

## TALES OF SHIKAR

Mr. Editor,

In these *shikar* yarns, it is difficult to avoid the capital 'I'. It is easier to tell a tale thus. I have used algebraical expression to denote persons. It is not my object to flatter or offend persons. There are several in harness still who will bear me out. This is why, I wish our readers to read these early tales before they become grand mother's tale.

M. F. C.

*Shikar Friends*

It is hard to confess but I am at the end of my tether. I had better unburden and call it a day. I regret there is no nobler name for that ancient form of sport than poaching but that is how some of us learnt our first lessons in *shikar*, B, C, and I. Way back in 1930 and thereabouts, game was plenty everywhere. Shooting in the reserve was not at all necessary. But for tigers one had to seek them in reserves. So when I say *shikar* or hunting, I only mean the carnivora, notably the tiger.

The tiger in those far off days was more or less a royal game preserved for the D.F.Os. and permitting Rangers to shoot a tiger was altogether out of question. But I must state here and now that in my experience of 28 years service, we had only two D.F.Os. who ungrudgingly allowed deserving Rangers to shoot cattle lifters if they liked to. They even encouraged them. The one I shall call M and the other T. But such exceptions were rare and rather proved the rule. Then there was a D.F.O. who reserved the tigers for the princely order of India and rich foreign visitors. Even his Gazetted Assistants could not shoot them.

It is strange that our bag of tigers under M and T was the minimum of our hunting career and maximum under the unnamed D.F.O. in spite of his vigilance. Under the latter one of us shot 5 tigers in a single year. Needless to say, the conventional *machans* and beats were out of question. One had to be a lone wolf and it was a one man's job with one or two trusted aboriginal friends. The shooting, of necessity, had to be from the ground. When I visited the tract some ten years after he was still affectionately remembered by his Korku friends. But let me tell you something about my friend B.

B was one of the best rifle shots I have ever seen and I have seen some shooting in my life. Comparison would be futile but in my opinion B would equal the best any where. My friend C ran a close second but second to B alone. B was very fast. C seemed to take aim. Both were deadly. As for me, I remained an indifferent shot to the end of my days.

B shot much that was game and some that wasn't game. He brought down vultures from incredible heights. I have seen him annihilate a sounder of six pigs crossing a field in Berar at a gallop. We were once within a hundred and fifty yards of a herd of black bucks standing in grass. As they rose in the air, as if on springs, B shot one in mid air and as they ran across with a speed only they can attain he brought about another spectacular shot by shooting one more. If any one were to raise his eye-brows in doubt I shall refer him to a very senior Conservator still serving in this State who had seen B perform similar feats with his rifle if only at a longer range.

I first met B and C in the second year of my service. By that time I had seen 4 tigers shot by other sportsmen and the D.F.O., all from *machans* and I was on a nearby tree. Later,

I was posted on special duty under C and that is how I met B. They were in-charge of adjoining Ranges with a long common border. By common consent every month we spent 3 to 4 days together, and when work was done, I spent many a pleasant evening listening spell bound to their shikar yarns. I was being initiated into *shikar* as I showed some aptitude and instructions were given far into the night. During the day I was taught to hold, aim and fire rifles. While aiming at a target, my rifle bead used to make a figure of 8 on the target and they told me how to get over it. Fatal shots for dangerous game, and shots to be avoided were all taught. It was all so fascinating that I was looking forward eagerly to trying them out.

One fine morning, C went to get some game for camp on his side of the border. I followed B on a similar quest. Though we saw a lot of fresh game tracks, we only saw does. By 10 a.m. we had walked a lot and crossed a high ridge into a deep valley. We meant to follow the *nala* to have a last try before returning to camp. We were walking carefully. After covering about a mile B suddenly tensed and signalled me to come up. I was close behind. B whispered 'Did you hear any thing?' I said no. Then it all happened. A tiger whipped out of the bamboo bushes on the *nala* 60 yards away, and giving out terrifying grunts came along the *nala* side opposite us. I could see him through the bushes and bamboo clumps - to me he seemed to be biggest tiger in the country. Suddenly I saw, B's rifle up his shoulder. I cried 'don't shoot' 'don't shoot'. The tiger went back through the bush. We saw the movement but not much of the animal. It appeared he crossed the *nala* higher up to be on better ground and gave a fairly long drawn out 'ghrrr' half purring and half-grunting gradually gaining in volume but no movement was seen. The tension was too much for me but B edged towards the rising ground on the right and getting closer to the tiger. The tiger came out again on our side of the *nala* grunting louder than before and slipped back into the *nala* once again. B pressed forward and kept edging to the side. I kept close to him. He came out again roaring this time within 20 yards of us. B's rifle cracked and the tiger just subsided, shot through the nostrils, as we found out. I was shaking with fear. The tension was now gone but the reaction remained and I was not happy. Any way I had seen the sight of my life. In the *nala* we found a dead wild boar and there was a deep gash on the tiger's hind leg obviously received during the fight. May be it was due to his precious kill or the wound received in the fight that he was in such a nasty temper. I learnt later that when disturbed over a pig a tiger once charged home and nearly deprived the British Army of a Major. This was a unique experience and my first close contact with tiger.

It was nearing 11-30 a.m. when we made for camp. B was usual self as if nothing had happened. He liked my spunk in keeping close to him but did not like my squealing 'don't shoot' 'don't shoot'. On the way back to camp he told me to get to higher ground in approaching a wounded tiger, to stand up to a tiger's charge and not run and not to face the sun in doing so, as far as possible. I soon got over the shock to some extent but B told me I was looking pale. B enjoined that C had to be taken by surprise and that I should keep mum. C was annoyed at the delay. He had shot a *chital* and had already got some thing cooked and ready for lunch and was waiting in bad temper. I just could not contain myself and needed repeated signals from B not to blurt out the news. We set down the lunch at 2-30 p.m. I was silent. B had already said quietly on arrival that he had shot only a wild boar. I had the bad habit of chipping into every conversation but when C saw me so quiet and looking pale he thought I was actually ill and recommended quinine. Soon the cat was out of the bag and one should have heard C shouting about our luck. Of all things *shikar* yarns alone bear repetition without being boring or becoming stale, so till late that night I heard a lot of them.

This is no place for a full account of B's exploits. The tale has already taken too much of space and I cannot do full justice to C. Any way, before I wind up I may relate how C once saved my life. I had just learnt my first lessons in *shikar* both theoretical and practical, when I accompanied C one day on demarcation work. He espied a panther or suspected one in grass on the other side of the *nala*. Asking me to stay he went up along the *nala* to investigate. I had only a shot gun and I loaded it with a lethal bullet and a L.G. C fired and I saw a large panther shoot across my line of fire on the other side of the *nala*. I let him have L.G. as I thought C had wounded it. The panther reacted to my shot but bound forward. In the meantime I had replaced the fired cartridge. Suddenly the panther whipped round and came for me. I thought I was in for it, but I had both barrels ready. As he reached my side of the *nala*, I knelt and let him have the lethal bullet which told and I thought he was done for. He soon recovered and again made for me. I let him have the benefit of the 2nd barrel at about 10 yards. Again it told but this time it did not stop him and he came for me, straight with fierce grunts. I had just time to thrust another shell ( L.G. ) and was on the act of thrusting the barrel into his mouth to press the trigger when I heard the bang of C's rifle and the panther was thrown to the side bodily by a neat broad-side shot through the shoulder. C fired from 40 yards on my left. The fact is C had seen and shot only the female and the male raced across and was shot by me. Three pellets had hit him, one passing through the lungs. The lethal bullet hit him in the region of the collar-bone and raked the whole length of his body and came to rest under the hip. My second L.G. was a frontal shot and 4 pellets hit him in the chest and lower jaw. Since then I have always had great respect for the panther.

It is time to say good bye to my friends B and C. Both are retired and I am also marking time. We were together in one division for nearly three years of my service. Then we departed for different ranges or districts. We met frequently and regularly during conferences, leave and other tours, and compared notes. We were never tired of each others company or of our common topics about game and behaviour of different rifles. It is difficult for me to say at this stage, who is the prouder of the two - I too have had them as my *gurus* or they too have had me as their *chela*.

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#### A Chhota Saheb's *Shikar*

The D.F.O's. tour programme at last came. He was spending his Christmas elsewhere and not in our Range. It was, therefore, a great relief and I was looking forward to a pleasant trip home in the X'mas holidays. But this was not to be. Only a couple of days later when we were having our evening tea, news came that a 'Chhota Saheb' would camp amongst us and would like to shoot.

It was a cheery camp that a Chhota Saheb entered one evening at X'mas long ago. As his old Ford came without trouble, it was safe to assume our road repairs were not bad. The Chhota Saheb whom I shall call P acknowledged our salute and began chatting with my friend C who was the R.O. I was only a green-horn placed under C to learn things and discipline was one of them. So, when P sat on a chair by the camp fire, C was permitted to take another in deference to his seniority. I had, of course, to stand, wait and listen. P was in a jolly mood for once and the conversation soon switched on to *shikar*. P had shot a tiger and he sang the glories of his old 12-bore gun. The new guns, according to him, were mere toys and were not to be compared with old quality guns like his. He concluded that a 12-bore

gun loaded with lethal bullets was the best weapon to shoot tigers with. When at last we bade him good night and returned to our camp C advised me not to place my faith in a 12-bore and nobody knew the efficiency or the limitations of a 12-bore gun better than C.

It was a bitter cold that morning when we were up and ready rather earlier than usual. We were sipping our tea round a fire when I casually said 'What if no kill is taken by the tiger'? My friend C smiled and remarked 'the tiger had to take a kill, in fact, had taken a kill already' and then went on to explain the 'tricks of the trade', i.e., how to give a tiger to a sportsman whom you really want to and vice versa. Call was already sent to collect beaters and every thing including the *machans* was ready. The Dy. Ranger was seen moving to and fro talking to people. The Deputy Ranger was a character. He was past middle age, small in stature, but with extra-ordinary development of the middle. No belts were ever made for such dimensions. A special hole had to be made at the end to somehow encircle his girth. The cross-belt was much too tight which in consequence pushed his tummy to the right. He made up for his small height by putting on an extra long *kulla* in his turban. The whole thing looked so funny but he was proud of his uniform. His official record could not be improved upon. He had served under all sorts of Officers good and bad, but they all agreed only on one thing and that one thing was the efficiency and tact of the Deputy Ranger. He had a glib tongue and polished manners but to my mind, his master piece was the way he applied that magic word '*huzar*' to his officers. I have seen nobody who was proof against that charm. He represented a type and a tradition which have all but disappeared.

The camp was at Mathni a flourishing forest village some where in Berar. As you leave the village for Tipeswar, another forest village, you first meet the Mangi-Sawrgaon road bifurcation. Following the cart-track for Tipeswar, you come to a *nala* about a mile from Mathni marked by a large *pipal* tree. There is a large horse-shoe formed by hills of which this is the main and central *nala*. The cart-track forms the base about 6 furlongs in length. The area thus enclosed forms one of the most deadly death-traps for tiger in that district. This was the area selected for the beat by my friend C. There were two *machans* already tied, one for P and the other for C some 40 yards behind to cover both flanks. The tiger when driven would make for the main Tipeswar plateau or past it into Penganga Valley, which was his natural line of retreat. The area within the horse-shoe is not a permanent holding ground for the tigers but it would be frequently visited. The *cheetal* and pigs were teeming. The tiger was definitely that day inside the beat as C told me.

By 12 noon, P was on his *machan* specially tied about 20 feet high for the benefit of his view. C occupied the 2nd *machan* some 12 feet high. The stops were properly placed so as to reach up to a height on the horse-shoe hills. The beaters were put incharge of *shikari* Deoji. The Deputy Ranger was to see that they advanced in a line and well spread out. I was either to return to camp or be with the beaters. In the latter case, I had to be in full uniform for the sake of discipline. This was not a convenient arrangement, but I elected to be with the beaters. The beat started as scheduled. The Deputy Ranger joined me and held me far back, shouting instructions to the beaters to spread out and raise hell. Nothing happened. At last I was told that the tiger was not in the beat. Herds of *cheetals* and pigs broke back through the line and the *machans* became visible. Not to be found walking so far behind, we ran and joined up with the beaters. We were within 80 yards or less of P's *machan* when his shot rang out followed by loud grunts of a tiger. Everyone made for a tree. Here I cannot vouch for the chronological correctness of the events that followed in time, space or sequence.

I became aware that I was standing behind a big *koha* tree and the tiger was sitting in front of me about 10 yards away with his tail towards me. He was licking his fore arms and lying almost flush with the ground. Every now and then he would prick up his ears to hear

what was going on around him. I was holding the tree trunk with trembling hands and looked at the tiger spell-bound. My mind was a blank and I do not remember to have had any particular feeling or thought. I just felt stunned and remained rooted to the soil. I had no idea of time except that it weighed heavily. Gradually I woke up to the reality and heard loud shouts from beaters on the trees pointing towards me. The first cogent thoughts that came to my mind concerned my safety and rescue. I felt I had a reasonable chance if I remained absolutely silent. I glanced up to the Deputy Ranger who was on a tree in front of me which the tiger was facing.

His position was precarious. With his uniform and bulk he could only manage to go up about 5 feet from the ground. He had clasped the tree with his arms and was praying to God, 'ya Allah - ya Khuda' almost at every breath. The Gond beater on top would climb down and say in Marathi 'Daroga sab-Khuda Khuda karu naka - mukatani bus'. Though the voice was hushed for fear of attracting tiger's notice it was clearly audible. Every time he would come down and would tap on the *kulla* and say, 'Daroga sab-Khuda Khuda karu naka - mukatani bus'. It is strange that it did not look funny then as it does now. It is still more strange that the tiger did not pull him down. I have since always thought the tiger to be a large hearted fellow.

The tiger looked ringed and evidently did not know what to do. In the meantime Deoji *shikari* had reached C who quickly got down and collecting some men made a long detour and reached the spot from behind me, shouting and firing guns. They advanced in a solid square, C and Deoji leading - the latter firing a shot gun. People on the trees had stopped shouting. The tiger roared, made a short rush towards the Deputy Ranger, then turned, and galloped past P's *machan*. P gave another shot and the tiger soon disappeared in the direction of Tipeswar plateau. I was speechless, but C patted me on my back like an elder brother. I expected to find the Deputy Ranger perturbed. I was never more in the wrong. Though he seemed to fall off the tree, he was composed, and before we reached the Camp, he resumed his usual cheer.

P got down when the ladder was brought up. Every one was annoyed. C's heart was full and he remained reticent. Only P forgot his reserve, began chatting to C and in fact to every one. He very kindly asked me a number of questions about the distance - my position - my feelings, etc. I said I did not remember anything. P felt everybody's silent hostility and so kept chatting only with C. Everyone of us returned. I went straight to our shacks and was having tea when C joined me. C hailed from a Province where a boy learns shooting earlier than any other Province in India. He was a tall man with a wiry constitution, very fair complexion and heavy eyes. He was flushed due to loss of temper but service was service and we were only Rangers. He had a working knowledge of Marathi and Hindustani. The torrent of uncomplimentary terms that he poured forth half in Marathi and half in Hindi was such as gave some relief to my afflicted mind.

P had fired two L.G. cartridges only and not bullets. The gallant efforts of my friend C to rescue us were misconstrued by P as the last determined effort to drive the tiger on to him. The D.F.O. came to know about this from C. What P got is not known but he never came out on tour with his old gun. Every time he came, ( I shall tell this to his credit ) he asked me for tea. Any way the tiger that C shot in March bore three L.G. pellets, one on the right shoulder, one on the right fore-arm lower down and the third in the left fore-arm inside. The pellets had only penetrated some distance and the wounds had healed. If this be the same tiger, and C said it was, the 2nd L.G. was fired in the blue. The left flank was untouched.

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## Sakri-am Tiger

Fairly early in service, I had acquired a knack of getting on the wrong side of tigers. My extreme luck in *shikar* was wholly disproportionate to my shooting skill or my knowledge of the habits of animals. It did not take long therefore, for orders to issue banning my shooting of even blue bulls and pigs. These, of course, were notified pests, which I as Range Officer, could permit all and sundry to shoot. This was not all. Orders also came from top that in case of Rangers shooting tigers in self defence, the burden of proof will lie with them. This order, to my knowledge was never cancelled or modified and stands in force to this day. I soon found myself under orders of transfer. It is thus I got into a famous teak region where I happened to shoot a man eater or to be more correct, I shot a tiger which happened to be a man eater. This is how I caught M's eye and was consequently transferred to his division.

M was one of the best D.F.Os. Melghat ever had. A great hunter himself and a capital shot, he gave a measure of liberty which was unknown to us. He made every Ranger believe that he was the D.F.O's. best man. Strange to say, this delusion persisted among us for a number of years. He gave you such a smile that you would jump a precipice without a question if he asked you to do so. He was generally reserved and talked little, but if he chose to, you were clean done and sold. He was commonly called the *Raja* of Melghat and was much loved by the Rangers. For once we were free from the devilry of endless office objections in which certain clerks seemed to revel.

The headquarters of the Division in those days was Chikalda, a smiling spot on the extreme southern extension of the Satpuras. Unlike Pachmarhi which is saucer-shaped, the Chikalda plateau with an elevation of 3,400 feet is like an inverted saucer, draining in every direction. The view from the edge of the plateau in any direction is singularly fine. In the south, the plateau overlooks the great plains of Berar, some 2,000 feet below. One can see many villages, groves and fields clearly for miles. Beyond that they all merged into one indistinguishable blue haze of distance.

The famous Fort of Gavilgarh in the south of the small civil station of Chikalda will at once engage the attention of the visitor. It has been considered one of the most impregnable Forts in India. In the tomb of the Great Iron Duke, I am told, only two events are mentioned ; one is the conquest of Gavilgarh and the other is the battle of Waterloo. It is impossible to see the Fort in details and not feel sad about it. The imposing ramparts and other magnificent relics in the interior, pass a silent but severe censure on our past character and vain confidence. But let us now turn to the north and view the deep ravines which form the setting of the yarn I am about to spin.

After walking along the open plateau for about 3 miles, past and beyond the forest village of Churni, one comes to the edge of the plateau. The view that greets the eye is without equal in the Melghats. As far as the eye can see, lie range upon range of forest covered hills thrown in wild confusion till they are lost to vision in the distant wilderness of Betul and Nimar districts. Nearer at hand you look down to a sheer descent of 1500' or more. The Anghera Khora on the right starts from below the old commissioners bungalow at Chikalda and is so flanked by precipitous ridges that during the day, the bottom of the valley gets only 4 hours of sunlight. On the left is the Sakri-am *nadi* taking its rise below a peak about 2 miles to the west and carries on for 5 miles to the north till it disappears from the view round a low shoulder of the ridge. The indigo-green line that marks this stream indicates wild mangoes. The long and high flat-topped ridge in between the two deep ravines is connected to the main plateau by a saddle-back called Ganja Khindi.

This long ridge and adjoining high lands are the home of splendid *sambhar* and bison. Only about 2 furlongs from the saddle on the ridge, a memorable fight took place between a

bull bison and a very large tiger to which we may revert some other time. In the present tale, we are only concerned with the Sakri-am valley and that tiger.

Sakri-am is a broad valley where game of all kind concentrates after March. There is plenty of water in the *nala* while every other water hole dries up within a radius of 6 miles. Standing on a slope, it is not uncommon to see *sambhars* on the higher contours opposite seeking a shady spot to rest. Melghat is a land of high hills and deep ravines. Game is plenty - *sambhars*, bisons, barking deer, four-horned antelopes, pigs, bears and of course, tigers and panthers. Feathered game is abundant. An early morning walk may be full of surprises. The valley is never disturbed except once a year in April when scores of *gaoli* buffaloes from Chikalda come down for grazing. But the year I am speaking about, the tigers had taken such a heavy toll of these buffaloes that the *gaolies* left the valley in a hurry for safer grazing grounds of Semadoh Range. This was unusual as these buffaloes are a different breed and even two or three of them will charge a tiger. Every *gaoli* grazier has a pet buffalo which will never leave his side though he may be sleeping. *Gaolies* graze these buffaloes during day and night throughout the year shifting camps. They have a call to which these buffaloes will respond immediately. Even in areas where a man-eater is operating, the *gaolies* will graze these animals without fear. The sentinel buffalo is the *gaolies* guardian angel. The tiger, therefore, that drove out these buffaloes must have been a bold one. The *gaolies* were all forest villagers and had reported the existence of a very large tiger to the D.F.O.

The Korku villagers of Kund, Churni and Memna had their own grievance against this tiger. The natural kills were common in the valley and as the forest on the slopes was deciduous teak, few kills could escape the eyes of vultures. Where the vultures collected, the Korkus would go and bring whatever good flesh was left. A determined band of such Korkus will even drive a tiger off the kill. But since the advent of this tiger, the Korkus were non-plussed as he would not leave the kill. On the other hand he would resent their approach and would invariably demonstrate if he were near his kill. This was, of course, a serious blow to them. When going to weekly *bazar* at Chikalda they, sometimes, saw him on the cart-track and the tiger would question the right of way. All these reports were duly communicated to the D.F.O. who naturally wanted to rid the villagers of this nuisance. The D.F.O., therefore, wanted me to locate the tiger for some of his friends who were to arrive for a shoot.

The tiger, I gathered, was a new arrival in the valley last cold weather, either in search of or on the invitation of a lady friend. After a short but rough period of social life they separated and the lady left for some unknown destination. During January and February, he roared and roamed at large in the valley and finally settled down to a life of ease and revenge. He would make a more or less regular round of his domain preferring the old cart-track running along and on the west of Sakri-am *nala* for about 4 miles. Game was plenty and he would kill more than he would eat and would not allow poor Korkus to come near. When the *gaoli* buffalo came down, he virtually became mad and killed for sheer pleasure of it. This was not due to the prankishness of youth but due to the peevishness of old age. Wherever he went, monkeys swore at him and his movements were denounced by pea fowl, barking deer and *sambhars*. Sometimes late at night he would give out a long drawn out roar which would echo and re-echo in the valleys till it became a distant drone. The villagers of Memna and Churni said this tiger, for some reason, was more noisy than any they had known. Nobody ordinarily took the Kund Sakri-am road except in good company.

Major D and Liet. H were to come for a shoot in the 1st week of May from Kirkee Depot and camp at Tarubanda, my headquarters. I got a personal letter from D.F.O. asking me to see that Major D shot the Sakri-am monster. I was told Major D was an experienced *shikari* who had shot some tigers in India. But Liet. H was a lad of 18, freshly arrived from England and unless he was with Major D, the D.F.O. told me, he needed looking after. I had

taken some pains over locating the movements of this tiger for nearly four weeks. The Sakri-Paras Kund road was not properly maintained by the Forest Department and it is along this the tiger would pass about every night or second night, unless he was on a kill. Near the last crossing of the road across the Sakri-am *nala*, I had tied a fine *machan* and let it remain there. The place was within riding distance of my headquarters and I would frequently visit it to see if the tiger had passed and left his imprint over a specially prepared surface.

Major D arrived at Tarubanda on the 4th of May after meeting M at Chikalda. M had told him something about me. I had already tied up three buffs including the one who rejoiced in the name of 'Chand' and about whom I shall tell you some thing later. Major D talked to me in a way, I felt deeply hurt. He spread out a one inch map and I showed him the spots where the kills were tied. He asked me not to accompany him next morning as he would see the kills himself. Personally I feel he doubted if I had really tied up three kills, or may be he thought I was a busy man and need not be bothered. I was glad I let him have his way. I remained at headquarters while Major D went to Kund and beyond it to Sakri-am *nala* with a forest guard.

While Major D was out, Liet. H came to me and told me how he liked India and how he had only seen wild animals of India in the London Zoo. He asked me about our customs, religion and manners. I immediately took to him and decided to give him my best. I promised that he would shoot something in the evening if Major D did not take him out. I am glad to inform the readers that I gave him a bear and a panther that evening as Major D did not take him out to the *machan*. And further more D who sat over the kill for some reason did not shoot the tiger who came to the kill. He was sour and not in the best of moods and did not even thank me for my troubles. The tiger, therefore, remained and the road remained practically closed to traffic and I got an urgent message from my D.F.O. informing me that he would like to have a go at the tiger.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### Indian Council of Agricultural Research, New Delhi

#### SUGAR-CANE TRASH COMPOST

#### *Better than Farmyard Manure*

*New Delhi*: Experiments at Padegaon in Bombay State show that the compost prepared from sugar-cane trash is superior to the local farmyard manure in quality, and is suitable for application to the sugar-cane crop.

The trash compost will also have the advantages of containing a lesser number of weed seeds and being cheaper in cost.

Compost from the cane trash can be prepared either by the heap method or the pit method. In the former, the heap should be six feet broad and four feet high, with any convenient length. It will require to be periodically turned.

Compost heaps are best made in June, after the material has been soaked by the early rains.

The quantity of cane trash compost recommended for application is 40, 30 and 20 cartloads, for the *adsali*, pre-seasonal and *suru* crops, respectively.

Half the quantity of the compost ( or other bulky manure ) should be applied before the second ploughing, and the other half in furrows before planting. This secures a better germination of sugar-cane.