



THE Post and Telegraph Department's Awarua Radio Station, above, will be headquarters for International Geophysical Year observations in Southland, which R. S. Unwin, of the Dominion Physical Laboratory, will discuss in a "Science Commentary" talk from YA and YZ stations at 9.15 p.m. on Tuesday, October 9. Mr. Unwin will describe particularly the way in which observations on ionosphere physics, the aurora and cosmic rays will contribute to world-wide work in these fields.

(continued from previous page)

aspirations, and no pieties, that are not coloured by and mingled with the ground-swell of sense. My nose may not be my teacher or my preacher. It is my historian and my reporter, my prompter, and often, very often, my peacemaker.

I HAVE not yet abandoned hope that science some day, though not before I die, will produce a tail-less sheep. I might as sensibly, Jim tells me, hope for a six-legged horse or a two-headed dog. A sheep without a tail, he says, would be a biological monstrosity—a freak that would

SEPTEMBER 12 not reproduce or be reproducible.

Such creatures are no doubt born at intervals already, but they are pre-natal casualties with, at most, one life span. When I point to polled Herefords and Shorthorns, and especially to polled Merinos, Jim just laughs at my mental confusion.

I know that it is a scientific laugh, and my hope as unscientific as gathering figs off thistles. But I cling to it. If nature has provided the raw material for the experiments with horns—against what would appear to be the evolutionary advantage of horns—I will go on hoping that it will one day start at the other end of a sheep and evolve tail-less rumps. It has, after all, got rid of nails or claws on the fingers of whales; converted nails into hoofs in horses, cattle, pigs and deer; left claws on the thumbs of bats, but removed them from the fingers. To my finite intelligence and almost infinite ignorance it seems a very small effort to eliminate the now quite useless tail of a sheep; or, what would be the same thing, eliminate it in a sufficient number of cases to allow clever, confident, blundering man to carry on from that point.

EVERYBODY knows that sheep are brainless. Compared with dogs, or even with cows, they are slow to learn and very difficult to teach. But they do learn in the end, and remember. Every sheep

I have, but one, knows where there is a hole in the fence half-way down the hill and at what point, when I am musing them, to break for it. The exception is my oldest sheep, and my biggest, my fattest and my dullest, my five-year-old Romney ewe who has not learnt yet how to have a lamb. She was our first pet, and when we turned her upon the hill with the others she never found her way back. Now she is never the first or the last in our little mob when we move them, never heads the others into the yards or out again, gazes at us with a vague sense of recognition when we pass her on the hill, sometimes, in fact, approaches as if to greet us, but stops within a yard or two, looks hard, and then lumbers away. An endocrinologist would no doubt link her dullness with her barrenness, but one of its interests to me is the light it throws on the other members of the flock. When she is wondering where to go, they are gone; when she is bewildered, they know; when a single wire stops her, they are under or over.

It is impossible, when we count our sheep in hundreds, to know much about individuals. When we count them in pens they individualise themselves as sharply as the boys and girls in a school class after the first day or two. We see then that some are aggressive and some easy-going; some inquisitive and some incapable of more than one interest at a time; some greedy; some rough; some nervous; some alert; some resentful when they are penned, some sleepy and indifferent. I have not yet discovered a vain sheep, but they are nearly all jealous. They are not bright enough to try to attract attention, but when the spotlight reaches them they are quickly aware of it and escape as soon as they can. Let a ewe know that you are looking for her and then try to keep her under observation through the mob. That is one test of their alleged silliness. If you want another, spend a day dipping Romney ewes that have been through the same dip before.

(To be continued)

LARSEN'S

SOUTH ISLAND TOURS
from and back to Wellington.



N.B.
All travel by courier driven car, (not by bus) and each tour party consists of 3, 4 or 5 persons only.

ITINERARY: Wellington, Lyttelton, Christchurch, Timaru, Dunedin, Invercargill, Bluff, Lake Manapouri, Lake Te Anau, Eglinton and Hollyford Valleys, Milford Sound, Lake Wakatipu, Queenstown, Routeburn Valley, Arrowtown, Crown Range, Wanaka, Mount Cook, Tasman Glacier, Lake Tekapo, Christchurch, Lyttelton, Wellington. Most tours also include Stewart Island, and many include Roxburgh.

DEPARTURE DATES: 27th Aug., 1st, 22nd Oct., 26th Nov., 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 31st Dec., 1956. 3rd, 5th, 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th Jan., 4th, 9th, 11th, 18th, 23rd, 25th Feb., 4th, 11th, 16th, 18th, 25th Mar., 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th Apr., 6th, 13th, 27th May, 1957.

COST: £77 from and back to Wellington (all-inclusive) for twelve days, with small premium for certain tours staying at Hotel Milford.

LARSEN'S TOURS LTD.

P.O. Box 1863, Wellington, C.I.
Telegrams "Wanderlust"

Bookings may be made through any branch or agency of Govt. Tourist Bureau, Dalgety and Co. Ltd., Burns Philp and Co. Ltd., Thos. Cook and Son (A'sia) Pty. Ltd., N.Z. Travel Service Ltd., Whites Travel Service Ltd., Union Steam Ship Co. of N.Z. Ltd., or any other travel agency.

From Swiss craftsmen to adorn milady

DOXA



DOXA—cherished for generations by the women of Europe and America! Exquisitely designed in classic harmony DOXA is the watch which becomes a fashionable jewel.

LADIES DOXA WATCHES

Chrome—Steel back
17 jewel £17-15-0
Goldfilled 17 jewel
£19-7-6
All—Steel, Shock-resistant, the smallest, daintiest Waterproof watch. £22-5-0

MENS'
DOXA WATCHES
from £17-2-6
to £24-17-6



72.A.5

HIGH GRADE
DOXA
WATCHES