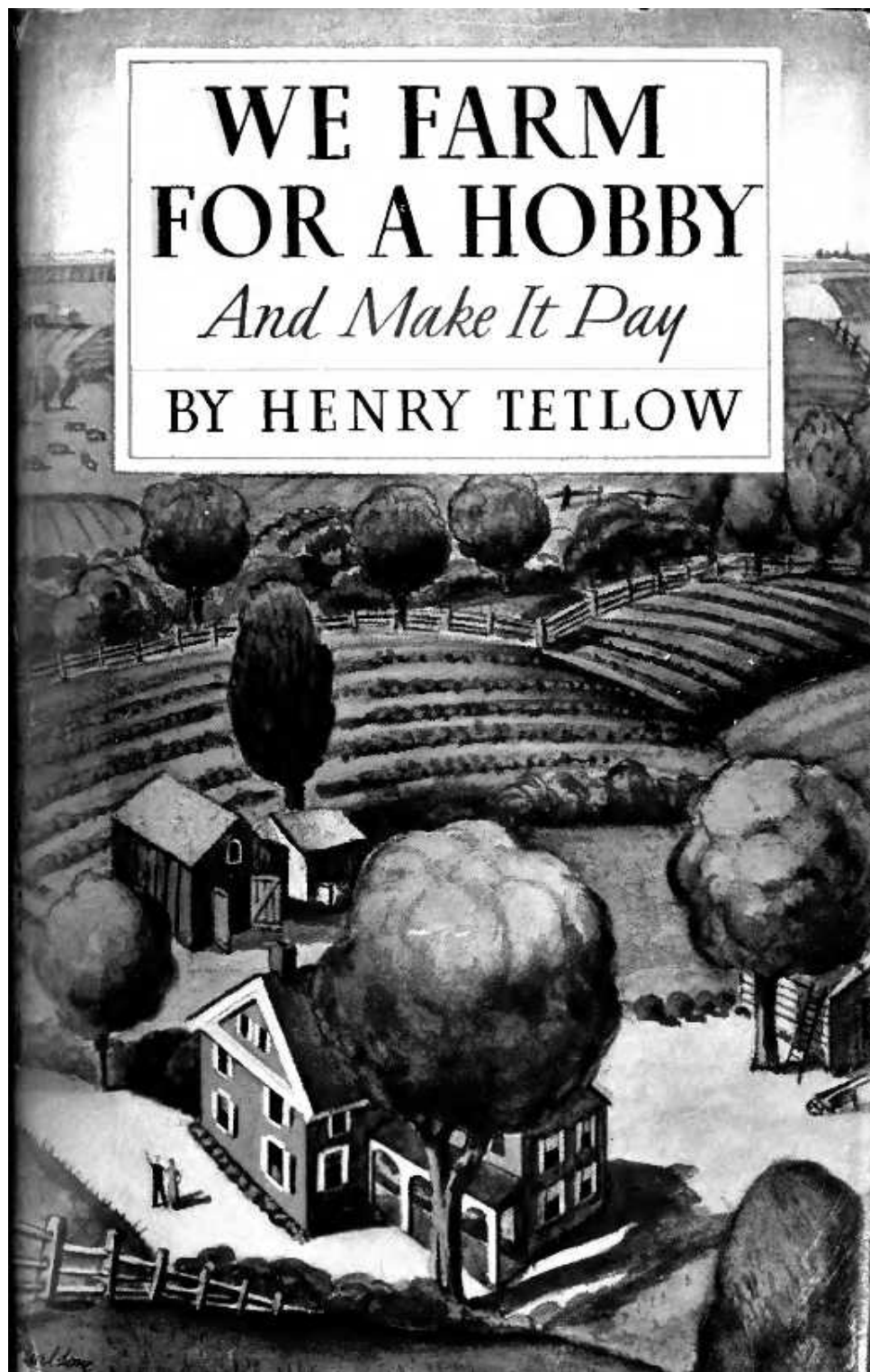
HENRY TETLOW

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THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED TO
HAREBELLE

*who has put seventeen years of her career
into Medlock Farm, without foregoing any
of her charm, her grace, her gayety*



“What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man: though no great minist’ring reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty.”

—John Keats
Sleep and Poetry

