

BRITAIN'S SHOW SEASON OPENS.

The finest livestock in the country reaches Cardiff, to compete in agriculture's greatest show ...The Bath and West. The grime of the journey is washed away. Water is plentiful... too plentiful in fact, for though most farmers have been crying out for rain, those who exhibit in the show, find little joy in wading through a deluge which could only please a post-war brewer.

Even in fine weather showing a pedigree beast entails a lot of work. In bad weather like this, exhibitors face more than a full time job. Washing, combing and brushing goes on the whole day through.

Clippers come out a score of times for the last minute trim ... and finally there's the powdering.

The show is on. A magnificent team of draught horses thunders over the squelching turf of Pentecost Fields. Observers are few. Mr. Skinsell is there, sampling Welsh air after the Yorkshire breezes. But to the exhibitors, this is the moment, for the beasts which are paraded before the rain-soaked judges carry the hopes and fortunes of Britain's stock breeders.

Whatever the type of animal, every one is the result of generations of careful grading and selection. Not the product of a year or two, but the climax of a lifetime's work with herds established thirty and forty years ago.

It's the Grand Prix of the live-stock world and to the winner of a special prize it's a hard won journey's end.