

OSMAN

sheets and pillowcases



Osman sheets seem to say "Sleep well" from the moment you slip between them. They feel so luxuriously smooth and firm, so good to drowse off in.

All Osman sheets have the close weave, meticulous finish, strong selvedges and reinforced corners that guarantee they'll keep these luxurious qualities through years of hard wear.

Whether you want white or coloured sheets, superfine Egyptian cotton, or extra hard-wearing ones, make sure they're made by Osman.

RED LABEL	<i>For everyday use—an Osman best-seller</i>
BLUE LABEL	<i>A heavier sheet for extra wear</i>
BLACK LABEL	<i>Particularly for hotels and hospitals</i>
COLOURED SHEETS	<i>Many lovely shades to choose from—all vat-dyed and colour-fast</i>
QUEENSLYNN	<i>Most luxurious Egyptian cotton—superfine yet hard-wearing</i>

Trade enquiries to: C. A. Welch, Dixon Buildings,
64, Dixon Street, Wellington, P.O. Box 1251

BARLOW & JONES LIMITED, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

A Nose is a Nose is a Nose

by "SUNDOWNER"

I FORGOT when I mentioned the noses of animals the other day—especially the noses of cows—that cows usually respect their noses while we treat ours with some contempt. When I went to milk Betty this morning I used a different bucket for the washing water. It was a bucket that had been filled

with quinces for two days, and I rinsed it with hot water when I emptied it. But Betty smelt quinces as soon as I began to wash her, and tried to turn round to the bucket. I had, of course, forgotten the quinces and told her sharply to stand still. She continued restless and I continued irritable, and the result was an appreciable difference in her yield. When the truth later dawned on me I could myself smell quinces in the now thrice-rinsed bucket.

Something like that probably happens every day. Our dogs, our cats, our cows, and our horses, our sheep when we are handling them, and our pigs always and everywhere, detect smells beyond our reach or our interest. They are messages that mean much to them: frighten them or tempt them or annoy them or repel them. I have often noticed that if I have patted my dog my cat shrinks from being stroked immediately afterwards.

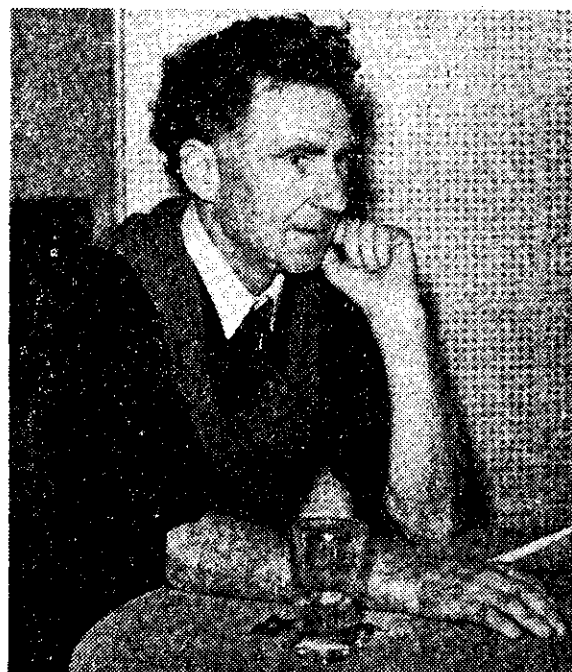
I have read somewhere, and it could be true, that wild animals know at once when they smell another animal—I mean smell it from a distance—whether it is friendly or hostile or harmless. This means for, say, a rabbit that it knows dog from cat, cat from ferret, and all three from man; which would not be difficult. But it must be difficult in countries with a more diverse fauna than ours to know precisely what enemy has passed or is approaching and what possible victim is near at hand; what animal will help, directly or indirectly, in the search for food, and what creatures, big and small, can be completely ignored. My own rabbits, I

notice, ignore my sheep when both are feeding, but they never so far forget themselves, if the sheep suddenly stop nibbling, as not to stop, too, and listen. Then, almost invariably, their nostrils twitch.

WHEN Dick Morris died so suddenly the other day—I was going to say so tragically, but that was not the word for Dick—I remembered that at our only meeting he told me that his books were his eyes and ears. There was no boastfulness in the remark, and no

suggestion that books were of no importance. He meant simply that he had been denied what the world calls a good, that is, a bookish, education. What books would have done for him if they had come his way I can't pretend to know. I am inclined to think that he would have found them if he had felt strongly that he needed them, and that they would have done nothing at all for him but spoil him if they had been thrust on him.

In any case, they were not thrust on him. Dick observed, thought, and spoke with the freshness of an illiterate. It was a part of his charm that he did not know what others had seen and said, and spoke therefore with the naivety of a child. I never listened to him without thinking of the Biblical warning against the wise and prudent. He saw so clearly, and especially heard so clearly, because he was one of the babes who had things revealed to them. I have never heard why he chose to withdraw himself from the world and live in the bush, but I like to think that it was for Wordsworth's reason—because the world was too much with him. He was not willing to go through life getting and spending and doing nothing else. He did, in fact, find getting a simple matter, but managed it in his own way. One of the best rifle-



DICK MORRIS
His books were his eyes and ears

men I know told me that Dick "ran rings round him" when they hunted deer together, invariably getting four or five out of a mob to his two or three. It was a strange method of earning a livelihood in a man of such gentleness. But even Thoreau felt sometimes like eating a woodchuck raw.

A STRANGE report reached me today from West Otago. Wild pigs, which had disappeared from all the settled land before I was

out of my teens, are now, I am told, back again; not only back, but wandering over country where they had not been seen since the first gold rushes. The return, I gather, is confined to hilly country still in tussock, fern and scrub, and within a few miles of the Blue Mountains. (continued on next page)

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 17, 1957.