

turnip in appearance, but there was no means
whatever of getting rid of it. The seed dropped an
was there to come up every year when the next
crop was drilled in, but the seed fell before the
other crop was harvested. The blame attached
to this for distributing this was generally
accorded to a seedman in Christchurch, by
the name of Wilson. Possibly when this Dutchman
distributed the seed, he may have been an innocent
victim having imported the seed from England.
However the deed was done, this same seedman
was blamed for the distribution of a grass he
called *Poa pretensis*. But familiarly known
by the name of "Yorkshire Fog". What lovely
crops it grew, but what a worthless grass
as ~~at~~ a whole. Only in its earliest stages would
the stock eat it, and as for the hay made from
it, the cattle would not eat it unless fairly
starving. I forgot to say that the merchant was
responsible for the wild turnip was familiarly
known as "Cabbage Wilson". And I remember
seeing a cartoon in some comic paper at the
time, of a regular foggy appearance of the
head of a man seen through the haze, underneath
was the wording, "Wilson coming out of the fog".
The wild tare was another plant that was the
cause of a lot of wastage in the crop.

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Similar in appearance to the cultivated plant
I suppose that it got its start from seeding
itself, but it would lay dormant in the
ground for many years & when the land
was ploughed up again the seed could be
seen in the plough furrow, I remember ploughing
up a paddock that had not been cropped for
eight years, and continually grazed, but
completely smothered the crop of wheat that
was sown on that ground. It was of very
great disadvantage to the sample of wheat that
shown, for there was no machinery at
that time that would separate the tares
from the wheat. When the wheat was ground
into flour, the product was a very dark
appearance, and when made into bread, it
had the taste very much like that of the
kernel of the peach stone. So what one
could by all the sorts of winnowers, the
tares could not be separated. A friend
of ours, or rather one very familiar with
us, by name Joseph Southwaite, after
having been in N.Z. for some years, went
back again to see his folks in the North
of England. When he came back, he brought
a machine for this particular purpose
(Called by name somebody's Cellular corn sower