

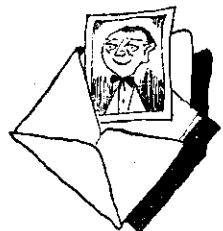
The WORLD'S BIGGEST SONG HITS

"I WENT TO
YOUR WEDDING"
"BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE"
"TAKE MY HEART"
"BLUE TANGO"
"BLUE TANGO"
"HERE IN MY HEART"
"AUF WIEDERSEHN"
SWEETHEART"
"GENTLY, JOHNNY"
ROCK OF GIBRALTAR"
"YOURS" "YOURS"
LOVE'S ROUNDABOUT"
BLACKSMITH BLUES"
"THE LOVELIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR"
"I'M YOURS" "HIGH NOON"
"LONELY LITTLE ROBIN"
"MOONLIGHT BAY" "BE MY LOVE"
"JUBILEE RAG" "TELL ME WHY"
"A KISS TO BUILD A DREAM ON"

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I SENT a letter to my Love
And in it put my photor.
She'll get it soon, I know, 'cos of
The postman's Mini-Motor



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Shepherd's Calendar

FORGOTTEN FLEECE

by "SUNDOWNER"

AFTER buying a Ryeland ram
at Addington the other day
—a quite unpremeditated
purchase and perhaps impulsive
foolishness—I tried to find some-
thing about the breed among my
books; but so far I have not been very
successful. I have, however, discovered
that Ryelands were the favourite breed
of George the Third

APRIL 3 ("Farmer George"), who
mixed them a little with
Merino, but repented of that, and in
the end "wanted no better sort of
foreign sheep than the true Hereford
Ryeland." How true my ram is all these
years afterwards no one living can tell
me, but it is the opinion of Sir James
Scott Watson that the modern Ryeland
is much the same as the breed of which
a wit once said that it deserved "a niche
in the temple of famine" for its capacity
to live on scanty fare. That, with its
fine wool, seems to have been its distinc-
tion since it was first recognised as a
separate breed and started poets sing-
ing of "Lemster Ore" (the golden fleece
of the silkworm and as soft as the cheek
of a maid"). It remained the best of the
fine wools till after Shakespeare's day,
and might have been the best yet if it
had been lucky enough to find a genius
to develop and advertise it. That, un-
fortunately, it never seems to have had.
Though all the great breeds of sheep
but two or three come out of England,
the great breeders, for some perverse
reason, seem to have overlooked the
Ryeland in favour of Leicesters and
Southdowns and Suffolks and Lincolns
and Cluns ("Shrops gone wrong") until,
50 years ago, there were only 30 flocks
left in England. My ram is one of the
signs of the revival this century, and
if it is true that Ryelands can live on
sedge and heath I hope they will appre-
ciate gorse.

I CONTINUE to receive letters from
correspondents who believe that dogs
know when death is approaching and go
to meet it in secret. If they are right,
as of course they may be, we should not

worry when old dogs disappear but re-
joice that they have lived long enough
to hear the call and been permitted to
answer it. How it comes

APRIL 5 we still don't know, but
the answer must be a sur-
render to weariness and drowsiness and
a soothing lapse into sleep. I take it
that young dogs are not included in this
belief, or dogs that for any reason die
prematurely.

But I can't believe such things myself.
I can't imagine what advantage dogs
have ever derived from dying secretly.
If it is to escape the attentions, usually
hostile, of other dogs, the result must
often be an escape from known dangers
to unknown. A dog knows where the
other dogs are with which he has been
recently associating. He can't know what
dogs may visit the place to which his
instinct for concealment may take him.
I can believe in a partial escape—a
creeping away into some sheltered cor-
ner on home territory: under a building
or a bush or a thicket of trees. But that
is not what people mean when they
speak about these secret deaths. They
mean something more purposeful and
more mysterious. The only scientific ac-
count I can recall of such mysteries is
Hudson's explanation of the secret burial
grounds of the Patagonian guanaco.
Hudson's argument, if I understood it
properly, and still remember it accu-
rately, was that there was a time in the
history of the guanaco when it was
biologically advantageous to it to re-
treat into the dense forest of Southern
Patagonia; that the approach of death
brought sensations not unlike those asso-
ciated with those early retreats; and
that for geological ages after the neces-
sity for retreat had disappeared—prob-
ably a climatic necessity in the first
place—dying guanacos misunderstood
the symptoms and repeated the race
migrations.

If Darwin had not accepted the exist-
ence of these alleged dying places I
would suspect that they were not dying
places at all, certainly not chosen dying
places, but accumulations of bones

brought there by other agencies—floods,
avalanches, erosion, or earth move-
ments of which the record has dis-
appeared.

IT is a little annoying, a little depres-
sing, a little more than anyone should
take smiling that a truck of sheep sent
to me from a footrot-free flock in Otago
should have shown active infection a
few days after they arrived in Canter-
bury. I suppose it is difficult to keep
road and railway trucks clean during the
busiest weeks of the year.

APRIL 9 I would, in fact, be sur-
prised to know that the
attempt is ever made. But if infected
sheep are accepted for transport, and
nothing effective is done to remove
disease germs afterwards, a railway
journey for sheep at this time of year
becomes a dangerous gamble, with the
chances of escape dwindling rapidly as
the weeks pass.

I have, of course, no proof that my
sheep were infected on the railway. It
could have happened on the way to the
railway or on the way from it. Germs
could have been picked up on the road-
side, in holding yards, on the floor or
the gangway of a motor-truck. It is pos-
sible, but highly improbable, that the
trouble began on my own hillside:
although it had been free of stock for
two months, and footrot germs are be-
lieved to be incapable of survival for
more than two weeks if they have no
host, it is impossible to say that they
never survive longer than that in any
circumstances. The certainties of science
are no more after all than laws
or rules or occurrences to which no ex-
ception has been found, and I don't
think anyone can say that no exception
is possible in this case. All we can say,
all I am trying to say, is that a truck-
load of sheep from a run on which foot-
rot had not for a long time been de-
tected, were put into a theoretically
clean paddock and in a few days showed
signs of infection. For the first two days
and two nights of that period they had
been standing in a railway truck that I
assume had not been effectively dis-
infected before they were taken on
board. If that was not the source of in-
fection it clearly could have been. If
it was the source, it is time farmers took
steps to protect themselves.

(To be continued)

Man and the Soil

THE world's population, now about
2,350,000,000, is increasing at the
rate of 60,000 a day. The world's food
supplies are inadequate even for the
existing members. By misuse of the
land, millions of acres have ceased to
be productive. What can be done to
feed these extra people? How can it be
done so that the fertility of the soil is
safeguarded for future generations? How
can we claim new acres from the un-
productive areas of the world and how
reclaim acres which have been lost?
These are some of the questions asked
and answered—as far as they can be—
in *Man and the Soil*, a BBC series now
being heard from 3YC at 7.30 p.m. on
Mondays. Within the limits imposed by
15 programmes—two of them discussions
—a team of experts ranges over the
whole subject of man's treatment of the
soil. The well-known scientific journalist
and broadcaster Ritchie Calder advised
on the planning of the series, and with
other noted experts is heard in the pro-
grammes.

