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PATHE GAZETTE: 42/47. (DUBLIN)

LONDON SHEEP CAST CLOUTS

Bearing in mind that they should not cast a clout until May is out, the sheep in London's Hyde Park keep a June date for the shearing. Their heavy winter coats are a little cumbersome in the hot spells. A wealth of wool from town bred sheep and many of them have never been outside the capital. A Landgirl helps with the operation, holding a sheep for shearing is no job for the novice. The sheep doesn't know that he is about to get a load off his chest. So the electric shears get busy blazing a trail through the woolly depths of the bleater's coat. The wool curls away smoothly in the path of the gleaming blade. Ride him cowboy, it may not be elegant, but you don't stand on ceremony with a struggling sheep. It won't be long now, and there he goes without a stitch. Another fine harvest of wool has been gathered, not from the wide open spaces but from the little green strip between the grey buildings of London's West End. That's not the end of the tale, but this is. The tail wool is twisted into the coat to give it a handsome finish. Bare, bare, black-sheep, have you any wool, and aren't they pleased to be rid of it.