

October, 1942

THE

Price 3d.

# ANIMALS' FRIEND



Photo by]

*An Angry Tree Hyrax.*

[Lt.-Col. C. H. Stockley.

*When angry they flick open and shut the white patch on the back which is ordinarily invisible.*

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR ANIMALS' WELFARE

32, QUEEN'S AVENUE, MUSWELL HILL, LONDON, N.10.

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# THE ANIMALS' FRIEND

THE ANIMALS' FRIEND is published monthly by the National Council for Animals' Welfare at Queen's Lodge, 32, Queen's Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N.10, and all communications regarding the magazine should be addressed to the Editors.

Editors: YVONNE A. M. STOTT and J. LEONARD CATHER.

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The opinions expressed by Contributors to this Magazine are their own and are not necessarily held by the Editors.

## National Council for Animals' Welfare

### World Day for Animals—St. Francis Day,

Many schools have written for posters, leaflets, emblems, to help them celebrate World Day for Animals in their schools on October 4th, and several have written enthusiastically of the humane teaching and example that is given in their schools.

### Animals' Friend Calendar.

The Calendar is now ready and orders are being dealt with as rapidly as possible. Since the advertisements appeared last month we have been informed that new regulations as to Purchase Tax are to be enforced, as a result of which the cost to us will be increased by 3d. on every Calendar which we have printed.

As we have already advertised the Calendar at 1s. 3d. each, and many people have ordered copies and some have already been sold at this rate, we are not proposing to increase the price. If, however, anyone who has already purchased or ordered a Calendar would like to

help the Council further by sending the extra cost involved, i.e., 3d. per Calendar, we should be most grateful.

### The Animals' Fair.

This is to be held at the Caxton Hall on Friday and Saturday, December 4th and 5th. Several Societies have already announced their willingness to take a stall; it is hoped to organise a Brains Trust to answer questions on animals, and there will be other attractions, not the least of which, we hope, will be the refreshments balcony.

Gifts of every kind are required for the stalls and for the refreshments. Please send to the Secretary, N.C.A.W., 32, Queen's Avenue, only such things as are intended for the Council. Gifts for other societies should go to their Headquarters. Admission will be 1s. on both days, times of opening 10.30 a.m. to dusk.

LEONARD J. CATHER,

Hon. Secretary.

## Notes and Comments

### Singing with Mouth Full.

We have had two answers to the question put to our readers last month about the possibility of birds singing with their beaks full.

Miss M. L. Colbert writes about the blackbird who sang with a worm in its mouth:—

Opposite my bedroom window a pair of blackbirds have built their nest for the past three years; during the winter I feed them and they always come and sing a good-night song.

It was some time during the month of June I think, when Mr. and Mrs. Blackbird had their youngsters. I was looking out of the window when Mr. Blackbird flew on to a spile (wooden post) with a worm in his mouth; suddenly he began to sing; my astonishment was great and I looked round to see if another bird was singing; no, no other bird was in sight. On closer observation I noticed the rise and fall of the little throat: the song was not of long duration and not so clear as the usual song. He ceased as suddenly as he had started, rested a moment and then took the worm to the young birds. It may have been his delight after a spell of dry weather to have been able to find a worm, or it may have been the first worm his babies had had.

After all, why should not a bird sing with its mouth full; when I was very young I was told it was bad manners to speak with my mouth full. If I could do that, why not a bird?

Mrs. Boyer, the energetic secretary of the Deeside Animal Welfare Society, after giving an account of the tame tits, chaffinches and other birds who eat from her hand, says:—

Our blackbird has been seen with a beak load of five or more pine kernels, with perhaps one or two grubs, singing a few phrases on the bough of an apple tree before dropping down to the nest in a near-by hedge to feed his brood. This I have seen several times. I don't think if he were giving a star performance on the topmost twig of his favourite tree that he would dream of doing such a thing. Except when feeding young, a bird would not hold food in his mouth for any length of time. He would gobble it quickly. The leaf referred to in your paragraph was probably nesting material, and at the height of the breeding season birds are just bubbling over with song.

### Catholic Study Circle for Animal Welfare.

Mrs. Dixon Davies has sent us a notice of the Catholic Study Circle, which prints a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley giving his blessing and good wishes. Its aims are:—

To explore and collate Catholic teaching and tradition on the duty of caring for animals and to make these better known. Its aim is to review our relations with the creatures of God in the light of His Will and Purpose for them and us. To try to learn, from the teaching and customs of the Church, the Holy Scriptures, and the example of the Saints, how God would have us think of His creatures and treat them.

Prospective members (Catholics) should for the present write to the Acting Secretary, Miss B. V. Locock, 7, Campden Grove, London, W.8, enclosing subscription 2s. 6d.

### Vegetarian Recipes.

On page 203 will be found a few recipes which concluded Mrs. Lief's article on Diet and for which we had no space last month. These should be specially useful to those folk who are only just beginning a "less meat" diet and who may have to face a "no meat" regimen very soon, judging by Lord Woolton's recent warning that meat ships are fast ships which may be needed in the near future for something more urgent than transport of meat! How difficult it is for us vegetarians not to chuckle when we hear these things! Also when one reads:

"An ox eats as much as five men and requires five times as much land for his support."

"... animal husbandry, the raising of animals for human flesh food, is one of our most wasteful national enterprises."

"A hundred acres of average grass land produces food which would meet the requirements of twenty people. If the same hundred acres are subject to the plough, the food produced would meet the requirements of eighty people."

(From the Arnold F. Hills Memorial Lecture for 1929 by Rennie Smith, B.Sc., M.P.)

### Trade Union Rules for Donkeys.

We are very glad to know that the R.S.P.C.A. espoused the cause of the donkeys who were to be bought to give rides to children in municipal parks as part of the stay-at-home holiday scheme. A charter was drawn up by the Royal Society which gives the donkeys an eight-hour day, with Sunday off, and a lunch time break for food, water and unsaddling. We hope many such charters will be drawn up in the future for the many animal workers who do as much work as their human brothers and yet have no wages, no political rights, no trade unions.

### King's Cock Crower.

The English Court no longer boasts a King's Cock Crower, but formerly, from Ash Wednesday to Easter, it was the duty of such an official to crow the hours every night in the precincts of the Palace, in obvious allusion to the story of Peter's denial of Christ. George II, on the first Ash Wednesday he spent in this country, imperfectly acquainted with English language and customs, was startled when the crower entered his presence and imitated the cock's cry. Suspecting an insult, he sprang up to strike the crower, and was only with difficulty appeased. After that it was thought wiser to abandon the practice, but the King's Cock Crower found a salaried place in the Royal Household until 1822.

E. G. B.

### A Successful Bluff

The most successful bluffer I ever met was a tiny ground squirrel in Manitoba. He had been flushed out of the grass by a collie. Over the grass he flashed and in among some low vegetation. There he made trilling, whistling noises which seemed to spring from here, there, and everywhere. It sounded as though there were a dozen ground squirrels in that patch, and the poor old dog stood amazed, wondering which one to attack first. While Prince was making up his mind, the whistling stopped abruptly. The wonderful little ventriloquist had safely reached and descended a burrow. It was a superb bit of bluff on his part.

(From *Wild Animals at Home*. By Harper Cory, F.C.G.S. 7s. 6d.)

## The Story of "The Animals' Friend" and its Early Campaigns—Part 2

By JESSEY WADE.

### At York House.

When Messrs. Bell's firm moved to more spacious premises at York House we were able to expand our own special quarters, where I am sure many will remember the Editor's pleasant Saturday afternoon "At Homes," where we discussed freely and informally our problems, where speakers on special subjects kindly gave addresses, on one occasion the teachers' group greatly appreciating Mr. J. F. Gould, of the Moral Education League, who gave "A Model Lesson." There would be tea and exhibition tables of our latest leaflets, wall pictures, kindness cards, etc., and the Lending Library was freely open to all. As many as 50 members and guests would gather there and many offers of voluntary help resulted.

The children's magazine meanwhile was progressing well although we missed the pen of Miss Edith Carrington, whose failing health obliged her to retire. Her charming animal stories are still remembered.

Not to be outdone by the big ANIMALS' FRIEND, the "Little" became organisers of meetings and public entertainments, and first, in the name of "Black Beauty," the Holborn Town Hall was hired and someone told his story with the beautiful lantern slides. And at our next party we gathered a large audience and performed Mrs. Suckling's play, "The New Law Court." Mr. Bell, duly arrayed in correct legal robe and wig, took the part of the judge, while on another occasion, in scarlet gown and white, flowing beard, he was the "Old Father" in a little play for children, "Little Father Christmas."

What a helpful and willing "Chief" he was to work with! Never once did I know him refuse to back up any little project that seemed possible, but it was only because of such "backing" that my occasional castles in the air came to fulfilment.

### Performing Animals.

Amongst the bigger campaigns place must be given in this story to our long and arduous fight against all shows where trained animals were in the bill. A newly formed League (Performing and Captive Animals Defence) had been started, but was homeless. Mr. Bell took it in and put it on its feet. We had a

busy time, attending weekly advertised shows, making protests to managers, bill posting and what not. At least the League was the means of attracting so much attention that a Select Committee of Enquiry in the House of Commons was set up in 1922, for which we secured witnesses and much was revealed which shocked decent-minded people. But such are our slow progressive moves—it was not until April, 1926, that a "Regulation Bill" was passed finally and it gave less than half of what was wanted. One noble lord declared that "the Bill was the outcome of the visit of excitable women who formed themselves into bands to visit circuses, where they howled at the trainers of performing animals.

### "And Cats."

It seems strange that friends of animals waited so long before they set up any headquarters for these so often ill-used and neglected, harmless and necessary members of the feline race. The desire to raise their status became evident and the Cats Protection League, now so efficiently established at Slough, can claim as its nursery the office of the ANIMALS' FRIEND with the Editor as its Treasurer.

In course of time came another knock at Mr. Bell's hospitable door, the response to which was, "Come in and welcome," as usual. Then entered the group of people who wanted a special league for the suppression of *all* the cruel sport in vogue, from rabbit coursing to stag hunting. This movement was started and has since branched out under separate titles, and has been one of the hardest battles to fight.

Likewise the hard lot of the poor ponies in mines had to be dealt with at York House at the start, and to-day, under Mr. Jeffrey Williams' guidance, it continues to plead for their withdrawal from the mines.

### The First Animals' Fair.

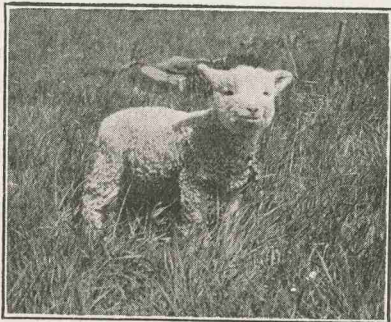
With these records of the long ago I think we should include the experiment made in 1920 of a United Societies Fair which has now become a hardy annual. The Animals' Friend Society and the Performing Animals Defence League together undertook its arrangements,

inviting co-operation from all the other societies working with similar aims. We must remember it happened some twenty years ago but the response was very satisfactory and it was pronounced a success.

Another ten years rolled on and by that time inevitable changes had to be met. Mr. Bell's long service to the animal cause had earned a respite and his first care for the future was to hand over *THE ANIMALS' FRIEND* magazine to the National Council for Animals' Welfare. No one could have been found more competent to become its new editor than Mr. Robert Spurrier. Both these good friends have now gone beyond, but there remains with us still the same opportunity of carrying on, thanks to their pioneer work, and we feel sure *THE ANIMALS' FRIEND* will go forward with increasing success, knowing that Mr. Bell would like us to keep in mind that—to quote his own words—"the magazine exists in the interests of animals only. It is their organ—to supply for them the advocate which they would demand if they could speak for themselves. That it has not existed in vain there has been ample evidence. Through it many who had never heard of the horrors of vivisection have become ardent workers for its abolition. More than one sportsman has been led to think and when humane thought once enters blood-sports are doomed. Others, again, have realised that the only consistent life for a true friend of animals is that of the abstainer from meat, and rather than be responsible for the evils to both men and animals inherent in butchery, they have adopted the non-flesh diet."

Maybe it is useful for us at times to take a look back over our shoulders at the past, with its failures and successes, so may we hope that in this case some of us at least can feel

"There is gladness in remembrance."



## Tess of the D'Urbervilles

*End of chapter 41.*

SHE heard a new, strange sound among the leaves. . . . Sometimes it was a palpitation, sometimes a flutter; sometimes it was a sort of gasp or gurgle. . . . Then she perceived what had been going on to disturb her. . . . Under the trees several pheasants lay about, their rich plumage dabbled with blood; some were dead, some feebly twitching a wing, some staring up at the sky, some pulsating quickly, some contorted, some stretched out—all of them writhing in agony, except the fortunate ones whose tortures had been ended during the night by the inability of nature to bear more. . . . The birds had been driven down into this corner the day before by some shooting party; and while those that had dropped dead under the shot, or had died before nightfall, had been searched for and been carried off, many badly wounded birds had escaped and hidden themselves away, or risen among the thick boughs, where they had maintained their position till they grew weaker with loss of blood in the night-time, when they had fallen one by one as she had heard them.

She had occasionally caught glimpses of these men in girlhood, looking over hedges or peering through bushes, and pointing their guns, strangely accoutred, a blood-thirsty light in their eyes. She had been told that, rough and brutal as they seemed just then, they were not like this all the year round, but were, in fact, quite civil persons save during certain weeks of autumn and winter, when, like the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, they ran amuck, and made it their purpose to destroy life—in this case harmless feathered creatures, brought into being by artificial means solely to gratify these propensities—at once so unmannerly and so unchivalrous towards their weaker fellows in nature's teeming family.

With the impulse of a soul who could feel for kindred sufferers as much as for herself, Tess's first thought was to put the still living birds out of their torture. . . . "Poor darlings—to suppose myself the most miserable being on earth in the sight o' such misery as yours!" she exclaimed, her tears running down as she killed the birds tenderly. . . . "I be not mangled, and I be not bleeding." . . .

THOMAS HARDY (1891.)

## Confessions of an Animal-Lover

By GEOFFREY H. BOWKER.

### Animals and the Occult.

MAN could not survive on this earth without the kind assistance of sub-human life. Sometimes I have thought that the animals may one day render a new and immensely valuable service to our lordly selves by helping us to penetrate into those as yet almost entirely unexplored regions which we describe as the occult.

Take the familiar but utterly mysterious "homing instinct." In the days when I was touring the country in my anti-vivisection caravan, I sometimes had a pretty convincing demonstration of it. After a journey of many leagues, it might happen that I pulled up the van in the market place of some town which neither I nor my dogs had ever seen before.

Stepping out to do a little necessary exploration of the place, I would naturally take my four-footed companions with me. Having strolled round for a quarter of an hour it would quite likely occur that I had lost my bearings in relation to the van's parking place. Did I need to ask the way? Not a bit of it. The slightest indication of my desire, and the dogs would guide me back to our mobile home—by the shortest route, which probably was not at all the one we had just traversed.

The cleverest scientist in the world cannot explain how animals do that kind of thing. One investigator asserts that if a bee is taken to a point 150 yards due north of its hive and then released, it at once flies southward. If, however, it is removed 150 yards due east of the hive and then freed, it again flies due south; but when it has covered 150 yards, it hesitates and circles round until it finds the hive—apparently by sight and sense.

If this elucidates the return journey of a bee from 150 yards, it throws no light whatever on migrating birds which have been proved to have flown halfway across the world and then come back the next year to the very same hedge-row. And the behaviour of my dogs as described above, if less sensational, is equally inexplicable.

\* \* \*

Calculating horses and dogs, of which there are quite a number on record, constitute another baffling mystery. On this matter two things can be said with certainty. First, that

in most of such cases there could be no legitimate suspicion whatever of human fraud. Secondly, that the explanation proffered by some people, to the effect that animals can be taught in a rational way to do complicated sums, is almost certainly nonsense.

Those who try to solve this particular puzzle might do well to remember that human idiots or semi-idiots are also occasionally to be met with who can do mental calculations which would completely flummox a trained mathematician.

Incidentally, let no one suppose there is anything super-normal in the pony at the circus who indicates numbers or letters by pawing the ground. An ex-clown obligingly explained to me how it is done—the trainer or ring-master whose hand is affectionately resting on the pony's neck is secretly pricking it with a short nail each time he requires a paw.

\* \* \*

Innumerable are the stories of animals gifted with the power to foresee and warn against impending danger.

I was recently told the following, with assurances of its truth. During those horrid weeks when a blitz began regularly in London every evening shortly after sunset, a certain family was accustomed to sup in peace and comfort, and then take refuge in the garden shelter as soon as Minnie moaned. The domestic dog entered into this arrangement, and always showed great solicitude in shepherding everyone to (comparative) safety.

But one night, instead of waiting until supper was concluded, the dog persisted in nuzzling and pawing the members of the family in turn—urging them just as plainly as words could have done to come along to the dugout without delay. This behaviour was so unusual and so persistent that at length it created alarm, and the move out to the shelter was hastily made.

Five minutes after they had quitted it the house was devastated by a pre-alert high-explosive bomb.

\* \* \*

Personally I am too sceptical of alleged psychic phenomena to have gained much first-hand experience of it. What I am about

to relate may have had no significance at all, though I must say it impressed me considerably at the time.

Twenty years ago, when I was beginning to hear, faintly and uncertainly at first, the call to devote the remainder of my life to animal welfare, I happened one summer evening to be walking meditatively down a grassy country lane.

A farm labourer, accompanied by a lad and leading a gart-horse, caught up with and passed me. The next moment the horse, for no apparent reason whatever, toppled over and rolled into the ditch at the roadside.

It lay still for a short space, then suddenly reared its head, and fixed its eyes in a prolonged and searching stare—not on the man or boy whom it knew, but on myself. Then it sank down again and instantly expired.

Probably it is the idlest of fancies, but at the time I felt it might be that this poor horse, in the moment of death, had prevision that I was to become an animal protection worker, and that his intent scrutiny sought to discover signs of my capability to lighten in some degree the intolerable burden of suffering man has inflicted on the equine race.

(Next month: "Our Parrot.")

## Lord Selborne's Parrot

From "The Star," Johannesburg, February 27th, 1942.

Lord Selborne, the former Governor of the Transvaal, who died yesterday in England, was a man with a marked religious sense.

He regularly held family prayers and on occasions would deliver addresses on religious subjects. His religious inclinations led to an incident one day when he returned home and found his daughters out. The favourite parrot had escaped and the young ladies had gone into Regent's Park to look for it.

His lordship found his daughters in the middle of a large crowd and with an open cage trying to coax "Polly" to come home. "Polly" apparently took a poor view of the plan and went through all her vocal performances up in the tree, much to the amusement of the onlookers.

The moment she espied her noble master, however, she cocked her head knowingly on one side, paused a moment, then ejaculated: "LET US PRAY."

THE PILGRIM.

## A Reminiscence by Garth.

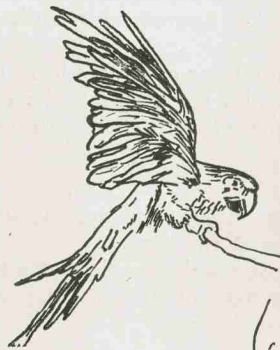
Parrots are knowing birds and live 100 years and more. One in Klerksdorp has seen the Dorp grow during the last 40 years, and always greets her old friends with a jocular remark. Lord Selborne had a favourite parrot: so did the writer, who went through the same experiences as his lordships' daughters. Garth's parrot was a small green one brought by his brother from one of his voyages to the Philippines or Java, to Bath, England, some 55 years ago. The parrot introduced the cake walk to the writer's home circle by accompanying her owner in his violin practices, taking jazz steps and bowing gracefully at the finish of her performance. In the garden, while her owner was reading, she would be on his shoulder, playfully nibbling his ear, and occasionally passing a remark.

But alas! one day she found that she could fly, and straightway did so, landing on the top of a pear tree at the bottom of the garden. Efforts to induce her to return to her cage were unavailing, and finally she took flight to a plantation of tall trees some distance from the house. To this plantation the cage was taken, and the owner went through some tree-climbing exercises that a young South African would have envied, and be prepared to emulate at any time. All in vain: Polly would not be cajoled. Night came and the writer had to accept the philosophy of Pepys.

Early next the morning the youth of the neighbourhood took a hand, but not on enticement lines. A marksman was amongst them, and a well-directed stone proved the end of poor Polly.

EDW. H. HOWARD, C.A. (S.A.),  
Hon. Secretary,

Klerksdorp, Transvaal,  
Branch of the S.P.C.A.



## The League Against Cruel Sports

Secretary: J. CLIFFORD SHARP, 239, Hurst Road, Sidcup, Kent.

### Hunting to Go On?

The attitude of the Government towards hunting is not clear. While it urges that all needless expenditure shall be cut out, it does not say hunting must stop. The excuse that it keeps down foxes has been completely exploded. But permission to start the fox-worrying season is confidently awaited.

Further evidence of the uneconomic and ineffective method of dealing with unwanted foxes in hunt-ridden districts is provided in reports of recent annual meetings of Hunts. For instance, the South Devon, "carrying on in the way recommended by the Masters of Foxhounds' Association," killed 59 foxes at a cost of £729. Can this be considered wise spending during a period of national emergency?

The Mendip Farmers' Hunt and the Crawley and Horsham Hunt killed 41 foxes on 53 hunting days and 40 foxes on 56 hunting days respectively, while the Taunton Vale Hunt only accounted for 26 foxes in 57 hunting days. These figures compare very unfavourably with those published by shooting parties, and reprinted in THE ANIMALS' FRIEND.

### Farmers Support Us.

Attention was drawn to this matter in a letter from the League to the Press in which readers were urged to bring pressure to bear on the Ministers concerned through M.P.s to prohibit hunting in the national interest. The letter appeared in fifty newspapers.

One Lincolnshire farmer wrote to us to say that for years he had dealt with foxes in a humane way without any "help(?) from the hunt." All the hunt did was to trample down his crops, leave gates open, make gaps in fences and terrify all farm animals. He added: "The majority of the farmers are behind you in your fight against this nuisance and cruelty."

As we write these notes, we learn that "the Hunt authorities are awaiting the permissive signal of the Government" to commence operations.

### The Meet.

There's great doings in the village at the dawning of the day,  
There's a hustle and a bustle at the inn.  
There are groups of men and horses getting ready for the fray,

And both men and beasts are anxious to begin.  
Oh, they make a pretty picture for Society magazines,  
With the horses and the hounds, and all their elegant array,  
And no doubt its very typical of English country scenes.  
But what can be behind all this theatrical display?  
These "ladies" and these "gentlemen" with hearts as hard as rocks,  
Are agog to see the life torn from a miserable fox!

HILDA LEE.

### The Future of Hunting.

The following remarks by J. A. Burgess, of Aldringham, Leiston, Suffolk, which appeared in *Horse and Hound* on September 11th, are interesting.

"It is possible that the women of the future will carry on with horses and hounds if they can find the money and the horses when this grim business is over, but the boys will most certainly have nothing to do with it. I have taught riding for many years, and I find boys are quite uninterested in anything but speed, and also that they are extremely nervous of horses, and prefer to do hair-raising stunts on a motor-bike rather than come within reach of a pony. I cannot explain this except that little girls and women find something very lovable in a horse or pony, and men and boys like good hard steel, paint, and a gallon of petrol best. . . . Personally I think this is the last flare-up of the horse, and that they will go for good when this war is over. There will, of course, be a few exceptions. Some of us will drop back out of the mad rush to live and be content to go slowly with our old friends along roads which perhaps will be ours again in time, which may be somewhat distant.

"As for pony clubs, do not let anyone set too much store on them as a firm basis for the continuation of hunting and riding. You cannot keep young people doing old-fashioned things in a modern world, and it is a very small percentage of England that has the opportunity of joining the Pony Club. Riding has been too expensive for Tom, Dick and Harry even to try it out, and it is they who are going to arrange the world in the future."



## Hats off to Ceylon's Water-Buffalo

By S. V. O. SOMANADER.

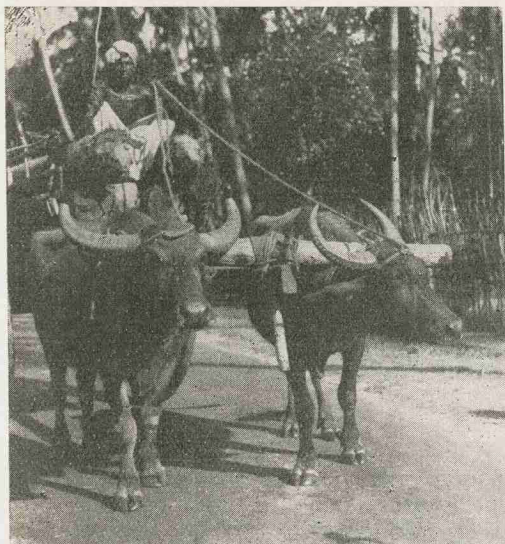


Photo by]

[S. V. O. Somanader.

*A pair of Buffaloes drawing a cart of coconut logs.*

TO the uninitiated and the ignorant, a buffalo is a buffalo, and nothing more. To not a few, even in this small island, the poor animal connotes everything that is ferocious or brutal, while there are so many others who think of it as a lazy, lumbering brute, or a silly, stupid beast.

A little reflection, however, will show that, on the other hand, it is a very intelligent animal—and very useful too. In fact, it can be regarded as a *sine qua non* in the life of the villager in Ceylon. And yet, how many there are who shun it, or treat it cruelly by working it too hard and injuring its hide by beating it with a rough stick, or hurt it when it trespasses into a field, or underfeed it in spite of the hard work it does! There is no justification whatsoever for this inhuman treatment, especially when we realise that, if well trained and carefully looked after, it can be turned to good use. Let us consider its various uses.

First of all, it is of great service to the sportsman. Forming a screen between the hunter and the hunted, it will shrewdly pretend to graze here and there, and ultimately take the hunter right up to his quarry, be it a rogue

elephant which kills people and damages paddy fields, or a leopard which lifts cattle. And, before or after an exciting hunt, a fully-trained beast will even allow the marksman to rest his gun on its flank, while he enjoys a quiet betel-chew alongside the thick jungle.

It is also a faithful animal; for if the quarry, say a tusked wild boar, happens to charge the stalking shikari, the buffalo has been known to receive the charge full on its horns, and thus save human life. Also, at times, though the practice is not so common in this country, it gives the tired traveller a ride on its back.

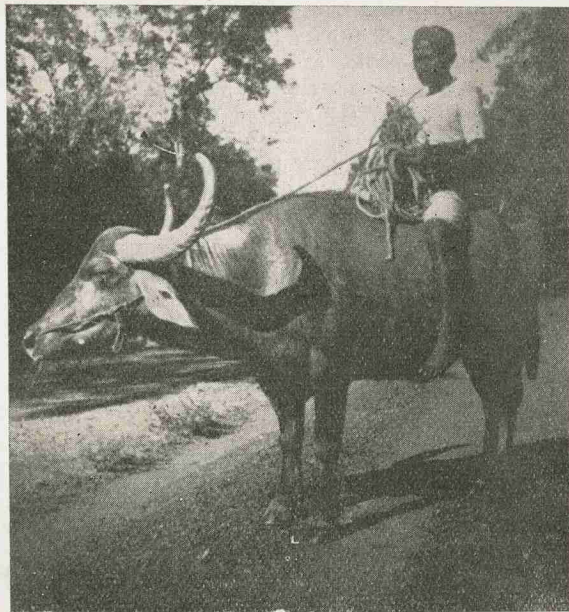


Photo by]

[S. V. O. Somanader

*Fatigued with travel the villager is riding home on the buffalo's back along the lonely forest road.*

Not infrequently, trained buffaloes are used as decoys to capture, conduct, and tame a wild buffalo which is caught in the forest to be trained for agricultural work. The ingenuity they show in this dangerous art is nothing short of amazing.

Then, to the rural agriculturist, the yeoman service the buffalo renders is incalculable. It ploughs his field, it tramples or puddles the clayey soil soaked by the monsoon rains, and

it threshes his harvested grain (paddy) to the music of the peasant's songs. But these are not all. For when yoked to the cart, a pair of them can be used as draught animals for heavy work. And, in forest districts, it is a sort of caravan animal which carries, on its ample back, sacks and sacks of wood-apples, lime fruits, honey or other forest produce which are bartered for cloth, rice, salt, tobacco, and other necessities sold at country fairs or village bazaars.

Even when slaughtered it is very useful; for, apart from its meat which is used as food chiefly by Moslem folks, its hide is used in making footwear, its hoofs for preparing glue, and its horns for the manufacture of knife-handles and combs in the village itself. And so many times I have found the skeleton of a buffalo's head with the horns mounted in the paddy-fields as a sort of "scarecrow" device to frighten away intruding beasts and birds which come to spirit away the toiling farmer's ripening grain.

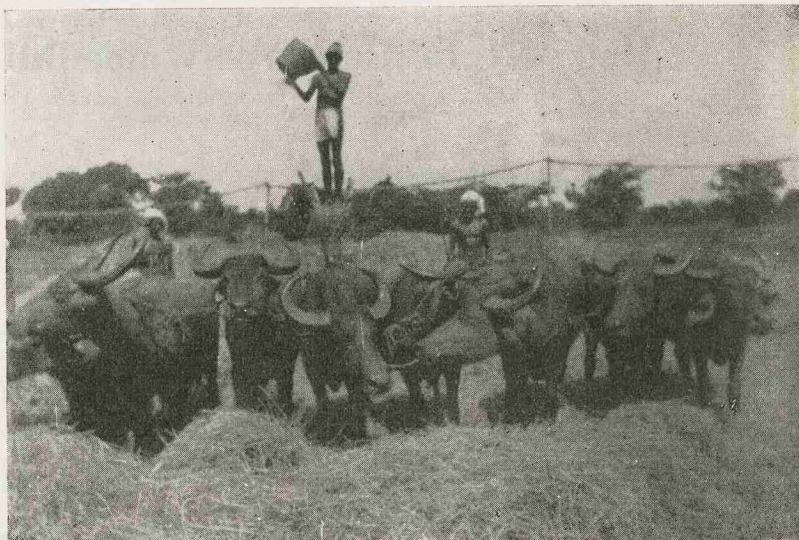


Photo by]

[S. V. O. Somanader.

Although buffalo milk is not in great demand as food, it is converted into ghee (a kind of rancid butter) and curd, both of which enter largely into the dietary of the village family.

In the face of all these benefits which the buffalo confers upon its owner, and the faithful duties which it renders, who will deny that this animal is not a stupid, unintelligent, indolent creature which runs to the water at the slightest pretext, or a ferocious beast unworthy of kindly treatment?

On the other hand, it is man's invaluable ally, and without its help, he will fare very poorly indeed. That is why this useful and resourceful beast should at once claim our great admiration and loving attention. If we cannot give such a worthy animal a square deal, then we are not "animal friends"—and we are not MEN.



Photo by]

[S. V. O. Somanader.

*A team of buffaloes puddling the rain-soaked soil prior to the sowing.*

## Wisdom in Eating

By STELLA LIEF

### Cabbage Soup or Garbure Gratinée.

*A substantial and delicious French soup.*

- 1 cabbage.
- 2 sliced carrots.
- 3 ounces of margarine or nut fat.
- Brown bread crumbs.
- 1 quart of water or vegetable stock.
- Grated cheese.
- 1 sliced onion.
- 1 bunch of herbs.

Coarsely cut up the cabbage and cook it in the water or stock with the vegetables and herbs. Drain roughly, saving the stock.

Take the crumbs and soak in a little of the stock, and mix with some of the grated cheese.

Into a casserole put first a layer of the vegetables, a sprinkling of grated cheese and pieces of butter, and then a layer of the crumbs.

Continue until the casserole is full, finishing with a layer of vegetables.

Sprinkle with cheese, dot with butter and brown in the oven.

Serve the stock separately.

### Potato and Watercress Soup.

- 3 potatoes.
- 2 bunches of watercress.
- 2 cups of hot milk.
- 1 ounce of butter or margarine.
- Salt.

Cook the potatoes and drain, saving the water. Mash them and add 3 cups of the water.

Chop the watercress finely and add it with the milk. Season with the butter and a little salt. Serve with brown toast.

### A Perfect Salad.

- 2 or 3 lettuces.
- 1 grated *raw* carrot.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  grated *raw* beetroot.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  grated *raw* turnip.
- 1 grated, washed, unpeeled apple.
- 3 unpeeled tomatoes.

A little sliced, unpeeled cucumber.

- Watercress.
- Endive.
- Spring onions.
- A few radishes.

Line a salad bowl with large lettuce leaves. Mix the grated ingredients together and arrange over the lettuce.

Cut the tomatoes into pieces and the onions into rings and mix with the cucumber and watercress. Arrange in the bowl and cover with a thick layer of lettuce.

Decorate with feathery pieces of endive and watercress and dot with small, firm radishes. Serve with grated cheese.

*Note.*—It is not essential to have all the above ingredients, but the grated carrot and apple should always be included in a salad like this.

### Cabbage and Radish Salad.

- 1 cabbage heart.
- Radishes.
- Chopped onion.

Shred the cabbage finely and mix it with the chopped onion. Decorate with small firm, radishes and serve with grated cheese.

### Beans (French or Kidney) à la Poulette.

- $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of beans.
- 1 ounce of butter or margarine.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of milk.
- 1 egg yolk.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.
- 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice if obtainable.

Steam the beans. Heat the butter in a pan and add the beans, tossing them gently in the butter.

Beat the yolk with the milk and add to the beans. Stir in the juice and the cheese. Shake for a few minutes and serve.

### American Cabbage.

- 1 cabbage (about 2 pounds).
- 2 onions.
- 2 tart apples.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of margarine.
- Salt.

Finely shred the cabbage. Melt the fat in a pan and add the cabbage, the peeled and chopped apples, the chopped onions and salt. Cover closely without any water and cook for about an hour, shaking occasionally.

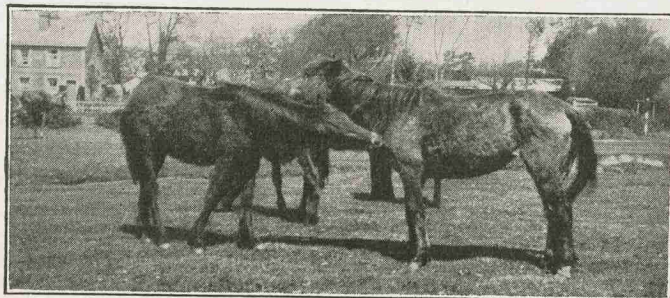
### French Baked Apples.

- Apples.
- Sugar.
- Small rounds of buttered brown bread.
- Butter or margarine.

Butter a casserole and cover the bottom with the rounds of bread. Core the apples and stand one on each piece of bread.

Fill the apples with sugar and place a piece of margarine on each.

Roast in a quick oven until the apples are soft. Serve at once.



*New Forest  
Ponies.  
Vegetarians All.*

## From Onlooker's Note Book

WORLD DAY FOR ANIMALS—OCTOBER 4th.

The Day dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi.

### Thought—Word—Deed.

*"It is by our untiring interest in, and practical support of all that makes for the well-being of those addresses by our Patron, Francis of Assisi, as 'our little brothers and sisters,' that World Day for Animals will hasten the time when the rights of animals will be recognised everywhere."*

CHARLES A. WESTACOTT.

### Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892).

Died October 6th.

"The death of Tennyson was worthy of his life," wrote Stopford Brooke, going on to say: "He died with the simplicity which marked his life, and yet with a certain conscious stateliness which was all his own; and these two, simplicity and stateliness, were also vital in the texture of his poetry. But his dying hour, though it has left a noble picture on the mind of England, is not the important thing. His life and poetry are the real matter of use and interest, and its death gains its best import from its being the beautiful end of all the work that had gone before it."

Here is what the one-time Poet Laureate had to say regarding the horrors of Vivisection, the extract below being from "In the Children's Hospital."

"I could think he was one of those who would  
break their jests on the dead,  
And mangle the living dog that had loved  
him and fawned at his knee  
Drenched with the hellish ooral—  
that ever such things should be!"

### A Cat's Retreat.

Glancing through *My Own Times*, by Lady Dorothy Nevill, I encountered this on page 59:

"There formerly existed at Florence a curious house of refuge for cats in a cloister at the side of the Church of St. Lorenzo. One had only to go there to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoiseshells, blacks, whites, greys, and every other colour usual to the race of cats. There might be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding into youth—Angoras and Persians as well as the common species: in short, every variety of cat was plentiful in that unique institution."

### Extract from "The Animals' Guardian," May, 1909.

A friend of the famous eye-specialist, Charles Bell Taylor, wrote of him: "He always said the truest worship of God was shown by our love for all living creatures; and what he felt about animals he felt also about human beings. . . . On going over his private papers with his executors I came across this quotation from a Calendar:—

"Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.' That was his keynote. . . . He was considerate of even the flies, and used to say this piece of rhyme when I complained of them at the dinner table. He cut it out of the *Globe* newspaper one summer, and it struck him very much:

"'Busy, curious thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I.  
Thou art welcome to my cup,  
Tho' thou sip, and sip it up.  
Thine a summer, mine three-score,  
When it's gone it is no more;  
Make the most of life you may—  
Life is short and wears away.'"

### Thought for the Month.

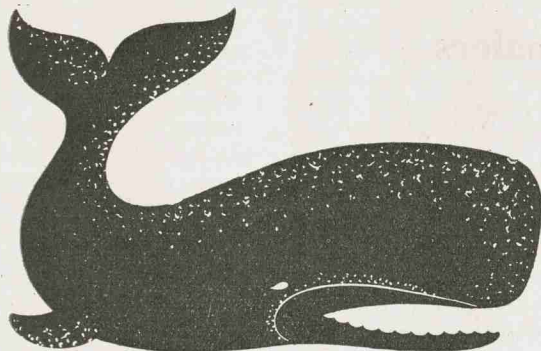
GRACE HAWKINS (1880-1940), died October 4th. The Founder of the United Humanitarian League, was firmly of opinion that

"The endeavour to justify the perpetration of immeasurable agony upon an almost incredible and ever-increasing number of sentient fellow-creatures by the declaration that the physical benefit of humanity is the object of such atrocious practices is an insult to humanity."

ONLOOKER.

### FORM OF BEQUEST.

I do hereby leave and bequeath to the National Council for Animals' Welfare, whose address is or was at 32, Queen's Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.10, for the use and purposes of the said Society, the Sum of.....Pounds Sterling free of Legacy Duty; and the receipt of the Treasurer of the said Society shall be a good and valid discharge to my Executors, etc.



## Whales

By EDMUND G. BARLOW.

"Even the sea-monsters draw out the breast, they give suck to their young ones."—*Lam.* iv, 3.

### Backscratcher.

A whale had been playing about not far from us all the afternoon. I had the first watch that night, and was talking to the Captain on the poop about 9 p.m., when suddenly the ship shook and vibrated as though we were ashore. We were both, for the moment, slightly startled, and exclaimed, "Whatever is that?" The next moment our friend the whale appeared blowing about a ship's length on the port side. "Why!" I said. "it must be that whale!" "Yes," answered the Captain, "he's scratching the barnacles off his back; they do that sometimes!" "There he goes again!" and sure enough the ship shook as before; the monster repeated it several times before he disappeared.—*Leaves from an Unwritten Log-Book, Walter H. Parker.*

### Singular Intelligence.

They rose up through the clefts they had made to see what was happening—an awful sight with "their small glistening eyes, and their terrible array of teeth—by far the largest and most terrifying in the world." . . . It was a revelation to Scott, he wrote, that these creatures could break up ice at least two-and-a-half feet thick, "and that they could act in unison. . . . It is clear that they are endowed with singular intelligence and in future we shall treat that intelligence with every

respect."—*With Scott to the Pole, Howard Marshall.*

### The Whale.

Wouldn't you like to be a whale  
And sail serenely by,  
An eighty-foot whale from your tip to  
your tail  
And a tiny, briny eye?  
Wouldn't you like to wallow  
Where nobody says: "Come out!"  
Wouldn't you love to swallow  
And blow all the brine about?  
Wouldn't you like to be always clean  
But never to have to wash, I mean,  
And wouldn't you love to spout  
Oh—yes—just—think—  
A feather of spray as you sail away  
And rise and sink and rise and sink  
And blow all the brine about?

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

### Disney's Deer Hunt.

Walt Disney introduces a deer hunt with hounds in his new creation, "Bambi," the life-story of a forest deer, which came to the New Gallery Cinema, Regent Street, London, on August 9th. The film is acclaimed as Disney's best ever, and one critic stated that sportsmen who see it will never want to hunt a deer again.

### Man the Invisible Enemy.

A. E. Wilson's Show Parade which appeared in *The Star* of August 8th, 1942, contained these interesting details with regard to Walt Disney's last full-length film, "Bambi."

"No human being appears in the picture, though Man is the invisible enemy of these entertaining forest creatures, who speak and behave like humans without losing a whit of their animal characteristics.

"Here are the new creations of Disney's fertile invention—Bambi, the graceful deer who is the young prince of the forest; Faline, his sweetheart; Thumper, the cheery rabbit who is his friend and tutor in the ways of forest life; the senile Owl who is friendly in spite of his hoarse-voiced stagginess; Flower, the little skunk, and the noble stag who is King of the Forest until it is time for Bambi to take his place.

"This is Bambi's life story from timid babyhood, when his efforts to walk arouse the laughter of the forest, the story of his education, and of his courtship. He exists in a world of wonder and continual surprise."

## Animalers

By CHARLES A. WESTACOTT.

*"Animals as models are the best sitters;  
they do not pose."*

FRANÇOIS POMPON.



**T**HE Goatherd's Daughter—the defender of the defenceless—which adorns the rose garden in Regent's Park, should be familiar to all readers of *THE ANIMALS' FRIEND*, for the National Council for Animals' Welfare was responsible for securing Mr. Hartwell's beautiful piece of statuary.

Charles Leonard Hartwell is one of a small band of creative sculptors who may be called Animalers. A small bronze at the Tate Gallery depicting two elephants with their trunks intertwined is also the work of this artist.

Arnid Johnston, born in Sweden in 1895, studied at Slade, 1914-1921, and had a remarkable specimen of her work in the playground of Walden House, Pimlico—a group in Portland stone of children playing, with animals upon the base. This effort took four years to complete. Other works in relief include Cats on a Chimney Cowl, Squirrels and Horses resting.

Edith Barrett Parsons' interests take a humorous form of children and animals, such as ducks and frogs suitable for garden pieces and ornamental work. Her "Duck Baby" fountain, exhibited at the Pan-Pacific Exposition was most successful, many copies being

demanding, the delightful "Goose Girl" shown at the Metropolitan Museum of New York being another triumph.

Elsie Henderson (de Condenvove) is always concerned with animal forms and has made many accomplished drawings, and carved studies in artificial stone. "Lions" and "Deer" have been produced in this way, her process being to build roughly, then hard cut to final form.

There are few fine animal sculptors in the world, and of those who represent wild animals as in life W. Robert Colton is one. Born in Paris, 1867, his Drinking Fountain can be seen in Hyde Park and he also was responsible for the life-size "Tiger," done at Mysore, which, observed in its wild state, exhibits a superb sense of strength in action.

A. Phimister Proctor is certainly another, being represented by his "Tigers" for the entrance to the estate of Mr. H. L. Pratt, of Long Island. "Stalking Panther"—a presentation of the stealth of the animal, "Standing Puma" and "Prowling Panther" are to be viewed in the National Gallery of Canada.

Grace Mott Johnson, born 1882, is a direct carver in stone and plaster, having exhibited since 1908 in the principal art centres of America. She has been attached to animals all her life and has created a number of coloured plaster reliefs, panels and plaques of animal subjects. She has studied animal life in gardens and farms as well as in their wild, natural conditions.

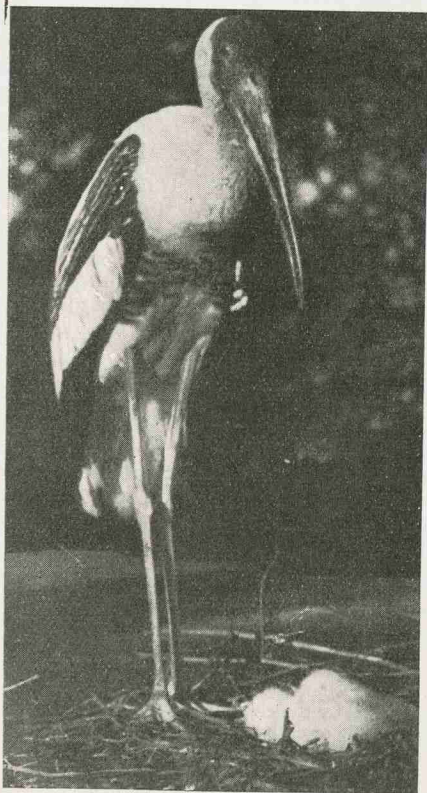
Jeanne Piffard, born in Paris in 1892, is a consummate artist, adhering to her carving technique, an example of which is an exquisite model of an Orpington cock made direct from life.

Those of us who have visited the Musee du Luxembourg, Paris, need hardly be reminded of two conspicuous works: Prosper Lecourtier's "Great Dane suckling her pups"—a very lifelike representation of maternal love, and Victor Peter's "Bear Cubs at play" a work full of humour.

Mateo Hernandez, the Spanish sculptor, who lived and worked in Paris, was a naturalist and a real student of animal life, being unconven-

tional and existing as simply as any working-man. Among his works: Ruffled moufflon—wild Corsican sheep in the form of a bas-relief in stone; a frieze of lions, a lioness, two vultures, a condor and a panther—in black granite. In the Paris (1925) International Exhibition of Decorative Arts there were on view:—Black Java panther in diorite and sea-lions in black granite which were exhibited as garden ornaments at the Spanish Pavilion. At our own Royal Academy an exhibit of his took the form of an enraged panther in black granite.

François Pompon, born near Dijon in 1855, is a direct carver *par excellence*, carving direct from life on to the chosen material. He can evoke as well as any man the smaller forms of animal life—the mole from granite, the ducks made into a stone vase: the Poule, the Canard and the Jeune Oie. Pompon has declared that “Animals as models are the best sitters; as they do not pose.”



## Epitaph for a Pet's Cemetery

By Lord SHERBROOKE (R. LOWE).

*Soft lie the turf on these who find their rest  
Upon our common Mother's ample breast.  
Unstained by meanness, avarice and pride,  
They never cheated and they never lied.  
No gluttonous excess their slumbers broke,  
No burning alcohol nor stifling smoke;  
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace;  
They ran, but never betted on a race.  
Content with harmless sports and temperate  
food,  
Boundless in love and faith and gratitude.  
Happy the man, if there be any such,  
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.*  
From *Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill.*

### BIRD PROVERBS AND SAYINGS

1. As proud as a peacock.
2. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
3. Fine feathers make fine birds.
4. The early bird catches the worm.
5. A caged bird never sings.
6. One swallow does not make a summer.
7. You cannot catch old birds with chaff.
8. Birds of a feather flock together.
9. The cuckoo in the nest.
10. Eye like a hawk.
11. A little bird told me.
12. Up with the lark.
13. Chatter like a magpie.
14. Sings like a nightingale.
15. Little birds in their nest agree.
16. As the crow flies.
17. As black as a crow.
18. As bald as a coot.
19. As wise as an owl.
20. Cock of the walk.
21. To be henpecked.
22. Chicken-hearted.
23. Chickens come home to roost.
24. Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.
25. As green as a gosling.
26. Could not say boo to a goose.
27. Do not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.
28. A wild goose chase.
29. Like water off a duck's back.
30. As plump as a partridge.

E. G. B.

## Is the Vermin-Gibbet justified in a Democratic Country?

By ERIC HARDY, F.Z.S.

IN Mr. H. E. Bates' book *Through the Woods* he has a chapter entitled "The Villain," in which he pours forth all his wrath against the gamekeeper whom, he says, "is at once killer and preserver, at once guardian and thief. . . . I hate one keeper as much as another," he adds, and gives us a lot of information which suggests that he has a very limited experience of gamekeepers and their woods. Now if only Mr. Bates had substituted game-preserver for game-keeper, and gone to the hall instead of the bothy, a lot of his remarks might have been justified, and this applies to very many people who write and talk about the countryside.

All who are interested in the countryside and its bird life are very much annoyed to see the strings of all sorts of birds hung out upon the gamekeepers' gibbet as "vermin" and those who have more intimate contact with the country are annoyed at the number of rarer birds which are shot and buried to keep them out of the sight of people who know there is a law against shooting such things. But the gamekeeper is the paid servant of a much more selfish master who orders him to shoot these things for a very small wage—or . . . ! Most gamekeepers are jolly decent people to know, and very big-hearted and generous. They give us access to their woods when they know they can trust us not to start fires or to break young saplings, nor to disturb pheasant nests. It is the views of their masters with which I disagree, especially in wartime.

It is against the law to rear pheasants artificially in wartime, but I came across one or two estates where efforts were being made to feed wild pheasants to keep them in a wood for shooting. I have been thinking a lot lately if this business of game preservation fits very well into our ideas of democracy. You see the vermin gibbet in so many woods, and you see so much on that gibbet which has no right to be there by all the laws of democracy. Even if we condone the rearing of abnormally large numbers of game birds—far more than Nature's balance would permit for the local food supply—and the shooting of direct agri-

cultural pests like wood-pigeons, house-sparrows and carrion-crows—there is no scientific justification for shooting the barn-owl, the tawny owl, the little owl, the hedgehog, the badger, the kestrel and many more birds. I've seen over 200 head of bird and beasts on one Cheshire gibbet alone. The irony of the fact is that there is no scientific justification for preserving the pheasant or the partridge in wartime!

We've often been told in defence of game preservation that pheasants and partridge eat so many insect pests that they are friends of the farmers. The truth is that both these birds are vermin to our food-growing effort and there is plenty of scientific evidence to show that by far the bulk of their diet is grain and green stuff, and those quoted cases of insect food form only a minority of their diet. The diet of the persecuted rook is far more useful to the farmer than is the diet of the partridge, which is nearly as bad as that of the wood-pigeon. I gave a lot of evidence to show this in a recent article on "Birds and Agriculture" in the *Quarterly Review*. We must look beyond the narrow limits of our local shooting syndicate or a private estate to the needs of a nation of more than 40,000,000 people which can grow only less than half its food and needs every effort to grow more. Sparrow plagues are the direct result of destroying sparrow-hawks and other birds of prey that were the natural check on their increase, just as rabbits and rats increased to plague numbers in England when game preservation reduced foxes, polecats and stoats, and field-mice increase through the destruction of their natural enemies, the weasel and the short-eared owl.

### Sport or Food—Which?

Feudalism still exists in rural England. The choice is between sport and food. Fox-hunting, with the artificial breeding of foxes that they may be hunted and tortured, as the Poet Laureate has described it in the finest of his poems, is so cruel and silly that its continued toleration is amazing. As I know from my own observation, the hunting as well as the shooting, so cherished by the rich, means the destruction of food that might be eaten by the poor. The fox works havoc among the poultry and the hunter damages the crops. (Sidney Dark in "The Land for the People.")



## The Scottish Society for the Prevention of Vivisection

*Hon. Secretary:* MISS IVORY (to whom all communications should be addressed).

*Offices:* EDINBURGH—10, QUEENSFERRY STREET. GLASGOW—147, BATH STREET.

*From "The Kingston Chronicle." To a Correspondent.*

Diogenes, asked the proper time for supper, replied, "If you are rich—when you wish; if poor, when you can."

**W**E do not believe there is any "cure" in the sense you imply. Disease is usually built up by prolonged enervating habits. Cure can occur only after all causes have been removed.

Admittedly we have had great success with patients suffering over long periods of time in the way you describe, but we cannot possibly say what could be done for your friend without first making a personal and full examination. But you may as well learn the truth now: *We do not cure any disease.*

One of our patients recently remarked, "Kingston is truly a College of Health: I have learned more here in three weeks than in seven years of home study." That is really what we are attempting to do. We are trying to teach our patients HOW.

By all means you can ask your friend to rest and fast for a few days. So long as he desists from food and drugs and worry it should help his tissues to throw off the accumulated toxins. Psychological help and manipulative adjustment should also both prove helpful but if he is to obtain any real and lasting benefit from the experiment it will be essential for him to adopt a more rational plan of living in the future. If this is done the restored health should be maintained so long as he does not return to the fleshpots.

Unfortunately, "Habit, once in the saddle, rides roughshod over resolutions," and he will probably have a stiff fight against his tobacco, coffee, etc., for some weeks. My advice is to tell him not to temporise. After the fast he should start as he intends to carry on. As to whether the Kingston plan is suitable in all cases, here again we are at cross purposes although that is a little difficult to explain. We believe we can handle *patients* but not cases. Everything hinges upon a solution of individual difficulties, whether these be habits, spinal lesions, or psychological maladjustments.

No two cases are ever quite alike, however similar may be the symptoms.

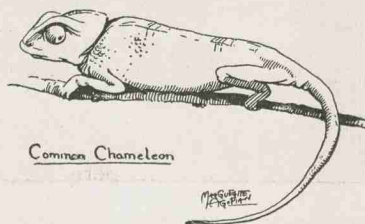
We believe that if, after readjustment, all debilitating habits are stopped and a constructive regimen of living is followed, health will return in the vast majority of cases—and astonishingly quickly even in the most desperately ill people. But always the patient must do the work and in the end he must take charge of his own case. We cannot live his life for him.

Above all, we do not think that health can be bought in the form of drugs or capsules of synthetic vitamins or organ-extract injections or disease serums. Admittedly by such means relief may be obtained but invariably it is at the expense of "the larger purpose"; habits may be formed and even life itself may be lost. Nothing you can buy takes the place of self control.

Finally, for all who are ill, it is certainly better to think of health than to worry about disease, but here, too, there are difficulties. The most excellent advice in this respect has been put in these words: "Get health and then forget it." Worry about germs and allergies and lowered resistance will get you nowhere.

Indeed, as I see it, this belief in separate "diseases" each with its own special "cure" is probably the most damaging superstition of our times.

We believe that if any patient will change over to wholesome living, disease will fall from him like a mantle. *Any* disease can be cured, so long as toxic excess has not too badly damaged or destroyed some vital organ.



Common Chameleon

**My Friend the Horse.**

It is believed that the following "Prayer of a Horse" was written by an actor.

"To Thee, my master.

"I offer my prayer. Feed me, water, and care for me, and when the day's work is done provide me with a shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going uphill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you mean, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding see if something is wrong with my harness or feet. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defence against flies by cutting off my tail. Finally, oh my master, when my youthful strength is done do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured or starved to death, but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God shall reward you here and hereafter. You may not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him Who was born in a stable."

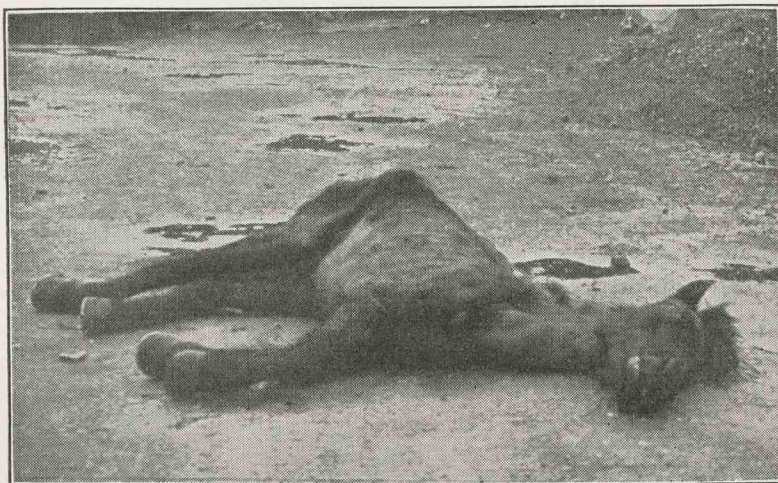
**The Law and Birds.**

Eric Hardy, in his book *The Birds of the Liverpool Area* (T. Buncle & Co., Arbroath, 8s. 6d.), makes this reference to the bird Orders for Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales and where they need reforms: "The old and inadequate North Wales Orders have not been brought up to date despite frequent requests, and if the people who framed them had been practical enough to say exactly what they meant and give the birds their proper names instead of often vague and generalised popular nicknames, it might be possible to work the Orders. The law was never more of an ass than where wild birds are concerned. We have often seen kestrels and tawny owls on Cheshire gibbets, even on the estates of J.P.s, and pole-traps were still used in the area up to the time of the war. We hope the post-war years will see a general unification of the wild bird Orders into a simple, workable list drawn up by people who can produce results instead of red tape." The kestrel and the tawny owl are on the list scheduled for special protection in Cheshire, and the Denbighshire and Carnarvonshire county bird Orders were drawn up in 1911 and 1905 respectively, with slight amendments in 1921.

**BELFAST AND NORTHERN IRELAND WORN-OUT HORSE FUND**

*President:* CAPTAIN KER, D.L.

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