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be saintly. I don't want to be saintly. In short, I would sooner put up with myself than deceive myself. As for dreams, the next stage, if we worry about them, is to worry about the moon and the stars, to see meaning in the lines of our hands, or sooner or later in the creases in our trousers.

WHEN I was looking through my ewes some days ago I found the skin and skeleton of a new-born lamb blocking the mouth of a rabbit burrow. At that time I had no lambs of my own, and to get where they were these remains had been moved a couple of chains downhill and pulled through a small hole in a netting fence. The situation suggested ferrets rather than cats, so I set a trap next day and laid it uncovered over the mess.

For 48 hours nothing happened. Then I caught a cream coloured buck ferret, and twelve hours later a black-tipped doe. Though ferrets are seldom injured by traps, however strong the spring is, I remembered Jim's chickens and knocked both animals on the head. But I was a clumsy executioner. The buck is still where I threw him; the doe has disappeared. If I were to re-set the trap she would probably get caught a second time, and I would then have to kill her a second time. So I am giving her a week to migrate.

Meanwhile I am wondering why ferrets are the easiest of all small animals to stun and the most difficult to kill. A smart tap on the end of the nose will

knock them unconscious, even if the instrument used is a light switch—I have been told of a pet ferret that was knocked out with a straw; but the neck must be broken or the skull crushed to put them out permanently. Their necks are a mass of muscle and difficult to break, their skulls small, rounded, and deep-sunk; but if a tap on the end of the nose so easily stupefies them, how do they escape injury scrambling through thickets and over rocks?

THIS year, as it was last year, my first lamb was a dead sheep. My second was a live lamb that is a runt. Instead of being the last to interest the rams his mother must have been the

first, though she was the poorest member of the flock when she arrived and never improved. I have watched them all closely for biological reasons—because they are Otago ewes born in October, of mothers that were themselves born in October for several generations, because they were mated every year in May, and this fifth year for the first time were turned out with the rams in March. The result has been an advance of a month to six weeks in their lambing, but in no case of two months. I allow for a change of country and feed, but it has not been pronounced enough to be decisive.

By the calendar the position to date is this. The first lamb arrived 157 days

after the ewes joined the rams; one pair of twins came in 160 days; a third single lamb in 164 days. The indications are that lambs will not come faster than that for another week, so that the flock as a whole took about a fortnight to get ready. For the first twelve days there were two rams with 77 ewes (both Southdowns); then, as one ram was old, I added a Ryeland ram lamb. It would appear that average sheep under average conditions can be advanced or retarded in their breeding cycle within slightly flexible limits, but that the limits exist, and cannot be stretched indefinitely. Sheep that breed twice a year are abnormal in themselves and in their husbandry.

(To be continued)

"HERE'S THE KEY..."



... and ... there are final factors for you to consider. There is your own career; there is your standing with your friends and your own family. You are fond of us, we know, and we are fond of you. What you do reflects on us—all of us. Any harm you wreak, any damage you inflict goes farther than the injuries suffered by yourself, or those who are in your car or in its way. We'll be proud to hear that your general prestige is growing because you have the reputation of being a capable and trustworthy driver. That will be ample reward for us. ... Now take the car, and have a good time!

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* Records of reported road accidents show that nearly forty per cent. come within the 17-25 age group.

Travellers' Tales

WHEN the ketch Miru left Wellington at the end of May last year to take Dr. T. R. A. H. Davis to Boston for further study no one could guess that the voyage was going to last more than five months. The ketch struck bad weather almost immediately. Two days out and 100 miles from port she was hove to under mizzen and staysails and fighting a gale; another three days and she was into her second, with winds of 60 knots and breaking seas 30 to 40 feet high. One whole week out of the first three was spent hove to in storms. Aboard the Miru besides Dr. Davis were his wife and two children, and two young men, Bill Donovan and Neil Arrow. Mr. Arrow was responsible for sailing the vessel, and he said later that the storms encountered would make a yachtsman "seriously consider taking up bowls." He has now told his own story of the trip in six talks recorded for the NZBS. *Twelve Thousand Miles to Boston* will be heard first from 3YA, starting on Tuesday, September 22, at 7.15 p.m.

A travellers' tale of a different kind is told in *Journey into the Sun*, a series of three talks about an English couple's journey from England to Ceylon on their way to New Zealand, where they have now settled. Richard Hutchings, who tells the story, left Southampton with his wife in July, 1950. They took with them bicycles, a light-weight tent and sleeping bags, and for the first three months had the roads and fields of France and Italy as their only home. Mr. Hutchings describes those three months in "To the Riviera and Beyond," the first talk, which will be heard in the 2YA Women's Session on Friday, September 25.