

Once upon a time, in the deepest Cotswolds lived some very special hens whose story now unfolds...

Their eggs you see were called Arlington Whites and the dazzling shells made a wonderful sight.

The Arlington White egg has a very special story...



Within each one was a golden treasure – a yolk so fine it gave pleasure beyond measure.

Delicious and creamy the effect was quite dreamy.

...from the first tiny peek...



People came from miles around to Cackleberry Farm where the hens could be found (if they hadn't yet hopped on the bus into town).



...to new adventures...

There were just a few – pretty silly it's true – who opined that for any egg to gain such fame some kind of magic must be to blame.

...to finding your feet.



It takes a very special chicken...

Truth to tell, the birds lived so well there was simply no need for the casting of spells.



With freedom to roam and enjoy chicken fun, plus a nourishing menu and plenty of sun.

The plain fact was that our privileged poultry were treated as if they were blue-blooded royalty.

It was this that created the egg-lover's delight – an oval-shaped marvel named Arlington White.

...to lay the Exquisite CackleBean Egg