

EYES AND NOSES

by "SUNDOWNER"

NO dog that I have owned has been more eager for my favour than Tip is, or less successful in winning it. I have never found it easy to like him, and now that he is old, losing his coat, and becoming odorous, I have to force myself to pat him. But he makes coldness as difficult as warmth. I find it unpleasant to touch him, but impossible to prevent him from touching me when I emerge in the

FEBRUARY 24 morning and his eyes no longer identify me with sufficient certainty. It is cruelty to order him off before he has touched my hand or my leg with his wet nose, and I often prove cruel; but until he has done that he is uneasy. Even though his nose is not what it used to be, it remains his sure defence against doubt.

Human noses perhaps served the same purpose once, but not, I think, since we walked upright. I can remember being told as a student about a boy born blind, deaf, and dumb whose nose told him when there was a stranger in the room and what kind of person it was. If the story was true the boy's nose must somehow or other have taken over the functions of his eyes and ears. But I have never been able to accept smell as an explanation of the skill of savages in following other men and animals hours, and even days, after they have passed out of hearing and sight. I think eyes are the agents in those cases, eyes that are sharper than ours and infinitely better trained. But I have seen a pointer dog released an hour after its owner had moved through a crowded city to address a public meeting, and it went faster than I could follow, its nose in the air all the way, losing the scent and finding it again, but never stopping

until it was right inside the hall. I have never owned a pointer; but I had a spaniel-collie cross for many years who would stop suddenly in a gully, sniff the air for a second or two, then set off at high speed over the ridge and bail up a pig in a gully half a mile away.

If it is true that scent-bearing substances have to be vaporised before they can be smelt, I can't understand how odours which are not continually renewed linger so long in space. But it is apparently not true with animals as it is with most men that the nose (or is it the brain?) ceases to register odours which remain indefinitely. Chemists, I am told, smell nothing in their dispensaries but can still depend on their noses to identify different drugs. I have also been told, and I hope it is true, that a special providence broods over manure works. But I remember what Montaigne said about his moustache.

FEBRUARY 25 I AM reminded by Montaigne's moustache that a correspondent who could (and probably did) read Montaigne before I was born, was a little dubious some months ago when I credited Montaigne with the remark that an ache in the belly usually moved to the mind. I was sure I was right in naming Montaigne until my correspondent, whose memory at 88 is better than mine at 70, started me on a search for the passage; and then, after an hour, I was sure I must be wrong. But I was not wrong. To make certain that it was Montaigne's and not some other philanderer's moustache that "betrayed the place he came from," I have just hunted up that reference, and on the way I found this:

I fear my mind is a traitor. He has formed so close a tie with the body that

he forsakes me at every turn, and leaves me to follow him in his need. I take him aside to coax him, I make up to him, but to no purpose. In vain do I try to wean him from this intimacy, offer him Senneca and Catullus, the ladies and royal dancers. If his comrade has the colic he seems to have it, too. Even the activities which are peculiarly and essentially his own cannot then be stirred; they smack so evidently of a cold in the head. There is no joy in his productions if it is not shared by the body.

Readers of Montaigne will realise why I looked in the wrong place for the betraying moustache—Book III, Chapter 5, and not where it has always been in Book I, Chapter 55. They may also think of a reason why my correspondent had forgotten the chapter in which I thought it was and I had remembered more about it than Montaigne had ever written.

FEBRUARY 27 I WILL have to wait till spring comes before I can know what the drought has done to my ewes. I know already that they have had no green feed for more than a month, and not enough feed of any kind for more than two months. Though I have done no weighing I am sure that they have lost 10 to 15 pounds in weight, and in some cases more than that. But I don't know what this will mean in my lambing. If the popular opinion is right, I will have fewer lambs and later than I could have expected if the season had been normal. But I am not sure in this case that popular and scientific opinions coincide.

Experiments carried out at Ruakura strongly suggest, if they don't finally prove, that flushing ewes—feeding them well for a week or two before the rams join them—though it has a marked effect on the number of lambs born, has very little influence on the time of birth, but is more likely to delay it than to bring it forward. I can't provide the extra feed just now, or buy it, and I must expect, therefore, that the effect of this will be cumulative. But the most marked effect, the Ruakura experiments seem to indicate, will be a drop in the number of lambs born as twins. The number of sheep likely to have lambs



A.P.S. photograph

UNTIL recently chief of a UN food and agriculture mission in Ethiopia, Dr. C. S. M. Hopkirk (above), a New Zealand veterinary expert, will be interviewed by John Gerring in 2YA's Farm Session on Monday, March 22. In a recent "Listener" interview, Dr. Hopkirk suggested that Ethiopia, properly developed, could become the breadbasket of the Middle East. His broadcast, in which he outlines the country's progress and needs, will be heard later from other stations

should, in fact, be slightly greater than it would have been if they had all been adequately and conventionally fed, and the losses after birth, on a percentage test, should be appreciably smaller.

I am not foolish enough to think that it will all end like that, or that starving animals ever pays. But there is a kind of childish comfort in the thought, foolish though I know it to be, that the things I have not done which I should have done (though they will not) work together for my good.

(To be continued)

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hearing. Felix King, Abraham Walters (Don Carlos), and Frank Weir each said he considered it his duty—sometimes reluctantly—to remain on the stand while his band was playing, controlling it either by conducting or playing an instrument.

Frank Weir, asked whether people in night clubs knew what band was playing, replied: "When one is drinking in a night club one never knows whether the dance band or rumba band is on."

"One suggestion is that the leader can be like a tic-tac man, sitting in a remote corner of the room, drinking with guests, and signalling to his band," said counsel for the club.

"I have never seen anyone trying to do it," said Frank Weir.

In the end, Paul Adam did not succeed, as was suggested, in establishing a new charter for band leaders by which he could "spend his time drinking, preferably with a peer of the realm, in a remote corner of the room, controlling his orchestra either by the method of the bookmakers in a tic-tac system, or by some sort of wireless."

The judge left no doubt that he considered "the idea of a band leader projecting his personality upon the audience and not on the band is the veriest rubbish."

N.Z. LISTENER, MARCH 19, 1954.



Amalgamated Studios photograph

THE PANEL which began the series "Let's Talk It Over" now being broadcast from 1YA's studios over all YA stations on the first Wednesday of each month. They will be heard next on Wednesday, April 7. From left: Rev. Jasper Calder, one-time City Missioner; a woman doctor; Marie Griffin, chairman of the Auckland Family Guidance Centre; and Winfred McNaughton, Girls' Vocational Guidance Officer