SMITHFIELD SHOT.

Just about everything that grunts, moos, lows or bellews is at Earl's Court London, where the fifth post-war Smithfield Show is under way. A cross between an overgrown sheep dog and a hat-mack are the Highland cattle. This Devon Steer, called "Climsland Toby" is entered by Prince Charles who wins a second and third prise in the classes for this bredd. On now to the sheep. About twelve hundred animals are on shew, all a fine tribute to the skill of Britain's farmers. These are South Devons.

While the sheep are having the wool pulled over their own eyes. Experts from Britain, and America's top judge of animals, select the prise-winners from what they describe as "one of the best Smithfield Shows ever held"

The machine-age moves into mother pig's province - not that her effspring even notice the difference, except that it's not quite so crowded.

New machines and gadgets for the farm occupy nearly 400 stands, but cartoonist Emmett seems to have thought up something that does away with them all; a vast complocated machine which does everything from digging spuds and baling hay, to filling in the thousand and one Government forms that keep farmers out of their feather beds at night.