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# THE FIELD

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BOOK NO. 535

## H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND

Viscount Galway, the recently appointed Governor-General, has not been slow to avail himself of one of New Zealand's greatest sporting assets—its trout fishing. He is here seen casting a dry fly for the big fish at Waikanae, near Wellington

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# OXFORD'S HENLEY HANDICAP

RIVAL claims of study and sport, and the relative importance to be attached to each, have long been subjects of serious discussion in the Common Rooms of our greater Universities. In particular, the attitude that is adopted by Oxford comes into ever-increasing prominence as each Trinity term draws to a close and thoughts are turned to the chances of college crews which will be rowing at Henley Regatta.

No one will deny for a moment that the Boat Race brings to the victorious University a prestige which permeates the whole of its corporate life, and, although some indication of the relative strength of University rowing may be obtained from a study of the two crews which race from Putney to Mortlake, it is only at Henley that a wider and more comprehensive comparison can be made between crews both from Oxford and Cambridge and from other clubs in this country or abroad. Supporters of the fortunes of our two great Universities tend, therefore, to lay more stress on successes at Henley as pointers to future Boat Race victories than on the more isolated achievements in the "Eights" or "Mays." It is all the more strange, then, and not a little disconcerting to find that between the Oxford oarsman and his obvious opportunity of gaining successful experience on the Regatta course, his University has fixed a bar to his progress the more effectual in that it cannot easily be escaped and the more insidious in that it dare not be avoided.

While the outstanding successes of the Light Blues in the rowing world cannot arouse anything but the most sincere admiration, it is high time that a very strong protest—unhappily not the first—should be made against the system now in force at Oxford whereby the claims of examinations occupy some of the most vital weeks of training so far as the oarsman is concerned and, in many cases, make it quite impossible for an Oxford man either to do his best at Henley or even to row there at all.

Let us consider the position more closely. About a week after the conclusion of the "Eights" the system of Final Examinations begins and continues to drag its weary course without a break until the end of the term. But so far from finishing its toils with the completion of the normal term, it is for many—especially for those reading science "schools"—renewed with increasing intensity; and so effectively is its work completed that some men this year, including one of the finest Oxford oarsmen who rowed in the record-breaking Leander crew last summer, take the last examination in their particular school on the very first day of Henley Regatta! And this is not an isolated case. Year after year similar difficulties arise, and Oxford talent is thwarted, until one is forced to marvel that many Oxford colleges manage to produce crews as effective as they are in view of the short period of training they can enjoy, and where a man is frequently forced to row during practice with the ink of the "Schools" still wet, as it were, upon the tips of his index finger! The natural result of a system such as this tends to be that fewer Oxford crews are able to compete at Henley either through lack of practice or lack of men, or both; and even this year when there is a definite sign of revival of rowing on the Isis, the number of crews entered is distinctly less than that usual some years ago when the present examination system had not attained such overwhelming proportions.

Oxford exists primarily for the intellectual training, and many who have striven to uphold her unrivalled traditions of scholarship, maintain that sport, as such, should always occupy a place second to study, but they also hold that adequate opportunity for sport is essential for effective intellectual achievement. Adequate opportunity for sport, and rowing in particular, is certainly given, but the time for such opportunity is ill-chosen. If Oxford rowing is to be given the chance it deserves, either the dates of Henley Regatta must be changed, or else the times of examination must be readjusted. One cannot help feeling that the latter alternative offers the greater benefit to Oxford; for by holding the "Schools" even ten days earlier the situation would be immensely relieved, and very little detriment could be sustained to the intellectual life of the University. Better still, that "Eights" week should be held after the majority of the Final Examinations were over, according to a system that has long worked successfully at Cambridge in respect of the "Mays."

## THE FARMERS' CHARITY

TRIBUTES which the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Minister of Agriculture paid to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution last week were well deserved. The pensions that are provided for aged farmers and their dependents have saved many unfortunate people from an old age of dire penury. But more money is wanted, for although 150 fresh pensions are awarded each year, there is a waiting list of more than 400 approved candidates. This work calls for the most generous support. Wiltshire and Essex have given a fine lead this year by raising £2,000 and £1,500 to mark the institution's 75th anniversary. It is not too late for other counties to follow.

### TEST CRICKET WITHOUT TEARS

The South African cricketers have brought a refreshing atmosphere of their own to the Test matches this year. It was in the air at Lord's last Saturday, and it must have been enjoyed by everyone except those who like representative games to be battles of uncompromising grimness. A certain amount of sympathy has gone out to past South African teams as being hardly a match for the full strength of England, though more than once they have quite held their own. But sympathy is wasted on the present team, and spectators at Lord's were clearly taking them more seriously as opponents. But the spirit of the game was free and informal, keen as between sides knowing they were well matched, but uncramped by over-intensity. The players looked as though they were enjoying the game as much as the spectators, albeit the South Africans seem too anxious to do themselves justice; and Lord's has known no more spontaneous enthusiasm than that which greeted the King when he came on to the field to shake hands with both teams.

### OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE

If match records were a true guide to the result of the University cricket match, which begins at Lord's on Monday, we should have little hesitation in giving victory to Oxford. Both sides have, of course, been handicapped by wet weather, but Oxford began the season with an apparent advantage in a stronger nucleus of experienced players than Cambridge, and they have been the more impressive in matches against the counties. In the possession of N. S. Mitchell-Innes alone, Oxford have a great asset in batting, though Cambridge might reason that if H. T. Bartlett, the aggressive left-hander, or W. Wooller happened to strike form they might demoralise any bowling. Cambridge have earned golden opinions for their fielding, and as the unexpected happens more frequently in this match than any other, we need only hope the teams will live up to tradition in this way, and in any event bring the match to a finish. The last three matches have been drawn and Oxford have the last victory to their credit, though Cambridge still lead with 44 wins to 37.

### HIGH SCORING AT BISLEY

Captain Ernest Robinson in his notes on Bisley this week draws attention to the high scoring resultant on enlarging the bull's-eye. Opinion as to whether high scoring is good or bad is divided. One school of thought holds that marksmen like making bull's-eyes, and that as the best man always wins in the long run it does not matter if extended time shooting has to be used to decide the allocation of first prizes. The other school of thought says that an element of luck is attractive, and that the bull's-eye should be so small that a full score is an impossibility. The whole question will come up for consideration by the council after next meeting, but it is, of course, impossible to say now whether the present target will be kept for yet another year or whether a drastic change will be made in the direction of a really small bull with, say, four rings surrounding it, the counting being 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, instead of 5, 4, 3, 2 as at present.

The experiment recently made, at long ranges, by the English XX Club of reverting to an idea tried in 1914 and 1919, in which a small carton is inscribed within the bull's-eye and given a value of six points, is not looked upon with favour because it prevents a comparison with the long series of targets which since 1874 have been based on a bull's-eye valued at five marks.

### A GREAT OARSMAN

Memories of Eton rowing of the 'sixties are recalled by the death of Sir John Edwards-Moss, at the age of 84. His family had the unique record of having provided four Captains of Boats: Sir John's father (in 1828), himself and his son, and his brother. In the three years from 1867 to 1869 inclusive, Eton won the Ladies' Plate, and if they only had one heat to row made up for it by also competing for the Grand Challenge Cup. Sir John Edwards-Moss was in all these crews and rowed twice for Oxford, his years (1870–1871), however, coinciding with the Goldie revival at Cambridge. In 1871 he rowed 5 in the Oxford-Etonian Club crew which won the Grand, and he was prominent in four-oared rowing at Oxford. Sir John had very definite views on many subjects, and did not welcome the Stewards' enclosure at Henley, but he always loved to give pleasure to the young, and there must be many who, having visited Thamesfield in their youth, can still remember the famous peaches he used to distribute so generously.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From a description of Test bowling: "They sent him shooters, creepers and sneaks, but a ball must pass underground before it can find a way beneath the bat of Farrimond."

### NEWMARKET UP TO DATE

It is possible that racing is heading for a mild and desirable form of centralisation. In any event it is probable that the racing public generally will petition the Jockey Club for an extension of fixtures on the July track. The erection of the commodious new stands, and the complete transformation of the course, where racing can be viewed from an entirely different angle, certainly seem to warrant the granting of fresh fixtures. Perhaps some of the out-of-date courses, with their inadequate accommodation for owners, horses, and the general public at large, may be content to drop out of the list of fixtures, which could be transferred to Newmarket without detracting in any way from the value of racing, especially as the Newmarket stake money has been considerably augmented.

### LORD DANESFORT

In Lord Danesfort, known for many years as Sir John Butcher, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which he was Vice-Chairman, has lost one of its chief supporters. He died in a London nursing home on June 30th, at the age of 82, and up to a late period in his life took part in field sports, as a keen shot and rider to hounds. He was at one time a prominent figure in the Bar Steeplechase, and was one of the original members of the Pegasus Club. Like all good sportsmen, he was the champion of animals, and did his best to get through Parliament a Bill prohibiting the exhibition and training of lions and tigers,-but in this he was unsuccessful. Perhaps he lived before his time.

### FISHERMEN'S WEED

Though water has come back in some quantity to the chalk streams it seems that the setback which two years of drought have given to the weed beds has still to be made good. Shallows which in pre-drought days were well-besprinkled with cushions of starwort and hornwort, near which an honest fish might rise happily for its living in apparent safety, remain "bare as the paunch of the purser's sow," and the few trout which brave their brightness flee like timid hares at the first gleam of silkworm gut; and in all reaches fly ...eches have been sparse and spasmodic.

Marestail, that lover of swift water, seems to have suffered most; no great loss perhaps, though its check to the current plays a useful part in chalk-stream economics. The hardy water buttercup has held its own, but its patches of white flowers are sadly attenuated. This year it is the drought and not the spate which has carved new designs upon the stream bed.

### ATHENE NOCTUA

From the British Field Sports Society we have received a pamphlet dealing with the present position as regards the Little or Dutch owl, *Athene noctua*. This bird, as readers of the *Field* doubtless know, was introduced into Northamptonshire by the late Lord Lilford and other persons, in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century. It has since spread and multiplied, and, like those other foreigners, the grey squirrel and the musk rat, has proved a most unwelcome guest, preying on game chicks, poultry and singing birds, besides its more natural food of beetles, worms and grubs. By the accident that it was practically unknown in this country when the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880 was passed, it now receives, in common with the four British species, complete protection throughout the year in a number of counties. This protection unquestionably ought to be removed. Had its habits been known when the Act of 1880 was passed, it would never have been given the status rightly accorded to the other four species.

### THE TEST IN JULY

The martins feed above the Test to-night,
Skimming the surface, where the midges dance
Their endless, aimless, drunken pirouette.
Where Mimulus, like young Narcissus, leans
Between the crowding grasses, to behold
His mirrored, golden, velvet loveliness.
From time to time a vole, with blunted head,
Sets forth alone on some aquatic quest,
Cleaving a silver arrow in his wake.
Here, mallard babes escorted, gravely swim
In family groups about the midway reeds.
The sluggish trout alone refuse to move,
Except an idle tail or idler fin;
Observing and observed, ungullible,
Though this frustrated angler whips the stream
With dogged cunning, till that artist, night,
Repaints the scene in sable monochrome.

K. E. E.

# A REPRESENTATIVE BRITISH FIELD SPORTS SOCIETY

## Strengthening a Vital Organisation

By THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, G.C.V.O., M.F.H.

THE proverbial toast at lawyers' dinners is to "the man who makes his own will." That shows how confident are the experts that no one outside legal circles can record his personal wishes in such a way that posterity respects them without dispute. What is difficult for an individual is almost impossible for a society whose aims will be, and must be, adapted by successive generations. There is not the least doubt, for instance, that several animal welfare societies, which are now opponents of our English Field Sports, owe their existence largely to the subscriptions and the legacies of benevolent sportsmen who, of course, would be horrified if they could appreciate the present distortion of their charity.

The British Field Sports Society has only been in existence for less than five years, and at the moment there is not the least danger of its aims being forgotten. Its governing body, consisting of 32 members, is representative of all branches of field sports, and the society gives its attention impartially to each one of their activities. But by the present rules the members of the committee retire in rotation, eight in each year, so that in four years' time the committee might be entirely different and might contain an undue proportion of (shall we say ?) foxhunters. In forty years the committee might consist entirely of butterfly hunters, who had ceased to receive any subscriptions from foxhunting or other field sports, but were using the name, the officers and the endowments (if any) of the society to further the worthy but irrelevant cause of entomology.

In short, if the government of any society is completely democratic, it is impossible to preserve the balance of interests which its founders have in mind. So this summer changes are being made in the constitution of the committee of the British Field Sports Society. Instead of 32 elected members, the committee will, in future, consist of 24 elected members and 19 others nominated (one each) by nineteen bodies officially representing the different branches of field sports. There is no need to give all the titles of these bodies—the Masters of Foxhounds Association, National Coursing Club, Field Trial Committee of the Kennel Club and the National Association of Fishery Boards are four of them, and together they cover all varieties of hunting, coursing, shooting, and fishing.

It will be observed that the elected members (of whom a quarter will retire annually as before) are still in the majority, so that the change cannot result in the stifling of reform or criticism. But while, for instance, there are enough wildfowlers to support the Wildfowlers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, that particular branch of shooting will be represented on the committee. I feel sure that all members of the British Field Sports Society, of which I am president, will approve of this step, calculated (as far as we can fairly judge) to preserve the aims of the founders of the movement, and yet to leave room for modification with the changes in the English countryside which the future is bound to produce.

From another point of view it will be a source of strength to the society to have at its disposal the advice of an expert from each one of these nineteen associations. But from still another point of view it reflects no little credit on the efficient organisation of the society that at this early stage in its career so many associations should have accepted the invitation to nominate a member to the committee. Indeed, only one has declined, and that only because its rules do not permit them to nominate a representative to another body.

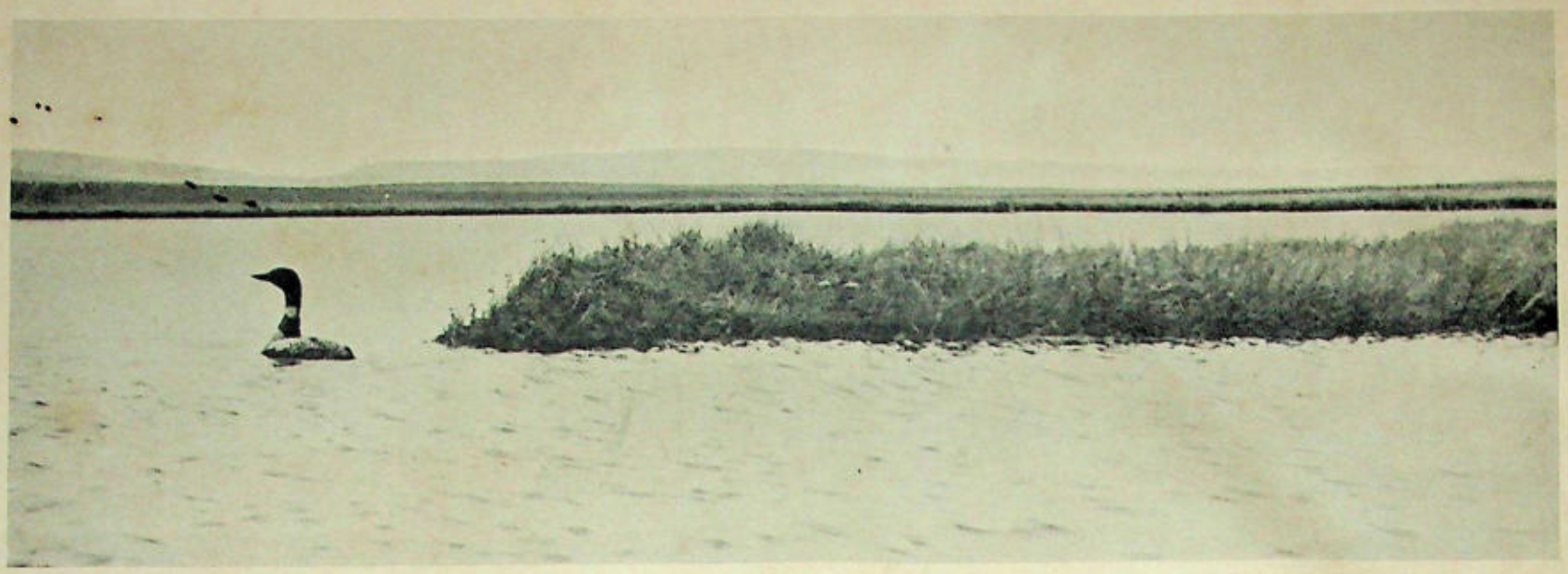
The society has already, I think, amply justified its existence, and at the same time has shown what a great deal of work there remains for it to do. It will be recalled that in 1930 the violent attacks on staghunting and the presentation of a Bill (an unsuccessful Bill) to prohibit the hunting of deer with hounds, made it painfully obvious that sportsmen lacked a central organisation to represent their interests.

It was actually two or three staghunters who made the first move to form the society, but from the inaugural meeting, in December, 1930, every effort has been made to ensure that both in its constitution and in its activities, the society shall represent all the established field sports. It is not, and never has been, just a staghunting defence society. As a matter of fact, the agitation against staghunting seems temporarily to have died down and the humanitarians have this winter been concentrating their attacks on coursing. But in any case, although a great deal of attention has been devoted to repelling these attacks, correcting mis-statements and publishing the truth, the society is not merely on the defensive. It has, for instance, gone deeply into the subject of the present game laws and their anomalies. As a result the Game Laws Amendment and Consolidation Bill was introduced in the House of Lords by our chairman, Lord Bayford, and received its second reading last session. Owing to the pressure of Government business there is little prospect of the full Bill being passed in the present session, but it is hoped that two of the worst of the anomalies may be removed by the passing of very short and simple Bills.

The difficult question of receivers of stolen game eggs has been under careful consideration, and it is hoped that a case recently heard in court as a result of the society's efforts, will act, at any rate, as a deterrent to other offenders. The misdemeanours of the Little Owl, the Diseases of Fish Bill, the danger to Wye salmon fishing from a proposed drainage scheme (now rejected) are a few more issues in which the society has been able to represent to those in authority—and often to those with legislative powers—the interests of sportsmen as a whole.

At its offices at 3, St. James's Square, it keeps a Sporting Register, where, for instance, anyone home on leave can find information on rough shooting, free fishing, hirelings for fox or stag-hunting, hotels, stabling, and so on. I hope that anyone, whether a member or not, who requires any help of that description, or indeed in connection with any aspect of field sports, will write or pay a visit to the offices of the society. If the staff there are unable to solve the difficulty they may be able to suggest someone who can do so.

Of course I am not claiming that the knowledge and power of the society are unlimited. But the announcement of this change in the constitution is an opportunity to recall that, after being in existence for rather less than six years, the British Field Sports Society has been recognised by the principal governing associations of sport as being a responsible and representative body, worthy of their official support, with useful work both in front of it and behind.



GREAT NORTHERN DIVER LEAVING THE NEST. THE EGGS ARE JUST VISIBLE

# WATCHING THE WILD GEESE IN ICELAND

## Defying the Falcon—A Family Adventure—Gander Step-fathers

*(Illustrated with the author's photographs of Iceland's bird life)*

By DAVID HAIG THOMAS

ALL through the winter I thought of the geese among the lava cliffs of "Krassaghyl," in Iceland. I wondered how they lived and reared their families in the almost impossible conditions where I had seen them last summer. I imagined the charm of a camp beside a rushing stream at the feet of the cliffs, where the pink feet nest, of the last remaining snow-drifts, of the purple saxifrages, and hosts of tiny alpine flowers peeping out between the stones. I remembered the thrill of wading up-stream, tickling the pink-bellied char, and the almost continuous calling of the grey geese, echoing in the rocks overhead. When the wild geese began to leave their haunts on the salt marshes at the first signs of spring, the temptation to follow and find out was too strong, and I caught the next boat bound for Iceland.

One morning I walked along the south side of the valley, watching the geese on the other side, some 200yds. across. Suddenly a great deal of cackling broke out. Never before had I heard such terror in their cries and, although I could not see them, I knew a pair of geese were being attacked by a fox, or a falcon.

In a few moments I saw the battle through my glasses. A pair of geese were standing on a slope just above the opposite cliff, their wings outspread, their necks stretched out. High up above them and slightly down wind was the cause of their terror; a snow-white Iceland falcon hovering in the air. I know no bird more beautifully shaped, or so perfectly balanced, an emblem of savage swiftness. The falcon dived, the geese ran towards him, their beaks pointing straight for their enemy. He passed over their heads, swooped up, and hovered again above them. Did he fear those blunt horny bills? or was he trying to make them fly? He dived again and missed, made a small circle in the air in which he appeared to fly upside down, and struck again.

The geese had now reached the edge of the cliff and had taken off. The falcon chased them. How many times he struck in the next few seconds I could not say. The geese were flying with their heads turned round, watching their enemy. They seemed to know before he knew himself just when he was going to strike. They side-slipped, twisted, and turned, with amazing rapidity, and all the time the falcon seemed to fly round them in circles, striking again and again. Down, down, down they fell. Surely all three would be dashed against the rocks below? But at the last moment he left them and flew on up the valley. The geese just had time "to flatten out" and pitch in the stream with white water breaking over them. They swam straight to a little island and sat preening their feathers as if nothing had happened.

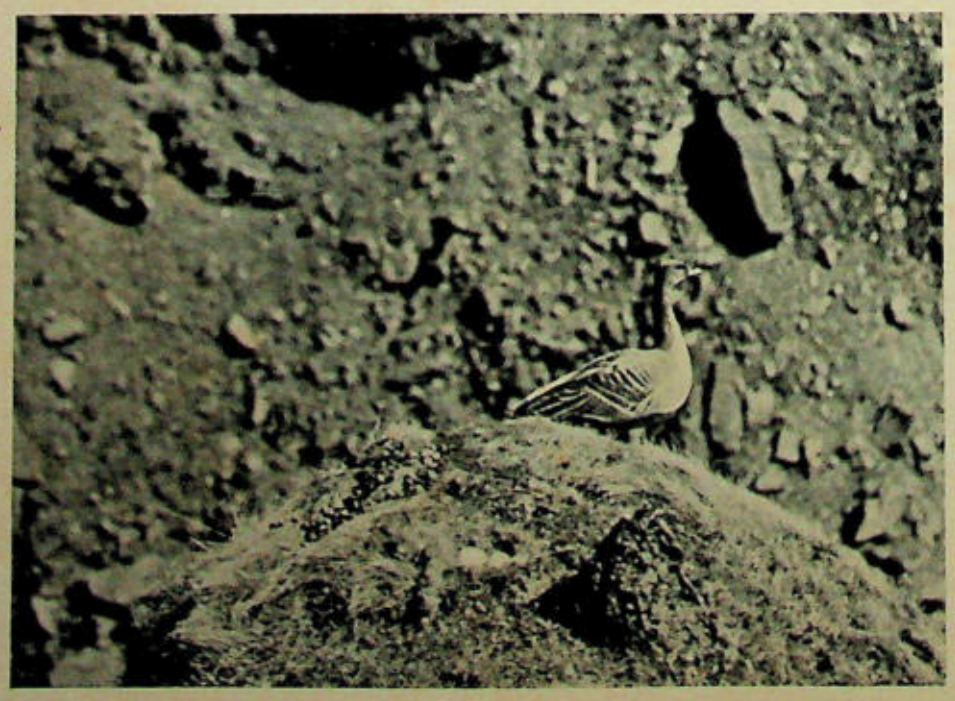
Had the falcon been amusing himself, or had the geese really out-manœuvred one of the swiftest and most deadly of killers?

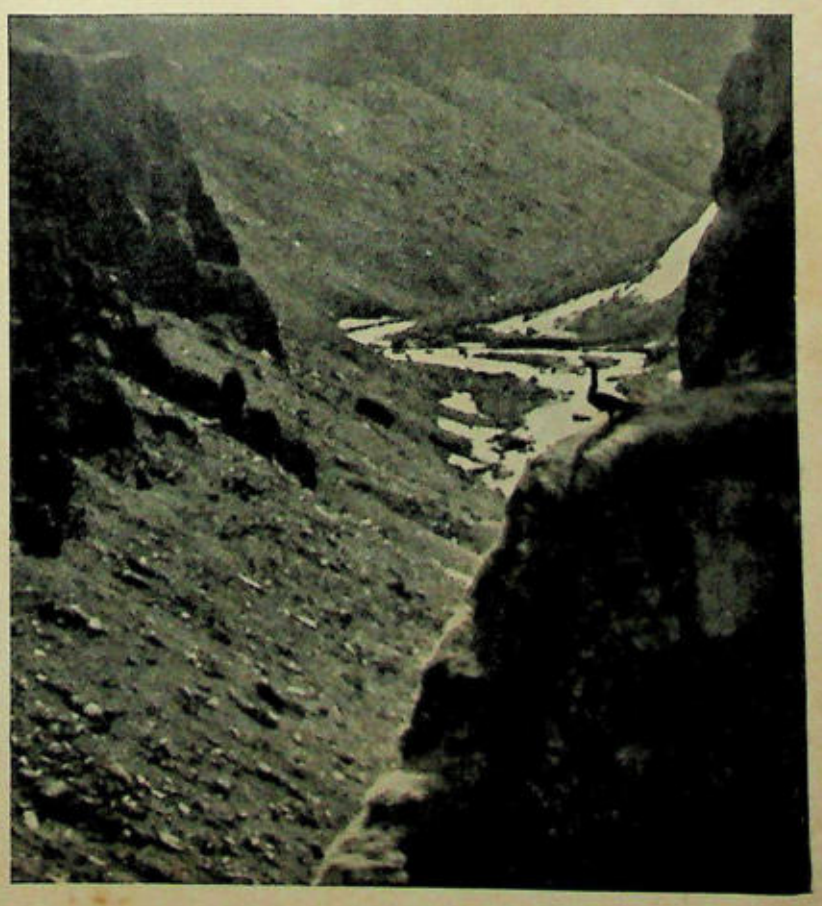
The ravens are the worst enemies of the geese. I marked 30 eggs in nests high up in the cliffs, where it would be impossible for a fox to steal them, and where no Icelander would bother to climb. A fortnight later, ten of the 30 eggs had disappeared. There were two pairs of ravens nesting in the valley, and others flew there from a distance to steal eggs.

I was particularly anxious to find out how the goslings got down from their nests high up in the cliffs, with nothing to fall on but broken lava rocks. I hoped I would get a photograph of the goslings being carried down; I could not imagine they could get down any other way. I knew when a nest was due to hatch and climbed up to watch.

The nest was on a ledge some 10yds. long, on one of the highest cliffs. As soon as my head appeared the goose left her nest and was followed by four newly-hatched goslings. Father stretched out his neck and hissed, mother made little murmuring noises, and the baby geese squeaked all

PINK-FOOTED GEESE
*The outpost on the nesting ground and a goose on her nest*





EARLY SPRING IN ICELAND. SCAUP DUCK AND A BACKGROUND OF SNOW-CAPPED CLIFFS

the time. This was evidently their first outing. It was the tenth time I had visited this particular nest, partly because it was such an enjoyable climb, and partly because the geese returned so quickly after I had gone that there was no danger of the raven stealing the eggs.

The goslings were very weak on their legs and continually stumbled on the rough rock. The little procession arrived at the end of the ledge. There was a rock sloping down, very steep and slippery; the whole family climbed on and it was at such an angle that they could only just stand. After a lot more whispering and final instructions the old geese slid down the rock; there was no question of taking off, they sat down and slid. I was within 15ft. and could see exactly what happened. As soon as the old birds had gone, one by one the goslings slid off the rock, their wings, legs, heads, and necks, straight out.

The first one hit a rock half-way down and bounced off, spinning in the air, to fall on the rocks below. The other three were caught by a puff of wind, and blown clear of the cliff. For a few seconds they lay still to make sure they were not going to fall any more, and then began to run about. They were immediately joined by the old birds and the little procession continued its way down to the stream. I dropped a stone over; where the goslings fell it took 3½secs. to reach the bottom. I climbed down and caught the goslings. I could not find any mark or scratch whatsoever. They did not mind being caught at all, and when I put them down and started back to camp they tried to follow me. I was very relieved to see the old geese flying back to be left in peace with their gallant little family.

On the way up to Krassa is a big sandy marsh, about four miles long. A gaggle of geese live there during the summer. In the early part of the breeding season, on seeing me crossing the marsh, they used to circle round overhead trying to mob me and attract me away from the breeding grounds further up the valley. I believe they stay on this marsh, which is an inferior feeding ground, to act as a reserve for any nesting goose that meets with an accident. The following story which was told me supports my theory:

"A farmer found a goose's nest, and wanting a goose to eat shot the gander sitting beside the goose. A few days later he visited the nest and to his great surprise saw two geese sitting side by side. Again he shot the gander, and this time hid himself near the nest to watch. The goose flew away and returned in about an hour with three ganders. The ganders fought for a long time till one succeeded in driving away the other two, and then walked up to the nest in triumph and sat by the goose. That year the farmer shot five ganders by the same nest, and the next spring he shot seven. After the death of the twelfth gander the goose deserted."

Within a few feet of a nest, where I had just seen two geese sitting side by side, I found the head of a goose; obviously it had been bitten off by an arctic fox. By the shape of the head I thought it was the goose and not the gander. "Old Pink," the white goose, nested again about a 100yds. from her last year's nest. She was a little late in arriving, and her old nest was taken by two grey geese. So she took up the nearest unoccupied site to her old nest, and was quite impossible to photograph.

I had many letters from people who wanted to know more about the geese last year, which I did my best to answer, but this time it will be impossible. I am now off the coast of Greenland on my way to Ellesmere Land, and will not be back for at least a year.

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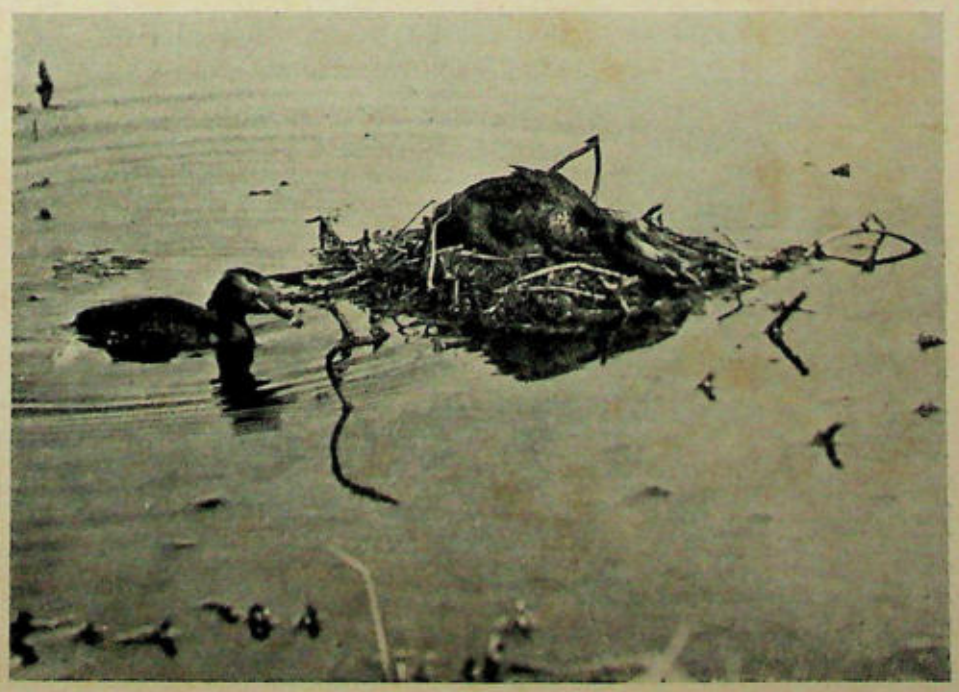
SLAVONIAN GREBE AND NEST

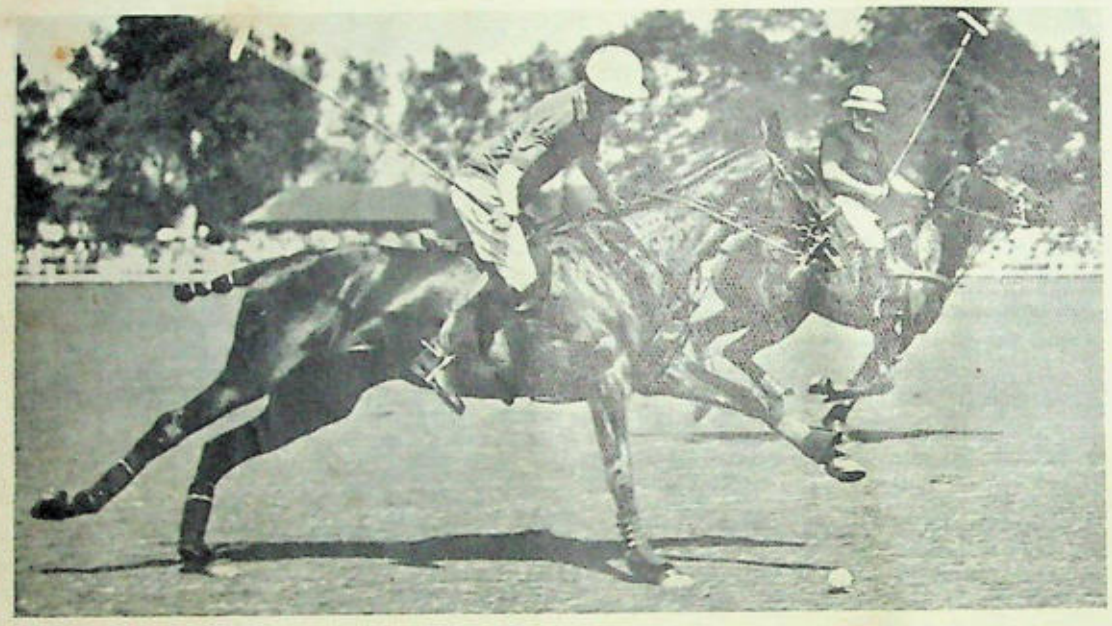
*Bird just about to sit and a close up view of the pair and nest*



# THE CHAMPION CUP

## Kashmir's Well-deserved Polo Victory

WE commented last week on the Kashmir-Diables match when the former had their revenge over their victors in the Ranelagh Open Cup. The next two games produced nothing sensational. In both instances it was a question of "Teams v. Individuals," and in 90 cases out of 100 the former are the strongest. They certainly were on this occasion. The Panthers, with their same side as they had at Ranelagh, beat the Zebras (Mr. M. H. E. Lopes, No. 1; Mr. H. R. Mackeson, No. 2; Mr. R. L. Findlay, No. 3—all of the Scots Greys, who thus ought to have combined well, but didn't—with Mr. H. Salmon-Backhouse at back instead of Captain H. P. Guinness, who had returned to his regiment in Edinburgh). As it happened, the Panthers would have only won by half-a-goal had the game been played under handicap, but they obviously eased up when victory was assured. It was a poor game for a champion cup tie. The next match, although also one-sided, was far better polo. The Optimists, with Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby at No. 1 instead of Mr. D. J. Frost, but otherwise



RACING FOR THE BALL IN THE CHAMPION CUP

*Major G. Phipps-Hornby, galloping with the Maharajah of Kashmir for the ball in the final of the Champion Cup, in which the latter's team defeated the Optimists by eight goals to six*

the same as their Ranelagh team, defeating Mixed Grill (Captain B. J. Fowler, No. 1; Mr. H. B. Scott, No. 2; Captain D. J. E. Norton, No. 3; and Major E. D. Fanshawe, back). The latter, all good players collected at the last moment, with no previous practice together, suffered an inevitable defeat.

The following day, in spite of the thunderstorm, which mercifully was child's play at Hurlingham compared to what it was at the other two clubs across the river, the Someries House v. Knaves match was brought off. Naturally the ground cut up badly, and the game was slow in consequence. Possibly this may have favoured the Knaves; in any case, they won, somewhat unexpectedly, by a margin of two goals. Someries House team, in the unfortunate absence of Sir Harold Wernher, had no less than three of their side from India (Captains Cooke and Walford, and the Maharajah of Jaipur). Wet ground inevitably affects players from abroad far more than those who continually meet with similar conditions to those prevailing on June 25th. It was an exciting game to watch, the score board showing 5-all in the fifth chukker; but the Knaves, who were all in form, always looked like winning.

On the losing side, Captain Walford was run away with the whole of the first chukker. This obviously tired him and he never functioned as we know he can. This fact undoubtedly upset the side. Captain Cooke showed glimpses of being a high-class No. 1. The Maharajah of Jaipur did not appear to take much interest in the proceedings at the commencement of the game, but later did many brilliant things. Captain Ansell, who can, and did occasionally, hit a lovely long ball, although a brilliant horseman, did not appear to be able to get his ponies into top gear, and at present he does not give the impression of being cut out as a No. 1.

Kashmir then met and defeated the Panthers winners of the Roehampton Open Cup) by 9 goals to 5. The winners rushed their opponents off their legs at the commencement of the game, and at the end of the second chukker the score board showed 5—0 in their favour. After half-time the play was more level, but there is no doubt the best side won. The Maharajah more than held his own, and only missed one backhander all the game. Captains Sanger and Roark combined well, and the former played his best game over here, and yet his chief idea seems to be to lick the skin off the ball. He seldom looked round before taking a backhander, which as often as not he hit blind. He lacks the finesse with which Captain Roark is so bountifully endowed.

Of the losers, Mr. Tyrrell Martin naturally stood out, but he didn't appear to be quite as good as he was last year. Major Magor played his part with credit. Mr. Sanford did brilliant things, and may develop into a first-class player.

Then the Optimists defeated the Knaves by 9 goals to 5. It was unfortunate that Captain G. Fanshawe's injured shoulder compelled him to give up at half-time, his place being taken by a brother officer in the Bays, Captain G. W. C. Draffen, who, considering he was riding strange ponies (a terrific handicap), played very well. This was a good hard-fought game throughout. In fact for a moment in the fourth chukker when the Knaves were two goals ahead, it looked as if they might win. As it was it was only at the end of the match that the Optimists showed any definite superiority. The Knaves' performance was a distinctly good one.

Kashmir beat the Optimists in the final 8 goals to 6, after practically being goal for goal throughout the match. It was a very exciting game to watch owing to the closeness of the scores, but there was a lot of missing for which the ground—which considering all things played well—was not responsible, and there were comparatively few occasions on which up and down play, all out, up the centre of the ground took place.

Under these circumstances the combination of the winners was not so marked as in their previous matches; whilst that of the losers was conspicuous by its absence. Perhaps the most effective player on the day was General Khusru Jung, who not only kept his place well up in the game, but had almost uncanny control over the ball. Beautifully mounted, he was a perpetual source of danger to his opponents.

Captain Roark, though not so effective as usual, was always in his right place at the right moment. Captain Sanger met the ball with unerring precision, and thus was frequently turning defence into attack; whilst the Maharajah himself, keeping well out of the game and yet not hesitating to gallop in when opportunity occurred, proved fully capable of holding his own in first-class polo.

Major Phipps-Hornby never seemed comfortable. No No. 1 ever does against a back who plays a long stop game. Had he remained with the Maharajah, the match might have been even closer than it was. On the day's play Mr. Frost would have been more useful to his side than his substitute. Mr. Michael Phipps hit some spectacular goals, but on the whole did not show the technique of which we know he is capable.

Mr. Hughes in spite of a real nasty gash on his bridle arm, as the result of indoor polo at Olympia the night before, nevertheless played his usual gallant game. Mr. Guy hit some lovely near side backhanders, and was very quick at changing with Mr. Hughes and dashing into the game, but he made some tactical errors. Kashmir thoroughly deserved their victory.

# RACING LUCK

## Fortunes of Famous Stables

STRANGE how long spells of ill-luck will now and again attach themselves to racing stables. We have in mind one establishment—among the most famous in the country—which started the present season with more than 50 horses, yet not a single success came its way until a horse, bought out of a selling race a few weeks previously, picked up a small handicap. That was the first winner for the stable after more than 130 consecutive losers.

One shudders to think what that long period of ill-fortune meant for its patrons in forfeits, subscriptions, travelling expenses, jockeys' fees, and all the other inevitable outgoings of a large training establishment. The stable in question, be it added, is run by the best of trainers, and has had a wonderfully fine record in the past.

Other notable examples of stables which for varying periods have been dead out of form will occur to the regular racegoer. The people connected with them have been left to wonder how so many moderate horses could possibly be under the same roof at the same time. Mr. Harry Cottrill has not been without his quiet times in training, but at present things are going his way, and until the start of the First July Meeting at Newmarket this week he had won more races than any other member of his profession. He was then fourth on the winning list with respect to stake-money.

A long way in front of all was Mr. Frank Butters, who has had to thank Bahram for nearly two-thirds of the fine total already standing to the credit of the Fitzroy House establishment. This stable began the season with so many high-class three-year-olds and older horses, and with such a wealth of highly-bred two-year-olds, that it was predicted it would improve on its wonderful figures of 1934, when it carried off no less than £88,843 in stakes.

Apart from the Derby and Two Thousand winner, Fitzroy House has had its share of disappointments during the past two months, and its prospects of eclipsing last year's total are not so bright as they were. So far its two-year-olds have not been markedly successful, but no doubt there will be a different story to tell later in the year. Second and third places on the list of winning trainers are held, at the date of writing, by Mr. J. Lawson and Mr. C. Leader. The Stanley House total was unexpectedly swelled by the victory of Quashed in the Oaks, which came in timely fashion to compensate for the bad luck the stable had experienced with Bobsleigh.

That unfortunate colt has been turned out of training for the time being, and there is now no certainty that Leader will be able to get him ready for the St. Leger. The breakdown of Lord Derby's colt has certainly robbed the classic side of this season's racing of a great deal of interest. Lawson had a good time at Ascot, thanks to Tiberius, Field Trial and Flash Bye, and there is every chance that Manton will remain one of the three leading stables up to the close of the season.

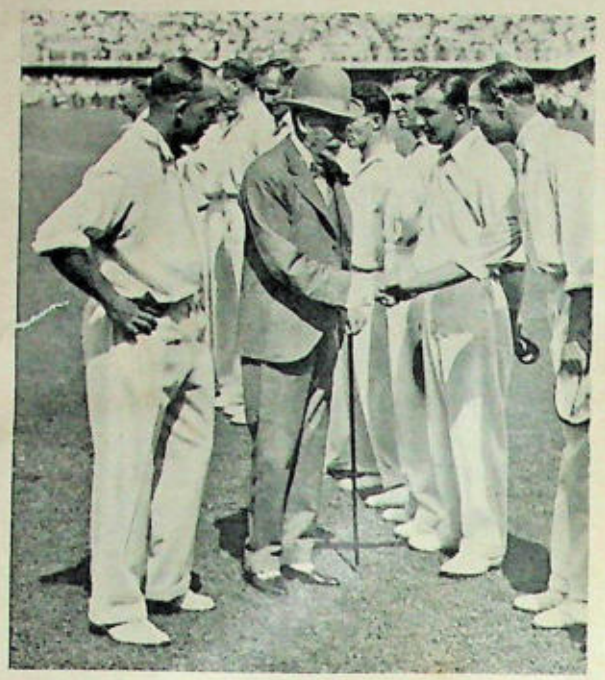
Incidentally it is not often that Manton has "missed a place" in the winning table, and no stable can produce a more consistent record of success spread over a long period of years. Mr. Jack Jarvis is, as usual, well up on the list, and next to him comes Mr. Fred Butters, who is heartily to be congratulated on the success he has achieved in his first season at Kingsclere, so famous in the days of John Porter.

Beckhampton is among the great stables which have struck a quiet spell. Its record last season fell appreciably below its average, and it is not to be supposed that Mr. Fred Darling is satisfied with the position he occupies in this year's list, but a change will come over the scene if Fair Trial wins the Eclipse Stakes this month. That rich stake promises to be one of the most entertaining races of the season, with Windsor Lad and Theft among its other probable runners.

# UNUSUAL TACTICS AT LORD'S

## The South African Cricketers Abandon Their Natural Style

By NEVILLE CARDUS



H.M. THE KING AT LORD'S
*R. E. S. Wyatt, the England captain, introducing his team*

LORD'S was resplendent last Saturday for the Test Match—a June day, warm with perpetual sunshine; a great and generous crowd who seemed quite disappointed at the fall of a South African wicket and enraptured whenever Cameron smote a mighty six into their congested ranks. The prayers of Wade and his men were answered; before the match they asked only for two blessings—fine weather and the luck of the toss. I am afraid South Africa failed to meet fortune's smile with the retort courageous and gallant; they proceeded to bat for two hours before lunch like a team afflicted by distrust—distrust of the Lord's wicket and of their natural skill at forward play.

The wicket, it was generally agreed, was not above suspicion. After lunch, Verity and Langridge turned the ball inches; Mitchell of Derbyshire turned it a foot—at those periods when he hit the earth at all. But for two or three hours, the wicket's surface was good enough for good batsmen; and at no time did the turf become really sinful. It was the kind of wicket common to all matches at Lord's before the war, a pitch that enabled skilful spin bowlers to "do a bit" and render a forward lunge of the bat just a shade speculative.

The main characteristic of South African batsmanship is front-of-the-wicket driving; and because they preferred defensive back play on the whole on Saturday their innings amounted only to 228, and without the superb 90 of Cameron, would have ended at a fatally low figure. Cameron was the one man to keep to his natural style; the South Africans will be well advised to regard a Test match exactly as they regarded their match at Sheffield against Yorkshire—that is, as part of the season's common-or-garden work.

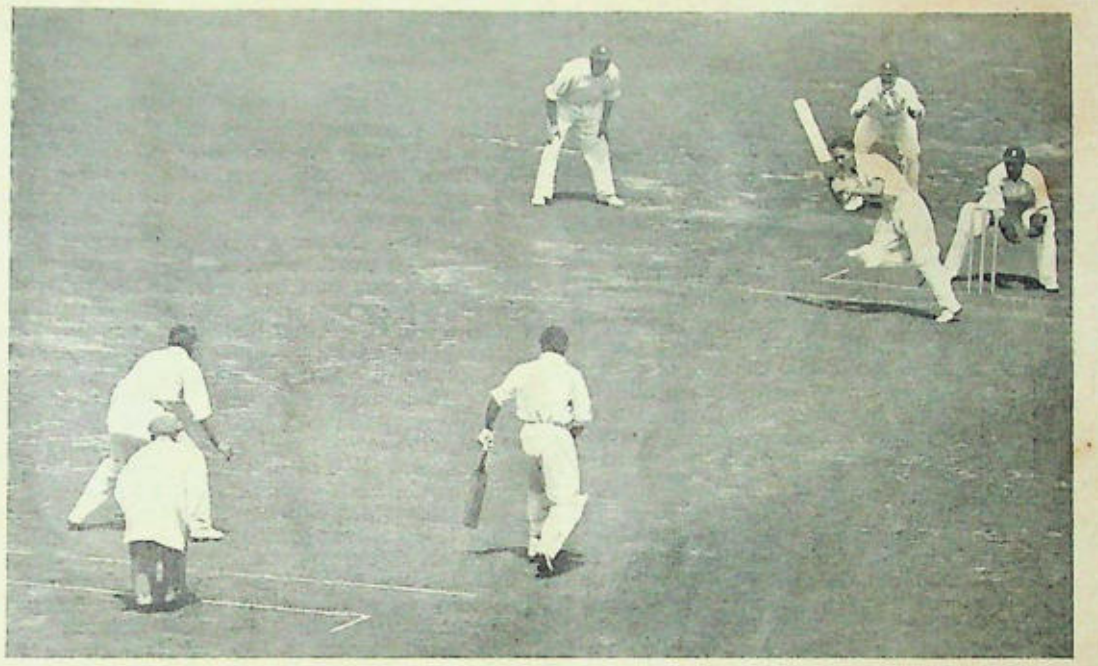
A team that is able to thrash Yorkshire at Sheffield does itself an injustice by going into a Test match at Lord's tentatively—and they would tell you the same at Sheffield. Mitchell began confidently enough against Nichols and Wyatt, who bowled with the new ball; but after Siedle had mistimed a reeling, vagrant long-hop from Mitchell of Derbyshire, and got bowled, South Africa's most stylish batsman went into more or less masterful inactivity and permitted Verity to exploit a "sticky wicket" field.

Rowan contrived to score 40; but every over he probably gave great concern to his captain; he is gifted but foolish with his efforts to emulate the incomparable Charles Macartney. It is all very well playing with Macartney's impudence—if you happen to be a Charles Macartney. Not for the world would I say a word to discourage a young cricketer's attempts to drive with the middle of the bat; South Africa needed one or two such cricketers on Saturday to support Cameron. But Rowan repeatedly made vain and spectacular flashes and flicks of the bat at offside balls—and usually his stroke was lucky to "get away" with a single through the slips. Rowan will honour his natural gifts by attending to the old advice to all young men, "Keep a straight bat and a modest mind." This, I admit, sounds dreadfully portentous and heavy fatherly. But I am concerned about Rowan's future; he has qualities which easily might take him to the ranks of the world's best batsmen. But he cannot fly before he learns to walk—"No wings!" as Mr. Snagsby remarked with melancholy.

Cameron made South Africa's innings vertebrate. He came forth when the score was 98 for four and in 40 minutes he reached 50. He smote Verity to square-leg for six; he pulled Langridge for six; and he drove Mitchell to long-on for six. The hits were all done with consummate ease and judgment. Cameron is a sound batsman who, besides the defence of a shrewd player, has the driving and cutting technique of a quick scorer. The cut, of course, is essential to the long-staying forcing batsman. It is the power of the cut that causes the bowler to keep the ball up to the bat—and then, of course, your Cameron can drive at will. It was afraid that Farrimond had an unfortunate day; he kept wicket soundly on the whole, and he made a clever catch. And then he missed at least one chance of stumping—happily not expensive. The ball turned so spaciously that Farrimond had, so to say, to go "after" the ball. He is not yet as good as George Duckworth; but perhaps Elliott, of Derbyshire, is technically the best of English wicket-keepers. We have none to compare in style and swiftness with Cameron.

The England eleven were discussing the state of the Lord's wicket quite earnestly as Wyatt and Sutcliffe began to bat shortly after 5 o'clock. Sutcliffe was out quickly; but swing through the air defeated him, not anything to do with the wicket. When Leyland and Wyatt made a stand for the second England wicket the turf appeared to behave amiably enough; but the reason may have been that Bell and Crisp do not spin the ball. As soon as Balaskas came on, he turned his leg-break the width of the wicket. But it was a long-hop which kept low that bowled Leyland. In the difficult closing period of the glorious afternoon Wyatt and Hammond batted with a quiet control which reassured everybody, even including the Jessop's and Fender's mastery over the cut which, in their best days, was the secret of their most galvanic innings. Apart from Cameron's great piece of batsmanship, there was only Dalton's dashing effort that attempted to clear South Africa's innings of the weighty gloom of unphilosophic doubt.

England fielded like a team; and the bowling was varied and steady—excepting Mitchell's hotch-potch of brilliant spinners and half volleys and long-hops with no visible means of support. I am



E. A. ROWAN STEPS OUT TO VERITY DURING HIS PARTNERSHIP WITH H. F. WADE
*Rowan, who made 40 in the South African's first innings, is a gifted batsman, but foolish with his efforts to emulate the incomparable Charles Macartney*

WYATT AGAIN BATS SOUNDLY DURING AN EARLY ENGLAND CRISIS
*On the second day, with his score at 53, England's captain pulled a short ball from Dalton straight into Nourse's hands at deep mid-wicket*

Selection Committee, who all day had worried about the durability of the wicket.

At close of play, England were 75 for two—and on paper their position was enviable. But much still depended on the weather and the pitch. Modern batsmen are easily disturbed by the sight of a spinning ball. They always blame the turf for their poor play. "These are an awkward pair of skates," said Mr. Winkle to Sam Weller. And Sam replied: "I'm afraid it's an ork'ard sort of gen'l'man who is wearing them."

The cricket on Monday was constantly fascinating and often dramatic. The pitch behaved much as it was expected to behave by observers who on Saturday had not obstinately shut their eyes to the fact that even James Langridge could spin the ball. Nothing in the match astonished me more than the errors of judgment made about the condition of the wicket by cricketers in the pavilion—men who have played for their counties, Universities, and even for England. Surely no turf is reliable that admits a leg break to "squat" as villainously as the one sent to Hammond by Dalton on Monday morning? This was the beginning of England's troubles; for Balaskas spun the ball at will—sometimes he pitched on the leg-stump and missed the off by a foot, so great was his finger action and so greedily did the wicket swallow the poison.

In half an hour I saw more good imitations of a shooter than I had ever seen in a Test match; the England collapse scarcely surprised me. As soon as the rapidity of Balaskas's leg-break became evident, my view was that England would do well to score 200. They just failed to get 200; Balaskas bowled two-and-a-half hours without rest, and was hit for only one boundary in all that time. He took five wickets for 49 in 32 overs.

The general opinion in the lunch interval was that South Africa would need to bat most skilfully to get as many as 200. At five o'clock they were 130 for one! On a Lord's wicket "made" for leg-spin, the England eleven lacked the arts of Robins. Mitchell of Derbyshire was temperamentally not equal to controlling his extensive spin. He got Siedle out with a most dangerous leg-spinner; after that his length and direction wandered as it had wandered on Saturday, until the batsmen told it where to go.

Mitchell and Rowan added 104 for South Africa's second wicket, an incredible partnership on the turf—and the consequence of superb batting and an attack not suited to the pitch. The England bowlers pulled themselves together at the crisis; in rapid sequence four wickets were taken—Cameron, Nourse, Dalton and Wade. But for this collapse South Africa would have ended the day in an impregnable position; as it was, they were leading by 238, with four wickets in hand, a position of much hopefulness, if only rain did not come in the night and deaden the pitch and bind it together. Bruce Mitchell, not out 129 at close of play, achieved one of the most beautifully proportioned innings ever witnessed in a Test match—the classical manner dignified every stroke; forward and back play were ideally mated—and the temperament behind it all was masterful and serene.

# A CRICKET PROBLEM

## When Averages Insult the Intellect

By LIEUT.-COL. GYRIL FOLEY

I HAVE just seen a very unrepresentative side of the M.C.C. beat Cambridge by five wickets, and I must admit that, unless Oxford have an unusually weak team, I see very little hope for the Light Blues in the inter-University match. The most remarkable thing about the side is that their fielding should be so incomparably superior to either their bowling or batting, as far as it is possible to judge in a single match. We can only hope for the best.

In the meantime I have received a conundrum from a reader of the *Field* which I venture to give in full in the faint hope that some distinguished mathematician will offer a satisfactory explanation.

"I am a keen cricketer and a rotten bad mathematician. A combination of these attributes has landed me in a quandary, and I am writing to crave your assistance and a decision on the point at issue.

"Discussion regarding the relative merits of two bowlers had ended in acrimony. A perusal of statistics showed that both men, whom I will call A (my man) and B, had, up to date, the same somewhat astonishing figures of 28 wickets for 60 runs, and the upshot of the business was that I backed my man to be ahead at the end of the next match.

"On seeing that in that match my man had taken 4 for 36 while B. had achieved a mere 1 for 27, I joyfully claimed my stake. My opponent (whom I do not trust) not only refused to pay, but actually counter claimed, saying that I had backed my man to be *ahead*, whereas, in actual fact, both men were still level. There's something fishy somewhere, and I should be indeed grateful if you could produce the answer which would enable me to claim the half-crown I'm sure I've won."

The thing works out like this. A.—28 wickets for 60 runs and 4 for 36. Total: 32 for 96, which gives an average of 3 runs per wicket taken. B.—28 wickets for 60 runs and 1 for 27. Total: 29 for 87, which also gives an average of 3 runs per wicket. I have come to the conclusion that these figures lie, because if you eliminate the 28 wickets for 60 runs which each bowler took, A., with 4 for 36 shows an average of 9 runs per wicket taken, and B., who obtained only 1 wicket for 27 runs, shows an average of 27 runs per wicket taken. Therefore A. is three times better than B.

Supposing you have two things A and B to weigh against two things C and D, and you weigh them separately against each other, and you find A is the same weight as C, and you then weigh B against D and find B is three times heavier than D, do you mean to tell me that if you then put A and B on the scales against C and D, that they will be of equal weight, because if you do, I do not believe you. I am sorry about it, but I do not. Such a statement is intolerable and an insult to the intellect, and I have settled *not* to send the proposition to those famous Rushbrooke twins, Messieurs G. S. and J. Y., of Cambridge, for elucidation, partly for that reason and partly on account of the extreme heat. They must be grateful for a rest after their labours and would naturally not welcome a thing like that.

At the same time I believe that there is no mathematical mystery that a Wrangler cannot solve. I once caught sight of a paper containing the questions which had been set for the prospective Wranglers to wrestle with. There were five of them, I think. It is unusual for more than three to be answered in two days. One of the propositions dealt with "The bounding diameter of the moon"! Think that out. How can a diameter *encircle* anything? And mark you "bounding" *must* have had that meaning, and not a "bouncing" one. Another, I think, included the term "A crooked straight line," but I am not sure about that. Only a few people are capable of setting these papers and it takes them months to do it.

I think my correspondent must have seen the following, as it is almost exactly similar to his proposition if you substitute "birds" for "wickets" and "cartridges" for "runs." Here it is:

"A friend went out shooting last season with a professor of mathematics. My friend bet the mathematician that at the end of the day he would have a better average of birds per cartridge. In the morning both shot steadily. At lunch they were level; each had killed 28 birds with 60 cartridges. The luncheon was an exceptionally good one.

"Both men's marksmanship was affected. The professor killed only one more bird, and took 27 cartridges to do it. My friend, who had more shooting, got nine birds with 51 cartridges. 'Well,' he said, 'this morning's bag cancels out, doesn't it? And I've got a better average this afternoon, so I win.' 'No, you don't,' said the mathematician. 'The bet was made on the whole day's bag and the result is a tie.'

"It took a quarter of an hour's argument to convince my friend that they had both finished up with an average of one bird to three cartridges."

I venture to disagree. The professor took 27 cartridges to kill one bird after lunch, so his friend and opponent could have afforded to expend 243 cartridges on his nine birds and still have as good an average. As he killed those nine birds with only 51 cartridges, he of course won easily, as did the bowler who took 4 for 36 as against 1 for 27. And, as Dan Leno used to say: "If not, why, because?"

# ROUND THE WICKETS

## New Variations of Form

FOLLOWING the prolonged spell of wet weather the return to sunshine and faster wickets was bound to produce new variations of form. Wet wickets reveal the batsmen of true genius and give bowlers flattering analyses; but it takes a fast wicket to produce batting on the grand scale and show us the bowlers who can do something more than take advantage of helpful conditions.

In batting nothing has been more satisfying than the innings played by N. S. Mitchell-Innes for Oxford University against Surrey at the Oval last Saturday, when he might have been playing for England at Lord's but for a doubt about his health that caused him wisely to decline the invitation. This innings of 132 not out against Surrey ought to have silenced the criticism that followed his failure in the first Test match at Nottingham. It was not one of his most sparkling—he was not fit—but it was in its way masterly. Here was a wicket very different from those on which he batted so well earlier in the season, and while most of the other Oxford batsmen found difficulty in Gover's fast bowling he played it with assurance.

Then there was M. J. Turnbull, the Glamorgan captain, getting his first hundred of the season last Saturday against Kent—a spirited innings with much good driving which made even Freeman's bowling analysis look ordinary. It was typical of Turnbull and of the Glamorgan team's outlook in general that the loss of the first three wickets for 19 was retrieved not by defence but by attack. If it were necessary to choose two England teams to win matches in three days Turnbull would be a strong candidate for one of them.

Sandham, of Surrey, is another who thrives on fast wickets, and it was a typical Sandham innings by which he scored his hundredth hundred in first-class cricket last week against Hampshire at Basingstoke. The image of Sandham which remains more prominently in my mind than any other is that of the imperturbable little batsman turning a fast ball off his eyebrows to fine leg with complete nonchalance. No other batsman of his time has done it in quite the same way.

Other batsmen who seem to have been stimulated into renewed activity by sunshine and fast wickets include Hendren, whose 76 and 62 were the highest Middlesex scores against Worcestershire; Gunn, whose 78 last Saturday saved Notts from a rout by the Derbyshire bowlers; and Iddon, who has never played a more valuable innings for Lancashire than his 131 in the second innings against Derbyshire—a forlorn hope that came within an ace of success. Lancashire played this match out with a spirit not always theirs. Iddon's 131 gave them a bare chance of winning, and they took it—win or lose—when they might pardonably have played to save the game. The last two batsmen tried heroically to hit sixes, and one of them was caught, in the best cricket story style, on the boundary. Derbyshire won by 7 runs, but the honours of the day's play were with Lancashire.

Not all batsmen can at once adapt themselves to a change from soft to hard wickets, and it is not surprising to find bowlers still returning extraordinary analyses. Thus Bowes, who could do little on the Trent Bridge wicket in the first Test match, had a triumph at Kettering last Saturday, with eight wickets for 18 against Northants—ironical in view of his exclusion from the Test side at Lord's, where Nichols was pounding away on a fast wicket without much success. Perhaps there is some psychological explanation of the fact that three players who were in the first Test match and dropped out of the second—Mitchell-Innes, Iddon and Bowes—took the occasion to do outstanding performances in other matches.

Whether it was the return of hard wickets, or the return of confidence in themselves, Essex reached a welcome turning-point in their misfortunes last week when they beat Lancashire by ten wickets. The Essex batting, in truth, was still uneven, and owed much to a fine 100 by T. N. Pearce; and it was chiefly a bowlers' triumph, with this oddity—that Nichols and Eastman could not get a wicket between them in Lancashire's first innings, but took seven for 18 runs between them in the second innings. In the next match, against Gloucestershire, Essex again had to thank chiefly their bowlers for another win by nine wickets. This time the fast bowlers, Nichols and H. D. Read, carried all before them, while the batting, with the exception of Sheffield and Nichols, was very disappointing. Fast bowling has been the strong suit of Essex in the last two seasons, but the continued unreliability in batting is rather inexplicable, for most of their batsmen can make, and have made, runs in good style.

Over much was made last week of the incident at the Oval when, with Surrey wanting one run to beat Worcestershire, the batsmen, Squires and Barling, tried to run a second run and Squires was run out. The fact is, of course, that as soon as one run was completed the match was over, and what happened afterwards mattered not at all. The batsmen apparently thought two runs were needed instead of one.

I have been reading a most interesting little book, *The Story of the Tests in England*, by Mr. Cecil Kent, just published by Hutchinson & Co. at 1/-. It reviews and summarises the matches between England and Australia in England, from the first in 1880 to the last in 1934, in a way that has never been done elsewhere. In addition to the complete scores of all the matches and shrewd comments on them, Mr. Kent gives all sorts of pertinent facts and figures about the players, such as the proportion of amateur and professional players in England teams, the number of University Blues and Public Schools represented among England players; feats of fast scoring, fast bowling and catching; averages for the whole series and other details that cricketers will find both illuminating and entertaining.

F. I. W.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN Kolkata 15772/86

IN THE SPOTTED LION COUNTRY

*It is in this belt of uncanny Hagenia forest girdling the Aberdares at a height of* 10,000 *feet that the spotted lion lives*

# IN QUEST OF THE SPOTTED LION

## The Needle in the Aberdare Haystack

By K. C. GANDAR DOWER

IN an article published in the *Field* of February 23rd I gave the facts concerning the spotted lion so far as I knew them in October of last year. I wrote that an expedition had been formed to discover whether the two remarkable skins already obtained belonged to freaks, to a new sub-species of lion, or even to a new kind of great cat. And I said that we hoped to secure the skin, skull and skeleton of an adult beast for the British Museum and to capture a live animal for the Zoo. At that time I did not realise how big a task it was that we were undertaking. But although complete success has not yet come, and may not come for another year, so many new facts have been added to the scanty store of knowledge concerning this strange beast that it seems worth while to outline the position as it stands. The spotted lion exists on the equatorial mountains, not as an individual freak but at least as a separate sub-species. Perhaps this sub-species represents a throwback to the ancestral form which was spotted. Or perhaps, isolated in their mountain fastnesses, the last members of the old race are making their final stand against extinction.

Quite apart from many confirmatory stories that have come to hand since October—and these include strange rumours from the Congo—the expedition has achieved sufficient first-hand results to justify this conclusion, though not enough to prove it scientifically. Once on Mount Kenya, and in many parts of the Aberdares, traces of the spotted lion have been found. Its range of altitude, its food supply and its favourite haunts are known. It has come to the kills of the expedition; it has hesitated at the mouths of traps. On four occasions it has been actually seen in daylight by thoroughly reliable boys, who were able to observe it for a considerable time. The descriptive powers of the African native are famous for inaccuracy, but the accounts tally remarkably well with the appearance of the two skins already obtained, and of these skins our boys had no previous knowledge. They describe a beast the size of a large leopard, but heavier than a leopard, stocky on its legs, yet with something of the cheetah in its spottings and its whiskered semi-mane. They say that it is "a lion but not a lion," or, again, "There are the leopard and the cheetah. Well there are also the 'lion' and the 'marosi.'"

The first Aberdare safari suggested, and the second confirmed, that spotted lions, though everywhere rare—at a rash guess I should hazard there are only 60 in the entire Aberdare range and far fewer on Mount Kenya—are most likely to be met with in the Hagenia forests or in the belt of gorse and giant heather that runs along their upper edge. "Marosiland" girdles the Aberdares between the 9,500ft. and 11,500ft. contours. It is a fantastic world of thickly wooded, precipitous hillsides, where the going is very difficult. We found no traces of marosis either on the moorland above or in the bamboo and cedar forests below this belt.

Two main difficulties faced the expedition from the start—identification of spoor and shortage of game for kills. The leopards in the Aberdares are numerous and large, and a further confusing element was supplied by the presence of plains

FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT!

*This spoor was found at* 12,000 *feet and was at first taken to be a spotted lion; subsequently it was diagnosed as the ordinary lion at an unusual altitude*

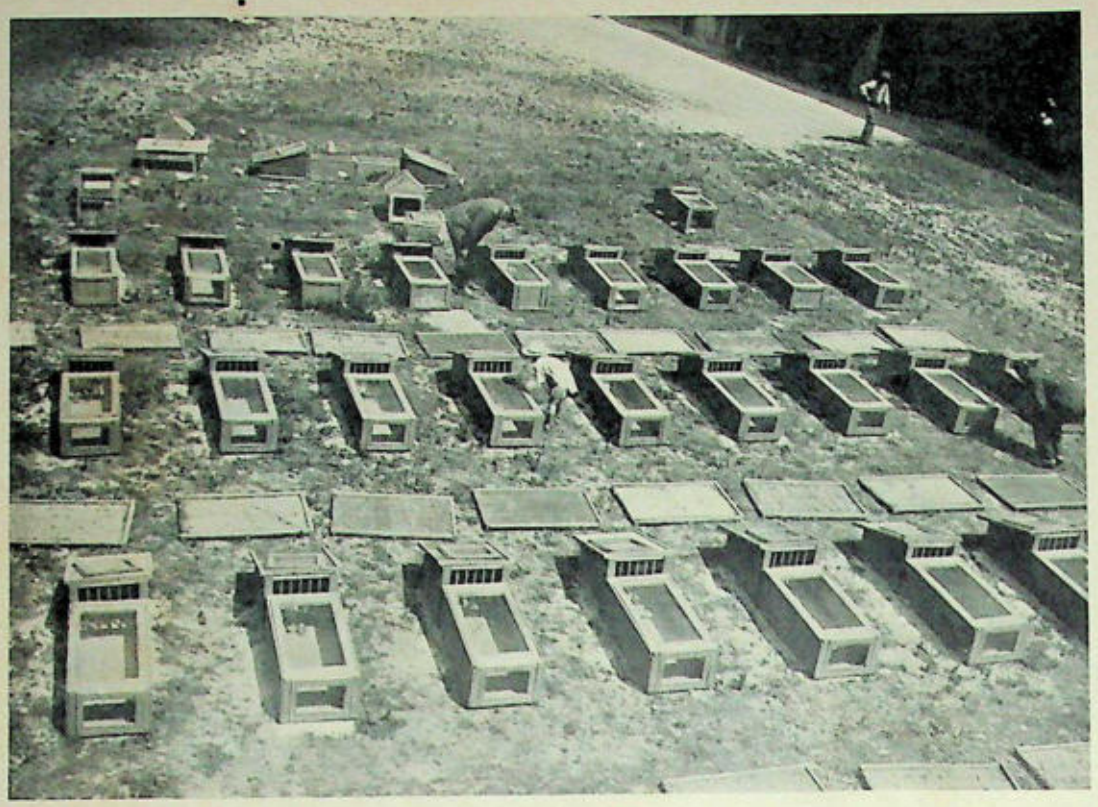
lions which, driven into the mountains by white settlement, are sometimes to be met with even as high as 12,500ft. We did our best to discriminate according to size and circumstance, and when, for instance, we found two tracks, larger than leopards' yet so small that they could only belong to lion cubs, and when the marks showed that these cubs, unattended by a full grown animal, had been chasing a herd of buffalo through thick forest we felt we were justified in believing that we were at last in the parish of the dwarf lion of the mountains. Our boys now swear that they can tell marosi spoor from leopard or young lion spoor by shape as well as by size. They claim that the feet are thinner and that the claws are not completely retractile. For this piece of startling information I cannot personally vouch.

Now, however, a second difficulty arose. The only possible method of establishing contact was by means of kills, and from the first game was hard to find. Bush buck were common but difficult to shoot and they did not go far; eland are protected by law; and for some reason buffalo, which should have been everywhere, proved anything but plentiful. It was almost impossible to build up an adequate line of kills and, as soon as such a line had been established, it was usually demolished by leopards. Late in November the erratic skirmishings of the second safari were abandoned in favour of a "steam-roller system."

This scheme was almost Heath Robinson in its intricate thoroughness, but it was the only logical outcome of the situation and it achieved results. It implied laying siege to the marosi. At three farms to the north, west and east of the Aberdares, and at another near Mount Kenya, I arranged for zebra (which are vermin) to be shot. The meat was transported by car as far towards the mountains as the country allowed. It was then taken up to the 10,000ft. levels by donkeys and pack ponies, and suitably distributed. Hunting a rare beast consists of the maximum multiplication of a series of most unlikely chances, and by this extension of the free lunch counter system our range and effectiveness were far more than quadrupled. This plan was only made practicable by the generosity of Raymond Hook, the expert on Mount Kenya and one of the greatest authorities on pack travel in the colony. He had accompanied me on both the previous safaris—probably no other man in Kenya could have enabled me to carry on a prolonged hunt above 10,000ft.—and now, though he was recalled to his farm, he lent me his dogs, donkeys, pack ponies and boys. These were divided between the various points and used to distribute and to watch the kills.

Five weeks later, at the beginning of January, the spotted lions came at last, fed on our kills for three successive nights, and were observed by the boys, but I had been called away by an unfounded report to another part of the Aberdares and arrived a day too late. Nothing more was heard of our quarry for another month.

With the approach of the rainy season, which makes hunting in the mountains almost impossible, Hook and I constructed two box traps in the Posi River area, receiving special permission to do so through the kindness of the Game Department, in the hope of catching a live beast for the Zoo. I am hoping still. At the time of writing these traps have only yielded leopards, but spotted lions have hesitated at their entrances on at least five occasions, and it seems probable that, given time, success will come at last. If by the end of the rains the traps have failed I hope to return to the Aberdares in the summer or early autumn.



ON A FRENCH GAME FARM

*A scene in the Rambouillet Forest near Paris where the coops appear to be hawk-proof, rat-proof, and possibly gape-proof*

# PARTRIDGES AT KNEBWORTH

## And Some Foundling Pheasants

THERE is, of course, a distinct difference between good keepering and scientific research, though the borderland between them cannot be demarcated. Keepers are not scientists, and most of us are glad that they are not, but when I visited the I.C.I. Game Farm at Knebworth last week I realised the very big gap between the countryman's knowledge of partridge or pheasant and what may be learned of scientific observation.

The objects before Captain Moser and his staff—and a very good staff of keepers they are, too, I thought—are, broadly speaking, to find ways to combat the many difficulties that the change in farming and the various differences of modern life have done to make the task of the game preserver increasingly difficult. It is wonderful that the results of all these experiments are placed at the disposal of the shooting world. It is only to be hoped that they will seize on to them and apply them in so far as their local conditions permit.

There are two experiments which I saw at Knebworth which interested me in particular. The first was the experiment being carried out to find out the favourite foods and types of grit which seem to be acceptable to the partridge. Two observation posts were placed in a small and sheltered dip which were occupied from dawn till dusk by observers—not the occasional interested bird-watcher, but by an unending succession of observers who carried on the work without pause for weeks. They placed a succession of different sorts of food and grit before the birds and they noted the most popular. From time to time a bird would be shot after feeding, to see the contents of its gizzard. It was found that the favourite foods were wheat millet and rye grass, and that the most popular grit was compounded in equal parts of road grit, oyster shell and quartz, crushed fine. Captain Moser is quite certain as the results of the work that he has done that in the past the grit that has been used has been far too large. Partridges like their grit very small. On a fairly large estate it is surely not too much to expect that a crusher could be bought—they are not expensive, particularly at second-hand—and the lack of one means that the grit is very often rejected. The point that grit is essential to partridges, particularly in these days of roads with surfaces like ebony, is so well known as to need no further emphasis. Yet I wonder if grit is put down on even 50 per cent. of the partridge manors of the Kingdom? The grit in use at Knebworth would probably cost about 10/- a hundredweight, according to the distance of cartage. For £30 a very big partridge estate in East Anglia of some twelve thousand acres, was supplied with grit for a whole year.

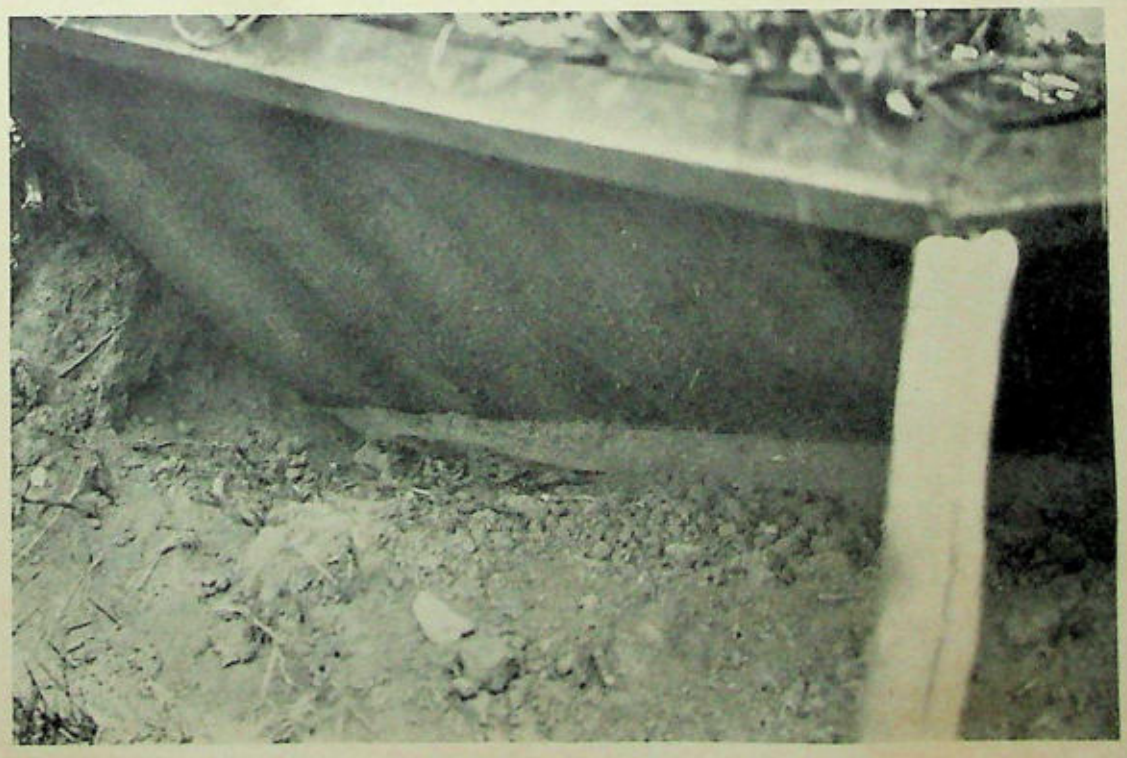
The estate at Knebworth has been practically cleared of vermin, and the natural partridge population has been doubled in the last two years of the I.C.I. tenancy. Although, of course, there are more keepers at work than would be expected on the ordinary partridge beats, yet most of the improvements they have made are of a cheap and inexpensive nature. I noticed two which are not beyond reach of most of us. Captain Moser has provided a number of shelters, small wooden roofed erections in the hedgerows, 6ft. wide, 3ft. deep and 2ft. high in front. Under these shelters sand, leaf mould, wood ashes and grit can be mixed into the natural soil, which being under cover is always dry, and the birds can dust there and free themselves from lice, which in a period of continued bad weather it is otherwise impossible for them to do. In constructing these shelters it is essential to see that they are not made of new wood—the birds will not come to them. An old barn due for pulling down would supply all and more of the necessary timbers. The roof of the shelter should be covered by turf sods and grasses. These shelters have won immediate favour and have even been used as nesting sites.

Then they have supplied galvanised iron dew pans. Last year they were even more in demand than the sand shelters. They are easily constructed by bedding a sheet of tin, slightly tilted, about three inches deep into the ground. They hold about two inches of water at the deep end. A galvanised sheet, 8ft. by 2ft. wide, makes four good dew pans. Round the nests, to keep off vermin, I.C.I. are using a mixture of Jeyes' fluid and paraffin, a very inexpensive preparation. It is no doubt well known to many as a means of keeping off foxes, but it is a different preparation to those I have seen used, and so this small point may interest those like myself to whom it is new. Captain Moser told me that he had noticed particularly that the partridges had covered their nests much more lavishly than usual this year. They evidently were not deceived by the Jubilee Day weather into thinking that it was the harbinger of good things to come, but, knowing what they were in for, selected well-sheltered nesting sites. I asked keepers in Dorset and Norfolk afterwards if this was their observation, too, and they agreed that it was, although I admit I suggested the idea to them first!

The second experiment which interested me very much was the rearing of pheasants on synthetic foods. These pheasants are to be incubated and then fed entirely by a synthetic food which the I.C.I. are testing. The birds are to be kept for six weeks in a brooder house, in such a fashion that they can obtain no other food save the synthetic food with which they are supplied. They are then to be turned out into the coverts, where presumably the feeding process will continue. Thus the pheasants will never see a mother or a foster-mother at all, but will be reared on the American principle with the incubator, which is practically unknown in England. These pheasants will surely be foundlings of the purest ray serene in the strictest Oliver Twist sense of the term! And until they find themselves in the coverts they will be man-made to the last possible degree. I am quite prepared to believe that rearing *on a large scale* may be done economically by abolishing the hen and using the incubator, but I do not myself expect that these pheasants will fly high or far, and this I think is Captain Moser's opinion. However, we shall wait the results with interest.

There are a multitude of other activities which the I.C.I. are undertaking. I cannot deal with these here, but hit or miss, the results of these experiments are of the greatest interest to the shooting world, and they are at the disposal of every shooting man in the country.

R. M.



NESTING IN A DUSTING SHELTER

*This partridge became so attached to one of the dusting shelters at Knebworth that she decided to nest in it*

**A Shooting Waterproof.** The Dunlop Rubber Company are issuing a new waterproof-coat for shooting men. It is intended to fall just below the knees, and is put on over the head, having a zip opener at the neck and adjustable bands on the cuffs to fold tightly round the wrist. As it is also both light and entirely waterproof, it should be well suited for use out shooting. It can be obtained through the Men's Outfitting Department of Messrs. Fortnum & Mason Ltd., the price being 50/-.

"SILVER BIRCHES WITH SPRING BULBS BENEATH THEM"

# WHEN THE BIG HOUSE GOES

## Estate Development Which Needs Watching

AS changing social conditions, taxation and death duties take their toll of the Stately Homes of England, it is being but slowly realised that the fate of their parklands is becoming a matter of national concern, even more so than ribbon building.

Some of our abandoned mansions are being turned into schools, as witness the public schools of Stowe in Buckinghamshire and Canford in Dorset and the convent school of Combe Bank in Kent; others are being taken over by various institutions which preserve the beauty of their surroundings. But the disposal of considerable properties in this direction is limited and most of the large estates are regarded by the speculative builder as his particular Tom Tiddler's Ground. What he does with the land when he gets it is often deplorable.

"Come to the country," cries the builder; "live within reach of town in a famous beauty spot." Accelerated train services, the growth of motor car traffic and the call of the open air all assist his campaign. He sets up an attractive specimen residence which may look well enough on its own, but which when reproduced in mass with a foot or two of space each side to give it the magic title of "detached," constitutes an appalling eyesore. Having launched his appeal in the name of beauty, the builder proceeds to cut down woods, uproot big trees and turn an attractive countryside into a wilderness of bricks and mortar.

All in vain have town-planning acts given local authorities power to arrest this work of destruction. It is not too much to ask whether in the case of some small properties built by private enterprise we are not witnessing the construction of dwellings to form the slums of to-morrow; slums which will not be confined to any one part of a big town, but spread all over England. Houses are to be seen which, after a year, show peeling paint and splitting woodwork, and it must be remembered that they are being purchased on alluring instalment terms by people who have not known the meaning of the word upkeep.

We have examples in model villages, both humble and pretentious, to show that these things should not be and need not be. On the late Lord Rosebery's estate at Woodcote Village, Purley, Surrey, there is a standing model which might be adapted or modified to suit various estate schemes. Here are roads planned with delightful effect to be at their best in the succeeding seasons of the year. A wide verge has been preserved between the residences, and the road which in one section forms an herbaceous border backed by well-cut hedges, in another is lined by silver birches with spring bulbs in the grass beneath them, and yet in another consists of rose beds screened by climbing roses and pergolas.

THE OLD MANSION NESTLING AMONG THE TREES AT ST. LEONARD'S HILL, WINDSOR

Claremont has now passed into the hands of the builder, but here many of the plots have been arranged to include trees and features of the late Empress Eugenie's estate. In some parts of Kent, where a big estate has been cut up, an endeavour has been made to incorporate the actual gardens of the old mansion in the lay-out of the new property.

In this manner to some extent the landscape is being preserved, though house building, however carefully planned, must of necessity destroy its character. So it is with some considerable interest that one turns to a new enterprise at St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, where it has been decided to take over 33 acres of parkland, erect two blocks of flats for the accommodation of some 500 people, and yet not rob the surrounding plantation of any of its features. Here, overlooking Windsor Forest and the Royal Park, is the mansion built between 1761 and 1772 for Lady Waldegrave, who married William Henry, Duke of Gloucester and brother of George III. He it was who laid out the gardens and grounds that exist to-day. On the site of the mansion which is due for demolition, two blocks of flats are to arise, designed by two eminent architects, Professor Walter Gropius and Mr. E. Maxwell Fry of Messrs. Adams, Thompson and Fry.

Possibly the first feeling regarding these flats may be one of protest, but a little consideration will show that here is the genesis of a movement which may have a very great effect on countryside preservation. Here are two blocks of flats substituted for the ancient house, nothing else is disturbed; parks, lawns and terraces, and all the spaciousness of an eighteenth-century estate are placed at the doors of the inhabitants of those flats. The scheme is, frankly, one of private enterprise for profit, but it is commercialism with a soul, and it has received the blessing of the Ministry of Health and that pioneer in town planning, Professor C. H. Reilly. Here from either their front windows at sunrise or their back windows at sunset (living and dining rooms open into one), the flat-dwellers will look over countryside 295ft. above sea-level which will never be built over.

But the interest of this pioneer scheme does not rest entirely with placing flats in novel surroundings. Those who live in them and wish for quiet can find it and even own a private garden, while for those who want recreation there is ample provision. In the grounds will be found lawn tennis courts, squash courts, a swimming pool, nursery gardens, and even a skittle alley, with garages so secluded among the woods that they are out of earshot and sight. In the main building for those who require them will be a large lounge with cocktail bar, a restaurant opening to a terrace, a ballroom with area for dancing out-of-doors in warm weather, a barber's shop, a small completely equipped Turkish bath, and a reading room with terrace and a library. Facilities will be provided for private cinema exhibitions, and a 'bus service will be run in connection with the principal trains. In effect, here are all the amenities of a country club for residents who desire them, with the golf course close by, and Ascot but eight miles distant.

By this time next year this new scheme in flats should be in being. Accommodation, now being reserved, varies from one living room with bath, hall and kitchen (with electric stove and refrigerator) to four rooms with bath, kitchen, etc., at inclusive rents ranging from £125 to £370, according to category, all of which include central heating, constant hot water, window cleaning, porterage, telephone rental and use of public rooms. Two systems of flat life are catered for, one for residents who prefer to manage for themselves and the other with meal service, while a quite nominal addition to the rental will provide housemaid service or full hotel service, including valeting.

The development of St. Leonard's Hill is the inspiration of Mr. Pritchard and Dr. Rosemary Pritchard, and has been promoted by the Isokon Control Company, Ltd., who launched the successful Lawn Road, Hampstead, venture, and anyone at all interested in the scheme can see plans of the buildings and get full particulars from Messrs. Hampton & Sons, Ltd., 20, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1. These flats are on a luxurious scale, but is there not the germ of an idea in town planning on these lines as there is in model village planning to be gained from Woodcote Village, Purley?

R. N. R.

FLATS WHICH WILL ARISE ON THE SITE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MANSION AT ST. LEONARD'S HILL

SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY
*From a photograph taken before the war*

# AN INTREPID SPORTSMAN

## The Late Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny

IT was often said of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who died last week, that he was of a past age. That was in fact far from being the case, for he represented a type that has appeared and re-appeared constantly in these islands since the days of the Elizabethans. It is true that he looked back with regret to the disappearance of such anachronisms as the duel as a means for settling disputes of honour, but equally he threw himself into the newer forms of adventure such as ballooning with intense zest: and one cannot but believe that if he were a young man to-day he would be enthusiastically planning daring flights by aeroplane, journeys to the polar regions and Brazilian explorations, or one of the other outlets of adventurous modern youth.

Born in April, 1847, he started life in the Navy but, like the late Sir Evelyn Wood, he exchanged into the Army, entering the 60th Rifles when he was eighteen. He soon came to the front as an amateur rider, and at the age of twenty he rode and trained Maid of the Mist, which he brought home as a 100 to 1 winner against a field in which rode the redoubtable Bay Middleton. The best horse that he owned was probably Corrèze, which won the Great Sandown Steeplechase in 1893 (owner up), having beaten Father o'Flynn, winner of the previous year's National, in the Army and Navy Steeplechase. Sir Claude continued to ride under National Hunt Rules till he was 62, and in Point-to-Points for a number of years after that. He was an absolutely fearless horseman, and it is recorded of him that at the age of 73 when out hunting, he swam out across 40yds. of tidal water on a bitter cold day to a tiny island on which a fox had taken refuge, watched alike by hounds, huntsman and field.

He had been with the Prussians before Paris in 1870, but he had failed to get into battle in 1889 as the war correspondent of the *Pink Un!* However, he fought in Egypt in 1898, in the Boer War and also served in the late war. There is no end to the number of his exploits. He had been mauled by a tiger and caught in the coils of a python, from which he hacked himself clear with the ramrod of his rifle. He had swum the first Nile cataract, and he had the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life at sea. And at the age of 78 he made a 35ft. dive on the shoulders of another swimmer. There was certainly not a bone in his body that he had not broken at one time or another.

Sir Claude was a great believer in the duel as a means for settling disputes of honour. He was always ready for a challenge with any weapon. During the Boer War he presented himself at Lord Rayleigh's house, after a difference of opinion, with swords and seconds, and at the age of 74 he was bitterly disappointed when his cousin, Lord Kenyon, refused to consider his challenge; while some few years before he had offered to take on John Burns in the ring of the National Sporting Club.

Generous, large hearted, with a fastidious code of ethics of his own, Sir Claude de Crespigny was typical of the eccentric sport-loving English milor's who have so long baffled Continental observers. At home with people of every sort and of every class, hale, outspoken, a splendid companion, fearless, direct, he represented a type which has played a small but important part in moulding the national character.

# OARSMANSHIP IN THE 'FIFTIES AND 'SIXTIES

## Memories of Old Time Coaching and School Rowing

By CANON A. HALL-HALL

MY rowing reminiscences date from 1857, and my interest in rowing was due to my eldest brother winning the sculling at Eton in 1858. Before being allowed to boat, every boy had to pass a test in swimming, and this I accomplished in the summer of 1858, and at once began my racing career, starting for the so-called tub sculling, in which over 100 boys took part, boys in the eight and absolute novices like myself.

This race was more or less an aquatic bear-fight, some boys starting to upset all they could, rob them of their sculls, etc. As the course was upstream to Athens Bay, round a ryepeck, and finishing at Windsor Bridge, certainly over two miles, it gave opportunity for the bear-fighters to waylay the boats on their return journey. The first 40 who escaped disaster sculled in the final heat. It is only fair to say that the boys who were known to be taking the race seriously were not interfered with. My brother, who made a speciality of tub sculling, frequently sculling round Monkey Island (ten miles), might probably have won, but having to go to a London dentist was unable to start. So the race went to C. B. Lawes, a lower boy who developed into a very prominent oarsman in the 'sixties.

R. L. Burton won the sculling in 1859. Montague Lubbock, a very popular boy, was the school favourite, and Grenville Murray, in *Seven Years of My Life at Eton*, records erroneously that the present writer climbed a lamp-post at hoisting and fastened Lubbock's colours (cerise) to it. This was really done by the Marquis of Blandford, who was nearly torn to pieces by the Burton faction. Burton won the sculling in 1858; the pairs with Lawes in 1859; and subsequently rowed in the Oxford crew, but his career was short.

The 'sixties are memorable in rowing annals for many reasons. Great alterations took place in boats, oars, etc. For instance, thowls were 5in. high, with a small button towards the top to prevent the scull or oar being jerked out, which happened frequently from the water being struck on the feather or being caught by a weed. Thowls were lowered and wired at in the beginning of our period. Oars had still square looms instead of rounded, and only small buttons. Their blades were also much narrower than those in present use. There were no sliding seats (they came later when Percy, a North Country sculler, sat in a mass of tallow and slid upon a broad thwart). Eight oars and boats were reduced in length, and after many experiments the greatest width was behind the seat of No. 3.

Public Schools came into the picture in the early 'sixties. Eton and Radley rowed a match over the Henley course in 1868—a good race, which Eton won. In 1860 Dr. Warre became an assistant master at Eton and introduced many reforms in the aquatic world of Eton and started a system of coaching which produced what is known everywhere as the orthodox style at the present day.

He got permission from Dr. Goodford for Eton to compete at Henley; at the same time Radley became a regular competitor. Eton's first victory in the Ladies' Plate was in 1864. They were only beaten by University College in the previous year; but University College were the winners of the Grand Challenge and of the Ladies' Plate in the, then, record time of 7min. 23sec. Amongst Eton's victims were B.N.C., head of the river at Oxford, and First Trinity, second at Cambridge.

From this time Eton and Radley have been regular competitors at Henley, but other public schools did not put in an appearance till much later. A Cambridge 'Varsity crew was beaten by Eton in 1859, but this was after a merry night at Henley following the regatta.

An event of real importance in the rowing world was the mark made by Dr. Warre as a coach. His racing was practically over, though he once again started for the Pairs at Henley with another Eton master, Shaw, who had been stroke of the Cambridge crew. Warre had only won the Pulling at Eton, but at Oxford he won the Pairs twice as also the Sculls. He was in the Balliol four and the Balliol eight when each was head of the river, also for his college winning the Ladies' Plate at Henley. In 1857 he was also in the winning crew of the 'Varsity race, but in the losing crew in 1858, and once again in the losing crew, which defeat was shared by Cambridge when London were victorious over both the 'Varsities in the Grand Challenge. In that year he started the trial eight race at Oxford; and in 1860 went as a master to Eton, where he initiated great reforms.

Warre was instrumental at Eton in suppressing cheek nights and Oppidan dinner celebrations, which were much abused, and he became the recognised adviser of the captain of the boats. He regularly coached the eight and taught the captains of the several boats, Monarch, Victory, etc., eight in all, how to coach their crews, and with such good results that Eton won the Ladies' Plate six times out of ten in the 'sixties, and Steve Fairbairn declares that Warre's Eton crews were the nearest to perfection he ever saw.

The writer has Warre's teaching taken down at the time from his dictation. He insisted on all the weight and strength being thrown into the beginning of the stroke, and the sharpest possible feather when the effort had spent itself. Sliding seats he was averse to, but gradually came to recognise that they could prolong the stroke, though they should not do so unduly, involving a strenuous effort for the body to recover the perpendicular.

Warre was no advocate for paddling, the stroke for coaching was to be 28, but whether fast or slow it was for rowing, not paddling. On one occasion, coaching the Oxford four which defeated Harvard, he never opened his mouth until the row was over, and then said he had witnessed the most perfect rowing he had ever seen. He held that long rows got crews together better than spells of paddling and much verbal instruction. If he advocated straight backs and straight arms it was because thus there would be the most strength put into the beginning of each stroke.

Training was not so prolonged as at present. The 'Varsity crews began strict training on Ash Wednesday. Crews did not get stale, as is so often now the case. Up to Ash Wednesday one could hunt, so long as one was back by 3 p.m. to row. Three or four times the Oxford crew would do a long course, *i.e.*, seven miles, but the writer sculled or rowed as far as that on an average every day of his last term at Eton. Why so much longer is taken in preparation for the 'Varsity race nowadays seems to be because young giants are so often selected who have never rowed and have to be taught the very first rudiments of the art.

No wonder they tire of their job and their associates from time to time! No wonder there has to be a lot of tubbing and paddling and talk, all quite unlike Warre's coaching, but then generally he was engaged in putting together as a crew men more or less already oarsmen. I take it that many of the competing crews in the Head of the River race are more or less like that, and would give a very good account of themselves if competing with the 'Varsity eights, as, indeed, the time test has actually shown.

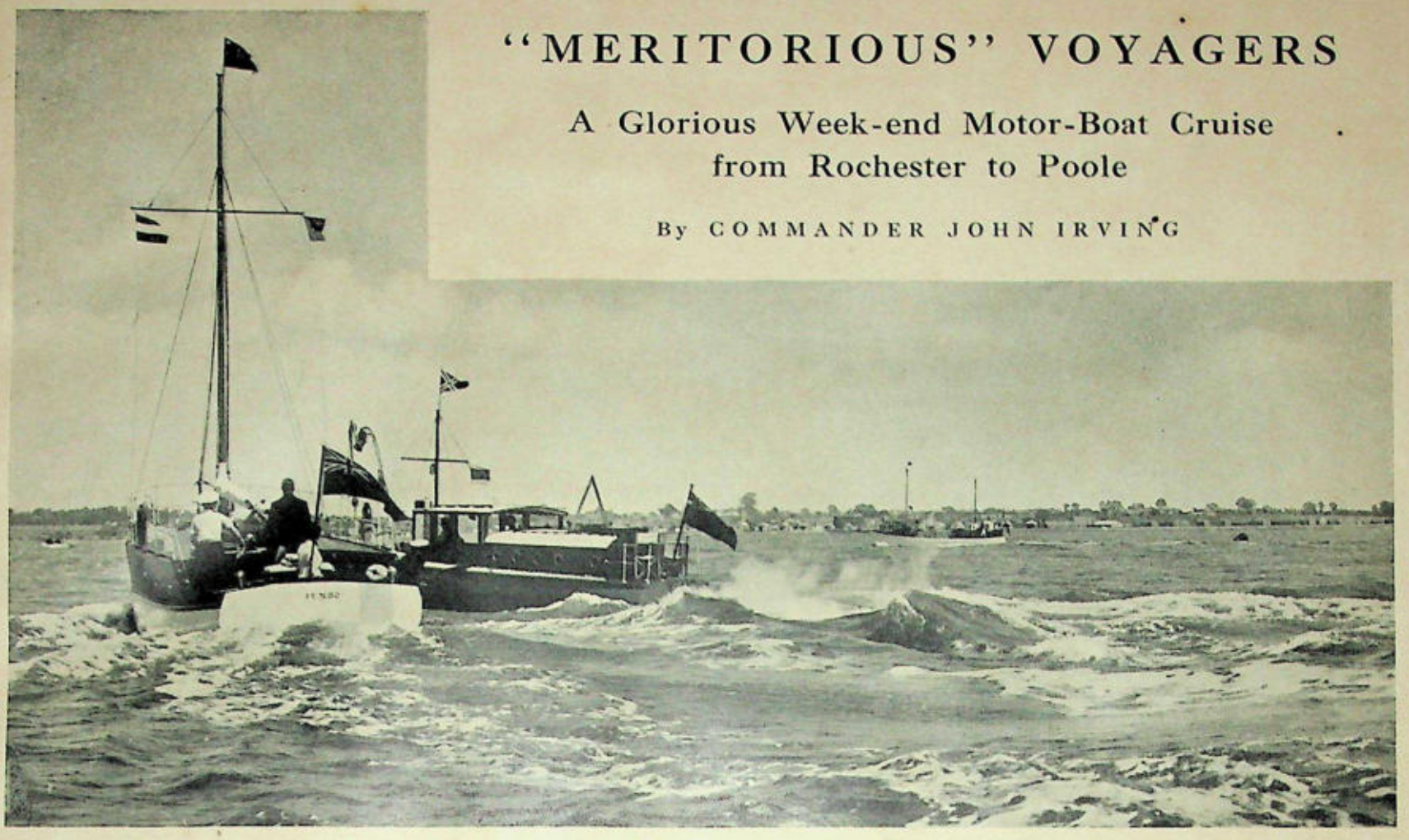
Rowing is immensely more popular than it was in the 'sixties, many more clubs, both British, overseas and foreign, competing, and many more public schools, but without any desire to belittle the crews of later years I honestly think there have not been many, though there have been a few, who would have excelled those oarsmen of the 'sixties.

**Keepers' Benefit Society.**—The Right Hon. the Lord Elphinstone, K.T., will preside at the annual general meeting of the Keepers' Benefit Society at the Langham Hotel, Portland Place, London, W. 1, on July 10th, at 12 noon.

# "MERITORIOUS" VOYAGERS

## A Glorious Week-end Motor-Boat Cruise from Rochester to Poole

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING



MR. J. H. MALTBY'S JUMBO, A WINNER OF THE BRAEMAR CUP, RACING IN HER OWN WATERS

THERE were some who, in advance, in view of past experiences contemplated the chances of this year's classic "London to Cowes" race—actually from Rochester to Poole nowadays—with considerable misgiving.

But there was some salvation for it, however, in the absolute, if tardy, recognition of the impossibility of handicapping motor cruisers as one would handicap sailing class raters, and final salvation for the event in dropping the idea of it being a race and making a pure reliability trial of the fixture.

In this the "London to Cowes" promotors are following wisely the lead set last year by the organisers of the *Field* Trophy Endurance Test in the North Sea. The organisation of the race is of interest, and the R.M.Y.C. are to be congratulated on their efforts. First and foremost, a basic "handicap" was determined for each entrant—a necessary factor, for, as will be seen from the table here given, the competing vessels varied widely in size and power and speed. This basic handicap element was the speed of the vessel in still water, and was arrived at by the handicapping sub-committee from the vessel's certified speed over a measured mile modified, as necessary, according to the usual R.M.Y.C. performance formulæ, the speeds attained in other races and similar information

A definite and reasonable time in which the competitor could complete the passage from Rochester to Poole was then calculated, due allowance being made in this for fair or foul streams to be encountered *en route*, and from this data definite starting and finishing times were then allocated each entrant. To finish within the stipulated time would qualify the owner for a gold medal; if he failed to finish in the time, yet crossed the line within a further 10 per cent. of his total allotted course time, he would receive a silver medal.

To make quite certain that fair allowance would be made for local patches of bad weather—such as several competitors experienced off the Forelands last year—the handicappers reserved the power to adjust the allotted passage times if necessary, and made arrangements for the times of entrants passing salient points such as Dover, St. Catherine's Point, and so on, to be reported to them during the passage.

The whole atmosphere of a race was thus eliminated at a stroke; the individual competitor only had one rival, and that was his allotted "bogey" for the course by beating which he would in due course acquire a gold medal. There was, however, one more important prize for the event which had to be taken into account—the Braemar Trophy. This has to be competed for in a way which could not upset the principle of a reliability trial governing the event as a whole—and a ready solution was at hand.

By completing the course within the allotted "bogey" time an entrant could win a medal, but so long as he did not exceed his official speed and stuck to the set course, he could finish as much earlier as he liked. An early arrival would be considered as a favourable factor in awarding the Braemar Trophy, which, instead of being for a *winner*, was now to be awarded for the most meritorious voyage. Other factors which would be taken into account would be a consistent speed on the voyage, the way in which the log was kept, the relationship between average actual speed and the declared and official speed, and the proportion of amateurs to professionals borne on the entrant's books. And so the last trace of the race-shibboleth has vanished—and the general result has more than justified the change.

This year there were, unfortunately, only 14 entrants, as compared with last year's 18—and two of them, even then—Volage and Vivacity—were non-starters. The weather was on its very best behaviour, and out of twelve starters eleven finished the 220-mile passage, and of these, again owing to the weather, nine qualified for the gold medal—an expensively fine week-end for the Prize Fund. Had the wind been from S.W. instead of S.E. there might not have been so many gold medals to be ordered.

As was to be expected with such weather conditions the passage was generally uneventful. Ladye Dora had as crew two ocean-racing sail enthusiasts. One wonders if they are now potential converts to power—even steadying canvas being *verboten*. The new Norman Hart designed Semita—with the designer on board—roared past the head of the line about Dungeness, and there were speculations about her actual speed, until at Poole it was learnt that, having been fitted with new and more effective propellers since her entry form was filled in, she had now declared a new and greater speed. Sir Henry Martyn's Bird of Dawning, which recently won the London to Rochester race, went ahead in grand style, but seemed to head inshore for Fairlight and slacker water when there was still a full head of fair west-going stream in the offing.

Along the Dungeness Beachey stretch there was a little popple when the stream turned to the eastward—a nuisance, as competitors were forced to remain well out, in the strength of a foul stream, in order to comply with the rules of the race and note the time and log-reading when the Royal Sovereign was abeam to port. Owing to the heat haze along the southern horizon the visibility at most was barely four miles at this point.

From Owers to the finish there was a pretty duel between "Jumbo" and "Antoinette"—chiefly one of tidal strategy, but at the finish it served to emphasise the skill with which the handicappers had done their work. These two yachts starting only 40 minutes apart (on handicap) finished, after a 220-mile passage, only 3min. 40sec. apart.

With the competitors all home came the awarding of the Braemar Trophy, and this has fallen to Mr. Maltby's Jumbo and Sir Henry Martyn's Bird of Dawning, jointly. How, with so many factors which can be called into account, a trophy can be a joint award, it is hard to see, unless, perhaps, it is because its two handles need a hand for each—a Solomon-like judgment. It is, I think, a mistake to make joint awards at any time, and there must surely have been some point, no matter how obscure, which could have been invoked to eliminate one of the joint winners.

And when a "meritorious" voyage is resolved into its component parts, of what do they really consist? Surely the passage of, say, Lavengro, crewed by two men and two ladies—definitely amateurs—is more meritorious than that of a ship with three or four men, all experienced yachtsmen, and perhaps a paid hand aboard into the bargain. Then there was Roma's effort. The evening before the race she had run a big end. Instead of scratching, however, her owner invoked a fast car and by daylight on the morning of the start had got a new one down from London. It had to be fitted, scraped and run in. Roma's amateur crew were at work all night, started four hours late, and even then could not at first run on full throttle. But they finished the course, too late by half an hour even for a silver medal—but the passage and the effort has very much the element of a "meritorious voyage" about it!

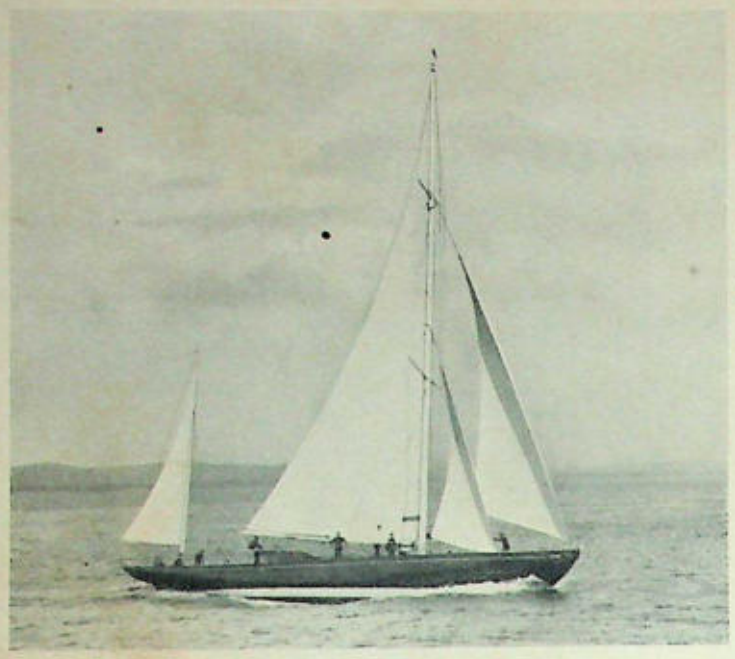
So for another year the contest is over. Nine gold medals, the Braemar Cup jointly to Jumbo and Bird of Dawning, the prize for the fastest passage to Kittihawke, and for the best logs of the voyage to Ladye Dora and Peggy II. A really successful experiment—and what a glorious week-end!

| Boat. | Owner. | Length ft. | Engines. | H.P. Total | Actual (log-average) knots | Starting time (Rochester) | Time of arrival Poole | Scheduled time for Gold Medal | Scheduled time for Silver Medal |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Roma II ..... | S. Clough ..... | 48 | Gardner Diesel.... | 38 | — | 3.36 a.m. Sat. | 5.55.00 p.m. Sunday | 2.00 p.m. | 5.26.24 |
| Ladye Dora ... | J. J. Quill ..... | 35 | Kelvin ..... | 12 | 6.77 | 4.33 a.m. ,, | 11.56.40 a.m. ,, | ,, | 5.20.42 |
| Odlaa III..... | E. C. Strong .... | 45 | Thornycroft ..... | 26 | — | 4.33 a.m. ,, | — | ,, | 5.20.42 |
| Peggy II ..... | L. V. Curtis ..... | 33 | Ailsa Craig ..... | 20 | 7.19 | 6.00 a.m. ,, | 12.15.30 p.m. ,, | ,, | 5.12.00 |
| Jumbo ..... | J. H. Maltby .... | 37 | Kelvin ..... | 26 | 7.89 | 6.06 a.m. ,, | 9.19.10 ,, | Noon | 2.59.29 |
| Antoinette..... | R. L. Longman... | 36 | Thornycroft ..... | 25 | 8.40 | 6.40 a.m. ,, | 9.22.50 ,, | ,, | 2.51.54 |
| Bird of Dawning. | Sir H. Martyn ... | 42.5 | Thornycroft (2) ... | 60 | 8.42 | 7.32 a.m. ,, | 8.27.30 ,, | 10.00 a.m. | 12.38.48 |
| Semita ..... | J. Bravery ..... | 60 | R.N. Diesel (2).... | 80 | 9.37 | 7.55 a.m. ,, | 6.39.00 ,, | — | — |
| Lavengro ..... | D. T. Johnson ... | 45 | Thornycroft ..... | 26 | 9.7 | 1.05 p.m. ,, | 9.40.30 ,, | Noon | 2.17.30 |
| Forrard Away... | V. Ellwood ..... | 70 | Gleniffer ..... | 90 | 9.7 | 2.08 p.m. ,, | 10.54.15 ,, | ,, | 2.09.36 |
| Kittihawke ..... | T. B. Andre ..... | 70 | Thornycroft (2) ... | 90 | 11.4 | 5.43 p.m. ,, | 10.08.30 ,, | ,, | 2.01.42 |
| Volage ..... | L. Green ..... | 64 | Wisconsin ..... | 100 | — | 2.24 p.m. ,, | — | ,, | 2.01.42 |
| Sea Maid ..... | J. H. Crook ..... | 33 | Ford ..... | 30 | — | 7.21 a.m. ,, | 5.16.30 p.m. ,, | ,, | 2.51.54 |
| Vivacity..... | Hon. M. Aitken .. | 48 | Thornycroft ..... | 500 | — | 5.30 a.m. Sun. | — | 2.00 p.m. | 2.51.09 |

# AN OCEAN RACER FOR THE FASTNET

## Trenchemer's Promise in Trials

By L. LUARD



MR. W. D. M. BELL'S TRENCHEMER, THE FIRST CRUISER TO BE BUILT TO THE R.O.R.C. RULE

TRENCHEMER'S plans first appeared in *Deep Sea Racing Craft*, a book in which selected designs for the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club's competition under the Royal Ocean Racing Club rating formula were published. She comes from the board of Olin Stephens and has too often been described as a slim, narrow yawl, an enlarged Dorade. In point of fact, though both ships do bear a generic resemblance, Trenchemer is a different design. Her beam, which is carried well forward in conjunction with a moderate flare to the topsides, and a run as clean as a whetted knife, being 14ft. 10in. on overall and waterline lengths of 72 and 53.5ft. respectively, and a draft of 10.5ft.

Displacing 43 tons on a Thames tonnage of 55, she is definitely the more powerful ship, the greater proportional increase in beam and rather bolder sections being, in the main, the fundamental differences.

Trenchemer was built not in a recognised yacht yard, but by Hall and Russell of Aberdeen—a firm responsible for Fife's Waterwitch and several clippers, including the Thermopylae. Classed 100 A. 1 at Lloyd's, she was completed last autumn, and her construction is of the highest class, only her decks, hatches, masts, and accommodation being of wood.

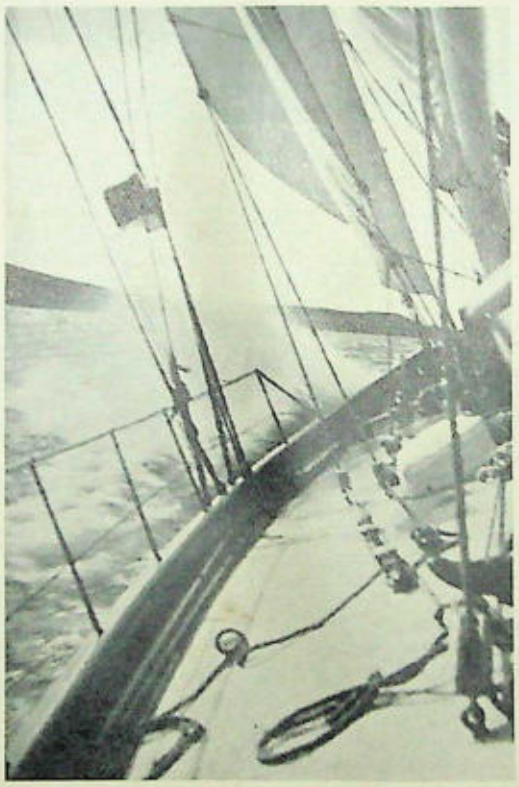
The actual methods used in translating the design are worth mentioning, because they turned out so well. *Deep Sea Racing Craft* was handed to the builders, who enlarged the published lines a suitable amount and faired them up, then made a model on which the position of every rivet and butt was shown. The ship was then laid down full size in the loft, and templates were made, the actual process of construction not starting until all the drawings had been completed (there were over seventy, mostly to full scale) and approved by the owner. After that, work started in earnest, the rigging, spars, and many deck fittings being supplied by McGruer, of Clynder, and the sails by MacKenzie, of Sandbank, few delays being experienced.

As the hull took shape, a facsimile of the accommodation, planned specially for the owner's requirements, was being erected in the carpenter's shop, the ship's side and underside of the deck being represented by battens, and the size and position of settees, drawers, cupboards, and lockers being roughed out full size in ordinary deal—a procedure that enabled the whole interior to be thoroughly visualised, and altered as necessary, before the actual construction of the component parts was started in mahogany.

Trenchemer has the usual sail locker space, then a self-draining cockpit and a small bridge deck, in which is situated the hatch to a separate engine-room containing a 36 h.p. three-cylinder Gleniffer high-speed Diesel, offset from the centre-line—a unit which gives her 7 knots in calm water. Then comes the deck-house, with oilskin locker, chart table, and a small navigator's seat to port, and a full-length settee and cupboard space to starboard.

Below, the ship is divided by a central corridor, on each side of which are a single and double cabin respectively, with their accompanying toilettes, this corridor leading at its fore end to a saloon fitted with upper pullman berths. Forward again an ample galley, extending the whole breadth of the ship, opens into a fo'c'sle and crew's washing space. With every berth occupied, the ship can sleep twelve—thirteen if the deck-house settee is also included—a number more than sufficient for any ocean racing or ocean cruising the owner may contemplate. And though the subdivision of the accommodation may not suit every one's taste, it does give reasonable space and a fair measure of comfort for a large party.

Prejudice against steel construction is gradually lessening, though wood hulls will undoubtedly hold their own for several years, especially in smaller craft. Trenchemer is built not of high tensile steel plating, which allows no scope for corrosion, but of mild steel. The plates are lapped horizontally and butted flush vertically, and the bilges having been treated with Bitumastic, and, being always dry, give ample storage space for ship's stores of every description. To save weight three-ply "Venesta" bulkheads are used, the space round the coal galley stove being sheathed with "Plymax," another form of this wood, lined with zinc. The plating of the keel is solid with the hull, the necessary amount of lead having been run into the trough, plenty of Bitumastic then being poured in to fill the spaces caused by contraction. The portlights are made of "Silicon," a compound of aluminium, and, with their dead lights, weigh only 6lb. each—half that of the ordinary brass type.



FULL AND BY

*"When full and by under her lowers, she logged a good 8 knots without difficulty—wind force 5 to 6. With sheets freed she at once attained 10 knots, her wake clean and untroubled"*

On deck the chief features of the ship are the simplicity of the gear and the patent ventilators which should never let water below unless they are actually submerged. The Reid wheel steering gear is sweet in action, eliminating manual effort, though some practice is required before the feel of the ship is really appreciated.

A standard Husun "dead-beat" compass, sunk flush with the top of the deckhouse, gives vertical steering by means of reflecting prisms and a magnifier, the actual wheel compass being a small parallel steering Kelvin, Bottomley, and Baird, upon which the course is set by means of a grid ring. Visibility from the wheel is fairly good, but again requires a certain re-orientation of ideas, if the helmsman is not used to the screening effect of a deckhouse.

The sail plan resembles Dorade's, totalling 2,096ft. working area; but the various masthead kites—spinnaker, balloon jib, yankee and jib topsails—make her Y.R.A. area slightly greater. Though this spread seems small, she is easily driven, and in practice it has proved ample, the high 93ft. mainmast (heel to truck) giving great efficiency on a hoist of 76ft. to a boom length of 31.5ft. Moreover, the mizzen is fitted well aft and escapes the harmful effects of the mainsail eddies.

On both masts ordinary external tracks are used and give no trouble, all wire being "tru-lay" 100/120 tons per square inch tensile strength. Lower runners and most of the sheets are brought to carefully placed deck winches, a permanent backstay taking the masthead stresses. Reefing is by pendants and tackle, and the boom is fitted with a sliding gooseneck and a tack purchase, which simplifies the problem of keeping the mainsail luff taut.

When I joined her for a few days, shortly after she was launched, I was prepared for a high performance, but not for the astonishing speeds she displayed, even with sails that had by no means settled to their work.

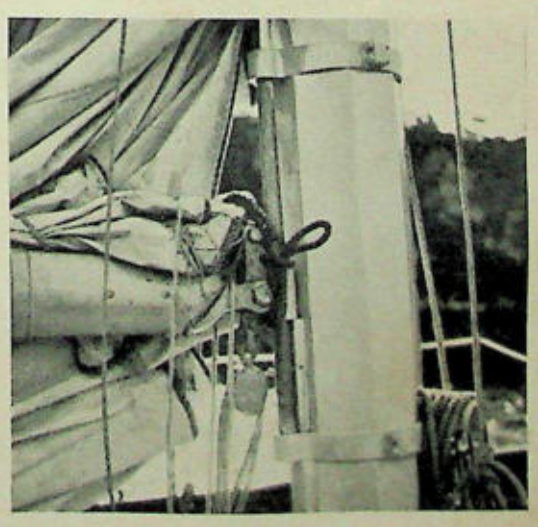
We found she would make to windward under No. 2 jib and mizzen in a breeze of force 3 or 4; and when full and by, under her lowers, she logged a good 8 knots without difficulty—wind force 5 to 6. With sheets freed she at once attained 10 knots, her wake clean and untroubled; and I have no doubt 12 knots is within her reach when conditions are favourable.

She is lively, of course, and at once takes up an initial angle of heel. This is only to be expected; but a fife of wind is needed to bury her rail. Moreover, she lies to quietly—four or five points off the wind with all canvas handed and helm hard a-lee. In a fresh gale, with her mizzen set as a riding sail, she should be capable of looking after herself for days on end.

This year, in preparation for the Fastnet race, several alterations in the rigging have been made. The engine has been removed, pig lead replacing its weight; and she has been given double-clewed jibs, a full complement of light sails and several interesting instruments, amongst them an anemometer and a Kenyon speedometer.

Trials have proved more than satisfactory. In a breeze of 35 knots, she behaved splendidly and proved a dry ship, though her buoyant motion kept several of her crew under the weather. With a 24-knot breeze she carried her balloon jib of 800 square feet, and easily held a new trawler, which was stoking hard and making eleven knots.

This augurs well for the Fastnet race, when she meets the American ocean racing fleet; and if she is given the normal breaks (it is my business as navigator to further this), her owner, Mr. Bell, holds high hopes of leading the fleet over the finishing line at Plymouth.



TRENCHEMER'S SLIDING GOOSENECK AND TACK GEAR

Being the first ship built in this country to the R.O.R.C. rule—a rule that definitely encourages the production of fast cruising craft, with good accommodation, capable of keeping the sea in any condition—she deserves the Fastnet cup, which should greatly encourage the fine sport of ocean racing in this country. American yachts, all honour to them, have had matters their own way too long: it is high time the tables were turned.

# WIMBLEDON'S LAST EIGHT

## Duels on the Way to the Championship

By J. E. COLLETT

MENZEL PLAYING BOROTRA
*The precision of his backhand passes would have broken the hearts of most men*

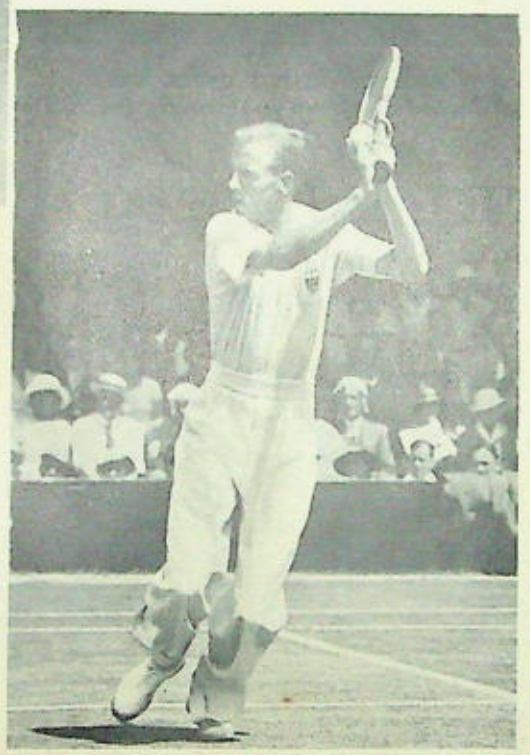
WHEN the first week of Wimbledon ended the last eight of the men's singles was comprised of F. J. Perry, R. Menzel, J. H. Crawford, S. B. Wood, D. Budge, H. W. Austin, V. B. McGrath, and S. von Cramm.

Two of the "seeded" had been beaten, W. Allison in the first round by McGrath and C. Bousous in the fourth round by Budge. Possibly McGrath was a little lucky. His play against Allison was better than it has been recently, but the American was altogether out of form, and could only reproduce occasional flashes of the speed and fighting quality which have earned him the headship of the current United States ranking. McGrath's next two opponents, C. R. D. Tuckey and Martin Legeay, he might be expected always to beat. When it came to the fourth round he met Nigel Sharpe, who had to his credit two two-hour matches and one of about three hours, ending in victories over D. Prenn, R. K. Tinkler, and G. de Stefani. Sharpe went on court to play McGrath with feet like lead. In effect he had merely paved the way for McGrath.

MRS. WILLS MOODY VOLLEYED MUCH MORE AND WAS POSSIBLY MORE MOBILE

Budge burst into Wimbledon history rather in the manner of his also red-headed protagonist, M. E. McLoughlin. He is, so to speak, a ready-made player. He disposed of Boussus's academies in a way beloved of the people of the stands, as though to the centre court manner born; his strokes seemed the natural expression of his genius. Boussus was washed out in the flood of them.

Whatever may have happened this year, the most exhilarating memory will be the splendid tussle between Jean Borotra and Menzel. Borotra had had a long five-setter in the previous round against the much-improved German, H. Henkel; Menzel had had an easy match. Borotra is 37, Menzel is 28. As Menzel had been playing lately a reasonable allowance in advance would have been a set to Borotra. But the Basque met the fierce opening gambit of the Czechoslovakian



S. B. WOOD CAUGHT IN A CURIOUS STROKE

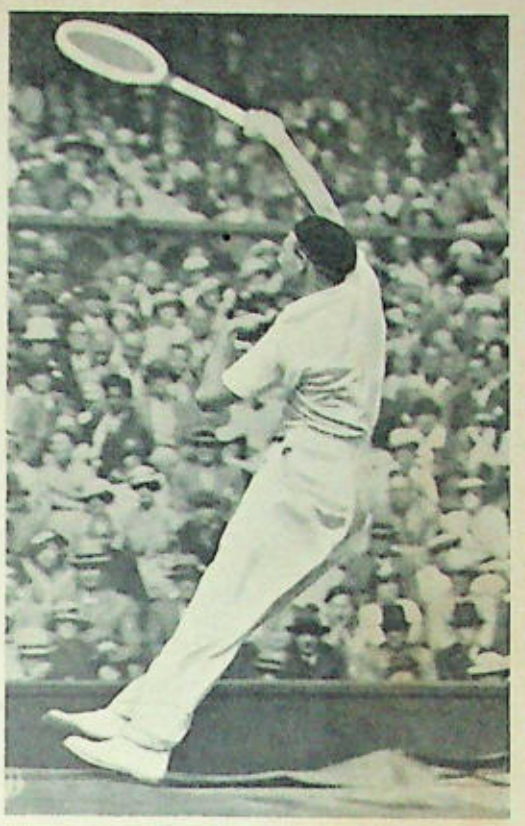
with one even fiercer, and much more astutely considered. Very soon the crowd was with him, as in the old days, and as the match wore on his opponent might have felt like others that he was playing the spectators as well. If he did, he did not show it, and when the issue became tenser the applause grew more impartial.

Menzel has seldom been more consistent; the precision of his backhand passes would have broken the heart of most men. Borotra merely smiled as the ball flashed by; he knew too well that he was a split second slower up and the work of getting there was much harder. He was the first to tire. He struggled wonderfully in a final set of 11/9, till Menzel was tired, too.

It ended as anyone's match. Menzel won by two games' margin out of 58, but, speaking metaphorically, short of a knock-out. Borotra would have been given the decision on points. If he is not to compete in singles again he could have made no more impressive farewell to Wimbledon.

Perry's matches were conducted with an air, but if he were not toying with supremacy and luck on one or two occasions, he might be said to have exhibited a dangerous liability to lapses from which he could not pick up with his usual reassuring facility. Austin developed poor patches and so did von Cramm. Crawford was very unconvincing, and so was Wood. People began to speculate on the chances of Menzel or Budge for the championship.

On the other hand, Mrs. Moody, while beating Mlle. A. Baumgarten, Miss A. M. Yorke and Miss S. Noel with the loss of but nine games in eight sets, showed steady improvement. She had no new strokes and the old ones were not of such mechanical precision and force, but she volleyed much more and was possibly more mobile. She seemed bothered a bit to begin with by Miss Noel's



ALL THE OLD BOROTRA
*One of the outstanding memories this year will be that of his tussle with Menzel*

craft, but won when she went all out, as is her habit, after a more tentative start at the opening of a match or set. Her old championship earning game was still there, and she looked as likely a winner as any of the rest of the last sixteen who had emerged at the end of the week.

One of the surprises of the six days had been the consistency of the inconsistent Mrs. E. F. Whittingstall, who eliminated Miss S. K. Edwards, Mrs. H. C. Hopman, and Miss M. C. Scriven without the loss of a set.

In spite of the defeat of three seeded players I should not be inclined to describe the first week as especially notable except for Budge's début and the remarkable, almost Gargantuan, athleticism of Menzel, which reached its climax when he beat E. Maier for a place in the last eight. These two giants, with stature undiminished by the shorts they wore, played up to their size. It was a terrific display. Few sets have been played at Wimbledon comparable for intensive brilliance and power to the third, which Maier took at 6/0.

With the first four men from our official ranking list in the last sixteen, namely, Perry, Austin, Hughes and Sharp, and the two first in the last eight, Great Britain may be stated to have played up to form. However, Budge, who is ninth in the United States, was in the last eight. He is a youngster, and I am tempted again to ask the tiresome question, where are our young men? If the reply is F. H. D. Wilde, Budge beat him in the first round, 8/6, 6/2, 6/1. C. E. Hare was away ill, but a near veteran like D. H. Williams could play two five-setters to reach the third round, and there put up an advantage set of sixteen games against S. B. Wood.

FOR SIX DAYS MRS. FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL PLAYED CONSISTENTLY BUT WAS EASILY BEATEN BY MDME. JEDRZEJOWSKA

OBSERVING SALMON UNDER WATER

*By means of the observation box described below the behaviour of fish in a pool can be watched from the bank or from any convenient position in the water*

# SECRETS OF THE SALMON

## What the Observation Box Revealed

By C. W. S. URMSTON

A MAN may fish for salmon for 50 years, but find that although he may have learned a great deal, there are still many mysteries which surround his art—mysteries which are the topic of never-ending conversation and even bitter argument between fishermen as they sit on the river bank for luncheon, or sip their after-dinner port. "If only we could see into the water and just watch what happens we might learn something," says someone.

And that brings me to the point of this article. Fired by curiosity to learn more of these mysteries, I endeavoured to make an apparatus with this object. Some of the results have already appeared in the pages of the *Field*, but I have been asked to describe this apparatus, and what I saw with it so often, that I venture to recount some more of my experiences in print. Before describing what I saw with the observation box I will describe the box itself so that anyone who may wish to do so can make one for themselves.

The box should be made of some strong water-resisting wood, well jointed and packed with red lead at the seams to prevent water leaking in and spoiling the view. The size of the box can be varied to suit individual tastes, but the larger the observation window can be made without making the apparatus too cumbersome to use, the more one can see. The dimensions of the box can more easily be taken from the accompanying diagram than described. The box is tapered from the window-end towards the end into which one looks, for convenience only, but by having this end somewhat smaller in comparison to the window end, more light is cut off from outside, making it much easier to see into the water. The most important point in its construction is the way that the glass is fixed into the box; the glass window should make an angle of approximately 45 degrees with the lower side or bottom of the box (see Fig.). This enables the box to be held in a convenient position with relation to the surface of the water so that one can make observations in comfort; at the same time keeping the glass window at right angles to the surface of the water. As far as I can make out this appears to be the angle which gives the most satisfactory results and enables one to see further away from the box than at any other angle. This will become apparent when the box is actually used.

The end of the box which is in the water should be weighted with lead so that it neither sinks nor floats; this makes it easy to handle and puts no strain on the observer's wrists. The glass window is let into the box a few inches from the front end so that the projecting wood acts as a protection to the glass when moving the box about out of water, or pushing it about among rocks. It also shades the glass from light coming from the surface of the water and cuts out a great deal of light dispersion and reflection which are detrimental to a clear view. The glass itself can be perfectly ordinary window glass, being thin it gives the minimum amount of refraction, besides being cheap. The whole cost of the apparatus of a size as shown in the figure should not exceed 15/–, or £1 at most, and much less if made at home.

The most suitable places to use the observation box are where the fish are lying close in under a steep bank or near big rocks or where one can approach them by wading upstream from behind large rocks, which obscure one's approach. Rocks, if not too deep in the water, act as a good support for the observation box.

It was surprising how close one could approach fish in this way and sometimes get within 4ft. or 5ft. of them before they became aware of one's presence. It was also very exciting wading cautiously upstream, pushing the box in front of one and looking for fish, and surprising the situations in which salmon were lying. In using the box from the shore, if the water is approached quietly and the box kept still, once it has been put into position the fish are very little alarmed and almost immediately settle down to their normal behaviour and can then be watched while somebody fishes for them. It was in this way that some of our most interesting observations were made, and which were continued over a period of almost two months for several hours each day.

I add this to show that the facts I am about to describe are the result of considerable observation and not just isolated experiences. I do not suggest that because we saw these things happen that they are necessarily the final answer to many of our riddles, but set them forth here for what they are worth. The observations were limited mostly to the deep, swift-running water near the necks of pools, where the water was from 6ft. to 10ft. deep and the bottom dotted with large boulders besides patches of level gravel.

The first thing that struck one about the salmon, when observing in this way, was the amazing amount of activity in which they indulge. Contrary to what a great many of us, I think, suppose, they did not lie rooted to the bottom like so much weed, but were constantly rising and falling with relation to the bottom; making short journeys out across the pool and returning to their individual positions.

They were suspended, as a rule, well off the bottom from 2ft. to 6ft., and would stay thus for considerable periods of time. No effort, except the slight waving of their tails and an occasional twitching of the pectoral fins, seemed necessary for them, even though the current was so strong that it would have been impossible to have stood in it had one been wading there.

After having observed fish in certain lies for as long periods of time as we did, we were able to recognise certain fish by their markings, colour and shape. Certain fish always had their own positions, and if they had been away on a journey around the pool would return to them. Sometimes, after such a journey, they found that their position had been occupied during their absence by a stranger. Then they would quietly swim up to him and just ease him out of the way and take up once more their own place. The stranger seemed to think that this was quite in order and put up no resistance nor showed any disinclination to be removed.

*(To be continued)*

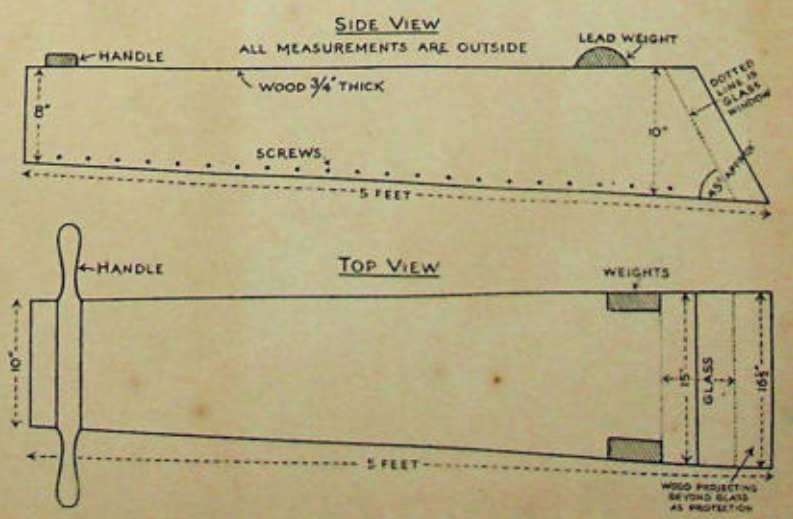



DIAGRAM SHOWING DIMENSIONS OF BOX

W. A. Rouch

LADIES AND OFFICERS AS NOTABLE OLYMPIA WINNERS

*The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt team, comprised of Mrs. P. Fleming, the Hon. Mrs. R. Smith and Mrs. Ormrod, which won the first prize for Hunt Teams ; and (right) the English team, Captain A. J. E. Cleeve, Major J. H. Dudgeon and Captain A. F Tod, who recaptured from France the Prince of Wales's Cup for jumping*

# OLYMPIA FAVOURITES

## Leading Hunters, Hacks and Hackneys at the Horse Show

THAT the International Horse Show has, through its successful revival, once more attained the proud position it once held in the world of the horse, may be abundantly proved by the fact that not only were the attendances in advance of last year, but also that the entries were much greater numerically. And the foreign interest in the show has also increased considerably. There was quite a babel of tongues at Olympia last week, not to mention many bright and variegated uniforms, and horses of English, Irish and foreign breeds. For the first time in history the Irish Free State won the King's Challenge Cup, Captain J. Lewis putting up a fine performance on Tramore Bay, which was only equalled by Commandant O'Dwyer on Limerick Lace, who won the *Daily Mail* Cup after some strenuous opposition.

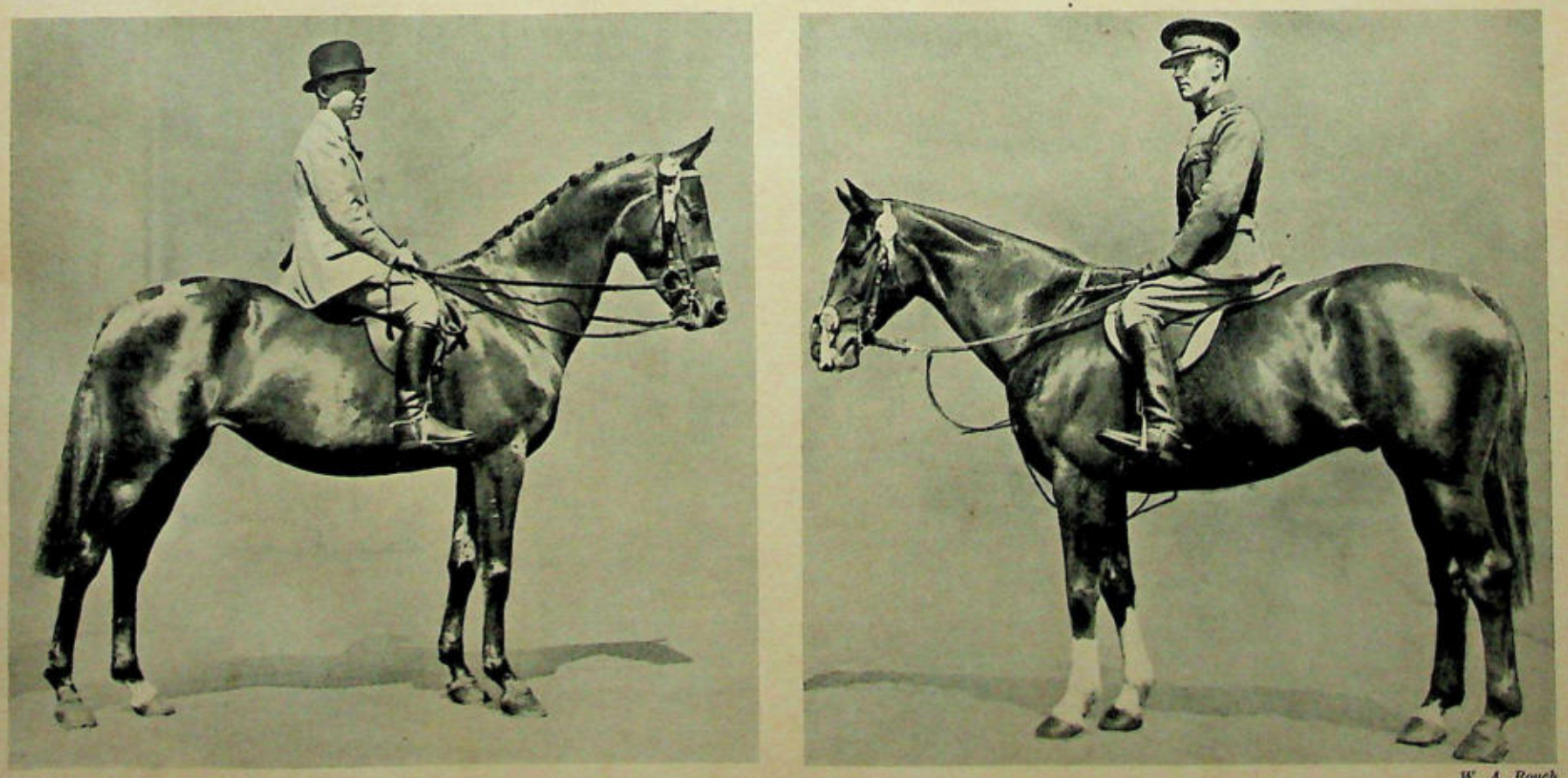
On the whole the jumping was of the true Olympia standard—fast and clean, with plenty of thrills. Possibly from the latter point of view, the High Jump, won by Captain Ganshof van der Meersch of the Belgian 1st Regiment of Guides, who cleared 7ft. of posts and rails in cold blood, and under the glare of lights, was the best of the whole show, though the Touch and Out competition ran it very close. This was one of the best things in the show, and, as showing the international character of the show prevailing, was won by Fanfare from the Cavalry School, Hanover, after a strong struggle with Commandant Laissardière of France.

If the majority of the jumping prizes went abroad, we have at least the satisfaction of realising that the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup was recaptured from France by the British Army team, whose standard of horsemanship was indeed a high one. So much for the jumping.

Now as to the hunters, which were of level character, and so a great tribute to the excellent work of the breed societies. But it was an Olympia of shocks and surprises in this connection. Previous decisions were reversed, and old champions fell from the pedestal of fame. For example, the line to form for the hunter championship indicated that John Peel III had a very strong chance of repeating last year's triumph. But nothing of the sort happened. A new champion arose in Bally Martin, ridden by Mr. J. R. Hindley, which is only six years old. By Convert Rhu, he is a bay with a better front than John Peel III, and looks a good ride, for he is level in all his paces and uses his limbs well. After winning the Nork Challenge Cup he was sold to Lady Helen McCalmont for a price said to be in the region of four figures. But will he prove to be another Handley Cross ? Time alone will tell, though my impression is that Bally Martin requires a lot of time as yet.

Then the ladies' hunters took as long to judge as any class I ever recall at the Horse Show. It was not till Mrs. Marchant had been brought in as referee that the judges, Mrs. Kenneth Steavenson and the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell, decided that Middleton II should win the Schweppe Challenge Cup, with Ballymonis as reserve. I think in all fairness it would be correct to say that Middleton II deserved his victory. The well-made brown was the best mover in the class, and in the hands of Mrs. Massey—whose husband, Major "Bill" Massey, is secretary to Fernie's—he put up a good performance, and proved that much showing had not blunted all his old brilliance or liberty of action.

Among the hacks there was nothing to beat Miss Jill Hermon-Erriman's Wonder Bar, who not only won the Champion Cup, but also the Moscow Challenge Cup—a feat which, so far as I know, may be in the nature of a record. A well-modelled bay, with the best of hocks and shoulders, and beautiful manners, Wonder Bar carried his young owner well, though Lady Janet Bailey's Operette



W. A. Rouch

CUP WINNERS AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

*(Left) Cadogan Brunette, ridden by Vernon Green, the champion children's pony ridden by a boy, and also winner of the Rawnsley Challenge Cup for the best pony in the show ; and (right) Limerick Lace, Commandant O'Dwyer up, which won the "Daily Mail" Challenge Cup for Jumping*

had much to commend her. Being a daughter of the old Compton Stud sire, Gay Lally, she has a very taking thoroughbred appearance, though does not move in quite the same style as Wonder Bar. Still, it was a good battle to watch, and it is quite certain that hacks are increasing in popularity. If he had not been a little jaded with the show ring, Cherry Brandy might well have beaten both, but it was evident that the Richmond winner w feeling the effects of previous exertions.

So from hacks to hackneys. The increased interest in the horse in general and driving in particular has created a demand for the hackney once more, and the driving classes at the Horse Show were well filled and look like being increased next year. Mr. Colebrooke's bays, which he drove both as a pair and as tandem, went well, and are horses of the proper stamp for the road, while Beau Sabreur and Beau Regarde continued their winning way, as did Fleetwood Viking and Gay Hussar, the latter winning the Dewar Cup for novices. There was also much to like about Nork Magnet and Nork Meteor, a pair of free stepping bays by Braishfield Fuse. The duel between Fleetwood Viking and Modern Maid for the Challenge Cup was exciting and interesting to watch, though it is possible that the mare is the most excitable of the two.

Having recovered from the effects of a chill, Mr. Bertram Mills celebrated his recovery by scoring a notable double in the Coaching Marathon, for he won the Mappin Cup with the historic "Old Times" road coach, to which were the familiar blue roans; and also the cup for Park Drags, with a nice level team of blacks, who went along from Richmond Park to Olympia in great style. Mr. N. Ducker, a newcomer to the coaching world, had a nice team of young browns to the Tantivy coach, which made a creditable display, and, of course, Mr. H. J. Colebrooke drove his Nimrod team of chesnuts. Although coaching is by no means what it was, and probably will never be again, it was heartening to see ten teams—road and Park—turn out for the Marathon, but the modern traffic of London, not to mention traffic lights and signals, does not make coaching or driving a team the pleasantest of occupations in these mechanical days.

I have kept the children's ponies to the last, for after the hunters and the coaches they were to me one of the most interesting things in the whole show. Good well-mannered ponies, narrow and full of quality, how their riders do set a standard of horsmanship which some of their elders might well copy and adopt! Quite one of the best ponies in the show was the grey Primula, which won the Belvoir Cup; while another attractive sort was the Champion Cup winner, Cadogan Brunette, owned by the Hon. Noreen Stonor. And behind these were many ponies of class and distinction, a state of affairs which tells its own story in that riding and hunting and showing should still live long in the land.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

# PETERBOROUGH ROYAL FOXHOUND SHOW

## Notable Successes for Hampshire and Craven

FOR the first time in its long and honourable history—one that extends well over 50 years and goes back to a sunlit day at the Cleveland Show at Redcar—Peterborough Foxhound Show has been dignified by special permission of the King, with the additional title of "Royal." It is an honour thoroughly well deserved, and this under the presidency of Mr. Lewis Priestman, for many years at the head of affairs in the Braes of Derwent country, and a coaching stalwart who keeps alive the traditions of the road in the North, there were eighteen packs represented. The dog hounds were judged by Sir Harold Nutting, Master of the Quorn, who had as his partner Colonel J. G. Lowther of the Pytchley.

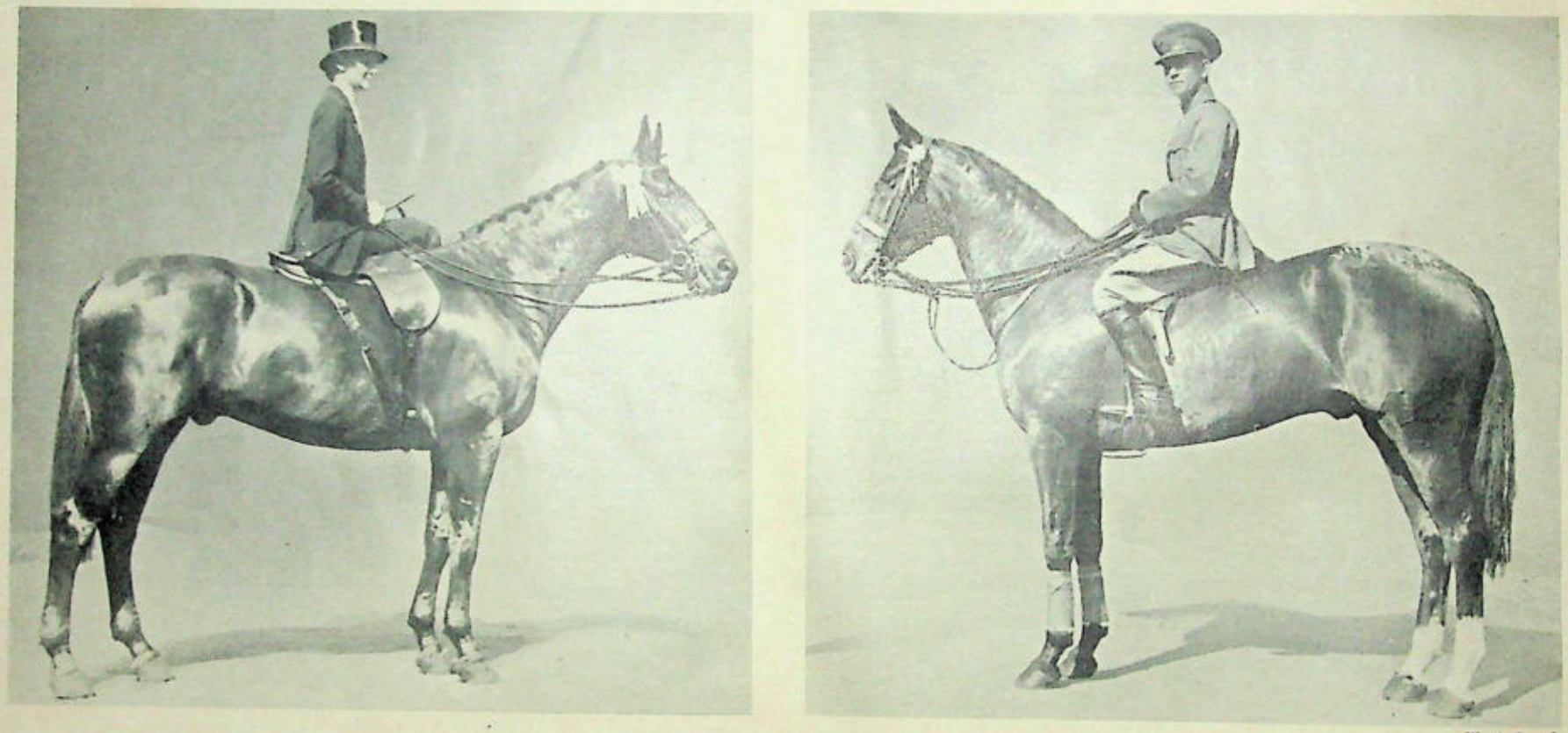
The dog hounds were taken first, and the impression that they left was one of coarseness and bulk. They were not, perhaps, on the whole, quite up to the standard of other years. True there were several outstanding hounds which, as we go through the classes, will be easily proved. For the best unentered hound coming from a pack that had not won at Peterborough since 1925, the Hampshire Dashwood ('34) beat the Sinnington Workman ('34), which looks as if he may well live up to his name, while in the class for the best couple of unentered hounds the Duke of Beaufort's couple, Veteran and Preacher ('34), had a narrow victory over the Puckeridge Admiral ('34), and Victor ('34), the latter claiming Oakley Gordon as a sire. The Badminton couple are by Preacher ('32) and Ardent ('30) respectively, and an examination of their pedigrees will prove that they are bred from the best working blood in the Stud Book. The Beaufort did not have matters all their own way with their lemon pied two couples, Pedlar ('33), Pembroke ('33), Palafox ('34) and Rasper ('34), for good show as they made they could not beat the Middleton Challenger ('33), Gamester ('34), Veteran ('34), and Salesman ('31), whose level appearance and excellent conformation—particularly so when ribs, legs and feet were examined—did much to commend them to many good judges. I may say that there are Cleveland strains on their dams' side here, though Veteran goes back to the Old Surrey and Burstow Commodore ('26).

The Beaufort had their revenge in the class for stallion hounds, with the very light coloured Chaser ('30), who headed a large class and in fact practically dominated the dog hounds, for he went on to win the Champion Cup with the North Staffordshire Windsor ('33) as a very good reserve. Chaser is a dog with a lot of bone and substance about him, and his good shoulders and well sprung ribs tell their own tale of great galloping powers. He is by Chirper ('27) from Wagtail ('26) which was by the Berkeley Waggoner ('22), so his pedigree is one that appeals to students of foxhound breeding.

As the Duke of Beaufort acted as judge with Lord Knutsford, the Badminton were not represented in the bitch hound classes. For all that, competition was very keen, and taking them all round, the quality was good and much more appealing than that of the doghounds. For unentered hounds the Craven did well to win with the Heythrop-bred Sensible ('34), for there was not a lot to choose between her and the Albrighton Woodland Victory ('34), which is a very taking sort with the best of ribs and a good head and neck.

The Craven had another success in the class for couples with the litter sisters Sensible ('34) and Seemly ('34), which are good to meet on the flags. The North Staffordshire couple, Comfort ('34) and Bluecap ('34)—what a charming name for a foxhound!—are a nice couple, and the Puckeridge Ada, which took the special prize is a well-made sort, which looks as if she will be a successful matron one of these days, especially as she is by Brocklesby Dancer ('30), from Actress, by that fine stallion hound Tiverton Actor, which ran I believe until his eighth season. With a rather light two couples—Cheery ('33) Choral ('33), Gorgeous ('34), and Ramble ('34)—the Middleton beat the Cleveland in the two couple class for entered hounds, though there was not much to divide them, for the Cleveland Ardent ('34), Wisdom ('34), Whinny ('34) and Weeper ('34) were strongly made, and had a rare sporting look about them.

In the concluding class of a sporting day, the Hampshire Rarity ('33) had quite a duel with the Rufford Heedless ('33), and perhaps it was just that little extra touch of quality which pulled the Hampshire bitch through. Thereafter she went on to win the Champion Cup, a thoroughly well-deserved victory for Rarity, a nicely modelled bitch with clean shoulders and plenty of length and depth about her. In some ways she reminded me of an Alken painting, and she is not a type which is very often seen in these days. Her breeding is very sound, too, for she is by the Tiverton Simon



*W. A. Rouch*

A CHAMPION HUNTER OF THE HORSE SHOW AND A STYLISH JUMPER

*Middleton II, ridden by Mrs. W. Massey, winner of the Schweppe Challenge Cup for the best lady's hunter; and (right) Tramore Bay, ridden by Captain J. Lewis, which won the King George V Gold Cup for the Irish Free State jumping team*

THE CHAMPION STALLION HOUND AT PETERBOROUGH
*The Duke of Beaufort's 'Chaser ('30), by Chirper from Waytail, with Tom Newman, the Badminton huntsman*

('26) from Rachel, by Workman ('26), a well-balanced pedigree, which has had its own reward.
W. F.

## WITH THE HARRIERS AND BEAGLES

### Many Packs Represented

MAJOR GORDON FOSTER and the Rev. E. A. Milne must have had a congenial task in judging harriers of good shape and quality, with hardly a coarse one amongst them, from ten packs, viz., Arle Court, Cambridgeshire, Clifton Foot, Dart Vale, Durham Foot, Easton, High Peak, Lartington, Rockwood and Royal Artillery, of which the four packs last named shared the honours. Arle Court Hereford and Hardy, by Pilgrim ('33), had a walk-over in the class for unentered couples, and Pilgrim, in company with his little brother Paragon, by Pilot ('27), defeated Lartington Ringwood and Rallywood, by Ranger ('29) in the entered class, Ringwood winning the cup given by Lady Furness for the best stallion hound.

The best unentered couple exceeding 19in. and not exceeding 21in., were High Peak Patrick and Principle, both by Sparkford Vale Principle, second prize going to Royal Artillery Pirate and Pilgrim, by Handy ('27). One-season Pagan and Handful, also by Handy, were adjudged to be the best entered couple, Rockwood taking second prize for their one-season Sinbad and Winnower. With the addition of Partner and Nelson, by the same sire, High Peak showed the best two couple, the Gunners taking second prize with their four, of whom Pagan won the champion cup for the best single dog-hound, with High Peak Partner reserve.

Of bitch-hounds not exceeding 19in., Rockwood Redcap and Rattle, by Rhymer ('32), were the best of five unentered couples, High Peak Greta, by Sparkford Vale Principle, and Resolute, by Lartington Ringwood, receiving second money. The best entered couple were Royal Artillery Pliant ('31) and Dryad ('32), Pixie and Pityful, litter sisters by Handy from the same kennel, being placed second to High Peak Pixie and Garland, by Sparkford Vale Principle, as the best unentered couple exceeding 19in. and not exceeding 21in. High Peak Handmaid, by Hero ('26), and Prudence, by Sparkford Vale Principle, were the best entered couple, with Arle Court Radium and Ruthless, by Harvester ('30), second. Rockwood Tiresome, Timely, Redcap and Spotless were the winning two couple. High Peak Prudence won the champion cup for the best single bitch-hound, with Lartington Garland reserve, their Garnish taking Mr. Walter Unwin's cup for the best brood bitch.

Fifteen packs of beagles—Bilton, Major Birkbeck's, Blean, Mr. Butcher's, Christ Church, Cranwell, Croft, Eton College, Limbourne, Mr. Nicholson's, Pipewell Foot, Skegness, Trinity Foot, Widford and Wolverston—made up a full programme of judging on the flags. Trinity Foot led the way by taking two first prizes with Solomon and Searcher, by Doctor ('29), as the best unentered couple of dog-hounds, and Searcher as the best single hound, second money going to Blean Saunterer and Jester, by Juggler ('31), in the first case and Wolverston Ringwood, by Cheshire Rallywood ('31), in the second.

The best entered couple were Christ Church one-season Marker and Marksman, by Major Birkbeck's Matchless ('30), Bilton Poacher ('33) and Chanter ('31) taking second prize. Wolverston won the champion cup for the best single dog-hound with their Rebel ('34), and first prize for the best stallion hound with their Harper ('32), second places being filled by Skegness Gameboy and Bilton Poacher respectively. Wolverston added to their sequence of successes by taking the cup for the best two-couple with their Rebel, Reaper, Harper and Reveller, Mr. Nicholson's two-season Messmate, Messenger, Mander and Paragon being placed second.

Of the bitch-hounds not exceeding 16in., Limbourne Rarity and Riot, by Old Berkeley Chorister ('28), were the best unentered couple, second money going to Christ Church Fancy, by Major Birkbeck's Finder ('31), and Patience, by Hector ('31). Blean Saucy by their Juggler was considered to be the best unentered single hound, with Christ Church Fancy second. Mr. Butcher's Goldfinch ('33) and Gravity ('34) were the best couple of entered bitch-hounds, Wolverston Priestess ('32) and Rachel ('34) being placed second. Wolverston

MR. NORMAN FIELD, M.H.
*This year's President of the Harriers and Beagles' Association, he has been Master of the Lartington Harriers since 1919. He is also a well-known Northern racehorse owner*

Riot ('34) took the champion cup for the best single hound, and their Remedy, Rusty, Priestess and Rachel had the cup for the best two couple, Mr. Butcher's Gravity being reserve for the championship. Blean Speedy ('31) gained the cup for the best brood bitch.
PALAFOX.

## HUNTERS AT PETERBOROUGH

PETERBOROUGH lies in the heart of such a sporting district that it was rather a pity that the International Horse Show clashed with one of the best exhibitions in the country; in fact the catalogue informed exhibitors that "after the award of the hunter championship all the horses due to be judged at Olympia were allowed to leave on production of a certificate to this effect from the secretary of the International Show," but with such a large entry of saddle horses there were sufficient left behind to give a good show in the ring before the parade of the Fitzwilliam (Milton) in charge of their huntsman, Tom Agutter.

Among the leading prize-winning hunters left behind were James Pigg, runner-up for the championship, and B.P., winner of the first prize in the lightweight class, to compete for the silver medal offered by the Hunters' Improvement and Light Horse Breeding Society for the best hunter belonging to a member of the society possessing a certificate of soundness from hereditary disease. After his examination, having survived all the tests imposed on him at the mature age of eight years, James Pigg won the medal, and B.P., a year younger, was decorated with the reserve rosette, although there were those who did not quite agree with this decision, but there is no doubt that James Pigg is a very fine horse.

## THE COACHING CLUB MEET

### Generous Army Support

MILITARY drags, well horsed and well driven, were greatly in evidence at the last of the meets of the season of the Coaching Club at the Magazine in Hyde Park. There were two Royal Engineer drags, both of which had chesnut teams and were driven respectively by Mr. Myers and Captain D. W. A. Cleeve. Then the R.A. from Larkhill turned out a mixed team of bays with a grey off-leader, and were driven by Major Cleeve, while the Artillery from Woolwich, whose team of blue roans—reminiscent of the days when the late Sir Edward Stern used to lead the parade—were driven by Lieut.-Col. R. H. Walsh, D.S.O., made a fine show. The Royal Army Service Corps had their usual team of chesnuts to the regimental coach whose box seat was occupied by Major A. de B. Jenkins.

The vice-president of the club, Captain the Hon. George Savile, remained faithful to his Yorkshire coach horses, as did Mr. W. W. Theobald with his chesnuts. There was also much to like about the mixed team of browns and bays which Mr. W. R. Collins drove to a dark blue, white lined drag, and Mr. Bertram Mills's spanking team of blacks to a Park drag of the same hue created an impression of pace and quality.

Having been started by the president, Lord Leconfield, the teams were driven to Ranelagh for the Jubilee garden party and also to watch the polo. It is probable that under the same presidency the club will continue to hold meets next season.

A NEW M.F.H. AT THE HOUND SHOW
*Lord Burghley, who next season will hunt the country formerly covered by the Marquess of Exeter's hounds, with the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther*

*New Books*

# FROM SADDLE AND SHOOTING STICK

## A Gardening Classic—Grosvenor Square

IN accepting the commission to write in the "In My Time" series, published by Rich and Cowan, the author is faced with two alternatives. He can either write on "Beekeeping as I have known it in my time," or "Beekeeping as it has been in my time." Lord Dorchester, faced with the almost superhuman task of compressing "Sport" into 250 pages, has very wisely chosen the former course, and so the world of sport is surveyed from saddle and shooting stick. It is a survey of the life of one who has taken his fun where he found it, and it touches sporting life at many angles: motor transport, early days with the Garth, pony clubs, women out hunting, fashion and foxhounds, the Royal Buckhounds, boar-hunting in France, fox-hunting in Virginia, great shots, butting, grouse cycles, woodcock, boar-hunting in Germany. It is a catholic collection. Lord Dorchester writes well—perhaps better than he knows—and he has something on every page that he writes that makes one recall some incident or other in one's own experiences.

"Now we are on the only piece of plough and I squirt up a wet furrow to a fence that I know of old. Big and hairy with a sticky take off, it will want jumping to-day. I slow the pace gradually without disturbing the even rhythm of his stride. 'Topthorn,' too, steadies himself until within five lengths. Then hardening his neck like iron, quickens his stride and launches out over headland, ditch and fence with feet to spare. That time I did feel him jump." Which of us who has ridden in a Point-to-Point won't envy Lord Dorchester and Topthorn?

The shooting chapters, too, are very good. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the one which deals with woodcock shooting at Ashford, County Galway, where sport of an unrivalled nature can be had. (Sport is so often "unrivalled," but at Ashford it really is.) "A beat perhaps two miles long, takes in a front of 500yds.; the cover a mixture of brambles, gorse bracken, fir plantations of varying ages, underwood of chestnut hazel, rhododendrons and laurels, great beeches and ash trees, hollies and planes, an ever changing lay-out, an olla-podrida of West of Ireland woodland growth . . . these woodlands, these wild places here and there, have blotted erstwhile parks, demesnes, aye, mansion house and castle." There is a very interesting comparison too of partridge and grouse, and Lord Dorchester's opinion is, that though the grouse often beats the partridge in speed, the smaller bird offers the most difficult shots. And that, I think, is the opinion of most of us.

Here we have a readable and entertaining book, which, wisely, makes no pretence of being other than a series of personal impressions from the pen of one who really knows his subject. And they are not without a good rich humour of their own. As, for instance, when his boar at an Imperial boar shoot was laid in the bag of the August, and the head *jäger* answered, "Royalty always kills the biggest boar." R. M.

*Sport.* By Lord Dorchester. (Rich and Cowan; 7/6.)

### LILIES OF THE FIELD

ALTHOUGH lilies share with roses the sovereignty of the garden the former have been curiously neglected by garden writers. Mr. Grove's authoritative *Lilies* (1911) and the late Mr. E. H. Wilson's admirable monograph, *Lilies of Eastern Asia* (1915), have so far been the two outstanding publications of this century on the subject, Mr. Grove's being the only comprehensive book dealing with lilies published during the last twenty-five years.

In mid-Victorian times lilies were a cult and occupied considerable space in gardening periodicals. Then they suffered a decline, and were popularly classed as too difficult for the average amateur. The madonna lily it was frequently noted succeeded better in cottage than in palatial gardens, no account being taken of the fact that as a rule these lilies in cottage gardens had exactly what they need—left undisturbed for years so that they worked themselves up to the surface, given protection from cutting winds and being as a rule near the cottage wall they secured a certain amount of lime, the madonna lily being an exception to the rule that lilies are lime haters.

In 1862 *Lilium auratum*, "the golden-rayed lily of Japan," was introduced and caused a furore, doubtless to the amazement of the Japanese, for that flower-loving nation has never glorified lilies. In Japanese art and literature the lily figures but seldom. The roots of *Lilium auratum* were eaten as placidly as we eat potatoes. This lily grows naturally on the hungry slopes of Mount Fuji, but the Western demand for the bulbs created a trade. Monster bulbs grown in rich soil were exported, and these bulbs naturally were a prey to disease. Again lilies fell into disfavour in spite of the efforts of keen gardeners and the publication of the magnificent folio on lilies by H. J. Elwes, 1877–80, and Dr. Wallace's *Notes on Lilies*. The interest created by *Lilium auratum* was mild compared to that created by *L. regale*. It was soon discovered that *L. regale* was perfectly hardy, would grow on almost any soil, ripened seed in this

HUGH LUPUS, 1ST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.
(*From a "History of Grosvenor Square." By Arthur Dasent; Macmillan*)

country, and, most important of all, began flowering the second year from seed-sowing. Lilies once more became a cult, and a marked impulse being given by the formation by the Royal Horticultural Society of the Lily Committee and the annual publication of the Lily Year Book.

Mr. Drysdale Woodcock and Mr. J. Coutts' valuable book will doubtless be the authoritative work on lilies for many years to come. The subject is dealt with in masterly fashion, covering raising, planting, cultivation, hybridising and exhibiting, with notes on the most recent experiences at Kew and certain well-known private gardens. The fine collection of illustrations is a striking feature of the book. E. S. R.

*Lilies, Their Culture and Management.* By H. Drysdale Woodcock and J. Coutts. (Country Life; 15/–.)

### THE BEST OPEN AIR BOOK OF THE MONTH

*Our choice for the Best Open Air Book published during June is "White Man's Country" (being the Life of Lord Delamere), by Elspeth Huxley. (Macmillan; 25/-.)*

### HISTORY IN STONES

FEW Squares in any city of the world have the same interest as Grosvenor Square, an interest possibly based on garters and strawberry leaves, but none the less a commanding one, as witness the success of *Hervey House*, the author of which play had not, I fear, made the same exact researches into high life as Mr. Arthur Dasent. The days of the square as we knew it are perhaps numbered, which will make this history in stones all the more interesting. Although the history of the House of Grosvenor in its relation to its London estates has already been written in Mr. Charles Gally's *Mary Davies and the Manor of Ebury*, yet Mr. Dasent has very much of interest to say about the familiar figures of the last two centuries, the result of wide reading and patient research. It is interesting to think that this hub of pre-war social life should have a history of not three hundred years, while a print of 1740 used to illustrate the book shows absolutely open country to the north and east of the square itself. And this magnificent property passed into the family of a prosperous Cheshire landowner by what was, more or less, a *mesalliance*!

House by house and owner by owner, Mr. Dasent takes us round the square, and we meet some queer characters *en route*. More than once a blue ribbon seems to trip its owner, and a little weed sprouts between the strawberry leaves. We have the notorious Stony who tried to make away with the fortune of the Countess of Strathmore of her day, and the profligate Marquess of Hastings, John Aislabie, who was expelled from the House of Commons after the South Sea Bubble, the notorious Duke of Dorset who eloped with Lady Derby, and the Duchess of Kendal, George I's mistress. Of her and her rival the Countess of Darlington Mr. Dasent records "they had not been long in London before they seized poor Queen Anne's jewels, which they found in St. James's Palace, and, in consequence, when the King's daughter-in-law, Caroline of Anspach, was about to be crowned, she was obliged to borrow her pearls from the English nobility and her diamonds from the Jews."

There is a chapter on the annals of sport dealing with the many great sportsmen who have lived in the square from the Rockinghams and Grosvenors of earlier days down to the present Duke of Portland who holds a unique record of success in classic races and is the "oldest inhabitant" of Grosvenor Square. But we wish we could have some record of shooting on the boundaries of the property in earlier days, and some reference to sporting activities other than racing.

There are two particularly interesting new facts. One is that Dr. Johnson never waited in the "outward rooms" of Chesterfield House, but of No. 45 the Square. The other is that No. 40 (the former home of the Bowes Countess of Strathmore), was nearly taken by the Duke and Duchess of York before Princess Elizabeth was born, though ultimately the heir to the throne in the third generation was born in Bruton Street. Will this house be saved from the holocaust of rebuilding in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square? It may one day have an historic significance. R. M.

*A History of Grosvenor Square.* By Arthur Dasent. (Macmillan; 15/–.)

# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but latters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## GIN TRAPS

SIR,—May I express my entire agreement with the letter of your correspondent "X," published in a recent issue? He gives vent to views that I endeavoured to express in the House of Lords. I doubt if there is a single owner or farmer who would wish to continue the use of gin traps, or for the matter of that of snares, if an equally effective, economic and painless substitute could be invented. The owner of such an invention would therefore be possessed of an asset worth many times the somewhat paltry sum already on offer.

Cruelty to animals is detestable, but the desolation of a countryside would be worse. A sense of proportion is necessary. Personally, I consider the anonymous lady or gentleman who wrote to me from Berkeley Square, expressing the hope that I should die in lingering agony from cancer as punishment for a speech which the writer could by no possibility have read, to be somewhat lacking in this quality.

Yours faithfully,

Grundisburgh Hall, Suffolk. CRANWORTH.

---

SIR,—Will you be good enough to allow me at this stage to ventilate the attitude of the British Field Sports Society towards the above Bill.

In the first place I should like to make it clear that the Society's attitude has never been one of negative obstruction, but all along we have made it clear that we are anxious to curtail the use of the gin trap as much as is practicably possible, to which end we have advocated a measure which would alter the Ground Game Act of 1880 so as to prevent entirely the setting of traps for rabbits in the open.

If this became law, commercial rabbit trapping by professional trappers would become a dead letter, and 90 per cent. of the suffering entailed through the use of the gin trap would be abolished.

To this plan only two serious objections have been raised. Firstly, that such a law could not be enforced. I would suggest, however, that the difficulties involved in preventing the setting of traps in the open would be far less than those entailed in preventing the setting of traps in farmyards, houses, etc., as would be necessary under the Bill which was rejected by the House of Lords. It is public opinion which enforces the law, and if public opinion wishes the prohibition of the setting of traps in the open to be enforced, there is not the slightest doubt that it will be.

The second objection is, that if this measure of prohibition is brought about, 90 per cent. of the arguments against the gin trap will cease to be valid, but we cannot believe that anyone professing humanitarian principles would seriously refuse to support a measure which is immediately practicable, merely because it may deprive him of ammunition for a campaign for a more drastic measure which, under present conditions, is not yet practical politics.

Yours faithfully,

British Field Sports Society, 3, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. JAMES FITZWILLIAM (Secretary).

## BRIGHTENING UP COUNTY CRICKET

SIR,—The recent Middlesex v. Yorkshire match at Lord's provided an admirable example of the flaws in the present system of reckoning points in the County Cricket Championship.

It will be remembered that bad weather restricted the play-period to one day in which Middlesex scored 108 and Yorkshire 307 for six wickets. Yorkshire, therefore, took five points for a first innings win.

The result—entirely due to bad weather—was that Yorkshire's percentage dropped from 64.44 to 61.33. Under the present system such an anomaly is inevitable in the case of the clubs at the top of the table.

Had the "For-Against" system (4 points for wins outright less 2 points for lost games, plus the difference between the averages per wicket for and against) been in force the match would have had the following result on the table:

| | June 15th. | | June 19th. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Yorkshire .. | 30.04 points | .. | 31.76 points |
| Middlesex .. | 16.21 points | .. | 13.92 points |

Under the existing system a first-innings win is a positive disadvantage as it reduces the percentage. In the "For-Against" system Yorkshire's superior batting and bowling, and the failure of Middlesex, receive equitable reward—*in spite of the weather*.

It is claimed for the "F.-A." system that it (1) reduces the influence of bad weather to a minimum; (2) encourages enterprising captaincy and batting; (3) gives due value to every run scored and wicket taken.

Yours faithfully,

12, Dale Road, Purley, Surrey. E. L. ROBERTS.

## BAT TAKING FLY

SIR,—I was very much interested in the letters "Bat Taking Fly," which appeared in your issues of June 1st and 8th. During several consecutive seasons of trout fishing I have often caught bats on my fly, early in the evening and late at night. The only species I have caught by this means are the pipistrelle (*Pipistrellus pipistrellus*) and the whiskered bat (*Myotis mystacinus*). Every bat I have caught has been hooked *by the wing* and never in the mouth, and on being released they have flown off unharmed save for a small puncture in the wing-membrane.

Perhaps you correspondent who caught the Daubenton's bats hooked his specimens in the mouth. If so, this proves that different species have different methods of tackling flies. G. Barrett-Hamilton, in *British Mammals*, says that whiskered bats can easily be caught "by the wing" on a beetle suspended on a hook.

Daubenton's bats are rare here, and therefore I only catch them by hunting for them in caves, but the other species mentioned above swarm on our reservoirs. Trout anglers who fish in localities where Daubenton's are abundant, perhaps, find that they catch bats always by the mouth. I should be glad of information on this point.

Yours faithfully,

Torrs Park, Ilfracombe. MICHAEL BLACKMORE.

---

SIR,—Mr. Eric Goddard's letter on the above subject in the *Field* of June 1st took me back to the days of my youth. I was only a boy at the time and was trying to teach myself to throw a fly. I was using some very primitive tackle beside a pond which contained a few good trout and had on a fair-sized white moth. In due course the bats came out, and I hooked and "landed" four of them that evening, all of which took the fly in the air, mostly behind me.

The curious thing is that though I have now had about 50 seasons fishing, I have never again had the misfortune to hook another bat. It may be accounted for by the fact that I do not remember having since used an entirely white fly like the single specimen of my boyhood days.

Yours faithfully,

Boreham, Warminster, Wilts. E. H. POPE.

## DISTRIBUTION OF GEESE

SIR,—It would appear from the correspondence in your columns that the bean goose is now comparatively rare in Scotland, and I only know of three of this species having been identified in this district in recent years, namely, one, a single bird, on December 29th, 1913; another, one of a pair, on January 29th, 1924, both shot by myself; the third was bagged in December last.

A correspondent in your issue of October 17th, 1931, writing from Limerick, made the following observations which have a direct bearing on the subject under discussion, and they may therefore be of sufficient interest to reprint for the benefit of your present readers: "My experience is that his (Payne Gallwey's) information is now unreliable. Whether owing to the wholesale shooting in the disturbed times or a change in their habits, the birds he described as frequenting certain localities in this country are not now met with. For instance, Payne Gallwey mentions the bean goose as frequenting the Shannon Estuary. I have spent many years on it, and discussed the matter with several professional fowlers, and cannot find any foundation for this. . . . I have only seen one dead bean goose in 25 years, and that was shot on some marshes near Bunratty, Co. Clare. About five or six have appeared in the shops in Limerick in the period I have mentioned, but no reliable information could be obtained as to where they came from. I have been told bean are equally rare in Dublin markets . . . I have heard that the bean goose was met with in the Headford district beyond the Corrib, but a visit proved the birds to be white-fronted."

Yours faithfully,

Kintyre. DUNCAN COLVILLE.

## THE SCARCE SWALLOWTAIL BUTTERFLY

SIR,—With further reference to the series of photographs of this species published in your issue of May 25th, and my remarks about the possibility of it having once been a British species, the following particulars may be of interest.

Of the recorded instances of its occurrence in this country, some half-a-dozen examples were reported as seen by different entomologists during the early part of last century. In 1795, this butterfly was stated to be rare in woods by Dr. Berkenhout; apparently the late Rev. F. A. Morris took considerable trouble to collect facts regarding its appearance as described in his *British Butterflies*. He states: "I have myself seen in the cabinet of my friend, the Rev. George Rudston Read, the original specimen which was captured by his brother when at school at Eton. He took it on the wing between Slough and Datchet, Berkshire, before the month of July about the year 1826. The Rev. F. W. Hope captured one in Shropshire in 1822, and saw another on the wing. Mr. Plymley found the larva near the spot where the Rev. F. W. Hope took the perfect insect. The larva was killed by an ichneumon. He had the larva brought to him more than once, and the perfect insect in 1807 from Netley, Shropshire." Morris, further, states: Mr. Swainson had one which he told Donovan was taken by his brother-in-law, Captain Bray, he believed, in the Isle of Wight; also Dr. Abbot took one in May, 1803, in Bedfordshire, which passed into Mr. Dale's collection.

As regards those seen it may be mentioned that Dr. Abbot told Haworth that he had seen *podalirius* two or three times previous to capturing one. Several other specimens were reported as seen by well-known and reliable entomologists. The above records seem to be satisfactory evidence that this beautiful butterfly was occasionally seen and captured in this country and a few of these British-caught specimens probably exist in collections. Lord Rothschild tells me "the original specimen, the first taken in England, I saw many years ago (1878–1880) in the collection of the Rev. H. H. Crewe, Rector of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks." And his lordship has in the Tring Collection a very damaged specimen which was captured no longer ago than 1901 at Woolacombe, North Devon.

Also I can add another specimen to the list as follows: The Rev. D. Percy Harrison states: "I have in my collection a specimen of *podalirius* which was given me by my godfather (a Mr. Witt) in 1868. He was no entomologist, but told me it was caught by his cousin near Southampton when he and the cousin were quite young men. As Mr. Witt died at the age of 76 in 1872 this would date the capture of the specimen somewhere in the 'twenties of the last century. The specimen is perfect, except that it lacks one antenna, as it did when I received it.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

## THE FANTAIL'S ADVENTURE

SIR,—I thought that some of your readers might be interested to hear this extraordinary fact. It happened that one of my pigeons (a fantail) was missing for about a week this summer, and I searched about for a long time without avail. One day, as one of the maids was washing the day nursery floor, she noticed a lot of soot on the floor. She looked up the chimney to see if there was any sign of commotion. She saw a sort of grey fluttering object; she reached out for it and brought it down. She saw to her surprise that it was the missing fantail! but very black and not white as it should be. It was given a bath and most of the blackness came off. I wondered how it could keep alive in such unsanitary conditions.

Yours faithfully,

Holmbury St. Mary, nr. Dorking, Surrey. S. PHILP (age 13).

## A SWALLOW'S ROOST

SIR,—Next to my bathroom is one of the smallest rooms in the house, and the window is never shut. A picture once hung there, but it was taken down, and the nail remains. This has been discovered by a swallow. Each night he or she sleeps there, and takes no notice of the switching on of the lights, or my presence within a foot or two. I have taken people to see the bird who shows no sense of embarrassment, though from the state of the carpet it has realised the purpose of the room but does not appreciate modern sanitation.

Yours faithfully,

Cottingham, East Yorks. E. F. G.

NIGHT ILLUMINATIONS AT PENANG
*(See Letter "Fireworks—Natural and Artificial")*

### FIREWORKS—NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL

SIR,—I enclose two photographs which may be of interest to readers of the *Field*. One of these was taken at a display of fireworks at the Thaipusam Festival in Penang, and the second is a snapshot of fork lightning taken at the swimming club there.

The photographs are interesting, since they emphasise the grandeur and beauty of the natural phenomena when compared with the purely artificial effects produced by fireworks.

Yours faithfully,

Brockley, J. S. DRAKE.
Hythe, Kent.

### SMALL BORE RIFLES AND DANGEROUS GAME

SIR,—I have just read with great interest Mr. Lyell's book, *African Adventure*, recently reviewed by you.

I should like, however, to comment on his continuous advocacy of the small and medium bore rifle for tackling the "Big Four" and other dangerous game.

I have shot every form of dangerous game both in India and Africa, and am definitely of opinion that a double cordite rifle between ·450 and ·500 is the only weapon for dangerous game, with the reservation that the 12-bore Paradox is good enough against lion, tiger, panther and bear.

A medium bore is grand for antelope, etc., and, of course, one will occasionally take a chance against elephant or tiger when the big rifle is not handy.

A hunter who disdains to take advantage of the tremendous power of one of the ·470 group of rifles deliberately endangers himself, his companion, and his servants.

I have come to grief once against tiger and once against rhino, both times entirely owing to the lack of power of a good medium bore magazine rifle. There is simply no comparison in power between the two types of rifle, and a far greater margin of error where the big rifle is concerned.

I do hope novices and semi-novices will realise that dangerous beasts are very rarely shot in the open these days, and in practice it is often quite impossible to pick one's shot as some would have us believe.

Lastly, a heavy rifle is fairer on the beast himself.

Yours faithfully,

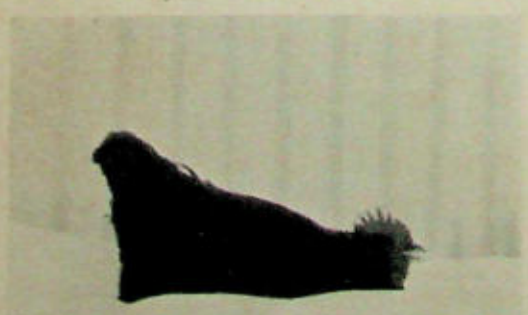
Cavalry Club, W. 1. VOLTIGEUR.

### FLYCATCHERS ON THE TENNIS COURT

SIR,—We had a flycatcher which built her nest in the opening on the winding post of our tennis net where the net cord is wound round the spindle. It is an ordinary set with iron posts, as supplied by the Fernden company. We had hardly finished playing, and removed the net cord, before the mother alighted on the pole and disappears inside. I removed the net cord, as when this was wound round the spindle there was not room for the bird to get in. You could distinctly see and hear the little ones inside.

Yours faithfully,

Rownhams House, nr. Southampton. R. WINSTANLEY (Major).



HOTEL LIFE IN AUSTRALIA
*(See Letter "Breakfast in Bed")*

### BREAKFAST IN BED

SIR,—I took the enclosed photograph in the Northern Territory of Australia, when I was staying last autumn for a couple of nights in the small corrugated iron hotel at Birdum, 300 miles south of Darwin. During the first morning I found a brown egg in the middle of my bed; the next day I caught the hen in the act of laying. The heat in the summer up there is very great, and all the fowls seek shade. This one you will note has its beak open.

Yours faithfully,

Horn Hill Court, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. E. CECIL ROSCOE (Captain).

### ANOTHER TREE-FISHING INCIDENT

SIR,—The following incident may interest some of your readers, especially those who hold that trout do not actually take fly right above the water, but merely attempt to knock their victims down into the water to consume them at their leisure.

I was fishing last week for trout in a tributary of the Wye in Monmouthshire and was casting parallel with the water in a much overgrown pool. The cast caught in a branch of alder about 3ft. from the water and the fly just dipped on to the water, but was immediately lifted off again by a strong wind which was blowing. A trout rose strongly at the fly the second it touched the water, but missed it as it was withdrawn. Realising what was likely to happen, I did not strike, and the fly was blown a foot upstream and the branch gently dapped it again on to the water. It was then lifted clear and swung back to its original position fully 2in. above the stream, but the trout sprang out on its return journey and took the fly in mid air with fatal results. The whole affair of course did not take more than a few seconds.

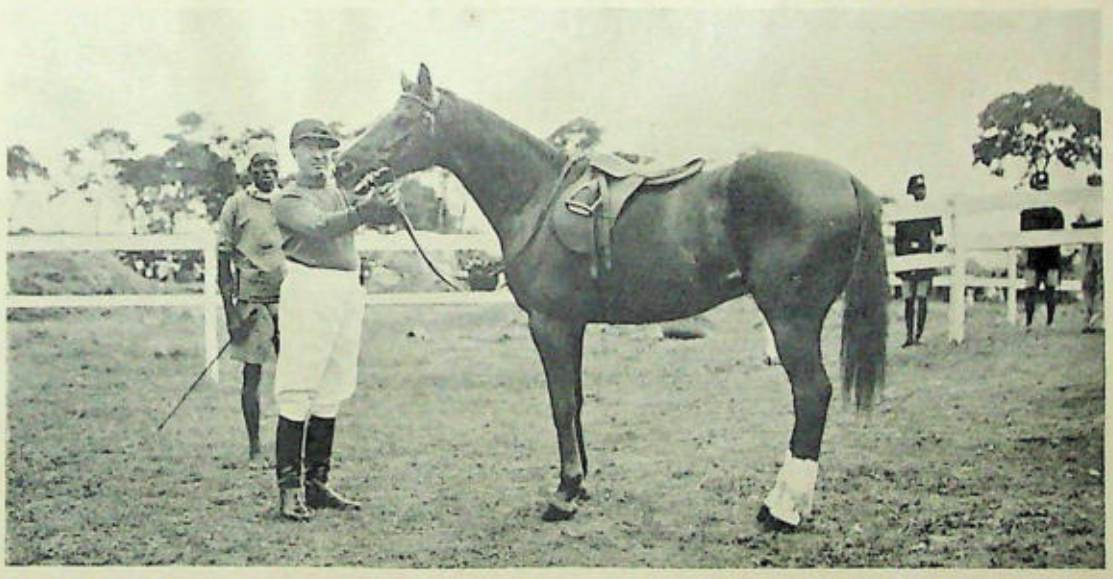
Yours faithfully,

Hascombe Grange, Godalming, Surrey. H. D. BUTCHART.

### RACING IN NYASALAND

SIR,—I think you will be interested in the previous history of horses and racing in Nyasaland and their revival. So far as is known, the first horse in the country was one which John Moir, of the African Lakes Company, had at Blantyre; Sir Alfred Sharpe rode it on several occasions from Blantyre to the Lunzu River, on the Matope Road (at that time the lake steamer the Domira used to come down to Matope, with 6ft. of water). Beyond the Lunzu there was always the danger of tsetse fly—he also used to ride it between Blantyre and the top of the hill on the road to Katunga (to which place all the lower Shire steamers and boats came in those days).

When Sir Harry Johnston came from India to this country in 1891 he brought thirteen horses. Of these twelve died, and the remaining one was put in Sir Alfred's charge at Blantyre. It nearly died, but recovered with proper treatment, and lived for many years afterwards at Zomba; a Somali pony brought out of a ghary at Aden. A Mr. Markel brought in horses and ran a Cape cart and four horses between Blantyre and Zomba for some time. Sir Harry Johnston acquired several more horses later. Then various people got more in.



MR. K. L. HALL WITH HIS CHESNUT GELDING MAYFLY
*(See Letter "Racing in Nyasaland")*

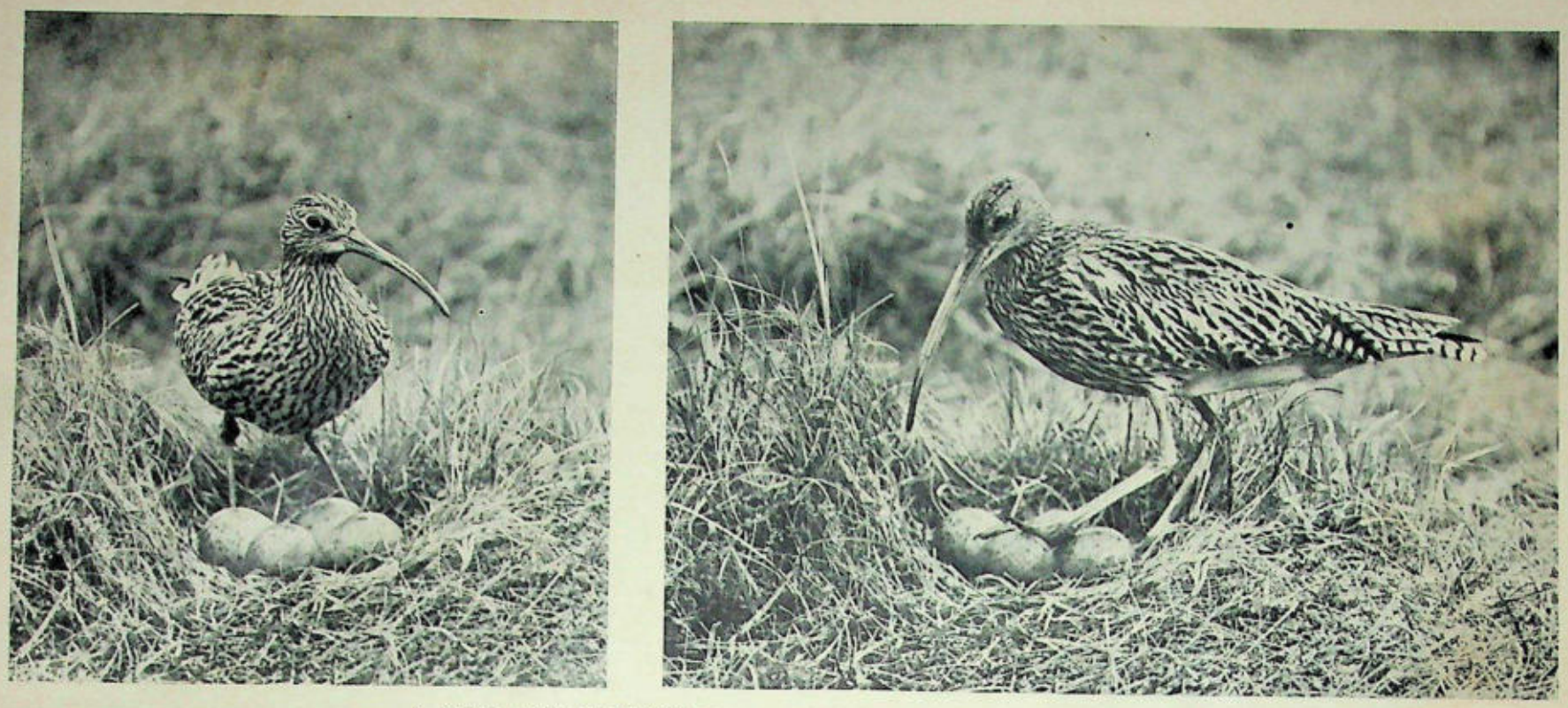
In the early '90's Cecil Rhodes presented a cup for horse racing in Nyasaland which was known as the "Rhodes Cup," and was won by Johnny Gough (afterwards General Gough, V.C.), with a horse named Carbine. The Rhodes Cup was won outright at the last race in Blantyre in 1897. After that year racing and all mounted sports faded out and the "horse age" came to an end; as Sir Alfred Sharpe wrote, "horses were too much trouble."

We have recently revived interest, however, by the formation of the Nyasaland Turf Club, the main object being to mark the occasion of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee. Eight horses were imported from Southern Rhodesia in January of this year which, together with five already in the country, formed the nucleus for the first race meeting. The club's first meeting was held on May 8th at Zomba as a part of the official celebrations of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee.

The Rhodes trustees very generously agreed to replace the old Rhodes Cup for an event to be known as the Silver Jubilee Handicap. This cup was won by the founder of the new club, Mr. K. L. Hall, riding his chesnut gelding Mayfly.

Yours faithfully,

Zomba, Nyasaland. KEITH TUCKER.



A CLEAR CASE OF FEMININE SUPERIORITY: THE MALE IS ON THE LEFT
*(See Letter "Sexes of Curlew")*

### SEXES OF CURLEW

SIR,—I was recently very interested in photographing and still more, perhaps, in watching a pair of nesting curlews at close quarters. In appearance it was unexpectedly easy to distinguish between cock and hen. The former was considerably smaller, had a shorter and more abruptly curved beak, and showed a roughly triangular dark patch between the eye and the base of the bill, which, though also present in the female, was in her case much less conspicuous.

But it was in their behaviour at the nest that the sexes were so markedly dissimilar. The hen, which came the more often, I would first see on the ground about 30 or 40 yards away from the camouflaged tent in which I was concealed. As she walked slowly about, apparently without thought of direction, she went through all the actions of feeding, although I am satisfied she was not doing so. Time and again she lifted a dried grass stalk in her beak, but it was only to drop it again at once. At length, as if by accident, she would reach the nest and quietly sidle on to the eggs. Whenever my assistant came to relieve me she would spot him the instant he rose to his feet, though he was lying hidden fully 300 yards away. At once she would creep from the nest and when some distance off would again begin the pretence at feeding, all the time walking away until she went out of my sight. I never saw her take wing, nor did I ever hear her utter a sound.

The cock's approach was entirely different. First I would hear overhead his beautiful trilling spring call, and at its conclusion the bird would plane down and alight about 40 yards away. At once he would walk quickly and purposely in the direction of the nest. After covering part of the distance, he would stop, stand erect and call a long-drawn-out "Curlee-e-e," "Curlee-e-e," and then move on again. His manner, though alert, was bold and confident in striking contrast to that of his mate, whose every movement betokened stealth.

Once, when sitting, apparently in answer to a curlew calling overhead, the cock uttered his full, musical spring trill. With widely open beak and violently vibrating body he was extraordinarily vehement over it, and the call, at such close quarters, sounded startlingly loud. He was just as quick as the hen at seeing my assistant, but he reacted quite differently. At the man's first movement the cock shot into the air. It was a surprisingly quick, neat performance, at which I marvelled each time he did it. One moment he would be complacently sitting and the next he was in full flight. As he flew away he uttered the curlew's usual warning cry, familiar alike on northern moorlands, wind-swept mud flats and tropical mangrove swamps

Yours faithfully
Windermere. M. S. W.

### TEN BOAR IN ONE DAY

SIR,—I enclose herewith a snapshot of ten boar killed by the Agra Tent Club on May 5th.

The meet was at Pali near Fatehpur Sikri, the line started at 6 a.m., and hunting went on till 12.30 p.m. Ten boar were seen and ridden and all were accounted for.

There are no log book entries prior to 1899, but since that date to the present time there is no record of as many as ten boar having been killed in one day. There were seven spears out from the 26th Medium Battery R.A. and the K.O.Y.L.I.

Yours faithfully,
Agra, U.P. VIVE LE SPORT.

### HUNTED DOWN-WIND BY AN ELEPHANT

SIR,—In the *Field* of March 30th last, Mr. F. L. Martin has a letter with diagrams describing what he thinks is a down-wind charge by an elephant. His diagrams show that the elephant which went for him and his party was not "charging" down-wind, but had evidently got their scent. A down-wind charge means that the animal in question was approaching in the same direction as the wind was blowing, and this should be palpable to anyone who examines Mr. Martin's diagrams.

Yours faithfully,
DENIS D. LYELL.
Rossdhal, Comrie.

THE AGRA TENT CLUB WITH THEIR RECORD BAG
*(See Letter "Ten Boar in One Day")*

### THE DAWN SONG OF BIRDS

SIR,—The following record of the dawn song of birds during the month of May was made chiefly at Haslemere, Surrey, during a fortnight's visit there.

May 6th.—Missel thrush, 4.45. May 7th.—Blackbird and missel thrush, 4.45. May 20th.—Cuckoo, 4.24; blackbird, 4.30; song thrush, 4.30. May 28th.—Blackbird, 3.45; this was followed by two very vociferous cuckoos at 4, followed by a missel thrush, chaffinch, chiffchaff and song thrush. At 5 a.m. exactly there was, I invariably noticed, a sudden cessation of all bird song for some little while; probably feeding time. A brown owl was calling at 2 a.m.

May 29th.—The cuckoo's "song" varies from 17 to 25 repeated without a break, commencing at 4 with an interval at 5, and then continued almost throughout the day. On the same date in the evening a thrush was singing at 10 p.m., and a cuckoo called about the same time.

Yours faithfully,
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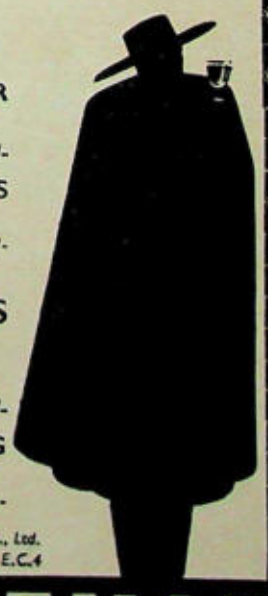

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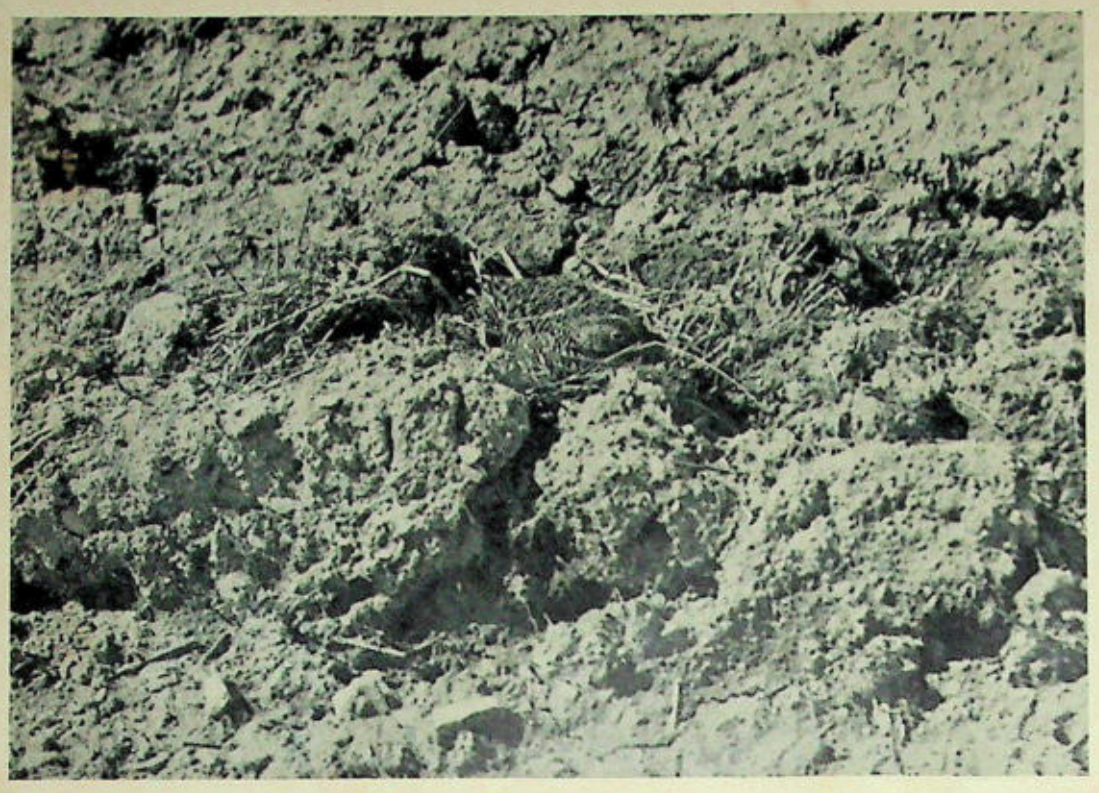

SITTING ON THE NEST FROM WHICH SHE HATCHED A BROOD OF EIGHT
(*See Letter "Grouse Nest on Ploughland"*)

### GROUSE NEST ON PLOUGHLAND

SIR,—On Brae this year a grouse was seen nesting in the centre of a ploughed field and has since hatched a brood of eight, retiring with them to the heather about 100yds. distant.

I enclose a photograph of the bird sitting; this shows a portion of the nest made of manure straw. It is locally considered an unusual happening, and I am anxious to know whether other cases have been reported of grouse nesting on arable land where a large expanse of heather is available.

Yours faithfully,

Dingwall, Scotland. ANGUS VICKERS.


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### FISHING IN BRITISH HONDURAS

SIR,—At the beginning of this year I had to proceed to British Honduras on business, and I should be glad if you will allow me the courtesy of your columns to make known more widely the possibilities there for anglers. I was only in Belize, the capital, for four weeks and my time was too much occupied to fish properly. I had, however, two fleeting opportunities and the results were as follows.

On February 10th, in company with Mr. C. S. Brown, I had to proceed to Hillbank, the headquarters of the Belize Estate and Produce Company. Part of this journey is made by motor launch up the Belize river and through various creeks and lagoons. I was kindly lent a rod and reel by the Hon. H. C. Carter, M.C., Director of Public Works, and on his advice purchased a couple of 6in. Drome spoons. Passing through Black Creek, which connects the Belize and Spanish Rivers, we fished from 10.15 a.m. to 2 p.m., with a short interval for lunch. During this time the bag consisted of nine tarpon and three snook; and I was so hot and stiff that I was quite glad to stop. True, the tarpon were not very large, as tarpon go. Eight of them averaged about 30lb., and one lovely fish I got was between 65lb. and 70lb. The locally named snook is, I believe, the Cobia. These average about 20lb., and fight almost better than a tarpon, though they do not leap like the latter. They are, moreover, most excellent eating.

I had no time to test the possibilities off the coast, but I may say that the following fish are abundant and provide the most excellent sport with rod and line: Barracuda, up to 25lb.; snapper, 30lb.; grouper, 50lb.; mackerel, 10lb.; amber jack, 40lb.; Jew fish, 200lb.; cavallie, 30lb.; king fish, 40lb.; ocean jack, 40lb.; rock fish, 15lb.; tarpon, 150lb.; snook, 25lb.; bay snook, 3lb. The three latter are mostly caught in the rivers and lagoons, and the bay snook can be taken on a fly.

Yours faithfully,

Glymton Park, Woodstock, Oxon. G. H. BARNETT (Colonel).

[**A Mighty Yearling.**—Owing to a printer's error the yearling rainbow trout appeared even more mighty than our heading suggested. Its weight should have been 3lb., not 31lb.—ED.]

**Correction.**—It should have been stated in our last issue that Lorna Countess Howe, at the annual general meeting of the Field Trial Council, was elected chairman for the ensuing year in succession to Colonel H. M. Wilson.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1,** are anxious to raise 5/- weekly for three months to enable a young man to continue treatment for tuberculosis at a well-known seaside hospital. He is 21 years of age and his mother has stinted herself to send him away and we are anxious that his mother's effort shall not be useless. If he is able to continue treatment for three months it will greatly improve his general condition, so we appeal to the generosity of our readers to make this possible.

# IN THE CITY

## CONSETT IRON PREFERENCE

THE 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each of the Consett Iron Company, Limited, can now be bought at about 23/-, a price which includes eight years arrears of dividend or approximately 10/- net per share. In view of the recovery which has taken place in the iron, coal and steel industry during the past two years—culminating in the recent agreement between the British interests and the Continental Steel Cartel—it seems not unreasonable to anticipate that the company will be able to propose before long a scheme for meeting the arrears of preference dividend.

The 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares, which are outstanding in the amount of £500,000, are junior to £2,500,000 of debenture stock, but they rank ahead of £3,000,000 in £1 ordinary shares, which at present levels around 7/-, have a market value of over £1,000,000. There is thus a substantial equity for the preference shares, which occupy a relatively good position in the capital structure. Fixed assets, less obsolescence and depreciation, are carried at £5,900,000, but, although £2,400,000 has been provided for obsolescence and depreciation since 1919, the auditor's report indicates that further provision for depreciation is required—presumably due to the fact that the fixed assets are valued at pre-war prices, and that the net additions since 1919 were chiefly made in the years following the war, when values were much higher than at present. On the other hand, the company has reserves of over £650,000, which could be utilised to write down the fixed assets, and thus reduce the annual charge against earnings for depreciation.

For the year ended on March 31st, 1935, the total profit increased to £373,187 from £203,722 in the preceding year, but since £300,000 in lieu of £100,000 was set aside for depreciation the balance available for debenture interest fell to £62,328 from £91,494. These balances were not sufficient to cover in full interest charges on the 6 per cent. debenture stock, taking £100,000 even at the reduced of 4 per cent., which holders agreed to accept for 1933 to 1935 inclusive. However, if it had not been for the increased appropriation for depreciation, the net profit last year would have been well in excess of interest requirements, taking £150,000 at the full rate of 6 per cent., and there would have been a balance equivalent to nearly three years' dividend requirements on the preference shares.

In brief, it would appear quite possible and reasonable for the directors of Consett Iron to propose a capital reorganisation (along similar lines to the scheme recently carried out by Richard Thomas and Co.), involving a reduction in the nominal value of the ordinary shares, so that the assets could be written down to a conservative figure and ordinary shares distributed to preference shareholders in satisfaction of their dividend arrears. In this event (and assuming an annual appropriation of £100,000 for depreciation) the company should be able to provide for the deferred interest on the debenture stock (amounting to £112,500 on March 31st last), and be able to resume payments at the full rate on both the debenture stock and the preference shares. For investors prepared to exercise patience if necessary, the preference shares of Consett Iron should prove a lucrative purchase in due course.

### NORTHERN RHODESIA COMPANY

On several occasions last year attention was drawn in these notes to the 5/- shares of the Northern Rhodesia Company at prices ranging from 3/6 to 4/-, on the ground that the shares had a break-up value of 5/-, and were therefore a cheap medium for obtaining an interest in the securities of a diversified list of industrial concerns as well as copper and gold mining companies.

Although the company's revenue for the year ended on March 31st, 1935, was £5,810, as compared with £3,918 for the preceding year, the directors again decided not to pay a dividend. They are obviously pursuing a most conservative course, since £7,813 was utilised to write down the book-value of the company's investments, although the latter in the aggregate were worth more than their original cost.

The shares are now quoted around 3/6, whereas the chairman stated at the annual meeting on June 17th that they had a break-up value of 5/4, and that, if there is no set-back in market values during the intervening period, "I think I am safe in expressing the hope that the company will be in a position to pay a dividend next year." The conservative policy adopted will, no doubt, prove to the advantage of shareholders in the long run, though it is disappointing for those, like the writer, who had hoped for a substantial rise in the price of the shares in the reasonably near future. The shares certainly seem to be cheap at their current price. PACTOLUS.

# DON'T BE VAGUE—

# ASK FOR Haig

ON THE TRAIN

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

# PERRY THE FEARLESS

## The Open Golf Champion and His Methods

By E. R. TIPPLE

LAST year British professional golf came back into its own, and the American entrants for the Open Championship had to cross the Atlantic without the coveted trophy. At Muirfield, last week, it was proved beyond any shadow of doubt that the encouraging displays of 1934 were not a flash in the pan, and so for the second year in succession an Englishman is British Open Champion. We have had to wait since 1914 for such a result.

There seems every reason to suppose that the old pre-war prestige of British professional golf has been restored. Certainly the American "bogey" has been shattered and the old confidence restored. For the first time for 21 years a British golfer was a universal favourite. But history shows that favourites are often treated unkindly, and Henry Cotton's failure was just as big a surprise as Perry's victory—perhaps bigger, in fact.

To remark now that the young Leatherhead professional deserved to win is quite unnecessary. Scores sometimes conceal a host of bad shots, but a total of 283 for the four rounds over such a testing links tells its own story of grand golf achieved when most required. By a strange coincidence this winning aggregate is the same as Cotton's at Sandwich, so Perry becomes joint holder of the record low aggregate for four rounds of stroke play over a recognised championship lay-out, which was first established by Gene Sarazen at Prince's in 1932.

Perhaps it is to be expected that comparisons now will be made between Perry's game and Cotton's. They offer the greatest possible contrast. Their methods and their swings are quite different. Whilst Cotton is a delight to watch, not even Perry's most staunch supporter could call his play pretty or attractive. Their records, too, are strikingly dissimilar, the one being reasonably consistent and and the other erratic. Whereas Cotton had many notable victories to his credit before he achieved his life's ambition, Perry had none, except successes attained when an assistant. But they have at least one thing in common—they are both hard workers, always striving to improve, always willing to practice and prepared to give up everything in favour of their game. That is the chief reason why they have both won the British title.

I have said that the new champion is not an attractive golfer. By that I mean he does not possess a pleasing style. It is not orthodox. His grip is the once popular and now old-fashioned "palm grip," the right hand being placed very much under the shaft. He takes the club back very quickly and low—almost round his waist—and he brings it down to the ball like a flash of lightning so that he has hit it and walked on before the spectator has time to see what has really happened. Unlike some modern professionals, Perry uses his feet to great advantage, so proving the well-known saying that "as much good golf is played below the waist line as above it." The distance he obtains with this fast swing is tremendous. Powerfully built, his iron shots, too, are struck very forcibly—as they should be, of course. But the very feature of his method which gives him length, also puts him into difficulties, and he is consequently erratic.

No matter how and to what extent Perry is criticised as a player, there can be no two opinions regarding his outlook on the game. He ranks among the bravest golfers in the whole world—an English Walter Hagen. He accepts the bad breaks with a shrug of his powerful shoulders and a downward tug of his cap, then proceeds on his way determined to recover from previous lapses. His most priceless asset is his amazing confidence in himself and his abilities, a confidence one senses when one is in his company. Three years ago I played an exhibition match with him, and he astounded us all by the number of extraordinary recoveries from seemingly impossible situations. I fancy he was hardly on one proper fairway for nine consecutive holes, yet managed to beat the par score by four strokes! Of such qualities are real champions made.

His best achievement before this was in 1932, when he reached the final of the *News of the World* Tournament. His opponent, Cotton, that day was in merciless form, and although Perry's score

ALFRED PERRY IN PLAY AT MUIRFIELD

for the first round was 72, he faced so serious a deficit as to make all hopes of victory impossible. Yet in the afternoon he kept on trying, as he always does no matter the state of the match. This season Perry has not performed too well. He failed to even qualify at Southport, and last week only passed safely through the eliminating stages by two strokes—two strokes which turned out to be so very valuable. Then, even after a bad second round score, he bobbed up with a record return in the notoriously dangerous third round, and went calmly on his way to victory as if he was enjoying a practise game.

Apart from the number of low scores returned at Muirfield, the feature of the championship was the number of times the positions of those leading the field changed. Cotton began for all the world like a well-oiled machine, and it seemed impossible for him to play anything but perfect shots. That old warrior, Charles Whitcombe, who this season has shown a return to his very best form, came into the picture and set the pace with a second return of 68, whilst Perry and Macdonald Smith lost ground. And on the final day the thrills were intensified by the new champion's performance—he recovered six strokes in one round. With Cotton fading away out of the running everything depended on Whitcombe's last round. He played—or tried to, anyway—safely, instead of going all out for his figures, and with a poor finish Perry's great chance came. He too began badly—but the manner in which he persecuted the ball left no doubt as to his intentions. On the greens he was just as forcible. There was no argument. He hit the ball a sharp rap, and there was just one place for it to go—into the hole. In comparison, the other players' putting was weak and uninspiring.

Brilliant as was Perry's 67 in the third round, his final return of 72 must be recognised as being an even better achievement. Knowing that just a few slips would let in one of the other leaders, as well as seeing the title so near at hand, made those last eighteen holes a weary test of stamina, mental as well as physical.

It is difficult to explain away Henry Cotton's failure, but it must be realised that he had an extremely hard task. The fact that you are the present champion and realise everyone is against you is not exactly helpful! In the qualifying rounds and in the first round proper he gave a serene display of accurate golf. Then the strokes began to slip away, and the putts to slide past, and hover on the brink of the hole. And without playing badly his scores mounted up, and his title was lost. Up to the green, Cotton is still, I believe, the most consistent golfer to-day. But his putting methods, which to-day are not so attractive or so reliable as of old, need definite improvement. That he will set to work to remedy this I feel sure, just as I am certain his name will be on top again.

Padgham once more finished among the leaders. Last year he was third, last week he went one rung higher and was runner-up. His four scores show how steady he was—70, 72, 74 and 71. Nothing brilliant according to modern requirements, but a model for young golfers to copy. He was another who needed a little of Perry's "fire" and attack. Young professionals in Gadd, Branch, Easterbrook and Cox showed up to advantage, and it must have been a sorry blow for the American professionals when Lawson Little finished first invader as well as first amateur with a score of 289.

# BISLEY RIFLES

## Clearing Up a Post-War Muddle

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON

FOR the Imperial Meeting of the National Rifle Association, officially known as "The 72nd Annual Prize Meeting," which starts on Monday, July 8th, the Council of the Association has made a courageous attempt to clear up the ridiculous situation with regard to rifles which has gradually developed since the war.

In all those competitions for which the competitor may use the peep back-sight as an aid to accuracy in aiming and a sling as an aid to steadiness in holding, the pattern '14 rifle may be used. At the same time there has been introduced a new rack rifle class in which serving members of His Majesty's Forces who have never won a prize of £2 or more at a National Meeting, in the open class, may compete at very low entrance fees, for a special prize list amounting to £500, in all the competitions of the Grand Aggregate, which includes the first stage of the King's, the St. George's and the Stock Exchange as the most important items.

The marksman who, whatever the ultimate usefulness of skill at arms, regards rifle shooting as a sport, and it may be taken that the majority of the 3,000 odd men and women who compete at Bisley are in this class, requires of the rifle a degree of accuracy which the service rifle "as issued" is not capable of giving. Excellent as is the S.M.L.E. as a service weapon, its light and whippy barrel is easily bent from the straight and a slight warping of the handguard due to heat, or other causes, will make the rifle wildly inaccurate.

All sorts of devices, which come under the general heading of "packing," have been invented to prevent this bending of the barrel. They really started from the discovery, made by a well-known ballistic expert, that with the very inaccurate ammunition available immediately after the war the phenomenon known as "compensation" was of considerable importance.

With the S.M.L.E. the natural vibration of the barrel when firing acts in such a way that a low velocity bullet leaves the rifle when the muzzle is at the top or near the top of its vibration, whilst a high velocity charge results in the bullet leaving the barrel when the muzzle is at the bottom or near the bottom of its vibration period.

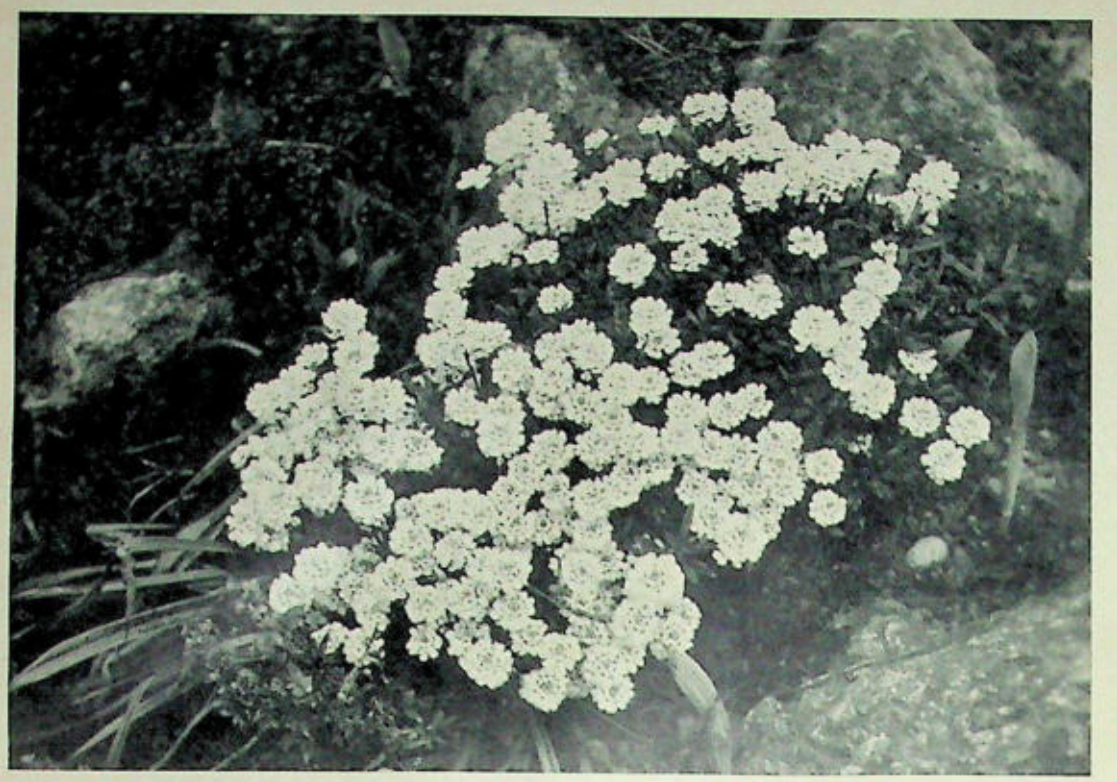
This means that in batches of ammunition with considerable velocity difference between round and round the strike of the bullets on the target at short ranges will be spread vertically. As the low velocity bullet drops more rapidly than does the high velocity one there is a point, at some considerable distance from the muzzle, where the two trajectories cross and, therefore, we have the anomaly that a rifle which was very inaccurate at at 200 or 300 yards, began to behave quite reasonably at 600 yards, and would be remarkably accurate at, say, 700 to 900 yards.

By placing small pieces of packing round the barrel at the vibration nodes it was possible to so alter the compensation that even with the bad war-time ammunition accuracy at short ranges was reasonably good. When new ammunition became available the need for altering the compensation disappeared, but the bending of the barrel due to warping woodwork has still be to competed with, and the incidence of the experiments in packing was shifted from something which could be tackled successfully to another problem in which it could only partially be successful.

There was as a natural result a gradually growing feeling of distrust for the rifle which culminated last year in a general demand that either the Council should forbid packing altogether and let everyone take his chance with the rifle as issued—a suggestion which would have resulted in the final abandonment of the game by a large number of competitors—or get the War Office to allow the new experimental service rifle to be used.

The answer was found in the Pattern '14 rifle, which was made in large quantities in America during the war with a Mauser action and a .303 calibre barrel and of which there were a large number in stock. These rifles have a great reputation for accuracy and are, in fact, the official "sniper's rifle."

The bull's-eye, which was enlarged last year as a partial attempt to meet the criticism that only those who happened to get hold of really staple "packed" S.M.L.E. rifles had any chance at the small bull's eye up to then in use, has been retained and as a consequence we shall have another year of extremely high scoring.



*IBERIS SEMPERVIRENS* MAKES A GOOD EDGING PLANT

*The Country House*

# EDGING PLANTS

## Planning the Border to Suit the Path

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE decorative effect of not only herbaceous borders but rose and flower beds depends to no inconsiderable extent on the edgings used, and in planning these are worth every consideration.

In the case of long paths bordered by rose or flower beds a carpeting edging is frequently the most effective, and amongst the least commonly used plants I should put in the first rank *Omphalodes verna* or Blue-eyed Mary. A broad edging of this plant, smothered with its charming pale blue flowers, edging a border of tulips, narcissi, wallflowers, polyanthuses, etc., is as unusual as it is delightful. For blue flowers are rare in spring, and this evergreen edging is a good green even in winter. It is so prostrate that in the case of a border with subjects such as wallflowers, etc., there should be other plants of intermediate growth, such as polyanthuses, *Dicentra formosa*, double arabis, and so forth.

The creeping thymes are justly popular, but like all very prostrate plants the edging needs to be at least a foot wide to get the real effect. A narrow thyme edging looks niggling.

The dwarf heaths, notably the *E. carnea* hybrids, are valuable for their display of flowers in late winter and very early spring. The *E. carnea* hybrids do not resent a certain amount of lime in the soil; indeed, many growers assert that on a lime-free soil a dressing of lime is essential. King George and *E. carnea alba var.* Springwood and Queen Mary are first favourites among the hybrids, but I prefer Vivelli. For though later flowering, the reddish bronze colouring of its foliage all through autumn and winter is so attractive.

Box is still largely used in many formal gardens, in spite of the trouble and labour it involves. The best substitute for box that I have ever seen is at Hatfield. There the beds in the dahlia garden are edged with *Lonicera nitida* barely a foot high. When I commented on this unusual and effective use of *Lonicera nitida* the gardener told me that in his opinion it was better than box in every way. It was certainly far neater than the best kept box edgings I have ever seen. The colour is quite as rich as box; this *lonicera* does not suffer in drought, nor does it harbour pests like box. In popular belief box is the oldest type of edging, but in English gardens dwarf box became fashionable, so far as is known for certain, first in the seventeenth century. Parkinson in his *Paradisus* commends it highly and describes it as being "only received into the gardens of those that are curious." The Romans doubtless introduced dwarf box edging, but in mediæval times it does not appear to have been used.

In the case of short herbaceous borders, especially double borders, a tall edging makes the border look shorter than it is. On the other hand, a long herbaceous border is all the more effective if the edging plants used are as low as possible. Personally I prefer a mixed low edging for a herbaceous border, because it makes for varied interest. *Veronica radicans*, double daisies, pinks, *Polygonum affine*, *Ajuga multicolor*, *A. reptans variegata*, *A. metallica crispa* (the ajugas need half shade), *Achillea rupestris*, thrifts, *Alyssum saxatile citrinum*, aubrietias, *Iberis sempervirens*, *Cerastium*, *Dicentra formosa*, arabis in variety, mossy saxifrages, London Pride, are but a few of the possibilities. For a short border needing a somewhat higher edging, subjects such as dwarf lavenders, and *Sedum spectabile* are best. In the case of a herbaceous border with a formal background such as a yew hedge, a formal edging is almost essential, otherwise the effect is that of a partially framed picture. In the case of a rectangular herbaceous border (it bordered three sides of a largish lawn) I had to plan, we decided to make the edging of santolina, *Sedum spectabile*, and dwarf lavender. The santolina at the corners and 3ft. both sides, to make handsome corner effects, then *Sedum spectabile*, then a strip of dwarf lavender about 8ft. long, and then the *Sedum spectabile* again and the santolina.

Many herbaceous borders are raised at least a foot above ground level and in parts that are mild enough and on the sand or chalk soils that they like, nothing equals rock roses of all different colours for a border required to be at its best during the summer. Tufts of aubrietias, alyssum, etc., between can be used to make the interest in spring, and their evergreen foliage is a good foil for the rock roses when the latter are in flower.

Much of the effect of edging plants depends on the nature of the path. I have never been an admirer of crazy paving. In this country we have coldish weather for at least seven months of the year, and crazy paving during those months always looks chilly. Nothing in my opinion is better than a brick path, especially if old bricks can be obtained. Even new bricks mellow more quickly than when used for walls. Against the rich soft colour of old bricks all the spring flowers—daffodils, aubrietias, wallflowers, polyanthuses, double daisies, etc.—are set forth to perfection, whereas crazy paving detracts from the colours of the flowers, except on very sunny days. Brick paths are not always suitable, and if paving must be used, it should, I think, always be planted between the interstices to relieve the cold, greyish colour.

# FOREIGN ATHLETICS

## A Big Invasion for the Championships

THERE have been persistent rumours that but few foreigners would enter for the A.A.A. Open Championships this year, because England (unwisely, as some of us still believe) refused to support the first European Championships when they were instituted last year.

Rumour, once more, is proved a lying jade. To begin with, no less than 37 Hungarian athletes, and they are among the finest in the world, have entered for the big meeting at the White City Stadium on July 12th and 13th; France is sending what will amount virtually to a national team; the Swedes are probable starters; and there are strong challenges coming from Holland, Poland, and Luxemburg. There are two lone entries among the foreigners which will cause interest. The first is the Yale undergraduate, Keith Brown, who has a new world's pole vault record of 14ft. 5¼in.; and the other, a Cypriot, who is said to be a great Marathon runner.

Despite the foreign strength, I do not think that H. Sir, Hungary, will retain his sprint title. A. W. Sweeney, runner-up in the 100yds. and 220yds. last year, but later dual Empire Champion, has already beaten Sir on the Continent this season and is probably the best sprinter in Europe. Nor can I see any foreigner beating our quarter-milers. I am sorry to see G. L. Rampling dodging about in hundreds and furlongs, which may mean that the British record-holder will not defend his title, and the repercussions may lead to false values in the performances of others. A. G. K. Brown, C.U.A.C., with 48.1sec. to his credit, appears to be the potential champion, but we have yet to find out how he will fare under pressure, for his wins since he went into residence have all been made in a common canter. On the other hand, A. W. Roberts, who pushed Rampling to 48sec. for the British record, has again this year shown 48.8sec. for an easy win in international company, and C. E. Stoneley, champion in 1932, can also beat evens.

As J. C. Stothard, C.U.A.C., will run the mile against Harvard and Yale on July 20th, he is likely to go for the A.A.A. 880yds., which he should win; nor would it surprise me if he touches 1min. 50sec. J. E. Lovelock, fresh from his American triumph, will defend his mile title, no doubt successfully; and if Kusocinski, Poland, elects to keep his three-miles laurels, it may prove too big a task for R. H. Thomas to tackle him, but not an impossible one.

Great Britain was beaten by 8 points in our match with Finland at Glasgow last Saturday, and that was a far more satisfactory result than I, for one, had dared to anticipate, but the truth of the matter is that our field events men did so much better than could have been expected that it was literally only a matter of inches that robbed Great Britain of the victory. It cannot be said that our jumpers and throwers let us down. The fault lay with the three-milers and steeplechasers, who could not live at the pace set by the Finns.

On the other hand, in the long jump, K. S. Duncan led at 23ft. 7⅜in. until the third round, when A. Laine gave Finland the lead with 23ft. 10⅜in., and, in the next round, Tolamo came into second place with 23ft. 9⅜in. Again, in the high jump, J. F. Michie very obviously cleared 6ft. 2in. safely, and was actually in the sandpit when the wind blew the bar off. After that there was a four-ways tie at 6ft., but in the jump-off Kotkass cleared 6ft. 1in. for first place. In the jump-off for second, S. R. West also cleared 6ft. 1in., and then Kailma cleared 6ft. for the second time and so came third, but the extra points in these two events would have given the victory to Great Britain.

The one mile effort of A. V. Reeve, which gained for him the cup presented by the Finns for what they should consider the best performance by one of their opponents, will not be forgotten soon. For three-quarters of a mile the Finns, Iso-Hollo and Hockert, were in the van; at the bell they appeared to be going right away, while Reeve looked shaky about the knees, but with 90yds. to go Reeve resurrected our hopes as he came tearing down the straight and past the post first in 4min. 18sec.

D. O. Finlay and A. G. Pilbrow, by comparison, showed that the Finns have a lot to learn yet about hurdling, but the surprise of the afternoon came with the decision of the javelin throw, for W. A. Land, whose throwing is almost entirely devoid of style, pitched his spear 191ft. 7¼in., as against the English native record of 187ft.; but Land's record may not be accepted as "English best," since his throw was made in Scotland.

"DEAD HEAT."

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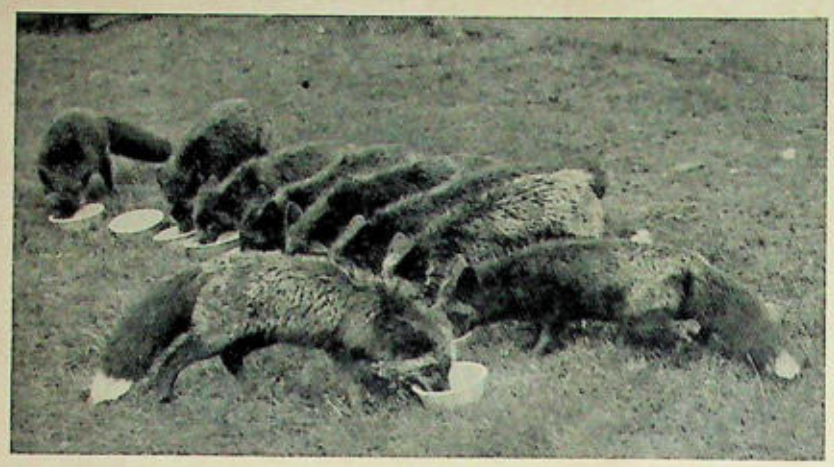

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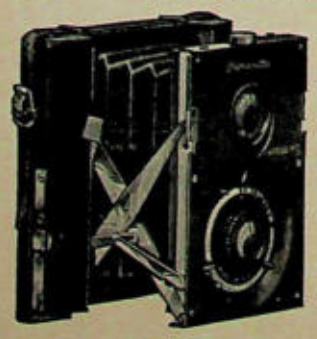

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*There is a keen demand for well-bred draught horses. One farmer at the ringside was heard to remark to his neighbour, "I wish I had bought a dozen colts last year instead of the feeding cattle which no one seems to want"*

# AGRICULTURE'S MOST URGENT PROBLEM

## Troubles of the Cattle Breeder and Feeder

OF the many problems awaiting solution in the agricultural world the most urgent is the beef position. The fundamental importance of this is not always recognised, but the depression there is in fact at the root of most of our major troubles to-day.

From Northumberland and Cumberland in the North, down through the Midlands, to Wales and Norfolk, cattle breeding and feeding for the beef market was the standby. Now these areas have turned increasingly to milk production. The farms are really not suited to this type of production. The upland pastures are not good enough for cows, and the lowland pastures make fat beasts better than milk. The buildings were not constructed for cowhouses and dairies, and their conversion for milk production is involving landlords and tenants in a good deal of expense. Nor is this money well spent, since these holdings will never make good dairy farms. While milk sells for 7½d. per gallon, the investment of capital in equipment for milk production is not attractive.

But what alternative has the landlord who is confronted with demands from his tenants for cowhouses on modern lines to enable them to qualify for the Milk Board's accredited herd bonus? If he refuses the demand his farms will soon be vacant, since the tenants feel that they can no longer continue without milk production. They must have, they say, the cash which milk will bring.

It is this swing over from beef to milk that has confounded the sponsors of the milk marketing scheme. Beef has been a consistently bad trade, and milk has been guaranteed a market by the Board. The British farmer, for all his conservatism, is never slow to take advantage of an opportunity when a market offers, as may be judged from the rapid expansion of sugar beet growing, wheat growing, as well as milk production during the last few years.

Low beef prices are also at the root of the troubles of the arable farmer in Scotland. The north-eastern counties have relied upon beef as the basis of their system of high farming. The corn they can best grow is oats and the grain and the straw are the ideal raw material, together with turnips, for producing the prime beef for which Aberdeenshire is famous. With the depression in the beef market, the outlet for oats has gone, and the arable farmer in Scotland, who cannot place much reliance on either wheat or beet, the subsidised arable crops, is left in a desperate plight.

The importance of beef has been recognised, at any rate formally, by the Government in the Beef Subsidy Act, which provides a subsidy of 5s. per live cwt. on fat cattle. Under the provisions of this Act the Treasury has paid out about £2,500,000 on rather more than 1,000,000 animals. The actual payment per beast has averaged 48s. This has been a help in maintaining the returns from beef production, but unfortunately market prices have continued to slip away, and the situation is really as bad as ever it was.

To mend matters the Government has proposed to the Dominions and Argentina that they should forego the right to free entry on the British market which they hold under the trade agreements still in force, and that they should agree to a tariff on their shipments of beef to this country. The alternative presented to them is a rigid control of imports, to limit supplies and raise prices. This policy neither the British Government nor the overseas Governments want to see put into force. The Dominions have agreed to the principle of a tariff, provided that they receive a generous measure of preference over Argentina, but the Argentines are not proving so amenable. And so the negotiations drag on.

Meanwhile the Government has announced that the beef susidy at the present rate of 5s. per cwt. will be continued at least until September 30th. After then it is hoped that the proceeds of a tariff will be available for distribution to home producers in the form of deficiency payments. The hope seems rather faint.

It has been suggested that in arranging a new basis for the assistance of the home beef industry, whenever the time for this comes, more regard should be paid to quality, and that the subsidy should be graduated to give the maximum benefit to the first-class beef animal. This would not be easy to apply in practice, but it does seem that some change is necessary, if the quality of home produced beef is to be maintained, the temptation is to buy heavy store cattle, generally Irishmen or Canadians, weighing 11 to 12 cwt., and feed them to maximum weights to secure the fullest possible share of the subsidy.

While a 14-cwt. bullock earns 70s., a 9-cwt. heifer earns only 45s., and this disparity, in view of the demand for lighter joints and smaller beasts, is not helpful to the home industry. There is, it is true, a margin between the market price per cwt., which is realised by the light-weight beast and the heavy-weight, but it is argued with good reason that the assistance, which it is necessary for the Government to provide, should be given in such a way as to encourage the production of the best.

Unhappily, it cannot be said that the immediate prospects before the beef industry are bright. At the best it will be some time before farmers can feel enough confidence in the future to go back into beef production. Not until then will the balance of British agriculture be restored.

One hope lies in a bigger demand for the better quality beef which we can produce in this country. Unemployment is happily being reduced, and the heavy industries, when men are in full work, are the British farmer's best customers. Mr. Elliot takes the hopeful view that consumption of beef will not fall further. From time to time popular taste changes. Lately it has swung away from beef, but the Minister believes that the taste of the Englishman for roast beef is a fundamental factor in his dietary and sooner or later it will be as marked as before. R. F.

# BRITISH SILVER FOXES

## A Market Appreciation

IN recent years the fur trade has come to regard silver fox as the fur enjoying the widest popularity in all countries. Not so many years ago silver foxes were regarded as luxury furs confined to the use of a select few who could afford the high prices then ruling. The widespread development of silver fox farming in Canada, the U.S.A., Scandinavia and Great Britain, to say nothing of Russia and Japan, has resulted in the supply of silver fox pelts mounting up to fully 400,000 skins per annum. Naturally prices are considerably cheaper than they were, and this no doubt has resulted in an immensely wider market for the pelts.

Since the British silver fox ranching industry is small in comparison with that of North America or Norway, it is of the utmost importance that it should aim at producing the highest quality animals, whether for sale as breeders or for pelting purposes. At the last exhibition of live silver foxes held in London in November, 1934, the standard of the animals exhibited was on the whole excellent. So long as quality is the aim of the producer, no fears as to the prospects of the British silver fox industry need be entertained.

It is trite to say that the best silver foxes come from the best-run farms, whether in Canada, Norway or Great Britain. The fine pair of silver fox skins worn by the Duchess of Kent are the produce of a British farm, and show that British silver fox skins will stand comparison with any.

With the recent introduction of silver fox capes a new lease of life has been granted to the article by fashion's decree, although silver fox is still most popular when used as a single piece or two-skin tie.

The appeal of silver fox fur is still widespread, and very far from being exhausted. In the natural course of things, it is to be expected that production everywhere will increase and, with increasing supplies, prices will tend to ease off under present conditions. On the other hand, it is possible that with an improvement in general business the

demand for silver fox pelts will increase and absorb the larger supplies without unduly depressing prices.

British silver fox farmers may, therefore, regard the outlook with equanimity as their productions are likely to remain fashionable if the ambition to achieve the freshness and clarity of colour associated with the best specimens is the fixed resolve of all producers. J. D. J. FORBES.

# FARMING NOTES

## Hay Making

A GOOD many ricks of hay have been safely got together in the southern and eastern counties. The first cuts were all spoiled a little by rain, but the quality should be fairly good when the ricks are cut in the autumn. It is extraordinary how much new bottom growth has been made in the last fortnight. This young stuff, especially where there is a bulk of clover, has made cutting a tedious business with many stops to clear the knives. But the extra weight of crop will be wanted. There are few old ricks of hay standing from last year.

### *For Duck Keepers*

The British Duck Keepers' Association has now issued its Year Book, which gives an account of the Association's activities, and several articles of practical interest to those who keep waterfowl. The Association was formerly known as the Utility Duck Club, and the secretary's address is St. Antony's, Swanley, Kent.

### *Goats' Milk*

According to the British Goat Society the demand for goats' milk is increasing, and there are possibilities in the extension of the retail sale to replace cows' milk. Writing in the society's Year Book, Miss Cecily Booth declares that the goat must come into her own through her milk, not so much by putting up big records as by being able to provide a paying occupation. A deterrent in the past to the regular sale of goats' milk has been the difficulty of keeping up the supply through the winter months. This is now greatly simplified owing to the fact that many of the long lactation goats milk nearly as well in the winter as in the summer and spring if they are not mated in the autumn. Winter milking is, of course, due to the general improvement which has been taking place in goats during recent years. Copies of the British Goat Society's Year Book, which contains several interesting articles and a record of the society's work, may be obtained, price 1s. 6d., from the secretary, Mr. H. E. Jeffery, Roydon Road, Diss, Norfolk.

### *Farming Tradition*

Many farmers will agree at heart with the views stated by Lady MacRobert in an address to the staffs of the Scottish agricultural colleges. Lady MacRobert pointed out that tradition is the spirit that lies behind farming methods. It is the driving force that has made Scottish farmers at all times the best of farmers; that has sent them forth to all the corners of the earth successfully to farm in all soils, climates, and conditions. That tradition enabled them to face every manner of difficulty, to solve every kind of problem, and that tradition made them strive always for the best and nothing but the best.

Referring to the marketing schemes, Lady MacRobert considered that farmers would have achieved better results if their freedom had been left them and assistance given simply by tariffs on foreign foodstuffs. She asked for freedom to work their industry as they knew best, depending on the age-old law of supply and demand. Whatever difficulties are encountered the traditional spirit of farmers would, she said, help them to carry on.

### *An Early Harvest*

The corn looks well generally, but there are some thin patches which suffered in the cold spring and have never fully recovered. It seems that harvest will be early, and on some farms that the hay will barely be finished before the winter oats are fit to cut. Much will depend on the weather during the next fortnight. Hot sun will soon bring the early crops to maturity.

### *Soil Sterilization*

Glasshouse growers used to regard soil sterilization as an expensive luxury, but now it is more generally accepted as a form of insurance and as necessary routine work to check disease and loss of fertility. The ideal chemical soil sterilizer has yet to be produced, but meanwhile the most rapid developments are likely to be in the direction of sterilization by heating effected either by steaming or baking. A new bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture (No. 22, price 1s.) deals with the practical aspects of sterilizing soils both on a large scale in glasshouses and in small quantities for market garden work and propagation purposes.

### *Land Settlement at Potton*

The houses for the first batch of unemployed Durham men who are to be settled at Potton, in Bedfordshire, are now nearly ready for occupation, and a second batch of men have arrived. The settlement of forty families, when completed, will probably mean that in all some two hundred people will be brought out of the special areas. The local committee of the Land Settlement Association are much impressed with the keenness of the men to make a success of their venture.

Their holdings are divided roughly as follows: 1½ acres to be planted with soft fruit, 2 acres for market garden crops, 1½ acres for the house, garden and run for poultry and pigs with the remainder of the land devoted to Dutch lights, which have already been planted up.

### *Egg Imports*

Poultry farmers who are perturbed about the import situation will note that imports of eggs in shell amounted to 1,707,000 great hundreds in May, 1935, compared with 2,021,000 great hundreds a year previously. Market prices remain at a very low level. BROADLEAZE.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

*The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.*

*RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, July 20th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of* 10/6.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do *not* send negatives.

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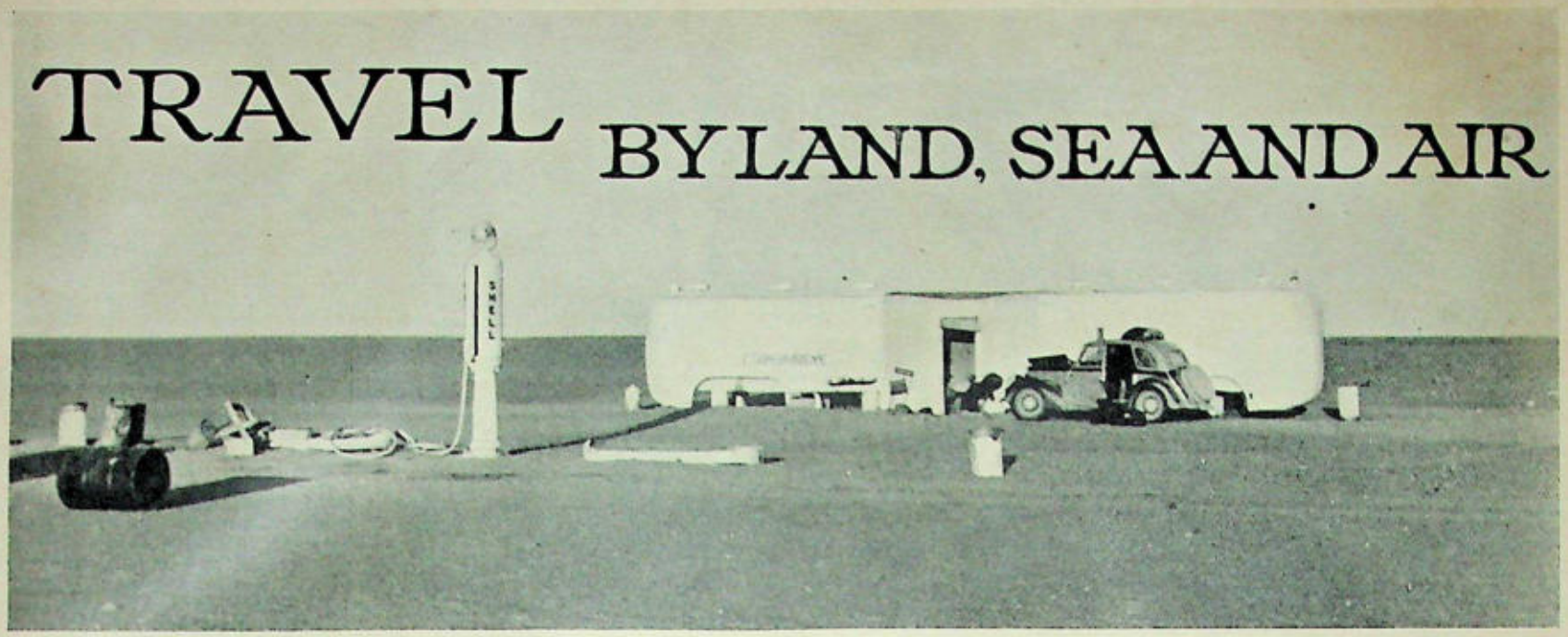
C.F.H. 517

# TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A SHELL PETROL PUMP IN THE HEART OF THE SAHARA DESERT AT THE BIDON CINQ DEPOT
*While the motorist in England is chiefly concerned with traffic lights and too many pedestrians the motorist in the Sahara has to guide himself by compass, and the driver of the Morris Ten in the picture would be in sore straights if he missed his refuelling station*

## EDUCATION AND ROAD SAFETY

### The Importance of Safety First Lessons in Schools

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
*(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)*
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

THERE is no royal road to safety on the highways, and those who profess to see in regulation and restriction alone a panacea for accident are very wide of the mark. I quite agree that there must be legislation and regulation for the control of traffic elements, for without them everything would soon degenerate into chaos, but they certainly do not constitute the be all and end all of the problem of how to make the roads safe for all who use them.

As a result of years of study and experience of the roads and their use, I am more than ever convinced that education could and should accomplish far more than all the hard and fast regulations it is possible to devise. The National Safety First Council has appreciated this outstanding fact. Indeed, it was this appreciation which lay at the root of the formation of a body which, in my judgment, has done more to make life and limb safer in every walk of life than all the laws and ministerial orders that have made that life an affair of complexity at almost every turn. Not only has road safety been a part of the Council's care, but it has carried research and recommendation into every trade and industry and even into the home. Its whole work is done through propaganda, recommendation and education, which is unquestionably the right method to adopt.

It has taken a long while for the lesson to be absorbed by those departments of Government whose especial task it is to safeguard the lives and limbs of the people, but it is satisfactory to know that the seed so well sown by the Safety First Council is at last germinating in official quarters. The Ministry of Education now approves officially of lessons in Safety First on the roads being given to the scholars in the elementary schools.

Hitherto such teaching has been of a sketchy and spasmodic character, the whole mainly depending upon the attitude taken up by the teachers. Now, it is understood, Safety First lessons are ultimately to form an official part of the school routine. Personally, I have never ceased to preach the doctrine that such lessons should be a regular feature in all our schools. Nine-tenths of the accidents which happen, not only on the roads but in factories and the home, are the result of thoughtless want of care on the part of somebody. The more insistent the lesson that care, and still more care, should govern almost every action of the everyday life of the individual the fewer will be the accidents. And there is no doubt in the world that the time to begin upon the essential instruction is when the mind is in its most receptive and imitative state, which is during childhood.

It seems that there is a certain amount of opposition from the teachers, who appear to resent the idea that these Safety First lessons should be given, at any rate in the beginning, by experienced police officers and not by the teachers themselves. For my own part, I should have thought that the assistance of the police in this direction would have been welcomed. For one thing, I should say that the police have a far better knowledge of traffic problems and dangers and how to avoid the latter then even the most knowledgeable of teachers. For another thing, the average youngster regards the policeman with a certain amount of awe, and it would seem to follow that the lessons and warning addressed to him by a police officer who knows his business would have a deeper and more lasting effect than if they were given as a part of the ordinary school course by the teachers.

However, education in the rules of road safety ought not to stop there. I may hold views that some would think Utopian, but I am perfectly certain that the real solution of the highways problem, in so far as accidents are concerned, lies in a better understanding and more goodwill between the various classes of road users. What I would like to see in active being is a real League of Road Fellowship, whose objects should be to teach toleration, courtesy and mutual give-and-take as cardinal articles of faith. I am sure it is possible to realise this ideal.

As a matter of fact, there is in existence in Nottingham a Road Fellowship Club which has those very objects in view and, I am told, it is doing excellent work in bringing about that better understanding that I am sure constitutes the real solution of the problem which is causing such deep concern at the moment. It has a large and growing membership, embracing motorists, cyclists, pedestrians, horse-users—indeed, every one of the many units which make up traffic. Its activities are spreading to other parts of the country and the movement is obviously taking on.

While I am on this subject, may I remind the reader that there is a Road Fellowhip League, which is a part of the activities of the Safety First Council and of which I have the honour to be chairman. We believe we are right in our idea that there is a good work to be done through such an organisation, and if there are any who read these notes and are of the same opinion, and will write to me at the Safety First Council offices, I shall be delighted to afford all possible information. The address is: 52, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1.

A NEW ALVIS SPECIAL LIGHT SIX SALOON
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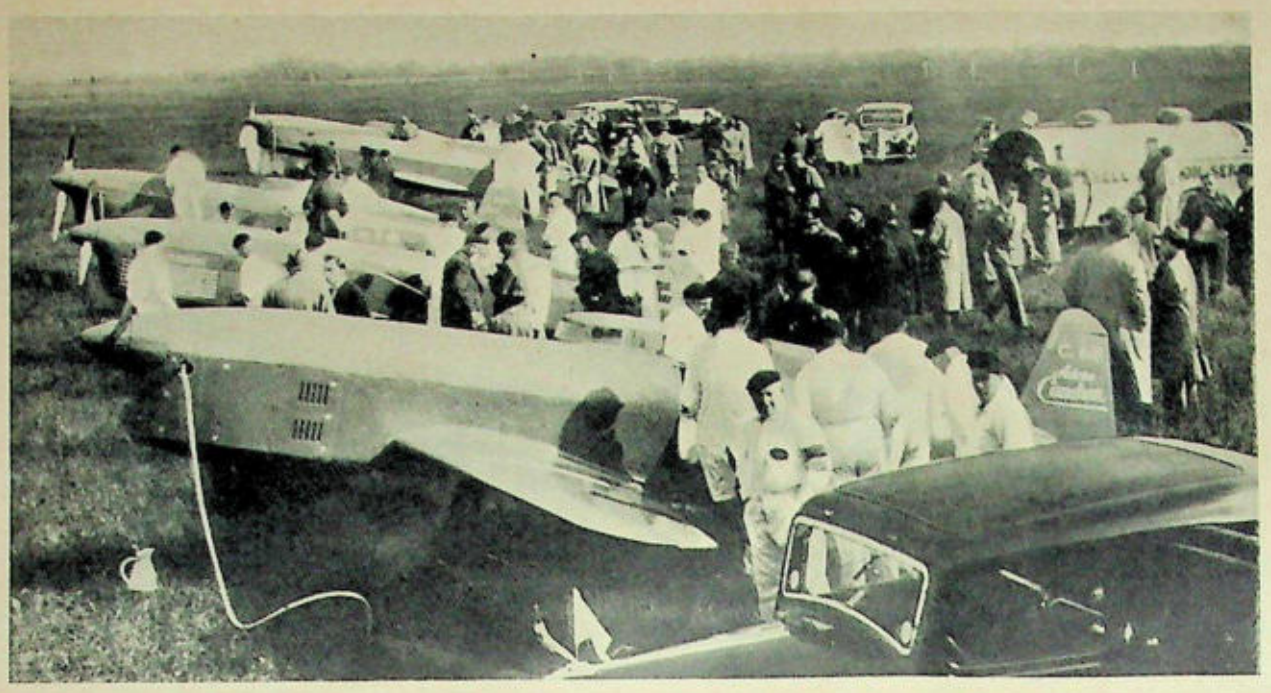


A SPEED EVENT WHICH HAS NOW LOST ITS INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER

*Before the start of this year's Coupe Deutsch de la Merthe race in which only one French manufacturer entered machines*

# IS SPORTING AVIATION DYING?

## The Need for a New Outlook

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

SINCE the resumption of civil flying after the war, there has been a steady decline in sporting aviation. Meetings comparable to those held in pre-war days at Hendon and Brooklands no longer exist, and the clubs' annual "parties" tend more and more to become displays of flying rather than sporting events.

On a larger scale, interest in the more important national and international races has practically evaporated. International air racing practically died when this country won the Schneider Trophy outright. There were many who felt that it was better that this form of racing should be discontinued, for the final series of contests for the Schneider Trophy had very little contact with the ordinary aviator; they had become, in effect, a friendly war between the air forces of various nations, backed by all the resources of their respective Governments.

When the Schneider Trophy contests ceased, the only big international speed event remaining was the Coupe Deutsch de la Merthe, and this has, to all intents and purposes, now lost its international character. Its appeal has, in fact, become so small that this year only one French manufacturer thought it worth while to enter machines, the race being fought out between different types of the same make.

It might appear that this steady decline was due to the fact that aviation has grown up. Sporting flying, it might be argued, has served its turn, and there is no room for it now that the aeroplane has become a standard vehicle of communication. But this view cannot be entirely accepted, for it overlooks the important contributions made by the sporting side to practically all forms of transport. Motoring, for example, is to-day a standard of transport; but the progress of the motor car is still helped very materially by the lessons learnt in the big road and track races. In another, and less obvious, sphere, the design of large liners has been considerably benefited during recent years by the experiments carried out in connection with sporting speedboats.

Aviation, still with much more to learn than shipbuilding, should retain the lively interest in the sporting side. One of the biggest problems still to be solved is that of providing reliable and safe transport in the air at a price comparable with that of the cheapest motoring. As has recently been recorded in these columns, determined efforts are being made along these lines at the present time, and there can be no doubt whatsoever that the progress of the small, ultra-light aeroplane, such as the Drone and its French counterpart the Flying Flea, can be very materially assisted if widespread interest can be revived in sporting events.

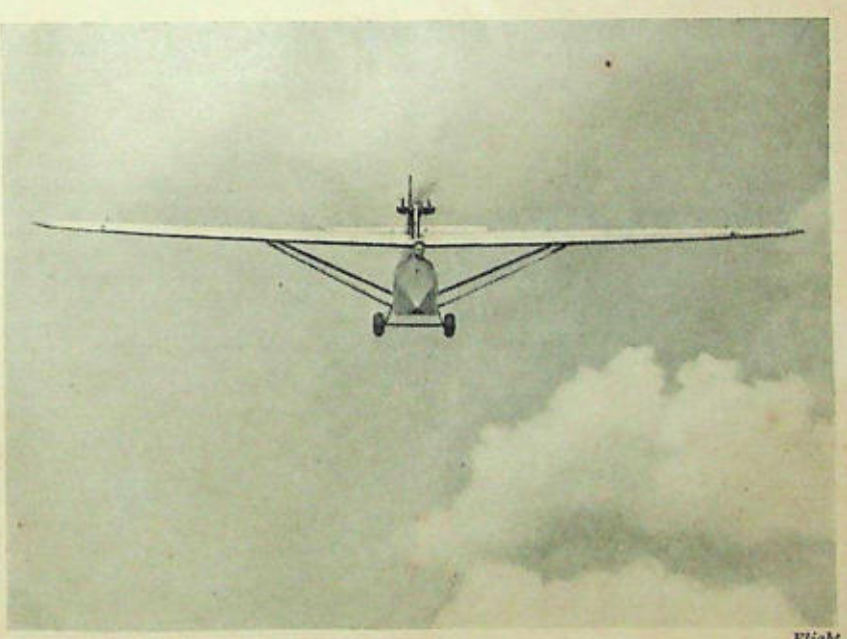
Probably one of the reasons why public interest in sporting flying has declined is that the modern aeroplane, flying at, perhaps, 200 m.p.h. or more, needs a large course if races are to be flown in safety, and if a real test of man and machine is to be provided. At the old Hendon meetings, what attracted the crowd was the fact that the competitors flew round and round the aerodrome, and were in full view throughout the whole of the race.

With the introduction of these new, small aircraft, it should be possible to restore this feature to air racing. The very similarity of the machines employed would put a high premium on piloting skill as such alone, and that the public is attracted not so much by sheer speed as by the opportunity to witness every detail of the race, and to gain an impression of speed, is proved by the success of motor-cycle speedway racing, where the speeds attained are rarely more than 40 m.p.h.

Moreover, sporting aviation with small machines would provide the ordinary amateur pilot with additional facilities for taking part. Such air races as are open to him to-day usually demand considerable expenditure, if any chance of success is to be present. Class racing on small aeroplanes of very small running costs would sweep away what is, from the pilots' point of view, the biggest drawback to sporting aviation to-day. Wherever sheer speed is the primary objective, costs must be high; the result is that speed racing tends to become more and more limited to entries made by manufacturers.

There is, too, the personal aspect, which makes it highly important that sporting flying on economical lines should be supported. As things are to-day, many pupils qualify for a pilot's licence, and later lose interest in flying. If there were opportunities for a free play of the competitor's spirit, a great deal of this wastage, which is a very big loss to aviation in general, would be stopped. The individual pilot would have a spur towards becoming more proficient and would be given an incentive to show that, under identical conditions, he is just a little better than his fellows. There would thus be restored to aviation something of that friendly competition and keenness which, in the pioneer days, did so much to further progress and to attract the public.

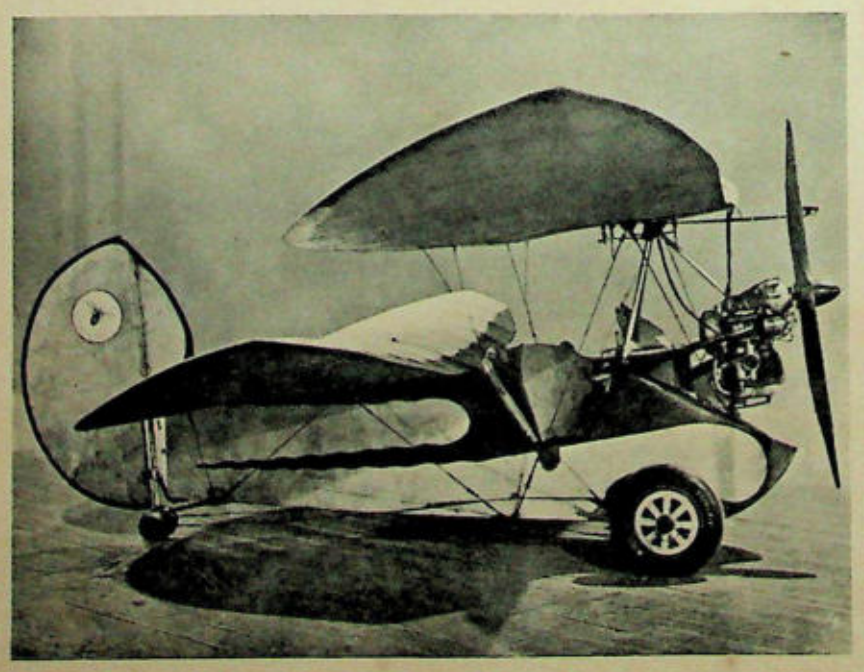
The real reason why interest in sporting aviation is not so great as it was is not that the public does not want to see air-racing, but that air racing itself has developed on lines with little or no popular appeal. Public support could be re-won speedily if steps were taken to make air racing less technical in its immediate interest, and more attractive to the amateur who, after all, is the backbone of all sport.



*Flight*

AN ECONOMIC FORM OF AERIAL TRANSPORT

*The B.C.A. Drone in flight*

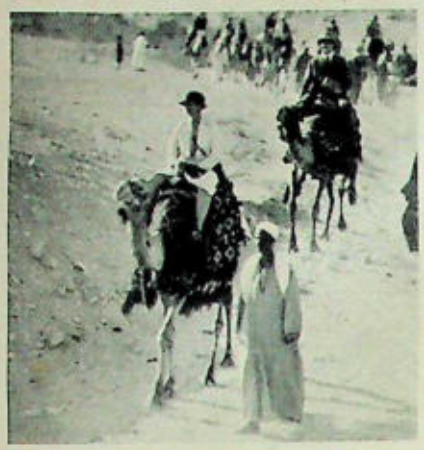


THE FRENCH FLYING FLEA

*If widespread interest can be revived in sporting aviation it will materially assist the progress of the ultra-light aeroplane such as the Flying Flea and the Drone*

# VIA IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

## Central Africa in Five Days with Speed, Comfort, and Safety



"TO RIDE, TOURIST BY TOURIST, ON A CAMEL TO THE SPHINX"

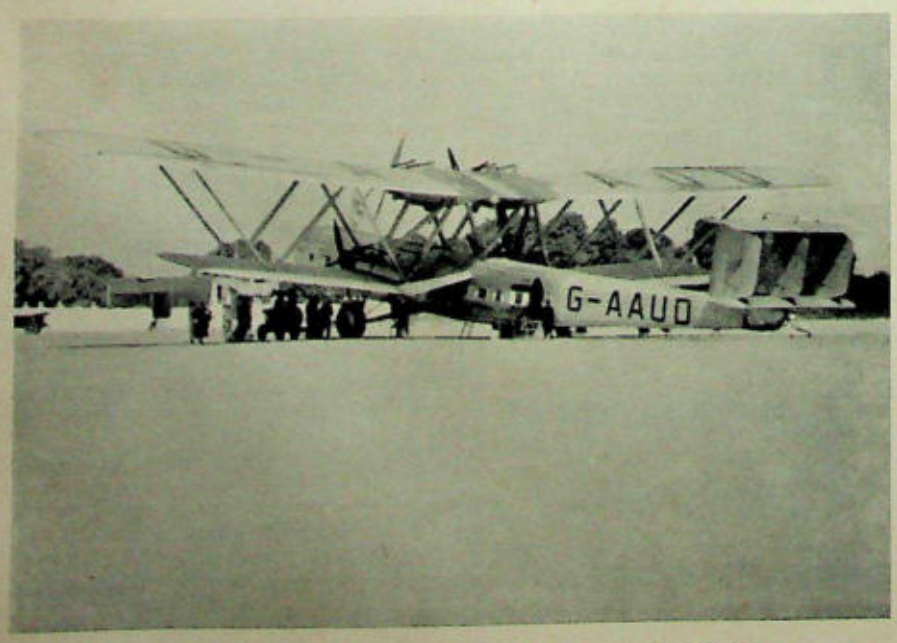
TRADITIONAL conservatism has many advantages, and the Briton, who clings as lovingly to his accustomed form of transport as he does to his old flannel trousers, has not become air-minded as quickly as he should. Till very recently I had never flown further than Paris myself, and I was not without misgivings when the inexorable laws of time and space made me take to the air. My misgivings were shared, I may say, by my more elderly relatives, who shook sage heads and wondered whether the memorial service would be crowded. So that others like myself may change their ideas, and so that the misgivings of their elderly relatives may be assuaged, I give this plain, unvarnished account of what happens on a flight from London to Central Africa.

One starts from the Airways Terminus at Victoria. Here one is weighed. Now one's weight is a matter of great importance. Thereupon hangs the amount of luggage that one may take without paying very considerable excess. For the ordinary person it works out at about 60lb.; in other words, about two reasonable suit cases. Those wise in their generation will not take their crocodile skin dressing cases lined with silver fittings. Nor will they regret, like the gallant Captain Rawdon Crawley, that their aunt failed to supply a solid silver warming pan. They will buy a couple of cheap suit cases that look like cardboard and which weigh very little. A word of consolation to the elephantine. No matter what you weigh, you are allowed 33lb. of luggage.

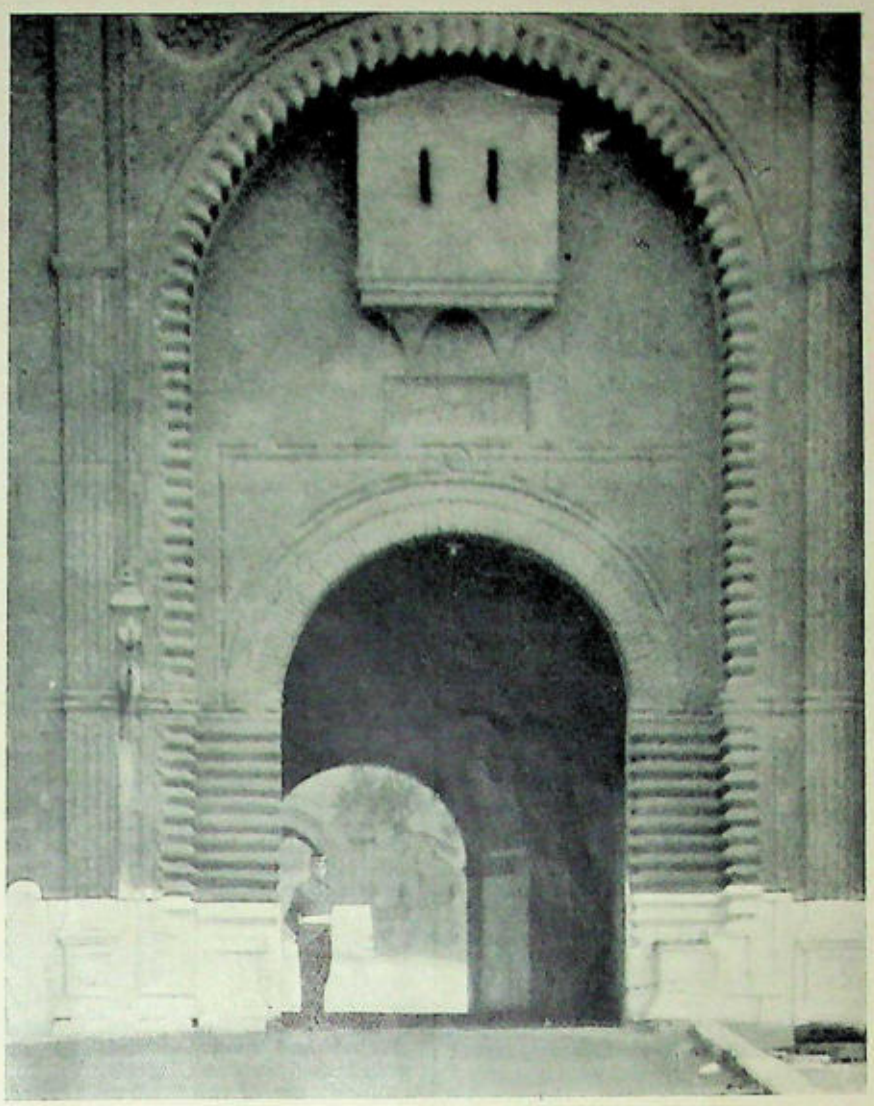
So far so good. We are taken out to Croydon. From the moment we leave Victoria till we arrive at our destination we are now the responsibility of Imperial Airways, and we never have to think for ourselves. We are shepherded, so gently, so politely, from point to point, from meal to meal, from motor car to waiting motor car. Yet never are we in the smallest degree dragooned. The journey to Paris is well known and needs no description. We arrive in the afternoon, having lunched on board, we have tea in a comfortable hotel, and in the evening we set off in our wagons-lits for Brindisi. And we arrive at Brindisi without worry, anxiety or even cash expenditure at dawn on the day after to-morrow. Fancy travelling in a wagon-lit and paying for nothing except your drinks! Let me add here that the system of Imperial Airway cash coupons surmounts all exchange difficulties.

So far we feel we have hardly flown at all, but soon we are taking off in a flying boat, up over the heel of Italy, and out over the Mediterranean. Our cameras have to be sealed in the boot (or seaplane equivalent). Dictators are often apt to be a little suspicious. Four hours later we have crossed Corfu and come down into the Piræus. Of Athens we can see nothing, and our stay is a very short one, only long enough to ask each other the inevitable question, "Have they got our passports, or have we?" *They* have, of course, for Imperial Airways see us through every danger. And talking of passports, one must be sure to get a special transit visa for Egypt.

We lunch in the air, and a very good and comfortable lunch it is, too. The female voyagers knit. The males (need I say it?) read the *Field*. And soon we are out over those isles where burning Sapho loved and sang, out over the blue sapphire blue of the Mediterranean, and coming down for a short halt at Crete. Here we stretch our legs on a charming little launch, and our only regret is that for those




AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MACHINE REFUELLING AT LUXOR



ENGLAND IN EGYPT
*The sentry outside the main entrance to the citadel is refreshingly English, or in this case British*

20 minutes' halt towels and bathing dresses are not provided. And so to Alexandria. It has been a tiring day, and a long one, but no more tiring than the same distance in a motor car, in fact a good deal less. The air, of course, like the sea, can be rough. Occasions there are when Boreas is rude, and on these occasions, rumour has it, tribute is paid, now and then, to Mercury. This particular journey, however, was a calm one, and as pleasant and comfortable as travelling in a Pullman car.

There is time to have a last look at the Mediterranean that night, but at dawn next day we are over the Pyramids, and we are breakfasting at Cairo, or rather Heliopolis. There is no time for sightseeing on the outward journey, for we are soon back in the air and out across the desert. But coming back one can stop a few hours in Cairo, follow to Alexandria by rail and fly on next day. It is amazing how much one can get a glimpse of at a gallop in Cairo during an afternoon—the Pyramids and the Sphinx, one may go by car to ride, tourist by tourist, on a camel to the Sphinx; the wonderful Tutankamen relics in the museum; the Citadel. It is a rubber-necked kaleidoscope, but one can get a fair general impression. Luxor, of course, holds much to interest us, and we see the temples clearly from the air; but to visit them we must wait for the return journey. Then we stop a night at Luxor and can visit the Temple of the Kings by moonlight. In Khartoum we have perhaps the most comfortable hotel of the whole journey (though a word of praise must be paid to the Juba Hotel—Juba being the sort of back of beyond spot one would not expect to find a really pleasant hostelry), and we have a half-hour beside the Nile by moonlight, and look at the sight of Gordon's Residency.

At Juba, the next stop after Khartoum, the little programme which we get so attentively every night says: "Tea at Juba, in the hotel; breakfast in the air; lunch at Kisumu; tea in the air. Arrive Nairobi for the night at 6 p.m."

We had had a dull voyage from Cairo over miles and endless miles of desert. After Khartoum we began to get into greener country, and just before we reached Juba the pilot sends back a message to say there is a large herd of elephant below on the right. We hurry to the windows and we get an admirable view, the elephant remaining completely unmoved. The next day is our last. We are flying over Uganda now, and the cognoscenti are able to point out elephant, rhino, kob, Kongoni and two large herds of buffalo. We lunch at Entebbe; soon after we are crossing Lake Victoria, and at Kisumu we leave our large, comfortable Heracles liner and continue the journey in a smaller machine to Nairobi, where half Kenya seems to be gathered to watch the aeroplane come in.

The continued flying is at times tiring, but never dull. It is not necessary for me to enlarge on the enormous saving of time which the aeroplane makes. In the case of my own return journey it saved me six weeks. The cost worked out at approximately the same as the rail and sea journey, as the Imperial Airways pay *every sort* of expense, except your drinks. There is no tipping, and, as none of the native servants ever ask you for a furtive shilling, I think you can take it for granted that they are regularly and fairly tipped by the company. The politeness of all the company's servants is really wonderful, and the ground organisation a marvel. The hotels are all good, and from start to finish one has nothing to do except eat one's meals and dress oneself! And of course you know that travelling by Imperial Airways is about 100 per cent. safe, and oh! how much more secure than an evening on an arterial road!

Anyhow, there is at least one Didymus who is going again, and his initials are

R. M.

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## "MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE CATHERINE WHEEL HOTEL, HENLEY

HENLEY will be crowded to-day for the finals of the annual regatta which began last Wednesday, and there will be many oarsmen, both active and passive, gathered at the Catherine Wheel Hotel. The hotel, formerly one of the old coaching houses, is first mentioned in an old History of Henley, which tells us how "John Gough, alias Powes, by will dated 12th May, 1541, desires to be buried in the Chapel of St. Catherine, within the Church of Henley, within a little Chapel there, late by me erected and made, devises to his granddaughter Jane Loveles 6s. 8d. annually out of the tenement called the Catherine Wheel Inn."

The inn derives its name from St. Catherine, who appears to have been the favourite Saint of Henley, and there is no doubt that St. Catherine's Day was well observed in the town. Cakes called Cattern-cakes were made in considerable numbers and sent by the bakers to their customers, while many of the old people reckon their ages by the festival of this Saint: "I'll be vower score Catterntide, and I b'eant yeable now to doff or don myself."

In the spring of 1928 the Catherine Wheel Hotel was enlarged, and there are now 40 bedrooms, additional bathrooms, large dining and reception rooms, and electric light throughout the building. In 1929, in view of modern requirements as regards dancing, the hotel opened a ball-room, which has now become one of the most popular venues for private balls, hunt balls, and dances in the district.

Henley itself has long been famous for its annual regatta, though it should not be forgotten that the first University Boat Race was rowed between Hambledon Lock and Henley Bridge on June 10th, 1829, before a large gathering, the year being also made memorable by the first match between Eton and Westminster, which was rowed at Putney on July 27th. In *The Record of the University Boat Race*, we are told that: "Great was the hurly-burly when the race was over; the echoes which annually ring in the victor's honour in modern times, when a Grand Challenge has been won and lost, would not surpass those awakened by Young Oxford of 1829, when their champions vindicated the honour of the home river." Doubtless "Young Oxford" made its way to the friendly portals of the Catherine Wheel to celebrate this maiden victory, while "Young Cambridge" probably joined them in drinking to "the next time." And they did not drink in vain, though the next contest did not take place until 1836, and then it was rowed on the Tideway from Westminster to Putney.

Henley Regatta was established in 1839 with the view of "producing most beneficial results to the town," and of being "a source of amusement and gratification to the neighbourhood and the public in general." It became "Royal" in 1851 by virtue of the patronage of the Prince Consort, and is to-day, perhaps, the supreme river function of the world. As year succeeds year, so the foreign entries for the regatta increase, although this year the German scullers were not competing, as no German athlete is to race outside his own country until after the Olympic Games.

There is, unfortunately, no record of when the first Henley Bridge was built. This was, at all events, condemned in 1754 and was destroyed in 1774 in a disastrous flood. The existing bridge dates from 1786, and the architect, Mr. W. Hayward, rests in the churchyard of St. Mary's. The first record of the existence of this church was in 1204, and apparently great alterations were made in the years 1398 and 1420. The present structure is, therefore, irregular, partly in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, with alterations in the early English style. The tower, which is beautifully proportioned, rises to a height of 118ft. and contains a peal of bells cast in 1813.

Henley itself is a town of the utmost charm and individuality, and it is fitting that it should possess such an attractive hotel as The Catherine Wheel for visitors who have a desire to see hill, common, woodland, and river scenery.


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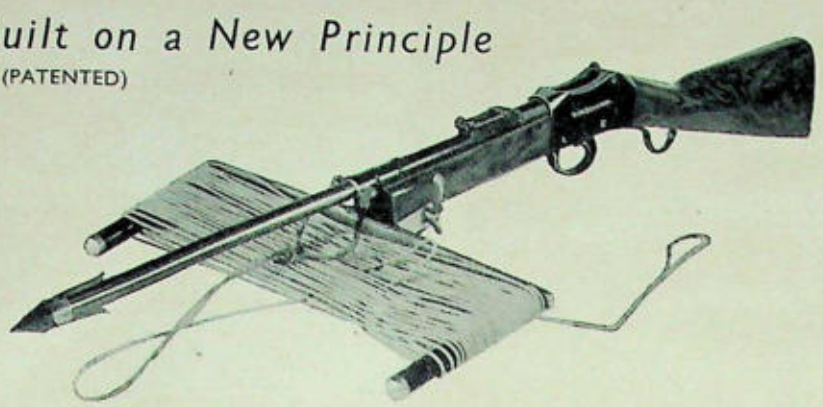

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# FROM RIVER, LOCH AND SEA

## FISHING IN THE HEAT WAVE

NOW that July is well launched fishing for both salmon and trout has dropped off noticeably, and the real summer weather of last week has but emphasised the annual slack period. Coarse fishing, however, has been excellent in nearly all districts. There has been a good head of water, and weed has not been nearly so troublesome as usual.

Chub fishing in particular has been good, though nothing of very notable size has been reported. July, if the weather should prove warm and sunny, is often the best month of all for chub, particularly for the fly fisherman. Among the good fish of the week was a barbel of 12lb. 1½oz. from the Yorkshire Ouse, caught by Mr. Rogers; a tench of 3lb. 1oz., caught in Stapleton Park, near Leeds; another tench of 3lb. 2oz., caught at Bunkers Hill, near Boston; and a rudd of 3lb. 10oz. from the Delph, near Wisbech.

Bream fishing has been a feature of the week in the Lincolnshire rivers. Mr. Wilson, a Sheffield angler, had twenty, best 5¼lb., from the Frithville Drain, and several good catches of fish up to 5lb. were made in the Glen.

### GREAT EXPECTATIONS ON THE WYE

It looks as if the Wye may have a record season unless the water goes out of order too frequently between now and October. Details for the month of June, which are now available, show that in the middle fortnight of the month 550 fish were killed by the rods out of a total of 770 for the whole month, which must be somewhere near a record for June on the Wye. At the moment the river is low, though full of fish, and the periodic small rises have carried a good deal of colour, but with anything like fishing weather there should be good sport still to come.

### OTHER SALMON RIVERS

Elsewhere there is little news of interest. The Usk is still giving a few fish: Dany Park produced six for the week to Mr. R. G. Sandeman; Mr. S. Barker also had six from Cold Brook; and singles or a brace are reported from some ten other beats. In Devonshire and the West generally, streams are all low and out of order; on the Spey plenty of fish seem to be showing, but few are being grassed; the Lune, an exception to the general rule, had three medium-sized spates between the 1st and 4th, followed by some good sea-trout fishing with an occasional salmon.

Sea-trout fishing has made a good start on Loch Shiel. Guests at the Stage House, Glenfinnan, had 70lb. of sea trout on July 2nd, and 50lb. on the 3rd.

### TROUT IN HEAT WAVE

Trout last week were, generally speaking, more than usually suspicious of the artificial fly, but with conditions "threatening thunder" this was not surprising. At Blagdon, though the number of fish caught was small (thirty-three), better sized fish all round was the rule. The best brown trout weighed 4lb. 5oz., and the best rainbow 3lb. Vyrnwy was "under the weather" too; the best basket on fly consisted of eight trout weighing 5¼lb. The same may be said of Loch Leven where the best individual basket of the week (Mr. Shaw) consisted of twenty-four trout, 21lb.; and Trawsfynydd reports equally poor sport for the lake.

Derbyshire rivers seem to have had a fair week, though the biggest fish fell to bait. Several two-pounders were taken on bluebottles on the Dove, near Ashbourne; fish up to 1lb. 1oz., were caught in the Wye on artificial fly (blue dun). A fish of 3¾lb. was caught by spinning in the Norwell beck (Notts.).

### LOUGH MASK AND ITS ASSOCIATION

An angling preservation association, which was formed in the Spring of 1934 to try to improve the fishing in Lough Mask has been doing excellent work on its much-neglected waters. Pike have been getting too much hold on the lough in recent years, and predatory birds on the tributaries taking too big a toll of the trout fry which formerly kept up the trout population in the lough. The association has enlisted the voluntary services of its local members in the management of the pike nets, and is also attempting some preservation in the tributary streams on which the lough ultimately depends for its trout, but there are over one hundred miles of such streams, and the association is in need of funds for more effective watching. If English anglers who fish the lough would care to send a donation towards defraying the cost of this work, the hon. secretary (Mr. J. O. Reilly, Tourmakeady, Co. Mayo) would be glad to hear from them.

### *FISHING GAZETTE* SUMMER NUMBER

The "Summer Number" of the *Fishing Gazette*, which appeared last Saturday, contains an excellent selection of "seasonable" articles. Mr. Newington, who is contributing a series on sea angling with light tackle, deals in this issue with pollack fishing, and Mr. Percy Wadham writes on a method of fishing not as well known as it should be which he calls fishing with "wander tackle"; it is the sea-fishing equivalent of "roving with a worm" in fresh-water. Big-game fishing in the Indian seas (about which very little has been published) is a useful contribution for the big-game angler who will also be interested in the shark fishing off Panama. Trout in the Hebrides, Norway, and Yugoslavia, among other places, come in for mention. Altogether an attractive and informative issue.

### IRISH FISHING GETTING INTO SWING

After an unremunerative spring, salmon fishing in the North of Ireland has improved this last ten days or so. Thunder spates last week ran off quickly, but brought in salmon and grilse. About fifty fish were killed on the Mourne round Newtownstewart. The Bann is still too thick for good sport, but most streams are now on the low and clear side. In the South-West, Lough Currane reports a disagreeable though remunerative week, sixteen salmon and two hundred and five sea trout being brought in. Major Wise, out from the Butler Arms Hotel, did best with four salmon, fourteen sea trout and twenty-eight brown trout. Master P. Lucy, out from the Southern Lake Hotel, had three salmon.


To H.M. The King

To H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

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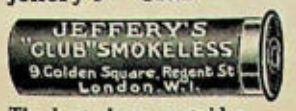


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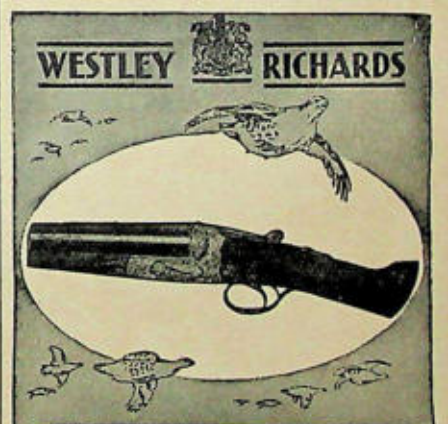


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# THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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THE RIVAL CAPTAINS AT LORD'S

B. M. Fisher, captain of the Eton eleven (left), and P. M. Studd, captain of the Harrow eleven

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

*Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.*

*THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

# ENGLISH CRICKET MYSTERIES

WHEN English wickets were tumbling fast against the South Africans in the second Test match at Lord's, a man in the crowd summed up a prevalent feeling when he said: "Anyone would think we were playing the Australians!" The point was that the England team were playing as though they were under some demoralising influence such as hitherto only the Australians have been able on occasions to exert over England teams. The South Africans are, of course, a fine side, though whether they are the best team ever sent over from the Union is open to question. We should doubt very much whether any of the present bowlers will leave reputations as lasting as those of Schwarz, Vogler, Kotze or Faulkner, of the 1907 side. But, in any case, the South Africans came to Lord's with their first Test victory in England yet to win, and with the knowledge that they had been outplayed in the previous match at Nottingham. By all the laws of nature and cricket, the England team should have been full of confidence and fight. On the first day it was so, while the South Africans were obviously diffident of their powers, so that the English bowlers could safely ask fieldsmen to stand a few yards from the bat, except when Cameron was laying about him. What happened afterwards to transfer the confidence to South Africa and the diffidence to England will ever remain a mystery.

Was this the best team that England could find at the time? Criticisms both before and after the match leave no doubt that very few people thought that it was. We readily admit the difficulties of selection at a time when English cricket contains so few outstanding personalities that it would be comparatively easy to choose two or even three England teams more or less of equal strength. But the fact remains that the Selectors dropped Bowes, the Yorkshire fast bowler, who promptly proceeded to take sixteen wickets for 35 runs in a county match, while Nichols, the Essex fast bowler, who was retained, could only take three wickets for 111 runs in South Africa's two innings; they dropped Iddon, of Lancashire, who had run into his best form in an innings of 131 against Derbyshire; Hammond, played primarily for his batting, had to be used as a bowler; and Ames, a perfectly good wicket-keeper, was retained as a batsman while a wicket-keeper who was not a batsman was brought in. Meanwhile the man whom everyone recognised as the best captain England has had for years was sitting in the Press box, rebuffed by the mistaken diplomacy of the England-Australia "peace makers," and the two Notts bowlers who were the greatest menace to Australia were ignored.

It has been suggested that the Lord's match would not have been finished in three days, as it was, without the experimental new leg-before-wicket law, which accounted for two South African wickets and four English wickets. We consider that a condemnation of the play rather than a justification of the law. In the whole match only 855 runs were scored, giving an average rate of 50 an hour. If the new rule has had any effect at all on batting, it has been to make batsmen more wary in dealing with off-breaks, so that if more wickets fall runs are scored more slowly. Neither side at Lord's batted with the freedom and skill of which everyone knows them to be capable. What is wanted to bring three-day matches to a finish is not a new law but a revival of the vital spark of cricket. We look to the third Test match, which begins at Leeds to-day, to give us cricket worthy of the game and to restore the much-shaken confidence in England's ability to rise to the occasion. And the chief need in cricket, of this and of every kind, is the inspiring personality of a leader—of the quality which our cricket authorities have banished to the ranks of onlookers.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS AT HENLEY

SO far as the racing for the Ladies' Plate was concerned, it was a public schools' Henley. Radley and Bedford both won two heats, Monkton Combe was only just beaten by Radley, and Westminster won a glorious race against Balliol. Eton got into the final, and would probably have won, since their times throughout had been better than those of the winners, Trinity Hall, but unfortunately their No. 5, R. D. Burnell, had strained his back on Thursday—one more piece of evidence going to show that it is not fair to ask a school eight to race twice in one day. Radley would probably have beaten Christ Church, if they had not had to row twice. And by the way, why was no notice taken by the B.B.C. of all this public school rowing? Each time the "news" was given in the evening, there must have been thousands of public school listeners waiting for the Ladies' Plate results, and not one was mentioned. Who at the B.B.C. decides on news values?

### WELL DONE, SWITZERLAND!

If the *Field* spoke in haste when it emphasised the reduced foreign competition at Henley, and alluded to the "absence of foreign stimulus," it has now time to repent at leisure. In the absence of American and German competitors no one could have imagined the Swiss would more than have made up for them, though we have every reason to respect the oarsmen of the lakes. They produced a splendid eight, their sculler, Rufli, won the Diamonds with ease, but their four in the Stewards' evoked admiration from every oarsman on the course; nothing like it has been seen for years; it was spectacular and thoroughly eclipsed all records by its time of 7min. 14sec.

### WHERE ARE OUR SCULLERS?

Our rowing correspondent refers to the Berlin Olympic Games next year. No doubt they will be on a magnificent scale, and it is probably with a view to concentrating on them and conserving finances that the German authorities are imposing restrictions upon their athletes competing abroad. Germany will regard success in the games as a matter of national prestige, and will provide stern opposition in all branches of athletic endeavour. In rowing, their recent performances at Henley show how strong they are likely to prove on their own waters at Gruenau, and we should now be considering seriously what crews we can send. There will be every need to concentrate on the events we usually cover, and when there is talk of finding pairs for double sculls we might well hope for one good British sculler. Competitors come from all over the world to secure the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and for the last two years there has not been a Briton in the final!

### POLO'S BLUE RIBBON

There have been few more interesting or more open polo seasons of recent years than that of 1935. No one side has dominated the situation, as did Aurora and Jaipur in recent years. The result of this is that the King's Coronation Cup will be one of the most interesting for many years, with all four open competitions having been won by different sides. Although the 3rd Brigade R.H.A., winners of the Inter-Regimental, cannot compete, the Optimists, the Panthers and Kashmir are all contesting the event, and next Saturday's final will be a very open one. This, of course, is all for the good of British Polo. It is not generally understood that this competition decides the championship of the champions, due perhaps to the fact that the Hurlingham Open Cup is called the Champion Cup. Actually, though Hurlingham, as the M.C.C. of polo, takes precedence, the Champion Cup is only *primus inter pares*, and the King's Coronation Cup is the blue ribbon of polo.

### WHY NOT A SMALL BALL?

In another column Mr. D. R. Jardine, who captained the last victorious team against the Australians, and has not played Test cricket since, discusses the effect on first-class cricket of the new l.b.w. rule tried experimentally for the first time this season. As might be expected from a cricketer with decided views as to the manner in which the game should be played, Mr. Jardine's comments are brief and pointed. One of the main claims for the alteration of the rule was that it would produce the old-fashioned offside play and off-driving. Has it done so? And if the new rule deals with balls pitching on the offside, why should it not deal with balls pitching on the leg side? The standard of bowling, he points out, has not been improved; and by way of an experiment in attempting its improvement, he suggests that the public schools should adopt the small ball used by preparatory schools. In all seriousness, might not this experiment be tried? If it is "surprising and exciting" to prove what a bowler can make the small ball do, why should not that new element of surprise and excitement be introduced into cricket?

### RACING BY FLOODLIGHT

Conservative racegoers in England may find it difficult to realise that the King's Silver Jubilee Prize was run for at midnight at Longchamp under the glare of floodlights. Whether such an arrangement would ever be considered in this country is an open question. We cannot, however, conceive the Jockey Club ever sanctioning such a procedure. Yet greyhounds race in the evening, so why not racehorses? The time may come when we may see our leading jockeys beating one another by a short head at Sandown, or Hurst, or Kempton under the rays of artificial light—but that time is a long way off yet.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From a report of the Royal Show:

"In a spacious horse-ring, clean-limbed hunters galloped and turned with precision—horses of the Shire and Suffolk breeds."

### TWO GREAT OARSMEN

Very great regret will be felt in many walks of life at the death of Lord Ampthill, one of the most admired personalities of his generation. He had touched life at many points, as an Indian Governor and acting-Viceroy, as pro-Grand Master of British Freemasons and as an enthusiastic supporter of the Militia. But many readers of the *Field*, and especially the older ones, will recall him as the personification of the talented athlete. Tall and handsome, gifted with extraordinary charm, and carrying his popularity as lightly as can be, he was a commanding figure, and not only on account of his physical stature. He had rowed in the Eton eights of 1886, 1887 and 1888, and for Oxford in the next three years, being President of the O.U.B.C. in 1891, as well as President of the Union, an almost unique distinction. He was in the Leander crew which won the Grand in 1891.

By a sad coincidence, only a few hours separated the death of Lord Ampthill from the death from a motor accident of Mr. Guy Nickalls, the great Eton and Oxford oarsman with whom he won the Goblets in 1890 and 1891. Guy Nickalls's record in rowing will probably never be equalled. He rowed in the Eton eight which won the Ladies' Plate in 1885; five times for Oxford, winning in 1890 and 1891; he was in the crew that won the Grand Challenge Cup in 1891, 1892, 1896 and 1905; the Stewards' Cup in 1893, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1905, 1906, 1907; the Goblets in 1890, 1891, 1894 (with his brother Vivian), 1895, 1896, 1897; he won the Diamond Sculls in 1888, 1889, 1890, 1893 and 1894; and in 1908, at the age of 41, was in the winning English crew at the Olympic Regatta. He was a man of immense strength and endurance, and will probably remain the greatest oarsman of all time. Among his gentler interests was an enthusiasm for the welfare of the blind.

### AN UNWANTED FIXTURE

After many years of futility as a representative cricket match, the annual Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval has been cancelled owing to inability to get together eleven amateurs to represent the Gentlemen. It is sad to contemplate the disappearance of traditional fixtures; but it would be far better now to abolish the match than that it should be resumed on makeshift lines. Only tradition has kept it alive so long. First played in 1857—30 years after the inauguration of the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's—it included the best players for many years, and in the match of 1865 W. G. Grace made his first appearance as a lad of sixteen. But the match had lost its status before the end of the century, and the Surrey Club in the 'nineties had constant difficulty in getting together anything like representative sides. In recent years the teams have simply been composed of players whose counties did not happen to be engaged in a match. Few people, we imagine, would regret the discontinuance of the match on these lines.

### JULY ON THE STREAMS

Midsummer this year seems to be making amends for May's deficit by giving us an advance on the Dog days; not too pleasing a bounty to the trout fisherman, perhaps, whose quarry has lost no time in making an equally early retirement to the cool depths where artificial flies cease from troubling. But to the man of more catholic taste in fishing it has proved a boon and a blessing.

It is not every year which offers such ideal conditions for stalking chub, with the countryside still in its full splendour of green, and even the ribbon weed scarce attaining the surface. Shadowy forms stirring lazily in the shade of the willows, forms which turn thoughtfully at the sound of a fly that "plops" near, but not too near, the tail of the shoal, and the mad race for safety in the willow roots as the line comes taut can surely make the trout's defection a thing of naught to the summer fisherman.

### RUFUS: A GOLDEN COCKER

Nosing on either side the path we tread,
Sniffing the air, or running on ahead,
He has no thought for me.
Intent on odour's ambiguity
Latent among the roots of herb and grass,
Or where low branches over ditches spread,
He scarce has time to notice when I pass.

But, when we've covered many a pleasant mile
By nut-hedg'd lane, through field, and over stile,
And day is all-but spent;
When we are in the train and homeward bent,
My knees are not too knobbly for his head,
My person not too lowly nor too vile
To do him service as a make-shift bed!

*On a Rajputana Jheel*

# THE ARMS ACT AND THE SPORTSMEN

## Some Points for Forthcoming Legislation

IT is now some six months since the report of the Departmental Committee known as the Firearm Committee was presented to Parliament, and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before its recommendations are passed into law. Fortunately, they are non-contentious as regards the sporting side, and there is a reasonable hope that the Home Office will get the necessary legislation accepted by the Cabinet, and that the efforts of the committee will not share the fate of other measures connected with sport.

The committee was appointed, apparently, owing to a small boy having foolishly fired a toy pistol at his own head, fortunately without causing any serious harm! This, however, started a most serious agitation and brought to the notice of the public the danger attending the uncontrolled sale of these weapons to children, with the result that the Home Secretary announced the formation of a committee to consider the whole question.

On first sight this may have been considered an easy matter. It, however, evidently proved to the contrary and occupied the attention of the committee for a period of nine months, necessitating the inspection of every known type of hand firearm and weapon, the carrying out of numerous experiments, examination of police reports from all parts of Great Britain, and the interviewing of no less than 38 witnesses representing public bodies, associations, manufacturers, importers, dealers, and last but by no means less important, the British sporting public. In fact no stone was apparently left unturned to secure the fullest possible information in an attempt to justify any suggested changes in the administration of the 1920 Act.

Fortunately, no drastic changes are contemplated which would adversely affect sport inasmuch as ordinary smooth bore shotguns having barrels of an overall length of 20in. and over and "spread shot cartridges," *i.e.* cartridges containing five or more shot, continue to be exempt from control, so unless a user requires his shotgun barrels of an overall length less than 20in. it will be unnecessary to obtain a firearm certificate. Should, however, the use of ball ammunition such as Paradox, Lethal or Spherical, as supplied for use in shotguns, be contemplated, a certificate would have to be obtained, the same restrictions applying as for ball ammunition used in rifles, revolvers and pistols. A user of such ammunition when applying for a certificate must state the number of rounds he desires to possess at any one time, and also the total amount to be acquired in three years. This latter may at first sight appear irksome inasmuch as it is difficult to estimate the number of rounds likely to be expended over so long a period. It, however, is understood that should the holder of a certificate exhaust his supplies before the period, he can, providing a reasonable explanation is given, obtain sanction for a supplementary supply.

It is not clear if cartridges loaded with Destructor bullets, which bullets consist of sixteen lead pellets or slugs in a lead case, will be classified as "bulleted" or "spread shot" ammunition. If the latter, which we consider the correct definition, there should be no restriction upon purchase. It is hoped that this point may be made clear by the draftsmen of the proposed Bill.

It is to be regretted that no recommendation was made by the committee to free rifles of .22 calibre from restriction, notwithstanding that this point of view was pressed forward by several witnesses. This rifle is without doubt a sporting weapon, and was in the past largely used for rook and rabbit shooting, partly no doubt due to its accuracy and the cheapness of the ammunition. Sportsmen are disinclined to go to the trouble of endeavouring to obtain firearm certificates, and in consequence since the 1920 Act came into force the sale of miniature rifles has practically ceased, the annual falling off in sales running into thousands of pounds with consequent loss of employment. A small concession was, however, obtained, inasmuch as it is suggested that chief constables should keep in view the many purposes for which these rifles may be properly used and the considerable quantities of ammunition which normally require to be expended, and keep these considerations in view in dealing with applications, which advice it is hoped will mitigate the hardships experienced by many in the past when making such applications to the police. We, however, foresee that differences in interpretation will still remain. The Home Secretary and his advisers will naturally be unwilling to override the committee's recommendations, but this is a point that they should consider very carefully.

The chairman of the committee, Sir Archibald Bodkin, K.C.B., a public servant of great experience, was, we learn, indefatigable in his endeavours to secure the fullest possible information, no item being too insignificant to receive his personal attention, and we think it is the general opinion that the report is both clear and impartial, and decidedly contains no recommendations for panic legislation. In this it differs from the provisions of the Firearms Act, 1934, which, strange though it may be, was for some unaccountable reason rushed through Parliament without any reference being made to the Firearm Committee who were actually sitting at the time. Had such a course been adopted there is no doubt a much more considered Bill would have been presented. This 1934 Act, which has to be read with the Act of 1920, is, as stated in the report, "*rather complicated and difficult to understand.*" It, however, appears that a young person under the age of seventeen cannot *purchase or hire a firearm or ammunition*, but it does not prevent him *possessing, using or carrying a smooth bore shot gun, air gun or air pistol*, and providing he obtains a firearm certificate he can apparently also possess and use a rifle. The privilege of using and carrying a rifle also applies to "children under fourteen when engaged as members of approved clubs, or when shooting at miniature rifle galleries," etc., who, however, are prohibited from possessing same. This point should be stated with precision and lack of ambiguity.

The time has arrived when numerous subsidiary Acts and Amendments relating to Firearms should be repealed and the provisions consolidated with the Firearms Act, 1920. At present the matter is so involved that both sportsmen and gunmakers find it more than difficult to understand let alone comply with the separate statutes.

*A match in progress at Harrow*

# HAS THE NEW L.B.W. RULE FAILED?

## One Experiment Examined and Another Suggested for Public Schools

By D. R. JARDINE

THERE is a gem of a cricketing story concerning two players from the county of broad acres. They shall be nameless. Their active days are done, but their fame has not yet passed over. Much rain had fallen overnight, to be followed next day by a hot sun shining out of a cloudless sky. Our pair sallied out to inspect the wicket. Like a certain famous Spanish grandee, they looked at it from every point of the compass, but unlike him refrained from looking at it upside down. Comment for some minutes was confined to a succession of grunts. At last the prodding and inspection ceased.

"Aye," said one, "she'll be right sticky by two o'clock."

"Nay, nay," hissed his companion, "half-past!"

From this one might be tempted to think the art of cricket to be something of an exact science. Fortunately it is not so. Nor is the game ever stationary. The changes have, however, been so slow in evolution that they have for the most part been scarcely perceptible, assuming all "the gradualness of inevitability."

The length of the pitch, for instance, has stood the test of time just as well as the original dimensions of the lawn tennis court. Who to-day pauses to consider it extraordinary that the mere chance of the agricultural chain being 22yds. should suit the original, almost seamless ball, bowled underhand, just as well as the seamy swerving article of to-day, bowled fast overhand? Yet there was nothing scientifically calculated or exact about this.

The form and size of the wicket have been nothing like so stable, but even here one has yet to hear it suggested that the methods of batsmen or bowlers were altered in any respect in any instance by the last change in this respect.

The new l.b.w. rule passed experimentally this year comes in quite a different category. It opens up a vastly wider field for consideration. With or without intent it radically affects the two chief departments of the game. Its original champions would make no bones about admitting that they hardly thought of, and certainly did not concern themselves with, its ultimate effect on the bowling branch of the game. It was the batsman (*sic*) that they were after. That the experiment was tried in opposition to the wishes and judgment of a very large majority of the actually practising first-class cricketers and umpires is not in dispute. The suffrages of those who control the county clubs, and with them their finances or lack thereof, pressed for the alteration of the rule, and they had their way. The theory that if only matches could be finished all would be well, had not been challenged, as this summer's results have challenged it.

In view of all this, it was all the more unfortunate that the original sponsors of the alteration should have confused the issue. For in common fairness it must be said that they had nothing but the best interests of the game at heart as they saw them. They levelled the charge of "unfair" at batsmen who used their legs and pads—an unfortunate preface to the alteration having the fair trial that supporters and opponents alike would wish. If a bowler in his delivery oversteps the crease the umpire calls "No Ball." No one in his senses accuses the bowler of "unfair" play. The cases are on all fours. If a batsman covering up breaks a rule, the penalty for which is the loss of his wicket, let him be given out; but do not accuse him of unfair play.

Any alteration must, of course, be judged on its effects on the game as a whole. The balance of the game is all important. Undue ascendancy for bat or ball is unhealthy. Nor does the problem end there, since what may be suitable for county cricket may be the reverse for the club pitch and the village green. In first examining the effects of the altered rule on batting and batsmanship one is donning the spectacles of the original advocates of the altered rule. While doing so, let it be prefaced by saying that the effects on bowlers and bowling seem to the writer to be of far greater import and of even less ultimate benefit.

Briefly, three main claims were made for the alteration:

1. It would produce the old-fashioned offside play and off-driving.

2. It would discourage the two-eyed stance and "unfair" covering up.

3. It would give the bowler his just reward for beating the bat.

Taking these claims *seriatim*, it is only necessary to say that the burden of proving these claims justified naturally lies with the reformers. Midsummer is past, but no one has yet suggested that the first claim has been made out. It is suggested that the claim was founded on a fundamental misconception. The two types of bowler to be favoured by the new rule are off-breaking and in-swinging bowlers. To hit *with* and not against the spin or swerve is one of the first and most elementary principles of batting. The type of bowlers to be encouraged, therefore, were types whose deliveries lent themselves to the straight or on-drive, and to the hook stroke! To attempt to drive a big off-break to cover-point is equivalent to trying to sweep a big leg-break to square-leg against the spin—and "every schoolboy knows. . . ."

No more success can be awarded to the second claim than the first, on the present season's showing. This again be it suggested for a reason connected with the cardinal principles of the game. The phrase "two-eyed stance" need detain no one for long. It carries its own condemnation in its name, as a monstrosity born of pavilion chatter and slipshod thinking, and is about as full of meaning as its parentage would suggest. Whoever heard of a batsman with two eyes adopting a stance which did not bring both into play? Covering up is, however, quite another matter. Batsmen covering up do not do so from malice to spite the bowlers, but in response to the natural demands of the eyes to be put on to the line of the ball—only a movement of the feet can take them there while retaining a balanced position.

*En passant*, let the writer venture a theory, it cannot be more, since he never had the good fortune to see the master cricketer of all time. Yet could those who did, hit on a more plausible reason, not for W. G. Grace's success, but for his outstanding success compared to his contemporaries, than that he had seen the possibilities and soundness of covering up, and practised it 20 years earlier than others? We know he did not keep his right foot firm: we understand that he relished being given out l.b.w. as little as any man, though the bowlers who bowled against him complained that they never saw the wicket. Some batsmen to-day go further across on the offside than ever before, in the attempt to counteract the rule by getting their legs clear of the wicket. On exceptional occasions this may leave a path for the ball to bowl them out round their legs, but the style of play produced is even more full and open chested than the so-called two-eyed school of batsmanship.

The third claim that the bowler who beats the bat is necessarily entitled to the batsman's wicket does not lend itself to discussion. It is solely a question of what the rules say—if it is "Aye" the batsman must not and will not argue the decision, if it be "Nay" the bowler likewise must accept the position. But for uniformity as for fairness's sake, the same rule might be expected to apply to a ball pitching on the leg side as to a ball pitching on the offside of the wickets.

Turning to the effects of the alteration on bowlers and bowling, it must be admitted by way of preliminary that the state and standard of bowling in first-class cricket to-day is sadly low. For this reason it might have been prudent to do something to weight the scales against the bat, since the real remedy (fewer matches, fewer tours, and therefore less work for the bowlers) is financially distasteful. Unfortunately, the new rule savours of bread circuses and the dole for bowlers—it appeals to the easy and not to the difficult in that fascinating art. Ask any batsman which he would sooner play, an off-break or a leg-break well bowled, and the answer must always be the off-break. Similarly, the in-swinger is easier than the out-swinger. Yet it is the cultivation of the off-break and the in-swinger which the new rule encourages—the easy balls to bowl and to play.

It is suggested that it would have been far, far better to appeal to the artist in the bowler, at the same time making no alteration which would have been visible to the most sentimental pair of eyes watching from the ringside; to raise instead of lowering the plane of bowling. The adoption of the small ball, and by that is meant the ball used at preparatory schools, would have turned bowlers into artists again, with all the joy and pride that go with an art.

While one experiment is being carried out by the first-class section of the cricketing community, is it asking too much to suggest that another experiment should be tried by another section of the cricketing community? If the public schools were to adopt the small ball, there would be an end of the monotonous succession of drawn two-day matches so prevalent in recent years. No partisans of any school are pleased by such results, the boys least of all. In addition, some promising material, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, would run less risk of being overbowled with a larger ball on a longer pitch than is usually operative at preparatory schools from which they have come.

Once adopted one ventures the prophecy that the change would spread—first to club cricket, where all too few enthusiasts get an innings often enough for their tastes. Thence the leaven would spread up to first-class and county cricket, while the makers of cricket balls could have ample warning in advance of any projected change, which would enable them to clear their stocks.

It would be a true evolution, from the bottom to the top of the game, not from the top to the bottom as is the procedure for the new l.b.w. rule. It is surprising and exciting to prove what a bowler can make the small ball do. Its introduction might be a revolution, it would certainly be a revelation.

ETON COLLEGE XI

*From left to right, standing, V. Collins, D. A. Macindoe, A. J. S. Cassavetti, R. G. G. Kerrison, J. A. B. Dickson, J. B. Jackson. Sitting: V. L. Wild, F. G. Mann, B. M. Fisher, W. R. Rees-Davies, J. P. Mann and (on ground) M. W. Pragnell*

# THE RIVAL TEAMS AT LORD'S

## Aggressive Batting and Spin Bowling Should Decide the Game

### ETON

THE chief problem before B. M. Fisher this season has been to find batsmen. Last season F. G. Mann showed all the qualities of a No. 1 batsman, and this year he has filled the post admirably. The varying pace of the wickets has rather reduced his scoring power, and he has a tendency to drive the ball into the ground, but no one who saw his hundred against Charterhouse, in not very pleasant conditions, can doubt of his real ability to watch the ball and produce strokes all round the wicket. J. B. Jackson has been his partner; in the earlier matches he made several good scores. There is fluency and power in his shots, and he is not afraid to go for the bowling. He is also a first-rate slip field.

A. J. S. Cassavetti, last year's twelfth man, and D. A. Macindoe have batted well more than once, but do not seem able to get beyond the thirties. Macindoe is very strong, and hits the ball particularly hard off his back foot. R. G. Kerrison made a spectacular debut with a hundred against the Butterflies, and also batted well at Charterhouse; he is unorthodox, but times the ball beautifully and can score very fast when he is set. J. A. B. Dickson was brought into the side for the Hampstead match and made a valuable 30, which he followed with a remarkably fine century against Winchester, in partnership with J. P. Mann, who also scored a hundred. Both these batsmen hit hard, and are always on the look out for the loose ball. V. L. Wild and B. M. Fisher are both capable of making runs quickly, but they have not had many innings. Fisher has kept wicket extraordinarily steadily, at times brilliantly; he must be the best wicket-keeper Eton have had for some years.

Last year's opening bowlers, W. R. Rees-Davies, fast right hand, and V. L. Wild, fast-medium left hand, have proved invaluable and have bowled with great life and determination. Rees-Davies has a better command of length and direction, and every now and then bowls a really fast ball. Wild can swing the new ball and straighten it on the off stump. Between them these bowlers have got many good wickets. The Mann brothers can both spin the ball from leg, but their length has been too erratic to allow Fisher to use them as stock bowlers. However, they have been most useful in breaking up partnerships, and with a little help from the wicket might be most unpleasant. Macindoe has taken some wickets with medium pace in- or out-swingers and can keep an end going. Various bowlers were tried for the remaining place; and the best candidates seemed to be D. T. T. Jackson, slow left hand, and F. E. Allhusen, medium right hand. Jackson played against Winchester, Allhusen was twelfth man.

It is difficult to estimate the strength of the side, as so many matches have been spoilt by rain. They seemed to get the better of the games with Charterhouse and Winchester, but a decision at Lord's may well depend on the ability of either side to make some runs quickly and leave the rest to their spin bowlers and the leatherjackets.

### HARROW

LIKE all sides this year, the Harrow XI has passed through distressing moments, due to the variability of the climate. On the whole, it may be said to have had a successful season, having much the better of the Marlborough match, and defeating Charterhouse most convincingly. The pity was that the Winchester match was completely washed out. Actually only one match has been won and that was against Charterhouse. Two club matches were lost, one against a strong Quidnunc side, and the other v. I Zingari by one wicket. Almost their best performance was playing a really good M.C.C. side, when the general standard of cricket was of a high quality.

The side is ably led by Studd, who sets his team a great example in the field. As a result of his enthusiasm the fielding has been improved 100 per cent., and is now of a high standard, Studd and Carris being the best and most reliable, while Turnbull's ground fielding is of a high order. Harrow are very happily placed in that vital position, the wicket-keeper. In Whetherby I feel they have a keeper of the highest class in Public School cricket, who may easily be a deciding factor in the game. It is, however, in the batting that there is left most room for anxiety. Two of last year's side have been out of form. But we all know Joynson has it in him to play really well. Stogdon, though uncertain, may be decisive in thrusting home an advantage gained by the early batsmen, and for that reason is most necessary. In Wilson and Carris the School have a sound and reliable opening pair, and a very great deal depends on them at Lord's. Even now Carris must be one of the best school batsmen. He seems to have an excellent technique for all bowling. If these two succeed in giving the school a good start, a big score ought to be assured. If not, I rather mistrust some of Harrow's batsmen against the Eton fast bowlers. Studd and Turnbull are both batsmen of the aggressive type, and the former has made two capital centuries.

In bowling Harrow have a good combination. Bond, right-hand fast, bowls with plenty of pace, and makes the ball go away awkwardly. Kaye is a grand trier who, keeping an excellent length, can bring the ball back a lot when given any help by the wicket. Duveen and Carris are both left-handers, steady and reliable. The former is inclined to drop the ball short if hit—a fatal mistake for a left-hander if his side has the attack. No one can doubt the wisdom of the inclusion of a leg-spin bowler. Watson may not be a Grimmett or a Freeman, but he can turn the ball both ways. Personally I would rather see him spin it less and concentrate on varying his pace and trajectory more.

Whatever happens, Harrovians may be confident that their school is represented by a team, all of which are enthusiastic, and ready to play for victory from 11 o'clock on Friday morning. Aggression is the keynote of the side. The bowling is lively, and is backed up by splendid fielding. If I wrote down the batting as exhibiting signs of patchiness and possibly lacking a rock of defence at No. 6, it is simply because aggressiveness is the foundation on which the team has been built.

HARROW SCHOOL XI

*From left to right, standing, M. T. Turnbull, R. N. Bond, W. R. H. Joynson, R. E. Whetherby, G. R. R. Wilson, M. D. Watson. Sitting: A. H. C. Duveen, M. A. C. P. Kaye, P. M. Studd, B. D. Carris, G. A. Stogdon and (on ground) P. A. Lindsay*

# CRICKET AT THE SCHOOLS

## The Season's Form

*The following reports have reached us from responsible critics at the schools.*

### BRADFIELD

Bradfield, with a young side, have had a most successful season and, at the time of writing, are undefeated. Rain ruined the matches with Radley, Stowe and the Authentics, but victories have been gained over Lancing (93 runs), Old Wykehamists (three wickets), Oriel, Oxford (three wickets), Butterflies (1 run) and S.C.R. (141 runs). In the matches against the Free Foresters and the Bradfield Waifs, the school just failed to get their opponents out before stumps were drawn.

Bradfield are a very good fielding side with a competent wicket-keeper in F. E. Templer, and two good bowlers in H. Fraser (medium) and D. S. Shuttleworth (slow right). The batting, if not consistent, contains eleven men who are all capable of getting runs and getting them well. The best individual performances in batting have been: T. I. D. Heathcote (captain), 111 v. Bradfield Waifs, 72 v. Old Wykehamists; R. G. Wilson, 79 v. Lancing, 73 v. Radley, 69 v. S.C.R.; A. H. Buckham, 80 v. Bradfield Waifs, 69 v. Free Foresters; M. D. Tucker, 70 v. Lancing, 54 v. Oriel; R. E. Henshaw, 82 v. Lancing, 69 v. Bradfield Waifs. As regards bowling, the following are the outstanding achievements: D. S. Shuttleworth, five for 29 v. Butterflies, five for 71 v. Bradfield Waifs, five for 78 v. Radley; H. Fraser, six for 44 v. Lancing, five for 44 v. Butterflies; O. J. R. Lankester, four for 11 v. S.C.R.; L. L. le P. Gardner, four for 22 v. Old Wykehamists.

### BRIGHTON

R. B. Keep, who captains the side, unfortunately lacks the services of last season's two most successful bowlers. The bowling this season has not been good, and in the early matches the recognised batsmen failed to reveal their true form, but recent matches have shown a marked improvement. D. J. V. McDonald Hobley has been the most consistent batsman this season. The School meets some strong club sides, such as Repton Pilgrims, Brasenose Wanderers, the M.C.C., and Sussex County 2nd XI. Inter-school matches are played with Lancing, Dulwich, St. Paul's, Epsom and Christ's Hospital.

The match with Dulwich this season provided Brighton with a good victory, the Dulwich side being dismissed for 221, the eleven securing the necessary runs for victory in the space of two-and-a-half hours. Against Epsom, we were beaten by three wickets in a low scoring match, while the game with St. Paul's (largely spoilt by rain) was drawn. We have yet to meet Lancing and Christ's Hospital.

Old boys of the School who have achieved success in the world of cricket during this season include W. H. V. Levett, who has been keeping wicket for Kent, and C. R. Maxwell, who plays for Sir Julien Cahn's XI, and in the match with Leicestershire made 268 runs in three hours ten minutes, hitting 4 sixes and 44 fours.

### CHARTERHOUSE

Of the five old colours remaining at Charterhouse four of them are bowlers, and the chief difficulty has been to provide batsmen for the positions 2, 3 and 4. In J. M. Lomas, the other old colour, we had an ideal opening batsman, and in the first match, v. the Grasshoppers, he scored a sound century, and enabled R. T. P. Wilson to declare at 198 for two wickets.

Since then rain, wind and even snow have prevented Carthusians from playing their natural game, which has been developed on hard and fast wickets. In June, for example, the four matches preceding the Harrow match were all abandoned through bad weather. The Winchester match was stopped when Charterhouse had scored 86 for three wickets, and the Eton match was abandoned when we were 51 for four wickets in reply to Eton's declared innings of 243 for seven. With so little cricket the heavy defeat at Harrow was not entirely unexpected.

Besides J. M. Lomas, only P. R. Crompton has really found his form, though H. G. Reynolds, R. M. Hollis and R. T. P. Wilson have shown glimpses of their true ability between the rainy periods. In bowling, R. F. B. Power, the fast bowler, has had little opportunity to get going, and was prevented by examinations from playing against Harrow on the first hard wicket of the season. R. T. P. Wilson, left hand, and H. G. Reynolds have had the most success. The fielding, if somewhat below standard in May, has improved considerably during the last two weeks. A. H. Beane has proved an efficient wicket-keeper.

### CHELTENHAM

Up to the time of writing, two matches have been won, against the Town and against Malvern; four drawn, against B.N.C., Queen's (Oxford), the Gloucestershire Gipsies, and the Liverpool Club; and one lost, against Marlborough. Eight old colours returned at the beginning of term, so the side should have been good. Up to a point it has played well, but in spite of many changes a reliable pair of opening batsmen has yet to be discovered. Time after time the first two wickets have fallen for a meagre ten, and everything has depended on E. D. R. Eager, the captain. How well he has shouldered the responsibility can be seen from his scores—59 v. the Town, 113 not out against a strong B.N.C. side, 50 v. Queen's, 44 v. the Gipsies, 79 v. Malvern, 82 v. Liverpool Club, 8 and 130 v. Marlborough. Apart from him the batting has certainly been disappointing.

The bowling is strong: it rather lacks variety, but it has never failed to be steady. J. S. Foster, really fast off the pitch, and one of the best bowlers in the schools last year, has had soft wickets for the most part this year, and has not been quite so successful. J. M. Pope and A. C. Fryer, medium pace, have both bowled well, and Pope often really dangerous. They are further reinforced by a promising fifteen-year-old Geary.

The fielding is keen and good, Reynolds especially being smart at cover point, while Eager and Pope are slips of real class.

This is a side which, if it can only get two batsmen to give it a good start, will acquit itself well.

### CLIFTON

Clifton, at the time of writing, have played nine matches, of which three have been won, one lost and five drawn. M. H. Anderson (captain) is a wicket-keeper of outstanding ability, and also a reliable batsman; J. Weston, the best all-round player in the side, is a good forcing batsman and very steady medium-pace bowler; while E. K. Scott has recovered much of his former skill as a leg-break bowler. To date the batting of the side has been rather disappointing, but the fielding on the whole good. Clifton are not an easy side to beat on slow wickets.

### HAILEYBURY

With only four old colours, Haileybury started their season hoping to emulate their achievements of last year. However, this success has not been maintained so far this season, though this can be partly accounted for by the fact that little cricket was possible during the first month of the term owing to the grounds being water-logged. Again, owing to illness, both school games against Uppingham and Stowe had to be cancelled.

The remaining batsmen of last year's eleven have not produced their real form, but with the improved wickets they should be able to give a better account of themselves. The bowling, although lacking a left-hander, has much improved, while the fielding is well up to the average. The team need not be pessimistic as they are a young side and have, through inclement weather, not had the experience and practice that mean so much. With better wickets available the prospects for the rest of the season are hopeful, and much improvement should be forthcoming.

### MALVERN

The six old colours remaining from last year form the nucleus of a useful side—A. H. Brodhurst, the captain, being a good all-rounder; P. H. Willis-Dixon an effective bowler; while R. H. Maudsley and B. Greatbatch should develop into a reliable opening pair. F. L. Rogers is a slow change bowler who is also capable of making runs, and B. E. W. Henson is the wicket-keeper. The last named started the season indifferently, but has improved lately. Of the newcomers—W. J. Farnsworth has bowled consistently and well, one of his best performances being the first six wickets of the Liverpool C.C. to fall to the bowler; while B. L. B. Jacomb, a left-hander, has made some promising

A GAME IN PROGRESS BETWEEN CHARTERHOUSE AND WELLINGTON ON THE CHARTERHOUSE GROUND AT GODALMING

*The Charterhouse eleven were unfortunate in having to abandon some of their principal fixtures this season owing to bad weather*

GETTING THE BALL AWAY TO FINE LEG DURING A WELLINGTON v. HAILEYBURY MATCH AT WELLINGTON

*The outstanding feature of Wellington cricket this season has been the consistent batting of F. M. McL. Forster, the captain, while Haileybury, who are a young side, started badly, but are expected to improve with the better wickets*

scores. Results have proved the ability to get the opponents out rather than a capacity for making runs, though the team undoubtedly possesses the power to do so; in the endeavour to play correctly the chance of scoring has at times been overlooked. The fielding has been of a high standard, and in this the captain has given them real inspiration.

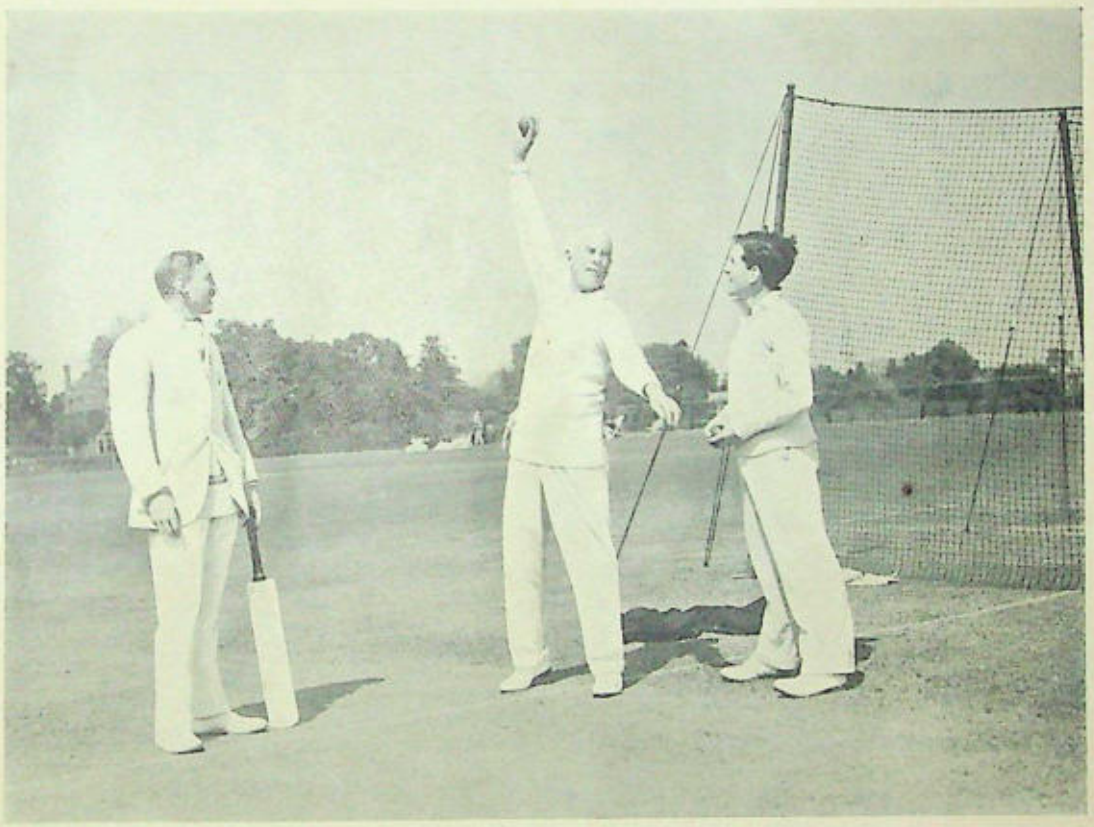
An exciting match with Shrewsbury was won by 16 runs, while we lost to Cheltenham by 36. Good wins were also established over the Authentics on the stroke of time, and over the Free Foresters on a declaration with four minutes to spare.

### OUNDLE

The cricket eleven of 1935 will always remember this summer for its lack of sunshine, for its presence of snow and sleet in May, for its incessant rain in June, and for the diversity of wickets which made their task the more difficult.

The captain, C. R. H. M. Stuart, is in his fourth year in the eleven, and is one of the best all-rounders the school has possessed since the advent of F. F. Spragg as cricket master in 1930. Under his command he has five more of last year's side, including D. J. Maw, the secretary, A. V. Marment, the wicket-keeper, P. H. L. Ling, A. K. Knox and M. F. Llewellyn; in addition, he has R. P. Adkins left from the 1933 side, a bowler who failed to regain his colours last year.

Up to the time of writing Oundle has beaten St. Catherine's College (Cambridge) and Bedford School, lost to the Northants Amateurs, Cambridge O.U.'s and M.C.C., and drawn with the Cambridge Crusaders, Old Oundelians and Mr. K. C. Fyfe's XI. In addition to Bedford School, Oundle plays Leys School, Uppingham and Stowe; the latter is now a two-day fixture at Kennington Oval, where the first match ended in a draw last year. The school is fortunate in being able to call upon the services



CRICKET LEADERS AT MALVERN

*Left to right: C. A. F. Fiddian Green (Cambridge and Worcestershire), master-in-charge of cricket, E. Tate (Hampshire), professional since 1903, and A. H. Brodhurst, the captain, who has been an inspiration to his side in the field*

WINCHESTER PLAYING ETON AT WINCHESTER WITH ST. CATHERINE'S HILL IN THE BACKGROUND

*The batting of the Winchester eleven this season has been definitely above the average*

of two very competent professionals in W. Montgomery (Surrey C.C.C.) and W. Brown (Leicestershire C.C.C.).

### RADLEY

Radley have had an unfortunate season, bad weather seriously interfering with practice and matches. Of the twelve matches played three were won, three lost, and six drawn. The first of the school matches was against Stowe, and this ended in a draw, Radley making 213 and Stowe 135 for seven wickets. The matches against Bradfield and Lancing were both spoilt by rain, and in neither of these two-day matches did both sides complete an innings. The match against Sherborne, played at Sherborne, was more fortunate, and two full days' cricket was possible. After a weak display of batting in the first innings, Radley recovered well and were eventually beaten by four wickets. The season finished with two victories, one against the Free Foresters by 248 to 101, and the other against Westminster, Radley winning by 75 runs.

Radley were a young side, and six of them will be back next year. G. B. Stanger was a good captain, and invariably bowled well, but he did not make so many runs as he did last year. P. B. Craig was the most successful run-getter. He watched the ball carefully and hit hard, and, in addition to his batting, he was a very useful cover-point. F. Falkiner and D. T. M. Birks are young, and both showed distinct promise, the former as an opening batsman and the latter as an all-rounder. Neither of them has yet reached his sixteenth birthday, and Birks's performance of making 55 runs and taking eleven wickets in the Sherborne match was distinctly good. J. F. Willcocks, who has another season, proved a sound wicket-keeper, and owing to Army exams. This is particularly unfortunate as he promised to be the best bat in the side. Eldridge has captained the side excellently during his absence.

The remaining school matches are Westminster and Downside, both away. The club matches have been fairly successful. The Somerset Stragglers were beaten easily; the Dorset Rangers won on time by one wicket after the school had declared; the Old Boys were beaten comfortably; but the M.C.C. proved too strong. N. Haig showing us how a bat should be used.

### STOWE

A record of one win, five draws and four losses does not sound very impressive, and for the first five matches the batting showed a total lack of confidence, probably due to the fact that no hard wicket has yet been experienced throughout the term. Langley, who headed the batting averages last year with an average of 40.10, has alone shown any consistency, and so far has kept up his last year's performance, a really good effort when one takes into consideration the lack of support and the wickets he has batted on. Clive has shown his worth as an opening bat, but apart from two centuries from Mallett, the captain, and Krabbe, the rest of the batting has been disappointing. The bowling shows plenty of variety, and the fielding of the whole side has again been really excellent. So far all three school matches have been drawn owing to the vagaries of the weather, that against Radley being in Radley's favour, and Westminster just staving off defeat. The Bradfield match was entirely spoilt by rain after Bradfield had scored 120 for six wickets.

A TYPICAL SATURDAY AFTERNOON SCENE ON THE REPTON PLAYING FIELDS

the fielding on the whole was good. As there are several very promising cricketers in their second year, the prospects for the next two years are distinctly bright.

### REPTON

Repton started the season with the prospect of a sound batting side, having five old colours, three of whom were high up in the order. However, the loss of all last year's five bowlers suggested that the attack might be a very serious problem, for although in the first match against Burton, A. P. G. Hyde followed up an innings of 65 not out by taking six for 25, Repton winning in the last over, the next few matches showed that the lack of reliable length bowlers was the obvious weakness of the side.

In the second match the side lost to the Friars, for whom A. W. Richardson made a century; and they also lost after declaring to the Leicestershire Gentlemen and Uppingham. A good win over Wolverhampton by eight wickets, when W. D. Hodgkinson scored 67 not out, was encouraging, and with the inclusion of J. Davenport and J. B. Gibson, both fast-medium right hand, and L. D. Hall, leg-breaks, the bowling was much improved. This improvement was very marked in the Shrewsbury match, when Repton won by 144, Gibson taking five for 34.

R. M. Bagnall and G. L. Willatt have been the most consistent bats in a side that has usually followed up a good start by scoring freely, and with the general improvement shown recently the side should put up a good performance in their last two matches against Malvern and Rugby.

### SHERBORNE

The Sherborne eleven this year is a strong batting side, with moderate bowling and good fielding. They have already beaten Radley by four wickets and had the best of a drawn game with Tonbridge; they lost to Blundells early in the season. The batting is really strong, as nine of the side are likely to make 50; Eldridge has already made two centuries. The captain, L. Sherley-Price, was out of cricket the first part of the term owing to an operation, and is missing several matches

### UPPINGHAM

Uppingham are again having a successful season. The Haileybury match was unfortunately cancelled, but Repton (after a sporting declaration by their captain) were excitingly beaten by eight wickets, Uppingham getting the necessary 93 runs in 40 minutes. The Rugby match was spoiled by rain, but there was another nerve-wracking finish to the game at Shrewsbury, where Uppingham were faced with the enormous task of getting 318 runs in three hours in the fourth innings. Some fine hitting by M. H. Bell, the captain, N. A. Hill, A. M. Ormsby, and J. R. McCosh enabled the score to be raised to 308 for eight, after it had been 8 for two, when stumps were drawn.

The batting has not been as consistent as was hoped, but the above-named have made many good scores, and Bell, in particular, shows great promise. The fielding has been good, and the bowling, except on the good, hard Shrewsbury wicket, formidable. Much depends on the two opening fast-medium right-handers, J. R. McCosh and D. W. Gillespie. The former is perhaps the more dangerous, and caused a sensation in the match against the Old Boys by taking four good wickets in four balls. Gillespie started the season in excellent form, and should take many wickets next year, when he has more stamina.

The side has so far been defeated only by B.N.C., and mention must be made of yet another exciting finish, this time to the match against the Cambridge Crusaders, whom the school beat by taking the last wicket with the last ball of the day.

### WELLINGTON

Wellington began the season with six old colours in F. M. McL. Forster (captain), R. J. B. Eddison, G. T. G. Hunter, A. G. Roberts, A. L. McCall and H. J. Pedraza. The immediate problem was to find a wicket-keeper, another fast medium bowler to help Eddison, who had promised well early in 1934, and some slow bowling.

The season began with practice in arctic weather, but a promising start was made against the Berkshire Gentlemen, who were well beaten. Berks Gentlemen, 135; Wellington, 200 for seven (A. G. Roberts 89, F. M. McL. Forster 55, and R. J. B. Eddison five for 31, all showed good form). The R.A.S.C. match was spoilt by rain, but a strong Incogniti side was defeated. Wellington made 233 (S. O. I. B. Dawson, 53) and disposed of the Incogniti for 129 (R. J. B. Eddison four for 30). In this match the batting was consistent, and newcomers to the side did well. After a drawn match with the Masters the batting against M.C.C. was disappointing. Wellington could only total 139, and were beaten by four wickets. The captain, Forster, again showed good form with the bat; going in at 66 for six he carried his bat for an excellent 50, Dawson (33) also did well.

The first School match v. Marlborough was a catastrophe. Wellington met their first slow wicket of the season at Marlborough and could neither bat nor bowl on it, and were beaten by nine wickets. Forster again played resolutely and set a fine example with 40 not out in a total of 122. The O.W. Match, a draw, was fairly even on the first innings, the School making 187 (Forster 45) and 94 for seven wickets; O.W.'s 204 for eight.

In the next match Westminster were beaten by four wickets at Vincent Square. Wellington put Westminster in on a slow wicket drying under a hot sun. Eddison and Parker (medium left-hand) bowled well, and the home side were out for 157 (Eddison six for 38, Parker three for 38). After a good start Wellington faltered, but Forster again played a sound innings, and Wellington won comfortably by four wickets (A. G. Roberts 40, F. M. McL. Forster 45 not out). The Free Forester match produced a lot of runs. Wellington declared at 256 for five. Going in at the fall of the second wicket Forster played a fine innings of 139 and received valuable help from Cranmer (49), McCall (33 not out). McCall also took four wickets for 34 runs, and had eight Forester wickets down for 218 when stumps were drawn.

Competition for the two remaining places in the side is strong—the fielding is very keen and Forster sets an inspiring example in the field, while his consistent batting has been so far the outstanding feature of the season.

### WINCHESTER

Winchester won five matches outright against a single defeat, though in two drawn games they had the best of the argument. The weather unfortunately ruined the School matches with Charterhouse and Harrow. Against Marlborough, in a game of exciting fluctuations, they eventually pulled through by four wickets to an admirable innings by their captain (Eggar) against some high-class bowling by Whitehouse and Dickson.

"Eton match" was blessed with heavenly weather: the wicket was beautiful throughout, in marked contrast with the "boney" pitches that used to put a premium on fast bowling on Agar's Plough. At one time, against some very moderate Eton batting, Winchester had captured five wicket for 72, but then Mann, the younger, and Dickson revived in a long partnership pre-war memories of Eton driving, and Winchester, as so often before, were faced with a horrid 100 minutes at the end of the day. Thanks mainly to the tenacity of Faber and Eggar they survived disaster. Faber continued an invaluable innings next day, and the later batsmen played bravely, but they could not save the follow on, with a deficit of 143 and over four hours still to go. To that threat Foster's and Bailey's opening partnership of 50 in 40 minutes was technically and psychologically a decisive answer. Foster went on to complete a century which in beauty of execution will bear comparison with any in the history of the match, and with Faber and Eggar again playing well Winchester secured a most honourable though not favourable draw.

The batting of the side was definitely above the average, and had it not been handicapped by the evil weather of June, it might well have reached a very high level. Foster is a batsman of real class, a lovely off-driver and with much of the family instinct for timing a ball. Bailey, who only came into the side in June, was a model of consistency for so young a player and particularly good against fast bowling. Holme and Faber were sound and watchful, and Eggar could play either a defensive or forcing game with judgment.

The bowling, however, lacked class. Wilson, son of C. E. M. and nephew of E. R., was much the best, using his head and swinging the ball late: he was consistently unlucky, or his record would be much better. Faber bowled fast medium steadily and with some life off the pitch but rather monotonously, and Linton got a number of wickets with seams and swingers, but lacked control. Sinclair, left-hand, Kingsley, leg-break, and Eggar, slow right, were all useful on occasions, but once again Winchester failed to find any bowler of real pace. The fielding was good. Foster and Kingsley were first-rate catchers at slip and gully, and Eggar, a most knowledgeable and unselfish captain, set the side a grand example at mid-off.

(*Continued on page* 76)

STILL BOWLING AS WELL AS EVER
*Tate (Sussex), who took five Gloucestershire wickets for nine runs last week-end*

# ENGLISH CRICKET IN THE DOLDRUMS

## Young Talent Which Fails to Maintain Its Early Promise

By NEVILLE CARDUS

ENGLAND'S defeat by South Africa at Lord's has been comprehensively chastised, but a good performance at Leeds this week-end will blot out the unhappy memory of it all. But one aspect of the defeat deserves, for irony's sweet sake, more emphasis than so far anybody has given it. Wade actually declared his innings closed before lunch on the third day and, in effect, told the England batsmen they could not score 300 odd runs in five hours. The declaration was a slap in the face for England; no declaration of greater sarcasm has ever been risked in a Test match. It was a gesture of confidence and contempt. And no such declaration could have been given a moment's consideration against an England eleven of four or five years ago.

The task of the Selection Committee is hard and thankless this year. Where can they find reliable guides to Test match ability? County cricket is no longer a safe means of estimating a cricketer's chances in big matches; the standards of county cricket have dropped deplorably. One day we find E. R. T. Holmes masterful and brilliant against Blankshire; the next day he is reduced to aspiring futility by South Africa. Mitchell, of Derbyshire, has this year taken 84 wickets in county matches at 17 runs each; at Lord's, on a wicket "made" for a leg-spin bowler, he was inept of technique and utterly wrong in temperament. As I write, Ames is ninth in the list of the country's most prominent batsmen; at Lord's the South African bowlers reduced him to nervous strokelessness.

What is the cause of England's recent exhibitions in Test matches of scared, irresolute batsmanship? The terrible collapses last year in the fifth Test match at the Oval are still painfully in the mind—and they followed the two almost as pathetic collapses at Leeds in the fourth Test match against Australia. I am convinced that the cause of all these mishaps can be put down to what cricketers call "bad luck"; it is a vague term, but it means a chapter or two of "things that have not come off." I decline to believe that Hammond, Leyland, Wyatt, Sutcliffe, Ames and the rest are not good enough in ability and nerve to score heavily against the South African attack. And I am confident that true form and style will prevail at Leeds during the next few days.

My concern with English cricket goes beyond the recent incredible performances by our players in Test matches. I am much more horrified by some of the everyday things I see on county grounds. There are in several county teams cricketers who a few years ago would have been fortunate to receive invitations to take part in "Club and Ground" engagements. The problem which the Selection Committee is grappling with arises from the fact that nearly all our best players of the present moment are the "veterans." As I write, Geary heads the bowling averages; Freeman is by far our finest leg-break artist; Tate has just taken five wickets for 9 against Gloucestershire; Lancashire are losing matches for want of Ernest Tyldesley's science and reliability of nerve; Hendren is still the best of the Middlesex batsmen; Mead is ploughing a lonely furrow in the Hampshire XI of this summer; Woolley remains the country's greatest and loveliest forcing batsman; Sutcliffe played the longest innings in England's breakdown at Lord's last Tuesday.

"Give youth a chance!" is the current cry. It all depends on what you mean by youth, if players of under the age of 28 are implied, then frankness must be served and the truth stated that no team could be found to-day representing "youth" that would not be annihilated at sight by the following team of familiar faces—I give the ages in brackets: Sutcliffe (40), Wyatt (34), Woolley (48), Hendren (46), Cook (34), Barber (33), Wood (36), Tate (40), Geary (42), Freeman (46), and J. C. Clay (37).

Our best cricketers at the present time are not our youngest; but in Australia and South Africa the best cricketers are the youngest. We must look for the reason of this unnatural state of things. It is little use saying that not enough encouragement is given nowadays to young players. Every county club committee in the land will tell you that they are holding out their hands for fresh talent of notable promise. Up to a point, it can be found—and then it fails to develop; it stops short of greatness. A few years ago all of the following names promised distinguished work in the best company: Iddon, Barling, Gregory, Bakewell, Arnold, Cook, O'Connor, Perks, J. Cornford and Paynter. Why have they all "just missed it"?

I write these lines a few hours before the Selection Committee will publish the England XI for the Leeds Test match. I sincerely hope there will be no panic-stricken alterations. The trouble to-day is that it is possible to pick several moderate England teams, but not one good eleven. There are few cricketers anywhere who are Test match cricketers at sight, and beyond argument. But, curiously enough, I feel that at Lord's last week we touched bottom, and that in future there will be a change for the better. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. I have this year felt a new spirit in the air; I have enjoyed my cricket more than for many years past. And I have seen some new or next to new players who possess uncommon gifts, for example, Hardstaff, of Nottinghamshire; Fishlock, Dollery, Oldfield, of Lancashire; Hollies and G. F. H. Heane. Sims, of Middlesex, is not a "new" player; but I think we have yet to see the best of his leg-break bowling; he has gifts here far above the common valuation of them.

South Africa, of course, will take the field at Leeds a stronger team than ever before; no longer will they have to fight a feeling of inferiority. They are a combination far better than most of us suspected a week or two ago. And I do not think we have seen the best of their batting so far in the Test matches. Nourse has unaccountably failed to find proper form—and cannot go on failing for much longer. And Dalton is a splendid punishing batsman, who will make a noise one of these warm afternoons. The attack at Wade's call will be tested by the Leeds wicket; but it has variety and, best of all, accuracy of length. It will be hard to beat South Africa in three days, in circumstances fair of fortune to both sides.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ENGLAND FIELDING DURING THE TEST MATCH AGAINST SOUTH AFRICA ON THEIR LAST VISIT TO LEEDS IN 1929
*The players seen are, left to right, N. A. Quinn, Duckworth, Hendren, Hammond and Woolley. It is interesting to note that Hendren is still among the best of the Middlesex batsmen, while Woolley remains the country's greatest and loveliest forcing batsman*

# TEST MATCHES

## Will England Lose Another Rubber?

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

IT is all very well to say that the majority of people are glad the South Africans won the Lord's Test match. Personally I think it is high time we girded up our loins and came out on top in these Test contests. The last eleven of them, five against Australia, four against the West Indies and two against South Africa, have resulted in our winning two, losing five, and drawing four. We have lost the two completed rubbers against Australia and the West Indies, and unless we make a supreme effort we shall lose a third, with South Africa. We were beaten by the Australians and beaten by the West Indies. The first Test match v. the latter was, it may be remembered, an extraordinary one, during which no less than three declarations were made, England winning by four wickets. The second we lost to the last ball but one of the match by 217 runs, the third was a draw slightly in our favour, and the fourth we lost by an innings and 161 runs.

England was represented by a very strong side, with Wyatt, Hammond, Hendren, Leyland and Ames, regular Test match players, Farnes who played v. Australia twice, supported by Smith, whom many thought should have played for England at the Oval, and Paine who came out top of the bowling averages for 1934 with 156 wickets for 17 runs apiece, and who would in the absence of Verity probably have played in all five Test matches. Also Hollies, quite a class bowler. The other two players were Iddon, who had made 2,300 runs for Lancashire with an average of 55, and Townsend, a thoroughly sound player. No additional England players can make up the difference between the two defeats by 217 and by an innings and 161 runs.

Patsy Hendren will tell you that the West Indians beat us on their merits and that there were no excuses. They have in Constantine and Martindale easily the two best fast bowlers playing for any side to-day, and in Headley, and Sealey whom Hendren thinks is perhaps an even better bat than Headley, two batsmen of super calibre. The inevitable question arises "How good are the West Indians?" for unless you can gauge their standard as a side you cannot arrive at our own value. There is no doubt they are a far better side at home than over here, and had they been in England honours might perhaps have been easy. At least I thought so before the last Test match with South Africa, but I am not so sure about it now! If you admit that the West Indians are about our equals on a neutral ground, which they probably are, the order of rating is 1, Australia; 2, South Africa; 3, England and the West Indies.

If we lose the third Test match which opens at Leeds on the day these notes appear in print, we cannot win the rubber and are pretty sure to lose it, as the Oval match will be only a three-day one, and Wade will know how to deal with that proposition. What a crowd there will be at Headingley, and probably another eleven bottles of "pop" drunk in the pavilion by the team on Tuesday evening, or rather by their friends, because the players are mostly teetotallers. The most likely result, a drawn match, would mean no drawn corks.

I remember after our victory over Yorkshire in 1899 by an innings and a few runs, helping to drink a dozen of Clicquot in the Middlesex dressing room. "Plum" 150, and Albert Trott 164, were chief scorers in a considerable total of about 460, and "Alberto" had a second innings with the champagne of proportionate dimensions. When I left the premises he was offering to play Yorkshire single-handed.

But to return to the South Africans. Their triumph at Lord's, and it was a triumph, will assure them a huge financial success in any case, and Mr. Snooke need have no more anxiety on that account. Their share of the Test match will be about £3,500. With regard to the cricket, there is always a marked superiority in the cohesion of a visiting side over any local representative side whose members are necessarily drawn from different units—in our case from the first-class counties. When a fresh South African bowler goes on, the fieldsmen fall automatically into their respective places, and are only changed to suit the styles of the opposing batsmen. This can never happen to the English side over here, but that inevitable inferiority in cohesion is, for some inexplicable reason, more marked this year than usual.

The fact remains that the South Africans overcame the difficulties of the Lord's wicket, and our batsmen did not. Perhaps the leather-jackets, who are scientifically known to be of a most revengeful disposition, assisted the South African bowlers in some underhand, underground manner. Although they lost over a million slain in the March campaign, they can still call up nearly 500,000 from all parts of the ground to any point of assembly, and they might be able to cause a minor earthquake by some concerted subterranean movement, at any given point at a chosen moment. They lie only one inch under the surface.

# ROUND THE WICKETS

## Gloucestershire's Extraordinary Failure

IT was quite in accordance with the present perversity of English cricket that at the time when the Test Selectors were getting down to the task of choosing the side to meet the South Africans at Leeds to-day, several players who had not been chosen for the first two matches were busy showing better form in county matches than most of the players who had appeared in the English teams. Tate can still swing the ball with the best of the fast-medium bowlers on his day, and his five wickets for 9 runs in eight overs against Gloucestershire at Hove last Saturday must have made people think. Usually a good Hove wicket is full of runs, and any suggestion to the contrary to account for Gloucestershire's dismissal for 39 was soon dispelled when Sussex proceeded to run up 412 for three wickets. All the more credit, then, to Tate and to J. Cornford, who took five wickets for 28, the two bowling unchanged.

If Cornford had been an Australian, he would probably have made a name for himself by now, for Australians never neglect rising talent. I saw him when he first appeared for Sussex, looking every inch a second Tate, with a born gift for giving "devil" to the ball from the pitch. If he could only learn, as Tate did, how to make the best use of his advantages, he might walk into the England team.

Cook is another Sussex player whose selection for England would not surprise anyone. His 121 not out against Gloucestershire last Saturday was a convincing hint to the Selectors, especially as he is a rattling good field. Then there was Hardstaff, of Notts, following up a fine innings of 123 not out against Leicestershire, with 154 against the South Africans—a knock on the Selectors' door loud enough to be answered. He was at home with all the South African bowlers, who were out in full array—Crisp, Bell, Dalton, Langton, Mitchell and Balaskas. At Colchester the pace bowlers Nichols, of Essex, and Clark, of Northamptonshire, were in opposition, and Clark came out with the better performance—six wickets for 30 against four for 40. This was a day of triumph for bowlers of pace, for Read helped Nichols to dismiss Northants for 159, and Matthews was almost as deadly as Clark, taking four wickets for 22 in dismissing Essex for 60.

It is one of the advantages—or disadvantages, according to outlook—of county sides which have no recognised home ground, but play their home matches on a series of grounds that they are constantly encountering wickets of different character. Kent wickets usually have one general characteristic in that they give a slow bowler a chance to exploit his skill, but the wickets on Essex grounds vary a great deal, and more often suit faster bowlers than slow. Colchester has been a fast bowlers' joy this year, and in the first match there Bowes, of Yorkshire, added ten wickets for 77 to his sixteen for 35 against Northamptonshire at Kettering—a week's work that provides its own retort to his being dropped for the Test match at Lord's.

Yet another player to emphasise his Test claims last Saturday was Barber, of Yorkshire, whose 255 against Surrey at Sheffield demonstrated not only his powers of versatile batting, but his typical Yorkshire ruthlessness and endurance in rubbing in an advantage. Surrey bowling is admittedly not great, but it is not despicable, with Gover, E. R. T. Holmes, H. M. Garland-Wells, Watts, Gregory and Whitfield. But Barber was on top of it from the first and kept on top for five and a half hours. As Barber has scored well over a thousand runs this season and is high up in the averages, he has as strong claims as anyone for a Test team. Woolley, too, has been very effectually preaching the gospel of eternal youth in batting. It is amazing to think that the great left-hander was playing for England before the war—nearly a quarter of a century ago. Yet here he is scoring his thousand runs again and batting with a fluency and power still unequalled by any other left-hander, except perhaps Smith, of Derbyshire. He would certainly not be out of place in a Test match now—especially in a three-day Test match—but for the difficulty of placing him in the field, for he has inevitably lost the quickness which was so dynamically demonstrated when at Lord's against the Australians he held two catches in the slips such as only he could have reached and held.

Derbyshire deserve some sympathy on the ill-fortune which deprived them of their two chief bowlers, Copson and Mitchell, through injury at a time when they needed all their resources to resist the challenge of Yorkshire for the leadership of the County Championship. They forced a very good win against Notts, when the two Popes rose to the occasion in bowling, Worthington and Storer carried the side on their shoulders in batting in the first innings, and Smith set a fine example of aggressive batting in the second. But in the next match, at Chesterfield, the limitations in bowling without Copson and Mitchell proved a great handicap against Surrey and E. R. T. Holmes, who got completely out of hand in scoring 206 out of a total of 430. Even so Derbyshire might have won except for rain, for, left to get 351, they scored 150 for one wicket, Smith again distinguishing himself and completing his thousand runs for the season. This match cost Derbyshire their place at the top of the Championship table, Yorkshire taking it by virtue of a win over Essex.

With reference to the incident, to which I referred recently, when Lee, of Somerset, ran out Storer after missing a catch, Mr. H. D. Corbet writes from Shrewsbury: "May I supplement your notice of Storer's run out? It occurred in an Eton v. Winchester match at Eton, somewhere about 1890. Eton batting, represented by the last hope of the side and a rabbit. The latter soon sent a very easy catch to cover; on the principle of always run for a catch, the two batsmen began to stroll between the wickets. The catch was so easy that a child could have held it, let alone a boy in a great Public School eleven. But cover was a quick thinker; he let the catch through his hands, picked up the ball in a flash, threw straight to the stumper, and the strolling last hope was run out by some yards. I was at Eton at the time and was an eye-witness of the brain wave."

The progress of Glamorgan continues, and the way in which they beat Hampshire last week, although Hampshire are fair game for anyone this season, was one more instance of their lively spirit. In a dashing innings of 109 not out Smart scored 32 in one over from Hill—6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. I imagine that this must be a record for a six-ball over in first-class cricket. At any rate, I can find no instance recorded of its being beaten or even equalled, the nearest being an over of eight balls (including two no-balls) in which E. Alletson, the famous old Notts hitter, scored 34 against Sussex at Brighton in 1911. His hits were 4, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 6. In other than first-class cricket, Smart's score has actually been beaten. I have two records of 36 runs in one over—by W. H. Caldecourt, for Watford v. Hertfordshire in 1900, and L. Hawkins for Millfield v. Aberdare, New South Wales, in 1910.

To miss a catch offered by Bruce Mitchell is usually an expensive error, and this proved the case in the match between the South Africans and Notts. Mitchell was missed early in his innings on Saturday, and on Monday went on to score 142 out of a total of 496 for seven. Wade, too, found little difficulty in facing Larwood and Voce, and was not out 150 when stumps were drawn. If this form is anything to go by it looks as though the England bowlers will need all their skill at Leeds to-day, for both Nourse and Dalton also found the Notts bowling to their liking.

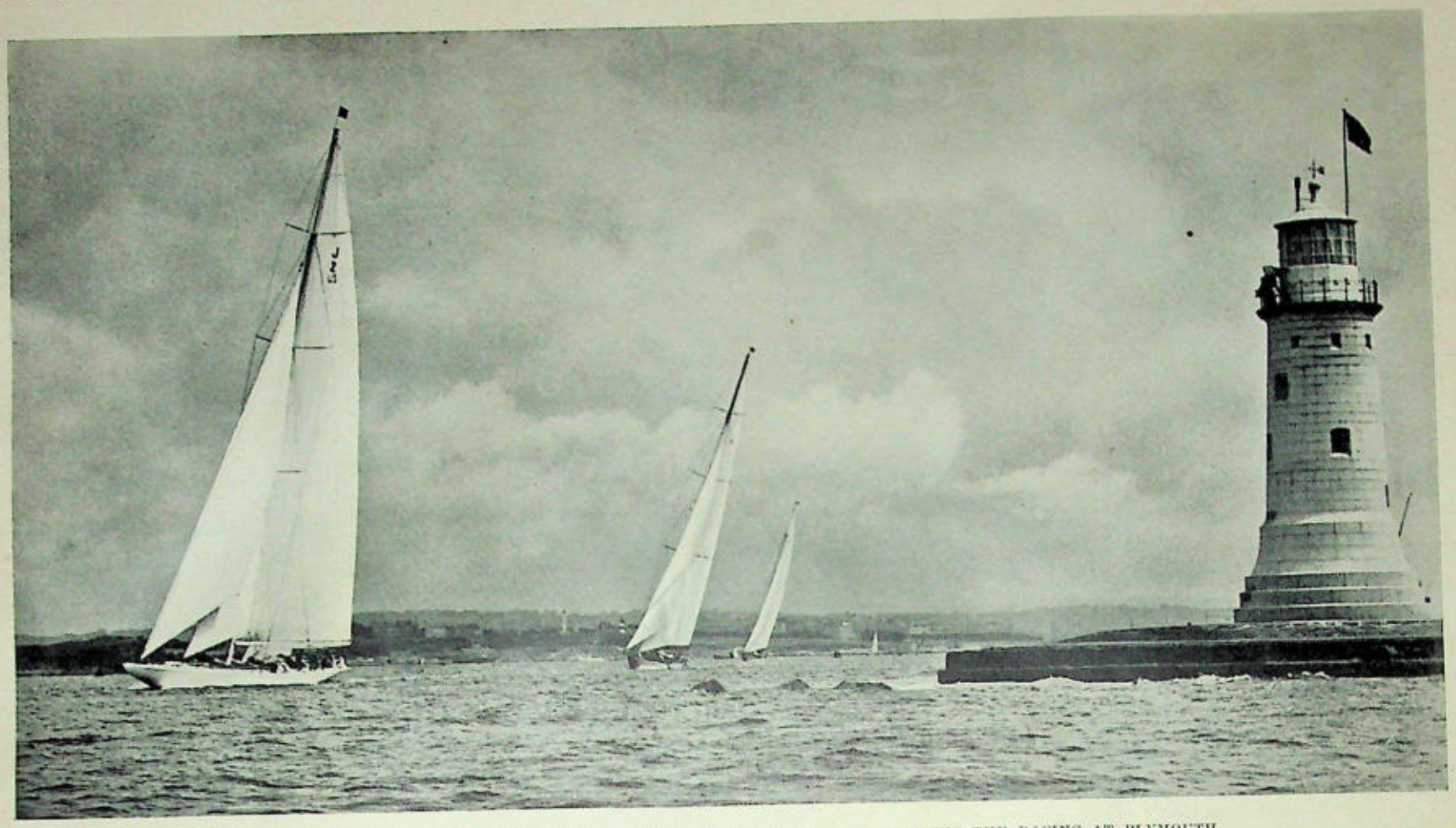
F. I. W.

# CRICKET AT THE SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 74)

### GLENALMOND

The XI has been gravely handicapped by the weather this term. We were left with six old colours. G. M. Milne, the captain, is an excellent wicket-keeper and a determined batsman. J. M. Gregoire, the secretary, has not quite recaptured his form as a bowler yet, but he has batted well at times on difficult wickets. The other batsmen have not settled down properly, but, with the weather improving, there are clear signs of better things to come. I. McDowall, a fast-medium bowler, has come on well lately, and the other bowlers are now finding a better length. The fielding has so far been the best thing about the side, it is always keen and quick, and the throwing is first rate. Glasgow Academy defeated us narrowly in a good game. Our batting failed against George Watson's College. We just defeated Fettes in a very exciting match, but our batting again broke down against Edinburgh Academy. The Merchiston and Loretto matches are still to be played.



YANKEE PASSING THE BREAKWATER LIGHTHOUSE AND LEADING ASTRA DURING THE RACING AT PLYMOUTH

# FORM AMONG THE BIG BOATS

## Yankee Warms Up to Her Work

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THUS early in the season there is usually every argument against any attempt at commenting on the form and showing of the class racing fleet. Nevertheless, considering that the majority have now had the opportunity of trying each other's paces at some seven regattas there is a little material to work upon. In any case, it is always interesting, as the season develops, to see how right—or how wrong—early comments can be.

So far it cannot be said that it has been an inspiring season, but the cause of this lies in the weather rather than in the ships. The opening matches at Harwich were sailed in comparatively light weather—the sort of breezes more usually associated with Newport, Rhode Island, matches than with the Thames Estuary. Then came Southend and Dover with the best part of a yachtsman's gale of wind; after that, Solent weather at Lymington and Yarmouth, though a puffy and uncertain wind at that; then more flukes off the West Country ports. A goodly variety in all conscience, but a little trying on owners who want to harden in their ships early.

Even when faced with such diverse weather conditions, however, certain facts seem to stand out fairly clearly from this first month of class racing. In the first place, Velsheda is like a new ship; obviously, the alterations carried out on her during the winter have made a vast difference to her speed and to her handling. This was noticeable even at the opening Harwich meeting and now, with nine starts to her credit, she has amassed a first, three seconds and two thirds, so it looks as if the improvement is likely to be consistent. Endeavour is being well handled, and is showing herself to be the fast ship she is. With nine starts she has collected four firsts, a second and a third—giving up on the second day at Harwich, and being dismasted at Southend.

Incidentally, Endeavour has managed to pick up at least one American wrinkle on her travels. At Harwich she was using her spinnaker as a balloon headsail: set with a long sheet, and with the gooseneck high up on the mast it parachuted a long way out beyond the stem head. This makes an attractive picture, but the effectiveness of the manœuvre is somewhat open to doubt on some occasions. Talking of sails, nothing was more noticeable at Harwich than the varied head canvas of the J's: there were double-clewed jibs, and Yankee jib topsails, and Astra appeared in the traditional three-sail-suit of jib, jib topsail and staysail.

Actually, beyond revealing the improvement wrought in Velsheda, the Harwich meeting indicated nothing of the future. At Southend, however, Yankee joined the fleet, and excitement began with the first race. Much has been said and written of that hard-weather race in which Endeavour was dismasted, and Astra had the misfortune to lose a man, and Velsheda stood over towards Endeavour, and Yankee was the first home. To read some of the general Press comments on the race was to assume that Yankee's win resulted largely from Endeavour's dismasting—but nothing is further from the actual facts. Yankee deserved that win, for her tactics from the West Oaze buoy to the Mouse lightship were above reproach; at the Mouse she snatched a well-deserved lead and the rest of the race, all other things being equal, would have been hers. Whether it was luck or whether it was shrewd seamanlike intuition, one cannot tell—but from the buoy to the lightship the American sloop was on the right gybe and the British yachts on the wrong gybe; Yankee had an advantage at the critical moment, whereas the troubles which afterwards beset the other J's arose in the gybe.

After just the one race day at Southend the weather interfered and the majority of the racing fleet scudded across the Estuary to the shelter of the Medway. The weather continued to pipe up; the Nore to Dover Race had to be cancelled—and this raises another point. It can always be argued that the risk of damage is great in bad weather, and that it is not quite fair to expect owners to face such risks at the beginning of a season. On the other hand, it is absurd to suggest that yachts of the size of the J class are not fit to race round the Forelands in a really hard breeze of wind.

In a bygone decade the royal cutter has struck and housed her topmast, shortened her canvas, and foamed her way across the Channel in weather every bit as bad as that experienced during the Whitsun week-end. If, therefore, Marconi masting is responsible for the changed order of things it suggests that much has to be learnt—and quickly—of the secure staying of such spars. As for canvas problems: if reefing is considered disastrous what is wrong with storm canvas and trysails?

At Dover the Cross-Channel match was also cancelled—but on account of the light thundery weather this time—and an alternative inshore 20-mile course was sailed. With the fleet reduced to only Velsheda, Shamrock and Yankee, however, much of the interest had vanished, however, and Yankee's sudden eclipse, for she only came in third, was scarcely noticed generally. It would seem in fact that after her Southend effort Yankee lost fire, for not until the second day at Falmouth at the end of the month did she again get a "first" gun. Many and varied are the reasons which "uninstructed criticism" has put forward to explain this: her keel was bent, her centre plate was jammed, her mast staying was weak, and so on.

Much more likely, however, as an explanation is that she finds herself sailing in strange conditions, hampered by the exacting circumstances of a large fleet in close waters. As to her sailing, she seems to lose ground when sailing to windward in puffy winds and her masters do not yet seem quite to have "got the hang" of our waters and the habits these waters impose. For instance, at Yarmouth Yankee was well beaten—on the windward turn. She carried a Genoa jib when turning in short tacks against the tidal stream—and, of course, the loss of distance as the huge sail was pulled across with each short tack was considerable.

Actually, even without the handicap which a Genoa jib must be under such conditions, Yankee does not seem to be as good as the English J's when pushing over a foul stream. There may, of course, be some truth in the mast story, for before the Falmouth meeting, where the American got his second first of the season, Yankee had had her mast staying reviewed, and a new Park Avenue boom fitted—but I, for one, perfer to trace her misfortunes to the genius *loci* of British waters. Personally, I think she has now got over her growing pains and will, from now onward, be a very formidable antagonist. And if, as is being suggested, she remains for another season in our waters, next year should see some desperately hard matches.

Britannia's performance during June cannot fail to have been a disappointment to many. Not until the Yarmouth fixture did she join the racing fleet and, after that, in five starts gave up three times and was fourth twice. At Fowey, where there was a breeze, there was also a long swell; at Falmouth the winds were puffy and fluky, and Britannia found the light airs. It really seems as if the efforts to improve her "light airs speed" have not been very successful—at least so far.

And so the J's enter upon July well blooded. Endeavour and Velsheda between them share the honours so far, with Endeavour very fast and very well handled, and with Velsheda improving at every fixture and her designer handling his creation. Britannia is well behind—although she has already soundly beaten Yankee on one occasion without calling upon her time allowance; Yankee has been a little disappointing, but seems, at Falmouth, to have shaken herself free once again.

July and August should string this fleet out in its final order and it seems that this will probably be Endeavour, Velsheda, Yankee. But these J's do love the Solent. Not content with skipping the Clyde and Northern meetings, even when they were down in the West Country, they gave a wide berth to Mounts Bay. There must be a banshee on the Craig and on the Mount which frightens them.

WINDSOR LAD *W. A. Rouch*

*A strong fancy for the Eclipse Stakes. The son of Blandford and Resplendent will find plenty of formidable opposition in the Sandown Park race*

# NEWMARKET'S ENTERPRISE

## The Jockey Club Policy and its Results

THE new stands on the July course at Newmarket were greatly appreciated last week, and the accommodation they provide was not too great for the big crowds attracted to the meeting. Taken all round, it was one of the most successful July fixtures ever held. The policy of the Jockey Club in contributing substantial cash to several races which formerly carried no added money has already had excellent results.

Until this year owners had to put up £50 to run for the July Stakes, with a forfeit of £30, not a shilling being added by the Race Fund. This time the subscription was reduced to £20, with a forfeit of £5, and the Jockey Club gave £1,000. Thus there was an entry of 118 as against 44 last year, and the field was satisfactory.

Curiously enough, success rested with the extreme outsider of the six competitors. The brilliant show made by Sir George Bullough's Daytona took everyone by surprise, including his trainer, Mr. Jack Jarvis, who was under the impression that the colt needed more time. But Daytona was not too backward to settle Malplaquet and other fancied rivals.

What is this colt likely to do when he has really settled down? For the time being we must mark him down as one of the most promising of his age. A chesnut with a good deal of white about him, he favours his grandsire Hurry On rather than his sire Fairway. He comes from that good mare Grande Vitesse, who was third in the Oaks, and there seems no reason why he should not train on well.

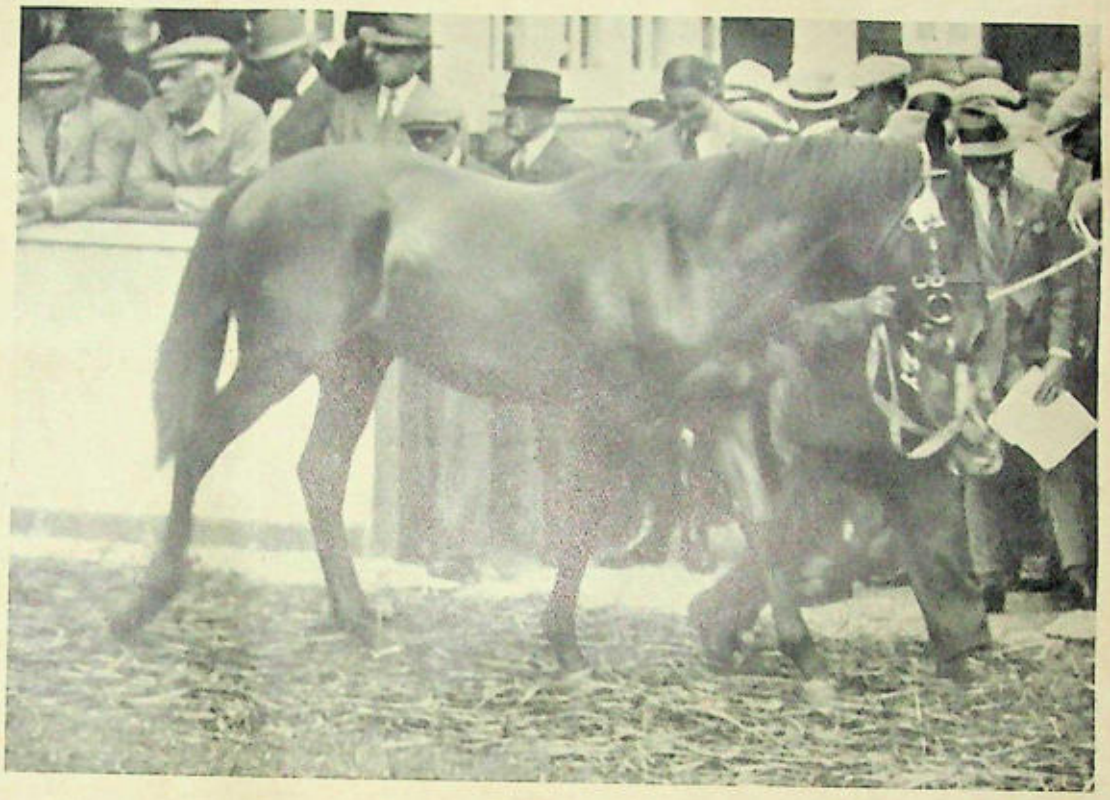
It was a good week for the stock of Fairway, the success of Daytona being followed by that of Fairbairn in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, in which Colonel Giles Loder's colt made full use of his important advantage in the weights. And then, on the last day of the meeting, Bunker and Tideway both scored for Fairway. These were two of the three consecutive winners owned by Lord Derby. This treble, in which Shining Tor played a part, was probably unique in the annals of Newmarket racing.

Incidentally, Bobsleigh has now returned to Stanley House after having been turned out for two or three weeks, and it is hoped that no further trouble will be encountered with the colt. Mr. C. Leader has the task of beginning to train him all over again, and it must necessarily be doubtful whether he can get him ready in time for the St. Leger. At all events, it is good to know that we shall probably see Bobsleigh in action again in the autumn campaign, and if all goes well with him he will remain in training next season.

Following the Second July Meeting next week comes the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. Windsor Lad's only reverse since his two-year-old days was sustained in this race twelve months ago, and there was a widespread opinion that he was an unlucky loser. Now he has the opportunity of making amends for that failure. He will not be without formidable opposition. This will include the Beckhampton three-year-old Fair Trial, winner of the two races he has competed for so far.

A MANTON CANDIDATE FOR SANDOWN *W. A. Rouch*

*Field Trial (Felstead—Popingaol), which may carry Lord Astor's "light blue and pink sash jacket" in the Eclipse Stakes*



IN THE NEWMARKET SALE RING

*Prices were fairly maintained at the first July Sales, and here may be seen the colt by Cameronian from Micmac for which Mr. J. A. Dewar paid 4,200 guineas*

# BLOODSTOCK IN DEMAND

## Features of the First July Sales

BLOODSTOCK values maintained a most satisfactory level at the Newmarket First July Sales, and breeders who have well-bred and well-made yearlings to offer at Doncaster need not fear for the result. Last week's aggregate showed a considerable advance on those of a year ago. It soon became evident that any yearling of attractive pedigree, reasonable size, and good limbs would not be easy to buy. For youngsters of apparent class the bidding was invariably keen.

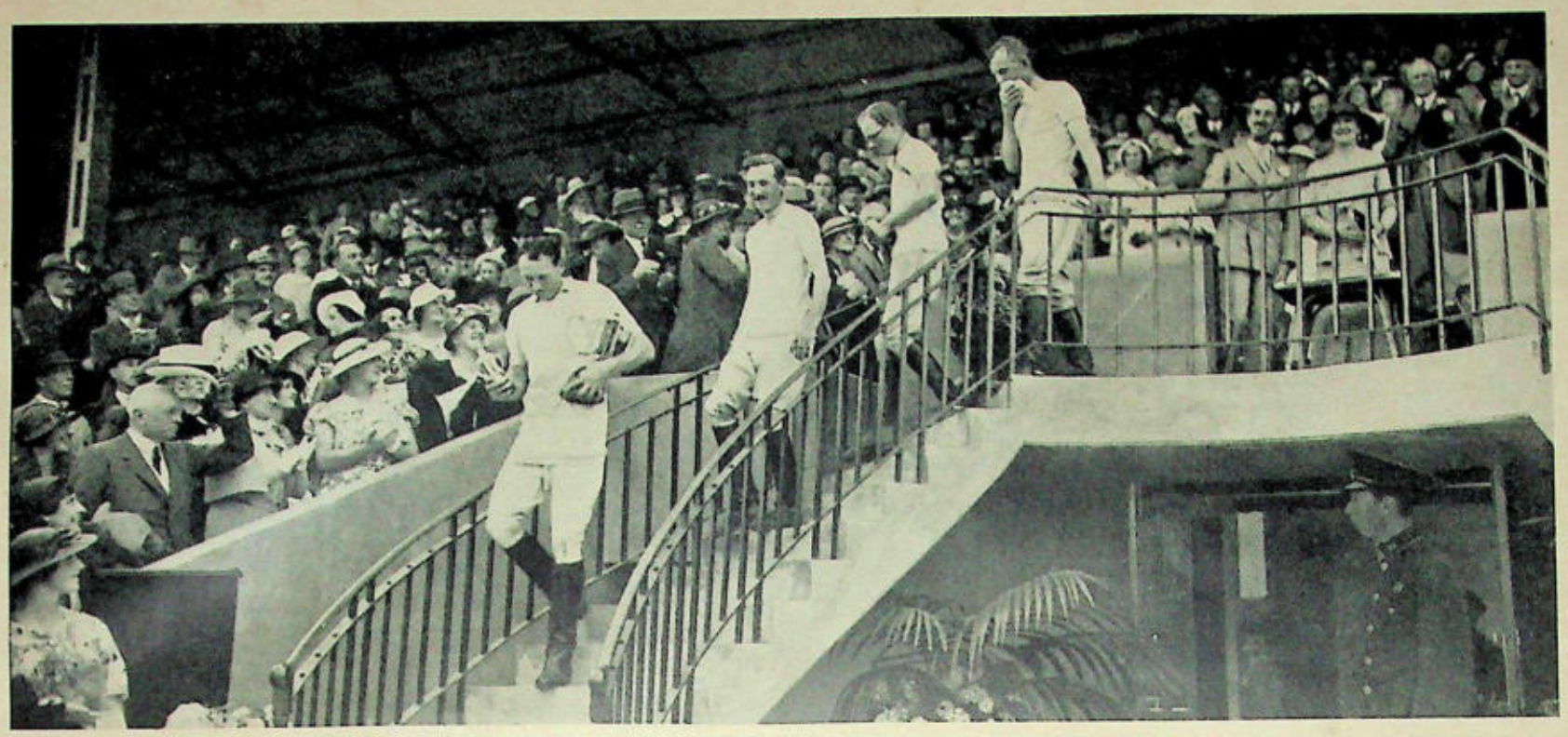
As the champion sire it was appropriate that Blandford should be credited with the highest figure of the week. All the critics approved of his bay filly from Endowment. Not only does she come from a family which produces its share of good winners every season, but the filly is herself so well put together that she can be described as "certain to race." Taking also into account her value for the paddocks, she ought not to be dear even at 5,000gs. to the Aga Khan, who disposed of six yearlings of his own breeding during the week.

The other Blandford yearling at these sales was a filly out of Tilia, the dam of a number of winners. It was rather against her that she is an exceptionally late foal. On the other hand, her brother Malplaquet is one of the best of the Beckhampton two-year-olds, and no doubt this grey filly will prove to be well worth the 3,100gs. at which she went into Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort's stable. The same trainer bought another out of the National Stud at 3,200gs. in the Fairway—Savona colt, who is so typical of the best of his sire's progeny that he should turn out one of the bargains of the week.

Fairway's stock are increasing in reputation every week, and the future leadership of the stallions appears to be marked out for him. One was glad to see the National Stud with an average of 1,615gs. for its twelve yearlings sold at Newmarket, and they would have done even better but for the prejudice to the stock of Diligence which has grown up. "People complain about the Diligences," remarked the Manton trainer; "all I can say is that I have had two of his stock and they did well." The Diligence colt out of Denver (sister to Figaro) was bought for this stable, which also secured the National Stud's Bosworth colt out of Lioness for 3,200gs.

Lord Ellesmere was delighted to see the first two yearlings by Lemnarchus to come into the sale-ring fetch good prices, and Mr. Dewar must have been gratified by the interest taken in Cameronian's colt from Micmac. Taking a great liking to the colt himself, he bought him for 4,200gs. Other notable prices of the week were 3,200gs. for the Fairway—Ciliata colt, who goes into Mr. H. Cottrill's stable, 3,800gs. for the Bosworth—Verdict colt, who was secured by Lord Nunburnholme, and 4,000gs. for the grandly-made Foxlaw—Dame Caution filly, purchased by Mrs. Corlette Glorney.

Altogether a highly successful and encouraging auction, and another reminder that the bloodstock breeding industry has made a splendid recovery in spite of the fact that Continental owners continue to be relatively inactive.



THE REWARD OF A WELL-EARNED VICTORY

*The 3rd Brigade R.H.A. side leaving the new Hurlingham stands after receiving the Inter-Regimental Cup from* **Lady Montgomery-Massingberd.** *Left to right may be seen Major J. C. Campbell, Captain B. J. Fowler, Mr. G. P. Gregson, and Mr. H. W. L. Cowan*

# THE FIFTIETH INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT

## Keen Play Results in a Narrow Win for the R.H.A.

PRELIMINARY ties are now stale news. The shocks of early victories and defeats are almost forgotten except to those most intimately connected with them. Who in those early days imagined that the 9th Lancers would defeat the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards? Was it not a surprise to see the 3rd Brigade R.H.A. defeat the Bays? The convincing victory of the Inniskillings over last year's winners, the 7th Hussars, was unexpected and, lastly, the rout of the Scots Greys by the 15th/19th Hussars was the biggest upset of all.

The Greys, stationed as they are in Edinburgh, are handicapped by lack of competition; when they came to London rain hampered their practice. On the day they were outplayed and—what is more remarkable still—outponied by the 15th/19th Hussars, who rode their men and played good polo.

Now, to the events of this week. The Inniskillings had an easy victory over the Life Guards, as was fully anticipated, but the latter were by no means disgraced and made their far higher-handicapped opponents gallop all the way.

The first semi-final, 12th Lancers v. 15th/19th Hussars, was generally looked upon as the critical match of those who still survived. It was certainly a game of thrills. Until the fourth chukker the two teams scored goal for goal; play was sticky with the 15th/19th holding the upper hand: they seemed to take the initiative in all movements, and had their shooting been more accurate the score at the commencement of the fifth chukker would have been more than the 6—3 in their favour. Then suddenly without a word of warning the 12th got into their stride and showed a glimpse of the form which they had displayed against Kashmir at Norton in the spring, and again in the Whitney Cup at Roehampton which, with a bit of luck, they might have won. For a few minutes they were irresistible, carrying all before them, and playing the grand up-and-down game "all out" beloved by players and spectators alike. In this short space of time they hit three brilliant goals, and the scores were level. Just before the conclusion of the chukker the 15th, nothing daunted by this terrific onslaught, scored and once more got their heads in front, 7—6. They then proceeded to get another at the commencement of the sixth chukker, which appeared to put them in a fairly safe position, but the 12th returned to the attack, got two goals and, when the ball eventually hit the boards, the score read 8-all.

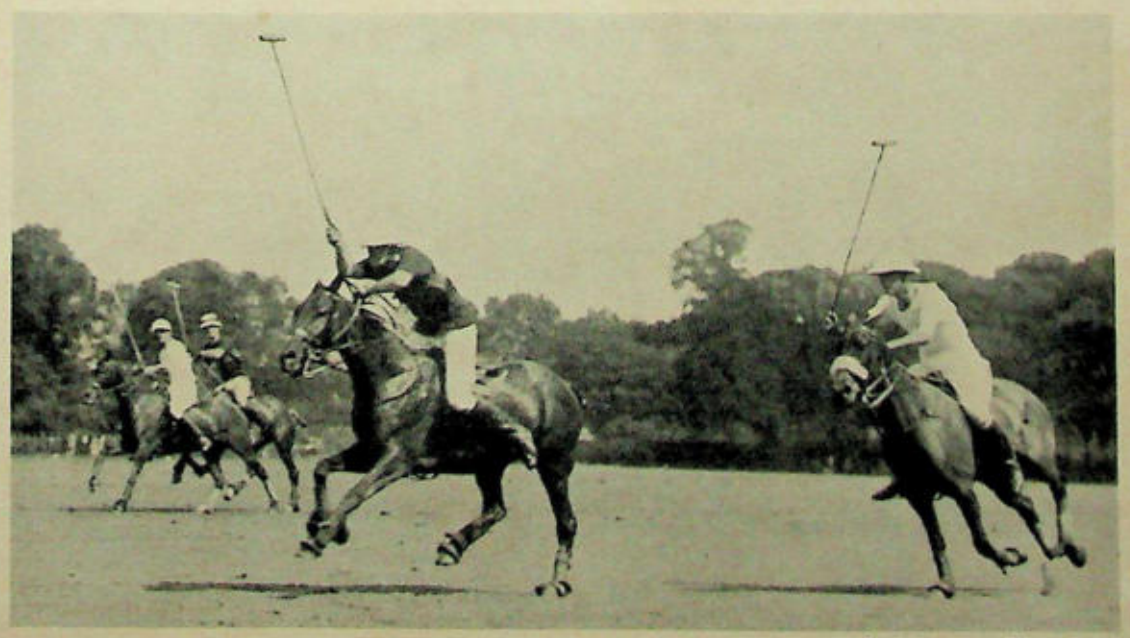
The seventh and extra chukker very nearly ran its full course before a decision was reached. The 12th had their chances, one of which at least they seemed to throw away, but in moments of tension like this anything may happen, and there was a real Hussar-like roar when Captain Hinde eventually put the result beyond doubt. Major Leaf and Mr. Kidston were the two best mounted men; both were prominent for their respective sides; the former played a very fine game but missed goals. The latter made the most of his chances, picked up the ball well, and his hitting especially on the near side was good; his grey pony seemed to be taking hold a bit, but was very fast. Captain Hinde was, perhaps, the best player on the ground, and had it not been for one very slow pony would certainly have been. Mr. Moon and Major Arnott both came out of the ordeal with credit.

Major McCreery and Mr. Horsbrugh Porter were rather disappointing. To onlookers it appeared as if they would do so much better if they changed places. The hero of the match was Mr. Hobson who, for a young player, put up a remarkably fine performance. He kept cool and collected and dealt with each situation as it arose like an old hand. His hitting all round his pony was good.

The second semi-final—3rd Brigade R.H.A. versus 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, which was confidently expected to be another struggle, developed into an uninspiring game. The Inniskillings appeared to be mesmerised by Captain Fowler, who juggled with the ball and scored most of the goals. Major Campbell was a tower of strength both in defence and attack. He is a fine player, whilst Messrs. Gregson and Cowan did their share nobly. Mr. Gregson was obviously in pain as the result of an accident; we understand it was only at the last moment that his doctor allowed him to play, and he was forced to retire from the contest after the fourth chukker, his place being taken by Captain C. H. M. Brunker.

The 3rd Brigade R.H.A. defeated the 15th/19th in the final and won the 50th Inter-Regimental tournament—a great triumph for the Gunners, who have had to fight their way through five ties. They only just beat their brother officers—the 19th Field Brigade R.A.—5–4 after extra time.

The final was a great struggle and needed an extra chukker before a decision could be reached. The Gunners thoroughly deserved their victory. Major J. Campbell was the outstanding player on the field and dominated the game, the next best being Major Leaf, who did an enormous amount of work. It is not individuals, however, but teams who win tournaments. It was anybody's game in the last chukker, but on the day's play the best team won. The result has been nearly as big a surprise as the 7th Hussars' victory last year.



*W. A. Rouch*

FAST PLAY IN THE INTER-REGIMENTAL

*Captain W. R. Hinde, of the 15th/19th Hussars, on left, racing for the ball with Mr. H. W. L. Cowan, of the 3rd Brigade R.H.A., in hot pursuit. After an extra chukker had been played, the Gunners beat the Hussars by the narrow margin of five goals to four*

# HORSE AND HOUND AT ALDERSHOT

## The Hampshire Repeat Previous Successes

AT the Aldershot Show last week there were eight hunter classes, all with excellent entries, three each for novices and seniors, and two for ladies' hunters ridden side-saddle, of which one was confined to the Command. Of the seniors, Bally Martin scored decisively for his new owner in the middle-weight class over Mr. John Darby's Tarzan and Mrs. Stanley Barratt's Musket, and then went on to win the challenge cup presented by the Royal Automobile Club for the best hunter in the show, the reserve ribbon going to his former stable companion, Mr. Hindley's big chesnut Golden Rain, who had an easy win in the heavy-weights, but somewhat lacks the quality and grace of Bally Martin.

Of the light-weights, Mr. J. V. Rank's promising young brown horse, Ballymonis, by Santavon, had the beating in that order of Miss Sybil Harker's chesnut, Park Lane, and Majestic, another brown, belonging to Sir John Leigh, M.P. In the open class for ladies' hunters, Park Lane defeated Mrs. Stanley Barratt's Middleton, last year's Aldershot champion, and Majestic for prize money; and Wonder Bar won both hack classes for Miss Jill Hermon-Erriman. Of the novice hunters, Crusader, a chesnut gelding of good type by Hopeful Batchelor, shown by Major E. C. Bowes, was the winning weight-carrier; Mr. A. MacIlwaine's black horse, The Scot, headed the middle-weights; and Mr. Horace Smith on the Holyport bay, Minstrel, gained first prize in a strong class of light-weights. Lieutenant G. Dollar, 3rd Dragoon Guards, who won the King's Challenge Cup for the best horse in the Aldershot Command with Viking III, was successful last year with Sea Shore, who in the class for officers' chargers, open to the world, was now placed second to Air Mail, the property of General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, the Commander-in-Chief and President of the show.

At the Foxhound Show entries from eight packs were judged by Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H., and Captain H. A. Jaffray, M.F.H. It was a red letter day for the H.H. and Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, as they won the doghound championship with their Dashwood, by Oakley Gordon ('31), and the bitch hound championship with Rarity, who gained Colonel Wharton's champion cup at Peterborough. Though Cattistock Bagshot and Banbury were preferred to Hampshire Dashwood and Galloway in the unentered class, the winners are by H.H. Baltimore ('32). Hampshire Calendar and Handful were accounted the best entered couple of doghounds to beat Cattistock Batcombe and Actuary, and they subsequently took first and second prizes respectively in the stallion hound class. Hampshire Rarity and Harpy were the best couple of entered bitch hounds; and Rarity was the best brood bitch as well as champion.

In the novice class, with an entry of six couples of bitch hounds, Essex Union, one-season Woodlark, and Fortune, by Cheshire Cracksman ('30), were good winners; and Arthur Webster is fortunate in having a nice lot of promising young hounds by this sire in his pack ready for the coming season. Stevenstone Chorister and Paladin were the best doghound novice couple, and Craven took second prizes in both cases.

Eleven packs were represented at the Beagle Show. Of the doghounds, Stoke Hill Rallywood and Neptune were the best novice couple, with West Surrey Fiddler and Solomon second. Wolverston Ringwood was the best unentered hound, their Harper was the winning stallion hound, and their Rebel won the championship, with Christ Church Marker reserve. Previously Marker, in company with his litter brother Marksman, by Major Birkbeck's Mecury ('29), had beaten Wolverston Rebel and Reaper, by Limbourne Gambler ('28), as the best entered couple.

In the bitch-hound section West Surrey Starlight and Stylish were the best novice couple, second prize going to Isle of Wight Graphic and Saucy. Christ Church Fancy was the best unentered bitch hound, and in combination with Patience took first prize for unentered couples, with New Forest Wishful and Winsome second. Christ Church Hopeful and Manifest were the best entered couple, with Woverston Remedy and Rusty second; but in the class for two couples entered or unentered, Wolverston turned the tables with the addition of Priestess and Rachel, of whom Priestess was selected as being the best brood bitch. The Old Berkeley had to wait for their reward until the end, when their Lawless was deservedly awarded the champion prize for the best beagle bitch hound in the show.

PALAFOX.

THE NEW UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE, WEIGHING ROOM AND OFFICES AT SANDOWN PARK

# "STATELY" SANDOWN

## A Story of Sixty Years of Progress

AT one period the racecourses around London did not enjoy the most enviable of reputations. To put the matter quite plainly, many of them were hot-beds of villainy, where strange and weird happenings took place. There was even a meeting at Streatham, where the horses went round and round a course about the size of a dinner plate; while at Egham and other meetings it was no strange thing for the judge's box to be turned over if he gave his verdict to some animal that the "boys" had not backed. I believe, too, at one of these meetings the judge's golden watch was stolen, and he threatened to have racing stopped till it was returned. And it was with many profuse apologies! This state of affairs—it may make amusing reading at this time but actually in that epoch in which it occured must have been very discomforting at that time—was changed when Sandown Park was opened, and was the first of the "enclosed" meetings that so incensed Admiral Rous.

That was in 1875, and as a harbinger for the improved conditions of modern racing, the meeting was a success from its inception. One would be disposed to regard Sandown in the same category as one does Ascot and Goodwood and Doncaster. This is especially so from a social point of view, and from a sporting outlook it is *nulli secundus* especially in the value of stakes, quality and class of competitors and other general features—the Eclipse Stakes, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, not to speak of the many valuable handicaps which carry much weight in the Turf world. And is not Sandown always referred to as the "soldiers' own meeting," and is not the Grand Military one of the best in all the year?

Lying some fourteen miles from London, at Esher, in beautiful Surrey scenery, the course is a round one, slightly over a mile and five furlongs, and there is also a five-furlong two-year-old track. The race for the Eclipse Stakes is run over one-and-a-quarter miles, the starting gate being situated at the top left-hand corner of the round course. This famous race was started in 1886, and is one of the few "ten-thousand pounders" to be found in the *Racing Calendar*. The going is always good at Sandown, for the undersoil is very largely "Bagshot" sand; the course lies about 120ft. above sea-level. Owing to the percolative nature of the subsoil and the abundant growth of fine springy turf it takes a long and continous spell of frost to put any bone into the ground, so it is, as I have said, always fair going at Sandown even in bad weather.

I have heard the opinion expressed that the conformation of Sandown is rather spoiled by the horse-shoe segment, but this is not fair, for Sandown will generally get the best out of any horse, be it flat racer or steeplechaser, and the large fields which are seen at nearly every meeting go far to prove this. Not that Sandown is a very severe course, but a very fair one, and in races of a mile it is possible that high numbers might have some advantage. In these races the first three furlongs is on a continuous right-hand bend, which increases in severity as the start for the Eclipse course is approached. On the top of the course there is an arm of about a furlong in length, at the end of which is a gate for mile races which start on slightly falling ground. This arm joins the Eclipse course before the bend, and the five-furlong course, which starts at the right-hand end of the course, is followed by a rise and then a fall during the first 600yds. The remainder of the course is practically flat and nicely graduated, and fields generally keep to the far side of it, which may offer some advantage to runners, though probably not very much.

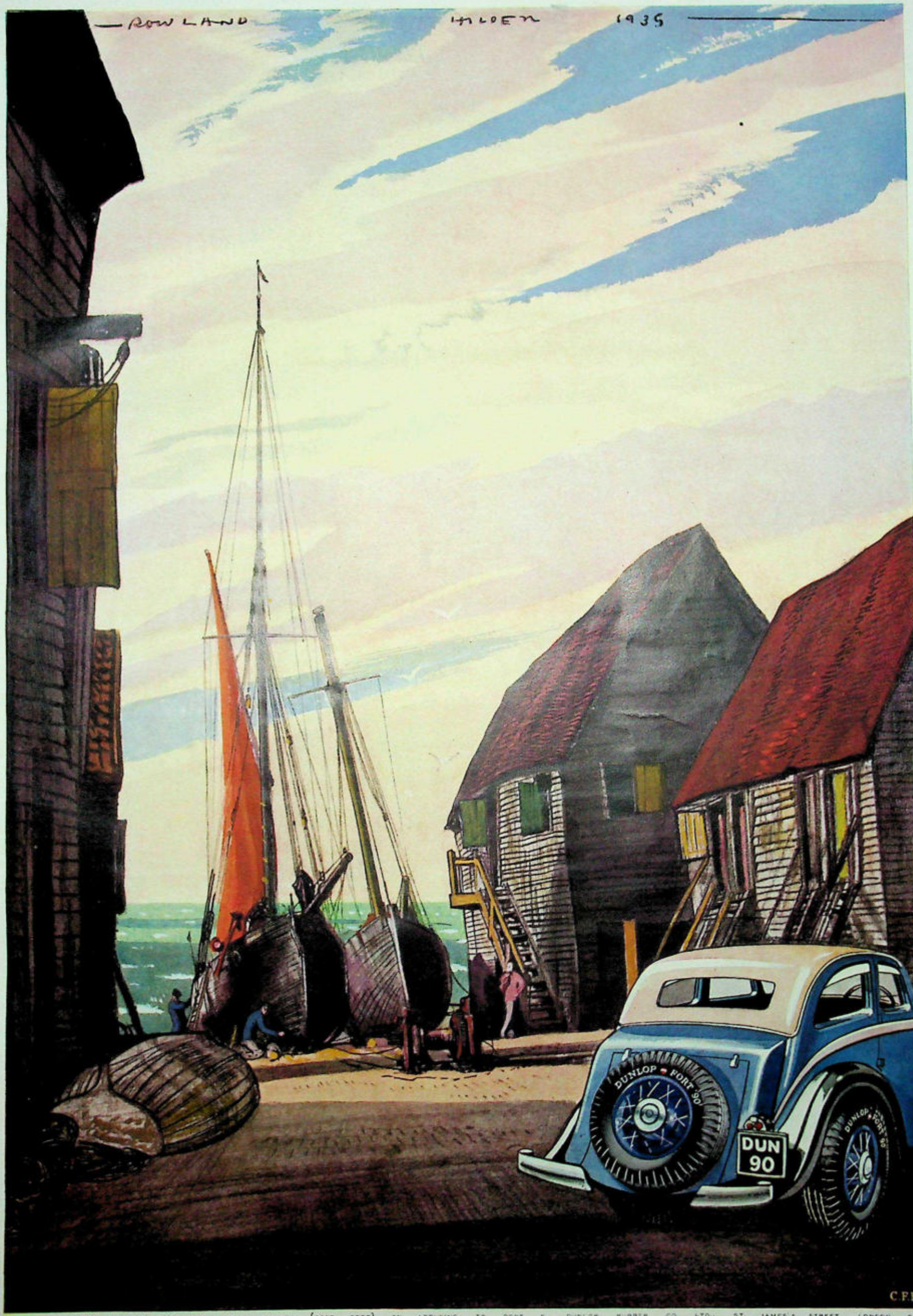
The run in is one of the longest in the country so far as my personal knowledge goes, being no less than a thousand yards in length, a distance which calls for a final burst of prolonged speed and stamina in a rousing finish.

Then as to the steeplechase course over which much good and stirring Turf history has been made in the past, one can say that it is not a hard course, but some of the races run over it have been productive of deeds of rivalry which cannot be beaten by anything in the land. The fences are very upright and well made, and the guard rail to the ditch is banked and bushed in front, a very good idea, indeed, as it is a guide for horses to take off properly. Formerly the ditch was beyond the water, where many disasters have taken place, but this danger is averted now as the ditch has been placed in another position. The fences are mainly "brush" ones, and horses may "chance" them and perhaps not rise so high as they do over birch or furze, but one generally finds good clean jumping, especially by military riders, at Sandown over the thirteen fences which comprise the steeplechase course. Nor must I forget that the Imperial Cup is one of the most valuable hurdle races in the country, and who can forget the triumphs of many a good horse in that race?

Regarding steeplechasing, I think that many will agree that one can have a great deal of sport and fun at Sandown. There is a good story of a fine horseman who has now "come to the last of the gateways" who was riding in a chase at Sandown Park when his mount deposited him in a ditch. He mused aloud thus in a tone of tolerant philosophy, "Two miles from home, wet through, horse gone, broken finger, have to walk home—whatever made me take up 'chasing,'" "Why do it then?" asked a curious bystander. Came the surprising answer as quick as forked lightning, "Because I like it you d—— fool!"

The stands, some of which were erected in 1903, are admirable in every respect and the paddock not only commodious but picturesque and pleasing to the eye as well, especially as the new weighing room and offices tone so admirably with the banked and terraced parade ring and the sheltering trees. For this reason, if for no other, might one not apply the term "stately" to Sandown Park, just as Goodwood is glorious, Lingfield lovely and Ascot Royal?

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

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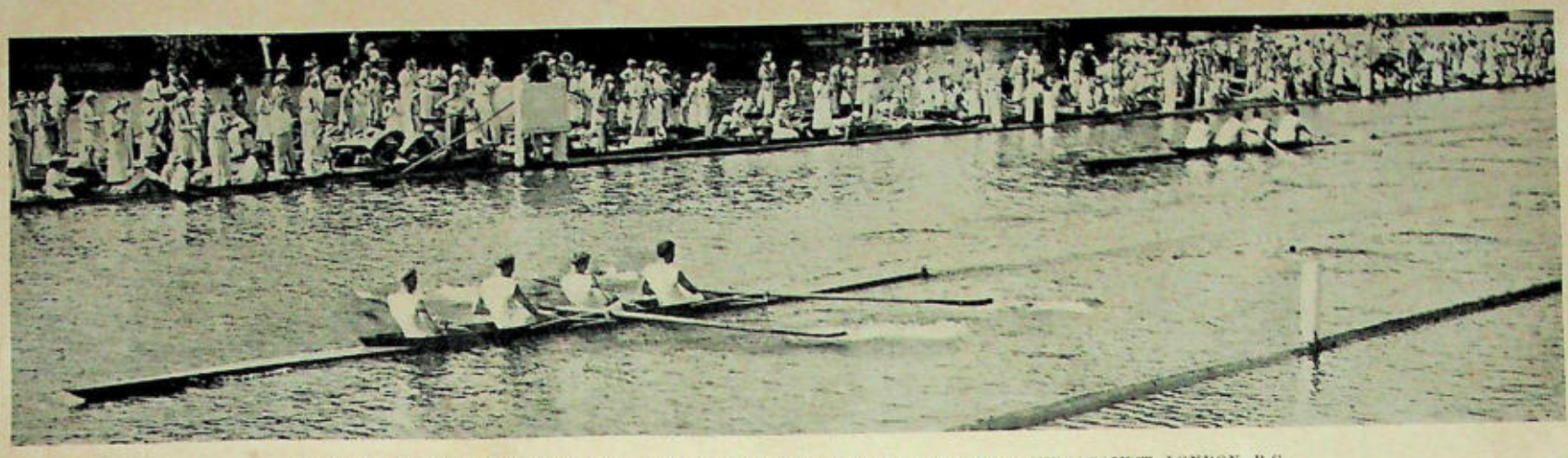
ETON COLLEGE FROM THE RIVER

*From the picture by W. Westall, engraved by J. C. Stadler, in a "History of Eton College," published by Messrs. Ackermann in 1816. Reproduced from a copy of this work by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son Ltd., 1571, New Bond Street, London, W.1.*



ZURICH R.C. WINNING THE FINAL HEAT OF THE STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP AGAINST LONDON R.C.
*The Swiss record-breaking crew was possibly the finest that has ever been seen at Henley*

# A 'VARSITY REVIVAL AT HENLEY

## Cambridge Successes and a Surprise from Switzerland

By J. H. LASCELLES

*E. Rufli (Zurich R.C.), winner of the Diamond Sculls*

PERHAPS the most outstanding features of Henley Regatta this year were the noteworthy successes of the Swiss visitors and of the Cambridge colleges. While the Swiss challenge in the Grand was defeated by the slightest of margins in an excellently judged race by Jesus College, their Stewards' four was probably the finest four that has ever been seen at Henley. Only once before has the Stewards' Challenge Cup left the country—Winnipeg R.C. took it to Canada in 1910—and this year the Zurich crew achieved the additional distinction of beating the previous record time, established by a strong Pembroke crew last year, by 10sec., and that in somewhat slower conditions.

The Swiss crew rowed with great length and ease and absolute precision, and their blade entry was beautiful to watch. They caught the water right behind the rigger and sculled their boat along with the firmest of finishes. They thoroughly deserved their decisive win, and it is to be hoped that English fours may learn something from their style.

Pembroke's victory over Leander in the final of the Grand was the culminating point in many years of well-directed effort, and a personal triumph alike for J. H. T. Wilson, their now classic seven, and for their old oarsman, J. R. F. Best, who coached them out of their disappointing Mays form to the fine racing pitch which they showed last Saturday, when they rowed as never before. A good deal of credit must also go to their stroke, N. P. Rough, who led their second eight in the Mays, and who raced with such marked coolness and judgment against London and Jesus in the earlier heats of the Grand.

Leander had exceptional bad luck in losing their mainstay, K. M. Payne, three days before the regatta, and although Couchman rowed a long, true blade throughout both his races, and despite his unfitness was a real asset to the crew, they were clearly rather unsettled. Their consequent nervousness was probably responsible for Winser's mishap at the start of the final, when he came off his slide. This unlucky incident, which enabled Pembroke to establish a winning lead in half a minute, might have happened to anyone, and it is to be hoped that it will not impair Winser's confidence in himself as a stroke, for if Oxford do not repeat the mistake they made this year of using him too early and expecting him to do too much, they have in him their best stroke for many years, and one quite capable of winning a Boat Race.

The Ladies' Challenge Plate this year was noteworthy above all for the excellent racing of the Eton crew and for the pluck of R. D. Burnell, who was handicapped throughout by a strained back. It is many years since Eton reached the final of the Ladies', and this very welcome rejuvenation of Eton rowing does credit to those, like Mr. Tait, who inspire it, and promises well for the future. Trinity Hall, the winners, were not an exceptional crew, as a comparison of their time with that of Pembroke shows, but they were long, well together, quick in, and above all raced hard. There were no outstanding oars in the crew, but it is perhaps fair to say that Mason, at stroke, supplied the dash, Helmore, a promising New Zealand oarsman at seven, the length, and Seratton and Jackson (six and five) the power. Coached by the two Oxford Blues, C. A. Ellison and G. I. F. Thomson, they made a fast combination.

The disappointing crew in this event were Christ Church, who threw away an almost certain chance of winning by rowing a sluggish 31 against Eton on the Friday. When the House at last began to race, at the bottom of the enclosure, they gained half a length in a very short time, but it was too late then. With crews like Pembroke and Jesus at the regatta it should be obvious that races can only be won by racing.

The Thames Cup provided several thrilling races. London's victories over Quintin, Thames and the Pembroke second eight, whom they met in the final, all being in doubt beyond the last signal. This event was the only one this year in which a Metropolitan crew was successful, and even so they were nearly defeated by the Pembroke second crew. Nor was the standard of rowing as high as usual. Most of the crews raced hard, but hardly any of them showed much length, rhythm, or slide control, and a remarkable feature of all the eight crews racing on Friday was that their blades were too often only half covered.

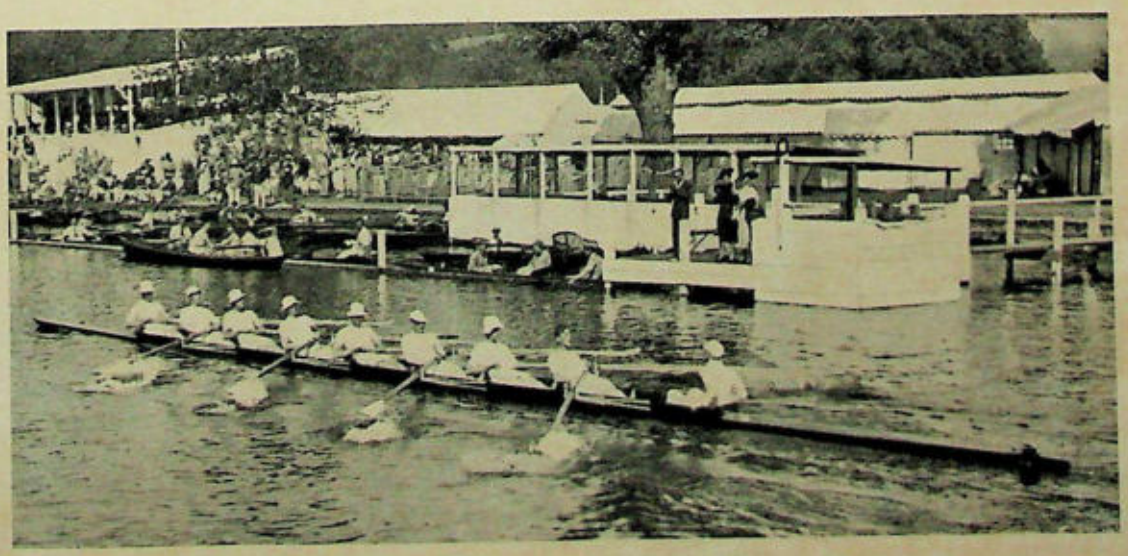
As was anticipated, Jesus won the Visitors' Cup, but both University College and New College raced them close, the former to three-quarters of a length and the latter to half a length. Jesus were a smooth, light crew, loose and well together, but inclined to be rather short. A word of praise is due to Tomlin for the excellent way in which he stroked a rather stiff and lifeless University College crew, driving them hard all over the course.

Reading also fulfilled expectations by winning the Wyfold Cup without undue difficulty. Their time in the final (7min. 39sec.) was actually a second better than that of Jesus in the Visitors', and only 4sec. outside the record for the event, though Jesus were less hard pressed. This is the second year in succession that Reading have won the event, and their form on both occasions shows a good knowledge of how to row a four.

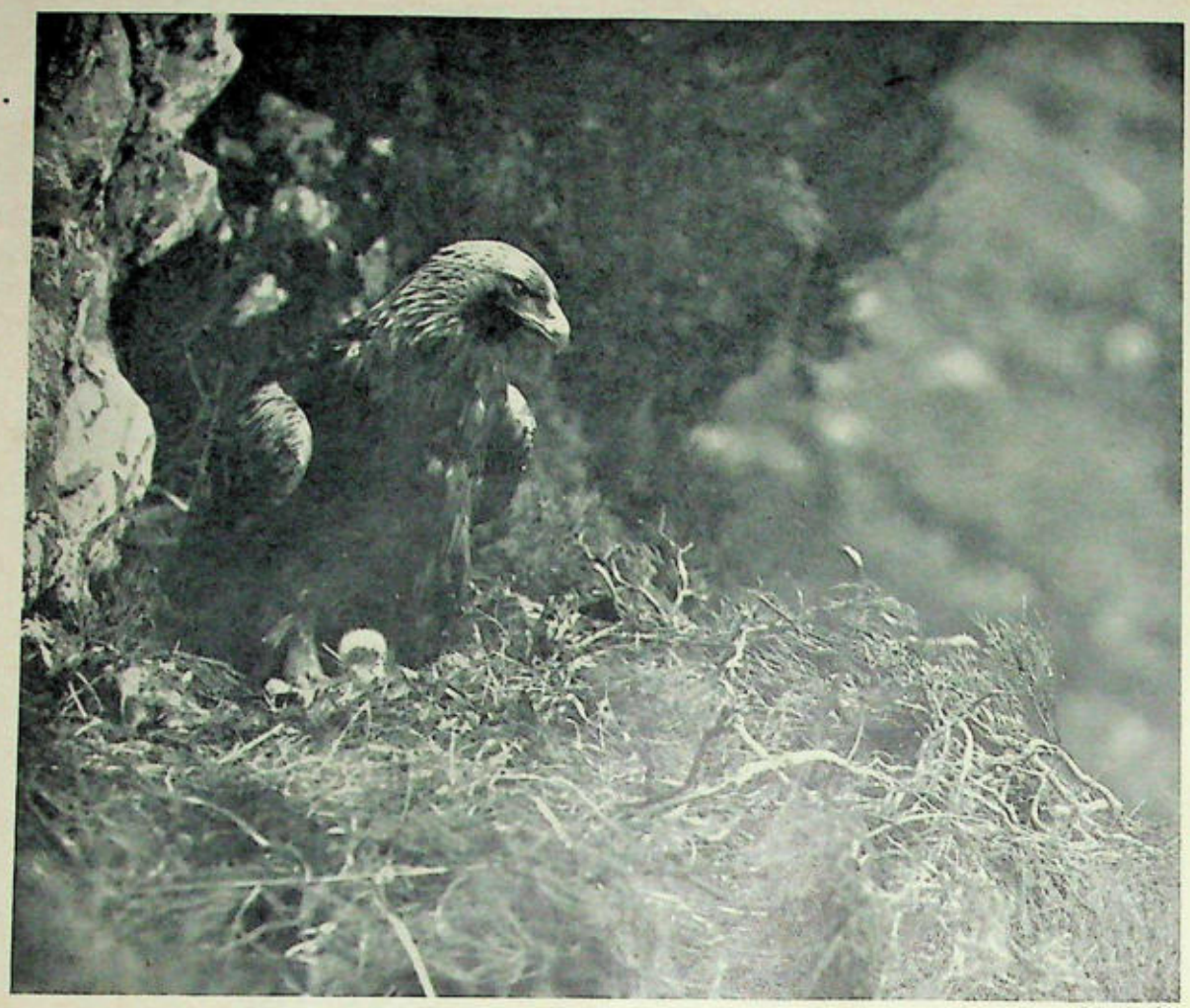
T. S. Cree and D. W. Burnford (Jesus, Camb.) had no difficulty in winning the Goblets. Both Ogilvie and Sciortino, and Wilson and Laurie, their two previous opponents, withdrew, and they rowed their first race in the final against B. S. Fidler and G. D. Newton, of Thames. Striking a slightly higher rating all over the course, and rowing well together and very loosely, they won comfortably.

In the Diamond Sculls Rufli proved to be all that rumour had suggested. Though not so powerful a sculler as Buhtz, he was yet more flexible and more capable of sustained spurts. Studach, of the Grasshopper Club, Switzerland, and Zavrel, the well-known Czechoslovakian sculler, both made him race hard. Studach, in the semi-final, led him at Fawley, but Rufli sculled harder over the second half of the course and had established a winning lead when Studach sculled into the booms. In much the same way he sculled past Zavrel in the final between the Mile Post and the last signal, and won by a fair margin. Winstone showed the best form of the English scullers, and was only beaten by $1\frac{3}{4}$ lengths by Zavrel after a close race.

As an indication of English chances in the rowing events at the Olympic Games next year this Henley was a little disappointing. While conditions in general were not as fast as in 1934, there was probably little difference between the Saturdays of the two years. If the stream this year was stronger the wind was more helpful. Discounting the foreign competition, there is small doubt that the pace of the winner of each event, with the possible exception of the Reading four, was less than that of their opposite number of last year. It is very much to be hoped that it may be found possible to send strong University or Leander crews to Berlin next year. It is clear that our best rowing is to be found at present at the Universities, especially at Cambridge, and if colleges can be persuaded to waive their prior claims on the services of outstanding individuals there is no reason why Great Britain should not regain her international supremacy.



ETON'S FINE LADIES' PLATE EIGHT
*But for a misfortune to one of their crew Eton might have won the event. They were beaten by Trinity Hall by a length*



Seton Gordon

"THE MOTHER EAGLE RETURNED AND BROODED THE TWO EAGLETS, AND WHEN I EXPOSED A PLATE UPON HER SHE LOOKED A LITTLE STARTLED BUT DID NOT MOVE"

# THE HOME LIFE OF A PAIR OF GOLDEN EAGLES

By SETON GORDON

THE golden eagle, although it is the most splendid bird which we have in the Scottish Highlands, or indeed in Britain, is by nature comparatively unsuspicious, and where it is afforded protection, and not trapped nor shot, as is its lot in certain highland districts, it is not a difficult bird to photograph. There is, to my mind, only one disadvantage in becoming on friendly and even intimate terms with a pair of golden eagles—the naturalist has never the same interest in photographing lesser fowl. The way of an eagle in the air as it alights with a sweep of great talons at the eyrie, its deliberate movements as it walks majestically forward to brood its young, its penetrating glance as it scans the glen below at the approach of possible danger, the loving look which it gives the small eaglets as they crouch with plaintive cheepings in the eyrie, the great talons which are closed carefully before the young are brooded—these and many other qualities render the eagle unique among birds.

During the first few days in the life of the eaglets the parent birds show great interest in the newly-born family, and this is the best time to study or to photograph the eagles from a hide. When my wife and I visited the eyrie in the early days of May the eaglets were, perhaps, three days old, and even at that early age gave evidence of their pugilistic tendencies for, as though for our special benefit, they indulged in a bout of boxing, each raining a shower of blows with remarkable speed at the other, the episode reminding me of the antics of Mickey Mouse on the films. The observation post was already in position, and on a summer-like morning my wife took the first watch. Here are the notes from her diary:

"I have christened the eaglets Hitler and Mussolini, for they early begin to learn the art of war. Within fifteen minutes of my being left in the hide the mother eagle returned and brooded the two eaglets, and when I exposed a plate upon her she looked a little startled, but did not move. A wren was in song, and I could hear a greenshank and a golden plover call in the glen below. In the eyrie, as prey, are a grouse and the hindquarters of a stoat. That the golden eagle, on occasion, kills the game preserver's worst enemy should be remembered in its favour. From nine o'clock until eleven the female eagle brooded. At eleven o'clock the male sailed into the eyrie; he is smaller, and more golden in plumage, and his bill is blacker at the tip. A remarkable thing then happened, which I was fortunate enough to record with the camera. The male and the female eagles leaned across the eyrie towards one another and fondled one another with their bills over the two downy eaglets. The female eagle then fed both the eaglets, tearing up the grouse, and from time to time swallowing large pieces herself. But Hitler and Mussolini were so busy fighting that they could hardly spare time to feed! I noticed that the eyes of the father eagle were much larger and lighter in colour than those of his mate."

A few days later it was my turn to take a watch at the eyrie. In the nest lay the hindquarters of a baby rabbit, the hindquarters of a full grown hare, and a grouse. Before my wife left the hide I photographed her feeding Mussolini, the hungrier of the two eaglets, on small pieces of grouse, which he took from her hand with relish. When the mother eagle returned to the eyrie Hitler and Mussolini at once began a battle, but the fond parent looked on with little interest, and with no attempt at interference. For two hours she brooded the young, then, the sun having broken through the clouds and the weather having become warmer, she stood for a while in a magnificent posture over the eaglets. The sun shone full on her plumage throwing each feather into strong relief.

With no warning winter returned to the Highlands, and on the last day when we visited the eyrie the ground was snow-covered and frost-bound, and icicles hung from the eagle's rock. We remained at the eyrie only long enough to see that the eaglets had survived. The eyrie was wet and sodden, and the eaglets were damp and cold, although their mother was not brooding them when we arrived. In the eyrie were the remains of six baby rabbits, two baby hares, one grouse, and the hind legs of a full grown hare. The photographs here reproduced show the home life of the eagles, and were taken at a distance of twelve to fifteen feet.

Seton Gordon

"AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK THE MALE SAILED INTO THE EYRIE"

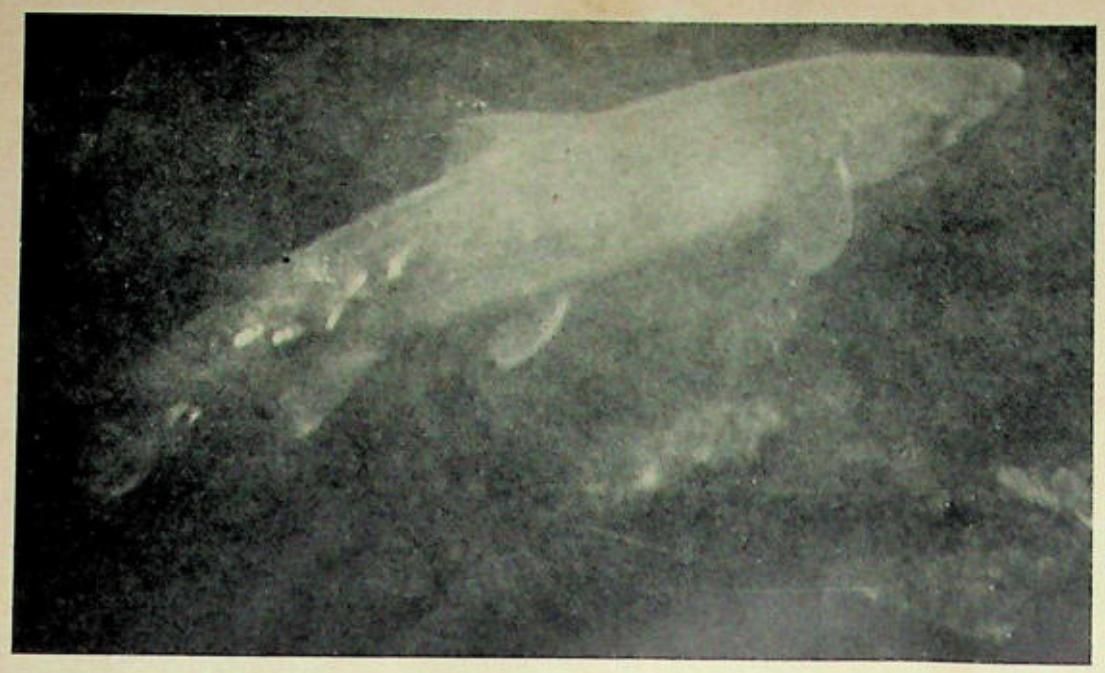
*Seton Gordon*

"THE MALE AND FEMALE EAGLES LEANED ACROSS THE EYRIE TOWARDS ONE ANOTHER AND FONDLED ONE ANOTHER WITH THEIR BILLS OVER THE TWO DOWNY EAGLETS"

"FEEDING MUSSOLINI, THE HUNGRIER OF THE TWO EAGLETS ON SMALL PIECES OF GROUSE WHICH HE TOOK WITH RELISH"

*Seton Gordon*

"SHE STOOD FOR A WHILE IN A MAGNIFICENT POSTURE OVER THE EAGLETS. THE SUN SHONE FULL ON HER PLUMAGE, THROWING EACH FEATHER INTO STRONG RELIEF"



A CRUISING SALMON
*Reproduced from a photograph taken under water*

# GREASED LINE IN NORWAY

## How the New Method Works in Strange Waters

By DR. BRUNTON BLAIKIE

THERE is no doubt, I think, that the late Mr. Wood, by his greased line method, has not only increased the number of salmon we catch with fly, but has heightened the excitement and interest of the sport. As a rule the rivers in Norway are too deep and rapid to be ideal places for this form of fishing. Nevertheless, there are many places where the streams run much as they do in the Aberdeenshire Dee, where the method was first elaborated, and in these the results are quite equal to those achieved in Great Britain.

I have found the greased line and thin-shanked hook extraordinarily useful, too, in places where the river enters the pool with a wild rush and where, at the side of the strong current, there is a yard or two of quiet oily water. When fishing in such a place in the old way, when the fly comes into the quiet it goes "dead," and the fish rarely take it; with the greased line and the fine-shanked hook a salmon will take it eagerly, even though the hook is moving at a very slow pace. Moreover, a little "drag" is not by any means a disadvantage in such circumstances. I talked this question over with Mr. Wood, and he agreed with me. In my experience the salmon does not usually show at all when it takes the fly—the first intimation the fisherman gets is to find his line taut and the fish firmly hooked.

Let me give an instance of a bright sunny morning's fishing last August where the stream resembles the Dee.

The river is comparatively small, but at the Long Pool, where I was fishing, it broadens out to about 60yds., the 30yds. nearest my bank being 3ft. to 4ft. deep; near the other bank the depth increases to about 5ft. The bottom consists of boulders of all sizes, and consequently wading is thoroughly bad. I used an 11ft. greenheart rod, tapered cast to one X and a 1in. thin-shanked Lady Caroline, which consists of very little more than the bare hook. I waded out in my trouser waders as far as I could and then cast my furthest to the opposite bank, mending my cast as the fly went down stream. Almost at once a salmon came head and tail to my fly.

I restrained my impulse to strike till the fish had disappeared, then brought the point of my rod sharply towards my own bank of the river and the fish was hooked. One feels extraordinarily helpless with a good fish on such a small line as the backing of the line whizzes out, especially when, as in this case, I was too deep, and the bottom too bad to do more than stagger slowly after it. Before all my backing had gone, however, the fish came back, and before long my gillie had gaffed a nice fish of 14½lb.

I began again where I had hooked my fish, and 20yds. further down I was fast into another. This time it looked as if the fish would leave the pool, and in my vain attempt to stay its course I cut my finger on the backing. Just when I thought all was lost the fish stopped, and I slowly "walked him up," at the same time making my way to my own bank, where the water was shallower. When he was well away from the bottom of the pool I began to reel up. It made several runs after this, but I was in shallower water, where I could follow it, and before long it was on the bank, a cock fish of 14½lb. It was time to stop, for I had a drive of about eight miles to take me to our house and lunch, but I thought I would just have one last cast, and straight away I hooked a third fish. This was a little chap of 7lb., so I gave it very little grace, and it very quickly joined the other two on the bank.

And so to the car. As we ran down the shining valley by the rushing river I felt my morning had been well spent.

## SECRETS OF THE SALMON

### II.—What We Saw Under Water

FROM time to time, strange fish from other parts of the pool into which one could not see, would slowly appear from the bluish haze of the distant regions, would swim idly up to within a few feet of the observation window, and then glide gracefully away again out of sight. This showed that fish lying in other parts of the pool were moving about in the same way as the ones actually under observation, proving that the movement of the fish was not due to the disturbing influence of the box through which one was looking.

The way in which salmon are occasionally foul-hooked was seen very clearly on several occasions. The varied currents caused by rocks in the stream make the fly swing about the pool in a very irregular manner, and it is impossible for the angler and, I believe, for the fish also, to tell where exactly it will go next. Thus, it often happened that the gut cast came in contact with the side of a fish. Now, when the fish feel this, they generally begin to drift backwards downstream as if in order to put the thing that is tickling them in front of them where they can see it. In this way, the fly would be drawn up alongside the fish, so that frequently the sharp point of the hook would catch underneath a scale, causing the fish to turn violently across the current. In doing so, the hook would be jerked deeply into the side of the fish. But it was surprising how often the fly did get caught up in the fish without communicating anything to the fisherman who, not feeling anything against the line, would make no striking movement to force the hook home, and it was only occasionally that the fish would turn violently enough to hook itself. Again, a fish would frequently get the gut cast between one of its pectoral or, more often, pelvic fins and start sliding downstream, as previously described, so that the fly would be guided right in between the fin and the body just as one runs a piece of string through one's fingers when trying to find the end. When the fly got in this position it nearly always resulted in hooking the fish firmly, should the fish turn in such a way as to bring pressure on to the line.

Twice while the prawn was working amongst fish it was caught so suddenly by some current that before the fish realised what was happening, the prawn was up against its body. The fish, badly scared, would turn wildly and get the prawn stuck fast in its back. One of the most remarkable episodes I witnessed was seeing the prawn (without any hook in it) get stuck in some weed growing on a rock so that it was immediately in front of a fish's nose. It remained thus for several moments, during which time the fish appeared to become annoyed with it and, swimming forward, endeavoured to dislodge the prawn from the weed with its nose. The fish gave the prawn three or four decided flicks before it dislodged it, which I feel sure would have driven the hooks into its nose had the prawn been mounted on a flight.

Another question on which we tried to get evidence was whether fish returned to their original lie after being hooked. I observed several fish which were (*a*) hooked and got away; (*b*) hooked and broken, leaving the bait stuck in them; (*c*) hooked and landed without being gaffed and returned to the water, and in all these instances they had not gained their freedom more than a few minutes before they came swimming back to take up their original positions just as if nothing in the world had happened. The longest time it took one fish to return was 20 minutes, and it had got off about 50yds. down stream. While a fish was being played there was rather a disturbance amongst the other fish, who swam round after the hooked fish as if to see what was the meaning of this sudden and to them unwarranted show of activity.

What happens to a fly left in a fish? The only case of this which I was fortunate enough to watch was that of a 2½in. Jock Scott stuck deep into the flank of a fish just below the adipose fin. This fish had broken the gut at the eye of the fly, and returned to its old position where it remained quite unconcernedly with the fly waving backwards and forwards in the current. The fly continued to do this for seven days, getting looser and looser, and eventually at the end of the seventh day fell out and sank to the bottom, the fish having made no effort at all to dislodge it. The wound caused by this started to heal up, and at the end of another ten days there was no sign of the scar at all. The fish was lying within 5ft. of the observation window. This is remarkable, I think, in view of the fact that the water was very warm and conditions for the development of fungus were, I should have thought, ideal.

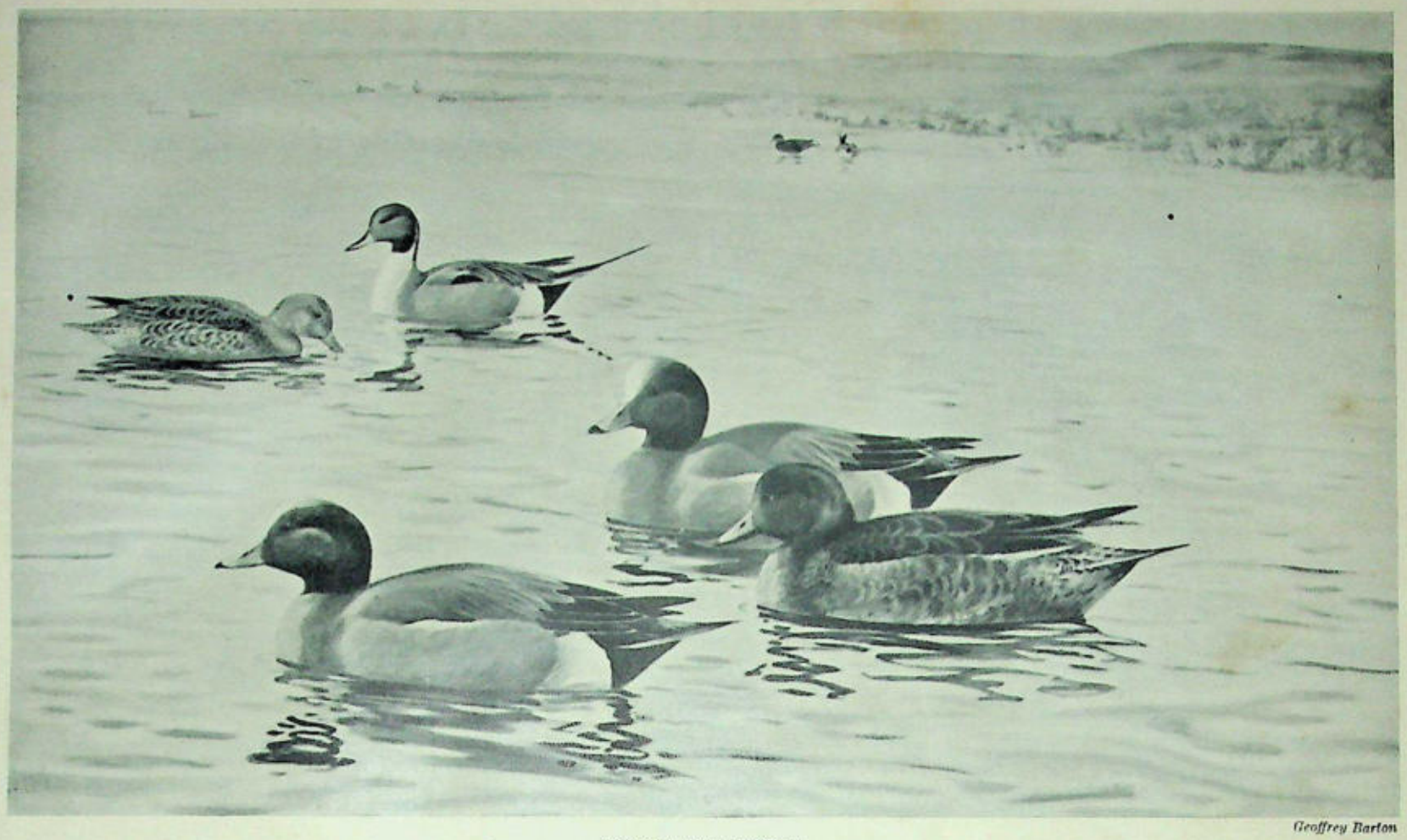
However, it did not develop in spite of the fact that there were one or two fish with fungus lying in close proximity to the wounded fish.

Owing to the rocks and different formations on the bottom, the underwater currents are very different from those on top, so much so, that very frequently one saw fish lying across or even pointed downstream. In other words, this was not that they were actually lying across a current or down one, but that the currents under water, i.e., the invisible ones from the viewpoint of somebody standing looking at the river from outside, are so diverse that you cannot tell from external observation which way the fish may be lying in relation to the general flow of the river, if the water is deep and rocky. Possibly this may explain to some extent the favourable results that are obtained by fishing over a lie from several different angles.

It is impossible in the scope of a short article like this to recount more than a small fraction of the many interesting things we were able to see through this box, but although space does not allow me to tell of more of them, I hope I have said enough to encourage others to try this method of watching and learning about the salmon, as it has possibilities of improving sport as well as being most fascinating in itself.

I may also add that we found it possible by using a cinematograph camera to take films which, although not perfect, were quite clear enough to make a record of what we saw, and this enabled others to see part, if not all, of that which I have just described. In this the apparatus can be useful, instructive and amusing to many others who are not fortunate enough to be able to use the observation box at the actual scene of operations.

C. W. B. URMSTON.



Geoffrey Barton

WIGEON AND PINTAIL

*From the picture by J. Alasdair Anderson on exhibition at the Stuart Galleries, Duke Street, St. James's*

# ONE ARMED SHOTS

## How They Achieve the Secret of Swing

By COMMANDER DOUGLAS LANG, R.N.

I HAVE always extracted considerable interest from studying the many different styles adopted by shooting men, possibly in the hope that one day I might see and even learn the perfect method. In my ignorance I hardly hoped to see a classic performance or even an averagely efficient one from a one-armed shot, yet I recently had the unique experience of finding myself placed between two men so handicapped during a day's partridge driving, and probably more from idle curiosity than for any other reason I watched them closely. To my astonishment, however, I speedily realised that these two shots could handle their guns with at least as much skill as the ordinary performer. My idle curiosity rapidly changed to keen interest and grew intensely as I noted that the posture and the co-ordinated movements of body and gun were identical in both cases. Since that memorable day I have met but one other one-armed shot, and he is as good a performer with a gun as one could wish to meet. I can never be too grateful for having met these three one-armed shots, for I certainly learned more of the art of shooting from a study of their style than from any two-armed coach. Their method would quickly and effectively cure anybody of what is generally called "poking," which term is, I think, generally used to describe the action of chasing a bird about in the sky in an endeavour to poke the gun in front of it.

This is, of course, as everyone knows, the fault of most beginners, and is not only a very dangerous one, but is usually ineffective. If one comes to think of it, it is almost impossible to "poke," as so defined, with a gun grasped with but one hand, for the only possible method by which a one-armed man *can* swing his gun on to and ahead of a crossing bird is by swinging his body: *and this is why all one-armed men who shoot at all are almost always good shots.*

It is the left arm that commits the cardinal sin of poking, for it can swing and poke the gun about in any direction with little and in some cases no movement of the body at all. The only function of the left arm and hand should be to support the weight of the gun and so relieve the right of some of the strain. Any movement of the gun is or should be imparted by the body through the medium of the arms. Drop the left hand to the side, and then only the body is left to provide the necessary movement to get the gun on to the target. Try it and see. It is, therefore, the body and not the arms that must *point* the gun and provide the swing.

The movements and the technique of all these three one-armed shots were identical, and closely resembled the posture and action of a man throwing a cricket ball at the wicket. As the bird approached nearly all the weight of the body was thrown on to the left foot and the body was pointed at it and kept on it by a pivoting movement. Footwork is, of course, the basis of success in shooting, and, indeed, almost all sports. In the middle of this body swing the gun was thrown to the shoulder and discharged immediately. It had to be fired the moment it touched the shoulder, for only a phenomenally strong man could keep a heavy gun at the shoulder and accurately pointed at a rapidly moving object with but one hand. Does not the same underlying principle of delayed arm movement obtain in golf? Here, however, I am on still more dangerous ground, for I know but little of this most exacting game. Yet I understand that the first movement of the downward stroke is made by the body unwinding and pivoting, the arms coming into play a second afterwards.

I wonder how many men, keen shots before 1914, who lost a left arm during the war, gave up shooting, imagining that their old skill would be so impaired that they could not face such a humiliation. They certainly need have had no such fears, for once the muscles of the right arm had grown accustomed to the extra strain imposed upon them, they may even have found, and probably would have found, that their skill had considerably improved, for without the left arm to lead them into bad habits, it is almost impossible to commit the faults that cause so many exasperating misses.

Lord Gough provides a case in point, for the war left him with but one arm. Admittedly, he is a powerfully built man and does a great deal of shooting, but few people would dare assert that he would shoot better without this handicap. So great, indeed, is his skill that he was backed by a friend for a considerable sum in a competition at clay birds against one of the most famous performers in Hampshire. One-armed shots will, of course find it considerably easier to use a gun which is fitted with a pistol grip, as this naturally enables a firmer grasp to be taken. A single-triggered weapon is also a great advantage, for the grip need not be shifted when firing the second barrel. In this connection it is probably not generally recognised that the whole grip of the right hand is moved slightly, but none the less appreciably, down the "small" when firing the second barrel of a double-triggered gun. Such movement is quite an unconscious one, but, nevertheless, actually occurs and most of the weight of the gun during this minutely short period is taken by the left hand. For this reason a one-armed shot should never use a double-triggered gun, as it is extremely difficult to make the alteration of grip and yet support the gun with but one hand. It is possibly also worth mentioning that a pistol grip should only be fitted to single-triggered guns, as its presence on double-triggered weapons is a slight though definite handicap to shifting the grip for the discharge of the second barrel.

The short 25in. gun has come into great favour in late years, and it certainly has many advantages for the man with but one hand. Its advantage is not so much in its lightness as in its balance, and it is also easier to make the centre of gravity nearer to the stock. I have a feeling, too, that a short-barrelled gun, when mounted, may more easily become part and parcel of the body, which is what one wants a gun to do, and is more easily pointed and swung by the body than a gun with 30in. barrels. There is not so much temptation to point and swing it with the left arm, which is the "cause of all evil" as far as shooting is concerned. I am afraid that great and vastly experienced sportsman, the late Sir R. Payne Gallwey, would have trounced me for such an opinion, for he strongly advocated the use of long-barrelled guns, suggesting that the longer they were the nearer the ends were to the bird, and, therefore, the easier it was to point the gun at the bird! In fact if the barrels were long enough it would only be necessary to place the muzzle up against the bird and fire! Personally, I think the shorter a weapon is *in reason* the easier it becomes to point quickly and accurately at any given object, especially if that object is a moving one. For instance, it is easier to point one's finger at a bird than a long walking stick.

To return, however to the strict subject matter of this article and to conclude, I am now of the opinion that, surprising as it may seem at first sight, the loss of an arm is of little if any disadvantage in shotgun shooting; that all men with such a handicap can become really excellent performers, and, indeed, will probably learn and gain proficiency even more rapidly than their more fortunate brethren.

# PERRY'S SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP

## The Greatest English Lawn Tennis Triumph for Over a Quarter of a Century

By J. E. COLLETT

F. J. PERRY AND A STALWART FINALIST, BARON GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM

*Perry evidently went on the court determined to win in a sprint and beat his opponent, 6/2, 6/4, 6/4*

WIMBLEDON meeting has taken the measure of the world's lawn tennis talent, and the champions in the various events fit their titles most worthily.

The holders for 1935–36 are: Men's Singles, F. J. Perry; Ladies' Singles, Mrs. F. S. Moody; Men's Doubles, J. H. Crawford and A. K. Quist; Ladies' Doubles, Miss K. Stammers and Miss F. James; Mixed Doubles, F. J. Perry and Miss D. E. Round. It is noteworthy that with the exception of the Ladies' Singles every title has been won by British competitors; thus the ascendancy indicated as possible in the *Field* forecast has been attained. Unfortunately Miss Round, still worried by her strain, was unable to reproduce her form in the singles. She was beaten rather tamely by Miss Hartigan, who was eliminated easily in the next round by Mrs. Moody.

Of paramount interest is the play of Perry. He is the first man to win the singles two years running at the New Wimbledon, thus equalling the post-war record set up by W. T. Tilden in 1920–21, though he has some years to go yet before he can challenge comparison with Tilden as a player. But it can be said that though Tilden had a wider repertory of strokes, it is doubtful whether he had the court dominance of Perry. In the semi-final against Crawford, whom he beat 6/2, 3/6, 6/4, 6/4, and in the final against G. von Cramm, whom he beat 6/2, 6/4, 6/4, Perry gave two different exhibitions of this quality.

He has met and mastered or lost to Crawford many times; he dominated him by the use of the acquired knowledge of the means to reduce the quality of his game. The result on court was a match with the appearance more of a friendly knock than a centre court semi-final. To a large number of spectators it must have been quite unreadable; they had heard of these heroes of the racket, but here were few heroics and plenty of foozle. The heroics, which were Perry's, were astutely timed; and the foozles, which were Crawford's, were induced. The Australian's form became plastic to the other's touch.

In the other semi-final von Cramm beat D. Budge 4/6, 6/4, 6/3, 6/2. The opening set was used as a test for unknown potentialities; the winning three sufficed for a modern German example of the old English Doherty school. Against such polish the rough work of Budge was fruitless. Maturity of style beat immature genius, but at the same time revealed it as genius which, when sobered, might make a champion. Budge, a year or two hence, may become an American Perry.

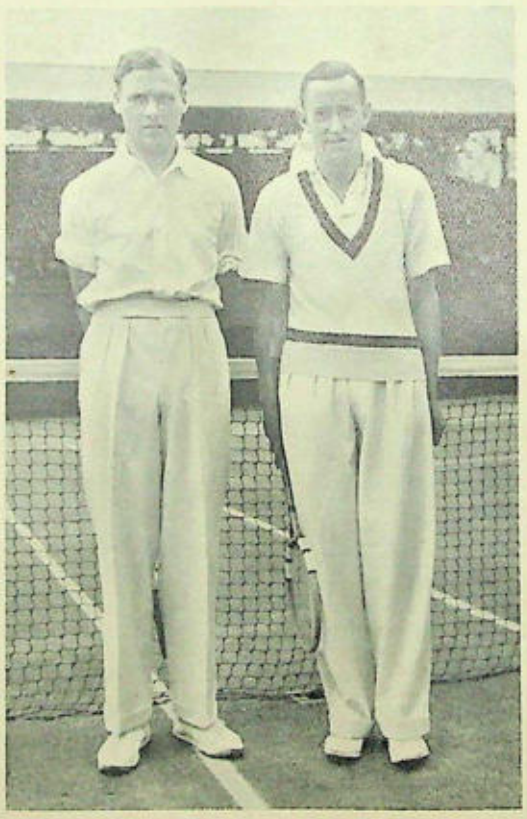
Meanwhile preparation for the final of 1935 was a very present problem for the English Perry, who had to plan the way to beat von Cramm. Presumably he went on court determined to win in a sprint. Von Cramm never played below form and was always close behind. Perry got home without cracking, but he was dazed at the finish. If he had cracked he might have gone down as Tilden did in 1927 against Cochet—right on the post.

It is suggestible that Mrs. Moody in her final against Miss Helen Jacobs also had a strategical desire for a quick win, though she could not have hoped for it in view of the added confidence her old opponent had acquired. Mrs. Moody's win of 6/3, 3/6, 7/5 was a remarkable exhibition of pluck and superb temperament. For one hour and three-quarters of fluctuating fortune, she played herself back to her lost place and equalled the record of Mrs. Lambert Chambers by winning the title seven times.

The run of the score of the match is interesting. Mrs. Moody, contrary to her method, began with full pressure and went to 3/0. Then becoming tentative, and unable to deal accurately with Miss Jacobs's patient chops, she lost three games to the tune of only one point. She was 0-30, and 15-40 down on her own service in the next game. Miss Jacobs fought hard, but was staved off. After seven deuces the game was won by Mrs. Moody, and without further difficulty two more for set.

In the second set Miss Jacobs made a great effort. The rallies were long; she was run about without mercy by drives of immaculate length and consistent severity; she retrieved and chopped them back, and now and again shot a searching backhand down the line to show her attacking metal. At three all both players were tired, Miss Jacobs showing it more, but recovering sooner and securing the set.

In the final set Miss Jacobs ran to 5/2. Mrs. Moody's driving pressure was insufficiently backed by



C. R. D. TUCKEY AND G. P. HUGHES

*Our new Davis Cup Doubles Combination*

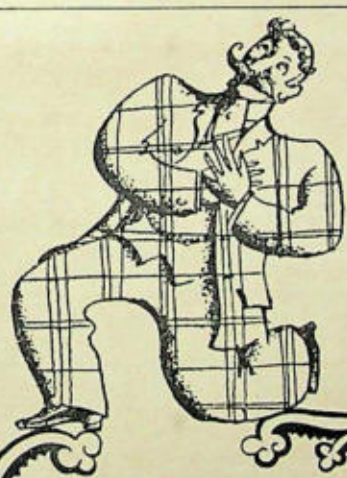
network, and her speed was hindered by the looped chops from which little momentum could be obtained. When she lost the seventh game by putting a simple volley out, no one would have given a cent for her chance. But she had smiled after she made the error. All the memories of six former titles were in that smile. Her confidence returned, and while winning the next five games for set and seventh title she was threatened by only one adverse match point, though her stamina barely withstood the trial. Miss Jacobs was so tired at the twelfth game that she did not remember it was her turn to serve. She stood bewildered at the baseline till the umpire told her. Then quaintly forgot fatigue and began to serve her hardest and drive hard also. She was as far as 40-30, and twice advantage on this desperate service, but could not hold it through.

I am inclined to regard as the outstanding performance in the men's doubles the manly attempt of F. H. D. Wilde to carry his partner, I. G. Collins, who came to court for the second and third rounds from a sick bed. Wilde put in work which was significant of his actual full, though often momentarily invisible equipment as a doubles player. The final between W. Allison and J. van Ryn and Crawford and Quist, who won 6/3, 5/7, 6/2, 5/7, 7/5, was as close as the score suggests, and scintillated and sank round the uncertainty of Crawford and the obstinate competence of little Quist, which even the experience of the American pair in joint executive could not break down.

In their progress to the ladies' doubles championship Miss Stammers and Miss James lost only one set, to Mrs. R. A. Chamberlain and Mrs. L. G. Owen in the second round. Their bright and brilliant play in the final when they beat Mme. Mathieu and Mme. Sperling, 6/1, 6/4, was in pleasing contrast to the rather stodgy methods adopted by their opponents. They took their risks of volley, smash and drive in a manner befitting their youth.

The final stages of the mixed doubles created a centre court precedent. The winners, Perry and Miss Round, played the semi-final and final without leaving the court. They first beat Quist and Mlle. Jedrzejowska, 6/1, 6/3, and then Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hopman, 7/5, 4/6, 6/2.

The Davis Cup team, as selected, was a foregone conclusion. F. J. Perry and H. W. Austin for the singles, and G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey for the double. The latter are not yet in complete combination, but the other choice, I. G. Collins and F. H. D. Wilde, was out of consideration owing to Collins' ill-health, and there was no time left for a reshuffle. The Wightman Cup team, as originally picked, was Miss E. M. Dearman, Miss F. James, Mrs. M. R. King, Miss N. M. Lyle, Miss D. E. Round and Miss K. Stammers. It was sound because it provided two good doubles pairs and the right sort of player, Mrs. King, for the sandwich single. Both Miss A. M. Yorke and Miss J. Ingram are exceptional doubles players, but they have not found partners exactly to meet the Wightman Cup case. Miss Round, by announcing her wish to retire from the team, rather complicated matters. Her place in the singles could not be substituted.

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# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## MILK PASTEURISATION

SIR,—I reply to the letter of Sir Arnold Wilson and of Mr. Arkwright, first to correct an error of script in my original letter, and secondly to assure Sir Arnold that there is authority for the other figures in my letter of June 15th.

The figure of 40,000 fresh cases of bovine tubercle per year among children should read 4,000, of course.

If Sir Arnold considers this a high estimate, let him study the figures of incidence of bovine, calculated from the *notifications* of all kinds of, tuberculosis contained in the Registrar General's Annual Reports. These figures reached 5,008 in 1925, and average 4,582 for the decennium 1920–9.

Many cases, however, even if diagnosed, escape notification, as doctors are loth to notify cases not openly infectious into which group most bovine types fall.

One can safely assume a minimum figure of 6,000. Now it is accepted that over two-thirds of cases occur below fifteen years, and hence one arrives at the estimate of 4,000.

Sir Arnold will find the authority he requests for my statements in "A Survey of Tuberculosis of Bovine Origin," by a committee of the People's League of Health, 1932; Ministry of Health Report No. 63, 1931; M.R.C. Report No. 184, 1933.

I must point out that, owing to length presumably, a section of my letter wherein I discussed the nutritive value of pasteurised milk, and mentioned the work of Drummond, Wilson, and the new views of Gowland Hopkins, was not printed—hence Mr. Arkwright's comment of June 29th that I discreetly avoid this subject!

So here again are the facts. Pasteurisation adds about 5 per cent. of suspended insoluble protein at the expense of colloidal lactalbumin, 12 per cent. insoluble calcium at the expense of soluble (insignificant, as cow's milk contains a large excess of both forms over woman's), and finally destroys Vitamin C—unimportant, as even raw cow's milk contains little "C" and needs supplementation with fruit juice.

Only Vitamins A and D are present in significant amount in cow's milk, and they are virtually unaffected by pasteurisation as defined by the Ministry.

Mr. Arkwright's qualification for stating that my letter exhibits ignorance of the regulations under which "Grade" milks are produced and licensed may be guessed from his own statement: "The Milk and Dairies Act" (*sic*) "is dated, I think, 1926. . . ."

The Milk and Dairies *Acts* in force are dated 1915 and 1922. Under the former the "Milk and Dairies *Order*, 1926" appeared, but the legislation under which *Grade* Milks are produced and licensed is contained not in this, but in the "Milk Special Designation *Order*, 1923," made under the 1922 Act.

The former contains directions on how to avoid human contamination of milk during and after milking, but no adequate means of ensuring that these are obeyed.

Yours faithfully,
Surrey. J. L.

## SCHOOLS INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS

SIR,—Lawrenceville is one of the best of America's preparatory schools, the equivalent of the English Public School. Dr. Abbott, their late headmaster, started what are known as the Abbott Lawrenceville Scholarships, which enable boys from the English Public Schools to go over to America for a year in order to show Americans what English boys are like and to bring back to England a true conception of American boys. I went over from Eton last year, and can say from experience that the plan works very well, and that I could not have enjoyed myself more, at the same time learning a great deal of useful facts.

Mr. Allan Ve. Heely, the present headmaster, started the idea of sending over a team to play the English Public Schools at lawn tennis, with a view to bringing the sportsmen of the two countries together, and, at present, Count Vanden Heuvel and I are responsible for arrangements for a team from Lawrenceville, which is now visiting this country. The names of the players are: Winship Nunnally, Peter Lauck, Frank Parker, George Fraker, William Winslow and Harrison Fraker.

The team arrived at Plymouth on July 5th, and on July 6th they played the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. On July 7th Lord Beatty very kindly asked them down to Reigate to play a friendly match, and on the 8th they were asked by Lady Astor to play at Cliveden, where they faced a combined Oxford and Cambridge team. On July 9th they played Westminster School at Roehampton Club, and Queen's Club on the 10th. On the 12th they met the Public Schools Old Boys' Lawn Tennis Association at Wimbledon, and on July 16th they play Eton. While the team was not playing matches they visited our leading Public Schools.

The team are being welcomed very cordially, as this is the first of what we hope will be a long series of International Public Schools lawn tennis matches. The boys have been made honorary members of Queen's Club, Melbury Lawn Tennis Club, and the Royal Automobile Club, where they have been staying while in London.

Yours faithfully,
160, Piccadilly, London W. 1. HAMISH FORBES.

## SWANS AT ABBOTSBURY

SIR,—In your article in the *Field* of June 29th you give a list of danger areas already existing along the English coastline. May I point out that you have omitted to mention a very important one, viz., Orford Ness, in Suffolk, where bombing and machine-gun fire has taken place for 10 years or so. The colony of common and little terns here has existed from time immemorial; in 1932 these birds were so disturbed by the firing that the larger majority departed during the nesting season. Latest reports state that a certain number of the birds have accommodated themselves to a new site further from the danger zone.

Yours faithfully,
The Royal Automobile Club, London, S.W. 1. J. B. WATSON.

SIR,—Lord Ilchester, I see in your paper of June 29th, states that the practice work of the R.A.F. will be a menace to his swannery. There should be little chance of birds such as mute swans, who are in any case prone to domestication, and not a wild species in this country, being disturbed by either gun fire or bombing, unless in their midst, and, I understand, this is not the case. In my experience even wild birds, that are not actually fired at by man, pay no attention to noise. Here at Leuchars R.A.F. station herons nest yearly within 50yds. of the hangars, and wild geese in their thousands live within half-a-mile on the mud flats, and on more than one occasion I have seen them feeding on fields adjoining. In the war I have seen many kinds of birds nesting in "No Man's Land."

Yours faithfully,
Lindores, Fife. J. C. LAIDLAY, F.S.Z.S., M.B.O.U.

[It is surely not the question whether that there is "little chance" of the swans being disturbed. The point is that there should be no chance.—ED.]

## GIN TRAPS

SIR,—The Bill in the Lords to prohibit the gin trap has been defeated by a very small majority, which is evidence of the interest which is now being taken in this subject of gross cruelty. As the *Field* states: "Public opinion unquestionably is changing in respect of this acknowledged difficulty, and the change will doubtless go on."

The popular iron gin traps are efficient in every way. Every farm hand can set them. They can be obtained at a small price everywhere, have no parts which are separate and can be lost, are durable, and always ready for use. They are, however, the quintessence of cruelty. Why not abolish them right away?

In the interest of agriculture this cannot be done until a thoroughly efficient substitute is put upon the market.

It is impossible to come to the conclusion that an efficient substitute cannot be found. Hitherto there has been no incentive to tempt inventors. The £300 offered is quite inadequate, and does not attract the class who knows what is required. It will be an expensive proposition. There are models, home and foreign patent rights, manufacture in quantity, and tests in different parts of the country to be paid for, also much time without payment, which working men may have difficulty to afford.

The next question is, what are the best means to be taken by which the desired article is likely to be forthcoming? I suggest that an appeal should be made to the sympathetic public, to subscribe to a fund which can be applied to the expense of the propaganda, and to provide a prize of at least £1,000, for the producer of the selected article.

If those who are interested will subscribe only 1/– each, a sufficient sum of money would quickly result.

I will give 100/– towards the fund; will offer to act as hon. secretary, *pro. tem.*; will organise an immediate and strenuous effort to conduct the necessary work of advertising and distributing appeals, collecting cards, general propaganda, and the model traps to be tested in various districts, etc. Inventors there may be who require assistance to enable them to defray the cost of manufacture and the patent rights of their models.

I suggest the title of the fund could be, "A Humane Trap Endeavour Trust." An influential and practical committee and treasurer should be appointed. Perhaps some who are interested in the recent Bill will state their views or offer to assist?

Eaton Cottage, Norwich, Norfolk. Yours faithfully, W. WEBSTER WATTS.

SIR,—It is interesting to read the various opinions on the use or non-use of the gin trap in the *Field*.

Here we trap only in the holes, and we have never caught anything in them but rabbits, rats and an occasional poaching cat. This, although several dogs are about on the grounds.

During the war and for a year or two afterwards rabbits were kept within bounds and were not a pest, simply because they were worth money, but this last few years they do not pay for catching them. Four shillings a dozen, which was the price paid last season, would not pay a trapper a living wage. As a consequence we are now literally swamped with them and have to cynanogas to kill them in the burrows, a wicked waste of good food, but the alternative is "no crops," as rabbits in excess and crops do not harmonise.

No one would mind doing away with the present gin trap *if* an efficient substitute could be found which could be produced at a reasonable price. Long nets are only useful in certain circumstances, and in any case only get a very small proportion of the rabbits. Snares get a fair number, *when first* set, not many afterwards.

The so-called humane snare is not really humane, as rabbits run around in circles and get the wire round their legs, cutting through to the bone.

Ferreting, where it can be done, is good, provided you strike a day when rabbits bolt freely and the man with a gun knows his job, but a good many go away with broken legs and shot pellets in the abdomen, only to die a slow death. It always requires the gin trap to clean rabbits up, and it is difficult to understand some people's contention that rabbits increase by its use.

How a rabbit can produce more rabbits if caught in a trap and killed is rather beyond my comprehension.

When a humane trap that really catches rabbits, can be set in holes, not too bulky or heavy, and sold at a reasonable price, is produced, then is the time to abolish the existing gin trap, not before.

To do away with the present means of dealing with the rabbit pest, without an efficient substitute is doing the farmer and agriculturist a bad turn, which will, naturally, be resented.

Yours fathfully,
Tyrone, Ulster. "SABREUR."

## HUMANE RABBIT TRAPPING

SIR,—The following reasons are given by Griffith Williams, of Morfa Nevin, a rabbit catcher for 40 years, as showing why he is against the so-called "humane" snare:

1. The rabbits squeal all night and, therefore, keep others away.

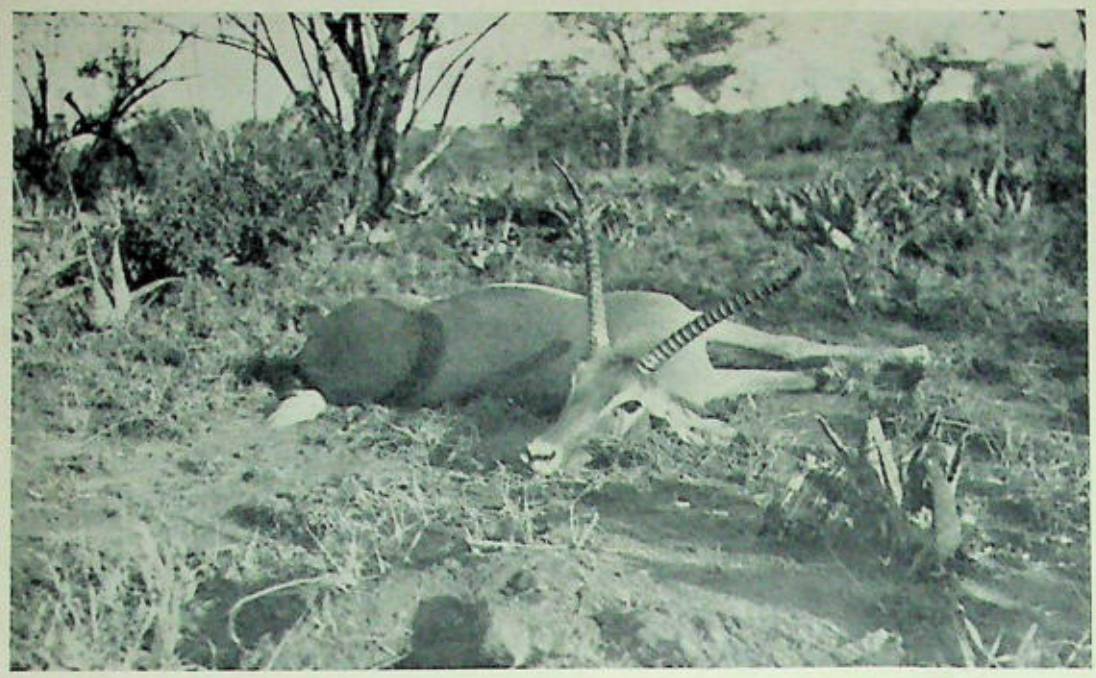
2. The humane snare keeps the rabbit alive, which is cruelty, as all kinds of vermin, and even some birds, come and attack the rabbit, eating it alive.

3. Sometimes when caught in the humane snare, they cut the cord through, chewing it and getting loose, and they go in the coverts with this snare around some part of the body, to waste away in agony in the coverts.

Whilst using the humane snare at Glynllivon Park, he lost on an average 100 per week in this way, some of them being found with their forefoot tight up against their mouth, having twisted while in the wire.

With the experience of 40 years' rabbit catching, he considers the humane snare the most cruel method of catching rabbits.

Yours faithfully,
Glynnlivon, Llanarda, Carnarvonshire, N. Wales. NEWBOROUGH.



AN INTERESTING CASE OF ADOPTION OF MALE CHARACTERISTICS
*(See Letter "A Horned Female Impala")*

### A HORNED FEMALE IMPALA

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of a female impala, which I think might be of interest for your paper.

I was collecting in the Southern Massai Reserve, Kenya Colony, when I one day saw this animal in a male herd and shot it, believing that it was a freak male. I was, therefore, very surprised when I found that the animal was a female. When returning to Nairobi I presented the Game Department with the skull and head- and neck-skin, which was mounted and hanged up in the Corydon Museum. It was the first time the Game Department had got a real knowledge of a horned female impala. They had some horns which were supposed to be of a female impala, but they were not quite sure.

Perhaps some of the *Field's* readers know similar cases, and it should certainly be very interesting to have them published in your paper.

Yours faithfully,

Springforbi, D. BOJE BENZON.
Stokkerup.

[Though such cases occur in all animals from time to time we have no record of a horned female impala.—ED.]


# Breakfast Blues

If we could observe all the breakfast tables in the world, what a distressing number of grumpy faces we should see—what selfish appropriation of newspapers—what captious criticism of too well done bacon and too little done eggs. For there are still many people who awaken unrefreshed from sleep; still many people who have not yet learnt the secret of "jolly" good health. A dash of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in a glass of water will cleanse the system and invigorate the blood stream. First thing in the morning it is a great dispeller of breakfast table blues, and the same remedy last thing at night is a great promoter of deep, refreshing sleep.

# Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

*The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks*


### "FATIMA," A PELICAN

SIR,—Fatima, a pelican, proved an astonishing pet. She was as tame as a dog and perfectly docile so long as no attempt was made to hold her. At the call of her name she would open a sleepy eye to see if this was only some silly human bent on disturbing her slumber or, perchance, an invitation to a fish supper. If the latter, she would start up in a second, and make toward you at full speed. She was thoroughly unwieldy in the air in a confined space, such as between the two side walls where she was fed, and when in a hurry, very often finished her landing "tail up."

Dogs usually tried to scare her, but they only tried once! She would set about them with her wings and her very formidable beak and, if she ever got them on the run, would launch herself and pursue them as they fled.

She was a tartar to handle as she proved to me one day when I tried to get her leg free from some string which she had got entangled around her when wandering about the compound. The moment she felt free, she calmed down at once and did not attempt to show fight any longer.

Yours faithfully,

Ongole, India. E. T. H. ELLIS.

### THE JIND KENNELS

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of the trophies won by the Jind Kennels at the field trials during the season 1934–35, and it may interest you to know that these kennels—the property of that great sportsman and lover of dogs, His Highness the Maharaja of Jind—are the premier kennels of India. They were founded in the early 'nineties of the last century.

Yours faithfully,

Camp, via Bhimtal, U.P., India. HARI GOPAL,
Personal Secretary
to H.H. Maharaja Jind.

A YEAR'S TROPHIES
*(See Letter "The Jind Kennels")*

### EARLESS RABBITS

SIR,—Referring to recent correspondence in the *Field*, may I suggest that the earless rabbits therein mentioned probably lost their ears shortly after birth, rather than by cocking them at an inopportune moment and getting them cut off by a mowing machine as suggested.

I have bred hundreds of chinchillas, and it is not unusual for a maiden doe, of the temperamental variety, over anxious in her maternal duties, to wash and comb a baby's ears with such vigour as to wash them almost clean away! It has happened in my own stud time and time again, sometimes one ear, sometimes both. A whole litter on one occasion had to be destroyed. After a litter or two, does of this type will frequently make the best of mothers, but sometimes such does have to be discarded from stud because of this tendency.

It may interest readers to know that a fancier retained a doe, rendered earless in the aforementioned manner, for stud purposes, she being an otherwise perfect specimen. In every litter this dam produces one baby, perfect except for the fact that he (or she) is born "earless," *i.e.*, having the apertures but no projecting parts.

Tame rabbits have not a great deal in common with wild ones, perhaps, nowadays, but this sort of thing, without doubt, will happen occasionally with the latter as with the former.

Yours faithfully

Birkdale, Southport. (Miss) L. WOOD.

### HOW THE CUCKOO LAYS HER EGGS

SIR—Those who have studied the whole question and have personally witnessed, *by design*, depositions from hides, will be unanimous in confirming the experience of Lieut.-Commander R. McC. P. Jonas as conclusive evidence of deposition of the cuckoo's egg by regurgitation, *i.e.*, that the egg was first laid on the ground, and transferred to the meadow pipit's nest via the beak.

To me the evidence is irrefutable, for the following reasons:

1. Four p.m. is the average time for laying and depositing, though it may be as early as 2 p.m. and as late as 7.30 p.m.

2. The squatting motionless attitude for several seconds during oviposition.

3. The ultimate returning to the original spot where the egg had been left.

AN ASTONISHING PET
*(See Letter "'Fatima,' a Pelican")*

4. The time spent at the nest while in the act of regurgitation.

5. The movement of the wings is a characteristic attitude during deposition; the wings are usually dropped loosely to her sides.

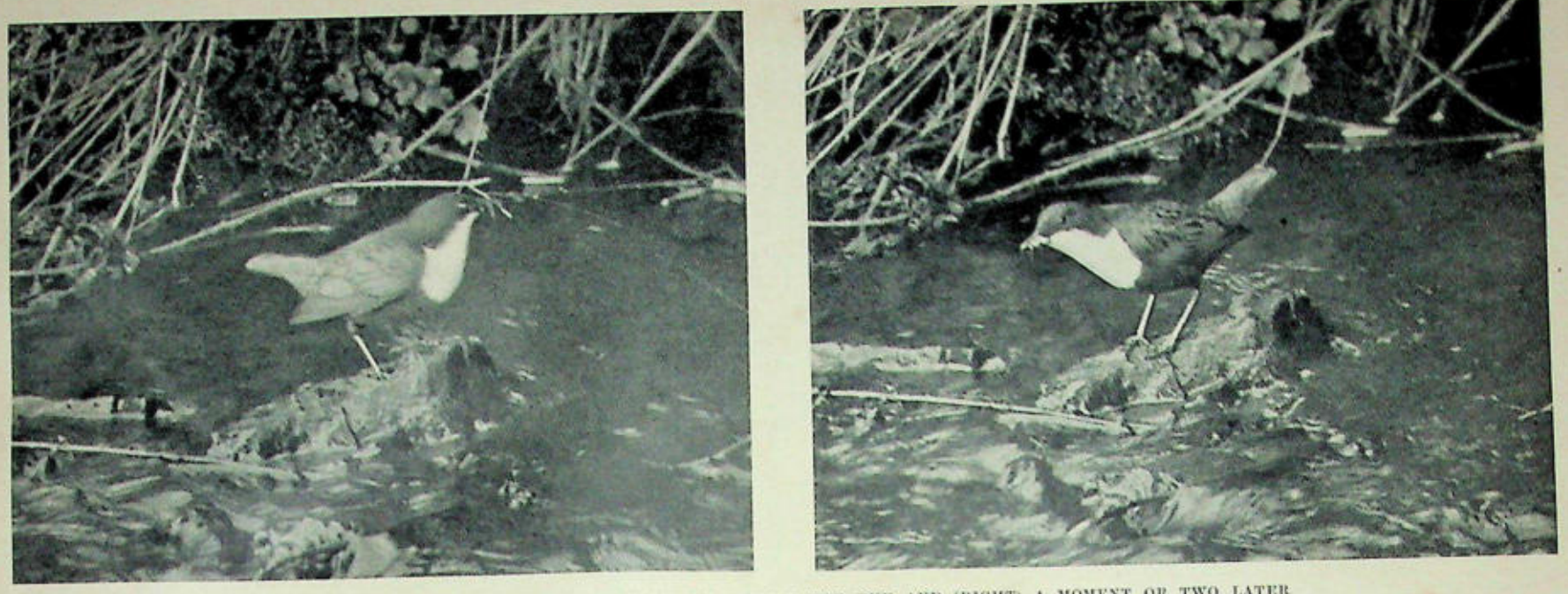
I have personally witnessed and recorded the throwing back of the head and the opening wide of the beak, while swallowing whole the egg of the foster parent.

It is obvious to me that Lieut.-Commander Jonas quite unintentionally suggested that the meadow pipit's nest was "in a hole." The nest was most probably in a typical position, *i.e.*, the entrance to the nest was *in a hole in the herbage*, not in a hole in the ground, as the editor apparently suggests; which, if such had been the case, would have been further confirmatory evidence, as the observer had the cuckoo in full view while she was at the nest, conclusively proving that she did not sit on the nest for oviposition.

Cuckoos do not wish to lay direct into nests, because they know they cannot, and it is physically impossible for any bird 13in. to 15in. long to oviposit into a nest with an internal diameter of 1¼in. to 1¾in.

Yours faithfully,

Croydon. PERCY F. BUNYARD.



WITH THE NICTITATING MEMBRANE FLASHING ACROSS THE EYE AND (RIGHT) A MOMENT OR TWO LATER
*(See Letter "The Dipper's Third Eyelid")*

### DRUMMING OF GREATER SPOTTED WOODPECKER

SIR,—If those people who still think that the drumming of the great spotted woodpecker is vocal, will visit the Zoological Gardens, London, they will there see three specimens at arm's length drumming away on sand and hollow wood, and also on cork and tin, and getting different notes from each. Surely this will convince them that the sounds are not vocal?

Yours faithfully,
Lancaster. H. W. ROBINSON.

### AN OLD SOLDIER

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of "Dumbri" as I feel sure all readers who have served in the "Shiny" will be glad to hear that he is still alive and going strong.

I found him lying by the roadside near the lines of Coke's Rifles one early morning in May, and as I passed by he gave me the well-known cry: "Genail Salute pree-sent arms." "Dumbri bahut budha hogia hai" (has become very old) "and can no long·r go on parade."

His weighty be-badged wooden rifle is now

"EX-OFFICIO C-IN-C"
*(See Letter "An Old Soldier")*

entrusted to the tender keeping of his son, while in its place Dumbri carries a wooden sword. I was particularly asked to notice the Jubilee flag attached thereto, while he held it erect for my inspection.

Dumbri remained in Kohat throughout the Jubilee celebrations, and managed to take his full dues from the four "Piffer" regiments now stationed here.

He tells me that he is 80 years old, but I doubt whether he has turned 70 yet. It would be interesting to hear from readers as to how long he has been carrying out his self-imposed duties as "Ex-officio C.-in-C. of the Army in India."

Yours faithfully,
C. E. MORRIS (Captain).

Kohat, N.W.F.P.

### THE DIPPER'S "THIRD EYELID"

SIR,—Recently I had plenty of opportunity for watching the dipper at very close quarters. A point of interest, which I have not seen previously recorded, is that every time it "dipped," its nictitating membrane was observed to flash across the eyeball. I was fortunate enough to catch the bird in this position, and, though a poor photograph, have enclosed it in support of my statement.

The photographs were taken in South Devon within twelve miles of Exeter. A very modest plate camera, 3½in. by 2½in. was used. Ultra rapid plates were exposed for 1-50th sec. at F/8. Exposures were first made with the camera, quite unobscured, about 4ft. from the stone on which the bird perched, and operated by a 24ft. cable release. Next day the camera was set up in the same position, but operated from behind a pile of faggots only 6ft. from the bird.

Yours faithfully,
5, Hanbury Road, Clifton, Bristol. A. N. H. PEACH.

### SHEEP SHEARING

SIR,—For the first time, the sheep in Hyde Park have this year been sheared by machinery, and as I have the grazing rights in the Royal parks, I am being besieged with questions about hand shearing and machine shearing. As the subject will be of considerable interest to your agricultural readers, perhaps you will allow me to say a word about it.

I watched the mechanical shearing with the closest attention, and in spite of the bad weather conditions the shearers had to contend with most of the day, I am satisfied that it was better done than it could have been done by hand, and very much more quickly.

In the past I have always had my sheep shorn by hand, but, so convinced am I that mechanical sheep shearing is the method of the future, that I have decided to have all my sheep sheared by machinery from now on, and I believe that my friends will do the same.

In my opinion, this modern method of shearing is invaluable for the large and small flocks in Scotland and Wales, as flock owners have to depend so much upon the weather. Undoubtedly this form of shearing has come to stay.

Yours faithfully,
G. DALE WILLIAMS.

The Shepherd's Hut,
Royal Parks, London, W. 2.

### BIG GAME TROPHIES FROM NORTHERN RHODESIA

SIR,—With reference to the recent correspondence on this subject the following extract from a letter from the Commissioner for East African Dependencies may be of service.

"As you are aware, owing to the existence of foot and mouth disease in this territory, restrictions regarding the export of trophies are in force. These restrictions have, however, recently been modified, after discussion with the Governments of the Union of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. In the case of game trophies for export overseas, such may be conveyed through Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa provided they are packed in air-tight containers disinfected on the outside and sealed under veterinary supervision. A veterinary certificate to this effect must accompany each package.

"Whilst there are no facilities for packing under veterinary supervision in the Luwingu district, arrangements have been made whereby trophies, if sent to Broken Hill, can be packed there under veterinary supervision and the necessary certificate given. The Director of Animal Health at Mazabuka should be advised in advance of the despatch of trophies to Broken Hill."

Yours faithfully,
London, W. 1. C. P. P. H.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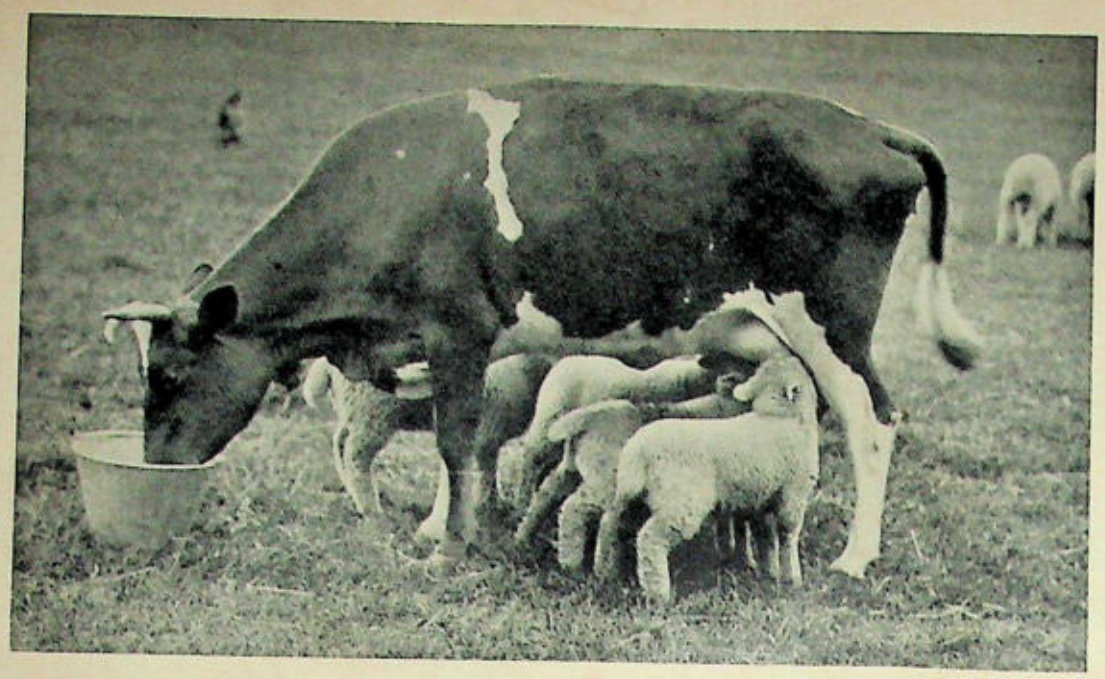

"A CREDITABLE EXAMPLE OF RENDERING SUPPLIES DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER"
*(See Letter "Cow Suckling Lambs")*

### COW SUCKLING LAMBS

SIR,—In your issue of May 11th you published a photograph of some sucking pigs fortifying themselves with a convenient supply of cow's milk.

In response to the enquiry of your contributor, Mr. Wm. Fawcett, for similar instances of unusual fostering I forward a photograph of a cow suckling four lambs, a creditable example of rendering supplies direct to the consumer.

This family at feast has been witnessed by hundreds of people in this locality.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MYTTON.

The Old House,
Nazeing, Essex.

### SOUTH AFRICAN HACKS

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of Pylon (Zulu for aeroplane), champion hack at the Central Agricultural Society Show at Bloemfontein in 1934. Bred and exhibited by the rider, myself.

Famous soldiers like Generals French, Louis Botha and de Wet, have ridden hacks during the Boer War bred by our family.

Yours faithfully,
TONY V. D. MERWE.

Ferndale,
Rosendal, O.F.S.

### A RINGED STORK

SIR,—A friend of mine, Mr. Charles Auld MacDonald, of Uleti, P.O. Iringa, Kenya, British East Africa, has sent to me particulars of a white stork which one of his natives found dead on his land in the third week of February.

"PYLON"
*(See Letter "South African Hacks")*

I have received a communication from the officials of the Observatory for Bird Migration, Heligoland, Germany, informing me that the bird was ringed on July 5th, 1933. It was at that time quite a young bird. So you will see that here is proof of the enormous distance these white storks journey during their migration. The bird had flown 5,000 miles in its first two years.

I gather from Mr. MacDonald that the bird was not shot; he was found dead, presumably of exhaustion.

Yours faithfully,
J. R. WADE.

London.

### WHAT IS THE RECORD HIGH JUMP?

SIR,—A most interesting conversation arose one evening at the International Horse Show as to the record for the high jump. I believe it was 7ft. 2in. by Confidence in 1912, but have no means of checking this. I wonder if any of your readers have other records?

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM FAWCETT.

Surrey.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1,** appeal for £5 to provide a young man with a surgical instrument for his leg. When he was a child he broke his ankle, but owing to it being badly set he has had many operations on it and has been crippled ever since. From time to time it has been necessary for him to have new instruments. He now needs another one, without which he will be unable to continue his work. As he has his father to look after as well as one sister it would be a tragedy if he became unemployed.

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# IN THE CITY

## L.M.S. PREFERENCE

IT is not infrequently found nowadays that investors will purchase the securities of new and unproved concerns in the hope of obtaining a percentage of income in the neighbourhood of 4½ per cent. to 5 per cent., but it may be doubted whether such holdings will prove as reliable as the preference stock of such a very large and well-known concern as the London Midland & Scottish Railway.

The 4 per cent. preference stock of this company (in which there is nearly always a free market) can be bought at the time of writing at 83 per cent. to yield 4¾ per cent. after allowing for the expenses of purchase. This stock, ranks *pari-passu* with a comparatively small amount of 5 per cent. redeemable preference stock and dividend requirements on both stocks total £5,241,300 gross annually. The company's earnings during recent years compare as follows:

| Year to Dec. 31st. | Available for Preference dividend. | First Preference divs. (times earned.) | Paid on 4 per cent Stock. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1925 .. | £10,889,886 | 2.1 | 4 |
| 1926 .. | 3,696,816 | .7 | 4 |
| 1927 .. | 11,427,400 | 2.2 | 4 |
| 1928 .. | 10,278,934 | 2.0 | 4 |
| 1929 .. | 11,183,396 | 2.1 | 4 |
| 1930 .. | 7,771,954 | 1.5 | 4 |
| 1931 .. | 6,588,768 | 1.3 | 4 |
| 1932 .. | 3,837,936 | .7 | 3 |
| 1933 .. | 4,645,798 | .9 | 3½ |
| 1934 .. | 5,854,349 | 1.1 | 4 |

It is to be noted that holders of the 4 per cent. preference stock have always received dividends during the last decade at the full rate except in respect of 1932 and 1933. Last year profits, which had begun to recover in 1933, showed further improvement, being over £600,000 in excess of preference dividend requirements, and gross revenues in the first six months of this year have continued the upward trend. It may fairly be said that regular dividends on the preference stock should be fully earned and paid except in a period of acute industrial depression, a return of which is certainly not foreshadowed by the steady rise in the market values of industrial securities.

In regard to earnings, allowance must be made for certain factors which did not affect 1934 results. On the one hand wages have been increased since the first of the year, but it can be estimated conservatively that earnings are still in excess of preference dividend requirements. On the other hand the company stands to benefit from a reduction of perhaps £1,000,000 or more in its rating assessment, based on the decisions given in the Southern and London & North Eastern Railway appeals. Admittedly these decisions must be regarded as provisional, since they have not yet been confirmed by the House of Lords, but it seems safe to count upon a really substantial reduction in the assessment. Possibly the judgment of the Lords will not be handed down until too late in the year for the result to influence this year's earnings figures. However, since dividends on the first preference stocks are being fully covered without any relief in this respect, payment at the full rate in future does not appear to be in jeopardy at present.

All things considered, the 4 per cent. preference stock of the London Midland & Scottish Railway appears to offer a very satisfactory rate of income return together with scope for moderate capital appreciation when the company's improved position becomes more generally recognised. Even on the basis of a 3 per cent. dividend the stock at 83 would yield over 3½ per cent. or more than purely gilt-edged securities.

### PRICES TRUST

Four months ago it was stated that the 5/- shares of Price's Trust, which were then obtainable at about 14/-, were believed to offer scope for quite substantial capital appreciation during the next few months. This belief was based upon the fact that earnings of the operating company for the year ended on June 30th, 1934, were equivalent to approximately 16½ per cent. on the ordinary shares of Prices Trust and that current profits were reported to be very widely in excess of those for the preceding year.

Price's Trust ordinary shares can now be sold at about 21/9 to show a capital appreciation of 50 per cent. So far as is known the company's prospects are still promising, but it would perhaps be prudent for holders to take their profit on some of their shares. If three-quarters of a holding bought at 14/- were to be sold now, the remaining 25 per cent. would have cost less than nothing, and could be kept more or less indefinitely.

PACTOLUS.

*New Books*

# RIGHTING COUNTRY WRONGS

## Tales from Bengal—Imperial Stocktaking

MR. MASSINGHAM'S main motive is to show what is wrong with country life. So he builds a house from whose windows he can see the "dark blue Chilterns." And, leisurely, he makes a garden of roses about its door. And so, having faithfully staked his claim to the countryside in "something under an acre," he enters into the age-old struggle with Nature, the historic enemy, and especially the enemy of a tiller of the soil. And the great drought came and went, and the hedge opposite Mr. Massingham's window, "rheumatic with excess of sun," assumed the clarity and honeyed freshness "of a scene from Chaucer." And so outdoors we go and make contact with green England, with garden birds and wild flowers. And from this pleasant chapter I learn two casual things. First, how an absolute stranger of the educated classes can at once be made at home in the bar-parlour of the village pub. An case I have never personally been able to achieve. The secret consists, it seems, in meeting the company as "fellow human beings" and I must try to acquire the brazen art of it. And, secondly, I am taught, by the swan-herd at Abbotsbury, a new epithet for him who picks another's brains as to swans (or aught else) and, making copy of the information, reproduces it as his own. "That paper-rat," said the swan-herd of such a one, and if (says Mr. Massingham) "there is a more eloquent term for the charlatan, I have yet to hear it." Yet one may best learn about swans from a swan-herd and once the news is spoken to you it may be said to become your own. And so we come to the road to rural hell, the ribbon road, the ribbon road which has the stranglehold on country life as it ought to be and once was. One may lose oneself among the ribbons as easily as in the Labyrinth of Minos and in the end be eaten by the Minotaur, which is ugliness. Yet the common phrase, "cult of ugliness," is an unwise one, as the author says.

To me the most beautiful part (there are 72 closely printed pages in it) of *Through the Wilderness* are the chapters wherein the author writes of the Berkshire Ridgeway and the Icknield Way—no paths of yesterday—"The Tenth Legion, young Sir, has marched along this road, Severus and Agricola have ridden along it, Augustine's monks have carried the Cross along it." And surely of all England's, of all any land's, antiquities, the roads are the most ancient. And if these windy down tops and virgin turf are most beautiful, it is of extreme interest to read Mr. Massingham's considered views that the spirit which inhabits there is the spirit of Crete. "Pick out," says he, "any book from the shelves of an archæological library and on this page or that you will find some record that puts England and Crete together and strikes a spark from the brief contact." The White Horse of Uffington then, is that famous steed a mare? Is she, as is suggested, the fair and fruitful Demeter who, in equine shape, still flies from a too attentive Posiedon across a waterless Berkshire down? Did Oak and Olive in the beginning, grow from one parent stem? Somehow the theory is an unwelcome one to a conservative mind. But Mr. Massingham, in this his very charming book, makes these things matters of practical politics. P. R. C.

*Through the Wilderness.* By H. W. Massingham. (Cobden Sanderson; 15/-.)

### LIFE IN THE DUARS

THIS book relates the adventures in the every-day life of a tea-garden doctor working in the eastern, that is to say the more *jungly*, end of the Duars of Northern Bengal. Dr. Symington has something to say of the tea industry and of his work as a doctor, but wild animals and flooded rivers provide most of the incidents in a simply written narrative which avoids exaggeration. He does not pretend to be a great *shikari*, and the book is all the better for being the experiences of a beginner who, taking such chances as came his way, eventually got most of the trophies to be had in those parts, including a rogue elephant, tiger and leopard. I wish he had not called them "Stripes and Spots," because these names irritate many people, but he has at least spared them the "Mr."

The experiences are mostly his own, except for a second-hand and incomplete account of what must be intended for the amazing Sam Barry incident—a man led away by the hand by a tiger. It is a pity he has included this because some of his older readers may have read the authentic, contemporary version in the *Field*.

He suggests that some tame elephants are in the habit of squirting muddy water over their riders, though he admits that "a well-trained elephant does not indulge in such tricks." I have never heard of any elephant doing it; my experience is that they all, from the half-trained animal only a few weeks in captivity, to the evil-tempered brute who will not stick at murder, seem agreed that this particular practical joke simply is not done. On a hot march they will from time to time draw about half a pint of water from the mouth into the trunk and blow this over their sides in lieu of sweat—a relief which Nature has denied them; anyone sitting forward on the pad may then feel a few specks of moisture on his face, but will never be "more or less drenched."

He writes of elephants trotting, and says they trot fast, though, in another part of the book, he describes their quickest pace correctly as "a very fast walk just verging on a trot." They have really only one pace—a walk—though they can increase speed and lengthen their stride until this becomes a hurried shuffle which may, when charging or bolting, be faster, for a short distance, at any rate, than a man in the open can run, and a young elephant, lightly loaded and well driven, can maintain a speed of five miles an hour.

There are numerous illustrations from charcoal sketches, some of them rather crude, but those representing elephants mostly good, and one showing a new capture straining at the ropes (which have been put on in the most unorthodox fashion, by the way) is vigorous and excellent. The artist has been less successful with snakes. He has drawn the undulations of the swimming python up and down instead of in a plane parallel to the surface, and made another snake climb a palm tree by circling spirally up it.

It is easy to point out minor mistakes; Dr. Symington does not claim to be an authority on natural history, and it is not of much importance that he calls a hare a rabbit. Those who like to read about a life different from their own will enjoy the book, and most Duars sportsmen past the beginner stage will agree with him that shooting deer from an elephant is poor sport, to be indulged in only when meat is wanted.

The design on the dust cover, a mustard-coloured tiger apparently enraged at the sight of a small object which may be meant for a monkey, seems to me to be hardly fair on the author. E. O. S.

*In a Bengal Jungle.* By John Symington, M.D. (The University of North Carolina Press; 2 dollars.)

### CANADA AND ITS FUTURE

NOWADAYS, when one so often meets croakers who are convinced that the British Empire is "going to the dogs," it is refreshing to find someone who is willing to record his firm belief in its future. "In the prosperity era now fast approaching, the British Commonwealth will be found in the van of the nations, and side by side with Great Britain will march her most promising offspring, the Dominion of Canada." These are the last words of Mr. Fuller's book, and they show the point of view which he takes throughout it.

But he is by no means an easy optimist. On the contrary, this account of a tour he recently made through the Dominion is full of shrewd observations and unbiased judgments. Canada is a young country without deep-rooted traditions, and this makes for a certain precocity in its people which, to an Englishman, is at once annoying and attractive. "The streak of egotism in the Canadian is as strong as in his English cousin. His love of praise is almost childlike, and he will fish quite openly for criticism upon his country. If the comments offered by the stranger are unmitigated in their praise, he will expand like those artificial and brightly coloured Japanese flowers that open as soon as they are put in water, showing cheerful faces as they lie basking on the surface. . . . Should the stranger, tiring of praise, venture an occasional criticism, it often happens that he is met with a silence possible only in the people of a country of vast spaces." I quote this to show that Mr. Fuller says exactly what he thinks.

During his tour he met all sorts of people from big business-men to small farmers, and has succeeded admirably in setting down on paper the hundred-and-one different views which he heard. He is evidently a good listener! He has much to say on the vast mineral resources of the Dominion, as yet untapped, and contends that the Canadian himself does not realise the immense potentialities of his country. One particularly interesting chapter deals with "Their Neighbours in the States," and elsewhere he actually suggests that so far from America annexing Canada (as is occasionally mooted), Canada may one day become "the motive centre of the North American Continent." Altogether this is a most stimulating book, by one who is evidently an ardent Imperialist without being in the least Jingoistic. The illustrations have been well chosen. A. R. L-M.

*Canada To-day and To-morrow.* By Basil Fuller. (Stanley Paul; 15/-).

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

Taylor & Francis have issued another volume (*Reptilia and Amphibia, Vol. II., Sauria*) of the Fauna of British India Series. This carefully edited and highly authoritative work by Mr. Malcolm Smith is worthy of the important series in which it figures, and will remain a standard work for some time to come (price 30/-).

From the same publishers, and at the same price, comes the fourth volume (*Pandionidæ, Podicepidæ*) of the Nidification of Birds of the Indian Empire, by E. C. Stuart Baker, which has long been a classic on its subject, and will have as warm a welcome as its predecessors.

Sundials are a perennial attraction, and the newest publication on the subject, *Ye Sundial Booke*, by T. G. W. Henslow, Messrs. Foyle, 15/-, will please many. The book is excellently illustrated; there is a valuable chapter on the setting of sundials by Mr. Francis Baker, of Clerkenwell, and a foreword by Mr. Beverley Nichols.

Owners of small gardens do not lack for literature in these days, for there is a continual spate of books written specially to meet their needs. Mr. Middleton's broadcast talks, now published in book form (*Mr. Middleton Talks About Gardening.* Messrs. George Allen & Unwin; 5/-) will doubtless be justly one of the most popular of this year's books.

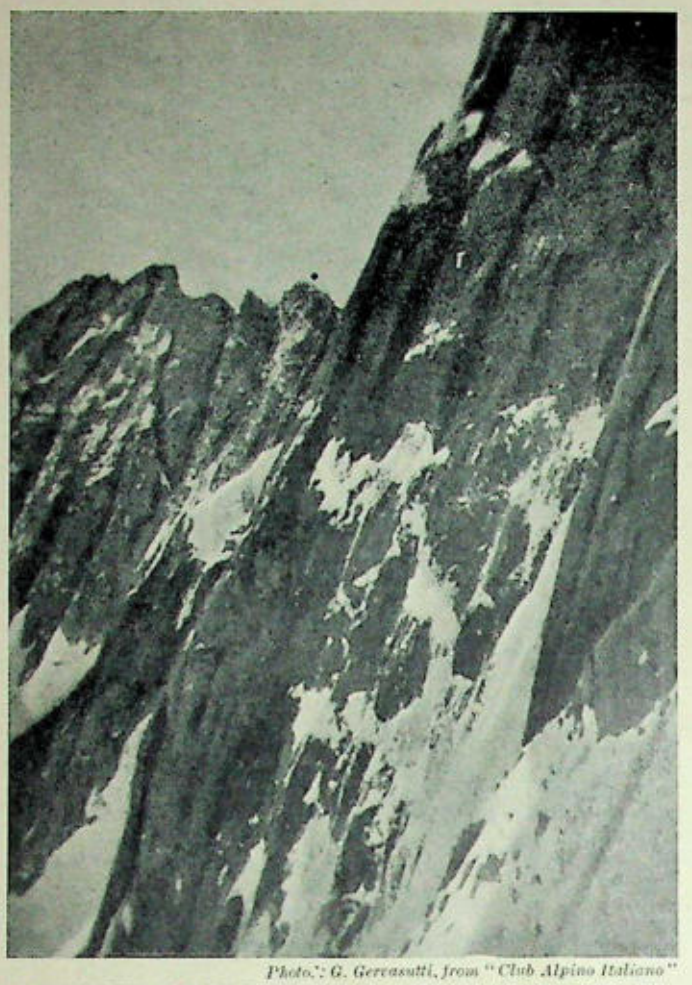

*Photo.: G. Gervasutti, from "Club Alpino Italiano"*

THE NORTH FACE OF THE GRANDES JORASSES (POINTE WALKER)

# ALPINE CLIMBING—NEW STYLE

## The Death or Glory Era

By C. F. MEADE

THROUGH the successful ascent by two Germans, Herr Peters and Herr Mayer, of the north face of the Grandes Jorasses on June 30th, what was perhaps the most formidable problem in alpine mountaineering has been solved. The terrible north wall of this mountain forms the most magnificent feature in the famous view from the Montanvert at Chamonix. But its first ascent the other day was an exploit quite different from the majority of great alpine expeditions, and belongs to a new era in mountaineering, as does the conquest of the redoubtable north face of the Matterhorn by the brothers Schmid in 1931, and the acrobatic *tour de force* by a party of guides on the Grosse Zinne in the Dolomites during the same season.

These three outstanding expeditions, however, are typical of others of similar severity that are increasing in numbers. The stories of these expeditions make astonishing reading, and give a lurid idea of what the extremists among modern climbers are doing and thinking.

The most recent of the three exploits is the ascent of the 4,000ft. precipice of the Grandes Jorasses. More than 25 attempts on it have been recorded since Mr. G. W. Young's exploration of it in 1907. The attacks are probably in progress at this moment, for six parties have been reported at the foot of the mountain, and one of them containing a lady is said to have achieved the second ascent, presumably profiting by the mechanical aids left behind by their predecessors. For such large numbers of people to be making attempts simultaneously greatly aggravates the danger of a sufficiently desperate situation. Already this season one casualty is reported, and, during the last three years, three climbers have lost their lives in various attempts. One of the pair that was successful on June 30th had already, in an attempt last year, seen his companion killed in a fall during the descent. For four nights they had clung to the cliffs by means of spring-hooks at their waists, clasped to iron rings which they hammered into the rock. It was only after the fourth night that they gave in and began the descent.

Everywhere on the face the severest conditions prevail. Most accounts mention overhanging rocks as well as precipitous ice slopes, and such phrases as "bombardment by stones and ice" or "ricochetting stones" recur frequently.

Quite in the same style was the first ascent of the north face of the Matterhorn. Before 1931 the few who had made brief and tentative explorations of the faces of this mountain had not been deterred by the difficulties, serious though these were, but they had all come to the conclusion that the dangers from stone falls made the attempt quite out of the question. Yet in 1931 two Bavarians, the brothers Schmid, stormed this terrible north face and spent the night out, clamped to the icy rocks, as prescribed by the new fashion. The route of their ascent followed the grooves made by falling stones.

The survival of the two climbers was partly due to their prodigious courage and endurance, but partly also to the fact that they chose a moment for their attack when the whole mountain was so securely sheeted in ice and snow that the normal disintegration of the rocks was in suspense. Yet most climbers would consider the mountain impossible under such conditions, for it becomes necessary at every step to scrape or chip the snow and ice from the rock in order to provide hand- and foothold. Everywhere throughout the day the ground was so difficult that only once were they able to find sufficient space to halt for a few moments and nibble a little chocolate.

The night was passed on a sloping boss of rock about a yard square, and they warded off death from cold by crouching huddled together in their tent sack. Dawn broke at four, but it was too cold to start before seven. The worst of the difficulties now confronted them, for they were

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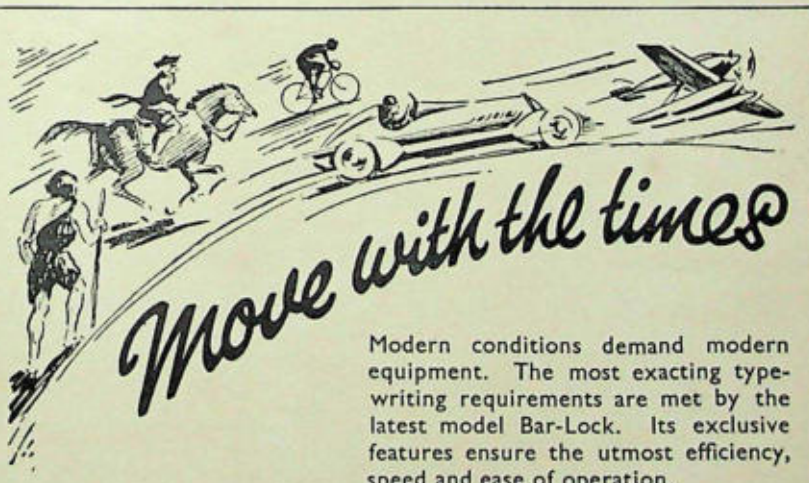

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ON THE TRAIN

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GRANDES JORASSES SHOWING THE ROUTE TO THE PEAK *Photo: R. Locche, from "Club Alpino Italiano"*

stopped by a series of smooth slabs, covered with ice, and without a single crack in them for planting the iron pegs that they carried. A guide who was ascending the ordinary Swiss route now shouted to them that their only hope lay in a precarious traverse across the face.

Meanwhile storm clouds were advancing upon the Matterhorn. Fortunately, they were able by a supreme effort to climb to the top before the storm broke, and they then fought their way down through a blizzard to safety in the emergency hut on the Swiss route.

One other climb that has here been mentioned as ranking in the same category with the achievements on the Matterhorn and on the Grandes Jorasses, namely, the climb on the north face of the Grosse Zinne, is typical of what the new school can accomplish in pure rock climbing. Though much smaller than either the Grandes Jorasses or the Matterhorn, and destitute of ice or snow, the Grosse Zinne on its north side consists of a single vertical precipice of about 2,000ft.

Steger in 1931 was the first man to dream of attacking it. The group of guides who followed him intended, according to their own words "to give this victory to Italy." It was a case of hammering in pegs when the rock became impossible. It frequently overhung. Day after day the men retreated to the hut and then returned once more to the attack. They even bivouacked on the vertical wall, and at last they triumphed. Throughout the whole 2,000ft. of extraordinarily difficult climbing they had used only 48 pegs.

What are we to think of such climbs as these? The new methods are revolutionary; the elaboration of artificial aids and the enthusiastic cult of danger are radically new phenomena. Certainly when the normal alpine climber who has a sense of proportion, reads of expeditions such as have been described, he may well have cause for anxiety as to the future of mountaineering.

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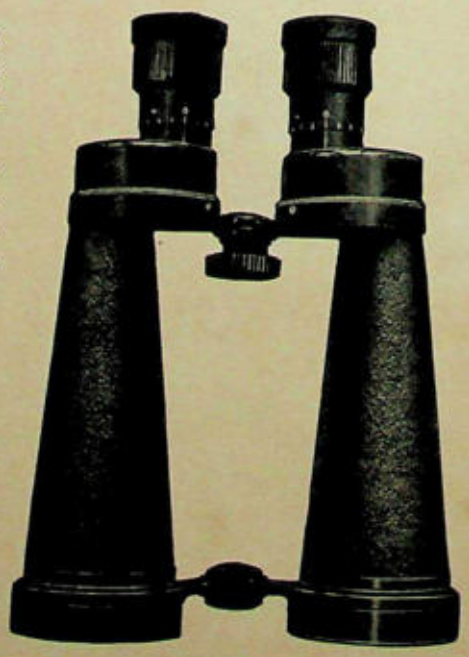

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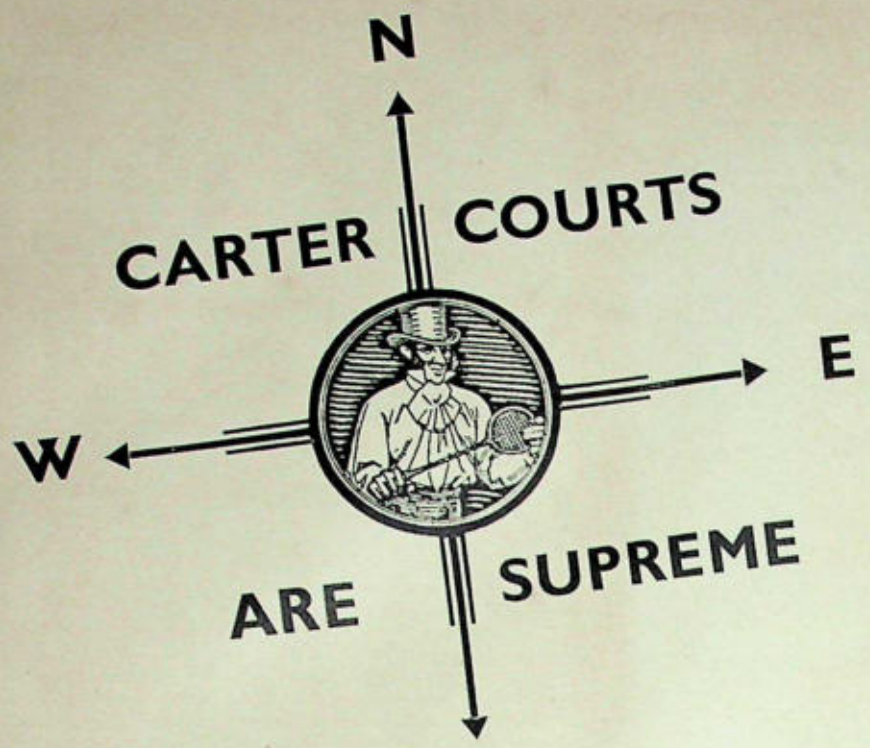


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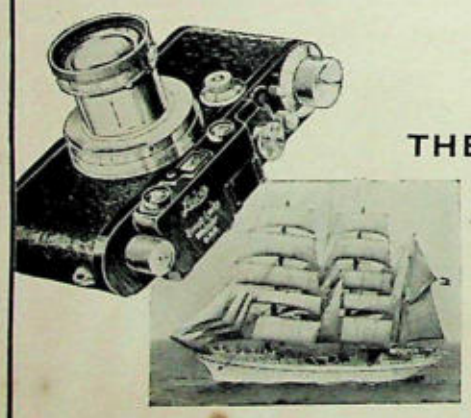

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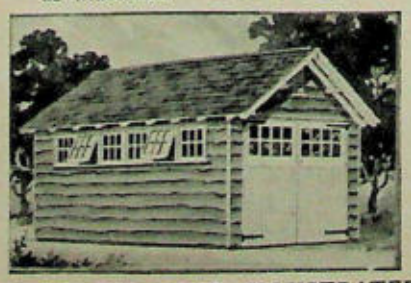

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*The Country House*

# HONEYSUCKLES

## Decorative Climbers which are Regaining Favour

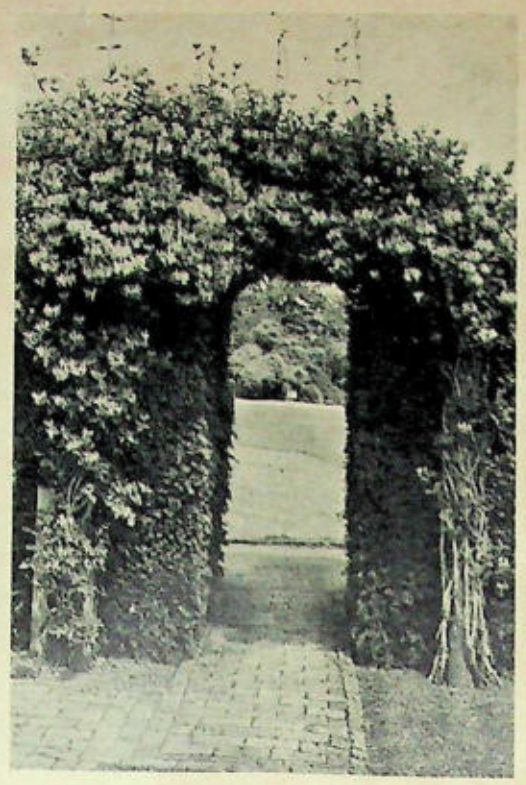
By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

HONEYSUCKLES are once more returning to favour, and, indeed, they are amongst the most charming of shrubs and climbers. The common kinds are amongst the few decorative climbers that succeed better in the cooler parts of these islands. For though they like full sun, they suffer badly in very mild parts from aphis, especially in prolonged spells of drought.

Best of all, I think, for the garden are the early Dutch (*Lonicera periclymenum belgica*) and the late Dutch (*L. p. serotina*). As their name indicates they are hybrids of our native *L. periclymenum*, and like most honeysuckles, they do best in a rich but light soil. In common with most European and American deciduous species, shoots that have flowered should be cut away after flowering, or the plants are apt to die out. The plants are easily increased by cuttings of short side growths about 5in. long, taken in July and struck in pots of very sandy soil in a cold frame, kept closed till the roots have formed. This takes a few weeks. Through the winter they are best kept in a cold frame and planted out in spring.

Notwithstanding the beauty of those introduced from Asia and America, our native honeysuckle is to many the best of all. In February its red shoots are amongst the earliest signs of spring, and in summer it is one of the loveliest hedgerow plants. There is a delightful description of it in *Bullein's Bulwarke of Defence . . . which is kepte with Hillarius the Gardener* (1562). "Oh how sweete and pleasaunte is Woodbinde in Woodes or Arbours, after a tender soft rain: and how friendly doe this herbe if I maie so name it, embrace the bodies, armes and branches of trees, with his long windying stalkes and tender leaves, openyng or spreding forthe his swete Lilles, like ladies fingers, among the thornes or bushes."

One of the most attractive of the European honeysuckles is *L. caprifolium*. It is a rampant grower, attaining quite 20ft., and in Victorian times it was a great favourite with cottagers who lived on chalky soil near the seaside. I remember many cottages almost smothered with it, but it is not so commonly grown now. It has the merit of being early flowering and the cream-yellow flowers are tinged pink. *L. italica* (a hybrid between *L. caprifolium* and *L. etrusca*) is very floriferous, with flowers about 2in. long.



Amongst the less commonly grown European species is the cherry woodbine, *L. alpigena*. Its pretty yellow flowers are succeeded by large cherry-like fruits.

*L. Ledebourii*, a Californian bush honeysuckle that attains about 8ft., is particularly attractive. The orange-yellow flowers have large reddish bracts, which remain on deepening in colour and are a perfect foil for the black fruits.

Of the Asiatic species the largest flowered is *L. tragophylla*, with flowers 4in. long produced in terminal clusters. Unfortunately this honeysuckle is scentless. The most valuable of the Asiatic honeysuckles for decorative effect are the varieties of *L. japonica*. All of them have intensely fragrant flowers, they are very hardy, evergreen, and two of the varieties have foliage almost as decorative as the flowers—*L. japonica aurea-reticulata*, and *L. j. flexuosa*. The last named is justly popular, for it flowers from June to November. *L. j. Halleana* is very quick-growing and floriferous.

One of the most striking Chinese species is *L. Henryi*, with evergreen foliage, very slender stems and reddish flowers, succeeded by purplish-blue berries. *L. Giralda* has charming bronze, evergreen foliage and rather small reddish flowers. *L. Maackii* is one of the most attractive of the Chinese bush honeysuckles. It attains about 6ft., the cream yellow flowers being succeeded by red fruits.

Two of the Asiatic honeysuckles—*L. Standishii* and *L. fragrantissima* are amongst our most valuable winter-flowering shrubs. *L. Standishii* was one of Fortune's introductions, but it is seldom grown except in large gardens, for it takes considerable space (it makes a bush 6ft. high and quite 4ft. through), and unless in a sheltered spot the flowers on leafless branches are browned by cutting winds. *L. fragrantissima*, also introduced by Fortune, is, on the other hand, worth space even in a small garden. Grown fan-wise against a wall, it is evergreen in mild parts, the fresh green leaves are very attractive in mid-winter, and the tiny cream-coloured flowers, borne in pairs, are exquisitely fragrant. The only drawback to this honeysuckle is that it is far from being floriferous.

Some of the finest honeysuckles can only be grown in a greenhouse, the best of all being *L. Hildebrandiana*, a native of Burma, and *L. sempervirens* (North America). *L. Hildebrandiana* requires space for it attains well over 40ft. Its handsome orange-coloured flowers are 5in. long. *L. sempervirens* requires only the protection of a house that is frost-proof.

One of the honeysuckles is rapidly supplanting privet as a hedge in suburban gardens. It is certainly far more attractive, the foliage remains a good, rich green throughout winter, it is exceptionally quick growing and does not impoverish the soil as much as privet. Cuttings strike very readily, and it takes only a few years to make a good hedge.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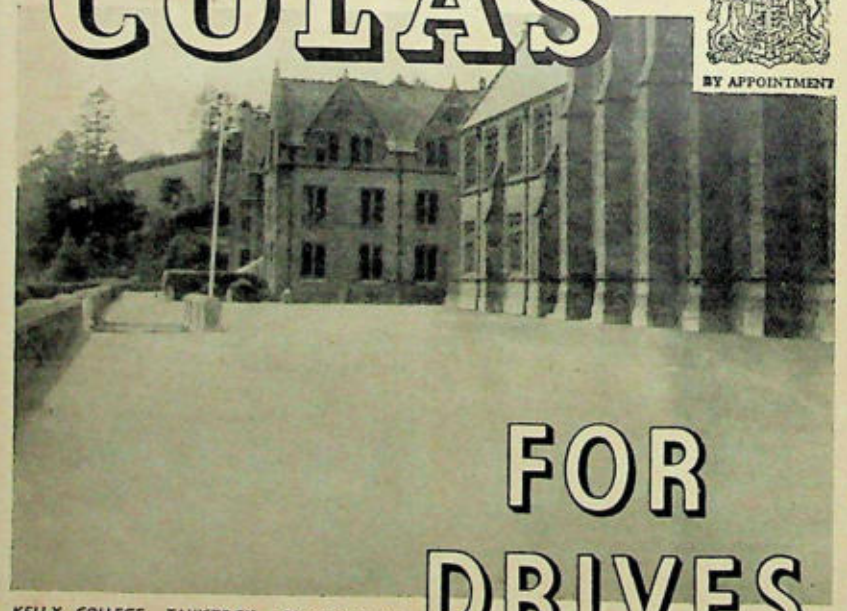

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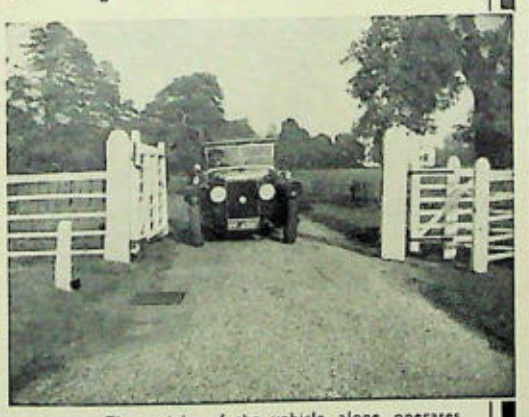

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*A photograph taken at the junction of the road to Hellion Bumpstead, showing one of the new Ford V-8's*

## TYRE PRESSURES AND RIDING COMFORT

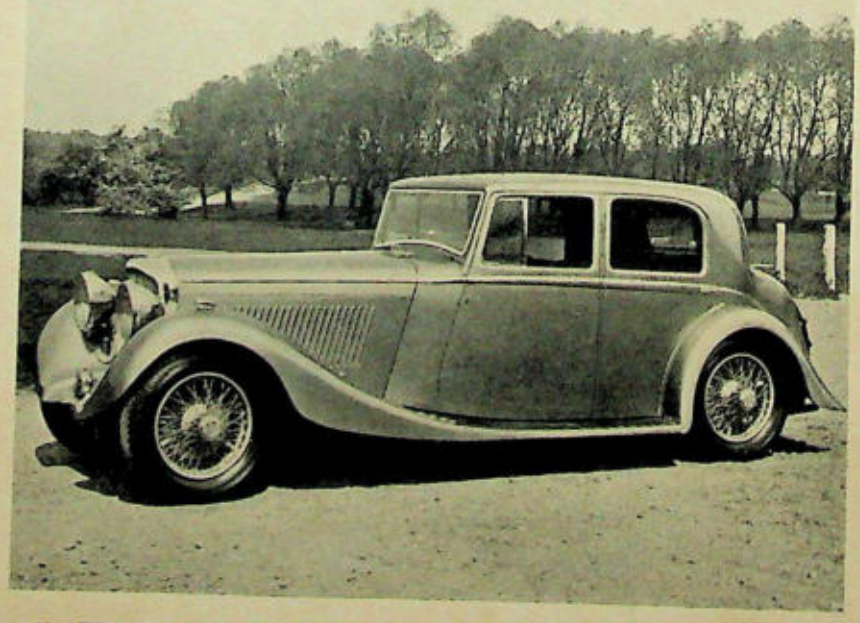
### Correct Inflation Means Safer Motoring

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
*(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)*
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

IT is often a matter for wonder to me that so many experienced motorists are quite careless in the matter of their tyre pressures. As I go about the country I am struck by the fact that not one car in four or five seems to have its tyres at the proper degree of inflation, the obvious fault being that most are running on tyres that are too soft. I suppose that to be correct one should check pressures every time the car is taken out, but that is a standard of perfection that I fear few of us are likely to achieve. I myself always see that mine are tested at least every three or four days and any fall in the recommended pressures rectified at once. Once a week is the least that is good enough if the best service is to be had not only from the tyres but from the car itself.

Every instruction book issued with a new car lays down certain tyre pressures recommended by the manufacturers. Quite often the motorist will discover that his car seems rather more comfortable when some slight departure is made from these pressures and I am not going to lay down that it is a bad thing to deviate from the instructions under such circumstances. Generally speaking, though, I think it will be found best to keep to what the makers have found by long experience to be the best inflation pressures. But I regard equalisation of tyre pressures as of far greater importance than mere adherence to the text of the book.

It must be remembered that tyres and their pressures are not fitted and recommended by the car manufacturer haphazard. They are as much a part of the design as, let us say, the steering. At one period in motoring history this did not hold good to anything like the extent it does to-day. Then we just fitted any make of tyre, generally of the largest section the rims would take, and ran them more or less at our own pressures, discovering by process of trial and error just what would give the maximum mileage out of a set of tyres. Incidentally, it was then thought that anything over 5,000 miles was a good life for a motor tyre.



AN ATTRACTIVE 3½ LITRE BENTLEY, BUILT FOR THE CAR MART, LTD., BY H. J. MULLINER
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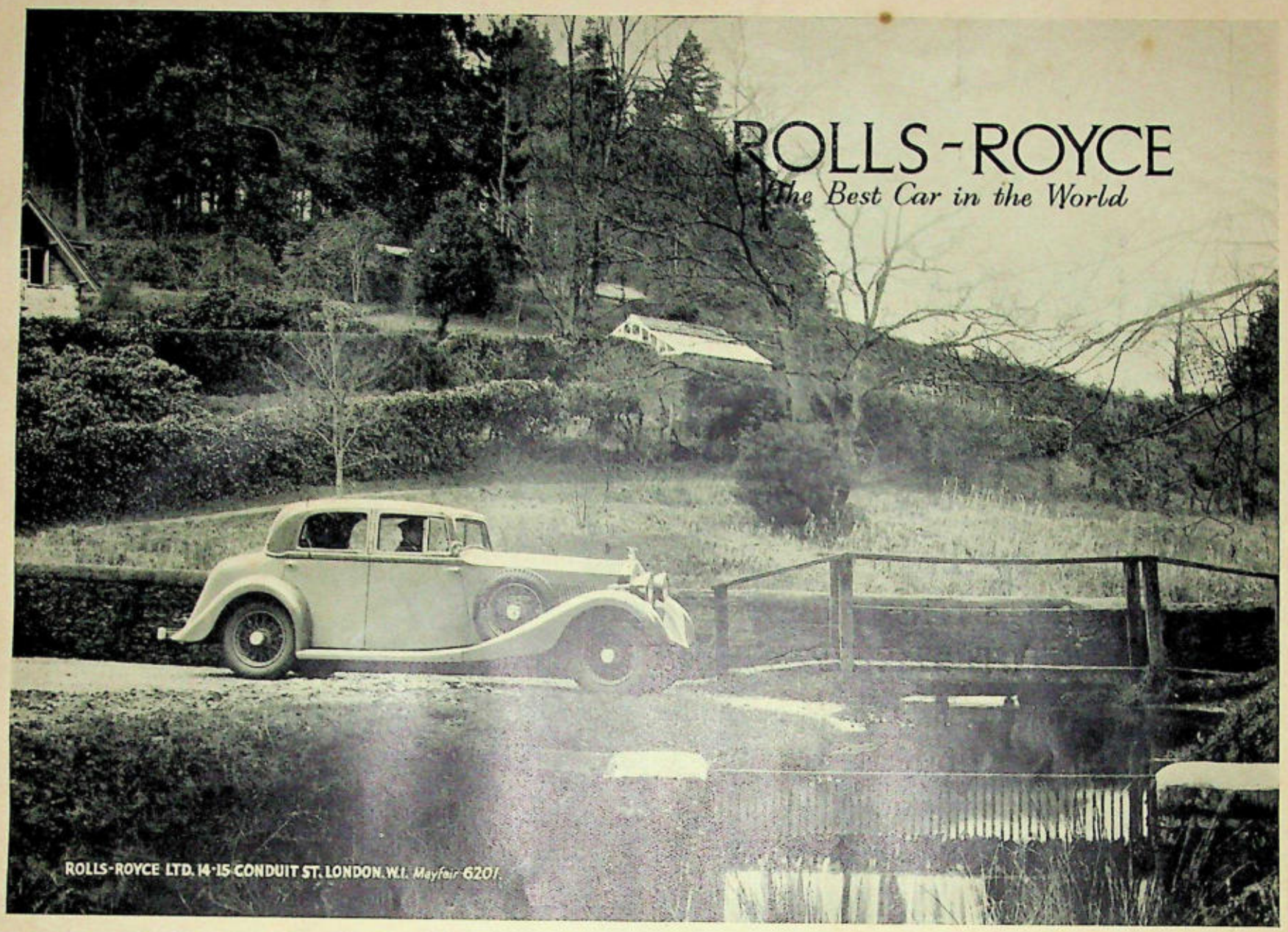
The importance of keeping to the correct pressures will be better realised by keeping in mind that the braking, steering and suspension of every car is designed to act at the best when a certain area of the tyre is in contact with the road surface. Obviously, if the tyre is too hard that area will be insufficient to obtain the best results. On the other hand, it is equally clear that an under-inflated tyre will have too much of its surface in contact with the road. One of the factors to be borne in mind when considering the need for balancing all pressures is that the effect of the brakes must be greater on a wheel shod with a tyre which is below its proper degree of inflation than on one which errs in the other direction and is too hard. Again, although this is perhaps not highly important, the under-inflated tyre reduces the wheel diameter and produces a greater braking effect.

To have a set of tyres which are "all over the place" in so far as their degree of inflation is concerned, is to immediately get a serious inequality of braking which, particularly on wet roads, is almost bound to produce skidding and may lead to accident. The effect of unbalanced pressures is most marked in the case of the front wheels, the braking of which results in a pull on the steering which is distinctly uncomfortable if nothing worse. The same effect on braking is produced by unbalanced rear tyres, though there is not the same reaction on the steering. Under-inflation increases the rolling resistance of the car, which means that more power is required to propel the vehicles, with a consequent rise in the petrol consumption.

Tyres that are too hard make the car harsh and give a "badly sprung" effect. Moreover, springs, steering and wheel bearings will receive violent shocks they were never meant to withstand, and a long course of running on tyres that are over-inflated may result in serious damage to the car. My advice to every new motorist—and to the experienced, for that matter—is to acquire a really good and reliable tyre pressure gauge, such as for instance the Dunlop or the Schrader, keep it always handy and check the tyres as carefully and regularly as you do the oil level in the engine sump.

Of the making of accessories for the car there is no end. Some are useful, some not so good, and a few become indispensable. I came across one the other day which will make a strong appeal to a great many motorists. Everyone knows the nuisance of having to hunt for motoring essentials in the pockets and cupboards of the car, and the affair I have in mind is one called the "Motowal." It is quite a neat thing, with separate compartments for driving licence, insurance certificate, banknotes, cards, and with special slotted pockets for ignition, car, garage and A.A. keys. A special protective flap prevents notes and keys falling out, and when folded it only measures about 5in. by 4in. I look on mine as quite a good investment. It can be bought at Marshall & Snelgrove's.

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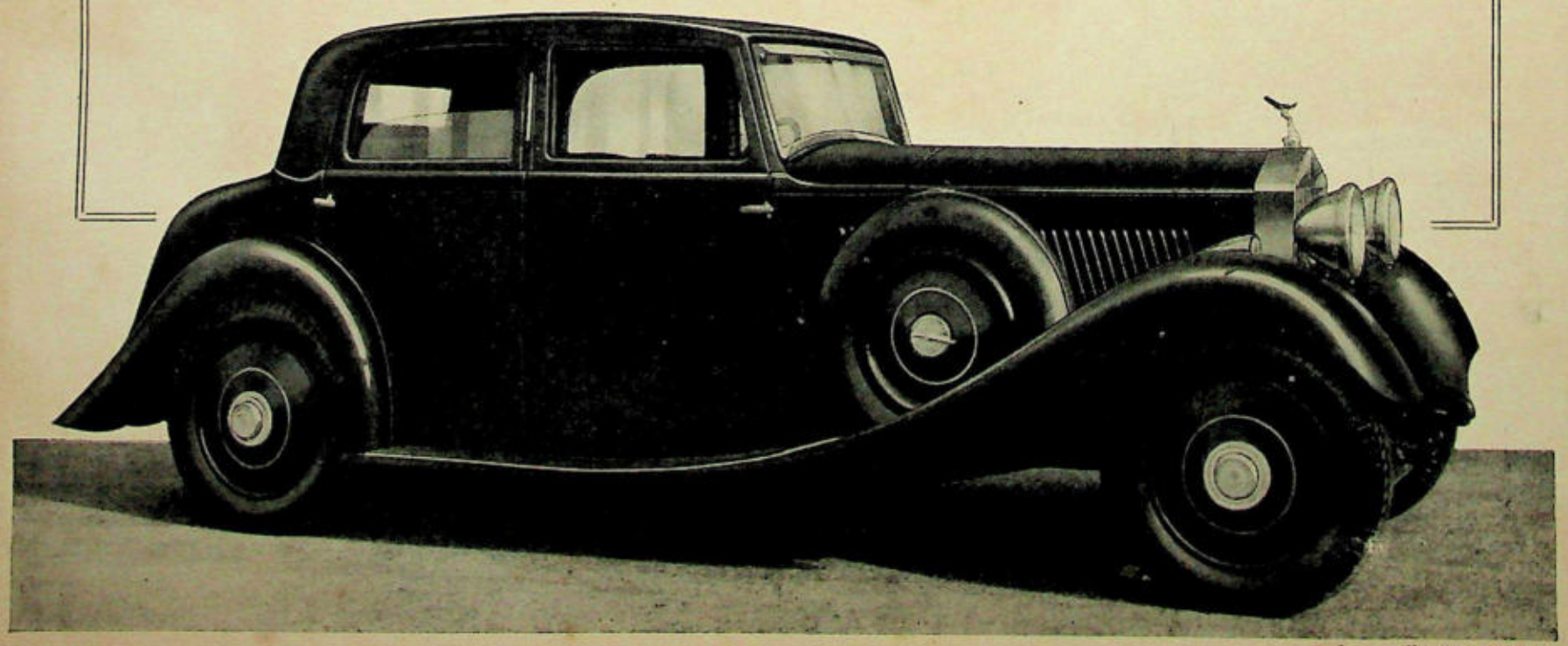

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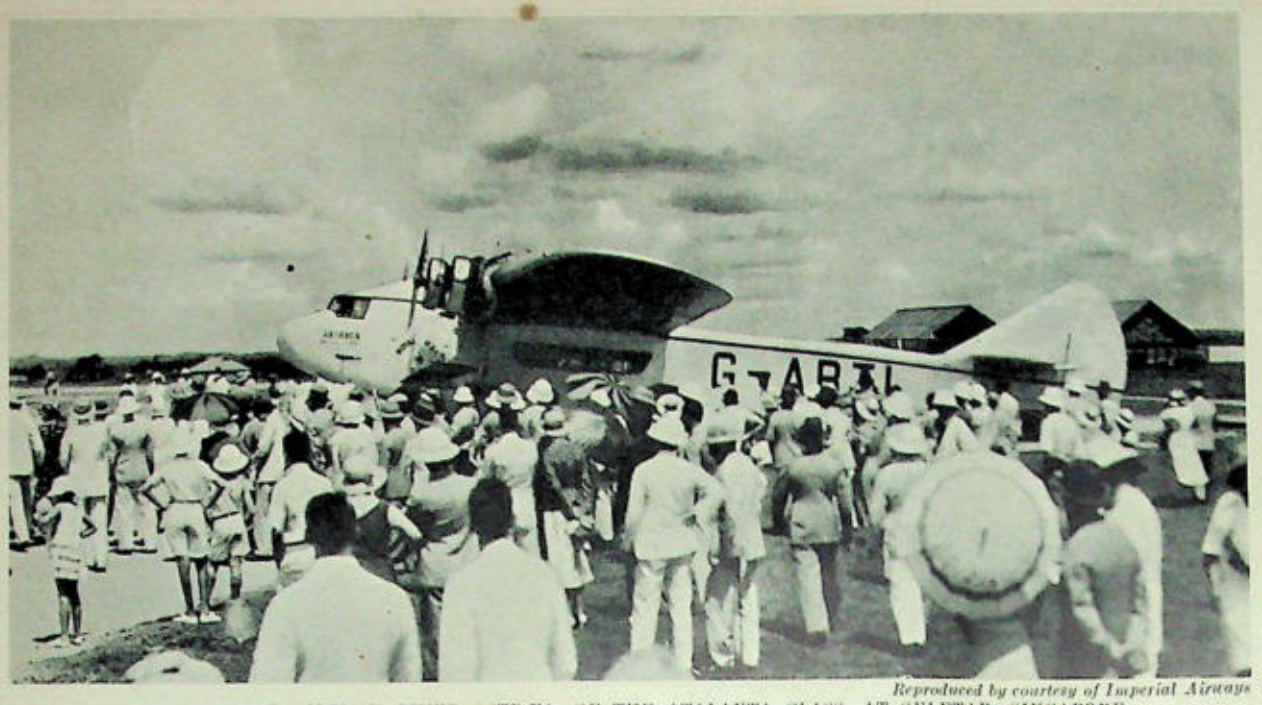


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# LINKING THE AIRWAYS AND THE STEAMSHIP SERVICES

## How Co-operation is Helping the Traveller

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

WITH the introduction of the summer time-tables on the airways, some interesting examples of co-ordinated use of air and sea facilities in the Far East might well be mentioned. They are worth examining, because they go to show that the utility of air transport is not limited entirely to accelerated communications between places actually lying on the airways, but is concerned with a much wider sphere. The world traveller, who makes use of through bookings and air-sea connections, can often save considerable time and gain largely in convenience.

Principally, the connections in mind relate to China and Japan, the air-sea link being at Singapore, which is served by both Imperial Airways and the K.L.M. Far-Eastern services. There are air arrivals in Singapore every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, which allows of convenient connections with N.Y.K. and P. & O. steamers as scheduled. Fast and slow N.Y.K. services for China and Japan leave every week-end, and there are P. & O. sailings on alternate Fridays, so it will be seen that Singapore is developing into an admirable air-sea junction.

When it is remembered that the slowest air service to Singapore occupies only nine days and the fastest but five, it will be seen that the saving in time on a Far-Eastern journey is well worth while to the traveller to whom every day is of value.

A very interesting line of thought is opened up by a consideration of the respective functions of air and sea transport by examples of this kind, particularly in the present stage when world air services are still largely in the development stage. The time is still comparatively far distant when direct air links will exist between any two points on the earth's surface; meanwhile, it is essential, in the interests of the most efficient transport, that the best co-ordination should be made of existing facilities.

In all parts of the world, there are opportunities for closer co-operation between air and sea than exist at present; and it may well be that, in the future, when flying boats are more extensively used for air transport, and all the main seaports have their adjoining seaplane stations, the two great systems of world communications will become drawn closer and closer together.

The system of catapulted mail-planes introduced by the German authorities on their great ocean liners, Bremen and Europa, is an example of specialised co-operation that has proved of great value in speeding up postal deliveries. Until the introduction of complete Atlantic air services (which, are hardly likely to be in anything but experimental operation for some little time to come), there would seem to be room for an extension of this co-ordination, not only for mails, but for passengers who, to save a day, are prepared to pay an extra fare—as many would.

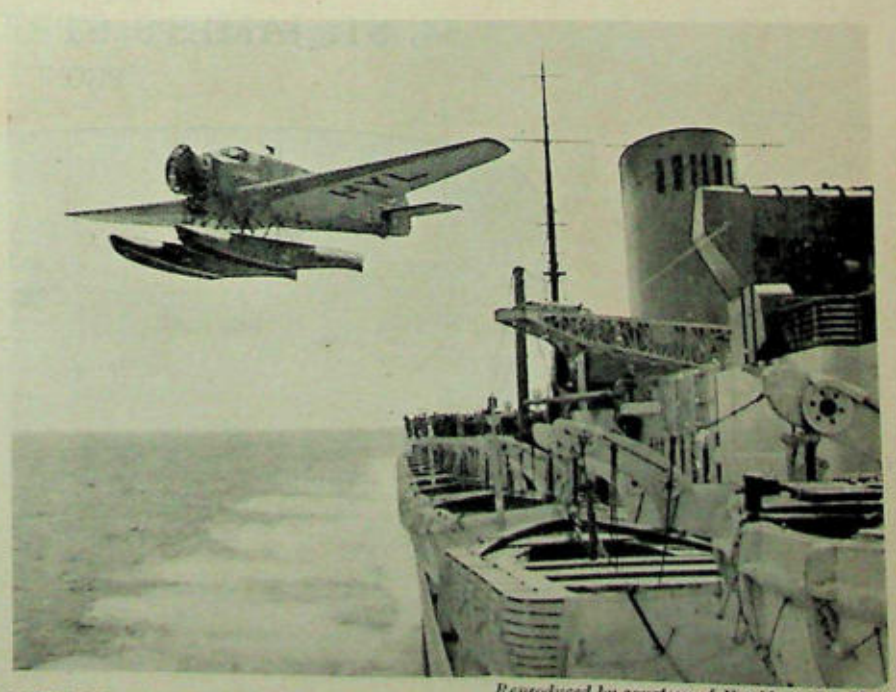
Another sphere in which there might be further co-operation is in overland links with the big seaports. There has, for some time past, been a proposal to link Queenstown with London by air for the benefit of Atlantic passengers; and, if the difficulties can be smoothed away, such a service would doubtless be of considerable value. London-Plymouth is another link already served, but capable of development along lines of co-ordination; and perhaps even more valuable would be direct, ship-connecting links between Plymouth or Southampton and the chief towns of the provinces and Scotland.

In other parts of the world, a slight re-arrangement of time-tables might well lead to considerably better travel facilities through ensuring quick connections between airways and steamship services. Obviously, the value of the air-sea link is materially lowered if the air passenger is forced to wait several days for a connection, when a somewhat earlier arrival on the part of the air service might have ensured an immediate continuity of the journey by surface transport.

The whole of modern transport organisation tends more and more towards co-operation between the various units. Road co-operates with rail, rail with sea. Commercial flying, as the newest comer to the field of world communications, should not stand aloof from this tendency, for, if it establishes closer relations with the already existing systems, its position will be strengthened, and its value increased to the travelling public.

In the future, it is more than likely that air services will largely replace the present steamship services for most first-class traffic. But that is no reason why aviation should not be used for the purpose of increasing the utility of steamship services where the latter are, under existing conditions, the best possible.

Fortunately, the principle of cut-throat competition has never actuated this country's participation in world air transport. There has been a welcome admission of the useful principle of friendly co-operation. By extending such co-operation on carefully considered lines, and by drafting time-tables so that they interlock more and more fully with those of the steamship services, where a useful purpose could be served by their so doing, the support of the travelling public will be won—and, when conditions favour the extension of the air line over the route previously served by sea, the turnover of traffic from surface to air will need no artificial stimulus.



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GETTING THE MAILS DELIVERED QUICKLY

*Left: The mailplane on board the Bremen and, right, on its way to land after being catapulted from the ship. There seems room for an extension of this co-ordination not only for mails but for passengers who, to save a day, would be willing to pay an extra fare*

# A SINAI FISHERY

## Marks Left by the Crusaders

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

ON the north coast of Sinai, separated from the Mediterranean Sea by a narrow strip of dry sand, there extends a huge clay pan for a distance of some 35 miles along the coast and seven miles inland. This pan, which is now filled with sea water, has had a certain measure of publicity lately, as it is regarded by some as the site of the loss of Pharaoh's host when they were following up the escaping Israelites. At the present time, the pan, or Lake Bardawil, as it is now called, is kept full of sea water by the maintenance of a channel cut through the sand spit and connecting it with the sea. The reason for this is that the grey mullet, who are present in the Mediterranean in vast numbers, show a marked inclination for all inland waters and estuaries, and when the channel is first cut through the sand in the autumn of each year, small mullet swarm the lagoon, where they become extremely fat on a slimy scum or algæ that forms in the water.

In the month of May the fish, who, when they arrived from the sea were only a matter of 8in. long, have grown so enormously that they are all about the 2lb. mark and in wonderful condition. At this time, the desire to spawn, or the increased salinity of the water in the lake, drives them out to the open sea, but across the narrow channel the fishermen have erected a strong net and, to allow for the marked jumping propensities of the mullet, there is a second net stretched horizontally behind the first. The mullet, finding the way to the sea closed, dash up and down the barrier seeking an opening and, finding none, take a flying leap over the vertical net, landing on the platform net behind. During the warm weather in May, the fish are jumping the whole day long—sometimes in twos and threes, and occasionally in coveys of 20 and 30, and a boat is kept constantly employed rowing up and down the barrier removing the catch, which numbers tens of thousands every 24 hours.

The roe is then extracted, salted, pressed and dried and is sold in Cairo and other cities at from 2/6 to 3/- a pound—this high price being due to the fact that Egyptians believe that it has aphrodisian properties. The fish themselves, packed in ice, are exported to Cairo and Jerusalem, whilst the smaller ones are salted and pressed into barrels and sold as "fessikh"—a very popular food with the lower classes of Egypt despite its stench, which has to be smelt to be believed.

The fishermen who work the lake are a hardy, cheerful community, and have little or nothing in common with the Arabs of Sinai, for most of them are the direct descendants of a Crusader outpost who were cut off from Palestine during the days of Saladin. This small fortified post, which was on the southern frontier of the old Crusader kingdom, still exists at a place called Filusiat, at the eastern end of the lake, and the family name of the fishing community is Bardawil, which is the Arabic plural of the name Baldwin—one of the Crusader Kings of Jerusalem.

The old sheikh who controls the fishery is a fine specimen of humanity and, though over 70 years of age, is as active and strong as the youngest man of the gang. In common with the rest, he shows definite signs of his Norman descent, and his clean-cut patrician features suggests that he is of noble blood.

When the general exodus of the mullet is over, the fishermen account for the smaller fish by means of a vast seine net which they haul ashore. With this net provision has also to be made against the mullet's jumping powers, and a platform of trammel netting is attached and supported on the surface of the water by means *boosa* rods—a form of bulrush. A certain number of fish are also accounted for by the use of the cast net, which consists of a cone of netting open at the bottom and provided with small lead weights. This is folded up and held in the right hand with the body of the net draped over the upper arm. When fish are detected it is thrown with a swing of the body, the cone opens out like a parachute and falls over the shoal, the small weights carrying the skirt of the net at once to the sandy bottom. This form of fishing is usually employed by the Arabs—the poor relations—who are allowed to catch a few fish in the concession for their own immediate needs. It is a method that demands not only considerable skill, but exceptional eyesight as well, for the net is never thrown on the "chuck-and-chance-it" principle, but is invariably aimed at either a shoal or some particularly large specimen that the fisherman has detected. In some respects therefore the Arab with his cast net may be classed as a dry-fly purist, for he "fishes the rise" and disdains more ordinary methods.

THE BALDWIN FAMILY OF FISHERMEN DESCENDED FROM THE CRUSADERS, THE OLD SHEIKH ON THE LEFT BEING OBVIOUSLY OF NORMAN DESCENT

WORKING THE SEINE NET

## TRAVEL CHANCES

THE Deauville Season, which is now beginning, promises to be as enjoyable as ever. The three leading *de luxe* hotels, the Normandie, the Royal and the Hotel du Gulf, are offering attractively low rates this year, while the many interesting events throughout the season include a Concours d'Elégance Automobile, on July 7th; the International Cinematographic Contest for Women; the Men's and Women's Beach-fashion Shows on July 7th and 14th respectively; and on July 28th a Dog Show under the auspices of La Société Centrale Canine de Paris-midi. Horse races will take place on July 14th, 21st, 28th and 31st, and the International Regatta will be held July 15th to July 18th.

* * *

Motorists going to France this summer will be able to avail themselves of the special concessions permitted for the recent Paris festivities. French customs papers, international driving licences and cash deposits are not now necessary, and only passports, British car registration book and driving licence are required. A *laissez passer* is then issued at 20 francs for ten days, 40 francs for 20 days, 60 francs a month and 100 francs for three months.

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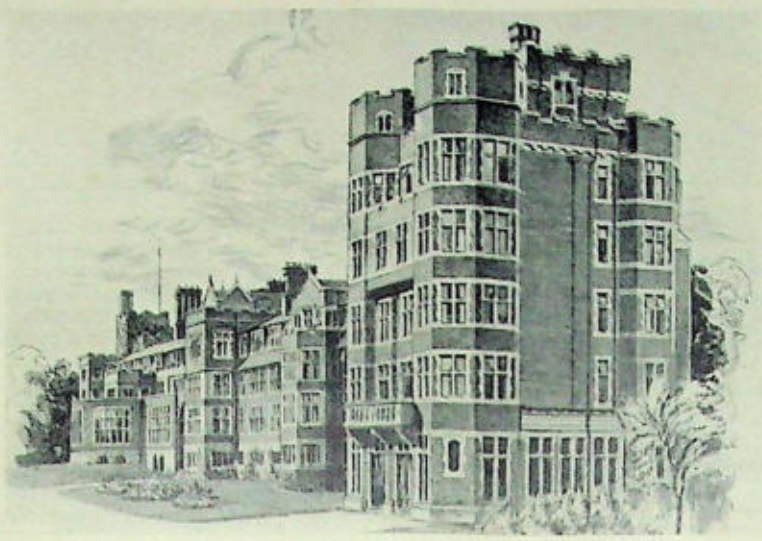

THE SOUTH TERRACE OF THE SELSDON PARK HOTEL

IT is not without interest to study the Saxon meaning of the word Selsdon if you are entertaining the idea of staying at the Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey. "Selle" means a mansion and "dun" a hill, and as far back as 861 mention of this "mansion on the hill" can be found in the will of Duke Aelfrid, who bequeathed the manor of Selsdon to his wife, Werburg.

Later came the Templars, who held Selsdon for their overlord, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and received tithe in his name. In 1347, Sir John Gresham (a relative of that Gresham who founded the Royal Exchange) owned the estate. A century later one Christopher Bowyer built the earlier parts of the present building, but since then the old walls have been encased in red brick and additions made to the original structure.

The south terrace—a veritable sun-trap—of the hotel overlooks the beautiful Bishop's Walk, named after the famous Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, who dwelt for many years among the enchantments of Selsdon Park. There is the Arch Glade running off the Bishop's Walk which will lead you to an old archway. This once formed one of the gates of the Monastery of the Black Friars, erected in the thirteenth century.

The interior of the hotel is as attractive as the exterior. The dining-room has hand-painted walls, the library is restful and dignified, the lounge hall is provided with deep leather chairs where many an odd half-hour can be spent with a book, and the Solarium, recently added to the hotel, enables guests to enjoy the maximum of health-giving sunshine in surroundings of perfect comfort.

Selsdon Park adjoins its own golf course, and at the other end of the course is Selsdon Court, under the same management, though the two hotels are entirely separate. Selsdon Court was previously known as Sanderstead Court, and was mentioned in the Domesday Book, at a later date becoming the property of the Master of the Horse to Queen Elizabeth's Household. You will be shown the room which was Queen Elizabeth's boudoir if you visit Selsdon Court to-day, while in the gardens is a magnificent old cedar which it is said the Queen planted during one of her numerous visits.

The Pillar Hall dates back to the sixteenth century. For over 200 years the wonderful pine panelling had been hidden by canvas, but this has now been exposed and restored, giving the room an old-world atmosphere of peace and quiet.

Unexpected glimpses of varied beauty meet the eye everywhere in the grounds. In one place a lichen-covered wall, the mellow red of its brickwork seeming to glow in the sunlight, in another a mass of rhododendrons, and on a very still day one is apt to imagine

"Dim shadows 'neath the cedar's spreading bough,
Half whispering voices at the close of day—
Phantoms of other centuries who now
Return in all their panoplied array."

Yet because you are very near to the Croydon Aerodrome the illusion cannot last for too long—time never stands still—while the cry of someone shouting "Fore!" on the golf course will switch your thoughts to the Royal and Ancient game, and from the antique world to the interesting world of to-day. If you venture to the course after your reverie you may still visualise my lords and ladies of yesteryear strolling there in peaceful seclusion, but you must awaken from your dream if you are to surmount the hazards that await you.

Time alters everything, with the result that to-day both Selsdon Park and Selsdon Court have a delightful open-air swimming pool and an electric gymnasium, while lawn tennis, riding and squash rackets are also catered for. With the electrification of the Southern Railway you are within half-an-hour's run of the West End. Queen Elizabeth would surely find this convenient, but probably she would be more interested in the models in the electric gymnasium.


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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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No Colonial Governor of modern times, with the possible exception of Lord Lugard, can claim a finer record of service to the Empire than Sir Donald Cameron, who has just arrived in this country on retirement. As Governor of the newly formed Tanganyika Territory from 1924 to 1929, and of Nigeria from 1930 to 1935, he has been able to put into practice principles based on established native customs and the practical realities of good government, while he has been able, alike, to inspire his subordinate officials with his own zeal, and to gain the complete sympathy of the native populations.

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# MILK AND EGGS

A POLL will be taken in August to decide the fate of the milk marketing scheme. More than 160,000 farmers are qualified, as registered producers under the Milk Board, to vote, and this is the burning question of the moment throughout agricultural England and Wales. Let it be made quite clear that two years ago the overwhelming majority, actually 96 per cent. of those who voted, wanted a pooling scheme under the Marketing Acts. Those who enjoyed a privileged position in the liquid milk market realised that their position was threatened by the flow of milk from outside areas which could only find a market locally at manufacturing prices, and they agreed to a pooling scheme to share the burden of the "surplus." All wanted to qualify for the protection from low-priced imports of butter, cheese and condensed milk which the Government promised to the home industry if a marketing scheme were adopted.

Now nobody seems to be satisfied with what has happened. Promised a market for all the milk produced farmers everywhere have increased their output. The Board has sold all the milk, but the extra gallonage has gone into manufacture at a very low price. The "surplus" problem has been magnified four-fold, and farmers have had to accept a net price of no more than 7¼d. per gallon this summer. This situation is attributable to the failure of the Board to stimulate the consumption of liquid milk to keep pace with increasing production and also to the failure of the Government to take the measures necessary to maintain the value of manufactured milk products. The Government has, it is true, given a guarantee making up the price of manufacturing milk to 5d. per gallon in summer and 6d. in winter.

But because there have been failures, this is no argument for scrapping the Milk Marketing Board. Without organised marketing there would be chaos, and with farmers at the mercy of buyers, who can say what next year's price would be? No doubt the buyers would take the milk and be ready to pay for it at its utilisation value for the manufacture of butter and cheese, which is about 4d. per gallon. Whatever grievances individual producers may have against their Board, and however necessary amendments to the scheme may be, the principle of a pooling scheme and marketing organisation remains sound. The alternative is cut-throat competition and the survival of the fittest after a period of possibly two years' attenuation. The vote to be taken next month is on the principal question, and minor issues must not be allowed to fog the issue.

Another marketing problem of no less importance will shortly be coming before farmers. There are about 500,000 producers of eggs and poultry in the country, and they have now been asked to adopt a marketing scheme. It is not quite clear what the promoters have in mind, since the old argument that a marketing scheme at home is necessary to qualify for protection no longer holds good. It does not seem at all probable that the Government, after its experience with bacon, will apply import quotas as a means of maintaining prices to home producers. The case for a marketing scheme then rests solely on the merits of large-scale organisation as a means of marketing eggs and poultry to better advantage.

Is it not wiser to put aside ambitious ideas of a full-scale marketing scheme, at any rate for the present, and concentrate on the development of the better methods of marketing eggs that are already in existence? There are the National Mark packing stations which test and grade the farmers' eggs and sell them to the public with a guarantee of quality; there are many hundreds of producers who have built up their own retail rounds by supplying consumers with reliable fresh eggs. If encouragement is afforded to such approved methods of marketing, using the proceeds of the tariff on imported eggs for the purpose, the unreliable English egg, carrying no guarantee, would surely disappear, since it would only pay to market eggs by the approved channels. It is always better to progress by inducement rather than by duress.

## AN ACCIDENT AT LORD'S

IN another column will be found an account of the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, a game on which both schools may look back with pride. Three features stood out from the cricket, Rees-Davies's untiring bowling, Studd's century, and Duveen's marvellous catches, two of them as fine as have ever been seen at cover-point. But the match will also be remembered for the strange incident which led to the dismissal of F. G. Mann in Eton's second innings. He played a ball from Duveen so that it became stationary just outside his crease. Then, with the intention of patting it back to the wicket-keeper to save time and trouble—and time, at that moment, was all important to Harrow—he accidentally knocked it into his wicket. Somebody appealed, and the umpire gave him out as having played on to Duveen's bowling. Why, it may be asked, was the appeal made? Probably through instinct as the bails fell off. And the best comment, perhaps, is that the whole thing was just an accident.

### HANDLING THE BALL

A curious cricket incident occurred in the match between Essex and Northamptonshire at Northampton last Saturday. Bakewell, of Northamptonshire, played a ball, which then rolled towards the stumps, but instead of stopping it with his bat, as he was entitled to do, he prevented it from hitting the wicket with his hand. He should have been out under law 29, "Handled the Ball." But it is stated that the umpire was unsighted and not seeing exactly what happened gave the batsman not out. We cannot understand how *both* umpires failed to see what happened, for the laws clearly state that if one umpire is unable to give a decision he shall appeal to the other umpire. Batsmen frequently pick up the ball after they have played it in order to return it to the bowler or throw it to the wicket-keeper. Strictly speaking they are thus taking a liberty with the laws, though no umpire would dream of giving any batsman out for what is really a friendly act towards the fielding side. Bakewell's case was in a different category, and we cannot recall a parallel to it.

### AN ARMY'S TRIBUTE

Last Saturday's Review of the Army at Aldershot was a triumph of disciplined organisation, and it passed without a hitch. It would, of course, be absurd to pretend that it required the same perfection of timing and stage-management as the fly-past at Mildenhall; nevertheless Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy and his staff have every reason to congratulate themselves. Much has been written of the mechanised army of to-day having a glamour no less than its pre-war counterpart. This, in fact, is hardly true. It would be absurd to say that a modern review can have the same spectacular appeal as the long line of Laffans Plain in full dress. The regiments of footguards, for instance, in khaki drill, smart though they were, could not hope to compete with the swinging line of Cameron Highlanders in their kilts and white spats. But the tribute paid to the King could not have been more sincere, and that counted for more than all the tunics and jackets that ever came out of Savile Row or Pimlico.

### THE HORSE TRIUMPHANT

No line of tanks can ever thrill even the modern boy as can the regiments of cavalry of the line. Sir Ernest Swinton leading the Royal Tank Corps, even to those who remember November, 1917, could not stir the imagination as Sir Alexander Wardrop, giant of the Kadir Cup, leading past those very horse gunners whose officers had just won the Inter-Regimental. An officer passing the saluting base on the back seat of a car cannot hope to compare with, for instance, the model of a beautifully mounted horseman who led past the First Division Staff. And what could be a more inspiring sight than the two oldest soldiers on the parade, both veterans of the first Egyptian War, Sir Alfred Codrington and Sir John Hanbury Williams, riding at the head of their regiments, the latter leading the 43rd Light Infantry at their historic quick step. Indeed, that no *horse* broke down throughout the proceedings was the comment of the bow and arrow men.

This is not written in any sense of disparagement of the tremendous trouble that the mechanised arms had taken both in drill and turn-out to do honour to His Majesty, and still less to suggest that there should be any delay in the essential modernisation of the Army, already far too long delayed.

### DAVIS CUP CHANCES

Whether Germany or the United States is the winner of the inter-zone final of the Davis Cup at Wimbledon this week-end, it may be taken as read in the preceding events of the season that Great Britain has a good chance of winning the trophy for the third year in succession. In the ordinary course F. J. Perry should win both his singles, and H. W. Austin at least one, if for no other reason because he is at his best in a Davis Cup tie. The double is doubtful; G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey are a new partnership, and to such, even at their best, the unexpected happens and crises are more dangerous. They should on all counts beat the German, but lose to the American pair. The odds, therefore, are greater on a win against Germany than against the United States, and the probability in either case is in favour of a decision postponed until the third day. At a long shot, the results might be forecast as U.S.A. to beat Germany, 3–2, and Great Britain to beat the winner by the same score.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of the Aldershot review in a well-known Sunday Paper:

"One did notice, however, the men of the Cameron Rifles were wearing tartan breeks and that the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders were kilted as they marched jauntily swinging their sporuns."

### HUNTING COSTS

Hunting, it is generally agreed, seems to be more costly as season succeeds season. Recently, when the Exmoor held their annual general meeting, no suitable Master could be found, so it was decided to hunt the country three days a week. Presumably this was only possible by the exceptional generosity of various supporters, and even this arrangement may have to be modified to two days a week. The Exmoor, who hunt a fine sporting country, are not the only pack who find it hard to make financial ends meet. Many other packs are in the same plight, and everyone should do all they can to assist the Hunt. Nor need it be necessarily with hard cash. It is possible to assist in other ways by giving meal and flesh, oats and hay, summering hunt horses, walking puppies, arranging whist drives, concerts and dances. All these keep the hunting spirit alive in the countryside.

### CHILDREN IN THE SADDLE

Children's classes at horse shows are growing in popularity and, no doubt mainly owing to the beneficial Pony Club instruction, will continue to do so. But it would be as well if more novice classes were included in show schedules, for at the present time there is undoubtedly a certain amount of "pot hunting" going on, which is discouraging to the beginners. It would also be a good thing if every child were asked to produce his or her birth certificate before riding. At the present time there is no guarantee that a child who rides in a class for those who have not attained their fourteenth birthday is eligible. And no child should be permitted to ride in the show ring until he or she is at least twelve years of age. A child full of fright and a pony full of corn is certainly not a pleasant sight.

### HOLIDAY FISH

Once the Feast of the good Bishop Swithin has set its seal for weal or woe on the climate, those youthful forerunners of the sea trout with many names (finnock or herling is perhaps the most favoured) should make their mysterious appearance in the Border rivers. A slight rise towards nightfall of a clear and troutless stream may mean, next morning, shoals of these bright little fellows tenanting every pool for a mile or more above the tide—entertaining company for the fly fishers whose waters for the last few weeks have shown too retiring a disposition for a man in true holiday mood.

And there is always a chance that an elder brother or two may have found his way in with the youngsters. It is unfortunate that sea trout of substance should share with evil doers the reputation of loving darkness rather than light; otherwise they would be of all fish the most beloved. However in that case, of course, they might also be extinct.

### MOVEMENTS OF CROSSBILLS

Among the many problems of the natural history of wild birds one of the most puzzling is that of the movements of crossbills. What are the forces that urge them to their irregular travel? In parts of Surrey to-day, where no crossbills have been seen for years past, there are large flocks of these birds, flying continually about woods and gardens, biting countless cones from the larch trees, apparently in pure mischief rather than hunger, and flitting ceaselessly from bough to bough and tree to tree. How little we know about them! Their variations in plumage alone would make a chapter, but their seasonal movements are more puzzling still. Sometimes they travel in winter, sometimes, as now, in high summer. Are they visiting other parts of the country, to-day, besides Surrey?

### THE SCHOLAR-FARMER

Wheat, it is said, in sacred Greece
Grew not, but barley was the increase.
And I, who love fair wheaten bread,
Prefer great Homer's song instead.

Barley I therefore sow for wheat
Within my furrow. Summer heat
And rain bring forth the Argive beard
And hairy heroes greaved and spear'd.

Thrust in the sickle to the field;
And, like a king on daedal shield,
'Mid barley-riggs will I drink down
The foaming cup, with staff and crown.

EDMUND CASSON.

*The Cambridge crew of 1935*

# ENGLISH ROWING AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES

## The Cambridge Crew's Visit to Germany

By J. H. LASCELLES

NOW that Henley is over, with University rowing in abeyance until October, and the comparative relaxation of the "up-river" regattas in progress, it is, perhaps, the moment to look ahead to August, 1936, when the Olympic Games are due to take place in Berlin, and to consider English chances in the international regatta. There was a time (1908) when the United Kingdom provided every finalist except one in the rowing events. Since then, however, we have won the eight-oared event only once, in 1912, and though we have never lost the coxswainless fours (which were, however, not in the programme in 1912 or 1920), on only one of the three occasions since 1908 when a race for coxswainless pairs has been included have we been successful (1932). And at the last two regattas we have been outclassed in the single sculls, after winning in 1908, 1912 and 1924.

The next Olympic Games seem likely to prove more difficult than usual for us. We have had disconcerting proof recently of the fact that our four-oared supremacy is no longer unchallenged, while we may expect severe competition in the eight-oared event from the United States, Germany, and Switzerland, at least, and Italy, Canada and New Zealand should also be strong. In the case of the pairs and sculls it is difficult to be optimistic, but there are possibilities.

There can be no doubt that if we consider international rowing worth while, we shall this time have to make an exceptional effort to regain the mastery. It may not be enough merely to send our Henley winners to Berlin without strengthening them. The rumoured reason for the non-appearance of a German crew at Henley this year was that they were concentrating on next year, while the post-war progress of American rowing, with its highly scientific training, and its effort to convert eight men into a perfect machine, eliminating the human factor, may well give happy-go-lucky English crews of amateurs to think—if indeed the conversion of a leisure sport into a whole-time business is worth thinking about at all.

We shall see some indication of the probable strength of German opposition, at least, from the success or failure of the Cambridge crew at present touring Germany. This is a new departure for a representative University crew, and it must be remembered that this crew has not been together since the time of the Boat Race, and that its components have been rowing in slightly different style since then. Laurie, for instance, has been stroking his college crew and almost carrying it on his back. Wilson, Bristow, and the two Kingsfords have been winning the Grand for the first time in Pembroke's history. Powell and Lonnon have been rowing in a poor Third Trinity crew, and subsequently in an untrained Leander crew; while Szilagyi has been stroking a fast Jesus crew. It is unreasonable to expect these different influences to dissolve in a few days into the old Boat Race form—which, at any rate, was not first class. So that failure in Germany will not be dishonourable, and success will be doubly honourable.

In the English rowing world of to-day, in which differences of style, and especially the distinction between orthodoxy and Fairbairnism are small in our best crews and easily blended, it should not be difficult to form really representative English crews—something more than club or college crews. The wise course would seem to be to put next year's Henley Regatta forward a week or so, thus giving about a month for representative English crews to get together. Henley winners would naturally form a basis for the selection of these crews, but weak spots would be marked down and replaced by additions from other crews. The argument that this spoils good crews can hardly be maintained in face of the consistent performances of what are really scratch Leander crews formed on the same lines. Leander has won the Grand twenty times since 1890; in the twenty other years London and Magdalen have each been successful four times, but no other club has even that number of wins to its credit.

The possible composition of next year's Olympic crews can hardly be foreshadowed at this long range, and, of course, it is not yet known who will be available. But it seems likely that next year's Cambridge crew will compete at Henley, and will form the basis of the Olympic Eight. It seems fairly certain that Laurie and Wilson will be stroke and seven in the crew, for these two are outstanding in those positions. Six could be filled to perfection by Payne (Leander), but it is unlikely that he will row again after his recent illness. Failing him, either Sutcliffe (Leander) or Howitt (London) would be an excellent six, but it is doubtful whether Sutcliffe will be available either. Jackson or Carpmael, both of London, would fit in well at five, but Jackson may decide to concentrate exclusively on sculling, and there is always A. B. Kingsford for the seat, if he is available, and J. V. Wilson (Leander), who has returned from Australia, is another possibility. Couchman (Leander), or Sankey (London) would make an excellent four, with Ackwith (Leander), Norman Tomlin (Oxford), or Carpmael at three, Stammers (Jesus), Burnford (Jesus), Pascalis (Pembroke), or B. C. Kingsford at two, and Bristow or Powell at bow. In the absence of any really good college or club four, a fast representative crew might be formed from the remnants of the eight, while Burnford and Cree of Jesus, this year's winning Goblets pair, may improve sufficiently to win the pairs, though they are very light.

Our chief weakness, of course, lies in our scullers. The two best English scullers at the moment are Winsborne (Molesey) and Jackson (London). The former has concentrated entirely on sculling, and will probably never be good enough to beat Buhtz, Rufli, or Zavrel. Jackson, however, has hitherto rowed as well, and his potentialities as a sculler have not yet been fully brought out. If he were to concentrate on his sculling to the complete exclusion of his rowing, and if he were to be coached over a long period by Ted Phelps, he might yet prove a world-beater. While he would be of great value in an Olympic Eight, he would be of even greater use as an Olympic sculler.

MOUNTAIN RANGES OF THE CHINESE TIBETAN BORDERLAND

# IN THE LAND OF THE GIANT PANDA

## An Expedition from the United States to Central China

By DEAN SAGE, JR.

AS is generally known, the Giant Panda inhabits the dense bamboo jungles of Western China, more specifically of the hinterlands of Szechwan Province, which form a border region between China proper and Tibet. His presence in the mountains of East Tibet and in the Tsin Ling Mountains of Southern Shensi Province has been reported but never confirmed.

A glance at the map of Asia will show the reader that Far West China is a country remote and difficult of access. Let it be said here and now that it is not a ground for the casual big game hunter; rather is it of interest to the explorer or the scientific museum worker. Practically speaking, there are three main routes by which one can get there. The first and most difficult is the route taken by the Kelley-Roosevelt-Field Expedition in 1926—across Burma into the Province of Yunnan, and thence north-west to Szechwan, a trip requiring several months of hard going. Then there is the Indo-China route. Landing at Haiphong, one can go to Yunnan-fu by rail, and thence trek into Szechwan by foot. The third, and by far the easiest way is via the Yang-tze Valley. A ten or twelve days' journey by river steamer will take one from Shanghai 1,500 miles up the Yang-tze River to the city of Chung-king, well within the borders of Szechwan. From Chung-king, one may either continue on by smaller boats to Kia-ting and Ya-chow, or else go overland by motor transport to Cheng-tu, another 300 miles farther west. From Ya-chow or Cheng-tue, progress must be on foot, and by means of coolie transport.

The Sage West China Expedition went in by the latter route in the summer of 1934. From Cheng-tu, the Expedition travelled by foot with coolie porters 200 miles north-west into the mountains lying between Min and the Tung rivers, and there carried on its work during the months of September, October, November and December. The total time required to reach hunting country from Shanghai is about seven weeks, divided roughly as follows: Two weeks by river steamer from Shanghai to Chung-king, one week from Chung-king to Cheng-tu, two weeks from Cheng-tu into the mountains, and a week of delay for each of Chung-king and Cheng-tu—being the approximate time required for obtaining military passports and organising transport. To this must be added the six to eight weeks which must generally be spent in Shanghai making preliminary arrangements with the Nanking Government, to say nothing of the difficulties of an extensive equipment and the fact that civil war or banditry may preclude all access to the interior.

A TYPICAL BAMBOO AND RHODODENDRON GORSE OF WEST SZE

Hunting in mountains unsurpassed for scenic grandeur, at altitudes varying from 7,000ft. to 17,000ft., the hunter finds a variety of big game to test his prowess and endurance: the bharal or blue sheep, deer, wild boar, bear, leopard, goral, serow, takin and, lastly, the giant panda. Unquestionably the best season to hunt this creature is in the late autumn or early winter, when there is snow on the ground, and the weather is clear. And the best way to hunt him is to track him and use dogs to drive him out of the bamboo thickets in which he will almost invariably be found. Hunting in this manner, the members of the Sage Expedition actually started out and pursued at different times four giant pandas and shot one. The other three, although closely followed, never presented themselves for a shot.

The following is an account from the writer's diary of the fourth panda, and how he was killed.

On Saturday, December 8th, we left Cheng Wai at 8.30 in the morning. . . . We had decided to have one last, good, long panda hunt with all the dogs we could muster. We started up a tributary valley with the intention of hunting the same slope which Kan, the native tracker, had worked with his dogs yesterday. Our reason for choosing this spot was that it was new ground, and we knew from the tracks seen on the river bar that a Beishung (panda) had been there recently.

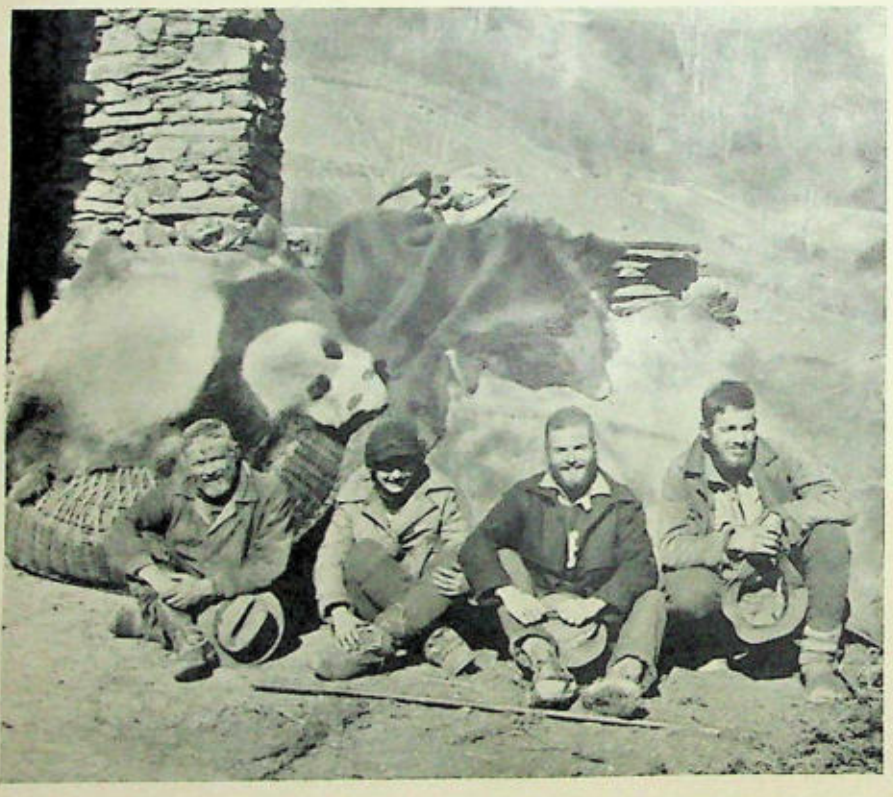
Ascending from the ledges, we began to swing in a general north-easterly direction along the ridge, Kan leading the way. We soon found the two or three-day-old trail of a Beishung, and began

to follow it. The going was very difficult, being principally through patches of bamboo and over ledges. The side of the ridge was cut by frequent ravines and gullies, some being quite wide. On the northern slopes of the ravines there was a good deal of snow, certainly 6in. to 8in., and possibly more, and here tracking was ideal. But on those slopes which had a southern exposure, the snow had been completely melted off, and following the track was not so easy. Several times we lost it, but always picked it up again. There was a pretty good route of chewed bamboos and droppings to show where the animal had travelled along, and we found two places where it had rested. One was at the foot of a big spruce tree. The snow was packed down hard, and there was a great quantity of droppings. The other spot was on a ledge in the sun. The droppings we found were all composed of bamboo stalks, with not a leaf among them.

We worked along the ridge for about two hours, and then stopped to rest a while on a sunny slope. At this point, the pursuit seemed vain and decidedly discouraging. The track was unquestionably old; I was inclined to think three or fours days, and the dogs showed not the slightest interest. They were still leashed. Curiously enough, as we were sitting there in the sun, we reviewed the shooting of both Schaffer's and the Roosevelts' Beishungs and discussed the factors contributing to their success. We both agreed that almost a given set of conditions was necessary to the bagging of one of these animals, and that the conditions practically never coincided with the opportunity. In view of what subsequently transpired, this conversation seemed uncannily prophetic.

We went on for half an hour more and reached a gully where the snow was quite deep, and the track looked depressingly old. I was quite discouraged with the progress of the hunt, and was turning over

THE GIANT PANDA GROUP IN THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM WHICH WAS SECURED BY MR. BROOKE DOLAN



(ABOVE) MEMBERS OF THE DEAN SAGE EXPEDITION: T. DONALD CARTER, MRS. DEAN SAGE, DEAN SAGE WILLIAM SHELDON AND (BELOW) TYPICAL GIANT PANDA AND TAKIN COUNTRY OF WEST SZE

in my mind other possibilities. I saw Bill moving about 50yds. above me, and called out to him: "Oh! Bill, what do you see?" He replied, "Nothing, but the men have gone up this way; they're following the dogs." I said, "I think this is a fruitless procedure." Just then came the sound of a faint and distant bark. Bill said, "There go the dogs now," and I called back, "Yes, but they're way down below us." It was true, for the sound came up the ravine on the edge of which we stood. All of a sudden I heard the unmistakable noise of breaking bamboos, and the barking became louder. Wong said, "Beishung!"

Even at this moment it never occurred to me that we should see the animal. If, indeed, the dogs had started one out, the chances were he would go crashing off into the bamboos and that would be the end of it. Nevertheless, I took my gun and tried to put a cartridge in the chamber. It was all covered with snow and ice from the recent hard going, and the shell would not go in, so I threw it away—an act which was later to become of the utmost importance—and put in another one. Above me, Bill began to climb to gain a better vantage point, but I was in an ideal spot and did not move. Up the ravine came the dogs, their barking growing steadily louder, and the bamboos crackling at a great rate. Suddenly, I heard the deep angry growl of a large animal, and I began to get really excited. And then—as if in a dream—I saw a giant panda coming through the bamboos about 60yds. away from me. He was heading straight up the ravine with the dogs at his heels. "Bill and I both fired, but apparently missed." The panda made a right angle turn and came straight for the ledge I was standing on. I fired again, almost point blank. He came right on, not running—walking rapidly is the only way to describe it. His head hung low and swayed from side to side. His tongue was out, and he was panting. He appeared to be looking at the ground, and apparently did not see me at all. I frantically worked the bolt of my rifle and snapped the hammer on an empty chamber. In a daze, thoughts flashed through my mind; no more bullets. What'll I do? He's only 20ft. away, now 15ft. He's coming straight at me. "Can I kill him with the butt of the rifle? Suddenly I felt a cartridge thrust into my hand by Wong. It was the discarded one which he had picked up. I jammed it in the gun and fired into the Beishung's fur. He was less than 10ft. from me!

At the same moment, Bill fired again from above, and the animal, struck simultaneously by both our bullets, rolled over and over down the slope and came to a stop against a tree.

We had shot a Giant Panda."

THE GIANT PANDA SHOT BY DEAN SAGE AND WILLIAM SHELDON

# AMATEURS AND RACE RIDING

## The Bibury Club Sets a High Standard

ONE followed with a good deal of interest the efforts of the amateur riders at the Bibury Club meeting. It is to be feared that the gathering did not reveal any striking new talent, and it is evident that race riders of the type of Sir George Thursby—after whom one of the events at the meeting is happily named—and of the late Mr. Alec Cottrill are few and far between. We did not see all the members who are eligible to ride at this meeting. Mr. P. Payne Gallwey—as good an all-round man as we have in racing to-day—was among the notable absentees, and Mr. G. Wellesley did not come over from Ireland.

One satisfactory feature of the gathering was the excellent fields for the various amateur races. The Amateurs' Welter Plate, for example, had fourteen competitors as compared with eight last season. No fewer than ten turned out for the Dunbridge Welter as against three in 1934; while the Bibury Welter and the George Thursby Welter both met with adequate support. For the Wallop Handicap there was another turn-out of fourteen.

All this will indicate that there is no falling off in keenness on the part of amateur riders, who in these days are denied the opportunities of riding against professional jockeys on the flat which existed in Sir George Thursby's time. Under National Hunt Rules there is little to choose between the pick of the gentlemen riders and the professionals, and it isn't fair to assume that the Rules of Racing on this point, while we do not oppose them, do little to encourage the development of amateur riding on the flat.

The practice of "following the jockey," which many people did profitably when Mr. A. Cottrill was riding, did not work out successfully last week, as none of the amateurs won more than one race. Young Mr. E. Lambton, an able horseman with the advantage of riding his father's horses in their work, had a blank meeting, and so did that great enthusiast Lord Carnarvon.

One of the latter's best chances of success in various efforts appeared to be when he rode Monico in the George Thursby Plate. This colt, third in the Queen Anne Stakes at Ascot, was made favourite on the strength of that excellent performance, but this time he was beaten by another French-bred three-year-old, Cléostrate, running for the first time in this country. The only mount taken at the meeting by Prince Aly Khan was Cléostrate, and many of the onlookers had the impression that he was riding the colt "into the ground" when he dashed away with a long lead in the early stages.

But Prince Aly took a judicious pull when they came into the line for home, with the result that his horse still had something in reserve when the pinch came and was a decisive winner. The successful jockey has had a number of opportunities of race-riding in France, and at the remarkable night meeting at Longchamp early in the month he rode a winner.

Several members of the Bibury Club were riding at Salisbury for the first time, among them Mr. W. Currie, whose Dinton Lad carried him into second place in two races. Then there was Mr. E. G. Langford, an Epsom veterinary surgeon, who shaped well when riding Gloria Mia to victory.

Mr. J. de Moraville, of the 4th Hussars, did decidedly well when riding home on Elmstead; while Mr. R. Gubbins, a good man over a country, rode with excellent judgment when beating a strong field on his good horse Our Hope.

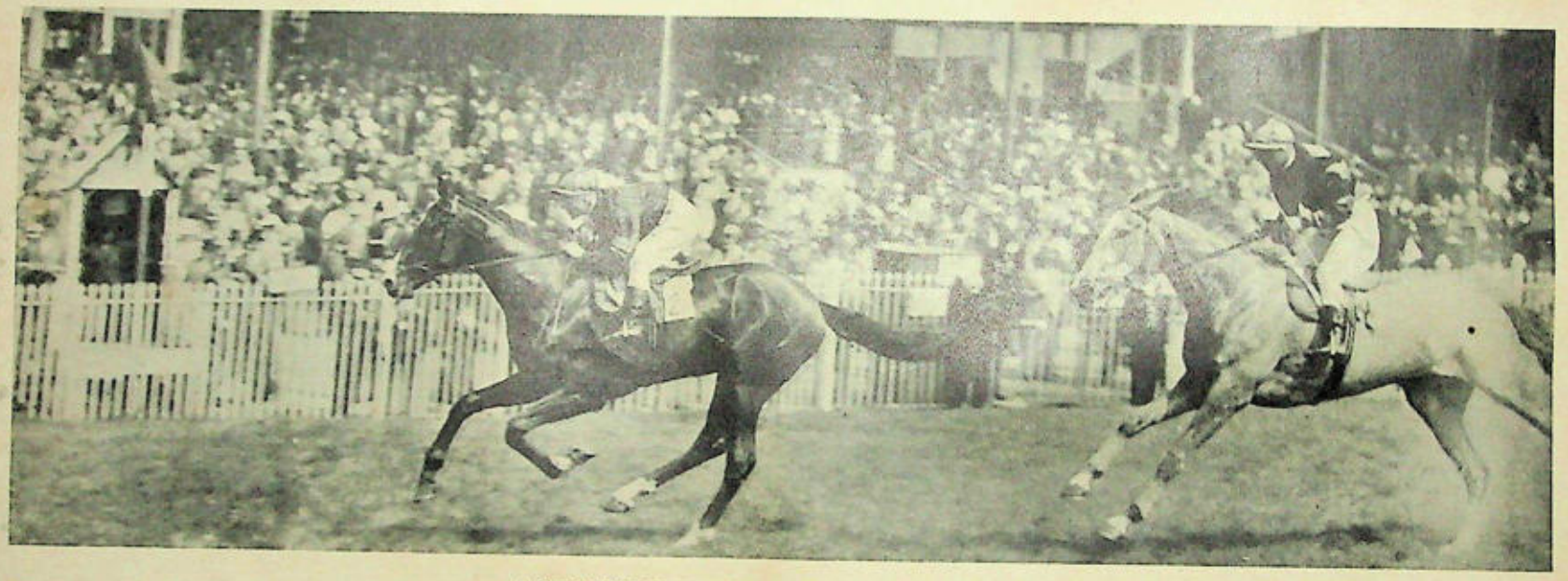
That able practitioner in the saddle, Captain M. A. Little, came in for many congratulations on the persevering finish he rode on Young Master. A furlong from home his mount seemed to have no chance of beating Mittagong, on whom Mr. F. Walwyn—fully recovered from the bad accident in the winter—was riding with great confidence; but Captain Little never gave up trying, and was rewarded with victory. Taken as a whole, the Bibury Club riding, if in no case actually inspired, reached a good level of efficiency, and we are glad to see this old-established club so full of vigour.

Racing people are now puzzling over the problem which the handicapper has set them in the Stewards' Cup on the opening day at Goodwood on the 30th. In the meantime several races are to be run likely to have a bearing on the prospects of the popular Goodwood sprint. There is, for example, the Molyneux Cup at Liverpool on Wednesday next. It will be recalled that Figaro was beaten a short head for this event last year and then went on to win the Stewards' Cup.

We may have a similar pointer for Goodwood this time, as Shalfleet and others are engaged in the two races. No sprinter has been more successful this season than Shalfleet, and though he is now naturally high in the handicaps there may be fresh worlds for him to conquer.

The race ordinarily known as the Liverpool Autumn Cup this time carries a special commemoration trophy, and is called the Liverpool Silver Jubilee Cup. We have a vivid recollection of the extreme ease with which His Reverence won his race at Chester in the spring, and we are prepared to see the Whatcombe colt in strong evidence again at Aintree.

Some exceptionally valuable weight-for-age prizes are run at this meeting, notably the St. George Stakes, the Lancashire Breeders' Stakes, and the Atlantic Cup. The gathering does not attract the vast crowds we see at Aintree in the spring, yet the sport it provides is always entertaining and of genuine class.



A FINE TWO-YEAR-OLD PERFORMANCE AT LINGFIELD

*Desert Night (Buchan—Polly Flinders) winning the Great Foal Plate from Berkeley Hunt. Owned by Mr. R. McAlpine, and trained by V. Smyth, he was bred by Lieut.-Col. Giles Loder and carried 9st. 7lb. in this race*

# THE YORKSHIRE SHOW

### Hecland's Hunter Championship

WITH an entry of 223, or 54 more than last year, Sheffield set up a Yorkshire Show record for hunters, both in numbers and quality. In the riding classes, judged by Colonel F. D. Alexander, the Peterborough decision was upheld in the case of the championship, the gold medal going to Mrs. E. M. Vaughan's Hecland, now back in his best form, the reserve ribbon going to Mr. Geoff Kenyon's James Pigg, who headed the heavy-weights to beat Mr. Bernard Selby's Marlborough and Mr. J. R. Hindley's Golden Rain in that order. The new Master of the Albrighton had previously gained first prize with Hecland among the middle-weights, second money going to Perception, belonging to Mr. E. Nickerson, of Grimsby, and third to Thanksgiving, entered by Mrs. McLean from New York.

A good class of four-year-olds belonging to members of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society was headed by Mr. R. Machin's Warville, the place money being divided between Messrs. T. and H. Ward's Perforce, Mr. H. H. Rose's Flying Trapeze, and Mr. F. W. Terry's Tranquil, in that order. The ladies' hunters ridden side-saddle were judged by the Hon. Mrs. F. E. Campbell, who placed Mr. Selby's Mortimer at the top of the class, Mr. J. R. Hindley's Bradbury, who also received the medal of the Hunter's Improvement Society, was second, and Mr. L. E. Snowden's Authority third in a good class.

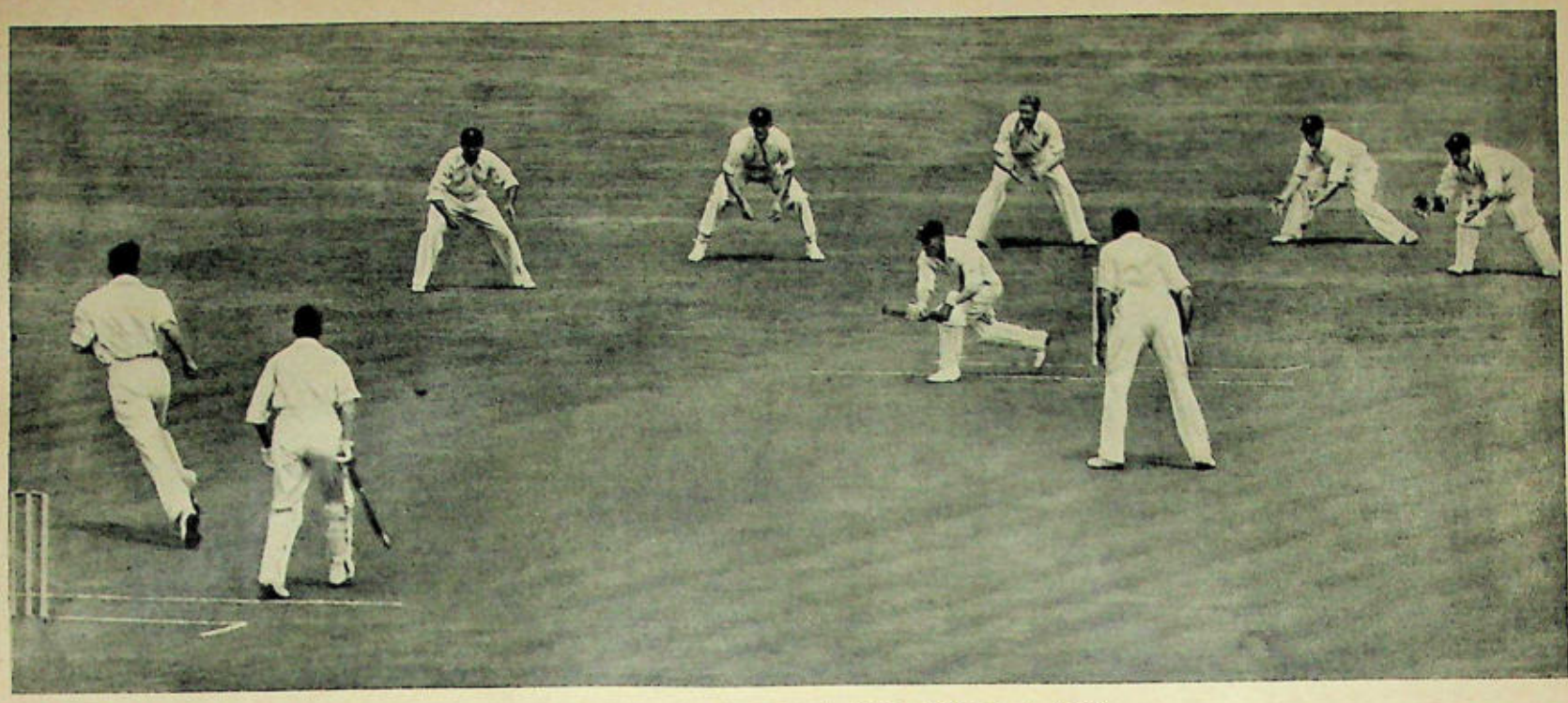
## THE HOUND SHOW

OF the ten packs represented at the Foxhound Show in conjunction with that of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, under the presidency of Earl Fitzwilliam, the North Staffordshire were the most successful, winning both championships. The judges were Colonel Spence-Colby and Mr. Andrew Motion, Master and Huntsman of the East Essex, and dealing first with the unentered doghound couples they placed York and Ainsty Chimer, by Middleton Chimer ('29) and Galliard, by York and Ainsty Gangway ('29) first, and Middleton Villager and Viscount, both by their Chancellor ('29) second, awarding the special prize for the best single hound in the class to Villager. With their Demon ('33) and Goblin, Rubicon, and Samson ('34), Middleton gained the prize for the best two couple of entered hounds, Cleveland Ranger ('31) and Twister Gallant and Gainer ('34) being placed second.

North Staffordshire Windsor ('33) by Linlithgow and Stirling Chimer ('26) was selected as the best stallion hound, with Middleton Cardinal ('33) second. The champion cup given by Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H., for the best doghound in the show was assigned to Windsor, with Cleveland Gainer reserve.

Of the bitch hounds North Staffordshire Curious and Beatrice, by their Harper and Chanter ('32), respectively were the best unentered couple, second prize going to Grove Trusty by Hurworth Trouncer ('30), and Wonder, by Grove Falcon ('33). Middleton Venturous and Choral ('33), and Gorgeous and Ramble ('34) were the leading two couple of entered bitch hounds, Braes of Derwent Destiny, Document, Durable and Frantic taking second money. North Staffordshire Wendy was deemed to be the best brood bitch, Durable, now approaching her sixth season, who has done excellent service at the stud for Mr. Lewis Priestman, being deservedly placed second. The special prize for the best unentered bitch hound was assigned to North Staffordshire Curious and Lord Mountgarret's champion cup for the best bitch hound in the show was won by North Staffordshire Wendy, with Middleton Gorgeous as runner-up.

PALAFOX.



BARBER PLAYING FORWARD TO A BALL FROM R. J. CRISP
*"Barber attacked on quick feet, and was alive with Yorkshire pugnacity and keenness"*

# SURPRISING CRICKET AT LEEDS

## Ups and Downs of English Batting

By NEVILLE CARDUS

ENGLAND'S batting at Lord's was bad enough, but at Leeds last Saturday it was worse. After all, the Lord's wicket suited Balaskas, and his leg-spin possessed an unmistakable technical quality. The Leed's wicket for the third Test match was a batsman's easy couch, stuffed with runs. And in four hours and three-quarters England could score only 216—all out. There was no unpleasant spin in the South African attack, and no disturbing pace. Vincent for two hours and a half was permitted to bowl slow left-handed stuff, over the wicket, just short of a length, and mild in break. Wade put him on, I fancy, simply to keep down the runs. Vincent bowled 32 overs for twelve maidens, 45 runs and four wickets. The Leeds ground in dry weather is the easiest in the land upon which to score fast; the pitch is surrounded by slopes; a defensive stroke can bring a four. Bradman has scored 300 at Leeds in one day in a Test match. The boundary at Leeds last Saturday seemed situated on the horizon when some of England batsmen were leaning on their bats.

The sad thing about this latest collapse of England at cricket is that after the dismissal of Wyatt for none, from the third ball of the match, Barber and Smith, of Derbyshire, batted confidently; in an hour they added 52. Barber attacked on quick feet; he was alive with Yorkshire pugnacity and keenness. Smith made several graceful offside strokes; he is not yet an England player, but he will be as soon as he learns to hit the ball only where and when he can reach it.

Barber and Smith put the South African attack out of countenance; you could almost see Wade resigning himself to a day in the field. He put Vincent on, as I say, over the wicket, to prevent England from scoring too quickly. Hammond came in after Barber fell to a catch at "silly" mid-on; Barber was deceived by a slow off-break from Langton. England were now 52 for two, and Hammond had not only to play a difficult moment, but he also had to contend against the knowledge that another failure by him would probably mean the loss of his place in the England XI. Hammond can scarcely be blamed, therefore, if he batted tamely for an hour before lunch and allowed the South African attack to get on top again. Hammond's responsibility was increased by the fall of England's third wicket—that of Smith—at 78. After lunch, Hammond found an austere partner in Mitchell, of Yorkshire. And, at last, Hammond began to remember the Hammond who, years ago, put McDonald of Lancashire to the sword on a dazzling morning at Old Trafford.

We sat back in the heat of Headingley and watched the classic power and poise of Hammond's drives; the graciousness of his flicks to leg. And once again we were wickedly disappointed. Hammond scored 63 in one hour and 50 minutes; he then made no stroke at a ball from Vincent, and was out leg-before-wicket, palpably and feebly. Hammond's cricket after lunch was nearly in his best vein; but I, who was raving about Hammond's genius ten years ago, before London had seen it in full glory, am not prepared to join in the extravagant praise that has been given to Hammond's innings of last Saturday. It was a good innings, and a welcome return of a great player to form in a Test match. But to use purple adjectives of Hammond because he scores 63 in 110 minutes on a perfect wicket against good, but not great, bowling—this is to forget proportion.

I will squander a whole dictionary of superlatives on Hammond, or on any other batsman, whenever he takes an attack in charge, renders it his slave and plaything, and so punishes it that it ceases to have difficulties for the other and less gifted players on the side. If we begin to roar ourselves hoarse because Hammond makes 63 against South Africa, and fails to knock Vincent off his length, what sort of a noise will we make if some day a Bradman appears in the England XI and scores 300 in a single day? Hammond is one of the world's master batsmen; we must praise him only from the highest standards. And never must we patronise him. His innings last Saturday was good—after lunch it was excellent. But he got out before he mastered the bowling. Mitchell hung on to the wicket more than three hours for 58; he kept one end safe, and that was the job he was expected to perform. The day was lost by the enfeebled, foot-tied, push-and-poke methods of the rest. Hardstaff, of Nottinghamshire, a brilliant and experienced county player, was reduced to the novice stage by the South Africans, who, after all, are, in their own country, only amateur Saturday cricketers. Barber or Hardstaff will play more cricket in three months than Rowan or Bruce Mitchell will play in a year. England's last five wickets on Saturday fell for 39. These collapses are becoming significant of much—to use the phrase of the forgotten Thomas Carlyle.

Vincent, Bell, Crisp and Langton kept up a steady attack in the scorching sunshine. Everything "came off" for them—which is usually the way when determined players are harrying players of little confidence. Yet, emphatic as last Saturday's lessons are to the reason and the intellect, I still feel deep down in me that the England team simply cannot continue to bat in this deplorable way. Unfortunately, they may lose the rubber, or put themselves out of a position to win it, before our cricketers bring to a Test match something of the skill they display week by week in county matches.

Monday's play was wonderful; we saw a dramatic reversal of fortune. At one o'clock South Africa were on top—120 for two. At ten minutes past three South Africa were all out for 171. But the figures tell little of the game's kaleidoscope. The wicket was perfect, and at the morning's outset Siedle and Rowan, after a shaky beginning in a doubtful light, asserted themselves. Slowly but quite confidently, South Africa's score reached 62 for one. Worse still, for England, the first desperate fast bowling onslaught of Bowes and Nichols failed. Suddenly Siedle was run out; he played a ball to square leg and ran one; Rowan came dashing down the wicket for a second run; Siedle wobbled,

MITCHELL SCORING OFF A LEG BALL FROM A. B. LANGTON
*In the second innings Mitchell (72) and Hammond (87 not out) held the stage. Mitchell scored 54 in an hour*

hesitated and was lost. Mitchell, one of the great fieldsmen of the world, threw in with devastating speed and accuracy.

Siedle's downfall did not upset Rowan and Viljoen, who proceeded to make a most effortless stand of 55. When we saw Wyatt going on to bowl with the old ball we gave up the ghost; or at any rate, we realised England was about to connive after a draw. But Viljoen was impatient; he tried to cut Wyatt, and was caught at the wicket. This was the day's turning point—invisible gods of irony swung the match head over heels and flattered the South Africans, only to drop them into a bog of disillusion. After lunch, Bowes and Nichols assaulted the South African wickets by sheer physical force. Magnificent fielding backed them up. Hammond caught Rowan like a swallow after a fly; Rowan batted more than three hours for 62. After he got out, South Africa collapsed, smashing and slashing like club cricketers on Saturday afternoon—very late on Saturday afternoon. Six wickets fell for 48. Verity's analysis was ridiculously marvellous—12 overs, 8 maidens, 5 runs, 2 wickets—and the wicket plumb and perfect!

When England batted again Mitchell, of all men, flagellated the South African attack; after tea he scored 54 in an hour. Smith of Derbyshire also played beautifully. The stand put on 128 for England's first wicket; Mitchell made 72. He threw a certain century away in his first Test through playing the right game for England. At close of play England were 177 for three—the day's topsy-turvy led them from the slough of despond on to a height from which they could hail victory. Mitchell was the hero of the piece.

# FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

## Two Unexpected Results

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

THE Oxford and Cambridge match was a veritable triumph for the Light Blues who were certainly not the favourites. Under these circumstances, even taking into consideration that Cambridge won the toss, a victory by such a huge margin as 195 runs was astonishing. By consistently steady batting a total of 302 was compiled, the third highest score made at Lord's this year. Oxford scored 37 without losing a wicket, and there was everything to play for. Their fielding during the Cambridge innings was superb, and can never have been surpassed in a University match. Legard at mid-off was outstanding, and reminded me of Arthur Gilligan at his best.

Next day, in spite of an innings of the highest possible class by de Saram (85), Oxford could only total 221. This was due entirely to some splendid bowling by Cameron, who bowled 25 overs for 73 runs and seven wickets. Cambridge consolidated their position by some rather unnecessarily slow batting, leaving off 242 runs on and five wickets in hand.

On the Wednesday Cambridge lost their remaining five wickets for 62 runs and set Oxford 305 to get in 310 minutes. Play could be extended to 7.30 if necessary. Legard, who swerved the old ball in remarkable fashion, did a notable bit of bowling in an innings of 223. He bowled 25.1 overs, 10 maidens, 36 runs, seven wickets. At 12.50 Oxford began their effort and finished it at 4.10, but it was 196 runs short of successful completion. Parker, the Cambridge captain, made 90 runs for once out in the match, and received steady support from Gibb (69), Tindall (65), Hotchkin (59), Jehangir (56), Yardley (55), Wooler (55). He and his XI, infuriated by the aspersions cast upon their cricket ability by the Press, came up to Lord's determined to make the latter eat their words. In this they were successful, and I must heartily congratulate them on a splendid performance. During Oxford's last innings, in which Kimpton played nobly for 39, they were an inspired side. Their fielding was splendid, and Parker's catch in the gully off Jehangir was an amazing one. Singleton cut the ball so hard that I will guarantee that no single spectator followed it in its flight, and I am inclined to think that Parker himself could not have seen it any more clearly than Sid Gregory did when he flashed out his hand at cover-point and caught a swallow on the Melbourne cricket ground in the 'nineties. Cambridge have established a record by winning the Rubgy and Association football matches, the Boat Race, the Sports, the Cricket match, the golf, and the polo in one year. Scores: Cambridge, 302 and 223; Oxford, 221 and 109.

The first day of the Eton and Harrow match provided a bitter disillusionment from an Eton point of view. When, at lunch time, Harrow had lost seven wickets for 138 runs it did not seem in the least probable that their total would exceed 160, yet their last three wickets actually added 111 runs, making it 249. The Eton bowling was up to lunch, distinctly good and above the average and the dismissal of Carris, Turnbull and Studd for 20 runs was an achievement of which Rees-Davies has every reason to be proud. Their ground fielding, however, was moderate, and five catches, two of them difficult, were missed. Scoring was slow, Wilson (43) taking 45 minutes over his first 6 runs, and only 42 were scored in the first hour. Rees-Davies bowled for 55 minutes and kept up his pace and length throughout. Stogdon (43) made some splendid drives, and thoroughly frightened Mr. Frank Gore with the shot which struck the pavilion rails full pitch, but Joynson (68), ably supported by Nos. 9, 10 and 11, was the real saviour of his side. The average rate of scoring by Harrow was 58 runs per hour. Eton batted at 4.5 and made a wretched start, losing F. G. Mann and Jackson for 23, but the stand which followed produced the best batting we had seen so far. Macindoe played really well, but in Dickson we saw a beautiful swinger of the bat, comparable in that way to C. F. Walters. After 76 runs had been added a deplorable disaster occurred, Macindoe (43) running out Dickson (40) in a most unnecessary manner. It was a major disaster, which might have had a grave influence on the match, as both were well set. At the close of the first day's play Eton had made 138 for five, at the rate of 52 r.p.h., too slow a progression altogether. However, Eton put up a fine performance on the second day, scoring 80 in the first hour, and all the last five wickets pretty well assisted in augmenting the score by 160 runs for a total of 298. Kaye bowled splendidly and took six for 91. After lunch Harrow, 49 runs behind, went in, and again Rees-Davies got amongst the top weights, dismissing Carris, Wilson and Turnbull for 25 runs. At 59 all Etonian fans were thrown into the depths of despair. Studd when 36 played a ball to cover, ran, and then turned back. Had the fieldsman even lobbed the ball back to Fisher underhand Studd would have been out by yards. As it was he hurled it a yorker into the block hole, a return which Fisher could neither grasp nor stop. As events turned out this unfortunate action, curious though it may seem, possibly saved Eton from defeat, but at the time it looked certain that it would rob them of victory. Studd duly went on to make a glorious 100 not out and declared at 204 for six. This left Eton 156 to win and 1¾ hours to play, and when five wickets had fallen for 43 and there was still 50 minutes left things became exciting, and had it not been for the steadiness of F. G. Mann (37) Eton would in all probability have lost the match. At 7.10 he was out in a manner unique in the history of the game. He played a ball from Duveen just beyond his crease, and as it lay motionless he hit it back to the wicket-keeper to save time. But he, unfortunately, as it turned out, hit it into his wicket. Duveen appealed. "Did you *ask* him to hit it back to you?" said Newman. "No," said the wicket-keeper. "Out," said Newman, and that was that. I make no comment, I merely state facts. Although a drawn game it was a capital match, and the cricket was on the whole good. The Harrow ground fielding was superior to Eton's. There were five good bowlers playing and five only, Duveen, Kaye, and Bond of Harrow, and Rees-Davies and Macindoe of Eton. Kaye and Duveen got all the wickets between them, but Bond was unlucky. Collins of Eton, aged fifteen, made three particularly perfect fours, a leg glance, a square cut, and an off-drive off successive balls in the last over bowled, and at 7.25 stumps were drawn. No mention of the match would be complete without reference to the three superb catches made by Duveen. Scores: Eton, 298 and 94 for six; Harrow, 249 and 204 for six, declared.

# ROUND THE WICKETS

## A "Mixed Grill" in County Cricket

TONBRIDGE Week is one of the jolliest of Kent cricket festivals. The Angel ground is not as pretty as other Kent grounds, but it has an intimate, friendly atmosphere of its own, like the little town of Tonbridge with the narrow stream of the Medway flowing placidly through it. The ground lies no more than a stone's throw from the main street, and has as long a history of cricket as any Kent ground. This year Hampshire and Yorkshire were the visiting counties, and Kent must have been considerably surprised not to win at least one of the matches. I owe Hampshire an apology for speaking of them as fair game for any county last week. They beat Kent on their merits, though only by 26 runs.

At a time when wicket-keepers who are also batsmen are not too plentiful, the progress of McCorkell, Hampshire's wicket-keeper, is worth noting. Last year he was usually one of the tail-enders and had an average of under 14. Recently he has been opening the innings with Arnold, and making a very good job of it. Against Kent the two put on a hundred for the first wicket, McCorkell scoring 46; and in the next match, against Sussex, McCorkell was top scorer in the first innings with 35 and in the second innings he made 49, helping Arnold to put up 87 for the first wicket. Again, last Saturday, he made 37 when most of his colleagues were in difficulties with the Gloucestershire bowling. As McCorkell is only 23 years old his progress is interesting to watch.

Another young Hampshire player had an even bigger part in the county's success against Kent—Hill, who really won the match by taking six wickets for 84 in the second innings and eight for 62 in the first. Like McCorkell, Hill, who is 22, has made great strides this season. Last season he took only eleven wickets in nineteen innings at an average of over 50. Of medium pace, he can swing the new ball well. Woolley and Todd, two of Kent's best batsmen this season, fell victims to him in both innings. Freeman, as usual, was Kent's mainstay in bowling, and for a man of 46 it was a notable feat of endurance on a hot day to bowl 52 overs in Hampshire's first innings of 321 and be hit for no more than 100 runs for three wickets, following up with six wickets for 101 in the second innings. At one time this season Verity had taken more wickets than Freeman, but as I write Freeman leads the way with 132 wickets to Verity's 123, Geary being next with 101. And yet Freeman is never by any chance among the Test match selections, although he is still no mere passenger in the field.

Kent were well beaten by Yorkshire by 153 runs, but might reasonably blame their luck in losing the toss and having the fourth innings to play against both Hampshire and Yorkshire, for in both matches the wicket was worn on the third day. They had no hope of getting 401 to beat Yorkshire, but made a determined effort until Verity caused a collapse. The first day of this match produced real festival cricket—Yorkshire 326, Kent 131 for six—457 runs in the day, with five hits for six, three of them by Watt, of Kent, in one over from Leyland.

In the previous match, against Surrey, Yorkshire had run up 531 for five wickets in a day's play. Contrast this with the Lancashire and Derbyshire match, in which two full days' play produced only one more run! Here we had a reversion to the type of cricket that kills interest by sheer boredom. Lancashire might claim that Derbyshire began it by taking nearly five-and-a-half hours to score 237; but Lancashire took three hours to score 86. Derbyshire brightened up to score 191 for nine wickets but failed in an effort to get one or two quick wickets at the end of the day. Lancashire thus had the whole of the third day in which to get 325 runs to win, and in five-and-a-half hours scored no more than 176 for four wickets.

Are any words too strong to condemn this sort of play? Here were Lancashire, beaten on the first innings and with little else to lose but everything to gain by a bold policy on the third day. "Get on or get out" is a favourite saying in Lancashire league cricket. Why does not the county club absorb some of the same spirit? Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Derbyshire declined the opportunity of making Lancashire follow on.

On the other hand, Essex, playing the fourth innings against Northamptonshire at Colchester, made the highest total of the match. The fast bowlers had been on top during the two Northants innings of 159 and 145, and the first Essex innings of 60. Essex were left to get 245 and won by three wickets; but they owed almost everything to Sheffield (73) and T. N. Pearce (97 not out). Pearce has strengthened his batting a lot this season and, what is more, has frequently shown that he has the temperament to face a crisis. His 70 against Lancashire was the highest score in a total of 173; but Lancashire in this match could hardly be recognised as the team that had dawdled so lamentably against Derbyshire. They knocked the Essex bowlers about to the tune of 412 for five wickets in a day's play, and Washbrook, scoring 107 not out, regained some of the form that seemed to desert him after his brilliant double-hundred early in the season.

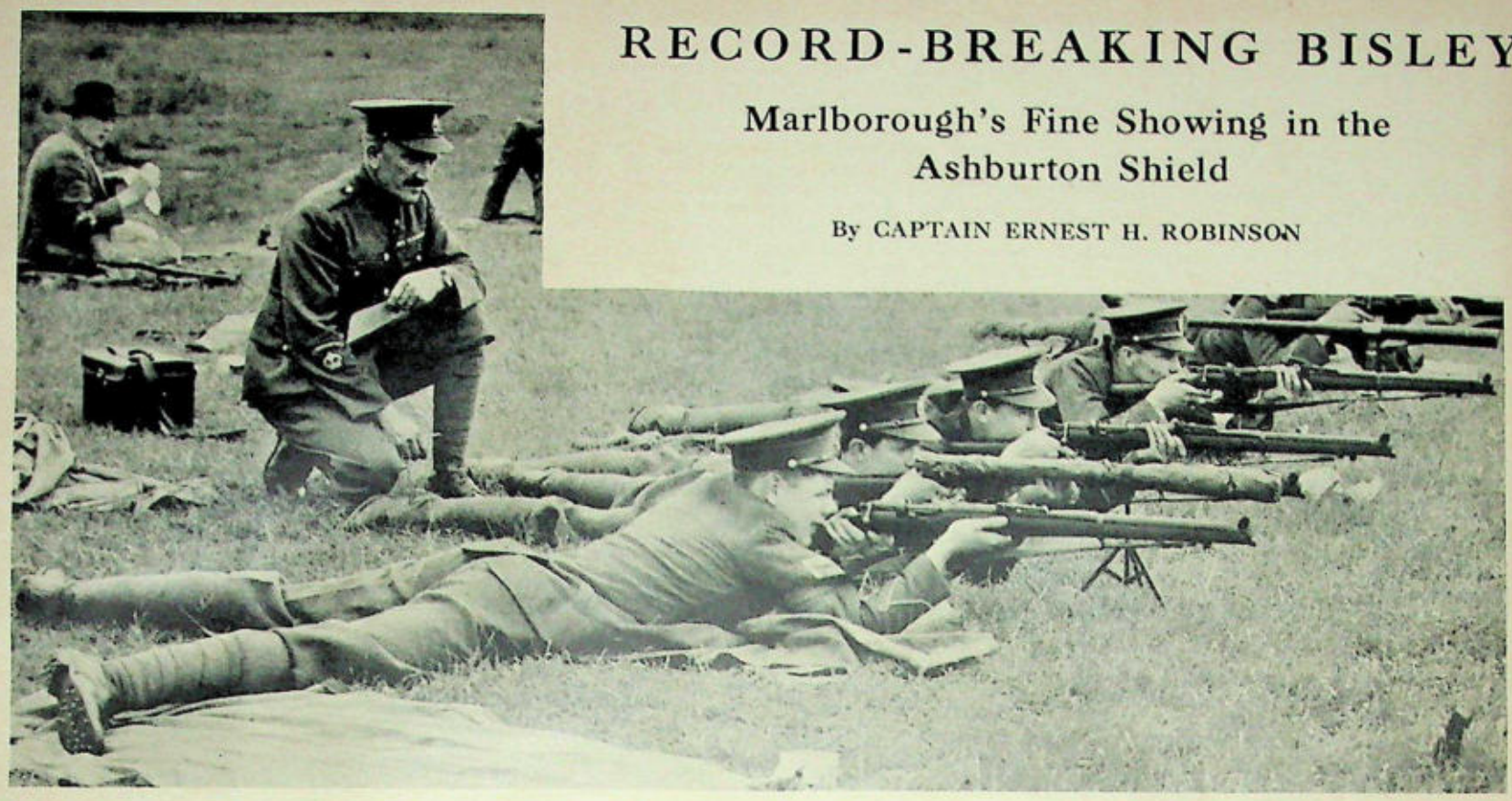
All the old atmosphere associated with matches between Kent and Surrey at Blackheath was present last Saturday. Supporters of both counties were there in force, and each side in turn had its periods of elation. Kent have so often trounced the Surrey bowling here that no one was really surprised when by tea time the score was 317 for five wickets, Ashdown, Fagg, Woolley and B. H. Valentine seeming to vie with one another in freedom of stroke play. The Surrey bowlers ought to have been finished by that time; but the tea evidently had some stimulating quality and they disposed of the last five wickets in 25 minutes for 18 runs. Surrey had an hour and twenty minutes' batting and lost two wickets for 98—a thoroughly jolly day's cricket that sent everyone away happy and satisfied.

F. I. W.

# RECORD-BREAKING BISLEY

## Marlborough's Fine Showing in the Ashburton Shield

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON



*Sergeant-Major Butcher is seen coaching Eton for the Ashburton. He is well known to successive generations in the Grenadier Guards, at Sandhurst, and later at Eton, as one of the most successful instructors in Drill and Musketry of his time*

RECORDS are being broken every day, almost every hour, at Bisley this year. The 72nd annual meeting of the National Rifle Association has certainly given us something to talk about. To enumerate all the new records that have been set up would take a full column; but here are a few of the most important.

England won the Elcho Shield with 1735 out of 1800, 21 points above the previous best. Scotland also passed the previous record, but was beaten by 9 points. This is England's third successive win and her 36th win since the match was started in 1862.

Marlborough won the Ashburton Shield with 499 out of 560, 6 points above the previous best made by King's College School (Wimbledon) last year. Winchester put up a great fight but were beaten by 1 point. Whitgift School, who were third, had 494, and the next two in the list, Brighton and Rossall, tied with the previous record.

Oxford won the Inter-Universities Challenge Cup with 270 out of 280, 5 better than Queen's (Belfast) won with last year, a record which stood but twelve months. To achieve this very high winning total Oxford's four made the full score of 35 each at 500yds. This also is a record. London, Cambridge and Queen's each had 276, so that four of the competing teams beat the previous best.

Sergeant T. Hickman (Royal Marines) won the Stock Exchange Aggregate with the full score of 150, the first time this has been done with ten shots at each range. Once only before has a full score been made in this match, and that was by Sergeant J. E. Martin (9th Highland Light Infantry) in 1910, when only seven shots a range were fired, a far more easy proposition. The Stock Exchange is the aggregate of *The Times* at 200yds., the *Daily Mail* at 500yds., and the Wimbledon Cup at 600yds., the first three competitions in the Grand Aggregate. In these competitions those who make the full score have immediately to fire three further tie shots. Hickman dropped only 1 point in his 39 counting shots, and that was his with his first tie shot at 600yds. In these competitions an unprecendented number of full scores have been made.

In athletics the standards are time and space and do not vary from year to year. In rifle shooting the standards vary because the size of the bull's-eye, for which full marks are given, is changed from time to time. It will be interesting to examine the new records and try to assess their value.

In the Elcho Match conditions have remained unchanged since 1910, when the ranges were changed from 800yds., 900yds. and 1,000yds. to 900yds., 1,000yds., and 1,100yds. The long range target, with its 3ft. diameter bull's-eye, has not been altered except for 1914 and 1919, when a central counting 6 points was scribed within the bull. Excluding those two years we have a continuity of standard. The day of the match gave easy conditions of wind and light; but there have been many equally easy days in previous years. The very high scores made by England and Scotland can be attributed solely to the perfection of the ammunition evolved by the Match Rifle Experimental Committee and I.C.I. The record is a real one and congratulations to all concerned are in order. The only regret is that Colonel Lord Cottesloe, captain of the English VIII, was prevented by illness from witnessing the triumph of the stream-line bulleted service cartridge to the improvement of which he has given so much time and thought during the last ten years. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of Lord Cottesloe's first appearance as a member of the team, and his son, the Hon. John Fremantle, after the match, was presented, on behalf of the English VIII Club, with a memento to give to his father with the affectionate regard of his many friends.

THE MARLBOROUGH EIGHT, WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON

In considering records made with the Service rifle (Class B), two very important facts have to be taken into account. One is that the bull's-eye was enlarged last year from 2½ to 3 minutes of angle, that is, from 5in. to 6in. at 200yds. and from 15in. to 18in. at 600yds. The other is that this year the Pattern '14 (sniper's) rifle was for the first time allowed in S.R.(*b*) competitions.

Only the increased size of the bull affected the Ashburton match, which is shot with rifles in charge of the units and to which peep sights may not be fitted. The Pattern '14 rifle was not allowed. As the previous Ashburton record was made last year, the new high score ranks as a record "in present conditions."

The Pattern '14 rifle has asserted itself in no uncertain fashion. It has taken the majority of the top places in all competitions and has secured prizes much out of proportion to the number of these rifles in use, which at the beginning of the fortnight was about 50 per cent., later rising to over 60 per cent.

Prizes in rifle shooting should be allocated in strict accordance with the size of the "group" the marksman can make on the target. The present bull's-eye gives no real measure of group size. For instance, in *The Times* competition 44 out of about 1,100 competitors managed to put all ten shots into the 6in. bull's-eye. On paper they are all equally good marksmen except that sixteen of them proved that they had more endurance than the rest by adding a further three bull's-eyes by way of tie shots. Now some of those 44 men put all their shots into a 3in. circle in the main competition, and it does not of necessity follow that they succeeded in the further tie shots. I saw one competitor put on fifteen successive bulls, which were scattered all over the 6in. bull. Another man had twelve counting shots inside 3½in., but was just out of the bull's-eye for his last tie shot.

There is no doubt at all that the N.R.A. must reduce the size of the bull for next year. The Pattern '14 rifle is altogether too good for the present targets. In the opinion of a great number of competitors the time has come for a really scientific target based on a "two minute of angle bull's-eye" with the other counting lines scribed to give a real measure of holding power. The time for tinkering with the targets is passed. Only a really bold policy can prevent Bisley shooting from degenerating into a farce. There is every indication that the council is prepared to be bold, in the interests of competitors and the game. It is significant that the Governing Body of this meeting is not troubled with the problems of amateur status, international honour, and press sensationalism that affects other sports.

WHERE BIG CHUB SEEK THE SHADE
*"The angler may flick his line under the low-hanging boscage"*

# SUMMER CHUB

## An Attractive Form Of Sport For The Dog-Days

By W. CARTER PLATTS

THAN the chub I know of no fish which more nearly fills the schoolboy's definitional specification of a lie as "an abomination before the Lord and a very pleasant help in time of trouble." For an abomination in the eyes of the trout preserver it assuredly is, while, when the summer sun beats down from cloudless skies upon a perspiring world, and temporarily puts most of the other forms of angling into the discard, the chub is a very pleasant help to the angler indeed.

The text books stress the fact that the chub is in its finest fighting fettle in the later autumn months and in winter. But then it has betaken itself to winter quarters in the deeper reaches, and angling is confined within certain narrow limits as to method; in summer it is here, it is there, it is everywhere, and there is nothing to stale the infinite variety of the ways and means of "getting next" to this personable fish. It will take your fly, wet or dry, and has a fancy for something big and buzzy that makes a splash. Neither is it gut-shy, and the finest undrawn will serve for the cast. When it sees the fly, and shows approval of it in the usual way, no suspicion crosses what serves for its mind that there is a string to it somewhere, so long as it does not see the figure (in motion) that pulls the string.

I add the qualification advisedly, humbly offering the suggestion that it is not man, but motion, which produces the well-advertised scare in chub. A while back I was lolling on the bank at high noon, nibbling the hard-earned crust after a morning's toil with the upstream worm under a blazing sun, when a large family party of chub, led by a grandaddy of 4lb. or 5lb., came sailing into my ken round a bush-fringed cape, heading in my direction. Instantly I froze solid, and tried to look like a benevolent bit of the landscape. Without the slightest sign of alarm, they picnicked right under my nose; within three yards of me some of them were. Nor did they take any notice of my rod, 10½ft. of split cane, its spear jabbed into the bank, pointing to high heaven and gleaming in the sunshine. But the moment I attempted to extend my hand stealthily to that rod they, apparently, twigged my intents and silently stole away.

Beyond fly fishing, the writer on summer chubbing usually contents himself with a reference to dibbing, bushing, shade fishing, or bobbing, with the live insect. These are all local terms for the same method, *i.e.*, dangling the bait on the surface, as it is suspended from the rod poked through some more or less inconvenient interstice in the foliage, while the angler takes cover behind the leafy screen, and bluebottles, wasps, bees, cockchafers, or moths may be pressed into service as baits.

But there are many chub haunts in the long deep pools which are inaccessible from the bank, where the summer fish lie under the overhanging branches, awaiting what entomological showers of blessings the gods may send them. Here a boat comes in very useful. Without going into the higher mathematics of the fish's "window" and the angles of refraction, it should not be difficult to accept the truth that a man crouching in a boat, his head no more than three feet or so above the surface of the water, comes into the fish's field of vision at a very much shorter distance than the man standing high upon the bank. Easing the boat, foot by foot, down the gentle glide as it snuggles to the bank, the angler may approach unperceived within casting distance of the delectable spot, and flick his lure—fly, frog, succulent slug, nutritious worm or luscious bunch of maggots—under the low-hanging boscage and produce the desired result.

These methods are applicable to our typical coarse fish rivers, which crawl sluggishly from slumberous deep to slumberous deep; but to my mind the best of the summer sport with the chub is to be had in the mid-reaches of our moorland rivers, where the streams are more rapid, the shallows and fords more extensive, and the fun is often fast and furious. Here probably chub and trout share the commissariat, with the trout getting the worst helping at the communal table, and the chub fisher is twice blest, seeing that he not only gets his sport, but can lay the flattering unction to his soul that he has done his good deed for the day by helping to rid the fishery of an undesirable alien.

Great execution can be done by fishing the upstream worm exactly as for trout. Apart from the solitary baskers, the chub are scattered in shoals about the streamy fords and shallows, and if, by wading upstream and casting ahead, you can get in touch with one of the shoals, you may land fish after fish before the rest take the alarm and do a quick fade into the *ewigkeit*. Hooked chub in these circumstances have a way of making an irresistible dash into the nearest rollicking rapid, and once there a two or three-pound chub can give you all the fun you have any reasonable use for, as it goes walloping down the middle of the turbulent current to the frantic curtsies of your fly rod, while you splash after it, to play it out in the slacker water 30yds. below.

Lots of people will tell you that the chub will not take a minnow. Don't you believe it; it's only a rumour. It will take a minnow greedily, and that reminds me of one of my most curious experiences in summer fishing for chub. The statement may sound almost incredible, but I was accompanied throughout the whole of the episode and could, if necessary, produce sworn evidence to support it.

I had gone to fish a certain private length which held plenty of trout and, unfortunately, plenty of chub. In the past I had slaughtered hundreds upon hundreds of chub in that water on the upstream worm, to my great content and that of my friend, the owner, and the urge came upon me to make another foray on the brutes. Mind you, I went for the special purpose of catching chub but, on the chance that I might get tired of the massacre, I also took with me a light spinning rod with a view to topping up with a dish of trout.

I started with the upstream worm for chub, and landed a trout. I kept on fishing worm for chub and landing trout at intervals. There might not have been a chub in the fishery. After about two hours of this, in which I landed nothing but trout, I gave up all thought of chub as a bad job and, imagining I could do still better with the trout by spinning the upstream minnow for them, I took down the worm rod and substituted the spinning rod and Illingworth reel. At the first cast I got a chub, which was quickly followed by another chub and, to cut a long story short, I caught nothing but chub during the rest of my fishing. I finished up with a big mixed basket, about half of which were trout caught while I was of set purpose fishing the worm for chub, and the rest chub, caught while I was specially fishing minnow for trout.

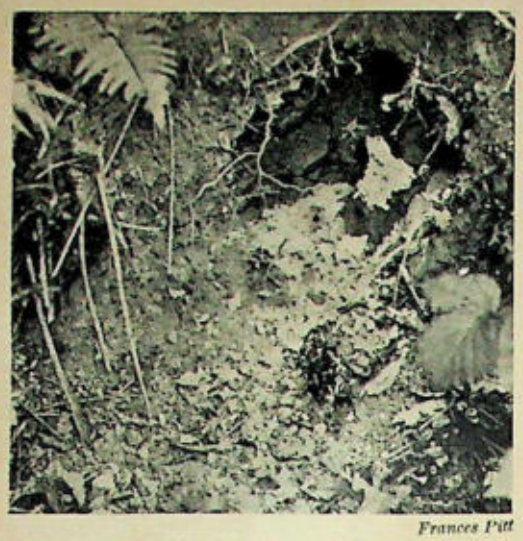
I have, too, had capital sport with the summer chub with the "Halcyon" spinner, fished on a fly rod, casting towards the further bank and drawing it across in a sweep until it hung in the stream below me.

SUMMER FISHING ON THE WINDRUSH
*An Oxfordshire Thames tributary where trout are the principal quarry*

# LAZY DAYS FOR BEAST AND BIRD

## Except at Dusk When the Bats Awake and Young Foxes Go A-Hunting

By FRANCES PITT



*Frances Pitt*

A WASP NEST AFTER BEING RAIDED BY BADGERS

THE high tide of summer comes and passes before we are aware of it. At one moment the dog roses are hanging in pink clusters upon hedge and bush, the next their petals have fluttered earthwards, and one of the glories of English summer has gone by.

How quickly the pageant of summer proceeds on its way. The butterflies flutter forth, meadow browns and small blues, and are soon followed by the peacocks, painted ladies and red admirals, which latter always seem to me harbingers of autumn. The birds cease to sing, morning and evening being alike devoid of that bird choir which lately made the twilight hours ones of beauty, though the hours when night meets day are not without life, for now is the time when those vespertilian creatures, the bats, hold high revel.

As the July day fades into the cool and quietness of evening, as the swallows and house martins retire from their pursuit of the insect throng, other hunters of the air come forth, the rustle of skimming wings is heard, dark shapes flicker by and shrill voices pierce the gloom. The bats, noctules, long-eared bats, pipistrelles, etc., have taken up the pursuit of their gauzy quarry, the first named racing on high across the sunset sky, the second in and out around the bushes, and the third beneath the very eaves of the houses, to say nothing of others elsewhere.

With shrill squeaks, with cries so small and high-pitched that they are inaudible to many ears, the bats enjoy their brief excursion, for as the twilight deepens into dark, most, if not all of them will return to their dens, for bats, despite the general idea to the contrary, are not creatures of the night. They fly at dusk and again at dawn, enjoy a riotous hour, then hitch themselves up by their heels and rest until the next excursion is due, and that whether they be bulldog-like noctules, or those quaint gnomes the long-eared bats.

Of all the strange little beasts this small bat with its amazingly developed ears is the strangest. Its ears are nearly as long as its head and body, as delicate and sensitive as antennæ, continually being furled and unfurled and having the appearance of organs of feeling rather than hearing. Query, do they in fact act as feelers ? It is amazing the way a long-eared bat can pass in the gloaming in and out and about the foliage of trees and shrubs. It is also amazing the way it will even in a confined space elude a would-be captor, dodging and turning in a marvellous manner.

Having promised a naturalist acquaintance to send him a nice long-eared bat alive and unhurt, I was delighted when one evening I found a bat in the sitting room. Armed with a butterfly net I tried to catch it. Windows and doors were first shut. The only possible exit from the room was up the chimney, yet within a moment of my making my first sweep at the bat with the net it was gone. The chimney was the one way it could have escaped. At the level at which it was fluttering around the bat could not have seen up the chimney, but it is conceivable it may have felt a draught, followed this air current and so found the way out.

Apart from the bats July days are quiet ones for most creatures after the hustle and hard work of springtime. Many birds are moulting and refurbishing themselves. A bob-tailed thrush hops about on the lawn as I write, and a nearly bald blackbird comes forth from beneath the bushes, while only this morning I saw a robin that was a sorry spectacle, being most shabby and disreputable. It slipped away beneath the cabbages as if aware what a poor specimen it was.

The fact is that many birds are not only shabby but spent by their exertions. They have poured forth their emotion and energy in song, courtship, nesting and rearing of young—no wonder they now skulk exhausted beneath bushes and herbage. Yet their rest will be a comparatively short one for as the July days pass the first feeling of autumn restlessness, of the desire to be up and off and moving south, will begin to be felt.

The adult cuckoos and the swifts feel it, or at any rate act upon it, first. During July the cuckoos, their eggs having been foisted on accommodating small birds, rest awhile, but they begin to move towards the end of the month. The swifts do not usually start before the last days of July or the first ones of August, though then they are soon gone.

Returning to July evenings in the countryside, no feature of them is more conspicuous than the rabbits out feeding by the woodsides and in the meadows. As the shadows lengthen and the gnats dance lower, the rabbits come forth in increasing numbers, the numbers which the past two warm summers and two mild open winters have made so alarmingly great. Never have we had so many rabbits as pervade the country this season, but at any rate it makes life easy for the fox-cubs now beginning to hunt for themselves.

Just as the birds look shabby and miserable after their hard spring so does the vixen, who has successfully reared some five or six lusty cubs, look a poor thing now. She is thin and has lost her coat. Any person who did not know might think that she was mangy. However, she will soon recover. Young rabbits are to be had in plenty. Her family can kill for themselves ; she can take life easily, and grow a new jacket.

This is the time when the young foxes become bold and adventurous, leave the earth where they were reared, lie out in bramble bushes, in the bracken jungle, or even in fields of beans, and prepare to see life.

The badger cubs, born about the same time, are much more stay-at-home, as the worn entrances and trampled surroundings of their "set" tells plainly. They may follow their dam on nightly excursions through the woods ; they may help devour the wasp nests that she opens up, but they return before dawn to that underground fortress in which they were born four months ago.

As July draws on, as the wasp cities prosper and grow big, so does the sight of raided nests become more frequent, for badgers delight in excavating wasp nests and eating up their contents, leaving little behind save an empty hole, some bits of waste paper and a few disconsolate insects buzzing angrily around.

*A. E. Wale*

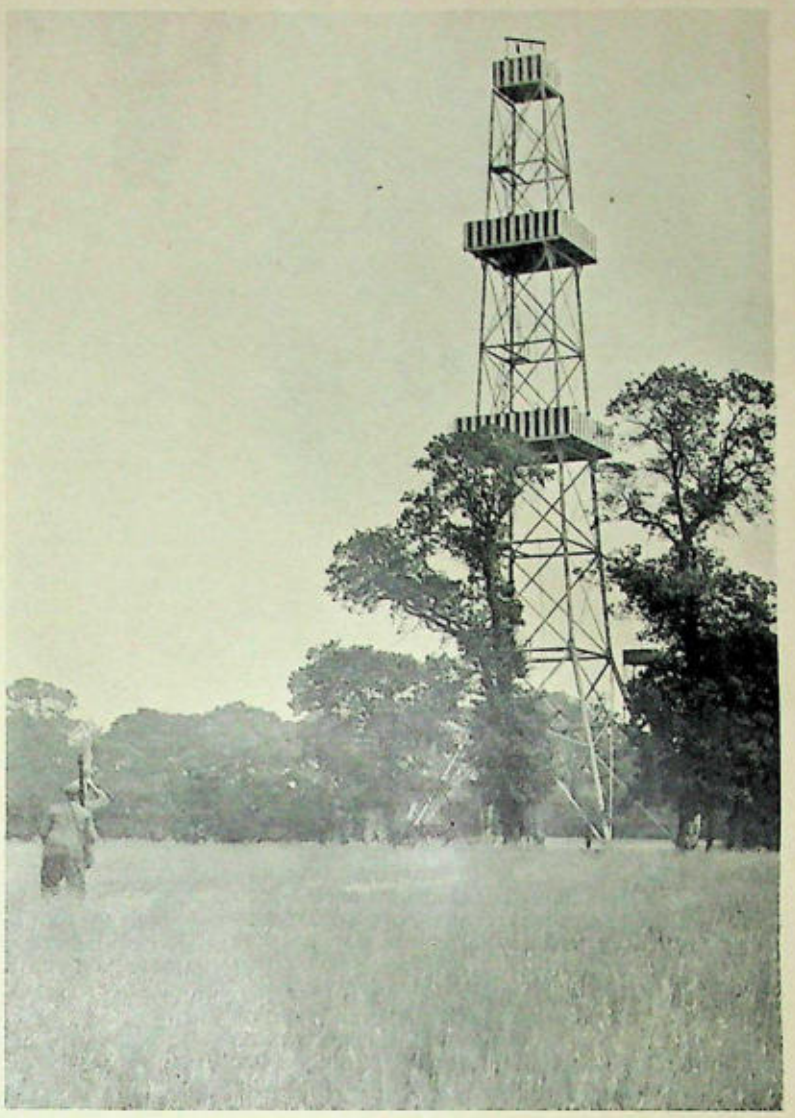
IN JULY HEAT

*"The vixen, who has successfully reared some five or six lusty cubs, looks a poor thing now"*

*Niall Rankin*

TUNING UP FOR THE TWELFTH

*These pictures were taken at the new West London shooting school at Perivale, near Ealing, where, as at other shooting schools, there is a great deal of activity at the moment. On the left Mr. Richmond Watson, the proprietor of the shooting school, is seen taking driven grouse, and on the right is the highest of the towers for rocketing pheasants. It has been painted brightly for the benefit of aeroplanes*



# FUMIGATING RABBITS

## The Demands of the Market Against the Necessities of the Farm

THE question of exterminating rabbits by means of gas has become an extraordinarily complex one. When the *Field* first started to interest themselves in the matter they had one object in view: to find out whether by means of gas it was possible to put down rabbits on an estate which had been overrun by them. We had no other thought but the needs of the Farm.

Since then the whole question of rabbit destructon, has come into prominence owing to the bill for the abolition of gin traps which has recently been before the House of Lords. Now the *Field* standpoint in this matter has been adequately stressed in our leading article of June 8th. We realise that there are admitted cruelties in the gin trap, and we urge that every effort should be made to substitute a more painless method of catching rabbits. We realise also that to very many it is indefensible to prolong these cruelties for the profit of individuals serving the market—a trade which has only recently reached its present very considerable proportions. But we equally realise that the needs of the Farm are paramount, and we feel, definitely, that it is not possible to abolish the gin trap at the present time from considerations of good husbandry.

Unfortunately, the question is not allowed to rest with these considerations. Gassing as a substitute for trapping has aroused the antagonism of the market and those connected with it, for one may be able to exterminate a gassed rabbit, but one cannot market it. Equally it has aroused great antagonisms in the gamekeeping fraternity. One of the protagonists of the recent Bill was a master of foxhounds, which has caused gamekeepers to indulge in what may be called the fox versus pheasant argument. Only those who are constantly meeting keepers in various parts of the country can realise how widespread is the feeling among keepers against the Bill. There is the further difficulty that arguments brought forward in all good faith may be used as arguments against field sports, though actually they would only be arguments against farming and in favour of vegetarianism.

These remarks must therefore be read as a discussion of gassing as a means for exterminating rabbits. I have in the past week witnessed two experiments in gassing. The first made use of the exhaust of a motor-car. Grateful as I was to the friend who took an infinity of trouble to make this trial a success, I am convinced that the use of motor-cars for this purpose except on a very small scale under the most favourable possible circumstances need not be considered. On the second occasion I saw a successful experiment carried out on a small scale with cyanogas. The difficulty with all these demonstrations is that one cannot really judge them for several days. But from a reliable report I came to the conclusion that the experiment had succeeded, but with this proviso: I did not see it carried out on a large scale and, as we are considering rabbits here as vermin and not as a marketable commodity, these experiments if used at all must be used on a large scale. It is no good A. exterminating his rabbits on his 300-acre farm if B. next door is trapping them for the market, and doing everything he can, in one sense, not to *exterminate* them.

Here are two letters I have received, both from men whose judgment can be trusted, and both emphasising a different point of view as regards gassing. The first is the result of a prolonged experiment on a large estate in the home counties which is much overrun with rabbits. The proprietor who was most anxious to find a new method of settling his difficulties writes:

"(1) This method does kill some rabbits; (2) The burrows are very soon opened again and in use; (3) It is unpleasant and possibly dangerous to use; (4) Rabbits are unsaleable if killed by this somewhat expensive process; (5) Its general employment might render all rabbits suspect and unsaleable; (6) Personally I shall still have to rely on the old methods of shooting, snaring and trapping."

It is, of course, clear that this method, at any rate at present, must preclude any hope of commercial value for the dead rabbits. The labour involved in digging would be very considerable.

And here is a letter from a landowner and farmer in the West of England who is overrun with rabbits. It is a vital matter to him to kill them off. This is what he writes:

"You asked me for what I had found out about cyanogas for destroying rabbits. As you know, this is a fine powder of cyanide of potassium, a deadly poison usually employed for destroying wasps. I first tried it on some rat holes, and we pumped the stuff into the holes with the machine, and stopped them up, meaning to dig the dead rats out and show the efficiency of the machine. I had a small terrier with me at the time, which was not allowed near the holes. After a few minutes, while the gas was being allowed to work, we began to dig to find the dead rats. But we lost the holes, and since the operator told me that by then it would be safe to use the dog, we put it on to try to find the hole again. The dog gave one sniff and fell over as if dead. I did not bother to find any more rats, my concern being to save the dog, which I did by means of whisky.

"Convinced of the efficiency of the poison I ordered a machine. I tried it on rabbits and found it most effective. Rats will run out of their holes stupefied, but my experience has been that rabbits are killed outright by the gas. In one case I tried it on a rabbit that I saw in a straight run-through hole in the fence. The rabbit collapsed at once, and could not be revived.

"There are, of course, crabs to the use of the machine. The first is the deadliness of the poison. I have always used it myself, and have not allowed the men to use it. Also the pumping machine for the gas is very apt to rot away. I still have some of the poison left, but I am careful to keep it locked up away from where the children can possibly get at it.

"The whole trouble in a rabbit campaign is neighbours. It is absolutely useless for me to destroy rabbits if my neighbour breeds them. I cannot go to the expense of wiring in a 200-acre farm. And even if I did, the rabbits would soon burrow under the wire. I think that the time has come for legislative action. What I should like to see is a Bill giving the county agricultural committees power to destroy rabbits at the farmer's expense whenever they are a nuisance, but only to destroy, and not to sell. If a farmer has the fear of his rabbits being destroyed without any chance of profit to himself, I believe that he will take care to keep the little brutes down to a reasonable number."

In a recent article in the *Field* I may perhaps have made light of the dangers of these machines. Certainly when I used the machine it seemed simplicity itself. But here are two opinions which command respect, and I publish these letters for the benefit of *Field* readers. Perhaps the genesis of the whole matter as regards the tenant farmer is summed up in the concluding paragraphs of the last letter. I must confess that I still feel that as an *exterminator* (not as a substitute to the gin trap) it is along these lines that we must proceed to the evolution of the right fumigant and the machine to use it.

During the course of next week I hope to see an experiment carried out by Messrs. George Munroe, Limited, of Waltham Cross, with their cyanogas fumigator, reference to which has already been made in the *Field*, and I hope to be able to give some account of the results. In all gases one can only give an accurate account of what one sees. In so many cases local conditions render a particular line of treatment unsuitable, and I have discovered that as regards fumigants, both literally and figuratively, what's one man's meat is another man's poison.

R. M.

*Niall Rankin*

IRON DUKE, LORD JELLICOE'S HISTORIC FLAGSHIP
*A survivor of the 1914 review, which has now passed almost as far into history as the Duchess of Richmond's ball*

# HIS MAJESTY WITH HIS FLEET

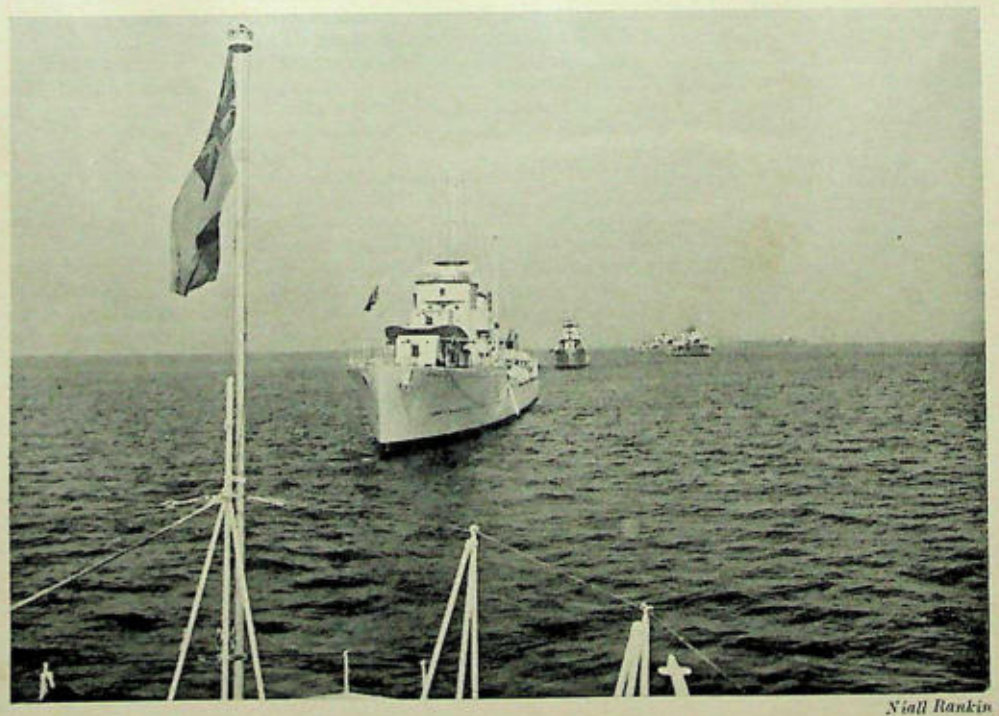
## The Culminating Point of Jubilee Year

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THE great naval review, in the sheltered waters of Spithead, has come as a very fitting end-piece to His Majesty's Silver Jubilee celebrations. As a spectacle it has surpassed everything else; as the culmination of the great national Jubilee festival this naval occasion has served to remind many of our utter and absolute dependence upon the sea for our very existence and our prosperity, to remind us of the grim fact that this mighty oceanic Empire of ours came out of the sea—and will return to it if we neglect our sea gates and our sea highways.

It would be wrong to call it—as certain organs of the Press have done—the greatest naval review of all time. There have been numerically larger naval reviews in these historic waters. It cannot be doubted, however, that this Jubilee Review was epoch-making, for, for the first time in our sea history, all sorts and conditions of craft have been included. Steam yachts, racing yachts, giant liners, cargo craft, fishing vessels and others have all taken their place in the seeming endless lines of hulls—a reminder perhaps that there is now a royal Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleet.

Steaming through the lines, through mile after mile of anchored precision, there was more than a momentary thrill as famous ships were passed on either hand. The J-class—all seven of them—with Britannia and Yankee at pride of place in the centre of the line. Behind them steam yachts and large cruising craft—Vita, Trenora, Rosabelle, and Tamesis with her satisfying topmast staying. Liners from the seven seas, Alcantara bearing the broad pennant of the R.M.S.P., Ranpura of the P. & O., Berengaria of the Cunard-White Star, Homeric, Arandora Star, Atlantis and others. Then there was the line of fishermen with the famous Banks fisherman Bluenose looking trim and rakish at its head—and away under the shelter of Fort Monckton the George Bligh and the Boy Leslie and the Telesia—not that the Lowestoft smack needed much fort protection, one would think, for during the Great War she was a distinguished Q-ship with a record of several U-boats in her bag. Off the Mother Bank buoy was the Roal Research Ship Discovery II—and we looked at her and remembered her as we knew her five years ago being nursed through the pack-ice southward and ever southward bound; the Powers-that-be might also perhaps have included Captain Scott's gallant old Discovery—now called Discovery I—in this galaxy of vessels. Yes, they were all there, liners which have carried us far, fishermen we have passed in the night, yachts in which we have idled away our leisured Solent days—all lying, fittingly enough, under the sheltering guns of their "sure shield."



*Niall Rankin*

THE DESTROYER LINE
*Units of the Mediterranean flotilla in Spithead*

And it was there in the straight-ruled lines of gleaming grey warships that the real *pièce de résistance* of the review lay. Line after line, squadron after squadron, ship after ship—destroyers, sloops, mine-sweepers, submarines, light cruisers, "treaty cruisers," battle-cruisers, aircraft carriers, battleships—all with the dressing-lines aloft and their crews manning the rails—a sea Empire's insurance policy. And at the head of this mighty Armada of 157 flags and pennants, His Majesty, the Admiral of the Fleet with his flag in the Victoria and Albert. Mediterranean Fleet, Home and Atlantic Fleet, the Indian Navy, the Australian Navy, the Reserve Fleet were all represented—and in the van, a sailor monarch.

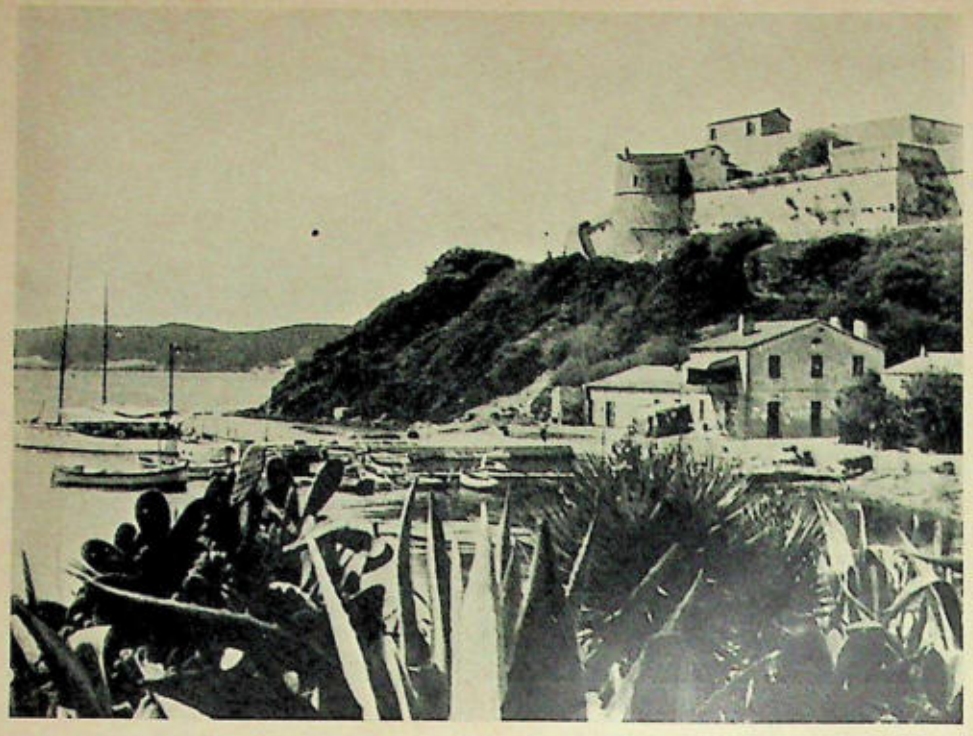
Those who were privileged to see will ever carry the recollection of this Jubilee Review day. The ordered lines, the sea simplicity of sea majesty, the strange mixture of the arts of war and peace in the long lines, the clustered masses of the smaller yachts lying at anchor as spectators in the appointed areas. A bustling forenoon with ships scurrying to take up their sight-seeing stations: hurrying patrol craft nursing and shepherding everywhere. Then, with noon, an increasing silence deepening as the afternoon wore on until only the screaming of the gulls punctuated the stillness. Bugle calls; bo's'ns piping; the orderly movements of masses of uniformed men. Finally, tiny puffs of white smoke from under the bridges of the battleships—smoke puffs curvetting into rings and fluttering away into heat-laden air. Memories of an old West Country gunner pacing the saluting battery in our midshipman days—"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't a gunner—Fire one!"—and then back to the present with the crash of a Royal Salute booming across still waters. Victoria and Albert under way with the Brethren of Trinity House and My Lords Commissioners as escort; the little cavalcade steams slowly and with infinite pride through the fleet lines—silent no longer now, but with each ship cheering and sending an echo down the ages. Down the line goes His Majesty, clearly visible to his men; down one line and back along another; and then the Royal Yacht anchors once more at the head of the Fleet.

Once more for a brief two or three hours there is movement and activity in the roadstead: yachts, pleasure steamers, sight-seeing parties dart hither and thither between the lines. And then with the fall of dusk each ship creeps back to its chosen berth to await the closing scene. Once more a deep velvet silence enshrouds the historic anchorage; darkness shuts out the shapes of the hulls. Then a bouquet of rockets from the Royal Yacht and each ship bursts into light, long chains of lamps picking out each silhouette. Eight Bells—midnight. The searchlights are switched out, cabin and gangway lights twinkle once more, yachts and pleasure vessels are on the move again. The Review is over. Yet in a day of splendour and sea rejoicing it should be remembered that of those warships so proudly arrayed in Spithead many are woefully old. Of the battle-fleet itself only two ships have been built since the war, of the battle-cruisers only one. Queen Elizabeth used her guns to good purpose at Gallipoli; Iron Duke, Valiant, Barham and Malaya were at Jutland nineteen years ago and acquitted themselves with more than casual honours; Cardiff led the surrendered German Fleet into the Forth on that memorable November 1919 day.

# SAILING FOR ISLANDS

## Yachting With a Spice of Romance In It

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON



*If you want something wild, barely inhabited, with jungle-like vegetation sail to Port Cros*

THERE is something else about an island, besides the water; by some inexplicable manner most islands are surrounded with a mystic romance difficult to define, but instantly sensed by all to whom ships or boats have attraction.

Perhaps it may be that the mind conjures up adventure, primitive environment, freedom, hidden surprise; at any rate there is always something very pleasing to arrive from the mainland and drop anchor in the harbour of some separate community, for, however short the passage, it is the next best thing to "going foreign."

England, as distinct from Scotland, and in a lesser degree from Wales and Ireland, is all too badly supplied with these outposts. No yachtsman sailing into an Isle of Wight haven feels that he has come to a dreamland; although, frankly, Poole Harbour, with Brownsea, Furze, and Green Islands, is suggestive of another country. Not one of the two islands in Torbay, or the Mewstone off the Dart, or the other Mewstone off the Yealm, or Burgh Island off Thurlestone, or Looe Island in Cornwall, is quite remote enough; indeed, you have to cross over beyond Land's End and reach the Scillies before romantic consciousness begins.

Admittedly, Lundy Island, such wild spots as Skokham, Skomar, and Grassholm Islands, with their strong tides, sparse population, and bird-life, are nearer the ideal we seek. And Bardsey, farther north, is just about as shut off from mainland influence as is one of those remote islands off north-west France, where generation after generation the community lives and toils, nor heeds the rest of the world.

The west coast of Scotland, of course, abounds in detached kingdoms and affords hundreds of anchorages for which we seek; but the west Irish coast, its Achil Island, those other islets which have the prefix "Inish," with Arran Island, the Blaskets, Dursey Island, Cape Clear Island, and those fascinating islets up Long Island Sound, all tempt the cruising man by their greater remoteness. Rich in history, Holy Island to the S.S.E. of Berwick, is not merely picturesque, but gives you the use of its little harbour.

As a matter of personal taste, I prefer those more southern islands, where sunshine is more powerful, where colours are more strongly contrasted, and the general change of environment brings to the mind a keener novelty. One might draw a line across the chart and say that island fascination begins well to the south of Latitude 50, and nothing to the north of Alderney. With all its strong tides, its myriads of rocky traps, the Channel Islands area is a joy for the romantic-minded; yet it still falls short of those miniature paradises scattered about the French coast.

What then is a yachtsman's ideal?

Speaking for myself, and many others, I would ask that the island first of all provide safe and snug anchorage; that its scenery be colourful, its climate congenial, its seafaring folk friendly. It is always worth even a rough passage if one can step ashore, stroll round the quays to note the local craft, and find hard-by at some clean simple French restaurant a well-cooked dinner inclusive of the local fisheries, before sailing away at dawn to the next port. There is, for instance, Ile de Brehat at the Pontrieux River, whither come many French yachts during the summer months. But in the warmer waters of the Bay of Biscay there stretches a line of islands, just far enough from the coast and giving the voyager alternative harbours.

Port Tudy in the Ile de Groix, which can be entered at all states of the tide by vessels drawing 10ft., and Le Palais in Belle Ile, with its safe and easy harbour, are yearly getting better known to British yachtsmen. Normally, however, this is the "furthest south" of cruisers who must return back to England. They miss that charming little jewel, Ile d'Yeu, which lies S.W. of the Loire, and is one of those places which exactly fulfil the conditions enumerated. The living here is cheap, the lobsters are excellent, the people simple and kindly, the air most invigorating, and the fishing craft full of interest. Only the little steamer, which takes one-and-a-half hours to reach the mainland, reminds you that the European Continent lies actually, though invisibly, to the eastward.

Further down the Biscayan coast Ile de Ré invites you into its wet dock, and you might spend some happy days wandering from one end of this island to the other, forgetting that steam-boat connection can (if you wish) be made with La Pallice and La Rochelle. If only such delightful islands as these, or Oléron, a little farther south still, were better known to us northerners, many who are not yacht owners would come down here for health, sunshine, sands, bathing, and the scenery that is different. Oléron is 18 miles long and and gives you all sorts of varieties, with its magnificent woods, creeks, oysters, fruit, and wines. You could live here for ever without being a primitive, since nothing is wanting: even the glamorous Royan (a kind of southern Ostend) can soon be reached after ferrying over to the mainland.

The most satisfying of all islands, surely, are situated in the Mediterranean; but there exist two which nature must have designed for yachtsmen. The Iles d'Hyères, or Golden Isles, have become popular to sailing men, and marine motorists, comparatively recently. One trusts these beauty spots will never be spoiled. I shall never forget coming in through the western Pass one perfect summer's day with a fair wind, the sea all turquoise, and two Italian brigantines beating off before heading up for Toulon. Conrad, in one of his novels (*The Rover*), has used this identical bit of setting, and it cries out to be painted in words no less than on canvas. Then, past the Giens peninsula, opened up that delicious island of Porquerolles, with its silver sands and snug little harbour, bright in its own beauty against a background of green trees, but veritably gay with so many white yachts and burgees. It was the first time I ever saw the Turkish flag flying on a pleasure vessel.

Porquerolles is the southernmost bit of France (excepting Corsica), and you never forget this really belongs to an island group; even the motor-boat, which fetches mails from the peninsula, is locally owned. Everything is silver, or golden, or green, or blue: and you wonder why travellers cross the Pacific to the South Sea Isles when the Golden Isles are so conveniently placed in Europe.

If you want something wilder, barely inhabited, with jungle-like vegetation; where you could walk all day and never meet a human being; sail a few miles farther east till you find a break in the high cliffs and enter Port Cros—this island is the real thing if you want to get away from the world. Any film-making concern would find all the background for a South Seas story; a hermit could be as shut off from the world as if he were in the heart of Arabia. Robinson Crusoe, and all his successors, might just as easily have sojourned on Port Cros Island. Why not? Anything and everything can be grown in this prolific soil, the sea is alive with fish, pines and cactus come down to the shore, the hot Mediterranean sun ripens growth quickly, and there is nothing after the southern shore till you hit the coast of Africa. Port Cros is a riot of primitivity—all except for half a dozen cottages and one surprisingly nice hotel.

Yes, there is a small boat harbour, but it needs deepening, enlarging, with an extended arm to provide protection from south-west winds. The latter have an unpleasant way of sending in a nasty sea, but the moment this breeze shifts to the northward (as for the Mistral) you are comfortable. One or two craft certainly lie at moorings, winter and summer, but in bad weather it is preferable to choose one of the mainland ports or run back into Porquerolles. During fine days, which normally prevail down here, or in easterly winds, Port Cros will be found fascinating. The holding ground is good, there is a big mooring buoy powerful enough for a steam yacht, and any amount of little creeks for pottering about in the dinghy.

I do not deny the rugged glory of those Baltic islands, or that remarkable fringe off the Scandinavian littoral; some keen amateur sailors now think nothing of cruising up to the Faroes and even to Iceland. More and more are going to the Azores, the Canaries, and across to the West Indies. But for those who are tied down most months in a year to Britain, yet can spare a few weeks in pursuit of their marine sport, there are plenty of unspoilt islands that quietly invite attention. At Porquerolles I met an Englishman and his wife who were camping out under the pines, looking out on to sea and mountains. They had brought with them their canoe from Paris, and had demonstrated the simplicity of combining economy with an ideal island life.

To save inquiries, may I add that for a few francs permission can be obtained for erecting a tent; and that the bay is usually so calm that open canoes are sailing about almost every hour of the sunlight?

## SEAMANSHIP OR INVENTIONS?

MUCH is being said these days of the scientific aids to navigation used aboard Stormy Weather in her recent successful race across the Atlantic to Bergen. Accounts vary, it must be admitted, but it would seem that nothing was left toc hance—everything was on board. There was, so the story runs, a skilled wireless operator; there was a Professor of Physics; there was a sewing machine to repair the sails; and there was, *inter alia*, two accordions, a flageolet, a supersize banjo, and a thermometer permanently installed in one of the scuppers so that water temperature could be found with the minimum of trouble. Presumably it was also arranged that this particular scupper should always be submerged. And incidentally, even sewing machines can be a mixed blessing. In one cruiser which was torpedoed during the Great War the only casualty was a corporal R.M.L.I.—the shock of the explosion dislodged a sewing machine from a rack and it fell on his face.

We are told from one source that the crew of Stormy Weather prepared their own synoptic charts *en voyage*, and by this means were able to make rings round depressions and to sail blind in fog through a ten-mile wide passage through the ice off Cape Race.

All this strikes the seaman as just so much parsley round a hambone—garnishing of a palatable fact. The naked truth is that under Rod Stephens' hand the little Stormy Weather, a Dorade-like sylph, has won the King of Norway's Cup for the race with a passage of some nineteen-and-a-quarter days to her credit. Her distance sailed is within 70 miles of the shortest possible distance from Brenton Reef to Bergen and day to day her speed was steady and consistent. Why take away from Stormy Weather's master and crew the credit which is theirs—for they know, as well as British seamen know, that to cross the Atlantic in self-imposed ignorance of weather conditions is to invite trouble and to cast away all hopes of a winning gun. The victory is much more one of personnel than of material.

JOHN IRVING.

A GALLOP DOWN THE GROUND

*The final of the Tyro Cup at Hurlingham, when the Life Guards, who received four-and-a-half goals, beat the 7th Hussars by eight-and-a-half goals to four in a level scoring game*

# REGIMENTAL AND UNIVERSITY POLO

## Dashing Play by the Queen's Bays and a Narrow Victory for Cambridge

THE first semi-final of the Subalterns' Tournament, the Queen's Bays v. the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoons, resulted in a very easy victory for the former. The winners were far better mounted, showed superior combination, and the result was never in doubt. Mr. R. E. Field Marsham, of the Bays, played a great game, and Mr. Whetstone, of the Inniskillings, did all he could to stem the tide of attack.

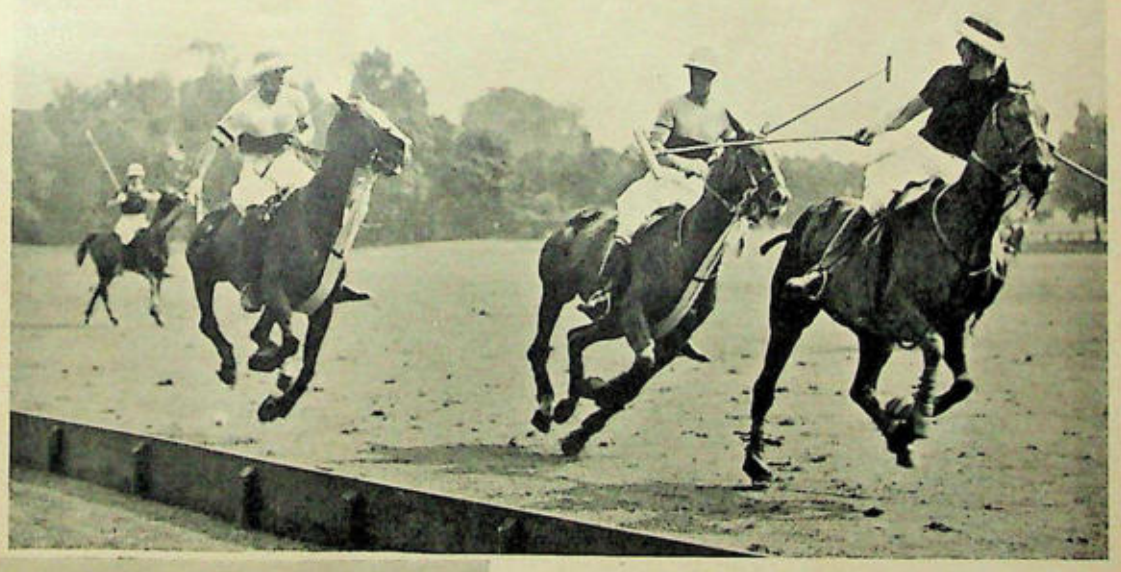
In the second semi-final, the Royal Scots Greys defeated the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers. The winners, who appear to be always very slow starters, only really started to forge ahead in the fifth chukker, and from then onwards had the game to themselves. Their shooting at goal during the early chukkers was deplorable.

What extraordinary thrilling finishes there have been this season! Extra time seems to be the rule rather than the exception before a decision can be reached. The Subalterns' final was every bit as exciting to watch and play as the Inter-Regimental. It was anybody's game right up to the finish, and the Bays earned full marks for the way they stuck to their higher handicapped opponents: their rally after half-time, when they scored four goals in quick succession, will long be remembered. There was no score during the fifth chukker although the Greys had at least three chances. Messrs. Findlay and Lopes scored in the early part of the sixth chukker, putting the Greys once more ahead, but just before the final bell, Mr. Hibbert equalised again. In the seventh chukker, amidst intense excitement, Mr. Mackeson got away from the throw-in and the Greys had won the Subalterns' Cup. Both teams are to be congratulated, the Greys on their victory, the Bays on their magnificent fight.

The Panthers, with a start of 2½ goals, defeated Somerics House in the final of the Rochampton Cup by 8½ goals to 7. The winners, with Major Leaf (15th/19th Hussars) at No. 1, and Capt. Dudley Norton back instead of Major Magor, who was unwell, deserved their success. Lord Erne played No. 1 for Somerics House instead of Capt. Cooke, who most unfortunately broke his left hand a week ago in the final of the Ranelagh Open Cup against the Optimists.

Anyone who saw Kashmir win the Champion Cup would not have believed it possible that Les Diables could defeat them in the final tie of the Invitation Tournament at Ranelagh, but they did—fair and square. The winners are one of the keenest sides in London who really take trouble over their play, and this, in spite of the fact that they are compelled to be frequently flying backwards and forwards from Paris. In this particular match they not only outplayed Kashmir, but what was more remarkable, outrode them.

Cambridge won the 51st University Match at Hurlingham, beating Oxford by 5 goals to 4 after a very close game. The standard of play was better than that usually found in University polo, but that is the best that can be said. If only this fruitful field of recruits could be properly exploited, what a wonderful thing it would be for the future of English polo! Here are young men on the threshold of life, sufficiently well endowed to mount themselves and as keen as mustard.



TWO IMPORTANT GAMES

*In the Invitation Tournament at Ranelagh, Kashmir were defeated by Les Diables by nine goals to three, and (below) play on the boards in the Oxford and Cambridge Inter-University match, where the latter avenged their defeat of last year*

*W. A. Rouch*

All they want is instruction and encouragement. America has long since realised the importance of starting their youth on the right lines; until we do likewise we cannot hope to compete with them on level terms.

We understand that Captain H. C. Walford (17th/21st Lancers) has been invited to accompany the team which is going to the United States shortly to take part in the American championships, as fifth man. This is a good choice. Captain Walford is a versatile player who can take anyone's place at a moment's notice. He had not sufficiently recovered from a bad attack of jaundice contracted in India to do himself full justice in England this season, but he is a first-class player.

The team will be leaving for the States shortly, and the polo world are anxiously awaiting news as to how they are to be mounted. As we write we hear there is a possibility of Captain H. P. Guinness being unable to accompany the team. If this is unfortunately true, either Captain Fowler or Captain Hinde may be included: both have proved their capabilities as No. 1—which appears to be the hardest place to fill. Both were in the finals of the Inter-Regimental and figured prominently in their respective spheres.

# "SO *THAT'S* WHAT I DO!"

## Mistakes in Golf as Enid Wilson Sees Them and Some Sound Advice from Abe Mitchell

By E. R. TIPPLE

EVERY golfer, whether "rabbit" or "tiger," is anxious to improve his play. No one who follows the Royal and Ancient game is ever satisfied for any length of time. Each week the golfer has to overcome some fault because he is only human and not a machine, and the excitement of the game depends to a large extent on this succession of mis-hits and common ailments.

Consequently more is written about golf than any other game. All manner of books are produced, each designed to help the golfer's play. Some are dull, many are far from interesting, and the majority far too technical. However, two have been published this week which deserve attention, as being different from the others. Certainly Miss Enid Wilson has struck an original note, and she is to be congratulated on producing a volume which is both interesting and instructive.

The former lady champion needs no introduction to golfers. She and her methods are too well known. Following on after Miss Joyce Wethered she made a niche for herself in the hall of fame, and must be included among the very best golfers of all time. As will be remembered, the Ladies' Golf Union took exception to her method of describing the faults shown by photographs of golfers published in a well-known illustrated weekly. This was held to be "exploiting her skill at the game," and so she gave up competitive play and her absence was, and is, keenly felt. The interest these pictures, and their expert analysis, aroused prompted Miss Wilson and her collaborator, Robert A. Lewis, to gather them together and publish them in book form with suitable additions.

Those who expect to pick up a huge volume full of closely printed "words of wisdom" will, perhaps, be disappointed. The wisdom is there, but it is presented in the form of cleverly-worded captions to very excellent photographs. Nothing like this book has been seen before. Very few golfers desire to work at the game, but all want to improve. While reading technical books is regarded as hard work, looking at pictures is a pleasant pastime. And if the pictures portray faults to be guarded against and useful hints to copy, then it becomes instructive without the reader noticing that he is being instructed. This book is in fact a sugar-coated pill. You obtain your golfing medicine in a delightfully easy and simple way.

Miss Wilson has formed a collection of pictures which clearly show all the common faults; under each photograph she gives an expert explanation and analysis. It attempts "to isolate for the golfer all the ills his swing is heir to" and I am certain it succeeds. Two clever indexes are provided, one for hooking and the other for slicing, so references to the respective illustrations can be made quickly and easily. If you are sure of your symptoms you will find the trouble diagnosed, the cure prescribed. If you are not, then as you scan the pages you will surely come across your individual ailment and, seeing it before your eyes, will exclaim: "So *that's* what I do!" Thus the authors have obtained their clever title.

The question of stance is important. Miss Wilson advises all golfers to be consistent. "Where the stance is variable the hitting is likely to be so too. The width of the stance varies, of course, with the build of the player. It should be that which gives the greatest feeling of ease and balance." For those who find difficulty in playing half-shots these words may prove helpful: "Instead of holding in your shot it is easier to shorten your grip and hit out. Only by striking the ball firmly is control fully obtained. More approaches go astray for being timidly struck than anything else." On the follow-through Miss Wilson reminds golfers that the "swing is not complete at impact. . . . The average player forgets that impact is merely an incident to the swing."

The photographs depicting recovery shots are especially interesting. Do not we all visit bunkers and the rough so very regularly? The famous ex-champion tells us to "rely on the lift of the club to elevate the ball, and remember that hitting downwards lifts the ball up. . . . When the ball is lying really badly in the rough the shortest route to the fairway is advisable." In other words, direction comes before vain and useless attempts at the impossible.

The value of the camera for the teaching of golf is universally recognised. It has upset many old theories and made the beginners' lot easier. Miss Wilson has provided the reader with many examples of the use of the camera to the golfer, and *So* That's *What I Do!* (Methuen; 10/6) deserves a place in every golfing library. After reading it you will be able to show the pictures to your friends and say, "That's What I Did!" At any rate, that should be the happy sequel!

Turning to the other book alluded to earlier, it is scarcely necessary to point out that Abe Mitchell is one of the most popular of all professionals. Certainly he is one of the most attractive to watch in action. He makes the game seem so very simple. In *Length on the Links* (Methuen; 5/-) he sets out his own methods and endeavours to make his explanations as simple as possible. He is ably assisted by a large number of excellent illustrations, many pictures taken while he was actually playing, and the labelling of the parts of the body to which he desires attention to be drawn will be found distinctly helpful. Of necessity, Mitchell is technical and his book needs to be read with care and attention.

He is a profound believer in the use of the legs and feet—like his old friend and partner, George Duncan; and he lays stress on the correct use of the various muscles in the arms, body and legs. Mitchell is certain that "golf is a left-handed game. Every piece of advice I shall give you will be based on that cardinal fact. . . . Build up your game from your left side." Power in golf, he says, comes through the left-side resistance and the correct winding-up of the leg and arm muscles in the back swing. And he describes in minute detail how the club should be taken back from the ball to the top of the swing, suggesting that players should practice swinging a club with the left hand only, not using the right at all. If the back swing is correct so will be the down-swing, says Mitchell; no one will deny the truth of that statement.

After discussing the various grips and stances, this well-known Ryder Cup player goes step by step through all the strokes, beginning with the putt and not the driver. Like Miss Wilson, he does not advise full shots—"a big swing with any of the iron clubs invariably gives poor results. . . ." To play an iron well one must hang on fiercely with the knees. It is the knees that should bring us down again when we are playing our half-shot. . . . Your legs are your best ally in this game, not your arms or wrists; and you should practise half-shots until you are convinced of this. The huge modern equipments, while helping the players of to-day, have at the same time made this part of the game a mere memory to the majority.

Mitchell advises players to look ahead, to plan out what they want to do before they hit the ball, and to concentrate and play as much competitive golf as possible.

AT THE TOP OF THE BACKSWING

*"There has been an honest attempt to let the shoulders go round while everything remains rigid below the waist. The forward lunge of the shoulders was required to make the turn possible when the knees refused to unlock. Hands and arms only will be behind the blow, and the shot will almost certainly be cut"—(From "So* That's *What I Do!")*

A BAD RECOVERY SHOT

*"The ball lies in the bunker 90yds. from the pin. Before taking a niblick and lashing out to lay the ball dead, the player should have stopped to think whether it would not have paid to lob it out on to the fairway. In the picture the player has hit out for death or glory, and the result can be seen. The ball is tucked up in the face of the bunker and the next shot may not dislodge it"—(From "So* That's *What I Do!")*

**Amateur Golfers and Trade Competitions.**—The Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has stated that the holding of trade competitions for amateur golfers, organised purely for the purpose of advertisement, is not in the best interests of the game. It is hoped that now this official view is known the practice will cease. If this appeal is recognised no rule will be made governing this important subject. The authorities are to be congratulated on the common-sense way they have handled a problem which was becoming more difficult each year, and it rests with the various firms concerned to see that matters are put in order. Elaborate rules generally prove to be of little use, and should only be resorted to when suggestion has failed. It should be noted that this appeal is not directed at competitions held expressly for the benefit of professional golfers.

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# THE BEST ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP EVER HELD

## Encouraging Performances by British Athletes

EVEN the oldest of old stagers was satisfied last week-end when a record crowd of 40,000 people turned up at the White City to witness what many people held to be the best English Championship meeting we have yet seen.

The things that the spectators liked best were obviously the field events, and that is a strange circumstance where a British crowd is concerned; but when S. R. West beat French and Hungarian contenders for the high jump with a faultless leap of 6ft. 3in., the enthusiasm was wonderful; and the sight of Keith Brown, U.S.A., soaring over the slim lath at 13ft., 13ft. 6in. and finally 13ft. 10in. for a new British Pole Vault record, not only brought such roars of cheering as are seldom heard at athletic meetings, but, momentarily, took everyone's attention from the runners.

*S. C. Wooderson (Blackheath Harriers), who beat Lovelock by sheer racing strategy in 4min. 17·4sec.*

There were notable absentees from the British ranks in C. H. Stoneley, suffering from a strain, and R. K. Brown, nursing himself for the Harvard and Yale match, who might have pushed W. Roberts hard in the 440yds.; and F. R. Webster, whose sprained ankle has to be rested for a further fortnight, but who would probably have cleared 13ft. to tie with Ramadier of France for second place in the pole vault.

For the rest, we have every reason to be proud of our young British entry, and where we found one Olympic star in four years previously we are going to have whole constellations in the not too distant future, especially if headmasters of public schools will only forget the old fetish that athletics encourage individualism and will back up sound institutions like the English Summer School for Athletes, the Public Schools' Sports Meeting and the A.A.A. Junior Championships. It is these institutions which are responsible for the production of much of our present undoubted young talent.

Only two years ago, let it be remembered, S. C. Wooderson won the Public Schools Mile in 4min. 29·4sec., the present record. Last year A. V. Reeve had to make a new Southern record of 4min. 14·2sec. to beat Wooderson by 2yds., with J. E. Lovelock third. At the Empire Games, Lovelock won in 4min. 12·8sec., with Wooderson 5yds. away, and last Saturday the youngster actually beat Lovelock, by sheer racing strategy, in 4min. 17·4sec.

Now think round the facts about Reeve, also but a boy. In the Anglo-Finnish match he won a brilliant mile and, believing Lovelock to be too good for him at that distance, elected to go for the A.A.A. three miles, which he won in 14min. 38sec.

Even more surprising was the running of R. R. Scott, the Ashby-de-la-Zouch schoolboy. In 1934 he set the Public Schools 440yds. record at 50·8sec.; this year he lowered the 880yds. record to 1min. 59·2sec., besides retaining his 440yds. title in 51·5sec. Last Saturday he staggered athletic England. Quite candidly, I should not have been surprised if J. C. Stothard had returned 1min. 50sec. for the half-mile, but poor facilities in Edinburgh have rather interfered with his training; none the less the C.U.A.C. president ran a great race absolutely according to plan, but when he jumped his field 300yds. from home young Scott came with him, 440yds. having been covered in 56·2sec. What is more, the eighteen-year-old lad hung on right up the home stretch, only to be pipped on the post for second place by that ill-starred athlete, J. V. Powell. Stothard's time of 1min. 53sec. has been bettered in the Championships only by the world's record holders, O. Peltzer and T. Hampson, and Scott was but $\frac{7}{10}$sec. in arrears. Truly, we may be embarrassed by our riches before the Berlin Olympiad, for I am convinced that Stothard can show 1min. 50sec. for 880yds. and, at worst, 4min. 10sec. for a mile, when he is fully trained, as he will be for the Games next year. The possibilities of Scott are beyond prediction.

Coming along nicely we have also C. H. Oades and W. Moorcroft, winners of the English Junior half and one mile titles respectively, so that the future looks very bright.

Among high hurdlers D. O. Finlay is still supreme, and his faultless win in 15sec., against a strong breeze, was quite equal to the British record of 14·7sec. The low hurdles supplied the Empire champion, F. A. R. Hunter, with his first English championship, despite his extraordinary short-striding action. Get him to open out his strides and I believe he would be a world beater.

The throwing events were glorious, and even the doings of world record holders could not diminish the amazing improvement of our own people. H. Andersson, who won the discus at 169ft. 11$\frac{3}{4}$in., was only inches short of his own world's record, but found the circle in foul condition; as did R. L. Howland, our shot-putting record holder, who was beaten at under 46ft., having beaten 48ft. in good conditions at Antwerp recently. Really, the White

*R. R. Scott, the Ashby-de-la-Zouch schoolboy, who put up a remarkably good performance against J. C. Stothard in the half-mile*

City authorities should take some pains to provide decent foothold for the throwers, shot putters and high jumpers; one of the latter remarked that it would not make much difference if the jumping was out of the sand on to the "cinders," instead of *vice versa*.

In addition to the discus, Sweden won the javelin, L. Atterwall throwing a beautiful 215ft. 6$\frac{1}{2}$in. to beat the Latvian, O. Jurgis, by a few feet, and again the crowd applauded to the echo as

*"The sight of Keith Brown, U.S.A., soaring over the slim lath at 13ft. 10in. . . . brought such roars of cheering as are seldom heard at athletic meetings"*

first one national flag and then another was moved forward. We need feel no shame in losing the hammer throw to F. Warngard, Sweden, at 146ft. 2$\frac{3}{4}$in., for Rioch of the Army threw 143ft. 3in., and W. MacKenzie, Scotland, 142ft. 2in. Rioch is very crude at present, but will be right up in the world's top class if his style can be polished up.

Of the 24 titles contested, fifteen remain in the British Isles, three have gone to Sweden, three to Holland, one to France, one to Hungary and one to U.S.A., a fair proportion having regard to the strength of the foreign entry, and every indication that Great Britain is on the high road to far greater athletic efficiency.

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# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## MARKETING SCHEMES

SIR,—I read with considerable interest the article published in your issue of June 29th entitled "Farmers in Big Business—Where are the Marketing Schemes Leading?" but deplore the tendency to judge all marketing schemes under one heading. It is bad! It suggests that all marketing schemes are run on the same lines whereas, in fact, the three chief Boards—milk, potato and pigs—all have their own individual problems, which are being tackled in individual ways. Why not encourage farmers to be discriminating in arriving at conclusions regarding the various schemes?

For instance, this season the potato growers have, for the first time for years, obtained a reasonable return. The only criticism levelled against this Board in your articles is that the scheme is not proving easy to police. It may not be easy to police, but it is being policed, and I understand that the volume of the contraventions of the Board's regulations is strikingly small. I am informed on reliable authority that 98 per cent. of the total number of registered producers of potatoes have paid their levies to the Board by post. Surely this record is a great tribute to the usefulness of the scheme to the farmers?

Yours faithfully,

Newcastle-on-Tyne. ANOTHER FARMER.

## THE ABBOTSBURY SWANNERY

SIR,—I beg to inform you that at the Congress of the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies, held at Bournemouth, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

"That the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies meeting in Congress at Bournemouth, representing 70 societies, and numbering 34,291 members, strongly supports the movement for the prevention of the use of any part of the Chesil Beach and the Fleet, as a bombing and machine-gunnery practice area, on account of the injury which would inevitably be done to the historic Abbotsbury Swannery, and its winter feeding ground, and also to other species of birds which nest on the beach."

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD A. MARTIN (Hon. General Secretary), The South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies.
14, High View Close,
Norwood, S.E. 19.

## Q CAMP

SIR,—Every day we hear lamentation about the prevalance of crime among boys and young men. Every day brings into the dock lads who through bad luck, bad homes, poor inheritance or lack of opportunity have become problems to themselves or the community.

Some have drifted feebly into delinquency; some have leapt joyously into crime because they lacked and sought adventure. They are not all eligible for Borstal, some because they are too old, and some because their record is not sufficiently black. They have not all the moral strength to pull themselves together if they are simply put on probation "in the open." Prison is no solution for it, can do nothing but harm to the adolescent in this critical, impressionable period of his life.

They cannot go to the ordinary camps and hostels, for they present a special problem and need skilled handling. Yet they can be made good citizens of the future if we care enough to take the trouble. And to-day there is a chance for them and for us.

A scheme is afoot for the establishment of a self-governing educational camp, with the advice of psychological specialists at its service, for young men from 17 to 25 years of age who, whether lawbreakers or not, have become social misfits. In Q Camp these youths may win their own salvation by work and play; by mental and physical development in an ordered community offering the stimulus to activity and self-discipline, the adventure and the scope for individual effort and skill which life has so far denied them.

The need is self-evident. The opportunity to meet it lies at hand. Q Camp Committee has the offer of 15 acres of land rent free about 40 miles from London. It has young men pleading for the chance which Q Camp can give them. It has the chance of enlisting a camp chief and other staff with exceptional qualifications—keenness, devotion, special ability in handling delinquent youth, experience of group life in camps. These men are ready to sacrifice other jobs with a safe future in order to pioneer in Q Camp. But they must make their decision soon and we cannot have an indefinite option on their lives.

Land, leaders, campers are all available. We have the support, among others, of the Lord Archbishop of York; Lord Allen of Hurtwood; Miss Margery Fry, LL.D., J.P.; Rabbi Dr. Mattuck; K. McLean Marshall, C.B.E., magistrate, West London Police Court.

All we want is £2,000 to make a start. But we must have it now. Your readers will not let this chance go by. Will they send their gifts or promises by the next post to: Hon. Sec., Q Camp Committee, 3, Bulstrode Street, Welbeck Street, London, W. 1.

Yours faithfully,

Forest School, C. K. RUTTER, M.A.
Godshill, (Chairman, Q Camp Committee).
Fordingbridge, Hants.

## BIRDS AND FRUIT BUDS

SIR,—It is a general belief that birds only attack the buds of fruit trees for the purpose of feeding on the noxious grubs within the buds. During the winter, when the birds are at work, the undeveloped buds never contain any insect in any stage. When the eggs of an insect are laid in the autumn they are deposited only on the stems or on the base of the hard bud, and the eggs do not hatch until the spring. Therefore the bullfinch only attacks the trees for the buds as food and not for insects. The bullfinches I have examined, obtained in the act of eating the buds, have only contained *fruit* buds in their stomachs; no leaf buds could be found. No moth is capable of penetrating an undeveloped bud with its ovipositor.

Titmice are usually thought to be destroying the buds of fruit trees, but are in reality searching for and feeding on the eggs of insects laid on the twigs and buds, and also for various small insects hibernating in the crevices of the branches, therefore rendering much good in the destruction of insects of all kinds injurious to vegetation.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

## RIFLES FOR DANGEROUS GAME

SIR,—The eternal controversy of the small bore versus the heavy rifle against dangerous game rarely seems to bring out the important consideration that there are two different requirements to be borne in mind: firstly, the best arm for the man who is approaching a potentially dangerous but unsuspicious beast to slay it; secondly, the weapon a man needs to defend his life against an infuriated beast that is attacking him.

In the first case a small bore rifle (my own favourite is a .350 Rigby Magnum) can kill anything that stands upon legs, *provided you hit him in the right place*. In the second case what you need is not so much bullet-penetration that will bring about his eventual death, as the equivalent to a violent sock in the jaw—to stop him from coming on. And the mightier the sock you land him the better.

But though a man may be able to bring off a brain shot at elephant easily with the small bore to which he is accustomed, there are occasions when it is of little use. I remember going forth to hunt elephant about Lake Rukwa (I am thinking of 1924–25) that one encounters in high grass at a distance of 15ft. or less. If the elephant's tail is towards you, nothing happens. If his head is towards you, he attacks automatically, accustomed to the muzzle-loading blunderbuss of the local sultani, and contemptuous of it. Unless you can hit him such a wallop in the face that he turns aside and gives you a second barrel at his heart, at that close range one is in a bad tactical position. And nothing but the violent concussion from a really big rifle will turn him aside. The bullet from, say, a .303 will have no more effect on him than a homœopathic pill; it will merely annoy him still more, and he will send you to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

Taking the question by and large, the hunter is better with a small bore for attacking and a heavy rifle for defending himself. I prefer solids for everything except against lion and grizzly. A .350 solid will go through both shoulders of an old African buffalo bull and come to rest against the skin on the far side. But for a lion solids are very unreliable. And for a charging lion I should prefer a double 12-bore loaded with buckshot! One is thinking, then, not about spoiling his hide, but rather of saving one's own hide. Perhaps the nearest I ever was to being killed by a dangerous beast was in a chance meeting with an Alaska brown bear about 12ft. long and weighing about three-quarters of a ton. My only arm was a single-barrelled 20-bore, loaded with No. 6 shot, but as he was standing on his hind legs a very few feet away the whole charge entered his throat in a solid lump and solved my problem instantly.

But, to revert to the real subject, a hunter is almost certain to shoot more easily and accurately with the smaller rifle he uses to fill the pot; and a small bullet well placed is better than any great lump of nickel and lead that crashes in just wide of the true mark.

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL MASON.

Eynsham Hall,
Witney, Oxon.

[In hunting dangerous animals attack has often to be turned into defence.—ED.]

## RABBIT DESTRUCTION

SIR,—I have read with pleasure and interest the article on fumigating rabbits on p. 1401 of the *Field* of June 8th.

At the farm I rent from the Duke of Wellington, Stratfieldsaye, Hants, I have been overdone with rabbits, until I undertook poisoning them. In a burrow of ten holes I put three pieces of potassium cyanide. I blocked up all the holes except the three in different parts of the burrow, and as soon as I put the potassium in I put a little water on it, and immediately stopped those three holes. I saw 24 rabbits go in, and not one hole was open the next morning, every one was killed.

I have now tried the "Rabbit Fumigant" from the C.G.A., Letchworth. This has been most effective; in fact, equal to the potassium. I put it round the edges of 50 holes, and have not been troubled with a rabbit since. A few out of the surrounding woods have opened one or two of the holes, but they have gone back into the woods again.

Yours faithfully,

A. MAY

65, Oxford Street, (Callas, Sons & May, Ltd.).
Reading.

---

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Sandwith's letter in your issue of June 22nd, you may care to know of an experiment in gassing by car. I have a high bank near mowing grass. I have just tried to gas the rabbits in it with a motor car. I could often see 20 or 30 rabbits out previous to gassing. I then worked it in the same way as instructed by Mr. Sandwith, and it has been a great success.

Yours faithfully,

Redditch. E. M. EVERITT.

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SIR,—Your correspondent, Colonel Leather's letter respecting gin traps in the *Field* of June 29th, has interested me very much, and I am in entire agreement with him as regards their abolition. From my experience on this estate where an average of over 20,000 rabbits have been killed in the past year or two and sometimes more, men being employed regularly for this purpose I do not think any other method than trapping would keep them in check.

I am not in favour of poison or gas, as it means a destruction of what is good for food, and, in any case, on an estate of this size and description, mainly agricultural and interspersed with a considerable amount of wood and rough ground and where there are few buries and the rabbits live above ground I do not consider any other method of dealing with such a pest would have the same results. I am sure everyone would most gladly welcome any really efficient and satisfactory substitute for gins if it was forthcoming.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES A. LINZEE GORDON.

Cluny Castle, Aberdeen.

---

SIR,—Referring to "X.'s" letter. Rabbits were actually imported into some districts, and increased in most during the war, in order to take advantage of the high prices obtainable. Commercial trapping in the open to obtain quick catches and maintain a plentiful stock then became a general practice. The growth and continuance of this trade, and the consequent damage to agriculture is a national disgrace. It would be impossible to enforce a law requiring traps to be set right in the holes. It would make quick catches on a large scale extremely difficult for the trapper who would evade it. Trappers cannot be engaged to clear the land, and if they could the cost would be great, and quite useless unless large areas of surrounding land were also cleared.

Yours faithfully,

Castell Gorfod, W. H. BUCKLEY.
St. Clears.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT BEAK AND GAPE"
*(See Letter "Overbalancing at the Nest")*

### CASTING COMPETITIONS

SIR,—I am not a member of the British Field Sports Society, and thus I hope that the following may be free from bias.

In the first case, surely the B.F.S.S. exists for the aiding, protection and encouragement of all field sports, and of these fishing has as many devotees, and probably more, than very many other sports. Secondly, no doubt many of the "angling fraternity" subscribe to the funds of the Society, and the cost of promoting and advertising a casting competition must be very small, certainly much smaller than even a minor restocking operation. To many anglers a casting competition is every bit as important, and gives as much pleasure, as a field trial gives to a shooting man.

Last of all, no doubt the members of the B.F.S.S. are broadminded enough not to cavil over the very small outlay on such a worthy object.

Yours faithfully,

138, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3. E. BRYAN JANKINS.

### A LADY'S POINT-TO-POINT RECORD

SIR,—Now that the Point-to-Point season is over it may not be inopportune to place on record the riding feat of Mrs. F. Masters, M.F.H., Co. Tipperary. Towards the close of this season she achieved the enviable distinction (heretofore not achieved by a lady, I believe) of riding her hundredth winner in Point-to-Point races. Some details will, no doubt, be of interest to your hunting and racing readers, more especially as most of the races won were open races, in which she was opposed by the best amateurs, and were all ridden in the comparatively short period of ten riding seasons. The Point-to-Point season lasts only nine or ten weeks with racing on an average of three days a week.

Four years ago was her best season's riding. Out of 24 mounts she rode seventeen winners, placed second twice, third twice, fell twice, and once unplaced. She rode a horse called Mustard Box eight times, and won seven off the reel. In his eighth race he broke a blood vessel and died a week or so later. She won the All Comers' Open Race at the Ward Hunt Point-to-Point six times in the last seven years.

Very near the end of this past season, and still needing five more victories to gain her century, she had eight mounts in three days' racing in the Midlands and won on seven of them, thus passing the century mark, and attaining the magnificent total of 102 winning rides.

Mrs. Masters, who is very popular in the Tipperary country, has taken over the Mastership of the Gallant Tipps in conjunction with Mr. R. Dibben and her brother, Mr. Jack Perry, and will hunt hounds herself. Everybody wishes this most gallant lady a very successful season carrying the horn.

Yours faithfully,

Co. Tipperary. GONE AWAY.

### PASSING ON THE "FIELD"

SIR,—I think the extract from the letter quoted below may be of interest to you, and might encourage some of your readers who do not know the Victoria League, 81, Cromwell Road, S.W. 7, to send their copies of the *Field* to the Dominions. Your paper goes weekly to a familyin Saskatchewan, and the following is an extract from a letter I received not long ago: ". . . I don't know if I told you that the *Fields* are passed on to F, and then the head man of the bird department at our local hospital has the ones with English birds in; he says he learns such a lot from them, and when he has finished with them, the inmates have them. The others with dogs, sport, etc., a sick man has, who has been in the sanatorium for so long, and is at home now. . . ." It is really wonderful what they do, so you can see the pleasure the magazine brings to many.

Yours faithfully,

Kineton, Hook Heath, Woking. R. M. M.

### OVERBALANCING AT THE NEST

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be sufficiently unusual to be of interest. When I was in a hide near this nest the chaffinch persisted in feeding her family from the dark foliage behind the nest.

When I tried again I blocked her approach with a leafy twig. Perching on a branch rather too far from the nest she leant forward to feed her young and lost her balance. Supporting herself with her wing, she finished her feeding in this awkward position.

Yours faithfully,

31, Manor Road, Headington, Oxford. JOHN H. VICKERS.

### SIGNS FOR PEDESTRIANS

SIR,—I feel sure that every motorist, both in America and England, is not a homicidal maniac, nor is every pedestrian trying to commit suicide as he walks along the roads in the dark. I am both a motorist and a pedestrian, so I know.

If pedestrians would carry a piece of folded newspaper and hold it out so that the lights of an approaching car would shine on it they would find it would show like a torch.

I think it would be of great service if you called attention to this in the columns of the *Field*.

Yours faithfully,

Quebec. GEORGE L. HARRISON.

### HORSES IN LONDON

SIR,—The photograph that you published in a recent issue of the *Field*, with the comment that horses were still (at the time it was taken) not unknown in London's streets, moves me to send you the enclosed photograph, recently taken by me. The pony is regularly driven in London by Miss Sybil Smith, the daughter of Mr. Horace Smith, of the well-known Cadogan Riding School,

A PLEASANT REMINDER OF MORE PEACEFUL DAYS
*(See Letter "Horses in London")*

and with Miss Smith in the photograph is my daughter, who rode the pony (Cadogan Tony) ten years ago at Olympia, when she and the pony were each seven years old.

22, Brechin Place, S. Kensington, S.W. 7. Yours faithfully, H. O. DANCKWERTS.

### DISTRIBUTION OF BEAN GEESE

SIR,—I have been interested in the correspondence on this subject in recent issues of the *Field*, as large numbers of grey geese come to this district in autumn, and settle in Aberlady Bay for the winter. They usually go out from the sea at daybreak to the large grass fields in East Lothian, and return to the bay before dusk, but the biggest flocks I have ever seen, estimated by me and others at 2,000, came back from the fields about noon one fine day in December, 1927, probably disturbed on their feeding grounds. I was aware that most of these geese were of the pink-footed variety, but I thought there might be some bean among them; however, I showed the first letter which appeared in your issue of April 27th to a native who had been shooting geese for more than thirty years, and he told me that in all his experience he had never come across a bean, although he had occasionally got greylags, six in one season, but that was many years ago.

Yours faithfully,

Gullane, East Lothian. D. AITCHISON.

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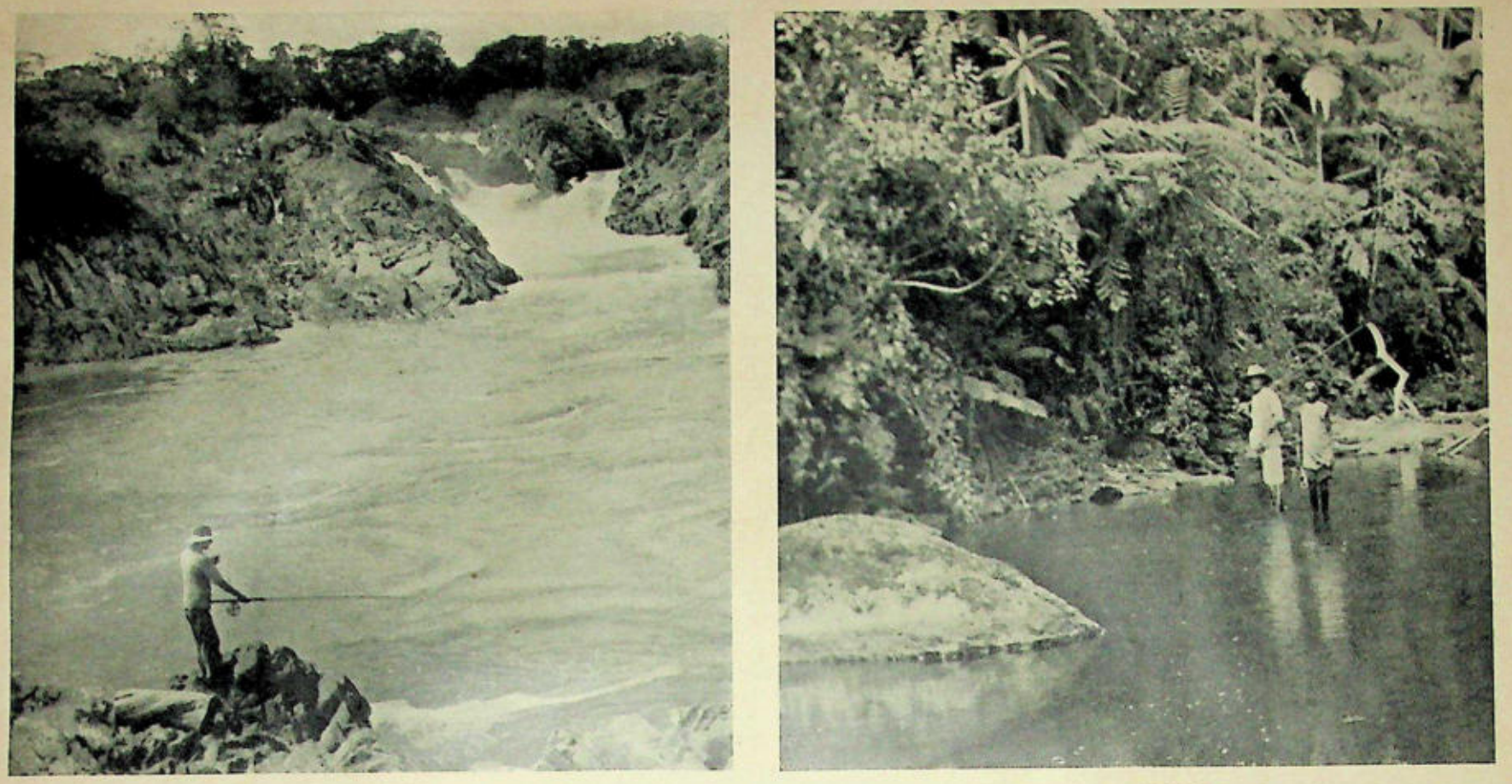

THE POOL AT THE TANA RIVER FALLS AND (RIGHT) RHINO FISHING IN THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS
*(See Letter "Equatorial Fishing")*

### EQUATORIAL FISHING

SIR,—I enclose two photographs which I thought might interest the *Field*. One is a scene in the Aberdare Mountains in Kenya—thick forest at about 8,000ft. on the Chanier River. The angler is fishing for rhino fish, which reach a weight of 40lb.

The other shows the Tana River Falls. To get to these one has to walk ten miles, and since they are at a very low altitude it is extremely hot—mid-day temperature 110 deg. in the shade. There are any amount of catfish in the pool, and we caught also a few rhino fish.

24, Mount Row, London, W. 1. Yours faithfully, A. T. SLADEN.

### INDIAN CONJURING

SIR,—I am interested by your correspondent's letter on Indian conjuring, in your issue of June 8th, as the trick described is very similar to the

DEFYING THE LAWS OF GRAVITATION
*(See Letter "Indian Conjuring")*

Levitation Trick, which I saw performed by Indian conjurers in Ceylon eight years ago.

The enclosed photograph of this trick may be of interest to your readers, though it is not as clear as it might be, having been taken with a very old camera against the setting sun.

In this case the principal performer was a man, and the photograph shows him sitting cross-legged in the air, with one arm extended horizontally, the palm resting on the top of an upright pole, which was his only connection with the ground. Another variation of this trick was to lie horizontally in the air, again only supported by the pole. The performance of this trick over, he was lifted to the ground, completely rigid, but after vigorous massage by one of the troupe he recovered with remarkable rapidity.

Yours faithfully,
Methven Castle, Methven, Perthshire. A. MARGOT COX.

### SEVEN AT ONE SHOT

SIR,—As a consistent reader of your paper for many years, I am writing to say that one of my keepers a short time ago killed *seven* weasels on a path with *one* shot. Is there any record of a more voluminous bag than this? Personally, my own best efforts have been as follows, with a right and left: seven grouse, on the wing in Scotland; three roe, crossing a ride; a magpie and jay; and an unwounded jay sitting on a fence, with my *walking-stick*; but the keeper beats me hollow in these respects.

A short time ago I noticed a statement by one of your correspondents that he was regularly using a horse 26 years of age, so I may mention that I am myself riding every day, when at home, a pony by Lord Polo out of Rosewater, who is 28 years of age. The said pony is about 13·2, has legs as clean as a three-year-old, and bucks for several minutes every time I get on him.

Yours faithfully,
S. MARYON-WILSON OF EASTBORNE.
Yattendon House, Berks.

### LATE SINGING NIGHTINGALES

SIR,—On Monday, June 24th, near Newlands Corner, I heard two different birds (both nightingales!) singing at the same time; and again in the grounds of the Malabar Hotel, Epsom Road, Guildford, several of the guests beside myself heard one singing on the morning of June 27th. Is not this very exceptionally late for these birds to be singing? It is probably due to the unseasonable weather of this spring and early summer. It would be interesting to hear if anyone has heard a nightingale singing at a later date than this.

Yours faithfully,
The Red House, Boxgrove Avenue, Guildford. T. G. HICKLEY.

### BRIGHTENING UP COUNTY CRICKET

SIR,—Your footnote to my brother's article in your issue of June 22nd encourages me to send you the following extract from a letter which I wrote as long ago as May, 1929:

"Modern cricket is dependent on gate money and the latter on spectacular cricket. Spectacular cricket means hard hitting and keen run-getting. Why not, therefore, put a premium on the two latter? A simple method is to readjust the value of "runs" on a progressive scale. The present single could remain 'one.' The present 'two' could be, say, 3; 'three,' say 5; 'four,' say 8; and the winsome 'six,' say 20. The steeper the progression the harder the hitting. It would probably prove that three days would be ample for first-class matches. If not, the analogy could be extended by steeper progression between the points for a draw and a win outright, say one for a draw, five for a first innings majority, and 20 for a double innings win."

Yours faithfully,
Guildford. WYKEHAM PRICE.

IT is fashionable and becoming to be smoothly sun-tanned. But what of the risks attaching to exposure? Summer sun and air have their way with the skin, and sunburn, soreness and skin peeling simply must be guarded against. Take Larola with you wherever you go—make a regular habit of applying a few drops to your face, arms, and hands. It is soothing and refreshing, and helps your skin to tan becomingly *without fear of sunburn, soreness or peeling.* Larola is essential as skin protection at all times and in all weathers—as a powder base it is unrivalled. Never be without Larola.

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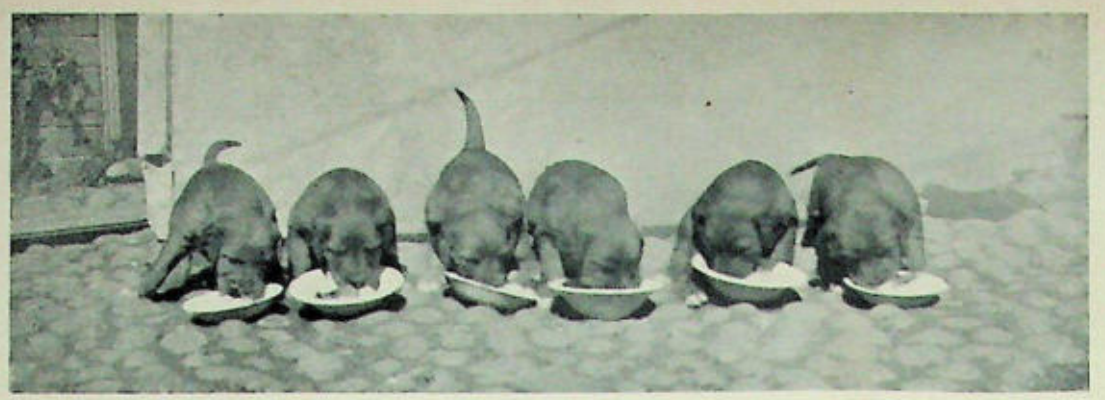

AT ONE MONTH OLD THEY WOULD "SIT" "KENNEL UP," AND EAT AT COMMAND
*(See Letter "Golden Retriever Puppies")*

### GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPIES

SIR,—A friend writes to me as follows about two litters of golden retriever puppies which were born on March 6th and March 9th last :

"I will guarantee that I can train twelve puppies in twelve days, by kindness, to understand the words 'yes,' 'no,' 'sit' and 'kennel.' This is equal to one day's training per dog. I am sending you a photograph of one of the two litters."

Yours faithfully,
G. R.

### THE MARK OF THE WOLF

SIR,—I read with interest the letter from Viscount Edmond De Poncins in your issue of June 8th, in which he questions whether the photograph taken by me and published in your number of May 11th is that of the tracks of a pack of timber-wolves as stated. I fear that I am not sufficiently expert in reading animal tracks to be able to throw much light on the subject, but our Canadian trackers, who were trappers themselves, said that such was the case.

As a matter of interest, I am enclosing a further photograph of other tracks found at the same time near the same spot on the sandy shores of the lake (Lake Twist, British Columbia).

Yours faithfully,
E. B. BEAUMAN
(Wing Commander, R.A.F.).

Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.


# TO LET

•

## IN ICELAND

Rods on a Salmon and Sea-trout river during July and August. 20 kilometres on both banks. The river is now full of fish. 3 rods in 3 days recently killed 41 fish. Accommodation in farm house 5 minutes from the water.

•

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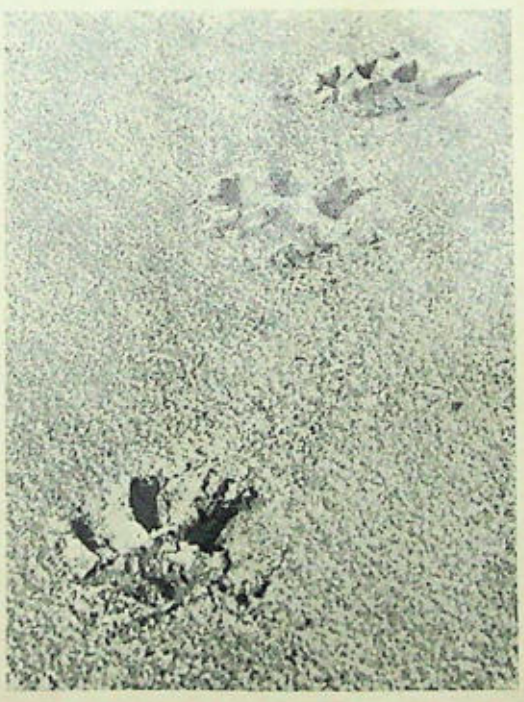
## LETTERS IN BRIEF

**Barney Spence.**—Your correspondent "West Surrey" may be interested to know that Barney Spence is mentioned in the late Captain Frank Reynard's book *The Bedale Hounds*, as follows : "Barney Spence, a great character and still alive, was promoted from second to first whipper-in." This refers to the season 1877–78 under the Mastership of the late Mr. John Booth.—G. H. PEIRSON, Windyridge, Reighton, Filey, East Yorks.

**The Cuckoo's "Stammer."**—If your correspondents will listen carefully almost anywhere when the cuckoo is calling late in the season they will hear it do this—or early in the season, when, I think, excited by a hen bird near it.—E. P. T., The Pool House, Astley.



WHAT TRACKS ARE THESE?
*(See Letter "The Mark of the Wolf")*

**Woodchester Pavement.**—Archæologists and others will be interested to know that the famous mosaic pavement at Woodchester, near Stroud, Glos, is to be uncovered by His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, G.C.V.O., on July 22nd, 1935, at 3 p.m. The mosaic which is formed, it is estimated, of about 1,500,000 cubes measuring from ⅜in. to ½in. across, has only been uncovered four times since 1795, and will remain open until August 10th.—F. D. MANN, Woodchester, near Stroud, Glos.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1,** are anxious to help a lady, aged 60, who lives in the West of England. Her husband, a bank manager, died suddenly last year leaving her penniless. His financial condition was a terrible shock, for until that date they lived in great comfort and had their own stables. Her only income is a pension of £1 weekly, which is quite inadequate, for she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown and needs medical attention and care. The Friends of the Poor ask for donations towards the £13 needed to tide her over the next months. Gifts will be acknowledged by post.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

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# IN THE CITY

## TRYING TO LOOK FORWARD

THE writer is well aware of the plight in which the shepherd who cried "Wolf, wolf," when no wolf was there, eventually found himself according to the fable. Nevertheless, at the risk of finding himself in the same predicament, the writer wishes to record an uneasy feeling that all is not so "set fair" with Stock Exchange markets as the rising trend of prices would seem to indicate. Apart from such unsettling influences as the Italo-Abyssinia controversy, one must reckon with the unsettling effect upon confidence likely to be induced by the approaching General Election—and there is no more unfavourable market factor than uncertainty. Whichever party is ultimately returned to power, there is bound to be a period of uncertainty shortly before the election takes place—say, in the early spring of next year—and it may then be a less profitable time to preach a policy of caution than when security values as a whole are at about the highest levels reached for a considerable number of years—as they are at present.

In regard to the many new issues now being offered to the public, a word of caution also seems in order, as was appropriately sounded at the recent annual meeting by the chairman of Hall and Company, the firm of builders' merchants. After referring to the ruin of many investors following the collapse of the building boom at the end of the last century, Mr. Hall offered the sound advice to investors that, when studying a prospectus, they should refrain from putting money into new companies "unless the prospectus shows that they can save or write off in depreciation two-thirds of their profits and then pay a reasonable dividend." Mr. Hall, who has 50 years of experience of the trade, expects that the rate of house building will decline gradually over the next few years. In view of Mr. Hall's long and intimate knowledge of the industry his opinion is deserving of very careful attention, more especially nowadays when so many people seem to have such extravagant ideas of the profits to be made in the building trade.

### A GOOD DEBENTURE STOCK

The type of investment which is least likely to depreciate in value is a well secured fixed interest bearing stock now obtainable about or preferably below par and with a fixed date of redemption in the not-too-distant future. Such a stock is the 3½ per cent. Debenture Stock, 1950/55, of the Brunner Investment Trust, Limited, which is now being privately placed at 97 free of stamp. At this price the running yield is £3 12s. per cent. and the redemption yield about £3 14s. per cent.

The Brunner Investment Trust, Limited, was registered in 1927, and carries on the usual business of an investment trust company. The debenture stock, on which interest is payable is on the first day of January and July, is secured by a floating charge on the undertaking and assets present and future, and is due to be repaid at par on July 1st, 1955, if not redeemed on or after July 1st, 1950. The present amount of stock authorised is £300,000, which compares with an issued share capital of £750,000. The company has the right to issue a further amount of debenture stock but only so long as the total amount of debenture stock in issue does not exceed one-half of the value of the company's assets as certified by its auditors.

The following statement shows the assets and liabilities of the company as at the close of its financial year on November 30th, 1934, adjusted to give effect to the debenture issue :

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Securities as valued on November 30th .. .. .. .. .. | | £684,015 |
| Cash and securities sold for future delivery .. .. .. .. | | 9,381 |
| £300,000 debenture stock less discount and expenses, say .. .. | | 285,000 |
| | | £978,396 |
| Deduct : | | |
| Loans and deposits .. | £176,197 | |
| Sundry creditors and preference dividend accrued .. .. .. | 8,960 | 185,157 |
| Net assets .. .. | | £793,239 |

The net assets as on November 30th last were sufficient to cover the principal amount of debenture stock 2.64 times, and on the same basis the stock was covered 2.71 times as on May 31st, 1935.

The income of the company for the year ended on November 30th, 1934, after all expenses, but without taking into account any additional revenue to be derived from the proceeds of the debenture issue, covered the annual interest over three times.

PACTOLUS.

*New Books*

# COUNTY MEN AND COUNTY MANNERS

## The Naturalist's Camera—Cricket Before Nyren

DURING the last week-end I read two books. Neither is long, and both make England (she becomes as popular a thesis as Aphrodite !) the subject. *The Countryman's England* is by Miss Dorothy Hartley. It is one of the many "series" books now in vogue, it is one of the "British Heritage" series. *Countrymen* is by Mr. John Moore. Both are based on their respective authors' essays, articles and B.B.C. talks. Therefore, one might expect a certain similarity in treatment. And yet they are as apart as the poles. Miss Hartley seems to have collected her copy hob-nailed, tweed-skirted, and of a sunburnt countenance. Or of a face red and freshened by the rain. And I can only imagine Mr. Moore working "in a houseful of books," or "a garden of flowers." And, for all that I know, Miss Hartley may never have gone outside the British Museum, and Mr. Moore may be a tent-dwelling Romany.

Miss Hartley begins by taking her readers to the top of a hill, and from that vantage point (and always obedient to the law of gravity) wandering with them to here and to there and to every undulating English, where until we come, at last, to white sea-cliff and estuary, and to those Cornish sand dunes, where that most horrible of all professions is practised—rabbit-trapping by gins. The traps must (says Miss Hartley) by law be visited *once* (once !) a day. "yet have you ever walked over a warren when the traps are full, and the screams tear the stillness ?" But the sheep and the sheep-dogs and the shearing pens, where our Odyssey begins, make a pleasant reading. Miss Hartley writes of them, as indeed she does of all things whereon she touches, with (what appears to be) a first-hand authority, an undoubted humour, and a considerable gift of words. And when she discourses of pig, pork and Melton Mowbray pork pie, she does so with the infectious enthusiasm of a Charles Lamb. And to cockles and mussels she calls as gaily as Molly Malone. Miss Hartley's good book is made, if possible, better by a number of exceptionally beautiful photographs.

If Miss Hartley has written of the land as the countryman knows it, Mr. Moore writes of the countryman (as represented, or as misrepresented, by a handful of bookmen) as England honours him. He writes, of course, since he is Mr. Moore, with distinction and letters. But he must needs get a big subject into a little space with a result that is bound to make for impatience and prejudice on the part of the opinionative reader. Why, such a one will inquire, is Mr. Gibbs and his *Cotswold Village* out of the running, and where is Mr. Tom (Brown) Hughes and his *White Horse* ? *And*, when we come to fox-hunting, where are the Misses Somerville and Ross ? There is never a word of these two geniuses. It would be splitting a hair to say in this context that Mr. Moore's book is a rally of men and not a tea-party of ladies.

Meanwhile, Dame Juliana and Miss Sitwell are both between its covers. Mr. Moore was, I think, brought up a foxhunter, but he has lived to refrain (only just, one feels) from quoting Wilde on the subject. And he simply hates Mr. Surtees. And, surely mistakenly, he compares the robust Handley Cross crop of "fine natural blackguards" to Rowlandson's macabre marionettes. And he tells a story of Charles II and Nell Gwynne that was first told of Mark Antony and Cleopatra. Yet Mr. Moore has, in spite of my captiousness, "babbled of green fields" very well indeed. And he has discoursed of Izaak Walton, of Gilbert White, of "the wind on the heath," and of much else to my entire satisfaction. And with all his short measures and shortcomings, his little book is as fresh and vivid a little book as its publishers' blurb claims it to be. P. R. C.

*The Countryman's England*. By Dorothy Hartley. (Batsford ; 7/6.) *Countrymen*. By John Moore (Dent ; 7/6.)

### AMERICAN BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

IN this volume Professor Herrick has followed up his book on *The American Eagle* and his early book on the *Home Life of Wild Birds* with an account of his methods of studying birds, particularly with reference to photography at the nest, and gives details of his observations on various species of North American birds, such as the cedar waxwing, the catbird, and many others. But this is not merely a book on bird photography ; it is rather a work on the problems of bird life, taking the annual cycle of bird behaviour, with its elimination in the reproduction of the species, and considering its many marvellous adjustments. The author writes of birds' nests, of life and instinct, development and care of the young, among other subjects.

In Chapter VII, on "The Barn Swallows' Building Behaviour," he takes the conduct of a "pair of builders" and follows their actions from the laying of the first mud pellet that was the foundation of the nest until the structure was completed, illustrating his account with some remarkable photographs of the birds at work. He sums up the results of the swallows' activities with the comment : "Instinct alone, so far as we know, might produce some sort of serviceable nest, but the factor of intelligence, in the sense in which I am using the term, would seem to be inevitable among all those species which build on the increment plan. This work is rendered more adaptive by innumerable intelligent acts, or acts determined or, to some extent, 'shaded' by experience."

Throughout this book Professor Herrick is striving to gain understanding of the factors controlling bird behaviour with its intricate system of inherited modes of action and often surprisingly intelligent responses. In connection with this, his methods of study, about which he is disarmingly frank, must not be overlooked. It is a canon of the faith of the English bird photographer that the subject shall be interfered with as little as possible, and that photographs must show the bird in its natural environment, even trimming of foliage about the nest being a matter for most cautious care. Hence it comes as something of a shock to read of transferring a nest containing young birds and moving it to a spot convenient for photography, and of instructions for erecting backgrounds such as white sheets behind the arranged nests. But all is explained so freely and frankly, and the anxiety of the observer to gain light on ornithological problems is so apparent that, if the methods used are unfamiliar, it does not make the book one of less interest nor the light it sheds on bird instincts, intelligence and adaptability of less value.

F. P.

*Wild Birds at Home*. By Francis Hobart Herrick. (Appleton-Century Co. ; 15/–.)

### CRICKET IN THE BAD OLD DAYS

THOUGH cricket has been served better than most other games by historians who have rescued from oblivion records of early matches and players, no one hitherto has accomplished such a task as Mr. G. B. Buckley has brought to fruition in *Fresh Light on 18th Century Cricket*. It comprises a collection of a thousand cricket notices extracted, with two exceptions, from newspapers between the years 1697 and 1800, and arranged in chronological order. The infinity of patience and labour involved in the task deserve admiration and thanks ; for these notices not only fill in many gaps in the history of the game, but provide a sort of running commentary on its development in England. Those were some of the bad old days when cricket and betting ran hand in hand and disputes often arose. In the *Saturday Post* for September 6th, 1718, Mr. Buckley found the following example :

"On Monday, the first inst., was played a famous game of cricket in the White Conduit Fields at Islington by eleven London gamesters against eleven Kentish gamesters, who call themselves the Punch Club Society, for half a guinea a man. After a trial of their skill, which lasted about four hours, the Kentish men, whether it was for want of their celestial liquor (punch) to cheer up their exhausted spirits, I cannot determine ; but be that as it will, they thought they should be worsted and therefore to the surprise of a numerous crowd of spectators, three of their men made an elopement, and got off the ground without going in, and made the best of their way home, hoping thereby to save their money ; but we hear the London gamesters are resolved not to be bubbled in that manner, and are therefore determined to commence a suit at law against them to oblige them to pay their money."

In the *Foreign Post* of July 7th, 1697, Mr. Buckley found the earliest record of an eleven-a-side match, played in Sussex for 50 guineas a-side. Mr. Buckley has been at pains to exclude notices that have already been republished elsewhere, and his collection ranges over almost all parts of the country, bearing witness to the widespread popularity of the game at that time. In two appendices he gives additional information about matches recorded in Haygarth's *Scores and Biographies* and in *Kent Cricket Matches*. Altogether a book which every one interested in the history of cricket should possess. F. I. W.

*Fresh Light on 18th Century Cricket*. By G. B. Buckley. (Cotterell & Co., Birmingham ; 15/– net.)

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

*The Sussex Landscape* (A. & C. Black ; 4/–) is the fourth of the series of volumes by W. Harding Thompson and Geoffrey Clark describing English counties in terms of landscape surveys and regional planning, and this original idea has been well worked out for the most attractive of the Home Counties.

Although written for American gardeners, Mr. Wilder's new book (*What Happens in my Garden*. Messrs. Macmillan ; 12/6) will give pleasure to many garden-lovers in this country, for it is delightfully written and full of personal experiences.

Those who want a really good story of the sea for the cabin library this summer will buy *Conquering Seas*, by L. Luard (The Bodley Head ; 7/6), which deals with trawling in the Arctic, rival skippers and other excitements.

*Unknown Buckinghamshire* is the ninth of Mr. Donald Maxwell's well-known volumes on English Counties, and it deals very delightfully with a county much of which is none the less unknown, because it is often wrongly considered entirely suburbanised.

Few English villages are better known than Penn, and with the exception of Sulgrave none is so much an object of pilgrimage to American citizens. Mr. Gilbert Jenkins's attractive and well-written *History of the Parish of Friends*, with charming woodcuts by Elizabeth Jenkins, should, therefore, achieve popularity.

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On our book page of March 16th the picture of "Inkonkoni" (blue wildebeest), taken from Mr. C. A. Gates's book "The Kruger National Park. Tales from within its Borders," was by a regrettable error incorrectly captioned as "Kongoni."

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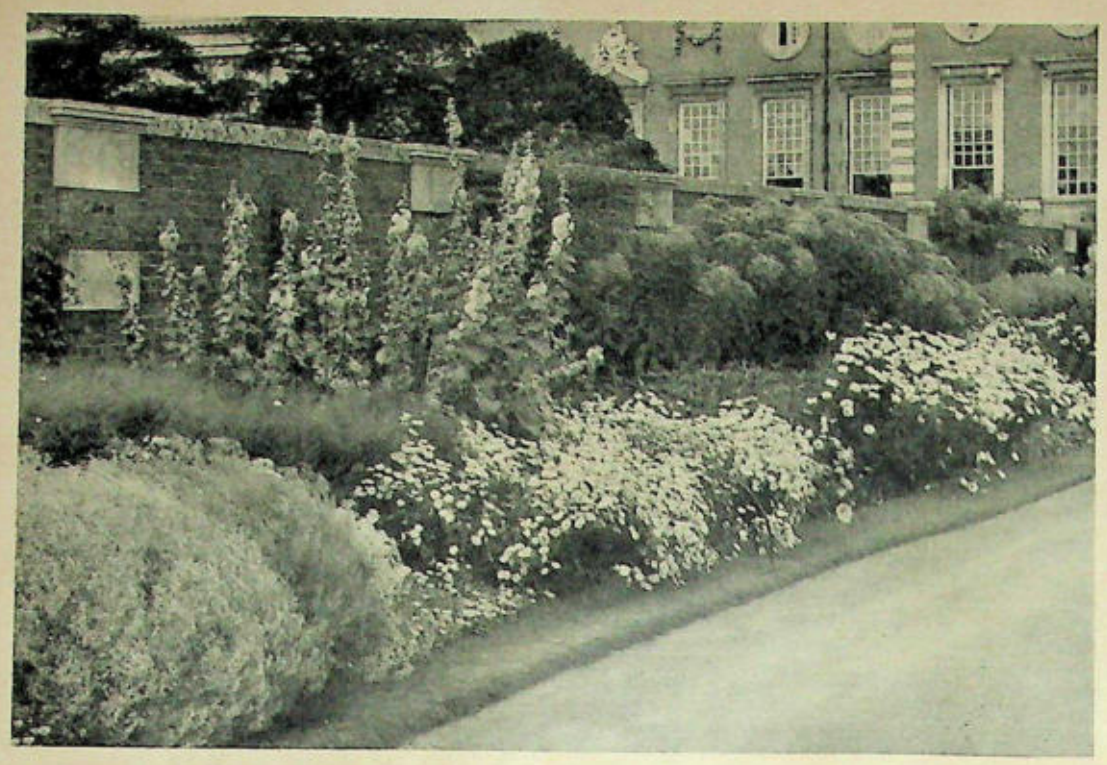


A LATE SUMMER BORDER, GAY WITH HOLLYHOCKS, GYPSOPHILA, GAZANIA SPLENDENS AND ERIGERONS

*The Country House*

# SOME UNCOMMON BORDER PLANTS

## Attractive Species Which Are Neglected

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

WHICH of the first-rate border plants is the most neglected? I think I should say without hesitation, *Œnothera odorata*. It is amazing how seldom it is grown. Yet a full-grown specimen, 4ft. high and as much through, and every branch starred nearly its whole length with sweetly scented yellow flowers, invariably evokes admiration. It is perfectly hardy and succeeds on any good soil. It is almost too good for a border, for to see it at its best it should be grown as a hedge. In one garden I know a hedge of it runs parallel with a hedge of the tallest-growing lavender, *L. spica* Grappenhall variety, and when both are in flower it is, indeed, a delightful sight. *Œnothera odorata* is in flower far longer than lavender, for it continues from June to well into October. Incidentally, I always think it is a pity to pick lavender grown for decorative effect, for even when the flower spikes have faded they are far more attractive than a clipped bush.

Another first-rate plant that should be more commonly grown in the south and on sandy soils is *Acanthus mollis*. In cold parts and heavy soils it produces only its handsome evergreen foliage. But on the warm soils it likes, this is one of the outstandingly handsome late-flowering border plants. It was a prime favourite in Victorian times, and has "character." It can be grown from seed, but it is a slow job as the plants are quite five years before they produce their 4ft. high stems of hooded flowers. Some firms list flowering roots.

Vivid colours nowadays are a cult, and amongst the most vivid are that grand old favourite *Lychnis chalcedonica*. Indeed, I can think of no modern introduction with flowers of such rich, true, vermilion. The colour is so striking that *Lychnis chalcedonica* is not easy to place. It looks best associated with grey foliage, such as *Artemisia ludoviciana* (which attains the same height—about 4ft.), or white flowers in light sprays, such as *Gypsophila paniculata*. *Lychnis chalcedonica* is one of our oldest border plants, and the tradition that it was introduced by the Crusaders is probably true, for its popular name in every Western European language is Cross of Jerusalem. In Stuart times it was aptly called Nonsuch. This plant does best on a rich, moist soil, but is very accommodating, for I have often seen it flourishing in sandy soil.

I wonder it is not more commonly used as a waterside plant, because the effect in bold masses beside water is gorgeous. I like to see it associated with *Aconitum napellus*. This old-fashioned plant is scorned as a weed by many, and certainly an isolated plant in a border is inconspicuous. But by the water side a big group is a different affair altogether. The foliage in rich, moist soil is grand, and the flowers a far richer blue. The first time I saw the commonest of the aconites treated thus was in the garden of a highbrow enthusiast, and it struck me as one of the many instances of what a "common" plant can look like when placed with knowledge.

For *Bocconia cordata* I have a great admiration, but it is so tall-growing that it needs skilful placing in a border. Recently I had to plan a rectangular border, *i.e.*, a herbaceous border on three sides of a big lawn. The border was backed by a fine yew hedge. Corners in a border such as this are of the utmost importance. Instinctively one's eye travels straight to them, and it is disappointing if the corners are poor. Ultimately we decided on *Bocconia cordata* at the back, a fine background with its beautiful, grey-green foliage and plumes of amber flowers, in front *Achillea eupatorium*, and on either side of the Achillea, *Kniphofia Rufus* and in front *Echinops ritro* and *Achillea* Cerise Queen. I suggested Rufus because it is one of the most floriferous of the Kniphofias. The big, flat heads of *Achillea eupatorium* remain in flower a long time, and both are set off by the steel-blue, prickly heads of the *Echinops ritro* and the vivid ceris of *Achillea* Cerise Queen. As in old masters' flower paintings, the most vivid colours can be put next each other in a border with good effect.

One very seldom sees a good collection of Kniphofias, usually only one or two in a border. Some are unaccountably neglected. For instance *K. caulescens* has foliage like an aloe, and the salmon-red flowers, greenish at the base, are produced on thick, woody stems. This Kniphofia flowers in September. There is a comparatively new variety that is very fine—Mallanders Mount Etna. The spikes are quite 6ft. high and a vivid scarlet terra-cotta. June Glory is very early flowering, but only attains about 4ft. The true *K. nobilis* is not easy to get. This is, indeed, a magnificent plant. It attains nearly 8ft., with brilliant scarlet flowers. In the mass it is an unforgettable sight. It flowers late August and September.

**The Jones-Bateman Cup for Research in Fruit-Growing.**—In 1920, Miss L. Jones-Bateman, of Cae Glas, Abergele, presented to the Royal Horticultural Society a valuable silver-gilt replica of the Warwick Vase to be used for the encouragement of fruit production. It is accordingly decided to offer it triennially for researches in the growing of hardy fruits, figs, grapes and peaches in the open or under glass, and it is available for award in 1935. Candidates should submit accounts of their work by October 31st. The work dealt with must have been carried out by the candidate in the United Kingdom mainly during the past five years.

# UMPIRING IN LAWN TENNIS

## Some Lessons from Wimbledon

By J. E. COLLETT

DOUBTFUL decisions by umpires and linesmen at Wimbledon this year were, as ever and as regrettably, a feature of the meeting. Two of the many stood out on account of the publicity given to them, the muddle which caused the collapse of Sleena E. Cepkova, when she seemed in a winning position against Mrs. F. S. Moody, and the "not up" call which was alleged to have spoilt Miss H. Jacob's concentration when she was leading Mrs. Moody. It is not germane to my present proposition to discuss the merits of these instances, they are merely exhibits in the case which are familiar and of recent memory, nor is it my intention to disparage the general standard of the umpiring and lining, which was not only excellent, generally speaking, but better than in any other national or international championship. One might possibly except those Davis Cup or other matches which are conducted, as far as this department is concerned, by the officially recognised Umpires Association.

My concern is to consider how far the inconvenience can be remedied or eradicated. There are two chief causes: first, the ineradicable factor of human liability to error; second, the hazy idea, and lax observance and application of existing rules. Almost anyone who is willing to give up the time and take the kicks and no ha'pence can become a regular umpire on the Wimbledon list. Of later years much has been done to weed out incompetents, and the otherwise respectable person who goes to sleep on a line on the centre court during a long baseline rally is merely a legend. It is scarcely believable, but he was once a fact. At the same time there is no recognised standard of qualification. Admittedly this is difficult to establish. The Umpires Association made a noble effort to persuade their members to obtain oculist's certificates to assist grading, but it had, I believe, an indifferent success. Thus a man with a slight astigmatism, of which he was unaware, might decide a championship on a "not up" decision, on which, at his angle of vision at the moment, he was unable to give a reliable opinion.

There is no recognised method of taking a baseline or judging a footfault. Some call before the ball drops, others (the majority) wait for it to bounce. Some hold up their hands or a card, others depend on a general impression to catch the footfaulter. Details could be multiplied, but the fact remains that this most important adjunct to a match is handled on a basis which is more personal and casual in theory and practice than impersonal, and, as far as possible, scientific. The liability to error is given every chance of manifestation.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that many players, in order to protect themselves to some extent, have developed the habit of throwing points to adjust the balance of what one or both may think to have been a bad decision. This is alleged to be a "sportsmanlike" action. In strictness it is indefensible, being apt to create misunderstanding and misinterpretation of motive, and amounting to a refusal to play to the rules. With regard to misinterpretation, the broadcaster of a key match on the centre court at Wimbledon (all parties concerned shall be nameless) recorded a doubtful decision but was not called upon to proclaim a thrown point after it; later, and at a tenser stage of the match, came another doubtful decision, which was followed by a thrown point. The crowd applauded, and the broadcaster delivered an impromptu panegyric on the sportsmanship displayed. It is to be presumed that 7,000,000 people were or could have been educated on what are the rules of the game, and that one of the players concerned was not equally sportsmanlike.

But were they educated? The regulations governing the conduct of the Championships state categorically: "The decision of an umpire shlal be final upon every question of fact, and any competitor expressing disapproval of it, either by word or action, will render himself liable to be disqualified." This, therefore, is the law, "Thou shalt play to the whistle." The players, the crowd, and the broadcaster seem to differ, saying "The law is an ass," and in effect barrack its officer, the umpire.

The time has surely come when subordination of discipline to something subtle which evades a name should cease. There can be no real respect for a game which is governed by compromise with the crowd, or of which the ethics are a matter of local and accidental manners or personal predilection. The L.T.A. should take measures to make it clear whether whistle-dodging is sport or—what it might be dubbed in other games.

A CONVOY OF BEDFORD TRUCKS, MANUFACTURED BY VAUXHALL MOTORS, LTD., ON A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE ROAD TO QUETTA EN ROUTE FROM BOMBAY

*Following the tragic earthquake at Quetta, the Bagai Motor Service was given a haulage contract to clean up the débris. They immediately cabled for 50 Bedford Trucks, and these were sent off within ten days of the order being received. The complete fleet of the Bagai Motor Service now numbers about 200 Bedfords*

# THE FUTURE OF HIGHWAY LIGHTING

## New Systems of Illumination which Have Proved Successful

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

*(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)*

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

SPEAKING as a practical road-user, without any pretension to expert knowledge of the technical problems to be solved in its connection, I should say that probably more remains to be done in the realm of highway lighting than in any other direction of road development. In arriving at this deduction I am not at all unmindful of the fact that we are still a long way from having reached the ideal in any department of road engineering. With the exception of the new arterial highways and a few of the principal main roads which have been widened and modernised, the generality of our highways are more suited to the slow-moving horse traffic of 30 years ago than to the fast motor vehicles which have become the nation's road transport.

To bring our roads up to date, with proper surfaces, is only a question of finance. I believe the knowledge exists. For many years road engineers have concentrated on methods of improvement in laying efficient foundations which will stand up to the tremendous weights and speed of modern vehicles; it is only necessary to travel over a few of our best main roads to be convinced that we are no longer seeking for the best and safest surface. We know all, or most, about the best manner of grading and super-elevation of curves.

In a word, the problem of the road itself is no longer one for the research worker, but is simply a question of finding the money to apply the practical knowledge that has been gained during the past 20 years. Not that I would venture to assert that this would complete our road improvements. There is no finality to work of this kind.

In the direction of road lighting, however, it does not appear to me that we have made much progress. It is true that we shed more light on the roads than we did a few years ago, but we still use the old inefficient methods of using that increased candle power. To illustrate what I mean, I will take the typical case of a road like the Sutton by-pass. This road is lighted for the whole of its length by a type of electric lamp which is, I suppose, as efficient as anything of its kind can be. Yet it is not safe to drive at night without using the car's headlights. The lamps certainly throw most of their light on to the road surface, but the effect they produce is of alternate pools of bright light and dense blackness.

You can see perfectly anything that may be on the road within the circle of light, but the latter has the effect of intensifying the blackness of the dark patch beyond, which may hold pedestrians or an unlighted cart. To get over this effect you simply must use headlights, the while you pray for the end of the by-pass and the unlighted stretches of the Brighton Road, where your headlights alone will make driving safe and comfortable. I think if a plebiscite of motorists could be taken on the question of whether or not to light such roads, the vote would be overwhelmingly against.

Recent developments in lighting science, however, have taken us a long way on the way towards an efficient method of illuminating the road surface without the dangerous and disconcerting patchy effects of which I have spoken. For the past three years, for instance, Purley Way has been lit by the Philip's sodium lamps. Watford Way is illuminated by the G.E.C. system which, I believe uses a mercury vapour lamp that has been specially adapted to the purposes of street lighting. Both of these are good, and one can drive at really high speeds without headlights, and in perfect safety and comfort. There is no "pool" effect, and the road is evenly illuminated from side to side for its whole length.

A ROAD, LIT BY PHILIP'S SODIUM LAMPS, GIVING PERFECT VISIBILITY AT NIGHT

Since these two roads were more or less experimentally lit by these new systems, many improvements have, I am told, been made in both types. Indeed, to judge by the photograph which accompanies this article, I should say that something very near to relative perfection has been reached already. The picture is of a road lit by the latest type of Philip's sodium lamp and shows perfect visibility of almost daylight character. Obviously there would be no need for headlights on this stretch, since there is an almost complete absence of shadow effect on the road surface. Such shadows as there are hardly affect the evenness of illumination, which is clearly excellent.

According to the information I have, the current consumption of the sodium vapour lamp is only about a quarter of that required for lighting by the metallic filament lamp. The initial cost is higher, but weighing the advantages of safe, efficient lighting and low maintenance costs against the manifest disadvantages of the older systems, it seems clear that it is only a question of time before either the sodium or mercury vapour systems become more or less standard.

Of the two systems I prefer the sodium vapour lamp, which has a pleasant bright yellow light that is decidedly monochromatic in character and under which the eye is capable of keen perception. The peculiar effect is that only light and dark contrasts seem to be perceived; the whole field of view resolves itself into the likeness of a clear photograph without colour differences. On the other hand, the mercury vapour system, while it affords perfectly good illumination, has the well-known effect of making everything appear of a ghastly greenish-blue tint. However, there is no question about its efficiency as a lighting medium.

*Flight*

THE NEW D.H. HORNET MOTH IN FLIGHT
*This machine replaces, in the de Havilland range, the famous Moth which did so much to establish the light-aeroplane movement in this country*

# HOW FAR HAS THE PRIVATE AEROPLANE PROGRESSED?

## Taking Stock of Ten Years' Advance

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

THERE is a special significance in the introduction of the new D.H. Hornet Moth, for this machine replaces, in the de Havilland range, the famous Moth, which did so much—undoubtedly more than any other aeroplane—to establish the light-aeroplane movement in this country.

With the passing of this historic machine from production, but not, of course, from use, a link with the beginnings of private flying as we now know it, is severed. It seems a fitting occasion, therefore, to glance backwards over the development of private flying in the ten years since the Moth made its first appearance, and to make an endeavour to measure what the progress has been.

When the Moth first appeared, in the early months of 1925, there was a great deal of enthusiasm and interest in private flying which had not then been focused. Efforts were being made to form local clubs; the Government had shown, in the immediately preceding years, a desire to co-operate by encouraging competitions for light aircraft and offering prizes. But no really satisfactory machine had been produced, for the aircraft entered proved too under-powered for practical purposes at that period. But once the Moth was available, the light-aeroplane clubs saw the way cleared for them. Government assistance was forthcoming, and the private flying movement increased in importance and appeal.

Though chief credit must be given to the Moth for this series of events, as it came to be the most largely used of all light aeroplanes, it was not entirely alone in the field. At a little later date, the Avro Avian and the Blackburn Bluebird made their appearance. Both were widely used, and proved admirable machines. The latter, it may be noted, incorporated the sociable feature of side-by-side seating which has been adopted in the new Hornet Moth.

All these pioneer light aeroplanes were of the same general type; they were open-cockpit biplanes with air-cooled engines, the Cirrus four-cylinder in line type being the most popular. Power ranged from 60 to 80 h.p., and performance, by modern standards, was definitely low.

In the next few years, other light aeroplanes came on the market, while the earlier types underwent detail improvements, rather than any sweeping re-design. New engines were developed, and the power rose slightly to round about 90–100 h.p., thus bringing about a somewhat improved performance.

As the light-aeroplane movement found its feet, an increasing number of pilots took to air touring, and it was quickly found that the open machine was not the ideal for extended all-weather flying. This led to the introduction of a type that came increasingly to the fore during subsequent years; the high-wing monoplane with enclosed cabin.

Among the pioneers of this type was the Desoutter Coupé, of which many pilots have happy memories. Its flying qualities were excellent, and it was due to difficulties of an entirely non-technical nature that it was not developed. The Puss Moth entered the lists about this time, and won instant recognition.

On account of higher power and the cleaner lines, the cabin monoplane gave a marked improvement in performance. Thus, while the Moth had a cruising speed of some 80 m.p.h., the Puss Moth's figure was 100-110 m.p.h. This, coupled with increased tankage, led to a much wider range of action for the light aeroplane.

Since the introduction of the cabin type, the open machine has been, except for training and practice purposes, gradually disappearing. Performance has improved remarkably; and increasing care is being paid by designers to the comfort and convenience of those using their machines. There has, as a natural result of these tendencies, been some increase of size in the actual machines, and more recently there has been a trend towards the use of twin engines in the more luxurious types.

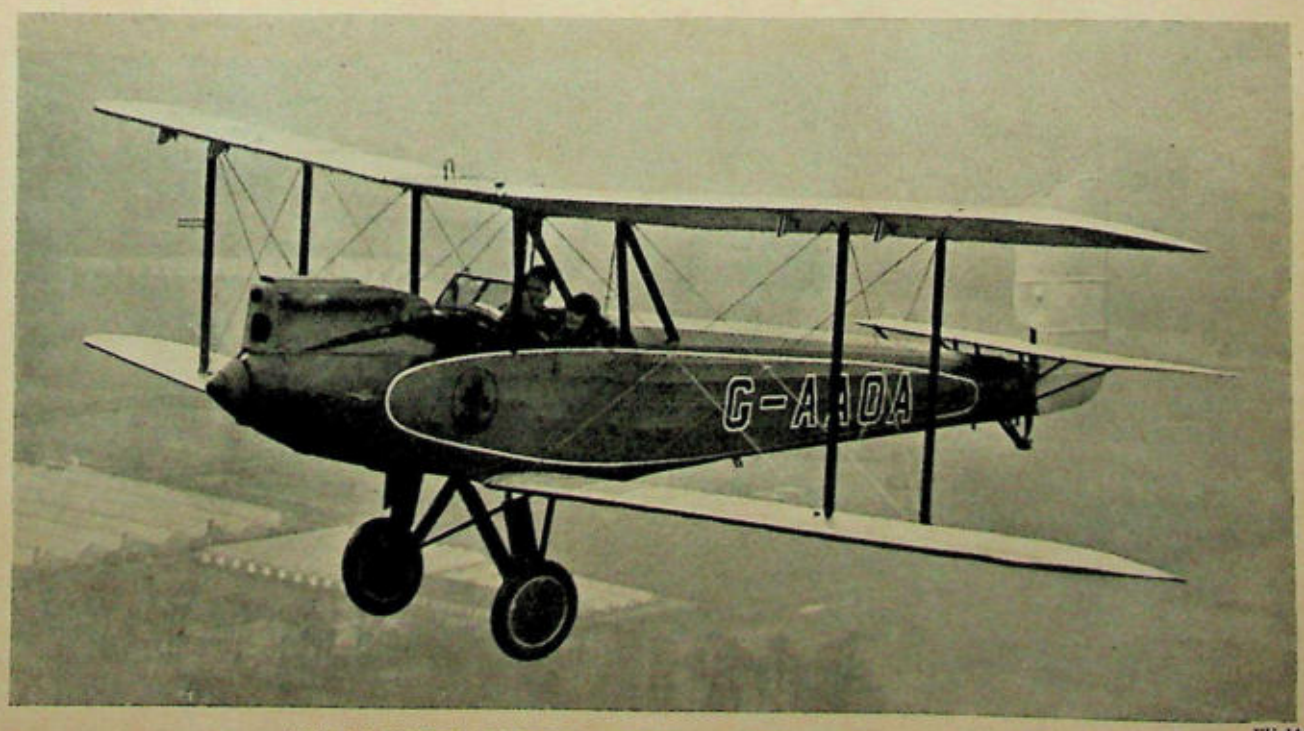
Attempting to sum up the ten years' development of the light aeroplane, very lightly sketched in above, is by no means easy, for it is difficult to establish any criterion on which progress can be adequately judged.

If performance be taken as the basis, then there has been a marked advance. Maximum speeds have risen from 100–130 m.p.h. to round about 150 m.p.h., and in some of the latest designs to figures considerably higher. But it has to be admitted that, in many instances, these gains have been won by increasing the power, thus raising running costs. But not a little of the improvement is due to the much cleaner lines and better aerodynamic design of the modern touring machine, particularly of the many low-wing monoplanes now making their appearance.

Improved protection and comfort for users are other points in which the modern private aeroplane scores heavily over its forerunner. The cabins of even the smallest machines to-day are comparable in this respect with the saloon bodies of the motor-car. The monoplane has done a lot to help the pilot by increasing his field of vision, and the installation of such refinements as self-starters is another indication of advance.

The whole trend of private-aeroplane design has, in fact, more recently been towards refinement, improved performance, and luxury, in which, it must be admitted, the progress has been remarkable. Nevertheless, there has not yet been that fall in flying costs which many have felt to be vitally necessary if flying is to become universally popular.

Luckily, the second decade of organised private flying starts with good auguries for success along the line of greater economy. Never before has there been so much interest in the development of low-powered, ultra-light machines, reference to which has recently been made in these columns. Ten years hence, it may well be that the Drone and the Pou will be found to be as significant in their special sphere as the Moth and the Avian were in 1925.




*Flight*

THE BLACKBURN BLUEBIRD, ANOTHER PIONEER LIGHT AEROPLANE
*Once widely used, the Blackburn Bluebird incorporated the sociable feature of side-by-side seating which has been adopted in the new Hornet Moth seen above*

# TEN DAYS IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY

## A Summer Holiday of Northern Spain

A WAYSIDE SCENE IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY

SURELY there can be no finer tonic for the weary worker than to spend a few days of August in the small seaside village of Zarauz, near San Sebastian, just over the Spanish frontier from Hendaye.

The scenery is magnificent. Mountainous country, dotted here and there with whitewashed red-roofed Basque farms, runs right down to a sea of deep blue. The weather is hot, but there is always a slight breeze blowing in from the Bay of Biscay.

Zarauz nestles in between two high hills and the shore stretches on a gentle arc of a circle for about three kilometres. The sand is golden, perfectly clean, and a children's paradise, while the bathing leaves nothing to be desired. The keen swimmer can indulge to his heart's content in the little harbour where, unlike most harbours, the water is perfectly clean and quite calm except when the Bay is really rough. The surf rider can rely upon good waves on five days out of seven but, however good a swimmer one may be, the advice of the "baneros," or bathing men, where to bathe must be taken, because certain parts of the beach are dangerous. To the expert surfer no surfboards are necessary, and few summer sports are more thrilling than riding in on a wave fully 10ft. high as it breaks.

One must visit Zarauz, as I have done, in time for the great "fiesta" of the Assumption on August 15th. Festivities begin on the eve of the feast-day. At about a quarter to nine in the evening the local brass band, and an excellent one, too, plays a gay Paso Doble through the cobbled streets to the Plaza, followed by hundreds of boys and girls, arms linked, jumping and laughing and keeping time with the music. The gaiety is perfectly sincere and the whole village seems to have congregated in the Plaza by nine o'clock to dance and laugh and talk. The atmosphere is marvellously infectious and all one's worries fade away and are ultimately lost in the noise and fun. The Plaza, with the bandstand in the centre, is gaily decorated with coloured lights and the flags of all nations. Everyone dances, but if you do not care to do so, you can sit in the big Otamendi Café and, while you sip your sherry or your coffee, an entirely new and refreshing world meets your eye. A very pleasant world, too; a world inhabited by happy Basque peasants—and what finer race of men and women is there in Europe to-day?—strong, healthy and hard-working—who enjoy the simple pleasures of life to the full. These almost "primitive" people do not bother about wireless sets; the music of the pipe and the drum, the brass band and the accordion they will have and dance they will in the open air in the cool of the evening. I am, perhaps, digressing, but you will forgive me, I know; it is intensely interesting to study the character of the people amongst whom one lives. Next morning—the morning of August 15th—the great "fiesta" is heralded by the band playing through the streets. The music is more solemn than on the evening before, but none the less picturesque if such a term may be used. The village attends Mass at hours varying from 5 a.m. to noon, the women wearing the traditional "mantillas" or black lace veils on their heads instead of hats. By noon everyone is on the Plaza and a small proportion bathe, some clad still in ankle-length woollen bathing dresses—how these sticklers for tradition can ever hope to learn to swim is quite inconceivable. Everyone lunches between 2 and 4 o'clock, and in the afternoon the beach is practically deserted except for children and a handful of "insane" foreigners bathing. No Spaniard will ever bathe twice in one day, and he is probably wise, because the sea is very briny, and one does feel tired after a long bathe and some surfing.

The next meal is the "merienda," at about 6 o'clock, but there are no great signs of gaiety until 9 o'clock, when the band begins to play again in the Plaza. I should explain that the "caseros" (farmers) dance round the bandstand while the "gente bien" (higher classes) keep strictly to one of the main roads which runs through the Playa, and motorists passing through the village make slow progress, as they have literally to nose their way through the dancing crowds. This quaint custom of the separation of the classes dates back hundreds of years, although the line of demarcation is now not nearly so rigid as in times past. Shortly after 9 o'clock the band has a rest and every one goes off to dinner. At 10 there is an excellent firework display on the beach, and when this is over the band resumes in the Plaza, being assisted by another from the neighbouring village of Guetaria. The gaiety goes on undiminished till about 1 a.m.

The sea fishing at Zarauz is excellent, and I must tell you of our afternoon with one of the small sardine steamboats or "vapores," as they are called. The sardine fishing is a large industry off this part of the Spanish coast, and a short eye-witness account may be of interest. We set off from the little harbour at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in a large rowing boat called a "lancha," and went aboard the vapor which was lying some 400yds. off shore. The crew consisted of the owner of the boat, one Mateo by name, and nine stalwart Basque fishermen, all of whom were extremely courteous and anxious to make our excursion a happy one. Once aboard we steamed out into the middle of Zarauz Bay, where half-a-dozen similar vapores were cruising about. Having found a likely spot we cast off the small dinghy carrying Mateo and another member of the crew, and they proceeded to scatter bait in the form of cods' liver on the surface of the water, rather like sowing seeds in a field. If sardines are about they will come up to the surface for the food in great quantities. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, all the other steamers decided that it was waste of time to remain in the bay, and made for the bay of Orio some two or three miles east. We decided to follow the crowd, and the dinghy was hastily taken on tow again. A regular race then ensued, which reminded one of the launches following the Boat Race! Unfortunately, our vapor was some knots slower than the rest, and as we fell behind rapidly it was decided to try our luck nearer Guetaria, which lies on the opposite side of Zarauz.

On the way back we saw two large steam pinnaces, each with a man at the bows shooting porpoises. Mateo explained that porpoises frequently ruin their nets, as they often attack the shoal of sardines while the net is being drawn in. Every vapor carries rifles to deal with these large fish. We had no luck off Guetaria, so it was decided to steam into the bay of Orio and see whether the rival vapores had been more fortunate than ourselves. There we found a hive of activity. Three of the dinghies had found sardines, and the bait was being scattered furiously over the surface to attract more and more fish. When the captains considered they had got a fair shoal together, the vapor steamed up and the net was spread out in a semicircle and gradually drawn in, bait being scattered during the operation in order to bring in as many sardines as possible. One end of the net was slung up on a wooden pole at right angles to the vapor, so that as it was drawn up a "cup" was formed in which one could see a seething mass of silvery fish jumping and struggling in every direction. One of the crew then dug into the catch with a large hand-net, and in this way the catch was safely landed. Mateo continued to cast bait, but we had no luck, and it was decided to return to port. Catches of sardines vary in size; Mateo told us that a few days previously they had taken a catch worth 1,200 pesetas, which to the Basque fisherman is a small fortune, as running expenses must be very slight indeed.

THE CATTLE MARKET AT URZCUDUN, NAVARRA

The Spaniards are a truly gay people, and the Basques most lovable. A holiday in the Basque country is an experience that should not be missed. The rate of exchange is particularly favourable at the present time, and after all it is only 24 hours from London by rail and, of course, less by air. One returns to work with a fresh mind and pleasant memories that will last for ever.

N. C. E. ASHTON.

# WHERE TO STAY

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## "MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE SUN HOTEL, HITCHIN

MARKET towns are often fascinating places, and Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, is no exception to this rule. Situated on the quaintly named River Hiz, it is set among the hills that continue the Chilterns into East Anglia, and there have doubtless been many tales of travel and adventure told in the parlour of the Sun Inn. Founded during the reign of Elizabeth, its early frequenters were prosperous farmers and maltsters, who met there on market days, but it was chiefly to the busy coach traffic that the Sun owed its early prosperity. For Hitchin stands by the crossing of two ancient roads; the one running north from London to Nottingham, Kendal and far Cumberland; the other, the great thoroughfare from East Anglia to Wessex, the Norwich to Bristol cross-road. It was chronicled in 1811 that this road was "almost impassable in winter season," and doubtless many travellers found welcome warmth and hospitality in the aptly-named Sun.

We cannot exactly tell how the Sun presented itself to the world in its early days, for it was largely rebuilt in the eighteenth century, so that the spacious, square, mellow brick building which you see to-day has only been a familiar sight to travellers for 200 years. This does not mean that all traces of the original building have been destroyed, but to see the older portion you must pass into the yard, through the old coach entrance. On the right, having made the passage into the yard, you will see a long, low wing that was built about 1580. Much of the ground floor of the opposite wing is quite as old, but this part has been more altered during the intervening years, especially when the great Ball-room or Assembly Room was built about 150 years ago.

The Assembly Room, with its adjacent rooms, is the suite referred to in a guide book of 1835, which says of the attractions of Hitchin that "Assemblies take place periodically during the winter in a suite of rooms at the Sun Inn." To-day, where once fiddlers played minuets and gavottes for powdered and hooped and bewigged dancers, an orchestra plays fox-trots and tangoes for a modern generation, who find little time for day-dreaming about their predecessors in the rooms. Yet the very word "Assembly" is a call to the imagination, evoking social scenes that have long vanished, and the deportment and manners of ancestors who differed from ourselves only on the surface. The Assembly Rooms of an old inn should be easily peopled by phantoms of the past if a man knows his Fielding, his Jane Austen and his Dickens at all well, and surely the exercise of imagination in this way is a good cure for boredom and a refreshment to the mind.

An interesting stimulant to the imagination hangs in the present Coffee Room, overlooking the old courtyard. This is a bill of 1766, and made out when William Marshall was landlord of the Sun. It is dated in May, just after George III's accession, and the prices are well worth quoting, though the difference in the value of the pound must be borne in mind. The bill begins: "To 11 ordinarys, 16/6; wine, 9/–; punch, 3/–; men eating and beer, 2/6; tea, 3/–; suppers, 4/–." Perhaps, though, the concluding items are the most amusing for we find "Mr. Freeman's horse, 1/8," and "Mr. Willis's horse, 4d." The total cost was £2 18s. 6d., of which only £1 8s. 6d. was paid, though who paid this and whether the full reckoning was ever cleared off is not stated.

The rooms inside the inn to-day include many of the cosy Georgian type, while in the old wing may be seen the attractive moulded oak beams of Elizabeth's days. Just as of yore the passengers on the Leeds Royal Mail and the Bedford Coach must have welcomed the sight of the Sun, so to-day many travellers will be glad to pass beneath its friendly portals and enjoy the refreshment which Trust Houses can so ably produce.


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# THE FIELD

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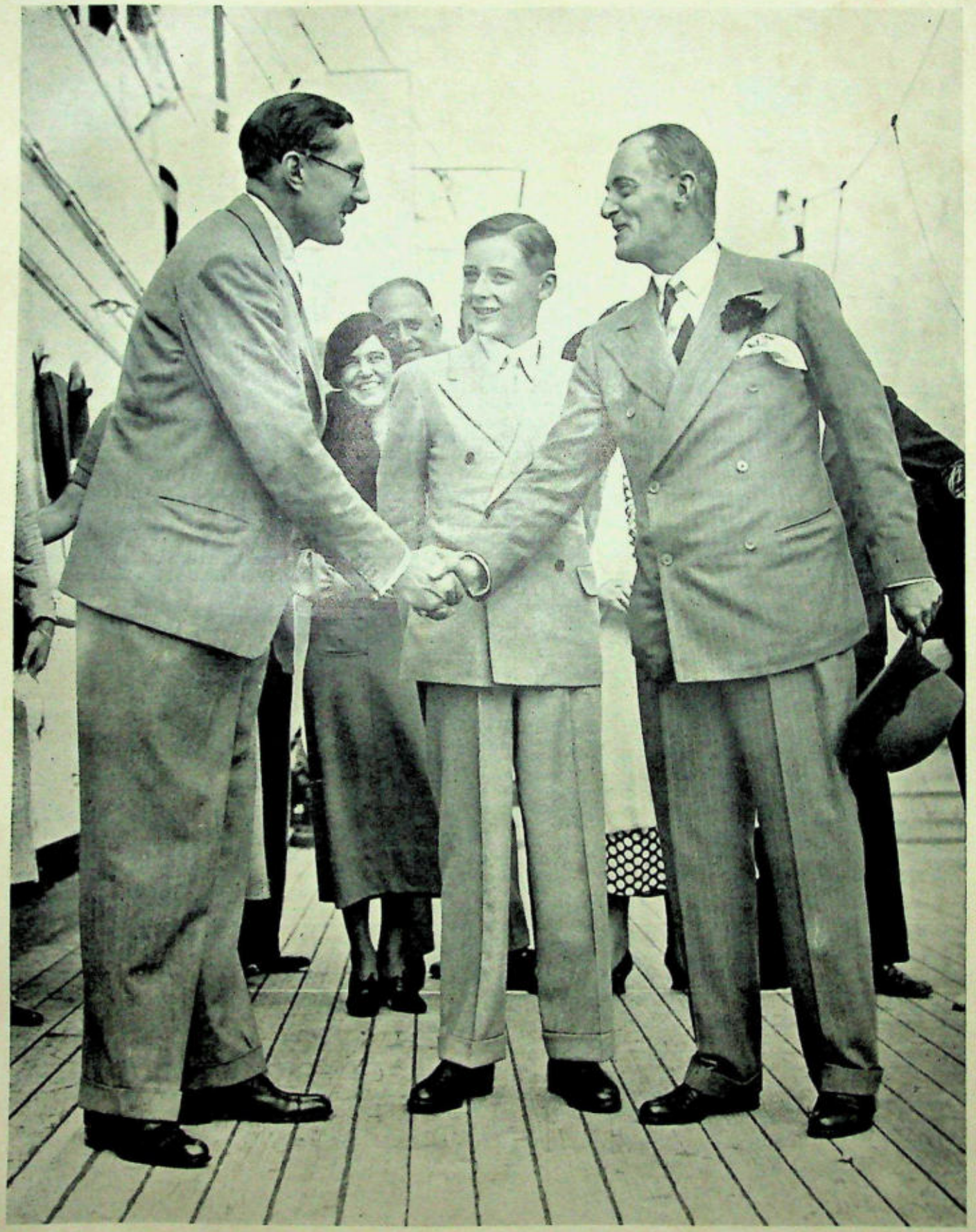

## IN SEARCH OF NEW RECORDS

An exchange of greetings between Sir Malcolm Campbell, Motoring Editor of the *Field*, and Captain G. E. T. Eyston, who were fellow passengers on board the Majestic, en route for the Salt Lakes in Utah, where both hope to make motoring history. Sir Malcolm, whose son is in the centre, will try to break his own world's land speed record with the Blue Bird, while Captain Eyston's object is to beat with his new Rolls-Kestrel engined racing car the records recently established by John Cobb

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THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

# HEATHER-BEETLE PROBLEMS

EVERY year in July and August inquiries reach the *Field* as to the condition of heather on grouse moors, and in particular as to whether the damage evident in heather that is brown and without bloom is due to frost or to the heather beetle. In nearly every case examination shows that it is the beetle and not frost which is the destructive agent. This year we have received more inquiries than ever before, from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and the question arises whether, faced with a pest which appears to be increasing, it may not be necessary to adopt somewhat more drastic measures to combat the evil than have been taken in the past.

Between heather that has been hurt by frost and heather eaten by the beetle the difference is plain. Heather which has been "frosted," as keepers put it, is grey-brown at the tips of the shoots, or even to the base of the shoot, but is whole; it merely looks dead. Many acres of heather were "frosted" on Scottish moors in February, 1929, and the damage was plain to see throughout the season. Heather eaten by the beetle is brown and lifeless, but the shoots if carefully examined—a pocket lens is useful for the purpose—will be seen to be gnawed back to the stem, and crumble to dust at a touch. It is, of course, valueless as food for grouse.

The question is whether anything can be done to reduce the numbers of the beetle, and to prevent it from spreading. To decide that, it is necessary to know something of its life history. The heather beetle, *Lochmæa suturalis*, is a small insect, dark or light olive-brown, about a quarter of an inch in length. It is to be seen on the wing in May, and the pairing males and females can be found on the heather in June. The female lays her eggs in June, it is believed on the lower stalks of sphagnum moss, and the grub emerges in about three weeks, and immediately ascends the heather and begins to feed. It is full fed about the end of August, and then retires to the roots of the heather to pupate. The pupa stage lasts about three weeks, and the perfect beetle appears to bury itself almost immediately on emergence, and hibernates underground until the warm weather of the following spring, when the life cycle starts all over again.

It will be seen, therefore, that the period during which the beetle could most conveniently be attacked exactly corresponds to the time when young grouse are first on the wing, and when the grouse season opens. If that were not so, it might be possible to burn all plants which have been obviously attacked by the grub, though burning green heather is not easy. Further, in Scotland the law of muirburn forbids burning heather except between the beginning of October and the end of April. South of the Border there is no law of muirburn, and owners of moors, therefore, have their remedy in their own hands if they choose to apply it. Possibly, where the beetle is obviously spreading, it might pay in the long run to forego the shooting for a season and to burn extensively instead. And the same remedy may possibly be found necessary in Scotland—but only if the law is amended, and amending laws takes time. We have no desire to suggest that the law should be deliberately broken, but the Statute Book takes no notice of the heather beetle, and all evidence seems to show that the plague is becoming more widespread every year. We commend the position to the attention of moor owners and legislators. The supply of edible heather becomes less season after season, and what that means to the future of the grouse moors affected is obvious.

## CUB-HUNTING ONCE MORE

IN spite of an early harvest it cannot be said that the hunting season is going to make an auspicious start, owing mainly to the hard state of the ground. Some packs in the West and also in Yorkshire have managed to put in a morning or two already, but elsewhere the land is burnt brown and dry, which in itself is a menace to both horses and hounds. Not until we have several heavy downpours will the country be really fit to hunt. Three summers of drought have left it in a parched and bone-dry condition. Hounds usually find scent better when there is a certain amount of moisture in the land. And to keep foxes down and to enter the young hounds, cub-hunting is a very necessary operation; but without scent a huntsman's task is neither a profitable nor enviable one.

### PEDAL CYCLISTS

Every week the Minister of Transport publishes figures showing the numbers of pedestrians, cyclists and motorists killed on the road. Every day it becomes clearer that only by a new system of road making and new rules for the roads can this enormous casualty list—of recent years averaging 7,000 per annum—be reduced. And yet on Sunday a meeting of pedal cyclists was held in Hyde Park to impress upon the Minister of Transport that he must not make separate tracks for cyclists, and later in the day 500 pedal cyclists rode from Ealing along the Western Avenue, ostentatiously avoiding the tracks made specially for their safety. For what reason? To assert their right to the use of the road. Well, a man has a right if he chooses to stand on his head in Hyde Park, but nobody would think the better of him for so doing. And these demonstrating pedal cyclists—they are doubtless only a vocal minority of a great body of sensible persons—protesting against measures designed for the safety of the public merely label themselves by so doing. If they wish to know what the label is, they have only to ask the man in the street.

### ABBOTSBURY SWANS

It has now been definitely decided by the Air Ministry to proceed with the scheme of establishing a bombing range in the area of the Chesil Bank. According to the Ministry, this is a case in which their responsibility for the air defence of the country leaves them no option. The Ministry states that the use of this strip of coast would involve less interference with fishing than any other between Gravesend and Lyme Regis. They are also "convinced that the establishment of an armament training camp near Chickerell will not be injurious to the swans from Abbotsbury." But they undertake, if the Abbotsbury swans are disturbed on their winter feeding grounds, to arrange for targets to be moved farther west or if necessary, out to sea. We must presumably be content with this provisional undertaking. But it would be interesting to know what the other possible sites may be which the Ministry have decided to be unsuitable. Do these include the Goodwin Sands?

### FRENCH RUGBY'S DILEMMA

It is four years now since the British Rugby Unions vetoed matches against France on the ground that French Rugby did not conform to our ideas of amateurism; and the British Unions still decline to resume international fixtures. Recently the French Rugby authorities made fresh representations to the English Union, which reiterated its former reasons for maintaining the ban, and it seems now to be recognised in France that the future of French relations with British Rugby is at the cross roads. The *Field* has frequently pointed out that the French club championship, with its fierce competition, is at the root of the evil. A writer in *L'Auto* now urges the French authorities to make their position clear. "If the French Rugby Federation wishes to preserve inter-club championships," he says, according to Reuter, "no relations with Britain are possible, but if France wishes to renew at all costs relations conducive to the improvement of the game, then she must renounce these championships." Though we still hope to see France back in the International Rugby circle, it is time that the French authorities decided one way or the other.

### HARVEST MECHANISATION

Not so much has been heard lately of the wonders of combine-harvesters and the advantages of mechanised corn growing. The economies available to the larger-scale corn grower are unquestioned. With a full range of equipment, adapted to English conditions, he can deal in one operation with a large acreage of corn and save much expensive handling. But the combine-harvester does not make the headway in England that might be expected. One of the reasons no doubt is that the weather has been extraordinarily kind during harvest time for three years.

When every farmer can get in his corn without damage by rain the combine loses its finest advertisement. With the drying equipment that is now a recognised part of the combine, grain crops, once they are ripe, can be cut, threshed and dried almost immediately after a shower of rain. The corn is left to stand until it is ripe and then it is dealt with in one operation. The final period of ripening in the stook, the most risky period in broken weather, is eliminated.

But if they have not taken to combine-harvesters most farmers who have more than a few acres of corn now use tractors to a greater extent. The modern tractor, which is thoroughly reliable, is a wonderful saver of time at busy seasons.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From an Ulster newspaper's "Woman Correspondent," dated August 12th: "To-night grouse from the King's own moors near Balmoral will be served at the Royal dinner table. Although to-day is the official opening of the shooting season, His Majesty's gamekeepers always shoot the Abergeldie moors a week beforehand, so that a bag in prime condition may reach the King before the 12th."

From a Scottish daily paper:

"In six days' shooting on . . . moor, with an average of four guns, the total was 148½ brace grouse, 5 woodcock, 31 duck and teal, 11 snipe, 20 hares, 9 rabbits and 3 nightjars. The last named are the first ever seen on this shooting."

### "BRED IN FRANCE"

For many years the percentage of winners bred in France which have won races in this country has been very high. Many of them come from the best blood in the *Stud Book*; nearly all have English ancestry; and yet very little credit is given to the breeder, with the exception of the bald and laconic footnote "winner bred in France." Would it not be fairer and juster, and also of infinite practical value to English breeders, to give the names of the French studs where these winners were bred? Up to date the French breeders have bred winners in this country which have won over £37,000 in stake money, and France stands at the top of the breeders table. And, yet, which bred the winners or where is not explained. Surely this is a point well worthy of consideration.

### A NEW CRICKET IDEA

Hitherto cricket tours abroad have been confined to representative sides or at least collective sides. From the West Indies comes a new idea. The Jamaica Cricket Board of Control has invited a county side to tour the West Indies this winter. The county invited is naturally Yorkshire—and the invitation was sent before Yorkshire had the County Championship safe. It is stated that the tour will last about five weeks early in the New Year. No county side has before enjoyed such a distinction. It is a nice tribute to Yorkshire's reputation and skill and will, no doubt, act as a challenge to them to do at least as well as, if not better than, the last English side to visit the West Indies.

### WHEN TUNNY COME INSHORE

Droughts are not beloved of anglers as a class, particularly in holiday time; but they have their uses for the sea angler. This year not only are bass "inshore" but it would appear, tunny also. The term, of course, has not quite the same significance when mentioned in connection with the bigger fish, but Mr. Maurice Wilcock-Halgate's 762-pounder caught only eighteen miles out was so much closer in than most of the captures that it may, perhaps, be included in the expression. Anyhow, it is good news that the best fish of the season, so far, should be caught at so small a distance from the coast; tunny may be coming closer still and, with the season in full swing so early, big-game fishers will no doubt be petitioning that the fine weather may continue.

### EXPERIMENTAL SALMON

In this country we are, by now, well accustomed to experimental stocking with salmon; in the main such experiments aim at introducing an earlier running strain of salmon and are usually fairly successful. A Canadian experiment to be tried this autumn hopes to attain an additional end—the introduction of a strain of free-rising fish. In the St. John River, New Brunswick, the salmon have a disagreeable habit of refusing to rise during the holiday season (anglers over here have detected the same reprehensible trait in some of our own rivers) so Restigouche fish are to be introduced. Will the newcomers retain their more cheerful habits? Up to the present the prevailing opinion is that it is water conditions which affect the rise, but if breed can do it there are streams in this country which could be improved out of all expectation.

### SEPTEMBER CRICKET

September mist comes up across the ground.
The August throng
Is back at business, dutifully browned;
And oh, how long
Does winter's marching shadow seem to fall
Across the hearts that beat with bat and ball!

The scene is dearer for the lengthening shade—
The ball's thin flight,
The gentle gleam and music of the blade,
The failing light.
The game's fruition mellows now our grief,
As lightly past my face there blows a leaf.

A silent few, towards the day's decline,
Still keep their tryst,
And gravely pay their homage, though the shrine
Be chill with mist;
For they are dreamers. I, too, dream as they,
And in our dreams there is no "Close of Play."

G. D. MARTINEAU.

*A Swansea memory of the All-Blacks of 1924*

# TESTING BRITISH RUGBY

## New Zealand's Young but Experienced Side

By T. B. R. WOODROOFFE

ENGLISH Rugby periodically goes through the rather painful process of being "woken up" by the visits of touring sides from the Dominions. The first All-Blacks in 1905 and Paul Roos' Springboks brought about a transformation in our play and showed us that there was more in the game than we had realised. The New Zealanders of 1924 made us concentrate far too much on the wing-forward spoiling game until Bennie Osler's men came over to remind us that there was such a thing as honest scrumming after all. Without that well-drilled pack that shoved like a machine, the results of the Internationals might have been far different, and it seems that the New Zealand authorities have noted the achievements of that lot of stalwart scrummagers.

They are sending over the heaviest lot of forwards that have ever represented New Zealand or, for that matter, any country, a crowd of giants who average over 6ft. in height and 14st. in weight. The All-Blacks have always been renowned for their hard, fast-running forwards who can handle the ball and join in a run with the three-quarters without looking like bewildered oxen mixed up with a lot of gazelles.

It was disconcerting to see, in last year's Internationals, forwards playing for their country who, when they suddenly found themselves in possession of the ball, had apparently litttle idea of what to do with it. A man whose place was the front row of the scrum seemed to think that his duties ended there. A New Zealander is as much an opportunist as a Welshman, and a forward from the Dominion never blunders about the field performing prodigies of useless valour; he has learnt to handle and to kick like an outside. The tourists are bringing over a large number of wing-forwards, too many, perhaps, but they have not forgotten a good solid nucleus of honest scrum workers.

Unless England pulls herself together they will be running up cricket scores. Their one weakness at present would appear to be in place-kicking, but it is surprising how latent talent comes out in the course of a tour. They have no one of the calibre of Nepia, who delighted our crowds in 1924. The Maori, now aged 30, nearly gained his old place—he actually played in the final trial, but showed only occasional flashes of his old brilliance—and the selectors plumped for youth, and Gilbert, who is comparatively unknown, takes his place.

Though they are a young side in age, in experience of big match play the All-Blacks are mostly veterans. Since they were over here eleven years ago, sides have visited South Africa and Australia, and these visits have been returned, while Great Britain sent out a touring side in 1930. They are keen, relentless players, having been trained in a hard school from early youth. There is no club Rugby in New Zealand. Every player is graded, in the manner of cricketers in Australia, and in each grade there is a league, so that every game means something to the player. If it is an ordinary league match, points hang on the result, while if it is an inter-provincial game, there is a cup in the offing. From the days when he was a schoolboy the All-Black has played each Saturday a game that had to be won, and his temperament therefore is different from ours.

The present tourists have a further incentive in the performances put up by the team of 1905, who were only beaten once—by Wales, a game which is still argued over in the Dominion as if it were only played yesterday—and the lot who were unbeaten in 1924. They will be doubly on their mettle and are all out to take back an unbeaten record, and there does not seem to be the opposition over here to prevent them.

C. J. Oliver (Canterbury), the oldest player in the side coming over this season, is the most brilliant back playing in New Zealand to-day. As a centre, his combination with Hart on the wing should need a lot of watching. He has toured England before as a member of Tom Lowry's cricket side in 1927, and is the only New Zealander who has ever represented his country at both games. J. E. Manchester (Canterbury) is the captain of the side and is the best forward in the Dominion. Tireless in the scrum, very fast in the loose, and dangerous in the line-out, he is one of the fastest men in the side. He knows all there is to know about scientific forward play and should make a very fine leader.

The New Zealand selectors have chosen wisely. They have gone for men who are young, fit and keen, with football in their systems, who have it in them to improve on tour in the way that their predecessors did. For the forwards, apart from the front row, they have picked men who are 6ft. or over, and at the same time are heavy, fast and tireless workers. In the backs there is a skilful blend of experience in international football and promise. New Zealand seems to breed giants who are as quick and handy as outsides, and behind such a pack the backs should have plenty of chances. Altogether a formidable lot of young men who should weld themselves into a side full worthy of those from the Dominion who have visited us before.

The age, weight and height of each player is given in the table below:—

| | Age. | Height. ft. in. | Weight. st. lb. |
|---|---|---|---|
| **FULL BACK** | | | |
| G. Gilbert | 23 | 6 0¼ | 13 3 |
| **THREE-QUARTERS.** | | | |
| G. F. Hart | 26 | 5 9 | 11 7 |
| C. J. Oliver | 29 | 5 10 | 12 1 |
| T. H. C. Caughey | 23 | 6 0 | 12 2 |
| N. Ball | 26 | 5 9 | 10 11 |
| H. Brown | 24 | 5 8 | 10 11 |
| N. Mitchell | 21 | 5 11 | 13 3 |
| **FIVE-EIGHTHS.** | | | |
| J. R. Page | 27 | 5 7 | 11 2 |
| E. W. Tindill | 23 | 5 8 | 10 5 |
| D. Solomon | 22 | 5 8 | 11 13 |
| J. L. Griffiths | 23 | 5 7 | 10 1 |
| **HALF-BACKS.** | | | |
| B. S. Sadler | 20 | 5 5 | 9 13 |
| M. M. N. Corner | 26 | 5 5 | 9 6 |
| **HOOKERS.** | | | |
| W. E. Hadley | 24 | 5 10 | 13 2 |
| A. Lambourn | 24 | 5 10 | 13 2 |
| D. Dalton | 22 | 5 9 | 13 6 |
| **FRONT ROW.** | | | |
| J. Hore | 26 | 5 8 | 12 10 |
| C. Pepper | 23 | 5 10 | 12 9 |
| G. Adkins | 24 | 5 11 | 14 8 |
| **LOCKS.** | | | |
| S. T. Reid | 22 | 6 2 | 14 13 |
| R. R. King | 24 | 6 2 | 14 0 |
| J. Best | 21 | 6 0 | 14 6 |
| W. Collins | 23 | 6 2 | 15 6 |
| **FLANK FORWARDS.** | | | |
| R. M. McKenzie | 24 | 6 0 | 15 0 |
| J. E. Manchester | 26 | 6 2 | 14 3 |
| H. F. McLean | 27 | 6 2¼ | 14 0 |
| J. G. Wynyard | 20 | 6 3¼ | 14 2 |
| F. Vorrath | 26 | 6 0 | 13 7 |
| A. Mahoney | 26 | 6 2 | 14 3 |

MID-AUGUST AND THE CORN READY FOR CARRYING ON A WILTSHIRE FARM
*An early harvest is a blessing to the farmer, but a dry summer is not all to the advantage of the shooting man*

# PARTRIDGE DAYS AND FARMING CHANGES

## Despite Modern Methods High Farming Still Means Good Bags

WALKING up the stubbles in September and tramping through the kale, the shooting man who has seeing eyes will be led to reflect on the changes that have come over farming practice in recent years and the effect of them on his sport.

There are always those ready to deplore the passing of the old days and the old ways. "Then," they say, "farmers really farmed their land." But changes were inevitable. It was a question of adapting farming methods and policy to the new range of costs and prices or else going out of business. In many instances high farming, based on yards full of fattening bullocks and an arable flock of sheep, has had to give way to milk production off grassland.

Looking back to 1914, we see that the acreage under turnips and swedes is now little more than half that year's figure. The mangold acreage has been reduced just as severely; the total area under the plough is roughly 8,500,000 acres instead of 10,500,000 acres. These are hard facts that the shooting man will deplore. If roots are not grown and land is not kept under the plough he does not expect to find so many birds. There are farms which formerly carried a fair stock of partridges where a covey is now an unusual sight. Field after field of grass, not all in a high state of fertility, instead of root crops and corn do not encourage game. There are certainly plenty of rabbits, but partridges and pheasants have become rare specimens.

KALE IS A USEFUL COVER CROP AND HOLDS THE BIRDS WELL

It will not be denied that these changes in cropping are responsible for the deterioration of some shoots that were formerly very good. But where the standard of farming is high—and there are still plenty of good farmers in the country—the shooting has not suffered to any serious extent. As good bags are got, although the farming system has been changed and different crops are grown.

Sugar beet is one of the new crops. It is no exaggeration to say that beet has not only saved East Anglian farming from bankruptcy but has also preserved partridges from extinction in some districts. If the Government had not encouraged the growing of sugar beet many more thousands of acres would have reverted to little better than scrub. The beet crop needs to be done well to give a full return, and its demands have ensured that the land is kept in good heart under the plough.

Opinions differ about the value of beet for holding game, but there can be no question from the shooting standpoint that a field of beet is better than a rundown pasture. There are about 375,000 acres under sugar beet now, and this offsets in part the reduction in the acreage of turnips and mangolds since pre-war years. It is said that the beet leaves cover the ground too densely to allow the partridges to move about freely and for the shooting man's liking beet brings too many men about the fields in September, October and November when he does not want the coveys disturbed. The lifting of the crop requires a full staff of men, and the topping and loading of the roots does cause a good deal of extra coming and going. But even if the birds are wild, bags would not without beet be as good as they have been in Suffolk and Norfolk.

Kale has become a great standby on many farms during the past few years. In England and Wales the acreage has increased steadily, replacing root crops as a source of succulent food for stock in winter. Kale is a useful cover crop and holds the birds well. It also holds the wet, and walking through a kale field waist-high on a damp autumn morning is not a good beginning to a day's shooting.

Apart from the cropping of the land, how have recent changes in farming practice affected the game position? On most big farms of 400 acres and over there is now a considerable degree of mechanisation. The majority of farmers on a big scale run one or more tractors. To facilitate large scale working hedges have been grubbed where formerly partridges nested and sheltered. The tractor's virtues do not appeal to the shooting man. At hay time the tractor mower is a ruthless destroyer of nests and young birds in the clover leys.

In the old days a friendly word and a tip to the carter would ensure that casualties were kept at a minimum. With a watchful eye he could generally pull up the horses before the damage was done. The tractor goes faster, and the driver has not the power, if he has the will, to stop and save the execution of the young brood. It is a nasty sight to find a score of young pheasants decapitated in a field after the tractor mower has been at work.

The tractor's great value is the power it gives to deal with a big acreage in a short time. This is particularly noticeable after harvest, when the tractor can rip up a big acreage of stubbles in a few days. The shooting man prefers to have the stubbles left undisturbed for at least some days after September 1st, but his desires have to give way to the necessity of moving the top of the soil as soon as possible after harvest to encourage the germination of weed seeds, which can be destroyed in subsequent cultivation.

The Wheat Act has induced farmers to grow more wheat in the rotation, and wheat often follows wheat on land that is in good heart. This necessitates speedy cleaning of the stubbles after harvest. If a bastard fallow can be got in between the middle of August and the middle of October the second straw

A SEPTEMBER DAY ON THE STUBBLES

*The shooting man prefers to have the stubbles left undisturbed for at least some days after September 1st, but his desires have to give way to the necessity of moving the top of the soil as soon as possible after harvest*

crop benefits greatly. But these rush tactics do not suit the shooting tenant, and he has some reason for hard words against the tractor when he goes out in the first week of September to find the stubbles already broken up.

It is, however, a consoling thought that the last three harvests have been exceptionally early. The weather is not always so kind to the farmer at harvest time, and as often as not a spell of rain in August holds up the harvest and it is well after September 1st before the corn is carried and the stubbles are clear for the tractor to start operations A dry summer is not all to the advantage of the shooting man. Chicks may not be drowned in the thick bottom growth of meadows in June and July, although in a dry year like this one heavy June thunderstorm can leave a sad trail of death. But drought dwarfs the roots and gives sparse cover for game. At the present time roots are thin in most districts. They will pick up after the rains of the past week, but it is late in the growing season.

Partridges are shy birds, and not only the roar of the tractor but the phut-phut of the milking machine in the open-air bail move the coveys elsewhere, while also the hiker's meanderings, especially when he takes his dog with him, is not conducive to the contentment of the partridge. No one grudges the hiker his pleasure and exercise, but the opportunity has to be taken sometimes to remind h i that he and his dog should keep to the footpaths.

The expansion of poultry farming has been held by some to spell the doom of the partridge. There are now twice as many hens in the country as there were ten years ago and for the most part they run on free range. They must eat some of the insects that game birds would otherwise find and they must foul the ground with their droppings. The widespread losses from coccidiosis and fowl paralysis in some districts have raised fears for the health of the game in the neighbourhood. But it seems that the risks have been exaggerated. What are 500 hens on a 200-acre farm compared with the normal bird life of the place ? Definite evidence is wanting of the injury which the expansion of the poultry industry is said to have inflicted on partridges and pheasants. Pheasants are sometimes bold enough to share in the hens' ration of corn, and to this extent they are certainly the gainers.

A word must be said about the effect of the increasing use of artificial manures. Careful observations have failed to establish the ill-effects on game attributed to the use of nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia and other fertilisers. In our climate they are soon absorbed into the soil and any possible risk quickly passes. It seems more likely, indeed, that the generous use of fertilisers has, by keeping the land in good heart, ensured full crops and served the partridge and pheasant well. The dung-cart and sheep-fold are still the foundation of fertility, but in these days they must be supplemented by the fertiliser drill. The farm that grows the best crops will more often than not provide the best bags.

BROADLEAZE.

A DIFFERENT SCENE OF ACTION

*A partridge drive in progress in a hollow among the chalk pits at Holborough, Kent*

# TROUT TRANSPORTATION

## Mules Solve a South African Problem

By ROBERT FORSON

TOILING UP THE BUSHMAN'S RIVER PASS

TRANSPORTATION of live fish is a subject that interests most anglers. In the cause of sport many remarkable feats have been accomplished in this regard. With the object of establishing new waters, fish in their live form have been transported from England to the uttermost ends of the earth. Ships, aeroplanes, motor cars and trains have all been used, but I wonder whether pack mules and horses have ever, before now, been used for the purpose. The average Englishman, when he goes to the out-of-the-way parts of the world, takes with him so keen a love of sport that if he is at all an enthusiast he will spare no effort to remedy what are to him Nature's local deficiencies.

In the very centre of the Union of South Africa is the territory of Basutoland, the government of which is, incidentally, administered by the British Government. Basutoland is in many respects a remarkable country. The population is almost entirely native, and the ancient system of chief rule is still strongly entrenched. Under the guidance of British officials, who, with a few hundred traders, are the only Europeans allowed in the territory, Basutoland has progressed considerably since the days of Chief Moshesh, the far-seeing father of the Basuto nation.

Maseru, with a population of a few hundred whites, is the capital and the seat of the Resident Commissioner. The other centres of European civilisation are Mafeteng, Mohales Hoek, Teyateyaneng, Hlotse, Butha Buthe, Quthing, Qachas Nek and Mokhotlong.

Basutoland contains the sources of many of South Africa's biggest rivers. In fact, the streams and rivers are numberless. These waters hold an indigenous species of scale fish (yellow fish—*Barbus holubi*) and sportsmen who are exiled up here find them to be first-class sport. But they cannot displace the affection which the English sportsman holds for trout !

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made in past years to introduce trout into these delightful mountain waters. On one occasion ova were brought up to Mokhotlong, where they were hatched out. In due course the fry were released in the Mokhotlong River ("The River of the Wild Turkey"—Sesuto). They completely disappeared and nothing more has since been seen of them. On another occasion live trout were carried in buckets of water by natives on foot from Natal. Unfortunately, exceptionally rigorous weather conditions were encountered *en route* and all were lost.

Captain H. Alston Smith, the present officer-in-charge of the Mokhotlong police camp, and a keen sportsman of rod and rifle, has for some considerable time nurtured an ambition to make another attempt at the introduction of trout into the district. The altitude at Mokhotlong camp is 7,500ft., and the spot on the Bushmans River in the Giant's Castle Game Reserve, Natal, where the fish were to be captured, was a little short of this, with an intervening climb and descent to and from of 10,000ft. It was considered that the most suitable manner to transport the fish would be to carry them in 4-gallon paraffin tins enclosed in sacks padded with wheat straw and slung to the sides of pack mules, with perforated wooden lids to prevent excessive spillage of water.

The multifarious arrangements for the trip having been completed, Captain Smith very kindly invited me to accompany him on the expedition, which it is safe to say is the first of its kind to be undertaken in South Africa. Mokhotlong was the starting point for the trip, and this place I reached after a comfortable two-days' trek from the rail-head. After a day's interval, everything being in order, the cavalcade (for that it certainly was) left for Natal at 8 a.m. on Saturday, March 9th. By 4.30 in the afternoon we had attained an altitude of about 8,500ft. We had then arrived at the headwaters of the Sanqubetu River (a main tributary of the Mokhotlong River). At this time heavy sleet fell, and after it had subsided we decided to make camp on the banks of the river.

Next morning, after the mules had been loaded up (a proceeding to which several of them violently objected), we restarted. In an hour we had reached the Natal border at the Bushmans River Pass (alt. 9,800ft.), to be confronted with a thick sea of mist with only Giant's Castle peeping through. A descent down the Natal Drakensberg escarpment had to be made here, and in the space of five minutes we had led the packs and ponies down the rough pass right into the mist, a change made all the more eerie in view of the fact that we had left bright, sunny conditions at the top. As we gingerly picked our way down the craggy heights the hoarse cries of baboons were heard from the ramparts above. After an hour's trek in the mist we came out to find that Natal was having a dull and drizzly day. We were now able to remount, and by 1 o'clock had reached the homestead (altitude approximately 6,400ft.) of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Barnes. Mr. Barnes is the Conservator of the Giant's Castle Game Reserve.

Four happy days were spent here. Our objective had been to capture 64 brown trout (*Salmo fario*) of fingerling size, but we had to modify our requirements as the five rods only landed about 30 fish during our stay.

With 22 fish (four 12in., and eighteen 6in. to 8in.) safely in the packs we bade our good hosts adieu on the Thursday morning and set off for home. The fish were equally divided in the eight containers on four of the mules. A small quantity of green grass was placed in each tin to reduce the effects of bumping, and after half-an-hour's trek at walking pace we refilled the tins, the water in which it was observed had been reduced considerably owing to the unavoidably rough going. From nine till twelve we trekked, the water being changed at periods not exceeding on the average 20 minutes. By 12 o'clock we had covered the ground as far as the base of the final steep ascent up the pass, and while lunch was eaten the fish were given a rest in the perforated container which had been placed in a small stream.

After lunch we got going again, and pushed on up the pass. Fortunately there was no mist, but as we had to lead the horses the going was hard. During this trying period of about two hours, until we got to the top, the work of the Basuto policemen was magnificent. Leading or chasing pack mules over very rough ground without even a path as a guide is strenuous in the extreme, and the Basuto sergeant and his men did yeoman work in getting the mules with their delicate freight to the top in a satisfactory condition.

We reached the top of the pass at about 4.30, after an ascent of 4,000ft., covered in seven-and-a-half hours' trek. After a brief stop for a "breather" we pushed on down the Sanqubetu (Langalabaletse) valley, and by 5 o'clock had found a suitable spot to camp at on the banks of the Sanqubetu. On transfer of the fish we found that more than half of the original number had survived the rigorous trip. Several had died, but this had been anticipated.

Next morning we found that several others had succumbed (probably a result of injuries received on the trip up the pass). Our original intention had been to take the fish to Mokhotlong, but in view of the casualties we had now come to the conclusion that the possibility of getting more than two or three live fish to camp was exceedingly remote, so decided to liberate as many as possible in the pool on the Sanqubetu at the spot where we had camped on the first night of the downward trip.

All told, seven lively trout were released after a further three hours' trek to the pool. Only one or two showed signs of sluggishness, from which they quickly recovered on getting their noses upstream.

ON THE SANQUBETU

*Where the trout which had cost so much labour were finally released*

Two of the fish measured approximately 12in., and the remainder 6in. to 8in.

Despite the fact that these fish are some distance from Mokhotlong, they will not be neglected. As soon as it is thought that they have bred it is hoped to carry out an inspection and see what stocks are available. If possible a further attempt will then be made to get the fish nearer Mokhotlong. In any case, the Sanqubetu River, being a main tributary of the Mokhotlong, the fish may eventually find their way down. We can only wait and hope !

The Basutoland Government is to be congratulated on promoting the scheme, and Captain Smith on the energies he untiringly expended on its behalf. Here's to hoping that it will not be too long before the first breeding of the trout can be recorded.

# WHERE THE TEST SELECTION COMMITTEE FAILED

## A Lesson Which Should Be Remembered When the Team is Chosen for Australia

By NEVILLE CARDUS

ANY patient reader will bear with me, I am sure, while I write another and last article on this summer's Test matches. But before I come to it, let me praise a great piece of cricket which occurred at Dover on the same afternoon that saw England struggling nobly at the Oval to achieve a decisive counter-attack. This piece of cricket did not get the recognition it deserved; after all, the deed was performed only by Lancashire. Kent declared, leading the county of my birth with 396 to score for victory in five hours in the fourth innings on the third day of a Dover wicket. Lancashire jumped to Chapman's challenge; Iddon cut and drove 141 in 150 minutes.

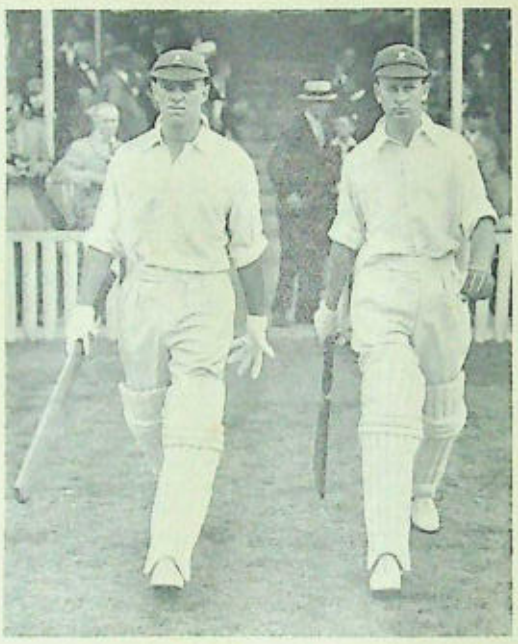
Yet the other day, when I mentioned to a London lover of cricket the name of Iddon as a batsman who still might play with honour and distinction for England, I received the retort: "Oh, but Iddon—really, he would send the game to sleep at once!" Whether or not Iddon is a Test match player need not be discussed here; but there is, I fancy, a certain young bowler in the Lancashire eleven to-day who, before he is a year older, will be in the running for a place in the next England side for Australia. His name is Pollard; possibly the intelligentsia at Lord's have not yet noticed Pollard's existence. He is the best medium-to-fast bowler I have seen in this country since those first fresh and wonderful days of Maurice Tate. His length and keen pace from the pitch would have stopped a deal of the Dalton-Langton hitting on the Monday of the Oval Test match—and it was that hitting which deprived us of a share in the rubber.

*I* have no use for the fashionable game of baiting the Selection Committee. My own acquaintance with Messrs. Warner, Perrin and Higson convinces me that they are not less fond of cricket than the rest of us, not less anxious to see England victorious, and not more noticeably stupid and ignorant before the event than the world at large. Blunders were certainly made in the picking of the England elevens; Robins was left out of the Lord's match on a wicket "made" for him. Tate was called back to bowl at Old Trafford, of all places. Farrimond was preferred at Lord's to Ames or Duckworth! But the fact has not been generally commented upon that the Selection Committee achieved at times wisdom as well as congenital folly. They declined to be moved by the outcry to "drop Hammond"; they kept faith in Leyland when he was not doing well for his county. They were resolute, whether right or wrong about Verity. It was not always the fault of the members of the Selection Committee that South Africa played well.

The most serious of their blunders has so far escaped even the attention of the people who are mainly set upon "baiting" and "exposing" the Selection Committee. This fault was technical and, therefore, not easy to discern by the "stunt" fraternity. But it was the identical error which lost us the rubber at the Oval last year against Australia. I hope that the lesson has been taught at last—short fast bowling, dependent on the new ball and on inswerves and outswerves, is of no avail on a firm pitch. And in no circumstances should three fast bowlers (actual or so-called) be employed. It was pitiful on the Monday morning of the Oval Test match to see Dalton and Langton cutting and hooking quick (but not fast) long-hops at their sweet will—during the very period of the South African innings when it was urgent that England should keep down the runs. In every attack, especially for the purposes of three-day cricket, there should be a sound basis of good length. Shock tactics are well enough at one end of the wicket, but not at two; somebody all the time should be wearing out the batsmen's patience at one end, and making them risk strokes at the other end, through sheer need to keep the match moving

The England team for Australia next autumn will not be complete if it lacks at least one hard-working medium-paced bowler, a man of sturdy build, and as strong in the heart, who can bowl for hours, get some pace off the pitch, and perform the necessary if utilitarian job of keeping one end "tight." I have suggested earlier in this article the cricketer who, in my opinion, is likely to provide the next England eleven with reliable "stock" bowling. There are others—and whether they are Test match giants by natural birthright or not, they must be given a trial. We cannot go on much longer living on the old names, and complaining that So-and-so is unlucky. It is usually the man who is not good enough who *is* unlucky in this world.

Wade and his team deserve the heartiest congratulations. They came to us last April to a welcome of friendly patronage. They were cheered and taken to our hearts for their "jolly" sportsmanship. "Here are a band of 'bright' cricketers," we said; "not like the grim Australians!" The joke of the season is that the South Africans once they got a victory in hand, stone-walled at Leeds, Manchester and—occasionally—at the Oval with an austerity and ruthlessness compared with which Bradman, Ponsford, McCabe and the rest were so many barnstorming boundary smashers.



SOUTH AFRICA'S OPENING PARTNERSHIP

*Siedle (left) and Bruce Mitchell, who heads the Test match batting averages with* 69.71 *for ten innings, have often given the South Africans a useful start during the tour*

A USEFUL ALL-ROUNDER

*A. B. Langton, whose batting in the last Test helped to save the game for South Africa, is well placed in both the bowling and batting averages*

# THREE-DAY TESTS

## Matches Which Fail to Maintain Public Interest

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

NOW that our South African visitors have but three more important matches to play before returning home, and have succeeded in their main objective, the defeat of England in the Test matches, a word on the subject of these latter is permissible. All sorts of reasons have been advanced for our defeat both in the course of pavilion gossip, and by the Press, such as the fact that we have altogether employed no less than 25 players to represent us, that we have not shown the same cohesion and determination as the South Africans have in the field, that our attack has been lacking in vim, both as regards to our batting and bowling efforts, and so on and so forth.

To these various causes is attributed the result of four drawn matches out of five. No one, except Mr. Neville Cardus, has given the true and obvious reason for such eminently unsatisfactory results, which is, of course, the absurdity of allotting only three days to each contest. When we reflect upon what would have happened last year if the Australians had played under such conditions we find that, like this year, only one match, the one played at Lord's, would have been finished. And that match, it will be remembered, we won, assisted by the rain, in an innings. We should, thanks to that win, have retained the Ashes instead of parting with them, and nothing would have been more unsatisfactory and unfair to an Australian side who were admittedly our superiors. So much for three-day matches. At the same time it must not be assumed that I am advocating a long drawn out contest. I am all against five days, though five days is certainly preferable to three, which in eight cases out of ten reduces the match to a farce.

The public enjoy Test matches. There can be no doubt about that, for they would not fill the grounds on which they are played if this were not so. But the chance of a finish is so minimised in a three-day match as to be almost negligible. Before a ball is bowled you hear people saying that it will be a draw, and a draw it generally is. The third day, which should be the best of the four is consequently the dullest, lacking as it does, in eight matches out of ten, any sustained interest.

The public hate an unfinished match, and rightly so. No greater evidence of this could be quoted than the fact that while over 30,000 watched the second day's play, only some 12,000 were present at the third, not because they would not see a full day's cricket, but because a drawn match was inevitable. Had the match been a four days' one, the third day would have been the crucial and therefore the best patronised day of all. What a splendid finish there might, and probably would, have been to this Oval match if only a proper period had been allotted to it.

More important still, we should have known, had all the Tests been of four days' duration, which was really the better side. With three-days Tests such a definite conclusion is difficult to arrive at. The fact is we are by nature Conservative and it goes against the grain to change anything we are accustomed to. In the same way we continue to settle the Amateur Golf Championship by matches of 18 holes instead of 36, though we know that such a match is not long enough to decide the real merits of the players. When the Australians were over here last year they frequently scored at the rate of 80 r.p.h. and you cannot ask for anything better than that. If it had not rained on the fourth day at Leeds, four matches out of the five would have been finished, and experience has proved that four days is the reasonable and proper time to allot to a Test match.

What is the use of the South Africans travelling 12,000 miles to play us if they are only going to finish one match in five! Far better have only three Tests of four days' duration, with the same conditions governing the last, as at present, than five lasting three days each. The counties would lose some of their players for six matches under such conditions, which is not a much greater hardship than losing them for five, as they did this year.

No one can attribute the Oval draw to slow scoring. On the Monday the South Africans scored 179 runs in a trifle under two hours, at an average rate of 90 r.p.h., and during the day 492 runs were scored at the rate of 79 r.p.h. England kept up the good work by scoring 221 runs in the two and a half hours before lunch on the Tuesday at the rate of 88 runs per hour. And yet all these splendid efforts to achieve the impossible necessarily failed, simply and solely for want of adequate time. You cannot finish a Test match at the Oval, given fine weather, in three days. Even the Authorities know that. Then why try?

# ROUND THE WICKETS

## Yorkshire Worthy Champions

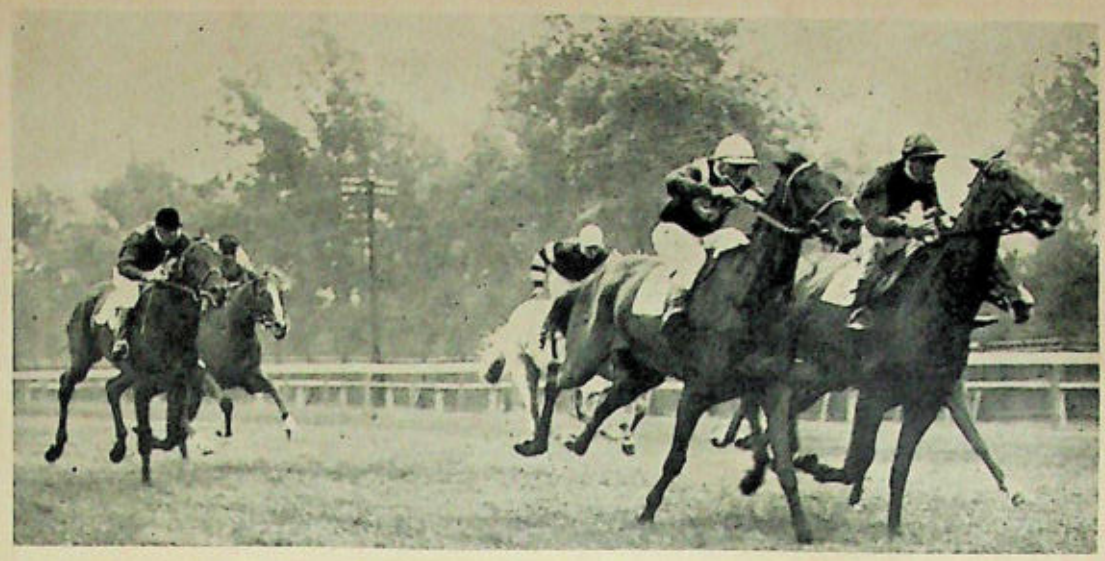
THERE is no disputing that Yorkshire are fit and proper county champions once again. That surprising defeat by Essex remains as inexplicable as it seemed at the time, when it lent colour to the theory that a battery of fast bowlers such as Essex were able to produce was the essence of match-winning attack. The Yorkshire batting then showed unsuspected weaknesses against fast bowling and throughout the season it has not reflected the consistence of the champion sides of 1931, '32 and '33. They owe a tremendous lot to the bowling of Bowes and Verity, who at the moment head the averages and are as likely as not to stay there. They have between them bowled many more overs and taken many more wickets than any other two county bowlers, easily surpassing their last year's records. And once more we have seen Yorkshire setting an example of efficiency in the field. But what we do still miss in the Yorkshire team is the glamour of personalities like Hirst, Dennett, Robinson or Rhodes. For myself, I prefer the human frailties and brilliances of a side like Kent to the organised stability of teams like Yorkshire. It is a point worth noting that the north has enjoyed almost a monoply of the County Championship since the War. Middlesex won it in 1920 and 1921, and Notts won it in 1929; in the remaining fourteen years Yorkshire have been champions nine times and Lancashire five times. There was not this preponderance of northern champions before the war.

That high scoring has by no means been checked by the experimental leg-before-wicket law, as many of its advocates predicted, has been made clear recently. Experience, in fact, goes to show that on batsman's wickets the effect of the rule is almost negligible, while on bowler's wickets the rule adds disproportionately to the batsman's handicap. Among several large scores last week, perhaps the most notable was Lancashire's 396 for five wickets in the fourth innings against Kent, who were thus beaten by five wickets. Lancashire scored at the rate of about 80 an hour. In such circumstances, with the match to win or lose, the bowling side used to leave no possible stone unturned; in fact, the wise captain tried the worst bowler on his side when his regular bowlers could do nothing. Against Lancashire last week, the Kent captain tried no one but his five regular bowlers—even Woolley was forgotten! When Lancashire in their next match against Northants ran up a score of 521 for five wickets, the Northamptonshire captain at least tried seven bowlers—though he might as well have tried eleven. And in these two innings, producing 917 runs for ten wickets, only one wicket fell under the new leg-before-wicket law.

Similarly with Kent's total of 560 against Derbyshire only one wicket fell under the new law. In making 305, the season's highest individual score, Ashdown not only gave a remarkable demonstration of endurance—he batted for six hours and forty minutes—but showed what fine offside strokes he possesses. Then there was Gloucestershire, scoring 440 for nine wickets against Glamorgan without one wicket falling l.b.w. (N), and in putting on 250 for the first wicket Sinfield and Barnett established a new Gloucestershire first wicket record, the previous best being 238 scored by W. G. Grace and T. G. Matthews 63 years ago. I suppose there are still some W.G. records left to break, but there is little significance in breaking them under modern conditions.

It seems that Notts have a good bowler in the making in Woodhead, who combined accuracy with pace so well against Warwickshire last week that he took six wickets for 28 in the first innings. New to the Notts ground staff last season, he played in two or three matches and took ten wickets for 379 runs. Warwickshire's recovery in the second innings was another contribution to the week's tall scoring—290 for three wickets—Kilner, Wyatt and Santall all showing what fine batsmen they can be. For sheer good bowling, I should hand the palm to that old Hampshire stalwart, Kennedy, whose return to the county side has much improved its fortunes. Taking nine wickets for 59 against Northants, he bowled as many as seventeen maiden overs out of 50, and in the next match agianst Essex he bowled twelve maidens out of 41 overs for 94 runs and six wickets. A fine tribute to the accuracy and command of length that have always been among Kennedy's great assets. Young medium pace bowlers might still learn a lot from Kennedy's methods.

Zouz College, in Switzerland, has for long been a very live outpost of cricket on the Continent and the standard of play there is commendably high It is interesting to note, therefore, that a team of Zuoz Old Boys and Corinthians has recently made a week's tour in Holland—the fifth annual tour—with matches at Utrecht, Bilthoven, Laren, Amsterdam and Haarlem. F. I. W.



A ST. LEGER CANDIDATE WINS BY A LENGTH AT HURST PARK

*Solar Ray (Solario—Trincomalee) beating Fox Lair in the Hyperion Stakes at Hurst Park. The Oaks winner Quashed was third. The winner was bred by his owner, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, and ridden by J. Sirett*

# LOOKING FORWARD TO DONCASTER

## An Improvement in Prices Anticipated

WHILE the troubled international situation inevitably arouses a certain amount of anxiety, there is no reason to suppose that the steady improvement shown at the Doncaster yearling sales will not be maintained this year. These sales reached the peak of their prosperity in 1928, when the record total of 398,130gs. was achieved. In the three succeeding years there was a sharp decline. A marked recovery was made two years ago and this was pleasantly accentuated in 1934, when the week's aggregate at Doncaster reached no less than 298,280gs.

It is expected that this figure will be exceeded next month. The results of the yearling sales at Newmarket and Dublin have been extremely encouraging. On the other hand, the recent Deauville sales were to some extent disappointing, but special conditions prevent those particular sales from being so successful as was at one time the case. In these days some of the best yearlings in France change hands privately instead of passing through the sale ring.

Messrs. Tattersall have every reason to be satisfied with the quality of the material with which they have to deal in Doncaster week. The impression is that the catalogue will include more than the average number of yearlings of the highest class. In these circumstances it is reasonable to predict another highly satisfactory aggregate.

On the eve of the Doncaster sales it is of interest to observe how the leading sires have fared so far this year. In the leadership no change has to be recorded. Up to the beginning of the present week the stock of Blandford had won more than £40,000 in stakes, and though he will probably fall short of last season's amazing total of £75,707, it is clear that this great stallion will again top the list by a wide margin. Blandford, however, is dead, and in due course there will be new champions on the winning list.

Which will be the first stallion to succeed him as supreme champion? At the moment the leading candidates for the honour appear to be Fairway and Blenheim. The second of these is handicapped to some extent by the fact that he is standing in France. Thus a proportion of his stock will be racing in that country, and we shall need to survey the performances of his get on both sides of the Channel in order to estimate the true measure of his success. Fortunately, a large number of English and Irish breeders have sent good mares to be mated with Blenheim, with the result that we have seen a good sprinkling of his progeny in this country during the present racing campaign.

Among them are Miss Dorothy Paget's brilliant Bossover colt, and the Aga Khan's grey Mahmoud. These are the best two-year-olds we have seen to date, and it may well be that their performance in 1936 will go a long way towards taking their sire to the head of the winning list.

Although the death a few months ago of Blandford has been widely deplored, it is a consolation to know that his line will be ably carried on. Next year several notable Blandford horses are to begin their stud careers. Foremost among them are Windsor Lad and Bahram. The first stands at Mr. Martin H. Blenson's splendidly appointed Beech House Stud, Cheveley, Newmarket, and has a full subscription for three seasons ahead. The same gratifying announcement has been made of Bahram, who is being restricted to only sixteen mares in his initial season.

Incidentally, it is a token of Blenheim's great success that his service fee has now been advanced to £500, a mark which has been reached in the exceptional cases of St. Simon, Solario, The Tetrarch, Tetratema and one or two others. Several of the minor sons of Blandford will be available for the use of breeders in the coming season. Blazonry, who won the Champagne Stakes, begins his stud life at a modest fee, and Umidwar has gone to the Barton Stud, Bury St. Edmunds, at £148. This good-looking horse is out of that famous French mare, Uganda, who besides winning the French Oaks herself became responsible for Ukrania (French Oaks), Udaipur (Epsom Oaks), and Ut Majeur (Cesarewitch).

At the moment Fairway is third on the winning list, not far below Winalot, whose consistently successful record has been one of the features of modern bloodstock breeding. Most of his stock show courage and stamina on the racecourse and the fine total already standing to his credit this year has been amassed by no fewer than 25 winners. We can be sure, therefore, that the young Winalots will find a good market at Doncaster. His sire, Son-in-Law, is still a force to be reckoned with at the stud, and though he was foaled as far back as 1911 his virility is such that he is announced at a fee of 300gs. for 1936.

The death of his son, Foxlaw, was undoubtedly a great loss to the stud, though Sir Abe Bailey is in the happy position of being able to replace him with Tiberius, who is well qualified to carry on this remarkable staying line. Tetratema is holding his place adequately on the winning list. Sires of a less distinguished stamp who have made strong advances this year are Duncan Gray and Obliterate.

Duncan Gray has a fine record of winners, including His Reverence, Doreen Jane, Irongrey, Early Closing and The Boaster. He is the most successful of the sons of Pommern, whose death occurred recently, and it is not surprising to see that this grey horse—who gets his colour from Roi Hérode—has gone up materially in stud value. Coronach's figures, one is glad to note, are improving.

Everyone interested in racing and bloodstock breeding is pleased to know that the death of Lord Woolavington does not mean that his racing string and magnificent stud farm are to be broken up. It was announced a few days ago that Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan intends to carry them on, though perhaps on a slightly smaller scale than in her father's time. This implies that the arrangements at Beckhampton will be practically undisturbed. The resources of the Lavington Park Stud were strengthened a month or two before the passing of its late owner by the purchase of the brilliant French racing mare, Mary Tudor.

It is said that as much as £8,000 was paid for her. The daughter of Pharos—Anna Bolena is clearly a young mare of immense possibilities and it is to be hoped that at Lavington she will produce something as good as she was herself. The purchase at Deauville last week-end of a yearling filly from the Aga Khan's stud for more than 4,000gs. by Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan is a welcome sign that an endeavour is to be made to maintain the high-class character of the string at Beckhampton.

ON AND OVER IN SWALEDALE
*Grouse coming over Mr. Hubert Martineau's butt on Reith High Moor*

# REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

## Good Bags from Low-lying Beats

### SCOTLAND

#### Aberdeenshire

BELDORNEY CASTLE.—On the 19th, on the Craigwatch Beat, 120 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir Thomas Birkett, Mr. T. Eccles, Commander E. Dangerfield, Admiral Lumsden, Captain Pinsent, Mr. John Ingleby, and Commander Phillimore. Birds in very good condition and no cheepers.

CLOVA AND TOWIE.—436½ brace of grouse were killed by Colonel Bertram Abel Smith's party (Mr. J. and Mr. A. Abel Smith, Major Henry Abel Smith, Mr. J. Fergusson, Mr. L. Greenless, Colonel Robin Buxton, Captain Heyman, with Brigadier J. Hamilton shooting one day). On the 12th (Clova), 100 brace; on the 13th (Towie), 64 brace; on the 14th (Clova), 88 brace; on the 15th (Towie), 141 brace; and on the 16th (Corcen), 43½ brace of grouse (short day).

CORSE, LUMPHANAN.—On the 12th, 14½ brace of grouse; on the 13th, 11 brace of grouse, 7 snipe and 2 teal; and on the 16th, 16½ brace of grouse, were killed by Messrs. Colin and David McLean. Birds strong and wild, no cheepers seen.

#### Angus

HUNT HILL.—Mr. W. Riley Smith and party killed, on the 12th, 152, on the 13th, 202, on the 15th, 185, and on the 16th, 170 brace of grouse.

#### Argyllshire

CRAVOUNACHAN.—On the 12th, 7½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. A. P. Hamilton and Captain K. T. Sworder. Birds scarce. Very few coveys, mostly old birds. Birds all on the high ground, rather wild. In three days' shooting during first week of season, 22½ brace of grouse, 2 woodcock and 2 snipe were killed.

DUNANS.—On the 12th, 22½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. Ian Fletcher, Mr. A. S. Clayton and Mr. L. R. C. Stuceley. Coveys above average and very few barren pairs. Birds inclined to be wild after the 12th, but in four days the bag was increased to 70½ brace, with two guns on two out of the four days, and three guns on remainder.

DUNSTAFFNAGE.—On the 17th, 6 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. A. Bardwell, Major J. G. Struthers and Mr. P. Stewart-Bam. No shooting till 17th, as birds scarce. Coveys very small and wild.

NORTH ORMIDALE.—On the 15th, 13 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. P. D. Tuckett and Mr. E. Gibson. Birds wild for the first day's shooting of the season and not too plentiful. On the 19th, 11½, and on the 22nd, 11 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. P. H. Tuckett and Mr. E. Gibson.

#### Banffshire

GLENFIDDICH.—On the 12th and 14th, 120 and 230 brace of grouse were killed by Major M. Portal, Lord Hopetoun, Captain G. Cooper, Major G. Phipps-Hornby, Lord Garmoyle, Mr. R. A. Franklyn, Mr. A. Franklyn and Major G. Murray Graham (14th only).

#### Caithness

DALNAWILLAN.—The following guns have been shooting from Dalnawillan in two parties: Sir Archibald Sinclair, Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, Captain the Hon. John Loder, M.P. and Mr. St. Clair Erskine. The bags were: On the 12th, 58½ brace; on the 13th, 54½ brace; on the 15th, 119 brace; on the 16th, 122 brace of grouse generally. Grouse have been plentiful and healthy, but with rather more backward birds than usual. Scent has been poor and weather stormy on the 12th and 13th, but fairly good on the 15th and 16th.

LYBSTER, SWINEY AND MUNSARY.—Mr. A. Gordon Smith, Mr. T. L. Forbes, Major J. Collis Browne, Mr. T. Seward, Mr. Roy Poland and Mr. Denis Poland killed 319 brace of grouse in five-and-a-half days: on the 12th, Lybster, 62½ brace; on the 13th, Lybster, 55 brace; on the 14th, Lybster, 26½ brace (half day); on the 15th, Munsary, 52 brace; on the 16th, Lybster, 73 brace; on the 17th, Munsary, 50 brace.

#### Inverness-shire

ABERNETHY FOREST.—On the 12th, 38 brace, and on the 14th, 27 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Sir Archibald Langman, Hon. A. P. Methuen, Mr. A. L. Grant and Sir Richard D. Holt shooting over dogs. Birds not numerous owing to snowstorm in May. What there are are in good condition. Heather very good.

BALNESPICK, TOMATIN.—On the 15th, 117½ brace; and on the 17th, 116 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. W. H. and Dr. G. B. Fleming and party of nine guns, driving.

CHAPELPARK, KINGUSSIE.—During the first week of the season, from the 12th to 17th (five-and-a-half days walking), Mr. P. T. Chevallier, Mr. O. E. P. Wyatt, Captain E. T. P. Wyatt and Miss Helen Pearson, killed 224½ brace of grouse, 25 hares, 12 snipe, 4 woodcock and 13 wildfowl. In the second week of the season, 148 brace of grouse were killed by four guns, walking: Mr. O. E. P. Wyatt, Captain E. T. P. Wyatt, Mr. F. G. Clavering Fison and Mr. P. T. Chevallier; making a total of 372½ brace in ten-and-a-half days.

CUAICH.—On the 15th, 85½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns over dogs: Sir John T. Cargill, Bart., Major R. Ross, Mr. Walter Ross, Mr. R. T. Neilson, Mr. Jas. Murray and Mr. Archie Gibson. A very nice show of well-grown birds; only three coveys of cheepers seen. Birds much better distributed all over the ground.

DALRACHNEY LODGE.—Mr. Alastair Currie's party killed on the 19th (eight guns) 147½ brace, on the 21st (nine guns) 71 brace, on the 22nd (nine guns) 45½ brace, and on the 24th (eight guns) 119½ brace of grouse. The guns included Colonel F. C. Dundas, Colonel G. P. Grant, Mr. I. D. Jenkins, Colonel D. Mackay, Mr. T. F. Rawle, Sir Hugh Turnbull, Mr. George Turnbull, Mr. H. L. Usher, Mr. William Thomson and Mr. I. D. Waddell.

FARLEY MOOR.—On the 12th, 23½ brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Messrs. H. N. Negretti, G. Wilks, E. C. Ackermann and A. W. Hescade. Grouse very scarce and lots of old birds.

KYLLACHY.—On the 16th, Mr. H. F. Chamen and party (nine guns) killed 407½ brace of grouse and 80 hares.

LEACHIN.—On the 13th, 70 brace of grouse were killed by six guns, shooting over dogs: Sir John R. Cargill, Bart., Major R. Ross, Mr. Walter Ross, Dr. I. R. C. Greenlees, Mrs. Greenlees and Mr. R. T. Neilson. Fair show of birds, but a considerable number of backward broods. Ground very patchy, long stretches with no birds.

LEYS CASTLE.—On the 15th, 16th, 19th and 23rd, 122 brace of grouse, 3 snipe, 2 duck, 2 golden plover, 113 hares and 34 various were killed by five guns, walking in line. The best day was the 15th, when 45 brace of grouse were killed. The guns included Mr. F. W. Walker (of Leys), Mr. Donald Walker, Captain W. H. C. Llewellyn, Mr. W. R. Llewellyn, Captain W. J. Mainwaring and Dr. J. C. Simpson.

NORTH DRUMOCHTER.—On the 16th, 40½, on the 19th, 55, and on the 20th, 34½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns.

REVACK.—On the 21st, 125½ brace of grouse were killed on the the Glenlochy Beat by Mrs. T. Naylor, Comdr. Williams-Paulett, Sir Arthur Curtis, Captain J. Sherrard, Mr. L. E. Bury, Mr. W. D. S. May, Mr. J. H. Drake and Major F. V. Drake. A fair show of birds on the low ground, but the high ground affected by May snowstorm. Heather good, but three weeks late. *No disease.*

TOMATIN HOUSE.—On the 12th and 13th, 76½ and 60 brace of grouse were killed by five guns, walking: Mr. S. H. Bullock, Mr. M. C. D. Melvill, Mr. W. N. Roper Caldbeck, Mr. M. E. Melvill, Mr. S. C. Melvill and Colonel R. A. Bullock. On the 20th, 211 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns, a record for the moor. Birds plentiful. *No disease.*

#### Kincardineshire

GLENFARQUHAR AND DELLAVAIRD.—On the 22nd, 241½ brace of grouse were killed, driving, by Sir James Caird, Bart., Viscount Arbuthnott, Mr. John Elliot, Brig.-Gen. A. G. Pritchard, Mr. R. B. Pearson, Miss Helen Pearson, Captain Forsyth-Grant, Sir Francis Scott and Major Holmes-Tarn. On the 23rd, 67½ brace of grouse were killed, walking, by Sir James Caird, Viscount Arbuthnott, Lord Dorchester and Brig.-Gen. A. G. Pritchard.

#### Kirkcudbrightshire

HIGH MOORS.—Since the 12th, 62½ brace of grouse and 32 snipe have been killed by three guns: Mr. D. A. Gale, Mr. H. Bayley and Dr. E. Bowen Jones. Birds very scarce, and several shot showed obvious *signs of disease.*

#### Morayshire

EASTER ELCHIES.—On the 12th and 13th (walking), 75 brace of grouse were killed by four guns, and on the 15th and 17th (driving), 150 brace of grouse were killed by five and seven guns: Mr. S. A. Courtauld and party. A fair showing of grouse; rather a lot of old birds.

KNOCKANDO.—Lord Hollenden, Sir William Jaffray, Bart., Colonel G. Anson, Captain d'Arcy Hall, M.P., Mr. C. Fenwick and Colonel C. J. H. Whatly killed, on the 14th, 302½; on the 16th, 184; on the 19th, 385; and on the 21st, 172½ brace of grouse.

LOCHENDORB.—On the 12th, 197 brace of grouse were killed by the Hon. Arthur Joicey and party of seven guns: on the 13th, 106 brace of grouse were killed by six guns; on the 15th, 133 brace of grouse were killed by six guns; on the 17th, 187½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns. Grouse are poor owing to snowstorm in May. There are a lot of small birds which will not rise owing to the dry condition of the moor. Many birds have had a slight touch of disease, though none have died from it. Heather bloom is late and not as good as last year.

PITCHROY.—On the 20th and 22nd, 370 and 158½ brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Sir G. Macpherson-Grant, Sir A. Gordon-Cumming, Mr. L. R. Dunne, Major G. C. Neville, Colonel H. W. V. Stewart, Mr. T. A. Sutton, Captain J. B. Powell, Mr. G. S. L. Whitelaw and Mr. R. H. M. Havelock-Allan. The low ground (shot on the 20th) was good. It was windy and a lot of young birds did not face it. Good coveys were seen and very healthy. The high ground was better than last year but still showed *signs of disease*, only 70 young birds being killed.

#### Peeblesshire

DAWYCK.—On the 17th, 57½ brace of grouse, 1 woodcock, 2 snipe, 8 hares were killed by Messrs. F. R. S. and A. N. Balfour and party. The birds are well grown but somewhat under the average in numbers.

SLIPPERFIELD AND CRINGLETIE.—On the 15th, 205 brace of grouse were killed on Slipperfield, by Sir George Sutherland's party of seven guns. On the 16th, the same guns killed 152½ brace of grouse on Cringletie, a record for this small moor. Birds were scarce on Slipperfield owing to *widespread disease* in the early spring followed by the snowstorm in May.

#### Perthshire

AUCHESSAN.—On the 19th, 41½ brace of grouse and 3 snipe were killed by three guns: Mr. S. Poyntz Wright, Major J. A. Garton and Mr. F. V. Garton. No shooting on the moor till August 19th. A great many barren pairs were seen, birds mostly wild, and many not in good condition.

CASTLE MENZIES.—During the second week of the season, 104 brace, 116½ brace, 80½ brace and 82 brace of grouse were killed. The total for first eight days is 819 brace of grouse. The guns during second week were: Lieut.-Col. J. Gordon Ramsay, Major W. H. S. Alston, Captain F. Bonham-Carter, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Archibald Cameron, Lieut.-Col. S. H. Charrington, Mr. Philip Gossler, Mr. George Kidston and Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Wilberforce.

CLUNY.—On the 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th and 19th, 215 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. Ivan Wright, Mr. E. L. Suckling, Mr. R. F. Wright and Mr. A. B. Wright. Stock well up to average. *No disease.*

CRAIGRUIE AND MONACHYLE.—On the 12th, 25 brace of grouse were killed by four guns; and on the 14th, 20 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Colonel T. Gracey, Mr. W. Coutts (12th only), Colonel W. R. Izal and Mr. John Izal. Grouse plentiful and *free from disease.* Quite a number of cheepers showing that late frosts in May destroyed some of the first nests on this high-lying moor. Prospects for stalking are good.

DUNSINNAN AND BUTTERGASK.—On the 12th, 15½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. Rutter's party of five guns in a short day. Birds very strong and wild, some very good coveys seen, as many as nine and ten to the covey. All birds in very good condition.

EDRADOUR AND TARVIE.—Mr. A. E. Berry with a party consisting of Mr. D. C. Berry, Mr. E. V. Ford, Colonel Harry Mackenzie, Captain Percy Tickler, Mr. W. E. Cook, Colonel C. Lawder, Mr. J. B. Bourne and Mr. Barclay Owen, killed 226 brace of grouse walking in line on the 12th, 13th, 15th and 16th. Eight guns driving on the 19th, 20th, 22nd and 23rd, killed 216½ brace of grouse, 2 brace black game and 8 snipe. Birds suffered while

nesting from frost and snow, and in consequence coveys are a little more than 50 per cent. of normal. There is *no disease*.

EDINCHIP, LOCHEARNHEAD.—On the 24th, 86½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. E. R. Cobb's party of seven guns, driving.

FEDDAL.—On the 19th, 56 brace of grouse were killed by Major F. Stewart's party of six guns. Birds plentiful and well grown. *No sign of disease.*

FOSS, PITLOCHRY.—MR. A. W. Stanton went out on the 14th for an hour and killed 7½ brace of grouse; two guns on the 15th and 17th killed 16½ brace of grouse and 16 brace of grouse; and four guns, walking, on the 19th, killed 40½ brace of grouse and 20½ brace of grouse on the 21st. No driving until later.

GLENMAKIE.—On the 12th, 14th and 16th, 57, 75 and 52 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Major N. Hacon I. Webb's party, consisting of Mrs. Hacon I. Webb, Major Corbett, Captain Marsland, Captain Lamb, Captain Wynn, Mr. Hanson and Colonel Watson. Birds fair on the lower parts of the moor, but scarce on the high ground. *No disease.*

GLENQUAICH.—On the 20th, 172, and on the 22nd 180 brace of grouse were killed by the Hon. Eric Butler Henderson's party of eight guns.

INNERWICK.—On the 12th and 14th, 20½ and 31½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. R. A. Oldham, Mr. D. G. R. Oldham and Mr. I. Marshall Cornwall, and on the 17th, 20½ brace of grouse were killed by the same guns with Mr. A. Churchill and Mr. R. C. Quilter, shooting over dogs. Birds not so numerous as last year but a fair showing. *No sign of disease at all.*

KNOCKSHANNOCH (GLEN ISLA).—Mr. Lumley, Major Hole, Mr. R. Partridge and Mr. Gordon George killed, on the 12th, 25½ brace of grouse, 1 golden plover and 3 hares; on the 13th, 22½ brace of grouse, 2 snipe and 4 hares; on the 15th, 25 brace of grouse, 1 woodcock and 1 hare; on the 16th, 24 brace of grouse and 2 hares; and on the 19th, 12 brace of grouse and 8 hares. Birds very wild.

LOCHAN LODGE.—Driving on the 12th, Mr. T. M. Burrell and party killed 129 brace of grouse, and on the 13th, killed 98½ brace of grouse. Three guns, walking, on the 15th, killed 51 brace.

### Ross and Cromarty

KINLOCHEWE.—On the 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, 80 brace of grouse were killed by three guns, shooting over dogs. The guns included Mr. J. H. Miller, Mr. C. Saul, Rev. W. Goode and Mr. Edward Hickman. Birds very wild; a fair number of small birds. *No disease.* Two stags shot to date in good condition. Stags are early, a fair number being clean.

ARDROSS.—Major Reddie, the Rev. Alfred Green-Price, Messrs. Pitman and Mr. G. H. Beloe killed, on the 13th, 45½ brace; on the 14th, 44 brace; on the 16th, 39 brace; and on the 17th, 46 brace of grouse. Birds are strong and well grown, and there is *no sign whatever of disease.*

TRESSADY.—On the 12th, 37½ brace of grouse, 3 golden plover and 6 rabbits were killed by four guns, in two parties: Commander E. Vivian, Mr. J. Nunn, Mr. A. Murray and Commander H. Kemmis. A short day, cool and ideal for dogging. Coveys small, not many cheepers seen. Grouse have suffered severely *from disease* on this moor since April, and on some beats there are practically no grouse this year.

### Wigtownshire

LOCHNAW CASTLE.—On the 12th, 18 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. O. W. Porritt, Mr. J. Wallace, Mr. C Wallace, Mr. C. Green, Mr. H. Bailey, Mr. J. Foster and Mr. O. W. Porritt, jun. Birds strong but scarce.

## ENGLAND

### Yorkshire

BEWCASTLE FELLS.—Mr. Charles Webb's party shot on Tornbecks, on the 20th, 124½ brace of grouse; on Whitelyne, on the 21st, 173 brace of grouse; and on Tornbecks, on the 22nd, 113½ brace of grouse. The guns were Sir Fergus Graham, Bart. (two days), Brigadier-General Pringle, Colonel C. Newton Taylor, Major H. Rycroft, Major W. Pratchitt (one day) and Capt. Ashley Jones. Birds were strong, plentiful and well developed.

GISBOROUGH MOORS.—On the 16th, 100½ brace of grouse were killed by General Le Mottee, Mr. Henry Tuke, and party of six guns. Although there was some rain in the afternoon, the weather, on the whole, was favourable, and the birds were getting up much better than on the first day. The bag for the two days, 13th and 16th, was 173 brace.

GUNNERSIDE.—The bag for eight consecutive days made by Lord Rochdale's party of seven guns was: On the 12th, 586; on the 13th, 537; on the 14th, 136; on the 15th, 155; on the 19th, 271; on the 20th, 401; on the 21st, 514; and on the 22nd, 312 brace of grouse.

PEN HILL AND MELMERBY.—On the 12th, Mr. T. Thornton-Berry with Colonel A. Begbie, Colonel F. Sopper, Colonel C. Chaytor, Major D. Collins, Captain C. Leather, Mr. Cooke-Yarborough and Mr. F. Joy killed 177 brace of grouse. In four days' shooting over 490 brace have been killed. In spite of the heavy May snowstorm, birds seemed fairly plentiful.

**Several Reports are unavoidably held over**

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE WELSH BORDER

*Sir William Bromley Davenport's party, which includes, with the host, Captain A. E. Wenner, Major S. Douglas-Jones, Captain the Hon. Richard Legh, Captain Winstanley, Mr. William Whitworth, Colonel Ramsden Jodrell, Miss Ramsden Jodrell and the Hon. Arthur Stanley*

Walter Milne, James Milne, Jack Chance and Dyson Perrins, killed on the 12th, 48 brace, on the 14th, 52 brace, on the 15th, 60½ brace, and on the 16th, 57 brace of grouse. Birds strong and healthy, but many covies small in number. Markedly more birds on north-facing beats than on those facing south.

DUNIE.—On the 12th, 31 brace of grouse, and on the 16th, 39 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. Alan Arnold, Mr. Somerset Charrington, Brigadier Sir Frederick Pile, Bart. and Mr. J. Willis Fleming. The lower part of the moor was shot, and a fair number of birds were seen.

LEDGOWAN.—On the 12th, 34½ brace of grouse were killed by Lord Latymer and the Hon. Alick Money-Coutts, shooting over dogs. Rather too many cheepers about, but *no disease.*

RHELONIE, CULRAIN.—On the 12th, Commander A. Penrice-Lyons and Mr. H. L. Puxley killed 25½ brace of grouse, and on the 13th they killed 13 brace of grouse; on the 14th the same guns and Commander R. Stone killed 20½ brace of grouse; on the 19th, Commander A. Penrice-Lyons and Mr. H. L. Puxley killed 26½ brace of grouse; on the 20th, the same two guns killed 20 brace of grouse. Coveys plentiful but small. Young birds, generally speaking, small. *No sign of disease.*

STRATHKYLE.—On the 14th, 15 brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Messrs. Alan Arnold, Somerset Charrington and J. Willis Fleming. A fair number of birds were seen.

### Stirlingshire

INVERSNAID, LOCH LOMOND.—On the 12th, 16½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Captain E. O. Tudor, Mr. Hugh Reid and Mr. H. Maddocks. On the 14th, 7 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Capt. E. O. Tudor, Mr. Hugh Reid, Mr. P. S. Lang and Mr. H. Maddocks. On the 19th, 20½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. P. S. Lang, Dr. Milligan, jun., and Mr. H. Maddocks. The 12th was a beautiful day, but birds had been scattered owing to 24 hours' wind and rain on the Saturday and Sunday. A good show of birds. Only six old birds were killed. The 14th was a rough day and the wind the wrong way. A good show of birds. Eleven old birds were killed on the 19th, the same beat as on the 12th. Birds more plentiful than on the 12th.

### Sutherlandshire

GLENCASSLEY (ROSE HALL).—On the 12th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 121 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. John Reid's party of three guns. Birds plentiful except on high ground and in exposed places, where the May storm did a good deal of damage. *No disease.*

KINLOCH FOREST, TONGUE.—Captain H. Matthews, Mr. I. J.

# GAME BIRDS AND GRIT

## A Comparison of Size and Appetite

IN practically 100 per cent. of the gizzards of grouse, blackgame, and hill-partridges, the contents consist of quartz grit. Wild pheasants are less particular in their choice of food-crushing material, and often seem satisfied with much softer grit.

In the *Field* of September 3rd, 1932, Col. H. Ramsden Jodrell, who then had sole management of a small moor on the borders of Cheshire and Derbyshire, wrote that he had not seen a diseased bird on the moor for twelve years. He gave it as his opinion that by supplying the grouse with plenty of really sharp grit—hard and sharp enough to cut a watch-glass—the strongyle larvæ eaten by grouse were killed on their passage through the gizzard by the sharp grit. The cuticle of the larvæ is tough, but sharp grit perforates it, and the larvæ die. If this is the case the larvæ should, sooner or later, be exterminated. On the above-mentioned moor, white imported Swedish grit was used. While sharp grit is no doubt capable of perforating the strongyle larvæ, there are times in the case of grouse, as well as blackgame, when their gizzard contents do not consist solely of grit.

Both grouse and blackgame feed on hawthorn berries, and as the grit in their gizzards is unable to deal with the hard stones, the latter are retained, and a greater or less amount of grit is evacuated to make room for them. While I have yet to find a grouse's gizzard completely emptied of grit, blackgame on the other hand frequently have more hawthorn stones than grit in their gizzards, and in some instances the stones have entirely replaced the grit when the birds have been feeding on a berry diet. Hawthorn stones are hard, but they have no sharp cutting edges like grit, therefore any strongyle larvæ that came in contact with them would be likely to pass through unharmed. One can at any time pick out pebbles from amongst the grits of grouse and blackgame, as well as those of hill-partridges, which are sufficiently sharp to cut a watch-glass; but the majority of grits do not show cutting edges. The average grit does its work more by pulping the food than cutting it, working after the style of a pestle and mortar.

That the natural grit picked up by the birds does the work that nature intended it to do is easily proved by examining the pulped contents of a number of gizzards. Had nature wished to destroy the strongyle larvæ by means of sharp grit, she would doubtless have seen to it that the birds sought out such grit. On the other hand, the strongyle larvæ are nature's remedy for an over-stock, and they do their work in drastic fashion.

The question has been raised whether game birds, more particularly partridges, can now obtain sufficient grit to satisfy their needs, seeing that all main roads, and many lanes, have chemically-treated surfaces, while much land that was once arable is now laid down to permanent pasture. It seems, in many quarters, to be taken for granted that the birds now go short of grit, but if a number of gizzards are examined, they will be found to contain the usual complement of quartz and other hard pebbles. A close scrutiny of the edges of the average tarred road will reveal a surprising quantity of grit, and it must be remembered, when considering the subject, that game birds make use of very small pieces. The total weight of grit in the gizzard of a partridge averages from 50 to 70 grains, while that of a grouse is about 120 grains, and of a blackcock 220 grains. Grit may not be so easy to find on tarred roads as when the latter were macadamised, but the birds get it, as the contents of their gizzards prove.

While it is reasonable to suppose that the size of grit used is in proportion to the size of the bird, this is not always the case. For instance, a woodpigeon weighing 1 lb. 3 oz. had 100 grains weight of white quartz grit in its gizzard, plus 49 grits weighing 12 grains in its crop. The contents of the latter consisted of 194 oats. The size of the individual quartz pebbles was about the same as those used by a blackcock weighing 3 lb. A wild cock pheasant weighing 2 lb. 6½ oz. had in its gizzard 50 grains weight of grit. The latter consisted of a very few tiny quartz grits, with several larger pebbles of hardish stuff, the rest being like dust. The bird's crop contents consisted solely of pilewort tubers. This pheasant was shot on the border of a moor, where good quartz grit is plentiful, yet it was apparently satisfied with a small quantity of much softer material. Another wild cock pheasant had in its gizzard several bits of broken crockery, and two pieces of blue glass weighing 190 grains. A third pheasant's gizzard contained 140 grains weight of softish pebbles, plus a few hawthorn stones. The crop contents consisted solely of oak spangles. Thus we find that a pigeon weighing a little over 1 lb. was using grit such as suffices for a 3 lb. blackcock, and a pheasant of nearly 2½ lb. was satisfied with grit much of which was smaller in size than that picked up by a 13 oz. partridge.

Grouse, blackgame, pheasants, and woodpigeons feed to a greater or less extent on hawthorn berries, but I have never found the latter in the crops of partridges. When a bird eats these berries, it evacuates a certain amount of grit to make room for the hard hawthorn stones which the grit cannot deal with. In the case of blackgame, a diet of berries may lead to the total evacuation of grit. For example, a blackcock weighing a trifle over 3 lb. had in its gizzard 123 hawthorn stones and not one particle of grit. The bird's crop contents consisted of 149 hawthorn berries.

Other fairly heavy birds use only small quantities of grit. To give two examples. A wild duck weighing 1 lb. 14½ oz. had in its gizzard 10 grains weight of grit, consisting of very small bluish pebbles, some almost like dust. A curlew weighing 1 lb. 10 oz. had 19 grains weight of grit in its gizzard. The grit consisted of 26 pieces, hard, oblong pebbles, from tiny bits to two pieces ¼ in. long and no quartz.

Grouse, blackgame, and partridges need white quartz grit, and the first-mentioned have been known to travel miles in order to secure the type of grit they preferred. The thing to remember when importing grit to a moor or a manor is that it should be of the right size. Blackgame use larger grit than grouse, and the latter prefer larger grit than partridges.

RICHARD CLAPHAM.

# SIDE LINES OF THE GROUSE MOOR

## From Caper to Jack Snipe

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

"A BIRD SO GREAT AND SPLENDID ALIVE AND SO UTTERLY USELESS NOW THAT HE IS DEAD"

THE tenant of a Scottish moor goes, as a rule, to his temporary kingdom during the first week in August. His outlook is a strictly limited one. He is entirely, and rightly, obsessed by the red grouse. He sees this colourful bird, he sees it, as it ever appears when on the wing, as black-and-white as an advertisement. He sees it at every sporting angle. And, mentally, he deals with it, as though he were a Walsingham or two, even when, per fancy, it crosses his butt at a 100ft. elevation and with the wind in its tail, swinging, as it goes, a little away from him and downhill. And about August 15th, as the guns walk in line and take their places for the day's first drive, our friend shoots the single bird that flies back out of a covey that flushes at his boots. His loader, going to gather this half-brace, gathers a grey-hen. Which, though obviously a misfortune, is, among the company present, a matter of infinite jest and one to be prolonged up to lunch time and after. A few days later, on the 20th, to be exact, such a bird would be a legitimate addition to the bag and, if youthful and properly treated, an addition also (as the chub) to the board of some poor person or to that of a school-room high tea. Which reminds me that a man who rents a moor may legally add to his grouse a "catch crop" of Highland *caria*, ranging from a caper to a rabbit or a blue hare, from a ptarmigan to a jack-snipe. Let us see if any such are worth his sporting while.

To the capercailzie the great pine woods are a necessity of life, since that bird's staple diet is pine-needles and the buds and shoots of trees. Consequently an old capercailzie can, when shot, only serve as the basis of a highly seasoned game soup or "cock-brue." Cooked to any other recipe he, or she, tastes very much as a cedar wood pencil tastes to the author who chews it during the agonies of composition. A cock capercailzie in his finest winter plumage will, when stuffed and in some suburban entrance hall, generally be mistaken for a Highland eagle. He is not so common as he was 50 years ago. Deforestation has doomed him where once he was as usual as blaeberries. In Roman times he was to be found, sparsely, as far South as in Yorkshire while, north of Tweed, he lingered until he became extinct at about the time of the '45. But 90 years later, Lord Breadalbane re-introduced the caper at Taymouth, whence the big birds spread far and wide about bonny Scotland and its pine-woods, to be, in next to no time, more plentiful than they had ever been. And at the same time to provide a problem for naturalists who may well wonder why a species which had become extinct despite every natural advantage should, returning to the same country after a comparatively short absence, flourish like MacGregor and increase amazingly. It seems, however, a bit of bad staff work on the part of the capercailzie in that he, omitting to return till 1837, missed the protection of the Game Laws of 1831 and the honour of the adjective "game"—he the head of the family of grouse, blackgame and ptarmigan, he who must to-day get what shelter he can beneath the common umbrella of the Wild Birds Protection Act. The capercailzie is an ornament to the outskirts of any moor and when he lifts, with a wing-clap, before the beaters to sail high across a wooded glen, he is as noble a bird as flies in the North. He takes a lot of shooting so. He is generally achieved at the end of a late Autumn day during which one has systematically shot *under* everything aimed at. Now as you walk home through the larches a great bird hurls himself with a prodigious clatter out of a tree-top. Downward he sweeps, as is his custom (a difficult chance for anyone save he who is out of form) and fairly commits suicide among the fluky "number fives" which you have hurriedly loosed off more at the noise than at the maker of it. And you will be sorry that you have shot a bird so great and splendid alive and so utterly useless now that he is dead.

But you must not expect to number, what old old Jamie Christie calls,

the angel-hen
The bonny milk-white ptarmigan

among the grouse's auxiliaries for you will not find her (that lovely little cuckoo-grey and white bird, who turns so dazzling and entirely white in winter) below the high ground of the forest. There you will hear her *croak-croaking*, and will see her, a covey of her, during your stalk, running like partridges among the rocks. But now that you are, at length, "getting in" to your stag she will rise all round you and empty the corrie of deer as easily as a housemaid empties a bucket of suds.

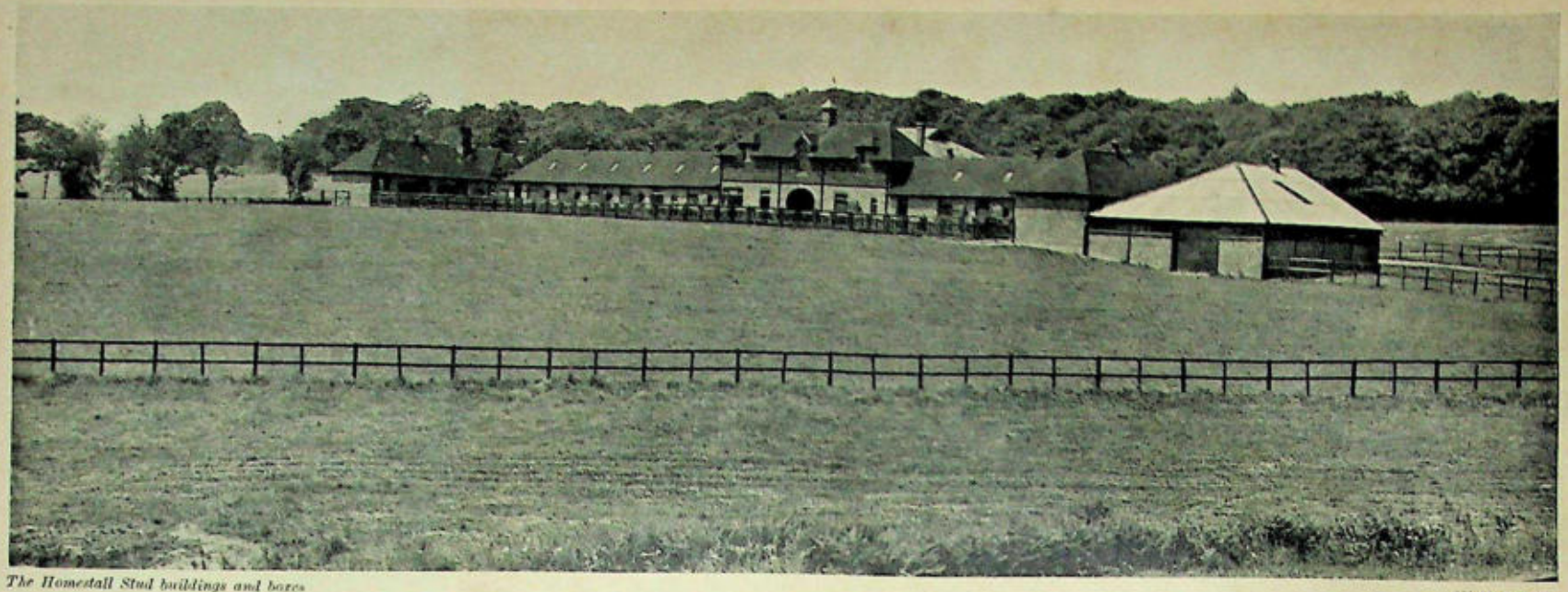
Possibly blackgame are the most commonly achieved game birds, other than grouse, about the fringes of the Highland heather. The male bird is a gloriously handsome fellow in his glowing purples, his glossy blues and his blacks. His very droppings are tinted imperially, especially when he has been eating blaeberries. And his eyebrows are as scarlet as Babylon. There is a Gaelic proverb which tells that but three things are lovely in death—a little child, a sea-trout and a black-cock. And when you see the latter lying, breast down, dead under a tree of red rowans you'll think that the Gael is right. But, like the caper, the black-cock save as a trophy for the taxidermist, is of little practical worth. There remains the woodcock, the snipe, the golden plover and the curlew to be the *caria* of the moor. There is also the blue hare. A woodcock in August or September flushed out of long heather is as simple and unworthy a chance as an owl. And she is probably a hen bird with chicks still requiring her maternal care. She is also out of feather and probably thin. She should not be shot in August or September at all.

The snipe? Let us suppose that a leash of snipe (there will never be more) are brought into the lodge after a day's grouse shooting. You will never see them again. Three snipe among a house party are not worth making the toast for. And what becomes of them I really do not know. And, as for a jack-snipe, this confiding little morsel ought (say I with my Lord Grey) never to be fired at in any season, or under any circumstance.

GREY HEN (LEFT) AND CAPER ON THE NEST

And the golden plover, in August and September, is another confident and easy little bird and may well be left till October when he is once more wild, fast flying and in flock formation. A curlew, that sweet crier? I once tried to coax a terrier into eating roast curlew but she, a game little bitch as a rule, ran under the sofa. The blue hare is the staple food of eagles and foxes. No one shoots blue hares until December when ghillies and farmer folk shoot them (and an occasional beater) by the hundred. The hares are driven, loping uphill, like cats, to where a score of guns await them along with Mr. Johnny Walker. And, when shot, these hill-hares are "no muckle worth."

I am reminded that there are the teal and mallard on the tarn and likewise along the loch-side. But these are not, properly speaking, the privilege of the grouse shooting tenant of whom I write. The tenant has taken the Tillycuddlecleugh moors from, nominally, August 12th. He arrives there on the 9th and shoots the duck by courtesy (they are really his landlord's) on the 10th and the 11th. So wild duck are no part of my argument, which is that our tenant, who is in shooting residence from August 12th to the end of September, has, during that period, no *caria*, to be procured by the shotgun of any culinary importance or marketable value, and therefore of a justifiable sporting purpose.



*The Homestall Stud buildings and boxes*

*Niall Rankin*

# COLTS AND FILLIES AT THE HOMESTALL STUD

## Cameronian the Derby Winner as a Sire

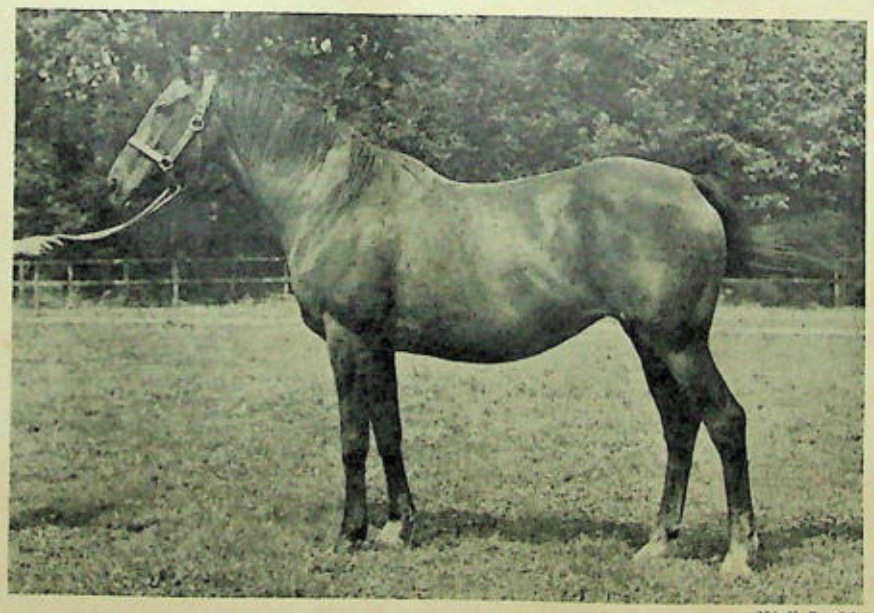
IT was the lifelong objective of the late Lord Dewar to win the Derby, but this ambition was never realised, although he commenced breeding bloodstock with this thought no doubt in mind as long ago as 1897, when he purchased his first mares from the Brice family. The "white and tartan" jacket came near to triumphing at Epsom by the means of Abbots Trace, who unfortunately fell at the bottom of the hill. The honour of leading in a Derby winner in the Dewar colours was reserved to Lord Dewar's nephew, Mr. J. A. Dewar, who inherited his uncle's stud at Homestall in Sussex and incidentally, too, a ready-made Derby winner in Cameronian.

There was a flavour of romance about it all, for just before his death the Jockey Club as a result of a test case—which I think was brought by the late Edgar Wallace—decreed that entries made after May 9th, 1929, should not become void on the death of the nominator as had previously been the case. If that rule had not been made Cameronian would not have run in the Derby! There have been those who have called Cameronian the horse of the century, but I do not think they were altogether justified in their enthusiasm. Such critics said and wrote very much the same things about Colombo, Orwell and Bahram.

Time proves most things, and as a high-class three-year-old, a good winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and a worthy Derby winner in the best year we have seen since the war, Cameronian's name will ever stand high in the annals of the Turf. There is every reason, too, to suppose that he will further add to his reputation as a stallion. And why not? He is certainly well enough bred, and his pedigree is remarkably full of the stoutest running blood. Hailing from the No. 1 family and inbred to St. Simon, Cameronian is by the Derby second Pharos from Una Cameron, by Gainsborough from the Oaks winner Cherimoya, a mare that traced back through Svelte and Fine Lady to Isonomy. This is ancestry which will commend itself to students of bloodstock breeding, and the conformation of the horse does not belie such aristocratic lineage.

A dark bay in colour, Cameronian is not a big horse—I suppose he stands about 15.3 hands—but a beautifully modelled and compact one. As the eye ranges over that beautiful top with its clean-cut shoulders, deep heart and lung room to the powerful quarters and second thighs, one ceases to wonder at his many Turf victories which won stakes of £31,287 and included in addition to the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot and the Champion Stakes. And his defeats were only matters of heads and necks. Then Cameronian's action is so true and smooth that one can tell from this alone that his galloping powers must have been of a high order, while his kindly tractable disposition must have endeared itself to Mr. Fred Darling, just as no doubt it does to Shaw, the Homestall stud groom.

There seems no doubt that Cameronian will make a high-class sire, for all the stock that I have seen of his have the same characteristics of their sire, and one can tell thereby that, like his maternal grandsire Gainsborough, he has that faculty of stamping his stock in no uncertain fashion, which is a good deal more than can be said for so many sires I know. So, to sum up the matter, I expect Cameronian to be full for many years, and perhaps in the course of time a classic winner will remind us that we saw a game and gallant horse fairly and squarely defeat a first-class Derby field on a sunlit day in June.



*Niall Rankin*

LADY JUROR (1919) BY SON-IN-LAW—LADY JOSEPHINE

*Dam of The Recorder, The Black Abbot, Riot, Jurisdiction, Fair Trial and Sansonnet*

Quite a different proposition as a stallion is the other lord of the harem at Homestall, namely, The Recorder, a bright chesnut son of the defunct Captain Cuttle from that sterling matron Lady Juror, winner of four consecutive races as a three-year-old, and a good winner over a distance of ground. A big horse, I should say that he is at least 16.2 to 16.3 hands. He stands over a lot of ground with the best of limbs and an engaging style of action. He has the impetuous Marcovil head with a bright bold eye, while his shoulders are clean and well laid back. He is perhaps rather long in the back, but he is quite well ribbed up, and a taking horse to look over.

Clearly here is a stallion who should make a name for himself. He may not get the good mares that visit Cameronian, one could not expect him to do so, but at 48 sovs. inclusive he is a remarkably sound investment for anyone who requires a well-bred horse at a moderate fee. And it should not be forgotten that Lady Juror was by Son-in-Law from the Sundridge mare Lady Josephine, and this blood is always cropping up even unto the third and fourth generation.

With two such stallions one might expect that many of the mares at Homestall had been mated with them, but Mr. Dewar very wisely has not used them largely, believing, unlike some other stallion owners, that fresh blood is necessary for the continued well-being of any stud. And what mares they are! It would indeed be hard to find such a representative collection of mares and foals, all soundly bred and of great quality.

Quite the matron of the stud is the beforementioned Lady Juror, winner of over £8,000 in stakes and the dam of Jurisdiction, The Black Abbot, The Recorder, Riot, Fair Trial and this season's winner Sansonnet, of whom much more will probably be heard. A beautifully balanced mare with plenty of length and depth about her, Lady Juror has thus performed yeoman service at the stud, and her mating with Manna this year should also have much to commend it.

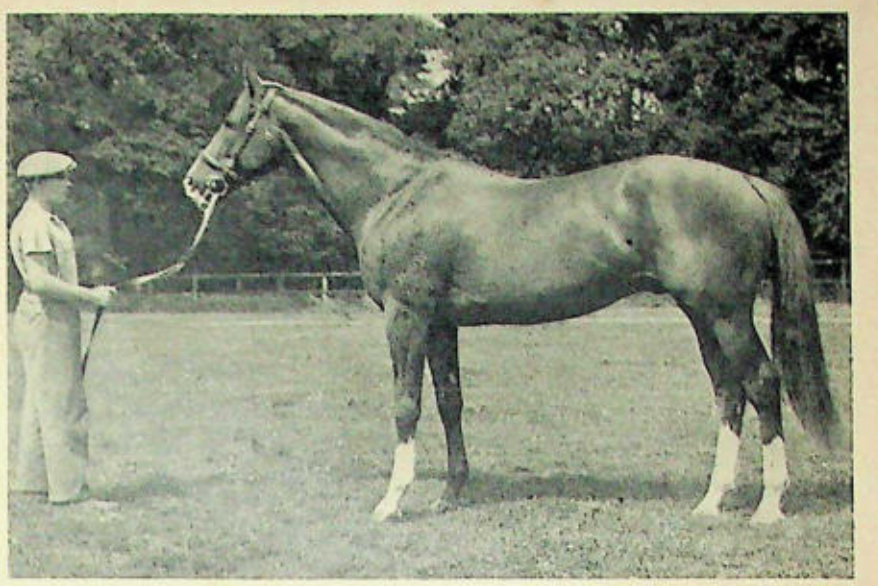
Next in order to this good mare I would put Dawn Wind, a Sunstar mare from Pretty Dark which was by Dark Ronald. Although she never raced, having split a pastern when favourite for the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, Dawn Wind is famed as dam of the peerless Tiffin, Fonab, Coloroma, and Tetrapylon, and to judge by appearances her bay filly foal by Cameronian should continue this goodly list. She is one of the best-looking foals I have seen this year and only narrowly beats the other filly by the home sire which claims Jurisdiction (second to His Majesty's Scuttle in the One Thousand Guineas) as a dam. A remarkably fresh mare is Jurisdiction, and it will be interesting to see how her mating with Fairway will result. The combination of such good blood and allied to a true racing conformation may well prove to be something quite out of the ordinary.

Then comes Hasty Love, the dam of Medieval Knight, who is by Hurry On from Love Oil, but possesses much more quality than the majority of her sire's stock usually do. As a rule Gainsborough mares are not often found at the stud, that sire usually getting more colts than fillies, but a notable exception is Grace Dalrymple, whose dam Cypher was by Swynford, and whose racing career was a notable one. She seems to be safely in foal to Mr. Jinks, and that sire—whose stock are coming rapidly to the forefront—should just suit this rather compact and model brood mare.

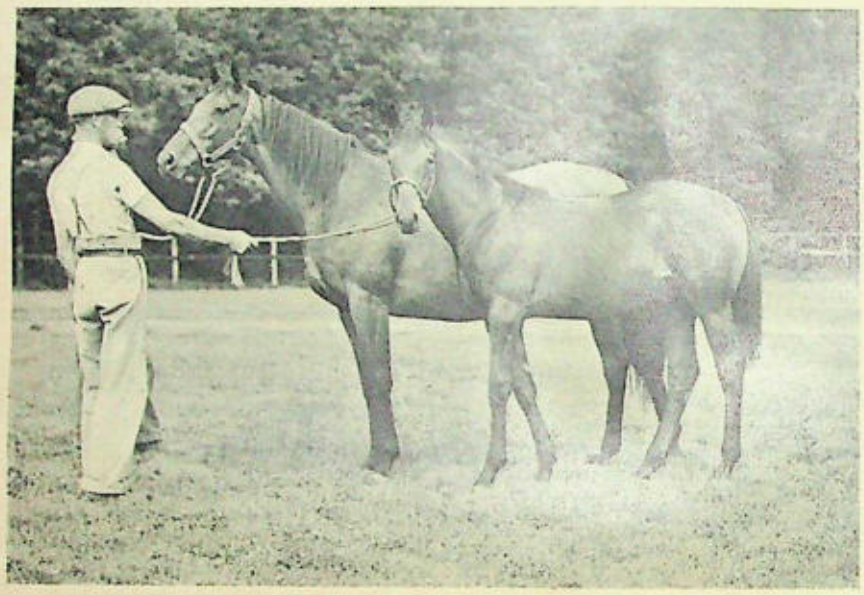
The future may well be full of promise for the upstanding bay colt by Fairway from Una Cameron, who not only produced Cameronian but also Lovat Scout and Lochiel as well. This is a well-made colt with good hocks and a top which tells there will

# HOMESTALL SIRES, MARES AND POSSIBLE CLASSIC WINNERS OF THE FUTURE

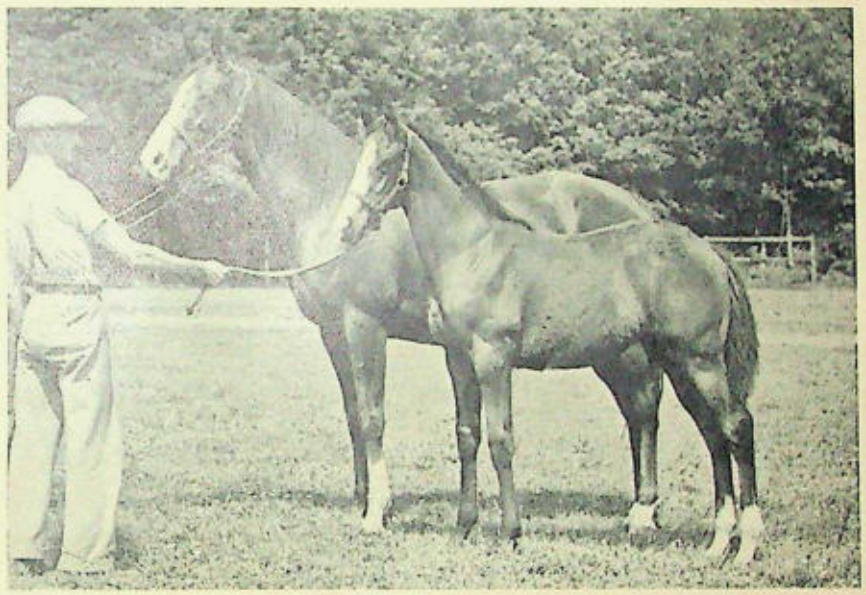
THE DERBY WINNER OF 1931, CAMERONIAN, BY PHAROS—UNA CAMERON



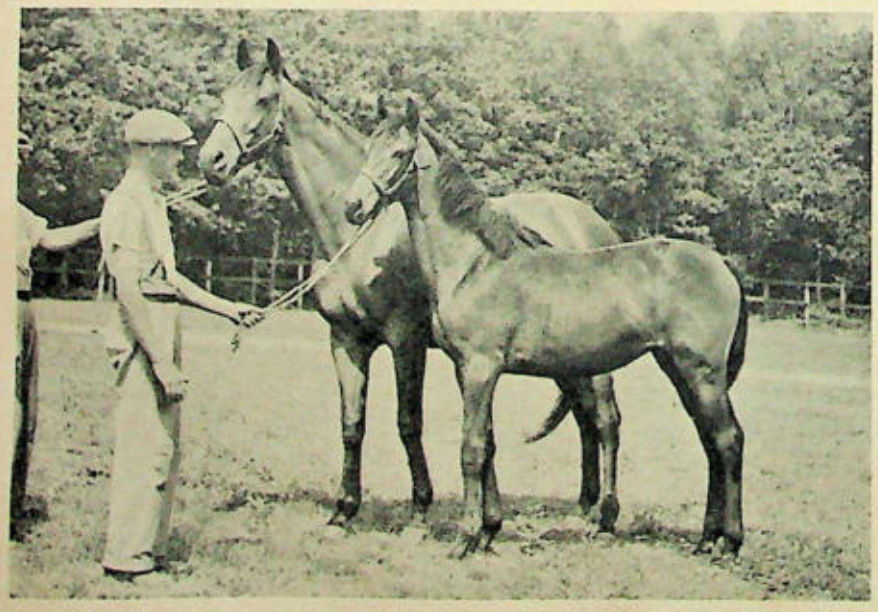
THE RECORDER, BY CAPTAIN CUTTLE—LADY JUROR



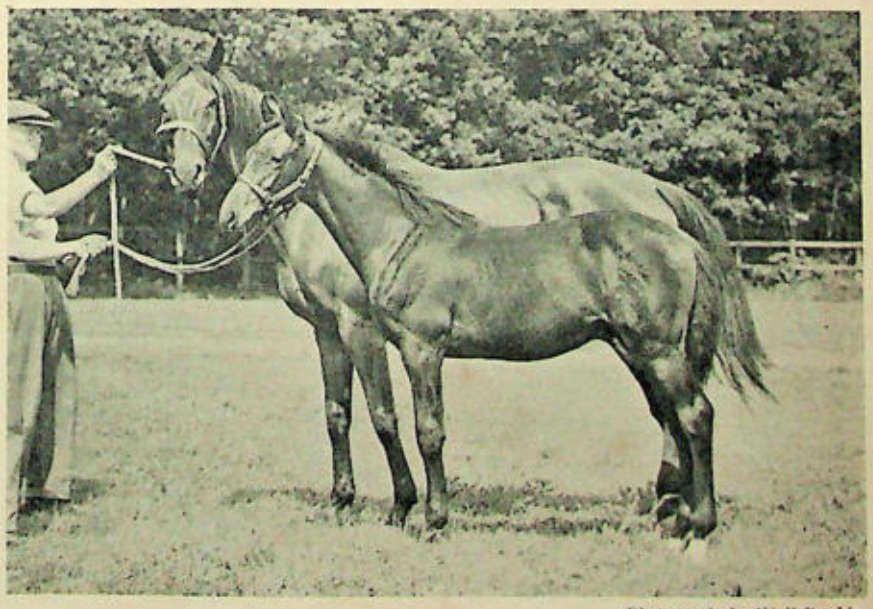
DAWN WIND (1920), BY SUNSTAR—PRETTY DARK, AND HER BAY FILLY FOAL BY CAMERONIAN, FOALED JANUARY 8TH



RIOT (1929), BY COLORADO—LADY JUROR, AND HER BAY FILLY FOAL BY BLANDFORD, FOALED FEBRUARY 25TH



JONAH'S TRACE (1926), BY ABBOT'S TRACE—NINEVEH, AND HER BAY COLT FOAL BY TRIMDON, FOALED JANUARY 15TH



*Photographs by Niall Rankin*

UNA CAMERON (1922), BY GAINSBOROUGH—CHERIMOYA, AND HER BAY COLT FOAL BY FAIRWAY, FOALED MARCH 5TH

be plenty to work on at maturity. Yet another daughter of Lady Juror's is Riot, whose bay filly by Blandford (what a loss his death was to the stud!) is well turned and looks like galloping, as does the filly by Gainsborough from Sunny Anna, who has a long length from hip to hock. As Sunny Anna was by Manna from Sunny Moya, by Sunstar, there is every indication that this filly will carry on the traditions of her forbears. She is full of classic blood or rather the breed from which classic winners come.

The aim of the stud, to breed animals of the highest class which will win classic and leading races, was well illustrated during the hot July day I spent at Homestall. There I may have seen a classic winner grazing placidly beside its dam in the 600 odd acres of paddocks where I first saw Cameronian with his rough woolly coat—a memory I have never forgotten.

So ended a day, spent under a cloudless sun, where I saw many colts and fillies which may carry the "white and tartan" jacket to good, if not premier Turf honours. As I said before, and it will bear repeating, this is the aim and sole object of its owner. And a most praiseworthy one too.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

# THE LAST OF THE GIANTS

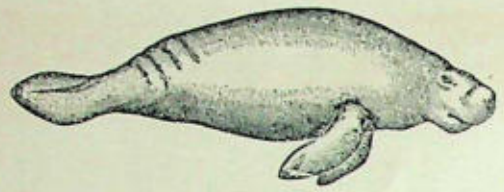
## And a Possible Origin of the Belief in Mermaids

By BURGESS BARNETT

*(Curator of Reptiles, Zoological Society of London)*

WHAT may be the last collection of the giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands to be exhibited in menageries has recently been acquired by the Zoological Society of London.

These reptiles have become so scarce in recent years that the Government of Ecuador, to which the islands belong, have now declared the group a natural reserve, so that the exportation of animals from them is prohibited. The Zoological Society does not encourage the removal from their natural habitat of animals so near to extinction as are these tortoises, but the present specimens were on their way to Europe when they were offered for sale; it seemed better, therefore, to purchase them



A MANATEE
*From "Chambers's Encyclopædia"*

rather than allow them to be scattered, possibly with their histories lost.

There are eighteen of the tortoises in the collection, varying in size from a monster weighing over 2cwt. to juveniles 16in. in length. Many of them were caught on the island by the dealer from whom they were purchased, but several had already been many years in confinement on the mainland, where they were treasured almost as heirlooms.

The largest is said to have lived on an Ecuadorian hacienda for more than 80 years and to have survived three generations of owners; another, with a history of about 25 years, once had a gold plate, with the date of its capture engraved on it, riveted to its shell. Before leaving the country the plate was removed on account of the value of the metal and, sad to relate, the date it bore has already been forgotten.

As it may well be that the new arrivals will long outlive the present staff of the Zoo, they have all been branded since their arrival in order that their individual histories and their measurements at various dates may be preserved. This has been done by boring minute holes in some part of the insensitive carapace of each and filling them with amalgam in the same way as a dentist fills teeth; the holes are invisible except on close inspection.

A point of particular interest regarding these animals is that there are specific, though usually slight, differences between those inhabiting the different islands of the group. The Galapagos tortoises form, perhaps, one of the best examples of the formation of species through long continued separation and isolation of parts of an original common stock.

Within historical times they were extraordinarily numerous; it is said that buccaneers and the early pioneers of the New World used to call at the islands to catch the tortoises and dry their flesh in order to victual their ships, and great piles of bleached tortoise-bones, still to be seen on some of the beaches, are pointed to in support of the story. Even 30 years ago they were sufficiently common to be seen feeding with the poultry outside the huts of the island peons; but nowadays they have quite disappeared from some of the islands, while on those where they still exist, a search in the wilder parts lasting hours or even days is needed to discover a single specimen.

The young manatees that were installed in the Zoo aquarium a few weeks ago are frankly disappointing if one is hoping to trace in them any human likeness that may have originated the belief in mermaids. One is told that, in a wild state, manatees are in the habit of resting, half out of the water, in a semi-upright position, clasping their young to their sides with one flipper while they suckle them at their pectoral breasts. Thus, distant views of them on banks or beaches, seen from ships, are said to have confirmed early voyagers in their belief in fish-tailed men and women.

*The Times*

SO *THAT'S* A MERMAID!
*A full-face portrait of one of the Zoo's manatees, showing the split upper lip, each half of which has the power of lateral movement*

The new arrivals at the Zoo, however, look anything but human. They keep obstinately beneath the surface, only rising sufficiently to expose their nostrils, which gape slowly and close again, at intervals of one or two minutes. In general outline they might be a blend of seals and porpoises.

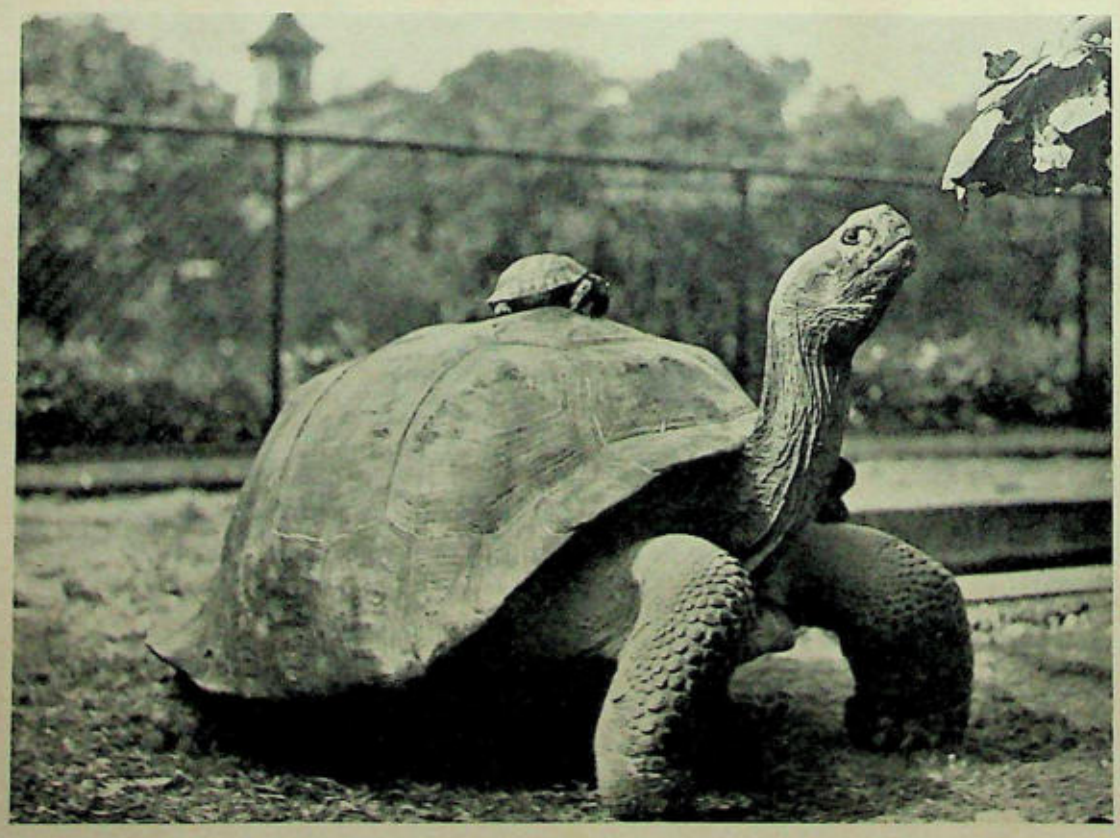
Nevertheless, manatees do sometimes crawl partly out of the water, though apparently only rarely, and possibly mostly when they are nursing their young. Of three recent visitors to the Zoo who had frequently observed them in British Guiana only one recalled ever having seen a manatee partly on land.

There may, therefore, after all, be some truth in the connection between manatees and mermaids, for the animals were formerly much more common than they are now. It is true that fanciful ideas of beings that were half human and half fish go back to Babylonian times—long before Europeans were likely to have seen manatees; but at about the period that the American waters were being explored there appears to have been a superstition, as distinct from a poetic myth, of mermaids, that may well have originated from distant sights on the banks of the Amazon.

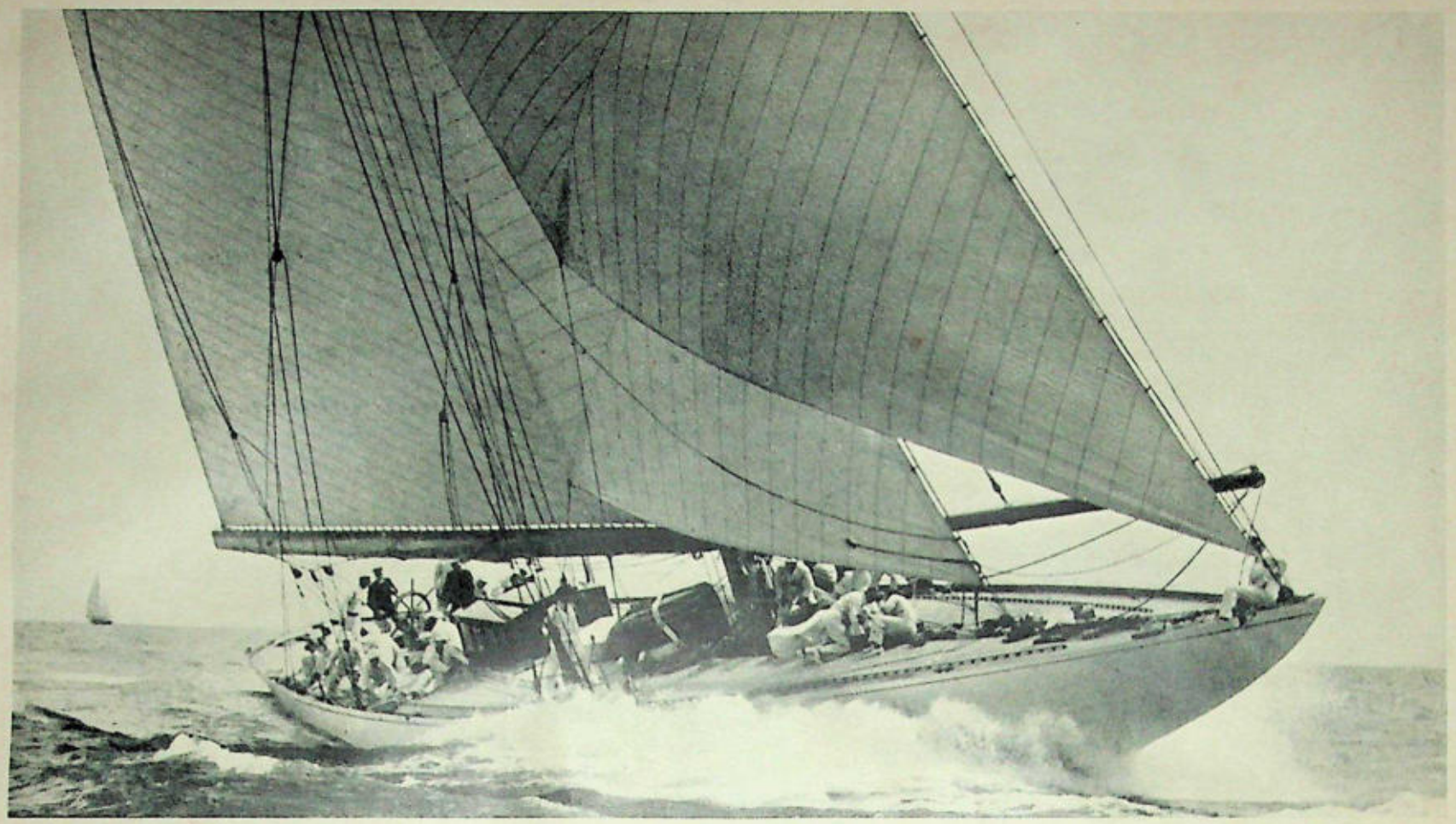
Certainly, even during the last century, sailors found it worth their while to manufacture "mummified mermaids" out of the upper half of monkeys and the bodies of fish to foist on the gullible. Thirty years ago a nondescript of this kind was exhibited in the window of a curio shop near the London docks, and no doubt there are many still in existence.

But quite as interesting as the beliefs to which they gave rise is the evolution of the manatees. They and their relatives the dugongs and the extinct arctic sea-cows appear to have developed from primitive elephant-like land animals which once browsed on water weeds and later took to a completely aquatic life. In this their evolution has been parallel to that of the whales, which developed from carnivorous land animals.

They possess, possibly as a legacy from their elephantine ancestors, not a trunk but a peculiar prehensile development of the upper lip which they use in feeding. The lip is protuberant and split, like a hare-lip. Each half has the power of lateral movement, so that they can clasp leaves they feed on and pass them into the mouth with somewhat the action of the lateral jaws of spiders.



A CONTRAST IN TORTOISES
*The big fellow is one of the giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands, recently acquired by the London Zoo, and possibly the last that will ever be imported. They will, however, probably outlive the present staff of the Zoo. On its back is one of the Greek tortoises commonly kept as pets in this country*



VELSHEDA SHOWING HER PACES, WHICH SHE HAS DONE TO GOOD EFFECT THIS SEASON

# ANOTHER AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE?

## Building a New Endeavour to the Maximum Limits of Her Class

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

DURING the last week has come the news that Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith has decided to sell his American Cup challenger Endeavour, and that he has ordered a new J-class yacht which will be named Endeavour II. The report goes on to say that Mr. Charles Nicholson, the designer and builder of the Lipton Shamrocks and the blue-hulled Endeavour, will design and build this new addition to the J fleet—and that the underlying purpose of this ship will be to challenge for the America's Cup in 1937. This report, at a stroke, seems to dispose of the rumours which were flying about earlier in the season that that redoubtable helmsman Mr. C. R. Fairey, of Shamrock V, intended to build and challenge for the Cup next year.

And so, apparently, it is all to happen all over again, and I am not sure whether one can regard the news as anything other than a mixed blessing. To know that another attempt to recover "the battered old mug" is to be made may be gratifying to one's sense of nationalism—but it is impossible to forget the deluge of ink, the blizzard of inside information and the thunder of criticism which seems inevitably to gather about these particular contests. They have become adjuncts of a simple yacht race—which followers of the sport could well do without. But the die, presumably, is already cast: there is to be another series and one can only trust that the storms of past years will next time be, at their worst, little more than mere passing showers.

Many are the rumours which already enshroud the unborn Endeavour II, but quite the most interesting is that which credits her with being built to the maximum waterline length allowed by the rule for the J-class, an L.W.L. of 87ft. A yacht with this waterline length will undoubtedly be the largest yet built to the class, and a glance at the table given here will show how the several J's recently connected with America's Cup contests have varied in size:

| Name. | L.O.A. ft. | L.W.L. ft. | Beam. ft. | Draught. ft. | Sail Area. sq. ft. | Displacement. tons. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Yankee ..... | 126 | 85.8 | 22.5 | 15 | 7,555 | 160 |
| Endeavour .. | 130 | 83 | 22 | 15 | 7,550 | 143 |
| Velsheda .... | 127 | 83 | 21 | 15 | 7,542 | 140(?) |
| Weetamoe ... | 125.8 | 83 | 20 | 15 | 7,560 | 143 |
| Rainbow .... | 126.5 | 82 | 20.9 | 14.9 | 7,555 | 138 |

To the table might be added Shamrock's dimensions except for the fact that she was built under somewhat differing conditions of contest—and also Whirlwind's, whose waterline length was 86ft. The latter has, however, been excluded for the simple reason that in the 1930 eliminating trials for the American defence she scored only one win.

The significance of the reported intention to build Endeavour II to the maximum L.W.L. allowable is considerable, for under J-class rulings the waterline length is the governing dimension of the vessel. It fixes automatically the displacement and minimum freeboard and also maximum draught; only beam remains relatively unaffected. Most important of all, perhaps, is the effect of waterline length upon displacement. In the class the L.W.L. may be anything between 80ft. and 87ft., but for every increase of a foot in length above 80ft. some 5 tons must be added to the minimum displacement of 130 tons. The displacement for the projected new 87-footer must, therefore, be in the region of 164 tons, and this weight has to be driven by almost exactly the same sail area as the smaller, lighter hull at the lowest limit of the scale.

Throughout the length and tonnage limits of the J-class the permitted sail area remains practically constant at round about 7,555 sq. ft.—and there's the problem. To obtain whatever advantages increased length may offer there must be increased displacement, but no increase in sail area and, therefore, in driving force.

One may well ask, "Why this change of policy when the original Endeavour was undoubtedly a very fast ship indeed?" Can it be that Yankee's performance in our own home waters has been a contributing factor? Yankee may have made an indifferent showing in the windless days of Cowes Week, but given even a moderate breeze of wind and she came romping along, and considering that she is sailing in strange waters her prize list is formidable indeed.

It was in moderate weather in her own American waters that the 86ft. L.W.L. Yankee gave the defender Rainbow all that she wanted, although in light winds she was not so successful. And this is not to be wondered at, for, a hard weather marvel in 1930, she was altered materially and sharpened up forward to fit her for the rule conditions, and so on, of the 1934 eliminating trials. Rainbow, it may be argued, ultimately beat Yankee in the trials—but a deciding factor in this elimination was undoubtedly the apparently uncheckable series of misadventures to Yankee's gear. And, to beat Yankee, Rainbow was, I believe, ballasted down to make her L.W.L. 83.7ft. instead of the rated 82 given—a longer sailing length. There is, of course, to be considered the fact that the new head rig undoubtedly pays by reason of the driving effect obtained from it, but only when it is supplemented by longer waterline length. And again, there is the well-known argument that at low speeds the small frictional surface of a short hull is at an advantage, and at high speeds a longer hull is required owing to the great significance of wave-making resistance.

Judging by the Black Island meteorological records for the waters in which the Cup races are sailed, however, a basic speed of about 10.8 knots has to be kept in the designer's mind while he plans his curves. All this seems definitely to argue in the favour of the longer heavier-displacement vessel. But there is one thing more which may or may not have influenced the decision to build the new Endeavour to the maximum limit. During the course of a fascinating paper on the subject of America's Cup Defenders which Mr. C. P. Burgess read recently to the American Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, he made this statement about Rainbow: "It was a mistake. She should have been a considerably larger and heavier vessel." This is indeed a startling commentary, for no one will deny Rainbow's gift of speed—and to satisfy Mr. Burgess's suggestion the only recourse would be to increase waterline length and with it, according to rule, the weight.

It would seem, therefore, that on both sides of the Atlantic there is every argument in favour of building to the top limit of the rule in order to achieve maximum results. But length and displacement and sail area and rules alone do not make a fast ship. It is the curve and the sweep with which these basic dimensions are amalgamated into a living thing of beauty that makes or mars; and it is in the ultimate curves of such a ship, in the improvements on existing designs, and in the adaptation of past lessons that so much depends in the final analysis.

Actually little scope lies in the designer's hands to depart from the normal hull profile or sections of the class. There are some, however, who, remembering Watson's dictum connecting speed and lateral plane, think that a fining and a straightening out of the entrance with a corresponding increase of lateral plane and wetted surface would give the desired increased speed. There are advocates of U-sections and of V-sections and of countless other factors. Whatever the blending of curve may be, however, the new ship's lines will be

awaited almost with as much interest as her performance—and after that there is her handling.

Dame Rumour, who really gets busy with any news of America's Cup challenges, already says that the new Endeavour is to be ready for next season, so that she can have a year of tuning up and practising in our own waters before "the great days" come round. This excellent time interval should give owner and master a splendid opportunity to gather about them, and train into perfect team work, a professional crew such as Tollesbury or the Clyde can certainly provide and which with training should make up into a crew of which even the much-vaunted Scandinavians would have reason to be afraid.

As to that season in home waters, I cannot, personally, help thinking that it would be more to the point if Mr. Lambert's action were reciprocated and the new ship visited American waters either in 1936 or at the beginning of 1937, and did her tunings in the waters in which the races are to be sailed. I know full well that there are many people who pooh-pooh the idea that there is any necessity for this, but they are only on this side of the Atlantic. On the other side there are many sporting American yachtsmen who are firmly convinced that even the best crew and best helmsman and best ship ever sent afloat are at a bitter disadvantage sailing in waters which are as unknown to them as the Solent was to Yankee this year.

Yes! Obviously it has all begun again—waterline lengths, displacements, courses, rules, interpretations, might-have-beens. And, incidentally, if the new Endeavour should cross the Pond for her trials and tunings, she might remember that there is also the Brenton Reef Cup and the Cape May Cup which have been over there a long time and would look particularly charming over here again side by side with the "mug."

# OCEAN RACING

## From Plymouth to Belle Isle

OCEAN-RACING enthusiasts can justly congratulate themselves with the success of this year's Plymouth to Belle Isle fixture. There were more entrants than ever; and at the junketings which awaited them along the Brittany coasts the British clubs were comparatively well represented.

It becomes a moot question whether or not there is too much ocean racing nowadays to enable a keen ship to race consistently with the same crew throughout the season. Time is an important factor, especially with the young men who form the bulk of ocean-racing enthusiasts, and it is said that at least one of the Plymouth-Belle Isle ships had almost a new crew. Be that as it may, it is of great interest to notice that Mr. Bell's Trenchemer, having secured a second prize round the Fastnet, now gets a winning gun (on finishing time as well as corrected time) into Belle Isle.

Right after the start of the race the red-hull walked away from the other twenty and more starters and maintained her lead throughout. The second to finish, also on corrected and finishing time, was Mr. Isaac Bell's new Nicholson cutter, Foxhound—again a ship persisting in her reputation. But the rest of the "large class" entrants, Rose, Carmela, Lelanta, Diadem, Ilex, Banba, Lexia, were in a race by themselves. Trenchemer and Foxhound made the finish within an hour and three-quarters of each other—after a 252-mile race, between 3.40 and 5.16 a.m. on Tuesday last week. The remainder got home between 2 and 6 p.m.—on an average some twelve hours later.

Working on the corrected times, which, incidentally, suggest excellent handicapping, the two leaders were only 40 minutes apart and then, some nine and a half hours later, came the rest of the fleet spread out over four hours. It was, apparently, an excellent race in light weather conditions, but the interesting point, as suggested in last week's comment on the Fastnet race, is that two regular ocean racers head the prize list, and the others—ordinary, smart cruisers—are a long way behind.

It is, I believe, a commonplace of yachting that its devotees "go to the funeral for the ride and not for the victuals afterwards," and all the more power to their elbow that they do so. But one wonders how long that frame of mind will persist in modern ocean racing, for it would really seem that, unless one is the owner either of a ship built specially for the job, or else one like Foxhound in which, obviously, the R.O.R.C. rule has been kept in mind during the design stages, one must "feature" as an also ran. Perhaps the wide discrepancy in the finishing times of ocean racers and regular cruisers can be evened up in the future by some miracle of handicapping, but it will be no easy task. J. I.

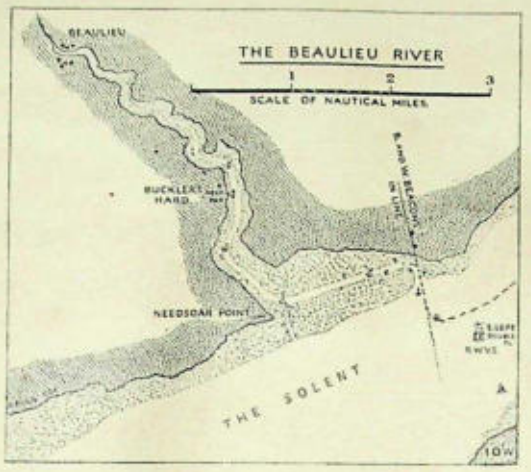
# WEEK-END MOTOR CRUISING—IV

## Littlehampton to the Solent

By A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

LAST week we left the little ship at either Littlehampton or Shoreham and, as week-enders, we rejoin her on Saturday morning. Both these ports are convenient for resuming the voyage because the sea and visibility, the two most important matters to the small yacht, can be seen at a glance from the harbour. Let us suppose we made Littlehampton and prepare to leave for further west.

The best time to leave, everything else being equal, is one hour before high water at Dover which, the tide tables show us, is 19 minutes later than at Littlehampton. The tide will be slacking off; there will be plenty of water at the entrance and, by the time we are well out with our bows pointing west, the ebb will be just commencing to carry us




before it—always a satisfactory state of affairs at sea in any ship.

Lying about two miles south-west of the entrance there is a red conical buoy marking the Winter Shoal, but as there are one-and-a-half fathoms (9ft.) over this shoal at low water spring tides, and it is now high water, we can ignore it and steer S. 64 west for a position half a mile off the Mixon Beacon, which lies off Selsey Bill. This course takes us close to the Shelley Rocks buoy—which is also red conical—and gives us a useful check. It should be left to starboard.

When the Mixon is abeam half a mile off, a S. 85 W. course with the Nab Tower right ahead leads through the Street, with a red and white vertical striped can buoy to port and a red conical buoy to starboard. With a westerly breeze there is sometimes a bobble in and approaching the Street, but unless it is strong there is nothing to bother even the small week-ender.

The Street is a short cut for small vessels bound for the Solent, our next objective, and saves going round the Owers Lightship along with the big fellows. From the red conical buoy a N. 65 W. course leads past the Warner Lightship and between the Horse and Noman's Forts, on passing which we are in the Solent, with a dozen attractive yachting harbours within a few hours' running. On the Island itself there are Bembridge, Wooton Creek, Cowes, Newton and Yarmouth; on the mainland Portsmouth and Gosport, Hamble, Southampton, Beaulieu, Lymington and Keyhaven. A month can be spent exploring them all; let us pick out a few of the most attractive, and leave the others for the return voyage.

During the height of the yachting season, particularly round about Cowes Week, Cowes and Bembridge are very crowded with racers; berths are difficult to find, and, it must be admitted, at Cowes at any rate, prices are high, the local tradesmen being still under the impression that only millionaires yacht. The Hamble, too, may be crowded, but there is generally a vacant berth in the trot above the training ship Mercury. A N. 51 W. course from between the forts will take us east of the East Bramble and Hill Head buoys to Calshot Float (not to be mistaken for Calshot Lightship, which lies half a mile south-west of it), which should be left about a quarter of a mile to port, and then a N. 22 W. course brings us to Hamble Spit light buoy passing close outside Bald Head red conical buoy on the way.

To the stranger the "lie" of the Hamble Channel from the Spit Buoy is not very clear, but if he leaves the buoy about 100 yards to port and heads for the vicinity of the aeroplane works opposite Warsash, leaving the posts with square topmarks to starboard and those with round topmarks to port, he will soon pick out the channel. Inside, the fairway is quite evident, and there may be a vacant berth at the dolphins just above Warsash to starboard.

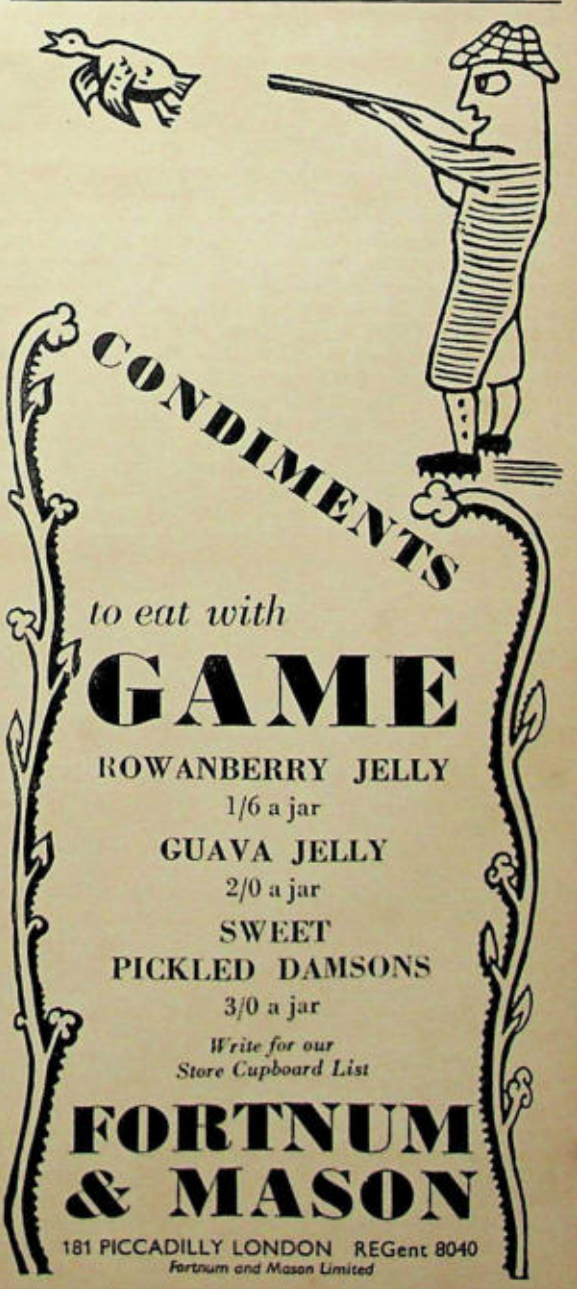
Beaulieu is another delightful spot which should not be missed on the passage west. To reach there from the Hamble it is necessary to pass outside (or close inside) Calshot Lightship—until one knows the Spit well—and steer for a position half a mile north-west of the East Lepe light buoy (painted red and white vertical stripes). From here the entrance to the Beaulieu will be easily distinguished and it is necessary to pick out the two black and white boards which, when brought and *kept* in line lead over the bar into the river. Inside the channel runs at first close to the mainland shore, then winds out again somewhat, both sides being marked as far as Buckler's Hard by withies (the name given to small branches firmly fixed in the mud).

While at anchor near Buckler's Hard it will be interesting to remember that this secluded spot was once the scene of feverish activity; it was here, close to the stout New Forest oaks of which they were built, that many of Elizabeth's warships and privateers were launched against the King of Spain and his plate ships.

If time presses Yarmouth, the picturesque little haven just inside the Needles, can be chosen as a "kicking off" place for next week's cruise. It serves the purpose well, for the conditions outside can be seen from the deck of the yacht, and three minutes after the ropes are hauled aboard the craft is in the open. At high water, no particular precautions are necessary in entering Yarmouth, where the harbour master will direct the stranger to a billet, but at less than half tide one should keep slightly to port of mid-channel until past the end of the breakwater, and be prepared for a right-angled turn to starboard.

With spring floods the tide runs strongly up the harbour and allowance must be made, perhaps in restricted space, in turning to stem it when mooring up.

I have only one fault to find with Yarmouth from a yachtsman's point of view—the lack of a safe place to land and leave the dinghy unattended when a fresh wind blows into the harbour. A very small amount of dredging near the bridge would provide this and several additional berths as well. Yachting is increasing with practically no corresponding increase in the space available for harbouring yachts; Yarmouth is full of "live wires" who could surely get something done.



# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but latters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## TEST CRICKET

SIR,—If the M.C.C. had accorded to Mr. Jardine the same support which has been given to Mr. Wyatt, English cricket would not be in its present parlous position.

The M.C.C. and the Selection Committee have done so well that it would be a pity for anyone to interfere, and it only remains to congratulate Gloucestershire and Essex on achieving that which the combined efforts of the talented gentlemen who have represented England have failed to do so lamentably.

A side which sends in four different pairs of opening batsmen in five matches is hardly likely to be successful.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. OLD KINGSLANDER.

## RUGBY SCRUMMAGE LAW REFORM

SIR,—May I comment thus late in the day upon the letter of E.M.J. (Edinburgh) which appeared in your issue of June 15th on this subject? There can be no doubt that the matter is important and urgent, for at present the temper of players, referee and spectators is frayed and valuable time lost. The fact that no alteration in the rules has been made, however, proves the difficulty in finding a satisfactory remedy.

Personally, I knew the trouble from the point of view of the half who tries to put the ball in fairly. If put in slowly a Rugby ball will seldom run straight. If it turns into your own forwards' feet, it means a penalty against you, and you are cursed by your whole team and supporters. If it turns towards your opponents and they secure the ball, you are again blamed by your own forwards. If you put the ball in fast enough to run straight, it goes clean through the scrum and you annoy both sets of forwards, and the referee makes you try again under even more difficult conditions, as the scrum has meantime swayed and become ragged.

But I differ from E.M.J. in thinking you could get two packs to form round the ball and remain inert till the whistle blows. The individual forwards would be jockeying to get into proper pushing and hooking position and the packs could not possibly retain their positions equi-distant from the ball. Besides which you would be putting too much on to the referee, who has enough to do to regulate the game without taking part in it—by handling the ball oftener than any individual player, which E.M.J.'s proposal would involve.

I would suggest as a solution of the difficulty, that when the scrum is formed, two opposing forwards (the wing forwards are indicated), standing up, should close one side of it by crossing their legs, so that the outside of their legs would be towards the scrum. The ball would then be thrown in from the other side against these crossed legs, from which it would rebound into the scrum, and then the hooking would be done.

Yours faithfully,
Edinburgh. J. L.

[While our correspondents' suggestions are interesting, we think that the remedy lies more with the players than with the laws. The scrummage rule has, in faot, been modified, but without success because players will not interpret it in the proper spirit and referees hesitate to enforce it.—ED.]

## BRITISH CIVIL AVIATION

SIR,—I wonder if you would permit me, on the eve of returning to Australia, to make an observation or two on what I believe to be one of the most important issues which Britain has to face to-day?

I refer to the development of her civil aviation, especially in relation to imperial communications. Much depends on a sound long-distance policy in the training of personnel, the evolution of machines, the mapping of routes, and the ground organisation.

The object of the £15,000 International Centenary Air Race from London to Melbourne, which I had the honour to initiate, was to encourage British civil aviation; and the result showed British machines to be the best in the world. It was perhaps inevitable that public attention focused chiefly on the speed drama; but (and this is what I would stress) in the proper progress of civil aviation, safety and comfort are equally important.

I emphasised this at the time of the big race. Without arrogating to myself the functions 'of guide and philosopher to British people, I feel that the British Government and companies like Imperial Airways are pursuing the right and sensible policy in avoiding a mere race for speed—at the expense of regularity, comfort and safety.

It seems meet to say this because of comparisons I have heard during my visit. One of the things that surprises Overseas guests is the propensity of many people here to decry British achievements. I have heard criticisms of British civil aviation policy, which, to say the least, appeared to be captious and uninformed; comparisons, for instance, with some of America's flying programmes which a moment's thought would show to be fantastic for Britain, to say nothing of the vast sums involved in profitless subsidies.

The general soundness of Britain's civil aviation policy does not mean there is not room for detailed improvement in the services; but a lot depends on the public. For example, the carriage of all first-class mail by air would be accelerated if business houses would break away from the habit of delaying postages abroad to the end of the week. Why not use the mid-week machines, many of which, I hear, are available? This would spread out the transmissions and make easier the arrangement of regular services at possibly lower cost.

I would like to see less fuss, too, made of air accidents.

The real air-mindedness of Britain is the impression I take back to Australia. Five thousand landings at Croydon already this year! Aircraft companies of all complexions and sizes springing up! (a danger here, by the way, which those interested in sound finance will guard against); and last, the real ascendancy of British machines, British organisation and British policy.

Yours faithfully,
Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, and Melbourne, Australia. MACPHERSON ROBERTSON.

## MOTH MIGRATION

SIR,—Readers of the *Field* will be interested to know that we were able to record, by courtesy of Engr.-Capt. S. T. Stidston, of Ashburton, a southerly migration of the silver Y moth (*Plusia gamma*), of unusual magnitude. It occurred at the well-known Start Lighthouse in South Devon, and was observed by a keeper, Mr. Godfrey, on Sunday, August 4th. Direction of flight was from the north to south and S.S.W. The record continues:—

"The flight started at 0110 (1.10 a.m.), when a few hundred moths came over from the north, and proceeded out to sea in a southerly direction. By 0130 the main body of the species arrived from the north, but their course out at sea was changed to S.S.W. There were thousands and thousands of them, and it was just like a fairly heavy snowstorm. About 300 settled on the lantern glasses, and within a second or so I had captured 40.

"I also captured a number alive, liberating them after the flight was over. These also flew away to the S.S.W. The migration was over at 0235. Weather cloudy, with a very light northerly wind, dropping to dead calm at 0200. Temperature 63 deg. F.

"The sight was so wonderful I called Mrs. Godfrey, and the migration was also witnessed by another member of the staff."

Yours faithfully,
*The Western Morning News*, Plymouth. JAS. L. PALMER (Editor).

## ARTIFICIAL SPATES—A PROTEST

SIR,—In the Island of Lewis, Outer Hebrides, there are several rivers running to the west coast. Chief of these is the Grimersta with a chain of five lochs. To the south of the Grimersta is the Mors loch and river, and others. To the north, Barvas is perhaps the most important. The latter is a very short stream running out of the Barvas loch. This river and loch are fairly well-known salmon and sea-trout fishings, and it is on this subject that I am writing a few lines.

The present owner has made a wall at the foot of the river with a gap containing a grid which can be raised up or shut at will. At the outlet of the loch there is a sluice gate and wall, so that by shutting this off the loch rises considerably. At a given time, say, a high tide, the sluice gate is raised—also the grid at the foot of the river. As a consequence, when the salmon are making for the rivers, say in May and June, they find an artificial spate and run up the stream. The grid at the foot is then let down preventing the salmon escaping, and the sluice at the top is shut off.

As a result the fish are stranded and removed in large numbers. I raise no question as to the owner's right to kill salmon in this way, but I do say that when salmon from other rivers come moving up the coast and find a spate at Barvas, they may be tempted to go up this river, and be caught. I believe it is a known fact that in a year like the present one of low water, salmon will go up rivers other than their own and later, having found out their mistake, return to their usual river.

If this is the fact, then some salmon which are thus caught do not belong to Barvas, and it raises a very difficult question of rights.

Yours faithfully,
London. CECIL BRAITHWAITE.

[It is rare for salmon to run up any river except that in which they were bred, though it may happen occasionally that they temporarily "take a wrong turning." We do not think, however, that any question of rights could arise, since salmon are *ferœ naturæ* and belong to the man who catches them.—ED.]

## STARVING BIRDS

SIR,—Wild birds are feeling the effects of the drought, which has sent the worms out of reach and caused a shortage of insect food. Many birds are dying, though bird-lovers are doing what they can. I would beg others to help by regularly putting out food, preferably soft.

Yours faithfully,
The Hermitage, W. 7. WILFRED MARK WEBB, (Honorary Secretary, the Selborne Society).

## WAS IT AN OTTER?

SIR,—A few nights ago, when fishing in the River Nidd, I had rather a curious experience. Just as it was growing dark, while I was fishing wet with three flies, I hooked a small trout and was reeling it in when there was a tremendous commotion in the pool, and something of a greyish colour, 1ft. long, appeared for a moment on the surface of the water, and immediately my line commenced to run out. Whatever it was, it ran my line out until it was at the far end of the pool about 25yds. away. Then it approached the bank, and in the light I could not see what happened. Whatever it was evidently got free.

I reeled in the line and found it was intact. There are no salmon in the Nidd, and I believe that it was an otter which had taken my trout and that I had foul-hooked it. An otter had been seen in the neighbourhood a week previously. I am anxious to know if any angler has experienced a similar occurrence.

Yours faithfully,
Archway House, 24, Swan Road, Harrogate. G. L. KERR PRINGLE.

## WHO WAS STARLIGHT?

SIR,—I am preparing an anthology of the horse, and in the course of my research have once more re-read Rolf Boldrewood's wonderful romance *Robbery Under Arms*. I wonder if any of your readers could give me any information as to the celebrated Starlight, who, I believe, was a real character, and his equally famous horse, Rainbow, which must have been a thoroughbred, I should imagine.

Yours faithfully,
Surrey. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

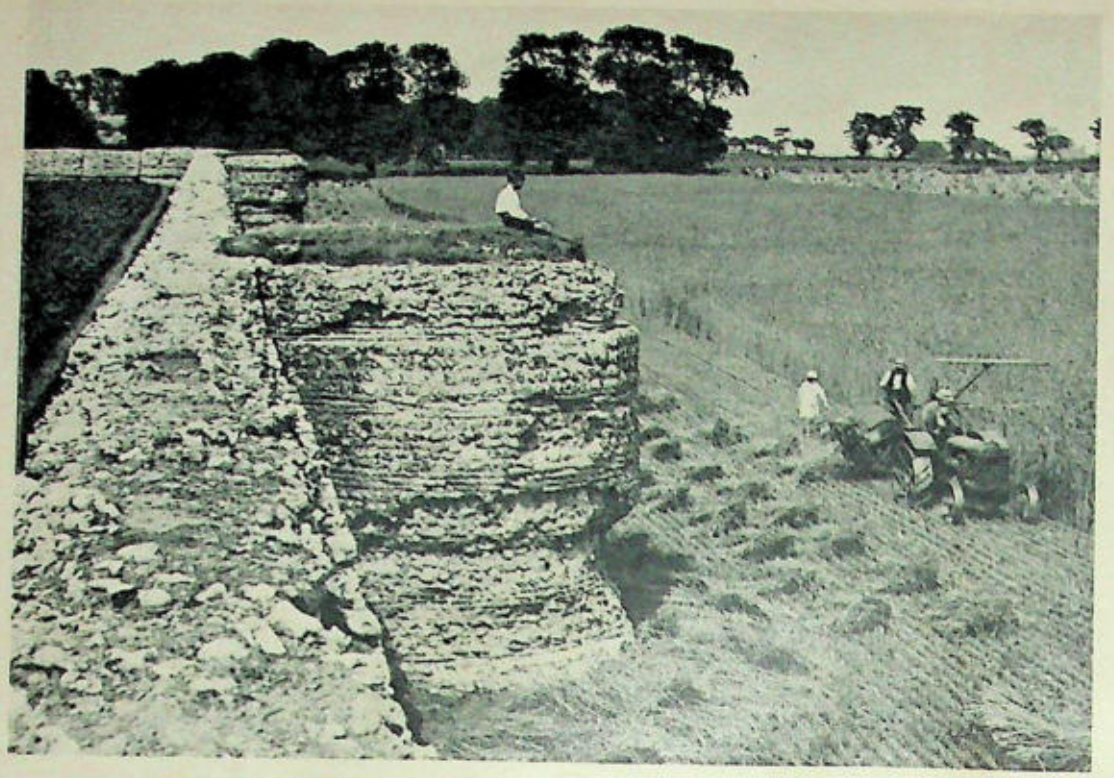
## BIRD LIFE IN WALES

SIR,—My annual fortnight's "birding" holiday I spent this year in wild Wales during the last week of May and the first week of June. I went through some of the wildest parts of Radnorshire, Merioneth and Montgomery, both on foot and in a small Austin car, and was much struck by the scarcity of bird life.

Tramping through the Forest of Radnor, during a whole day I think I saw two buzzards in the distance, one kestrel, numerous grouse, one pair of dippers. During a day's tramp among the mountains in Merioneth I walked for about two hours without seeing a living thing, and during the whole day I saw only one buzzard which appeared for a few minutes and was mobbed by two curlews. It was not till I got down to near human habitations that the bird life became interesting, and it was beside a main road and bus route that I found my only pair of peregrines. Within a few hundred yards of my hotel were nests of the pied flycatcher, sandpiper, tree pipit and woodwren, all quite close together.

Having read so much of the bird life of wild Wales, the home of the buzzard, etc., I was greatly disappointed. The coast, I know, teems with interest, but I would like to know if others see more in the mountainous interior than I could find. I would add that I am not a collector.

Yours faithfully,
Horsham, Sussex. J. W. DEW.



HARVESTING WHERE ONCE THE ROMANS WERE ENCAMPED
*(See Letter "Burgh Castle")*

### BURGH CASTLE

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of harvesting operations, where, centuries ago, Roman soldiers drilled before their stronghold on the banks of Breydon Water, near Great Yarmouth. Burgh Castle, where this photograph was taken, is the finest specimen in existence of a Roman "Castra Hiberna," or Winter Camp. The masonry has well withstood the ravages of time, and visitors to the Broads delight to picnic either on the wall itself or beneath its shadow. The photograph shows one of the turrets, which, covered as it is with grass, forms an ideal picnicking spot.

Yours faithfully,
Lowestoft. F. H. B.

### GROUSE-AND-PHEASANT NEST

SIR,—A curious thing happened during this past nesting season, and as it is the first case I have ever come across I shall be glad to know if it is a common occurrence.

My man, in April, flushed a hen pheasant off her nest in the heather just above the arable ground, in which there were four pheasant's eggs. The next time he visited the nest he was surprised to find a grouse sitting on the nest. Having the nest under observation he reported to me that eventually the nest had six grouse eggs and seven pheasant eggs, and that the last time he saw a bird sitting on the nest it was the grouse. The whole thirteen eggs hatched out, but who did the hatching he does not know.

Yours faithfully,
Deuchar, Fern. M. R. DICKSON.
Brechin, Angus.

WHO WAS THE ARTIST?
*(See Letter "Bird-bath or Cat-scare?")*

### DEAD DONKEYS

SIR,—I wonder how many of your readers have seen a dead donkey. At a dinner party the other night the question was raised and I was the only person at the table who had seen one.

I remember it quite well, it was about ten years before the war, when I was travelling down to Newmarket by train for the races. Looking out of the window I saw one on its back in a field as dead as a door nail. I cried out, "There's a dead donkey," and was nearly torn to pieces as everybody in the carriage wanted to see it.

I believe it is considered lucky. Anyway, myself and friend had a very good day, and as I so seldom get one it must be true.

Yours faithfully,
HAROLD BEALE.
Stoneydeep House,
Teddington.

### BIRD-BATH OR CAT-SCARE?

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of an extremely grotesque bird bath in the garden of a wayside hotel at Bibury, in Gloucestershire.

It was so striking that we had perforce to stop and photograph it. There were five heads round the basin and a dove sitting on one of them. It is a question whether the ugly faces are more calculated to scare birds from making use of the bath, or to prevent cats from interfering with the birds' ablutions.

The present proprietor of the hotel was unable to give me any information as to the origin of the bath.

Yours faithfully,
Cheltenham. ETHEL M. BOOTY.

### TROUT SPAWNING IN JUNE

SIR,—I am much interested in the account of a June-spawning trout by Mr. Guy P. Harben. I sent you a note in 1916 of a trout caught in Loch Flemington (Nairn) in June or July which had just finished spawning; a few ripe ova could still be expressed. It was about 2lb. in weight, but in poor condition. Early in June this year I examined a trout even more interesting from a loch on the Ryefield estate of Mr. Forbes of Culloden. It weighed about ¾lb. and in good condition, but looked bloated; it took a small Lochleven-fly and played dully.

Unfortunately, I opened it there and then. It was full of unshed ripe ova and the sac seemed closed. When it was cleared out and the fish fully examined we found ova "coming on," in the usual stage of development for an autumn spawner. That is to say, there was a sac bulging the ventral cavity and with eggs the size of small peas—and behind it the usual millet-seed sac of a normal trout.

I have heard border fishermen speak of certain back-end salmon as "egg-bound." Is there such a condition and was this an example?

Yours faithfully,
Aspatria, Cumberland. F. M.

### SHEEP SHEARING BY MACHINERY

SIR,—I do not want to rush into print, but I was surprised to see a correspondent commenting on sheep shearing by machinery in Hyde Park as something new.

Before 1912 we used always to shear by machinery, *i.e.*, using the same clipping machine as we had to clip the horses, but with a special clipper fitting for the sheep. It was very efficient and much quicker than by hand. I was much surprised this summer on a farm which is, I think, under Government control, to find them shearing by hand.

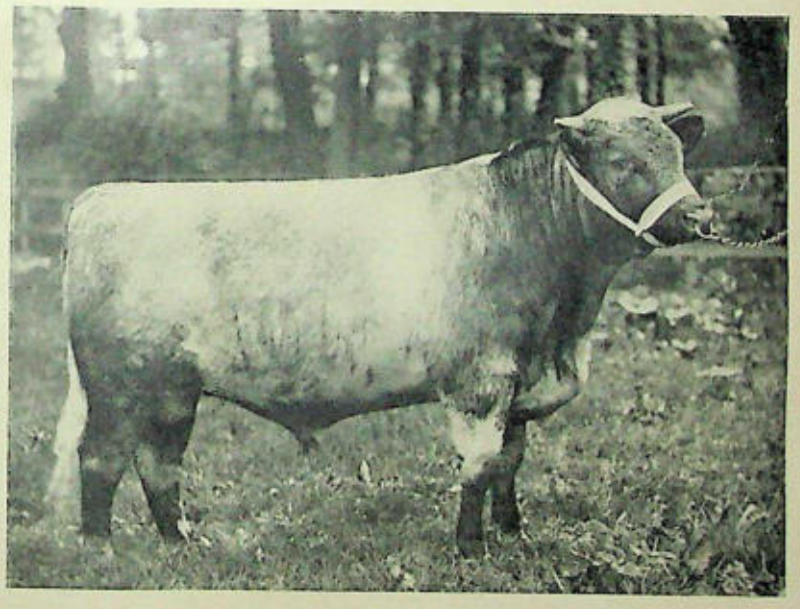
Yours faithfully,
Denton, Feltwell, Norfolk. M. HARDY.

### ENGLISH CATTLE FOR SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—It is just about a quarter of a century since the Union of South Africa was proclaimed, and a great deal of progress has been made in that time, particularly in the farming industry, which is not without difficulty, one of the farmers' chief obstacles being the dearth of water.

The number of cattle, however, in the Union has more than doubled in recent years, and there is a marked improvement in the quality. In fact the increase in the cattle population from 5,797,000 in 1911 to 10,751,000 in 1930 is an index of the advance made.

The South African farmers are keen to get hold of the best animals they can from the Mother Country, and the fine Dairy Shorthorn bull, Netherseal Gay Lad is an example of their progression. This bull was born on January 27th, 1934, his sire being Lockwell (a Barrington), whose dam has a record of a yield of 10,172lb. of milk in 315 days. The dam is Grand Gwynne, with a yield of 8,701¼lb. milk in 315 days (second calf). The bull, which was bred by Mr. E. J. Manners, of the Old Hall, Netherseal, has lately been exported to South Africa, and no doubt he will further enhance the reputation of Dairy Shorthorns in the Union.



NETHERSEAL GAY LAD
*(See Letter "English Cattle for South Africa")*

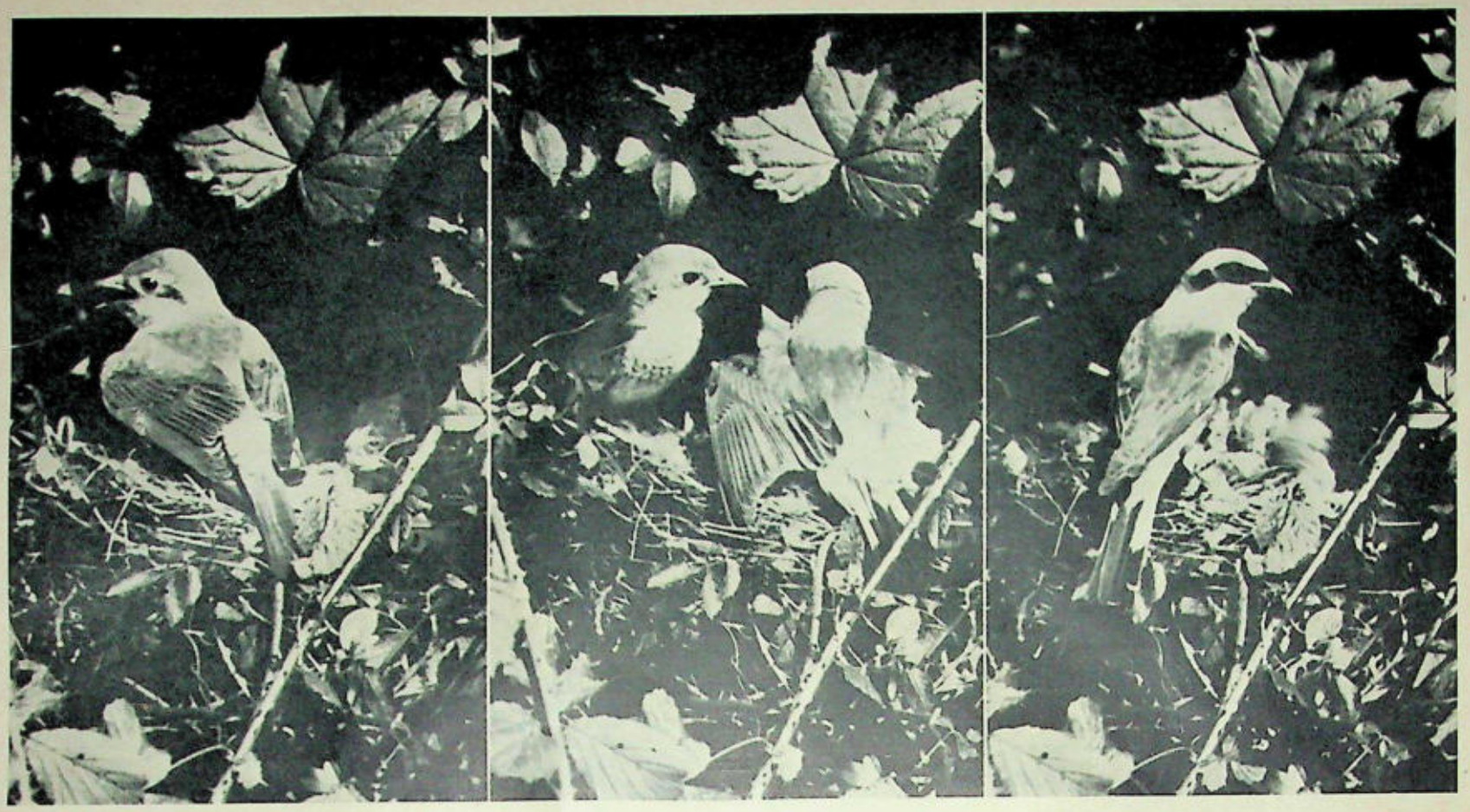
Yours faithfully,
London. C.

### MARKED BULLFINCH

SIR,—I enclose a ring off the left leg of a hen bullfinch found dead here on July 28th by a gardener, in the hope that some reader may know where and when it was ringed. I may say that bullfinches seem a great deal more numerous here than they were 20 or 30 years ago. We hardly ever saw them then. This year before the breeding season started I saw four cocks and three hens flitting about in some shrubs, and there may have been more.

Yours faithfully,
Carleton Hall, Penrith. G. CARLETON COWPER.

[The ring bears the following inscription: "4 B S W ⋮ ⋮"—ED.]



THE HEN SHELTERING HER FAMILY FROM THE SUN. WHEN THE MALE ARRIVED (CENTRE) SHE MOVED ASIDE AND HE, IN TURN, PROCEEDED TO SCREEN THE NESTLINGS

*(See Letter "Red-backed Shrikes")*

### RED-BACKED SHRIKES

SIR,—The red-backed shrike seems to be generally on the decrease, and is no longer to be found in many localities where it used to be seen annually. Of course, like other migrants, its numbers fluctuate very much. My observations show that, in a district where it has been fairly numerous, the numbers will reach a maximum and then decrease to a minimum. There will then be a slow increase to a maximum again. For example, in a certain district there was a maximum in 1911–1913, then a gradual decrease brought a minimum in 1919. This was followed by an increase to a maximum in 1928. A minimum was reached again in 1934. This year there has been a very slight increase in the numbers I have seen.

The shrike is one of our most interesting birds to keep under observation. The marked difference between the male and female make it an easy matter to note how the work is shared by the pair. I had three pairs under observation this year, and two of them brought up young; in one case four out of five left the nest, and in the other case five. The third pair hatched four of the five eggs, and the young were just starting to feather when a little owl caught the male and left the beheaded carcase near the nest. I was unable to visit the nest during the next few days, and then, on my next visit, I could see no sign of shrikes about. The nest contained two young, almost fully fledged, dead of starvation.

One of the other nests was in a very large bush, and nearly on the outside, so that the sun got on it fully during a part of the afternoon through a hole in the foliage. With the help of a companion I made a hide to cover the camera and one of us, and during the afternoon we got a nice series of photographs. One shows the hen sheltering the young from the sun. Later, when the male brought food, the hen moved round and waited for him to feed and go, but instead of going he opened his wings to screen the young. I have seen the male helping to build and shape the nest, but I have never before seen one brood the young or help to protect them from the elements.

Yours faithfully,

Oswestry. J. H. OWEN.

A ROPE OF LIVING "PEARLS"

*(See Letter "Slug's Eggs")*

### SLUG'S EGGS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the eggs of one of the slugs (*Limax flavus*), which are interesting from the strong resemblance they bear to a rope of pearls. The eggs are about 7mm. long and 5mm. in diameter, and are usually laid beneath logs or in other moist places from July onwards.

The slug is about 80mm. long, a dusky amber in colour, and on account of its liking for butter, cream, cooked meat and other household commodities is often found in the damp cellars and dairies of old houses. The slug in question was found in my cellar and the eggs, which are about full size, were photographed by artificial light.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. H. I. M.

### "TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE?"

SIR,—The article by Mr. C. F. Walker, in your issue of July 27th, raises an interesting question and reminds me of a similar experience. In the spring some years ago, when fishing the Cumberland Eden at a time when the water was low and clear, the light was such that the bottom of the river was clearly visible. While fishing out a cast from a boat I saw a salmon come up from the bottom of the pool, open its mouth and take the fly. Fortunately I was able to restrain the impulse to strike too soon and hooked the fish. All the time the fish was being played it remained in sight so that every turn and movement could be seen as it swam about the pool. In due course the boatman netted and lifted into the boat a clean fish, 15lb. or 16lb. in weight.

I quite agree with Mr. Walker that the whole affair was relatively tame, and not nearly so exciting as it would have been if the fish had not been seen. It was an interesting experience, but I much prefer playing a fish which is invisible in the water until near the end of the fight.

Yours faithfully,

The Manor House, Mobberley, Cheshire. GEORGE R. MURRAY.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**SANDEMAN**
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BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
*(See Letter "An Old Earthstopper")*

### AN OLD EARTHSTOPPER

SIR,—The enclosed picture of an old earthstopper may be of interest to you, especially in these days when careful and correct earth stopping is rather at a discount.

The inscription at the bottom of the print states that the earthstopper was "Arthur Wentworth, of Bulmer, near Castle Howard, Yorkshire, aged 75." "He was earthstopper to Charles, late Earl of Carlisle; to Henry Brewster Darley, Esq., and now to William Tufnell Jollife and Mason Housefield, Esq." The picture is unfortunately undated, but it looks as if it might be about the mid-eighteenth century. Yours faithfully

Surrey. J. B. L.

### MOVEMENTS OF CROSSBILLS

SIR,—In reply to your query in the issue of July 20th relative to the presence of crossbills in other parts of the British Isles, it may interest you to know that a flock of six were observed flying over this village late last month (July), and a pair settled in a fir tree on August 1st about a mile from my house. This is the first report I have received of these birds for several years.

Yours faithfully,

Hillsborough, Co. Down, N. Ireland. CHARLES B. HORSBRUGH.

### HARES ON AN ISLAND

SIR,—Several correspondents have referred, recently, to hares and rabbits swimming considerable distances. At the head, *i.e.*, the north-eastern end, of Bantry Bay is Whiddy Island, about a couple of miles by one mile, almost treeless, with pretty good pastureland studded with gorse. Cattle are swum over from the mainland to this island for grazing, and *vice versa*. There are, or were when I was there in the late 'seventies, a considerable number of hares, and though I never actually saw any of them take to the water, the peasants averred that when the hares multiplied on this island a body of them used to swim over to the mainland, a distance of quite half-a-mile. Yours faithfully,

Casa Misida, Malta. A. G. CHESNEY (Colonel).

## LETTERS IN BRIEF

**Horse's Record Long Jump.**—Can any of your correspondents inform me the record length of a horse's long jump, I think it is over 30ft.—H. A., New Forest.

**Hoopoe Mobbed by Magpie.**—On August 10th, while out hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, I saw a hoopoe. It was at the time being chivvied across the moor by a magpie. The bird was also seen by several other members of the field..—G. L. STREETER, Aldershot.

**"An Unknown Bunting."**—The bird seen by Major Hindmarsh was, I think, a male cirl bunting, slightly abnormal owing to the July moult. It is a not uncommon resident locally, in the southern counties, but shyer than the yellowhammer.—P. G. TILLARD, Eastbourne.

**July Fieldfares.**—It may be of interest that I saw six fieldfares on July 30th working the fields for grubs. I had noticed them two days before, but as I was unable to get close enough I thought they were missel thrushes.—J. R. RAMPTON, South Lake, Woodley, Berks. [Most late summer records of fieldfares are attributable to confusion with the missel thrush, which often flocks at this season. —ED.]

## FIELD TRIALS

### Pointers and Setters at Tressady

THE Northern Counties Pointer and Setter trials were held, by kind permission of Commander and Mrs. Kemmis, at Tressady, Rogart, Sutherland, on August 16th and 17th. This moor in common with neighbouring moors cannot show the fine stock of grouse which it can in a good season, but there were sufficient for the trials.

The Novice Stake was taken on the first day with the following result:

1st, Mr. F. W. Wignall's E.s.b. Cambusmore Wendy. Stood out as the winner. She quartered her ground well and was well handled by D. M'Kenzie. She only made one mistake when inclined to poach a point.

Equal 2nd. The Duke of Sutherland's p.d. Dunrobin Barrie. Had a moderate first round, but subsequently improved his position by better ranging and two nice stylish points; and Miss F. E. Brooke's Gordon s.b. Witch of Fearn. Quartered her ground well and has a good nose, but does not cover the same amount of ground as the winner. A very nice bitch to shoot over.

4th. The Duke of Montrose's p.b. Isle of Arran Bloss. Had a nice point in the first round. Good style on point and draws on readily.

Reserve and certificate of merit, Miss F. E. Brooke's E.s.d. Simon of Fearn. C. of m., same owner's p.b. Nip; Brig.-Gen. G. Paynter's p.d. Purdey; Mr. K. R. Watt's L.s.d. Glenariff Roy.

The Open Stake was run on August 17th, when grouse were more plentiful. The first and second dogs gave a really good display of the finished article, and were admirably handled by G. Abbott and T. Gaunt. It was regrettable to find the Duke of Montrose's Isle of Arran Fleet so much on his toes, as he is obviously one of the best in style and pace, but after running a good first round he blotted his copybook.

1st, Mrs. Nagle's L. s. d. Sulhamstead Bluff D'Or.—A beautiful mover; made no mistakes. A very good first round, including a point where he was kept waiting for the guns, who had gone to another point, after which he drew on readily 200yds. to where the covey had run. When put down against Gamble to decide the winner he quartered his ground admirably and at a great pace, and came to a nice point which Gamble might have had.

2nd, Lorna Countess Howe's E. s. d. Northdyke Gamble.—The most stylish dog in the stake, with pace and nose, but did not travel his ground so easily as the winner. He had three very nice points in the first round and a nice point in the second, when he drew on readily for 40yds.

3rd, Lieut.-Col. W. A. Bowen's l. s. d. Rowan of Kilpeacon.—A good natural backer, but not quite in touch with his handler. A real good nose which he showed on two occasions in the second round when about to be slipped. A real good game-finder with room for improvement in style and pace.

Equal 4th, the Duke of Sutherland's p. d. Dunrobin Barrie, a good backer and nice style on point, but on this day lacking in pace and enterprise; and the same owner's p. b. Dunrobin Beauty. Ditto to Barrie. Both these dogs when down in the second round were on ground where there was more game which may have given the impression that they were a bit sticky.

Certificates of merit went to Mr. F. W. Wignall's E. s. d. Cambusmore Motto.—A nice worker with good style on point but inclined to return to his handler too much; Lieut.-Col. W. A. Bowen's l. s. b. F.T. Ch. Ann of Alleach. Found one covey very nicely but inclined to get too near her birds.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1**, appeal for £12 to help a married couple (gentlefolk), living in the North of England, who are in a desperate condition. The husband, who is over 70, is paralysed and unable to move hand or foot; he is nursed devotedly by his wife, who has had eight operations for internal cancer and should be in hospital herself. Their total income is £2 weekly, out of which they have to pay £1 rent. Their neighbours are very charitable, but they need a definite small allowance. Gifts are urgently needed, and will be gratefully acknowledged by post.

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# IN THE CITY

## SOME HIGH YIELDS—II

LAST week some details were set out regarding preference shares, which, in the opinion of the writer, should prove reliable investments, and which afford a yield sufficiently high for them to be divorced from the risks of a fall in price in sympathy with any decline in the market values of gilt-edged securities. Further examples will be found below:

Something more than a year ago attention was drawn to the 6 per cent. cumulative preference stock of Selfridge & Co. Ltd. on which the dividend is payable free of income tax up to 6/- in the £1. The £1 units can now be bought at about 27/3 to yield £4 6s. 6d. free of tax, which is equivalent to £5 11s. 6d. gross. The company's financial year ends on January 31st and in each of the five years, 1926 to 1930 inclusive, there was never less than £337,000 available to meet the preference dividend requirements of £78,000 per annum, while in the two following years the balances were £249,000 and £211,000 respectively. For the year ended on January 31st, 1933, the balance fell to £35,000, but this was mainly due to a charge of £125,000 against profits to write down the investments and to the larger sum which the company was required to put up under its guarantee of the 25 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares of Wm. Whiteley. In the following year, when there was no special charge against profits, the balance available for dividends recovered to £188,500, and last year it was £226,800, or nearly three times the preference dividend requirement. In view of the good cover for dividends provided by past earnings and the recovery which has been taking place in general purchasing power the preference stock of Selfridge and Co. may be regarded as a reasonably reliable medium for obtaining a gross yield of 5½ per cent.

Among other store companies, attention might also be given to the preference shares of Debenhams Ltd., the well-known wholesalers controlling Debenham & Freebody, Marshall & Snelgrove, Harvey Nichols, and J. & E. Bumpus, together with various other London, provincial and foreign concerns.

The accounts for the year ended on July 31st last are not yet available, but for the previous year the company was able to report a balance of £439,740 available for dividends, or 3¼ times first preference requirements of £130,000, which have been covered never less than twice in each of the last ten years. The 6½ per cent. first preference stock can be bought at 28/- to yield £4 11s. per cent.

The 6½ per cent. second preference stock can be picked up around 24/3 to yield £5 5s.—and dividend requirements have always been earned and paid; the accounts due to be published shortly may not unreasonably be expected to show a cover of nearly three times, since the cover based on the last accounts was over twice dividend requirements on this issue. Consequently, the second preference shares should prove a satisfactory holding for investors seeking a yield of well over 5 per cent. Possibly, for the more speculatively inclined, a moderate commitment might be made in the 7 per cent. third preference shares of 10/- each (ranking for dividend from August 1st, 1934), which can be obtained at about 10/7½ to yield 6½ per cent. The last accounts showed a balance of £180,000 available to meet dividends, taking £119,000 per annum on this issue, and in view of the progressive increase in retail trade it seems reasonable to anticipate an appreciably better showing by the pending accounts. It might be noted that Debenhams 1/- ordinary shares which are considered to have possibilities, are standing at 3/3.

### ANGLO-CONTINENTAL GUANO WORKS

This concern is an importer of Peruvian guano from which it manufactures superphosphates, fertilisers, and chemicals. Besides its own properties, it controls seven old established provincial fertiliser companies and has interests in other concerns, including Genatosan. In passing, it might be noted that dividends at the rate of 35 per cent. paid in each of the last two years on Genatosan 1/- ordinary have been well covered by earnings.

The net profits of Anglo-Continental Guano Works have been rather erratic in the past, and in respect of the biennium ended on June 30th, 1932, were barely sufficient to cover the preference dividend, taking £28,125 annually, with the result that the payment for the first six months of 1932 was omitted. However, the company participated in the general recovery in trade which was then beginning and the arrears were paid off during the following year. For the last two years net profits have amounted to £40,800 and £49,500 respectively, and the yield of fully 6 per cent. on the 7½ per cent. preference shares at 24/3 seems to be fully commensurate with the risks involved.

PACTOLUS.

THE RECORD BAG OF THE AGRA TENT CLUB, TEN BOAR IN ONE DAY AT PALI

# A REVIEW OF THE HOGHUNTING SEASON

## Good Sport with Most of the Tent Clubs

IN last week's issue we published a summary of the season of the Meerut, Muttra, and Bareilly Tent Clubs. This week we give a further summary from other Tent Clubs.

*AGRA*

THE season on the whole has been a very successful one, and the regular spears had as much, if not more, fun for their money than members of bigger tent clubs with total bags three times the size. The total for the season was 34 as opposed to seven for the previous season and four each for the two seasons before that, so that Agra may claim to be getting back to her old standard when 60 boar was a good season. Although there were ten pig under 27½in. included in the total, boar were mostly well grown, and several crusty old men came to an untimely end, the biggest of which was 32½in. The average height worked out at 29in.

The best day from the point of view of number of pig killed was a day in the Pali country at the beginning of May, when ten pig were killed in one day. Owing to heavy showers of rain in April the grass, which is normally all cut down, had sprouted again and gave pig some very light cover to lie in. Due to overcrowding in Baratpur some enterprising boars availed themselves of this cover only to find that it gave them no protection from pursuit. This bag of ten in a day is a record in the annals of the Agra Tent Club, and although on next visiting this jungle the club only bagged four, this made a total of fifteen pig in three days' hunting from the Pali jungle.

Kailash proved a good meet this year, and Sehat jungle, which was crowded with pig of all sizes, produced seven good pig for the bag. The jungle itself was more impenetrable than ever, and only those pig which were induced to break from one end of cover across comparatively light grass to the other, paid the price of their temerity.

The jungles round Tanora, with the exception of Bisarna, which was burnt level with the ground, were in excellent condition, and although they only produced seven corpses they gave the best hunting of the season. It was in Tanora jungle itself that spears had their only opportunity to ride a hyena. He was seen sneaking ahead at the time and was left to break cover on his own, but on finishing the beat he had disappeared.

The big disappointment of the season was the scratching of the tent club team for the Muttra Cup. The mounts were a scratch lot at the best of times, but after five days' hunting at Easter there remained but three sound horses between members of the team. On top of that a member of the team was detailed for court martial duties on the very days concerned.

*DELHI*

THIS tent club, despite the fact that it appears to be nearly extinct, has enjoyed the best season it has had for very many years, due no doubt to the kindness of His Excellency Lord Willingdon, who once more became our patron and brought us luck! Last season was the best for many years with a bag of 62 boar in 49 days' hunting this season that respectable total has been more than doubled, and, as spears were very few at most meets, individuals enjoyed a lot of hunting.

F. F. Gill, who has been transferred, handed over the hunt to H. Branford in November, and he arranged seven days' hunting before the New Year. Result: Four pig and two horses killed! Four days in January only produced three boar, and February was little better with six pig in four days; by then the new hon. secretary was beginning to learn the country, and seven days' hunting in March accounted for 36 pig; in April, 26 went into the bag; in May, 35; and in June, 25, when the season (bar a possible bye-day or two) ended with a total of 135 pig, three hyenas and one Para stag, speared during 60 days' hunting, and on 20 of those days the field consisted of one party of four or less spears.

Accidents were few, and only one more horse was seriously hurt during the season, and the spears got off with one broken nose and some ribs, all of which belonged to our visitors, the 10th Hussars!

The outlook for next season is black, indeed, as Colonel Watson, R.A., of A.H.Q., and Capt. Atherton, of His Excellency's Bodyguard, have both left Delhi, and apart from the K.S.L.I. they were our only regular "hunters of pig." The King's Shropshire Light Infantry also leave Delhi before next season, and as this regiment was our mainstay in the present, unless the relieving regiment are keen pigstickers, it looks as if the hon. secretary will be alone in his glory in the coming season.

*FYZABAD*

THIS year the tent club has entirely changed hands owing to the East Surrey Regiment relieving the Cameron Highlanders, and the 79th Field Battery R.A. relieving the 69th Field Battery R.A. This entailed appointing an hon. secretary who did not know the country, and had therefore to rely entirely on the shikari.

Only one man had more than one year's experience of pigsticking.

The first meet was on February 17th, when we opened the season with a 30in. boar found and killed on the edge of cantonments. He gave us a long hunt in and out of patches of sugar cane. We did not, however, find many boar until April, owing to the fact that the crops were not reaped until then. The best hunt of the season was within about five miles of home. We put up a well-grown, beautiful boar which looked about 30in. He was a brownish colour and had very good tushes. He took us very fast over a broken line of "nullah" country, through average jhow cover. The work of following him was done by one spear, but he was supported closely by two others. The pig, after taking us about a mile, was speared in the back. This made him furious and he charged all three of us in turn several times.

One of the spears, thinking the pig was disabled, dismounted to finish him off. On seeing this the pig went straight for him; however, he managed to hold it off, whilst another man, who had by then also dismounted, came in from one side and ended the scene. The pig only measured 28in., but he was a stocky old man, and very brave. He was probably a cross between the red and the black variety, as he had a very ginger appearance, though the bristles on his head were mostly black. The bag up to the present is sixteen pig, but we are still hoping to beat last year's total of 20, and thus create a new post-war record.

*POONA*

THIS season's pigsticking has been the most successful one since 1905. Seventeen boar have been accounted for to date, and it is hoped yet to have a further few meets. This figure, of course, does not compare with the boar killed by the tent clubs of the Kadir countries, but it is to be wondered if many other clubs can produce a figure that has not been surpassed for 30 years.

The introduction of the cochineal bug into a great number of the cactus coverts has reduced the lying-up places for boar, with the result that tracking has been somewhat simplified. This reason may account for the larger number of pig seen this year as compared with former seasons. It is to be feared that the destruction wrought by the cochineal bug may in the very near future leave no coverts where pig may remain more or less secure.

The largest boar killed this season measured 34½in., while a smaller one of 33in. recorded the biggest weight of 250lb. The best tushes came from a boar of 32½in.; they were just short of 9in.

An unusual incident took place soon after the rains broke. A large boar was with difficulty moved from a thick cactus jungle. When ridden, he put up a most determined fight. The first spear to take him on had his horse brought down heavily, the second only just escaped a like fate, his horse being brought down on his knees, while the third rider had his horse severely cut. The boar, who now had a spear left in him, moved off slowly to the brink of a large well. Here he waltzed round endeavouring to dislodge the encumbering spear and fell in. The well was some 25ft. deep with a pool of water in the centre with mud around it. The boar, who had got rid of the offending spear in his fall, seemed unhurt and was extremely angry. After much discussion, one of the spears was lowered down on several ropes of "puggrees" and reins and killed the boar from the safe distance of a small step some 5ft. from the bottom of the well.

The Bhima Cup was won in a most exciting final by Mr. A. F. Harper, of the Royal Deccan Horse.

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*The Country House*

# MODERNISING COUNTRY HOMES

## Efficient Lighting for Rooms and Economical Heating Systems

MODERN lighting has changed its status. From being the "last but not least" item on the decorative programme, it has become the preface to decoration. On it will depend the arrangement of your furniture and the compromise your colour scheme will have to make with natural and artificial light.

The advent of the grid system by which cheap current is carried to many obscure country districts has done much to bring scientific lighting into the country house, though the modern power plant leaves no excuse to-day for inadequate lighting where the grid does not penetrate.

Interior lighting is working towards a fine balance of æsthetics and science. The proportion may be a little heavy on the side of æsthetics, but it shows every sign of a swing to the cause of exactness. Until recently we took it for granted that a central lighting fixture hung from the ceiling, and a pair of brackets adorned each wall, all stalagtites with ineffectual bulbs. We became the slaves of electric plugs and outlets.

The contemporary electrician uses other methods. All the paraphernalia of interior architecture lends a hand. Window casements may conceal a lamp; your windows will function by night as well as by day; and so will the comfortable reading chair which has grown accustomed to being neglected at night. Beams will discharge a diffused and gracious illumination, and niches a brilliant incandescence. The cornice will be transformed into a useful member of society. Behind its innocent, plastic surface a row of bulbs will emit illumination to fit the situation; if your wall is bare, sharp staccato spots of light will be separated by tapering fingers of shadow to decorate the wall and lend a more peculiar charm to the arrangement of your furniture. On the other hand, the same cornice will provide a clear diffused light with which to illuminate the precious painting which may hang below. There will never be any glare.

Rooms are lit from sources that remain unobtrusive, if not mysterious. In the bedrooms, notes of light maintain a suspended phrase in the headboard of the bed, above the doors of the wardrobe.

Cove lighting is now familiar to everyone of us. It is half decorative and half utilitarian, and there are dozens of places in every house where it can be used to advantage. Since it gives a clear smooth glow without shadows, it is especially good for bathrooms, dressing rooms and around bedroom mirrors. Cove lighting is a method of placing the bulbs in a recess in the wall and covering it with a diffusing sheet of frosted glass. In older houses where it is not practical to build in the recesses, a similar effect is achieved with a little simple construction work.

For decorative purposes, diffused panels about niches and cupboards give a dramatic effect to the ornaments they hold. Used on bookcases, they are ornamental and make it easy to read the titles.

Diffused lighting panels are a godsend in the kitchen. Placed under the tops of cupboards they throw light down on work surfaces beneath. Placed over the sink or stove they light these scenes of operation without the cook having to worry about getting in her own light. Another necessary kitchen light is one in the refrigerator. Some of the new models are equipped with them, and there are separate lighting units obtainable for the refrigerator that does not have them. When the door opens, the light flashes on.

Refrigeration is a much neglected factor in the country house. Quiet, efficient and dependable, the automatic refrigerator protects health, preserves food, lowers expenses by eliminating waste, makes housekeeping easy, and entertainment a pleasure.

Possibly the greatest value of automatic refrigeration is in its preservation of milk, which in some form comprises one-fifth of our food and contains all the necessary elements of perfect food, but bacteria thrives in it, and although pasteurisation kills most of these organisms, the remainder will develop rapidly unless milk is kept in a temperature near forty degrees. And this is only possible in the automatic refrigerator. Its freezing compartments are ideal for freezing ice-cream, parfaits, mousses, or for chilling beverages, salads or jellies.

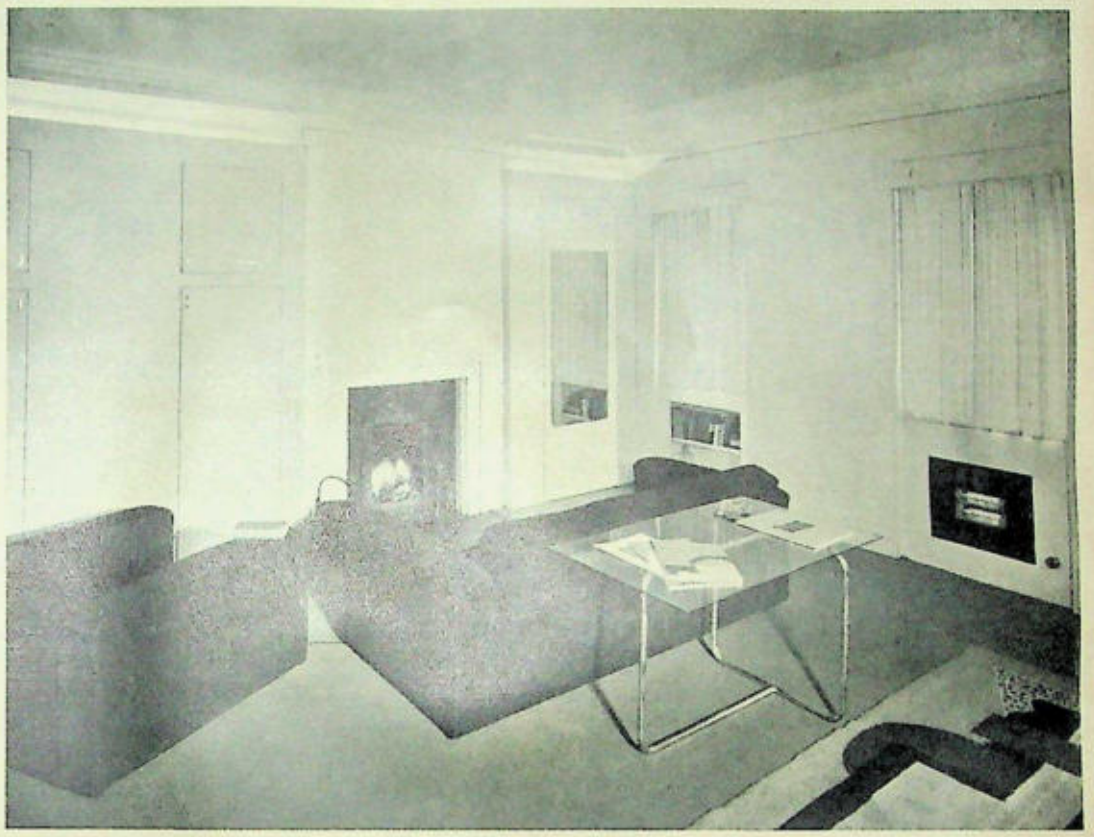
Heating the country house is a problem solved with greater efficiency during recent years with new appliances. Progressive measures indicate that the old distinction between the heating, plumbing and electrical systems in a house is becoming less rigid. In fact, architects look forward to the day when the various systems, heaters and fuels will be consolidated with a single system.

In treating the various well-known heating systems separately we find that each one is now more complex than formerly.

A dependable and economical system is steam heating, of which there are two kinds in the single-pipe and the double-pipe systems. The first is more economical to instal, since there is no return piping from the radiators. When the steam is turned into the radiator, the air in the radiator is forced out through a valve that closes when the radiator is filled with steam. Water from condensing steam runs off down the single pipe to the boiler where it is reheated.

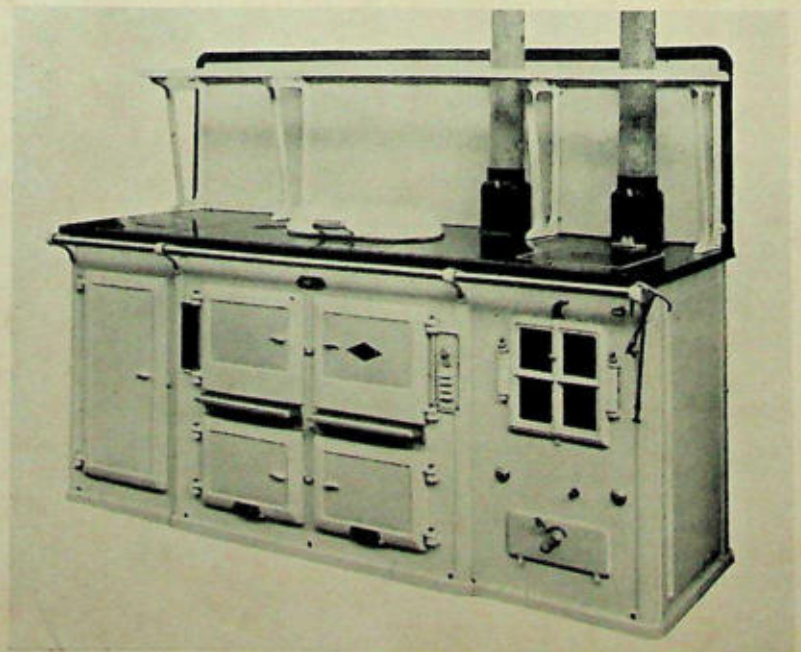
The hot-water systems, such as those made by the Beeston Boiler Company, have many merits, one being that a supply of hot water is always available for household purposes. The hot water may circulate through the radiators at a comparatively low temperature, thus giving off a gentle warmth; or it may be considerably hotter, as desired.

It is becoming increasingly the practice to conceal the radiators. This is usually done by recessing the radiators in a niche and concealing them with grilles. Or one may use the new radiator enclosures to cover radiators that are already placed out in the room. The first method gives excellent results from the point of view of interior decoration. It is often well worth the extra care and trouble that is caused. This form of concealment lends itself to a wide variety of artistic treatments of the grille that hides the radiator. Grilles are of various metals, simple or elaborate in design, according to taste. G. B. H.



DIFFUSED LIGHTING IN A MODERN INTERIOR

*From an architectural point of view many country houses might not lend themselves to modern ideas of furnishing, even if such were thought desirable, but there is no reason in many cases why the lighting should not be concealed and walls treated to aid the effect*



ONE OF THE FIRST STEPS IN RENOVATION SHOULD CONCERN THE KITCHEN

*A modern type of range which is labour-saving and economical*

## COOKERS AND STOVE HEATING

ONE if not the main consideration in the arrangements of a household concerns the cooking apparatus; in fact all reforms should start with the kitchen. Gone are the days of the old black range with its waste of fuel, hard labour, its soot and its black-leading. To-day the fuel-burning cooker is a cheery enamelled object of neat appearance; in itself an attractive piece of kitchen furniture. Of scientific structure it is kept clean with the minimum of work and constructed to give the maximum thermal efficiency with the lowest consumption of fuel.

The old cooker sent the heat roaring up the flues, the new one, fed on anthracite, burns less in 24 hours than the ordinary range did in one hour. A hopper feeds fresh coal to the burner as the fuel is consumed, the heat is conducted round its ovens without it being possible for any fumes to come into contact with their interiors, while attention to the fire itself is limited to shaking out the bars every twelve hours and re-fuelling every 24 hours. The cooker is ready in the morning without any need for lighting and stoking up, and

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its cost is reckoned at from 3½d. to 5d. per 24 hours when cooking meals for from 5 to 20 persons.

In an accompanying illustration a model of the "Esse" cooker is shown, which incorporates a boiler at the side for hot water supplies and which, fed separately, will burn anthracite, coke, or coal and consume household refuse. Various cooker combinations incorporate boiler or hot-air cupboard or both, or even a heating stove at the side for large kitchens where extra warmth is required. There are three ovens, hot, medium and simmering ovens; a regulator adjusts the degree of heat; a boiling plate on top will bring a kettle to a boil in a few minutes; and, be it noted, a toasting radiant provides a red-hot surface for making toast whenever its services are required.

These are but brief particulars of an admirable kitchen necessity which functions without trouble if the precaution is taken to see that it is properly installed under the makers' supervision and not handled by incompetent workmen.

While on the subject of economical cookers, it is but a step to stoves, and these to-day, all other methods of heating apart, solve a very great problem. The very mention of a stove not so many years back was sufficient to indicate a hideous erection which focused attention the minute one set foot inside a room. Like other appliances, however, the stove to-day has taken its place as an adjunct to the room, is of inconspicuous appearance, and can be supplied in colours in Majolica enamel or other finishes, to tone in with the colour-scheme of a room. As to economy it is hard to imagine any form of heating that will be continuous, is adjustable for temperature, and works at a cost as little as half-a-crown a week on walnut-size anthracite, which is what is claimed for "Esse" stoves. There is no lighting to be done as with fires, the breakfast room is comfortably warm the first thing in the morning, and a warm temperature throughout the house from a stove installed in a hall, keeps internal pipes from freezing in very cold weather. These stoves are easily fitted to the old open grates, and their cleaning consists in simply removing the ash-pan without scattering powdery dust all over a room.

For those who like to see an open blaze there are stoves made so that the top half will open and provide the cheerful appearance of a fire, but necessarily the consumption of fuel is increased or this privilege.

## COUNTRY WATER SUPPLIES

### Cheap Electrical Pumping

THERE are still many districts in the country where the only source of water supply for the country house consists of a well, and in a recent issue attention was drawn to the great convenience of employing an electrical pumping unit to solve the question of continuous supply. With the modern pump there is always the assurance, with an adequate water supply, that the tank is full, and the householder is as well catered for as if he were on a mains supply. The system in one of its simple forms is to pump the water by suction up to a storage tank which will give the necessary house supply by gravity feed, the pump being restarted automatically by means of a float which sets the motor in action as soon as the water is at low level. When all the old trouble and labour associated with pumping is considered, the benefit of such an installation for a sum less than £20 need hardly be stressed. It will pump at the rate of about 250 gallons per hour at a cost of something like 1,000 gallons for 2d., reckoning the electricity at 1d. per unit.

In the recent report by the Electrical Development Association and Agricultural Electrification Committee, the whole field of water supplies, large and small, was adequately surveyed. In the case of isolated supplies, the suggested alternative to the gravity feed when the well is some distance from the house, and wiring becomes a matter of cost, was the use of a pressure tank. This tank consists of an air-tight cylinder capable of withstanding sufficient water and air pressure to force the water up to the highest point required. The control to ensure a continuous supply in this instance consists of an automatic switch sensitive to reduced pressure in the tank, which is usually built in a unit with the pump. It has its additional advantage in developing higher pressure for fire extinguishing.

Whenever electricity is available it should be made to aid labour-saving devices to its full capacity, but again, of course, as an alternative to electricity, when not to be had at reasonable cost, petrol and Diesel engines provide the means for tank filling. If there is one thing comes first in isolated districts it is that of the water supply. The convenience of an adequate distribution of water not only throughout a house but to farm buildings, etc., is out of all proportion to the small capital sum usually involved and the immense saving in labour costs.

AN AUTUMN HERBACEOUS BORDER WHICH INCLUDES *RUDBECKIA LACINIATA* AND A VARIETY OF WHITE PHLOX

## THE AUTUMN BORDER

### Herbaceous Flowers Which Are Invaluable

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN most gardens the herbaceous borders are at their best in early autumn and the colouring gorgeous. This is an excellent time to take stock, to note omissions and anything in the way of wrong grouping.

In regard to the last point, few flowers are, I think, so badly used for effect as Michaelmas daisies. In nearly every garden, they are allowed to make huge clumps, the top a mass of flowers, and then nearly their whole height are uninteresting clumps of stems. Further, treated thus, most of the very large flowered kinds look very heavy. Also in a damp speel the stalks get mildewed. If only two or three stems are allowed to each clump and the clumps fairly close to each other, with perhaps one of the more graceful dahlias such as S. Fagan's, gaillardias, etc., between, the result is delightful. The tall-growing Michaelmas daisies treated thus branch in all directions, producing a feathery effect that both enhances and is set off by the heavier flowers.

The varieties of the cordifolius section might be more commonly grown, for their clouds of small flowers on thin, branching stems are singularly graceful. Silver Spray is exquisite, and so is Diffusus Hon. Edith Gibbs, the former with very pale lilac flowers, and the latter with milky, pale blue flowers. Both these attain 5ft., whereas most of the cordifolius section are only 3ft. to 4ft. high. Amongst the pink asters, Barr's Pink is still justly a prime favourite, and the new Crimson Beauty is also very fine, the flowers deeper coloured, but Crimson Beauty is not quite so tall-growing as Barr's Pink. Amongst the pink and rose-red asters of lesser growth, Radiant and Red Rover are well worth getting. Little Boy Blue and Little Pink Lady are well-established favourites. Mulberry is, I think, charming, the only aster of this colour, with flowers of a rich, true, mulberry red. It attains about 4ft. and is very floriferous.

All asters take kindly to being divided and in every case the centre part should be thrown away and the new outer roots replanted. Asters of the amellus section are an exception to the rule, for they resent being transplanted and once established should be left well alone. They make a good edging for a herbaceous border, especially in mixed colours, for they all attain about 2½ft. King George is still the best violet blue; Sonia, the best pink, and Beauty of Ronsdorf a lovely, pale pinkish mauve. Ultramine is a very rich blue, Charles Davis a rich violet, and Keston, a good mauve with pink markings, is valuable for its late flowering. Most of the amellus section flower early September, and in mild parts in August, but Keston does not flower till late October.

White flowers are invaluable in the autumn border, especially on dull days. In any case a border in which there are too few white flowers looks heavy. Amongst the most useful and certainly most graceful is *Gaura Lindheimerii*, for its dainty white flowers on slender stems make a good foil. On light sandy soils and in the south this native of Mexico is perennial, but on heavy soils it is best treated as an annual. Seed should be sown in March in boxes of light soil, and the seedlings transplanted to their flowering positions when an inch or so high.

In an autumn border I was asked to plan recently, we have arranged for the back rows the tall-growing Michaelmas daisies—pink, mauve, rose-red, and rich violet and white; the rich orange perennial sunflower Monarch, and that fine variety *Helianthus sparsifolius*, *Aconitum Wilsoni*, *Kniphofia nobilis*, *Rudbeckia nitida Herbstoune*, *Helenium rubrum* and Helenium Chipperfield Orange and *Gaura Lindheimerii* in considerable quantity. None of these in big clumps, but to secure a posy-like effect. And a background of half-standard Siberian crabs (John Downie). I think this half-standard crab, with its masses of beautiful scarlet fruits is an ideal background for an autumn border.

A white, or at least partially white edging is as effective in autumn as in summer. For autumn one of the least commonly used and yet most effective subjects is the white-flowered dwarf bergamot. It is very floriferous and goes on flowering into October. It associates well with *Polygonum affine* (9in.). The crimson-tinted foliage and pink flowers of this polygonum are very effective in autumn.

Everyone grows the commonest of the Japanese anemones—but, why, I wonder, are the double kinds so seldom grown? They look like roses at a little distance, whereas the single kinds are apt to look a trifle thin. Mignon and Mont Rose (both 3ft.) are beautiful double pink varieties, and Prince Henry (2ft.) a good, rich, rose-red. They look exceptionally well with the low-growing asters, such as *Aster Thomsoni* (which has pale blue flowers), the yellow-flowers *Aster hybridus luteus* and *Aster ptarmicoides*, with masses of dainty white flowers.

The common Golden Rod is rather weed-like, but the variety Golden Wings (6ft.) is excellent. So is *Solidago serotina* (5ft.). *Solidago cæsia*, with its wire-like black stems and graceful flowers attracts considerable attention when exhibited at shows, but it is very seldom grown. This pleasing Golden Rod attains only about 3ft.

Heleniums and rudbeckias are indispensable. It is advisable to secure the late-flowering heleniums, for the majority finish flowering by mid-September. H. Wyndley with big yellow and bronze flowers, and Chipperfield Orange, with red streaked orange flowers continue in bloom till nearly the end of October. *Rudbeckia nitida Herbstoune* (6ft.) goes on into November.

For late November and early December what better than the charming old-fashioned cottage button chrysanthemums? They flower merrily when every other plant is cut with frost.

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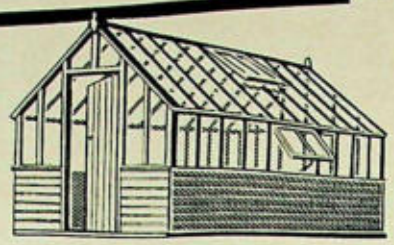

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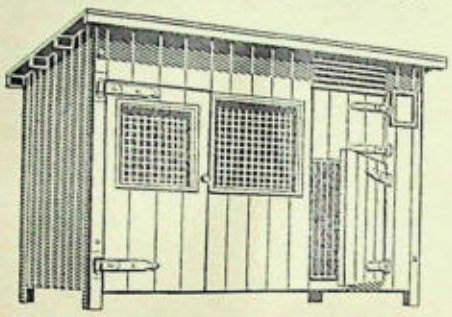

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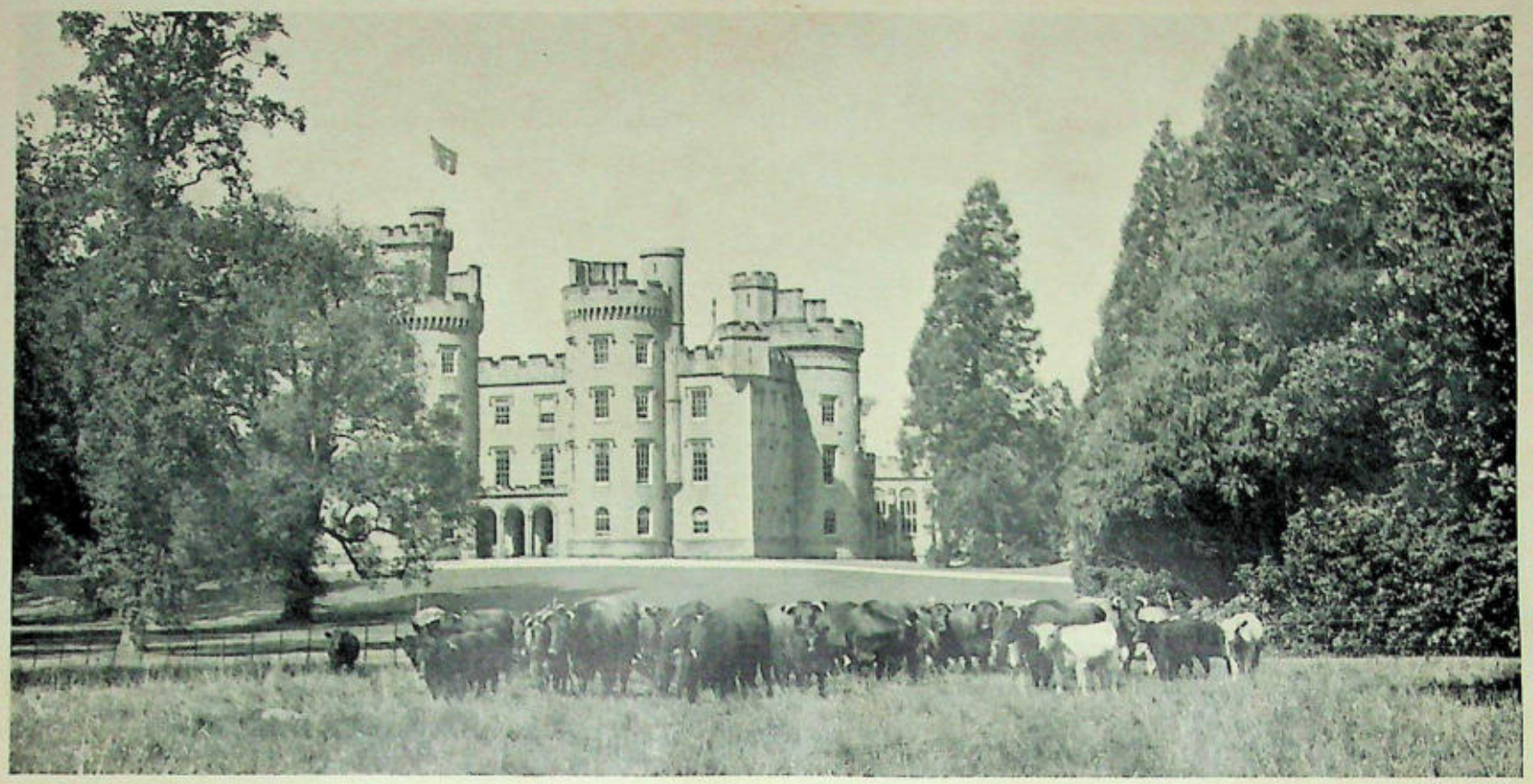

*Niall Rankin*

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*The Cluny herd is usually prominent at the Royal Show and the Highland Show*

# COWS ON SUMMER PASTURES

## How the Amount of Cream is Affected

DURING a dry time in summer the quality as well as the quantity of cows' milk falls off seriously. As many dairy farmers, and also those who keep one or two cows for the house, have realised during the past month yields are much influenced by the season. To maintain the output of their cows they have had to start feeding winter rations, which is an unwelcome expense in the month of August. The parched pastures have been no better than second-class hay. A dripping September may yet revive growth, but for the present the milk yields and its quality is much depressed.

Milk is usually found to be richest in fat and other solids during the winter months—October to March. The fat percentage is usually lowest in April, May and June, the average depression being about 0.2 per cent. below the winter level. The solids-not-fat percentage is usually lowest in June, July and August to the extent of about 0.2 per cent. below the winter average. During a long period of summer drought the quality of milk is depressed greatly in excess of these figures.

It is commonly maintained by dairy farmers that the foods fed to cows exercise a considerable influence on the percentage of fat in milk. On the other hand, research workers who have devoted a great deal of attention to this question are unable to agree with this opinion, although in some instances, temporary but decided changes have been noted in the fat content.

The results of many experiments carried out under varying conditions in all parts of the country are quoted by the Ministry of Agriculture (Bulletin No. 16) to show that such changes as can be effected in the composition of the milk of suitably-fed cows are slight and temporary. Feeding excessive amounts of cod liver oil will depress the fat percentage, but it is broadly true to say that, where cows are suitably fed, their milk cannot be altered appreciably in respect of the percentage of butter fat by the foods, and that as regards the solids-not-fat the effects are still more difficult to trace.

Other investigations have shown that a cow tends to give milk poor in fat and other solids during the second, third and fourth months of her lactation. This factor is not of great importance in herds where the calvings are distributed throughout the year, but where a large proportion of the cows calve in a short period an appreciable depression in the quality of the milk may occur during the time when the majo ity of the herd are in their second, third and fourth months of lactation.

It is also true that the older a cow grows the less the butter fat content of her milk. But so far as the percentage of fat is concerned the intervals between milkings constitute the most important of the known factors associated with variations in the composition of milk. It is not unlikely that the fat in any milk will be found to fall below the 3 per cent. limit when a long interval has elapsed since the previous milking.

Regular times of milking with, as far as practicable, equal intervals between milkings, should be the aim. A cow cannot be expected to give her best if she is milked at seven o'clock in the morning and at three o'clock in the afternoon. The morning milk will not give much cream for the breakfast porridge.

R. F.

# FARMING NOTES

### Wheat Act Payments

FINAL calculations made by the Wheat Commission show that the average market price that farmers made of the 1934 wheat crop was 22s. 1d. per quarter. The Commission is adding 17s. 1d., which makes a total price of 39s. 2d. per quarter.

The standard price for home grown wheat of millable quality was set at 45s. per quarter by the Wheat Act, but the maximum quantity was exceeded last year. Six million quarters is the total fixed by the Act, and sales amounted to 8,000,000 quarters, so growers receive deficiency payments at three-quarters the full rate.

This year's crop is not likely to reach such bumper proportions, and wheat growers can look forward to the 1935 price being made up more nearly to the standard price of 45s. a quarter.

### *Malting Barley*

The rains of last week-end checked harvest work, but where the fall was not heavy they were welcome for the sake of the barley which was still in stook. The dry summer had made the barley too hard and steely for the liking of the maltsters, and a little moisture was needed to mellow the grain before it went into rick.

The Brewers' Society has again urged its members to buy as much home-grown barley as possible, and to pay a fair price for it ; so if the crop threshes out well in October there should be a fair demand for good samples. Less barley has been grown this year, following the low prices realised for last year's crop, and it is evident that the brewers will have to enter the market freely this autumn if the home crop is not to dwindle further.

### *Good Prices for Sheep*

The lamb trade has kept up well this summer. A big proportion of the year's lambs have already been sold, more perhaps than usual, owing to the lack of feed in the pastures. Now there will be a demand for store lambs to carry on into the autumn and winter. Rain has refreshed the pastures and raises hopes of a fair crop of roots. It is extraordinary how much growth turnips and kale will make in a kindly autumn, and fields that have been badly checked by the dry July and August should now go ahead satisfactorily.

### *Half-bred Ewes*

Scottish breeders are securing fair prices for their ewes and ewe lambs. The keenest demand is now for the Half-bred (Border Leicester x Cheviot) ewes which are wanted to replenish grass flocks in the Midlands and South. Prices for breeding sheep at the earlier sales in Scotland have been no higher than last year, but the prospect of more autumn keep in the pastures is likely to make English buyers keener, and a rise in values may be expected.

### *Bacon Pig Contracts*

Those who are heavily committed in pig producton are looking to the Pigs Marketing Board for information about the terms and prices of the next contract period. They need to know the prospects some time ahead to adjust their breeding programme. This year it will be recalled a premium was given for deliveries made during January, February, March and April. Is this premium to be continued ?

Information is also wanted about the prices to be paid next year. Is it worth putting more gilts to the boar now, or shall we see some form of limitation of production ? There are more pigs in the country than ever before, and it is apparently the intention of the Government to allow more foreign bacon into the country next year if the Danes and other importers agree to a levy being put on their shipments. It is time we knew how matters stand.

### *Retail Milk Prices*

The Milk Marketing Board is also busy trying to settle contract terms for the next year, which for milk producers begins on October 1st. The mandate which the Board received at the recent poll has, it may be hoped, been interpreted not as a vote of confidence. Dairy farmers want to see their business organisation pursuing a constructive line in the development of the market for fresh milk. There is ample scope for expansion in many districts, both in urban areas and the villages. But so long as retail prices are maintained at the present level many households cannot afford to buy all the fresh milk they need.

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# TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

ONE OF NEXT YEAR'S CARS ON A TRIAL RUN NEAR SHREWSBURY
*A 1936 Daimler Light Twenty and the 1935 harvest*

## ARE THERE TOO MANY MOTORING ASSOCIATIONS?

### Local Efforts to Encourage Road Courtesy

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

*(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)*
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

WITHIN the last few months several new motoring associations have come into being and there seems to be a general feeling that they are becoming too numerous, because of the inevitable overlapping of functions and consequent division of interests. Hardly a week goes by in which I do not receive details of some projected association connected with motoring or the roads, generally accompanied by a request to take an active interest in its formation.

I think the answer to the question—whether there are now too many associations of this nature—depends, to a very large extent, upon the objects of the new association. The general interests of the motorist are, I think, in the main, adequately dealt with by the R.A.C. and the A.A. I know there has been a great deal of criticism of both these bodies, more especially in connection with the apparent apathy displayed in the matter of recent legislation. Even if one agrees that much of the criticism is well founded, it must, in common fairness, be admitted that the last word in these matters lies with the motorist himself.

To illustrate what I mean, it has even been suggested in the motoring press that one way to obtain fair treatment at the hands of the Government would be for motorists to lay up their cars for three months. The argument is that the consequent loss of revenue from direct and indirect taxation would be so heavy that it would cause serious misgivings in official quarters, the result being that some of the more onerous obligations imposed by the law would be withdrawn.

Quite possibly this would be so. But, supposing the A.A. was to ask its half million members to join in any such movement, what would be the likely result? Would ten thousand of them sacrifice convenience and pleasure to the common cause? I imagine not. It is all very well to criticise, but it seems to me that the position simply is that the two great associations can only protest when any piece of repressive legislation is in contemplation. If the protest is listened to, well and good. If it is not, what can they actually *do* to make it effective? To threaten that this or that will happen at, say, the next general election, would be an idle waste of words.

All this being so, I do not view with any favour an attempt to start any body in active opposition to these two. But the position of certain other associations is quite another matter. Such organisations as the Order of the Road, the Guild of Master Motorists, and the Empire Motorists' Association, are setting out to do a good work. Their main objects are to encourage a high standard of road courtesy—to establish a true and real chivalry of the road.

AT THE AFGHAN FRONTIER, NEAR CHAMAN
*This Rover saloon is the property of a British resident in Quetta*

I have many times expressed the conviction that along the lines of educating all road users to a higher standard of conduct when using the highways lies the real solution of the accident problem. I think, therefore, that all these new bodies which have come into existence for the purpose of furthering the educative aim are to be welcomed.

It may be asked why not one single national body to work to the same end? Why have a multitude of more or less local associations? The answer, I think, is that local effort has more of the personal touch than is associated with a nation-wide movement. You can get more interested members through a localised association than you would be likely to obtain in the same area from an appeal issued by a national association in London.

I would like to see an association founded on the rules of safety and courtesy working in every large centre in the country. Preferably, I should like them all to be linked up with the Road Fellowship League, which seeks to include *all* road users in a common effort towards greater safety. But whether associated with the League or not, I think we should have them.

## THE TOURIST TROPHY

IN connection with the Tourist Trophy race, to be held in Ulster next Saturday, September 7th, the R.A.C. has issued a pamphlet containing details of the fares, times of departure, etc., of boats and trains on all routes between Belfast and London, Liverpool, Heysham, Holyhead, Stranraer and Glasgow.

Another leaflet gives full particulars of the traffic regulations which will be in force in Belfast and district during the race. This includes a large-scale map showing the routes which should be followed from Belfast to the course. These pamphlets are obtainable, free of charge, from the Secretary (Touring Department), R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

A table of handicaps has now been prepared for the use of spectators during the race. By comparing the actual times taken with those set out in this table, it is possible to arrive at the position of each car at the end of every lap.

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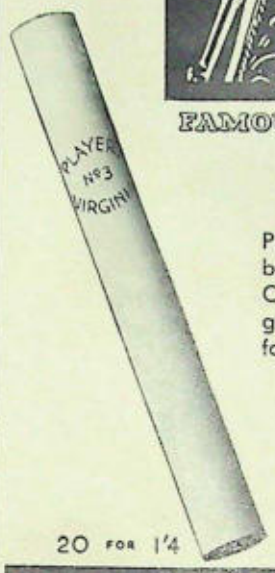


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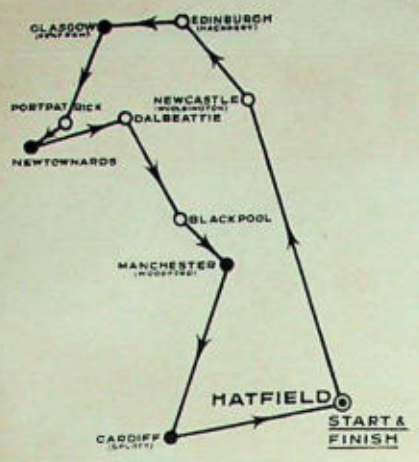
# THIS YEAR'S RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP

## A Keen Test for Men and Machines

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"




THE FIRST DAY'S COURSE

AMONG the sporting events of the aviation year the race for the King's Cup, which this year takes place on September 6th and 7th, occupies pride of place, for it is the occasion on which the leading pilots, both private and professional, are seen in open competition, and the entry list is often marked by the first appearance of new types or modifications of existing aircraft. This year's race should be no exception. There are a number of extremely interesting entries, and the conditions under which the event will be run should ensure a really sporting contest.

Entries for this year's race have been divided into two classes: one for machines whose total engine power at maximum r.p.m. is not greater than 150 h.p., and one for those whose power exceeds this figure. The official list of entries shows nineteen machines in the low-power category—known as Class A—and seventeen in the high-power, class B.

The actual race is divided into two parts, which will be flown on consecutive days. On the first day the machines will compete over a course of 953 miles, commencing at Hatfield. The first leg takes the competitors to Newcastle-on-Tyne, a distance of 240 miles, after which the route passes to Edinburgh (90 miles) and Glasgow (41 miles), where the first control is situated. Next, the machines fly to Portpatrick (75 miles), which is the departure point for the 30-mile sea crossing to Newtownards, the second control point.

The return crossing is made to Dalbeattie, a distance of 80 miles, the course then passing south to Blackpool (85 miles), Woodford (50 miles), which is the next control, and Cardiff (136 miles). From Cardiff, the last control point, the competitors start the last section of 126 miles to Hatfield.

This part of the race will be an entirely open competition. No handicap allowances will be given, and a great deal will, therefore, depend upon the skill shown in course keeping, and in the efficiency with which refuelling and so on is carried out at the control points, since all time spent on the ground, at both official controls and elsewhere, will be taken into consideration.

In the original regulations it had been proposed that the first ten machines in each of the two classes should compete in the final on the second day; and in view of the number of entries in Class B it is probable that this arrangement will be adhered to. In any case, however, the second day's racing will consist of seven laps over a triangular course of some 50 miles, beginning and ending at Hatfield, with turning points at Broxbourne and Henlow. This part of the race will be flown under handicap conditions.

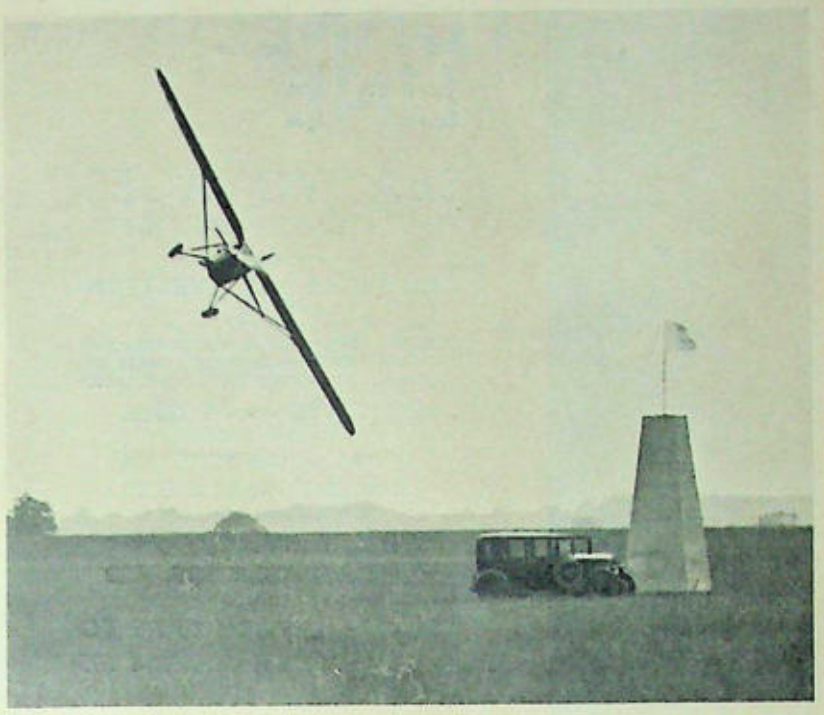
There had been some criticism of the first day's course in view of the comparatively long oversea flights involved. In view of the reliability of the modern machine, however, and the frequency with which private pilots make the Channel crossing as part of their normal touring, the fears expressed will no doubt prove to have been groundless. Nevertheless, there is some point in the contention that in view of the fact that in a race pilots are apt to take risks they might avoid on other occasions, it might have been preferable to have chosen a purely overland route.

An analysis of the entries reveals some very interesting data. Taking both classes together, the most striking fact is that the race is confined almost entirely to monoplanes. Class A, the low-power category, may be taken as typifying the light aeroplane of the day, and it is seen that an engine power of 130 h.p. has come to be looked upon as standard. The entries here are confined to types that have already proved their worth, with the exception of two newcomers, the T.K.2 and the Cupid B.A.3, the performance of which will be closely watched.

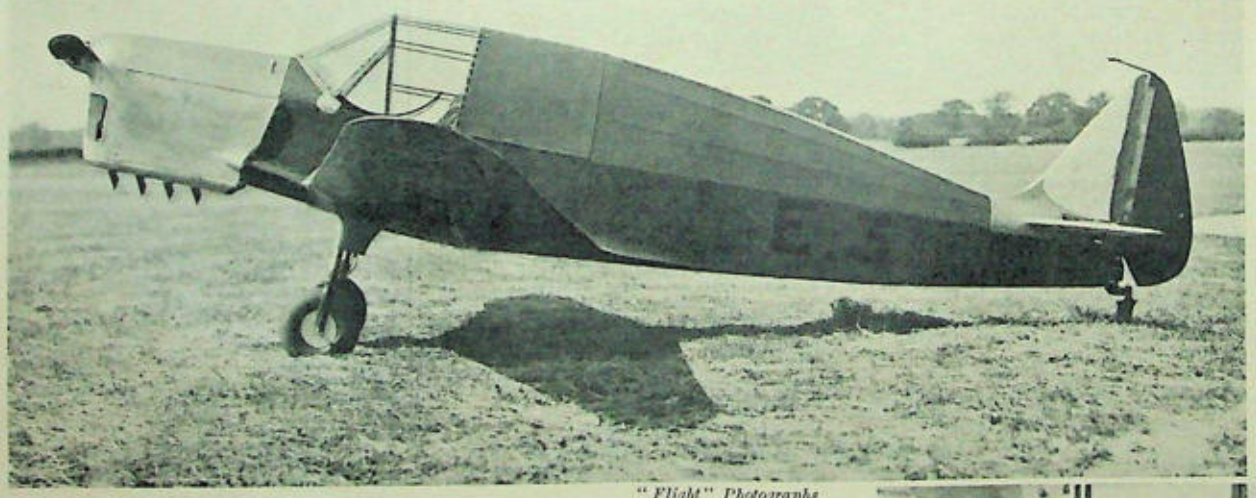
Interest is given to Class B by the entry of the D.H. Comet, the winner of the Melbourne air race, which is the highest-powered competitor in the field. In this class there are some very speedy machines, including one twin-engined novelty, the D.H.90. An interesting link with previous King's Cup races is the appearance in this class of an Avro Avian, whose Genet-Major engine of 152 h.p. just brings it into the high-power category. The conditions under which this year's race is to be run should make for a very interesting and close contest, and should provide against the fiasco of last year, when, owing to the application of handicaps, nearly all the high speed entries were eliminated from the final. In view of the reputation of the pilots taking part, the flying should be of a high order, and the race has been cleverly conceived to provide a test of both human skill, as shown in course keeping, and mechanical perfection, as revealed in performance.

What is not so certain, however, is whether the race will recapture any of that public enthusiasm which marked its progress some years ago. Last year, it will be remembered, the attendance at Hatfield was disappointing, though outside London fair crowds collected at the controls and turning points.

From the standpoint of the general sporting public there is little to be said for an event in which the result cannot be known until every machine has finished; and if the propaganda value of the race is to be restored this aspect must not be forgotten. Nevertheless, the main object is to provide a keen test of both pilots and machines, and there, at any rate, this year's event promises extremely well.



ROUNDING THE PYLON: AN INCIDENT IN LAST YEAR'S RACE



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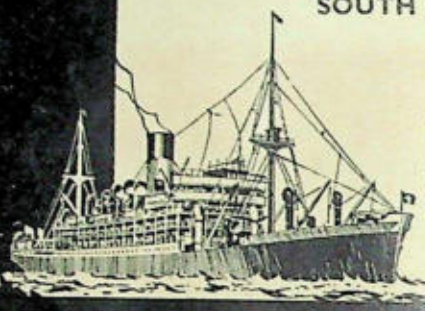

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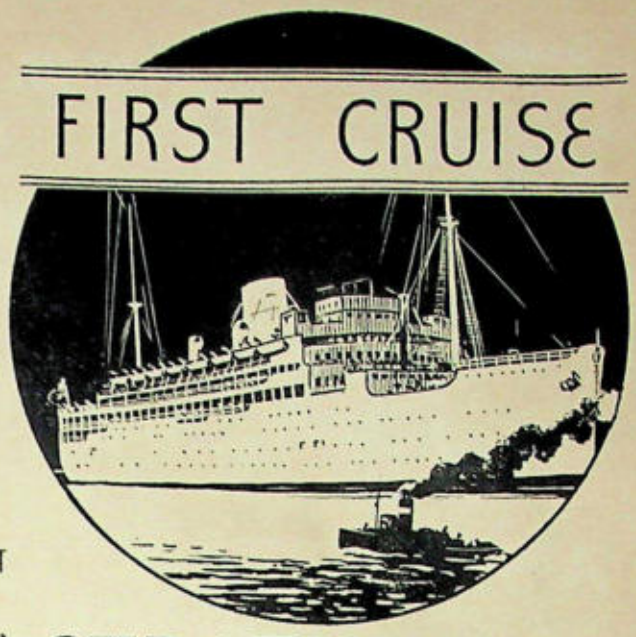

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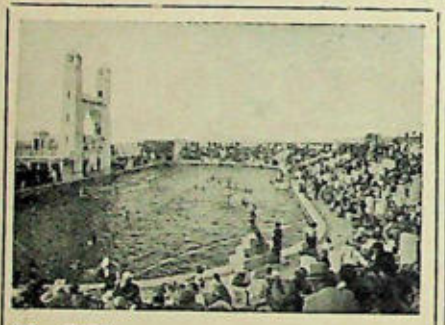

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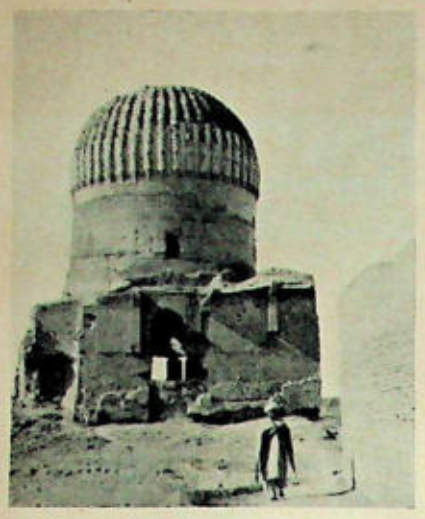
# THROUGH AFGHANISTAN BY CAR

## Many Difficulties but no Danger

By the HON. PATRICK BALFOUR



"THE GEM OF HERAT IS THE MOUSSALLA"
*A ruined tomb*

IT was with some trepidation that we approached the frontier, in our two Rolls-Royces more suited to Belgravia than Afghanistan—though by now of a somewhat battered Belgravia that had seen better days. The reputation of this country had led us to expect that we should be shot up at least. But I am beginning to discover that the bad reputations of far countries are usually undeserved. If, in fact, you were to set out to-day across the world with the avowed object of courting danger you would have a hard time trying to find it. Central Asia as a whole is probably less dangerous than Central London.

The Afghan frontier, far from bristling with machine-guns, was so sleepy and unobtrusive that we actually drove past it. No salvo of rifle fire recalled us, but a breathless peasant, smiling foolishly. He led us into a tumbledown farmyard where a few police in mufti were contemplating the hens. But we soon outrivalled the hens as an object of amused curiosity. The only sign of militarism was a gawky youth who appeared some minutes after our arrival, hurriedly buttoning his leggings, while his companions tugged at his tunic behind, like nurses dressing a child for a fancy-dress party.

Clearly, on sighting our cars, he had been sent off to change into uniform, that the fort—or rather farmyard—might wear a more martial aspect. He stood proudly twirling an adolescent moustache and regarding his rifle with nervous suspicion.

Meanwhile the Customs chief invited us to tea. It was a delightful tea-party, at eleven o'clock in the morning, round a table laid with Russian cigarettes and *fondants*, in a clean white room with Persian carpets on the floor. The Customs chief was courtesy itself, inquiring after our journey, welcoming us to his country. There was no hint of bureaucracy, hardly a mention of passports. These were quietly collected by a menial, quietly stamped, quietly returned. In Afghanistan, evidently, we were honoured guests, where in more civilised countries we had been alien interlopers admitted on sufferance.

And thus it was throughout our journey. Each village which entertained us warned the head man of the next by telephone (*sic*) of our arrival, so that each evening we found rooms and a meal of rice specially prepared, for which, as a rule, we were not expected to pay. At Herat, where we spent our first Afghan night, the proprietor of the rest-house was in a great state of pother. The place, he wailed, was not yet built. Now, if only we had come to-morrow we would have found it completed. Even so we slept comfortably amid bricks and mortar, with curtains stopping the gaps in the walls, after an ample *pilau*.

Herat is an enchanting town, utterly unspoilt by modernity. Modern building schemes have been planned so as not to interfere with the old. Thus at Herat the old bazaars still survive. You can walk for miles and lose yourself in these long, brick vaults, admiring the exquisite brickwork in which Persians and Afghans excelled. Shafts of white light strike through, straight as rain, upon the white-clad throng proceeding about their business from stall to stall. Free as they are from wheeled traffic, there is a muffled stillness about these bazaars, as in some cathedral. Here and there you come upon steps which lead to a deep green pool, like a flooded crypt. Only at the far end of the bazaar does Afghanistan live up to its reputation. For here the gunsmiths ply their trade. An entire quarter is given up to their stalls, with their serried ranks of weapons and different varieties of shot set out in trays like different varieties of nuts. Then only do you notice how many of these peasants, busy over their marketing, carry guns slung over their shoulders.

In the centre of the town is the great fort, bearing further witness to the Afghan's warlike past, and perhaps future, though at present it stands so quiet and serene. These forts are typical of the entire country through which we passed. From a distance, huge bastions towering above the low dwellings of the people, they remind you of Carcasonne or some of England's mediæval fortresses. But at close quarters, when you see that they are faced with mud, not stone, they lose many of their terrors, recalling rather some giant creations of a child at the seaside.

The gem of Herat is the Moussalla, the ruins of a fifteenth-century Moslem college destroyed no more than fifty years ago. Its seven-tiled minarets shoot up into the sky, shining vivid blue and green in the sunshine. Beneath them, to-day, peasants cultivate their fields, where once stood one of the finest Mohammedan buildings in the East.

AFGHAN SOLDIERS, TYPICAL OF THE AMIR'S IRREGULAR FORCES

"THE DOWAGER" IS TOO MUCH FOR AN AFGHAN BRIDGE

After Herat we struck out into primitive country. Principally it was flat prairie or desert, with rugged mountains on every side, their ridges serrated like a huge Yale key. We passed only an occasional village, but many nomad encampments, ranks of black, goat-hair tents against which the white garments of the men and occasional splashes of crimson in those of the women showed in brilliant relief. Caravans of donkeys and camels, carrying heavy loads of merchandise, passed us, and an occasional pair of policemen on horseback, patrolling the country.

The roads were not, strictly speaking, roads at all. They were no more than rough tracks, over which our Belgravian vehicles jolted and shook to such an extent that we were flung continually to the roof, in imminent danger of concussion. Often we stuck fast for an hour or more in soft sand. But the worst obstacles of all were the bridges: steep little humps of mud and branches which scraped the underpart of our chassis in a sickening manner as we attempted to cross. Sometimes we stuck altogether, front wheels perched ridiculously in the air. Sometimes we had to build up a broken bridge with such stones as we could collect from the desert.

But the worst adventure of all was when one of our rear wheels went right through a bridge altogether. It looked as though it must take days to extricate the unwieldy old Dowager, as the more antiquated of the two Rollses had been christened. But an army of Afghans made light of the situation. Gripping her by every portion of her decrepit anatomy on which they could lay hands, they lifted her up by main force on to the road again as if she were no more than a perambulator; indeed, the Dowager was so taken by surprise that she scampered off on her own, down the opposite slope of the bridge, and would have fouled herself in a ditch had we not chased her and applied her brake.

But if these minor bridges are inadequate, no big river in Afghanistan is bridged at all. We had four of these to cross between Herat and Kandahar. Fortunately we were able to ford the first three without difficulty, though at certain seasons of the year they are impassable for months at a time. But the Helmand River can only be crossed by ferry, and the Afghan idea of a motor ferry has to be seen to be believed. The Dowager and her consort had to be shepherded, this time, on to a precarious sort of canoe such as the Vikings may have used in days gone by. It rose at either end to an elegant point, so that the cars could only be driven on to it at a sharp angle. Here again the Afghans virtually lifted them into the air, depositing them on the rough platform of branches which apologised for the deck of the craft. Far from resenting the intrusion of the foreigner they treated the whole affair as a huge joke.

So we came to the valley of the Arghandab, where Kandahar stands among orchards and cypress trees. As the culmination of Lord Roberts's famous march from Kabul in the third Afghan War it is famous. Otherwise it contains little of interest within its monumental walls. Another 70 miles and we should be in India.

But what a 70 miles! Fearing rain, which would turn the road to a muddy torrent and delay us perhaps for days, we started at dusk instead of awaiting the daylight. As night fell the Dowager's lights gave out altogether, so that she had to proceed, over the vilest of tracks, in the wake of the other car, following its meagre beam of light. Nevertheless by ten o'clock that night we had sighted the lights of Chaman, meaning India and civilisation.

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## "MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

IT is no exaggeration to say that the Shakespeare Hotel at Stratford-on-Avon is one of the world's most famous hotels. When William Shakespeare was a schoolboy he used to pass the building as he went from and to his home in Henley Street to the Grammar School which functioned in the upper room above the Guild Hall. Even in those days the inn must have attracted attention with its nine timbered gables and suggestion of solidity, while to-day its stately and picturesque appearance makes it one of the sights of the town.

In 1925 Mr. H. E. Forrest, in his book, *Old Houses at Stratford-upon-Avon*, wrote that the hotel was the "Great House," built by Sir Hugh Clopton, who died in 1496. Previous to this the general assumption seems to have been that it was erected not as a single building but as a row of merchants' houses, though the architectural uniformity must surely have caused many to question this. Mr. Forrest, not without some misgivings, surmises that this fine building, the largest in Tudor Stratford, was at one time a great warehouse, one reason being that it has no "hall," as was usual in the mansions of that period. The "hall" of Tudor houses was, however, required for the holding of manorial courts and other such purposes, when all the tenants were compelled to attend, and as the "Great House" was not a manor house no hall was required.

On his death Sir Hugh Clopton bequeathed his "Great House of Stratford" to his grand-nephew, whose son and namesake, William Clopton, inherited the property in 1521. William Clopton the younger leased the house to Dr. Thomas Bentley, Physician to King Henry VIII, and President of the Royal College of Surgeons, though it is recorded that after Clopton's death the house was "in great ruin and decay and unrepaired."

Naturally such a large mansion had extensive gardens which included a burbage in Chapel Street. According to Mr. Forrest, upon this land was built by the Cloptons, at some time after 1496 and before 1563, the house which was called New Place. This was sold by a third William Clopton to William Bott in 1563, by Bott to William Underhill in 1567, and by Underhill to William Shakespeare in 1597. One of the curious points about these transactions is the recurrence of the Christian name "William." It was at one time thought that New Place and the Great House, or the Shakespeare Hotel, were one and the same edifice, but this has been disproved.

No precise date can be fixed for the transformation of the Great House into an inn or hotel. Certainly, of the original Elizabethan structure the five gables at the south end have stood through the centuries almost unaltered, except that, like other houses in Stratford, their beautiful timbers were hidden by plaster about the reign of Queen Anne, from which state they were restored in 1882.

The rooms of the Shakespeare Hotel are delightfully named, supposedly by David Garrick, after the plays of Shakespeare. *As You Like It* is the name of the dining-room; the little homely old-fashioned bar is called *Measure For Measure*, while *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the name of a fine suite. Others are called *Twelfth Night*, *Timon of Athens*, *Rosalind* and *Autolycus*.

Mr. C. E. Montague, author of *Enchantment*, speaks in his paper on *Playgoing at Stratford-on-Avon* of "staying at a half-timbered inn with many gables, and eating and sleeping in rooms raftered with oak that probably came from the Forest of Arden."

For all its modern improvements the Shakespeare Hotel has preserved its Tudor beauty, and for those who love old buildings, there is a quiet pervading attractiveness about the low ceilings, the white walls and the dark massive beams of oak, all of which seem to grace and form such an appropriate background for the English, welcome offered to guests and the excellent English fare provided.


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# THE FIELD

## THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND LADY ALICE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT

Once again a member of the Royal Family has sought a bride from over the Border, and the House of Windsor, already connected with the great families of Campbell, Duff, Ramsay, Bowes-Lyon and Carnegie, is now to become allied with the historic Lowland house of Scott. Lady Alice shares the Duke's well-known love of horses and the open air, and they have also a mutual taste for African safari life, Lady Alice having often visited her uncle, Lord Francis Scott, in Kenya, while the Duke has made three important big game shooting expeditions, in Kenya and Tanganyika, in Abyssinia, and in the Sudan. Her brother, Lord William Montagu-Douglas-Scott, was formerly in the Duke's regiment, the 10th Hussars

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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# BIG CLASS YACHTS

A WEEK ago the yachting world, always one where rumour plays a not inconsiderable part was startled by the authoritative announcement that Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith proposed to challenge for the cup in 1937 with a new Nicholson-built and designed J, to be called Endeavour II. This is followed by the report, infinitely more interesting in some ways, that Mr. C. R. Fairey contemplates challenging for the cup with a K-class yacht.

There is, apparently, nothing whatsoever in the rules of the cup races which precludes the use of this class of yacht on each side, and many people will agree that if this reported challenge should materialise it will do a very great deal to help big-class yacht-racing over the stony patches which lie very close ahead.

It will no doubt be remembered, in mid-March Mr. Fairey voiced the opinion, frequently given in the *Field*, that J-class yachts were too expensive and, all things considered, were not fast enough. He gave it as his view that such yachts were survivals of a remote past and its customs and, as one who had raced continuously, and with very conspicuous success, in both J-class yachts and 12-metre yachts, that one could get all the sport one wanted in a smaller ship of about 100 tons displacement.

Now an international class yacht of about 100 tons displacement is, to all intents and purposes, a ship of the K class—with an overall length of normally some 65ft. to 75ft. and a proportionate reduction in sail area over a J. Here at least is a ship and a type of ship likely to commend itself in these days of "recovery," for its outside cost would presumably be somewhere about £15,000, which would bring "big-class racing" well within the reach of a number of owners who, at the moment look very askance at the £25,000 which goes to the building and designing of a J. In the hundred-tonner there would be very little difference in the accommodation and space available for guests, and it is very certain that a faster ship could be produced than that turned out under the J rulings.

At the same time Mr. Charles Nicholson observed that much of the present cost of a J was the result of the introduction of aeronautical principles by owners—a costly innovation. But all this was as inevitable as was the evolution of the umbrella, and being so must be accepted. Nor does it alter the fact that to-day these J's are costly. And the sceptic, with an eye on the summary of this year's big-class racing, may well ask "To what purpose has been this booming of the J?" That the rule to which they are built has produced beautifully slender and graceful ships will never be denied. Close-winded, relatively fast in a zephyr draught, they are admirable products of the naval architect's art. But give them a hard breeze of wind, and what then? On how many occasions during the past season have these slender beauties remained in harbour while the wind piped up? And off Dartmouth last week-end, and off Southend at the beginning of the season masts went by the board when the ships were raced in hard winds. Moreover, to conform to the æsthetic delights of this class, yachtsmen the world over have seen the ever-game Britannia altered and amended until, toeing the line to the last, she closes a season without a single prize flag—for only the second time in her 42 years. Criticism is particularly useless if it is solely destructive, but there is undoubtedly a feeling that the popularity of the J's as the sole representatives of big-class racing in our waters is in danger of outstaying its welcome. The introduction of several K-class cutters would, of course, increase the number of classes, but would tend to benefit the sport in many ways, and if Mr. Fairey's reported decision to challenge for the America's Cup in a K-ship is put into effect he will merit the very warmest support of everyone who has yachting and its future at heart.

## WHOM THE GODS LOVE

HEAVILY, indeed, must the crown rest on the head of King Leopold the Third of the Belgians, who has lost in such tragic circumstances his gallant father and his beautiful young wife in less than two years. But Queen Astrid's death will be felt far beyond the circle of her immediate family. It is not too much to say that she was adored in her native Sweden and in Belgium, the country of her adoption, while she possessed every grace that a young Queen in a democratic state should lay claim to. The ideal wife and mother, possessed of great personal charm, wide interests, unfailing sympathy, and dignity of person and manner, it seemed that she was destined to fill a great position greatly for many years to come. Fate has decided to cut her off in the very flower of her youth and beauty, and to the Royal House and people of Belgium, connected for over a hundred years with Great Britain by ties that were doubly strengthened in the Great War, we offer the sympathy engendered of a sense of almost personal loss.

### G.W.R.

One hundred years ago last Saturday the Royal Assent was given to a Bill providing for the construction of the Great Western Railway. It is as difficult to visualise the pre-railway era in this island as it would be to imagine the countryside to-day without motor cars and by-pass roads. But that the change from stage coach to the railway train was one of the greatest blessings that ever befell England, or for that matter the world in general, cannot be doubted. Trade, commerce and prosperity have been carried into the remotest parts of a country which in some respects, in the early part of last century, was almost uncivilised. To-day, we drive motor cars at 60 miles an hour along main roads, or a man may leave his home at breakfast time and fly to an arodrome within a few minutes' reach of his business. But although these methods of travel are faster than the rail, they cannot be said to have brought with them unmixed blessings. The roads to-day kill 7,000 people per annum, and cripple many more for life. But a railway accident is a rarity, and when lives are lost in a wrecked train the news is considered worth columns in the daily papers. It may well be that our descendants will look back beyond the days of motor cars and aeroplanes to the railway era as providing the happiest, the most efficient, and the safest way of travel.

### MAJOR CLIVE BEHRENS

There was no more keen supporter of both bloodstock and hunter breeding than the late Major Clive Behrens, who died last week. He was one of the best recognised judges of a horse in the country, and his show ring triumphs with the Swinton Grange home-bred stock were many, while he was also well known with both the Middleton and Sinnington. His successes on the Turf were not quite on the level with his vast knowledge of the breed of the thoroughbred. His best horse was probably the City and Suburban winner, Light Sussex, who also ran creditably in the Derby with a heavy Northern backing. Always of a generous disposition, Major Behrens was ever ready to place his knowledge at the services of hunter and blood-stock breeders, and his place will not be easy to fill in Yorkshire.

An older generation, too, will regret the sudden death of Mr. D. Thirlwell, who had a remarkable career as a steeplechase rider in the days when the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Marcus Beresford, the Hon. G. Lambton, and others were the pillars of the cross country sport. A brilliant horseman with great strength in the saddle, "Dan" Thirlwell, as he was known to all, often rode for the late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, and he could claim a curious record inasmuch as he also rode for no fewer than seven crowned heads at one time or another.

### 300 M.P.H.

Once more Sir Malcolm Campbell has dared, and has succeeded. His previous record for land speed, made at Daytona last March, stood at 276.816 miles per hour. On September 3rd, over the Bonneville salt flats of Utah, again driving his Bluebird with its 2,500 h.p. motor, he covered the measured mile at a rate of 304.331 m.p.h. on his outward run, and 298.013 m.p.h. on the return journey, thus averaging for the double run a speed of just over 301 m.p.h. He has therefore achieved his ambition of being the first man to travel over land at a speed of more than five miles a minute. It is an incredible achievement. Blinded by salt and steam, choked by fumes, with two burst tyres, he has come safely through another superb adventure. Bluebird has proved the triumph of British engineers, and her driver has added lustre to the name of his country.

### VILLAGE MILK SUPPLIES

On September 1st the retail price of milk in many villages was raised from 5d. a quart to 6d. This is causing much criticism of the Milk Marketing Board and no doubt more will be heard of the matter from women's institutes and other organisations. Housewives do not grudge farmers a fair price for their milk, but they cannot see the justice of an arrangement by which they are expected to pay 2s. a gallon for milk which they know is realising only 8d. a gallon when it is sent away in bulk from farms in the neighbourhood. The outcome of the present criticisms will no doubt be that more village households will turn to tinned milk. The Milk Board will be well advised to abandon its price-fixing rules, at any rate so far as the villages are concerned, and let housewives buy as much milk as they will from local farms at a reasonable price of, say, 4d. a quart.

### MULTUM IN PARVO

Perhaps the most exciting thing in a shooting season, and certainly in the short six weeks we devote to the red grouse, is its unexpectedness. In a season like the present, one can never definitely tell what will be the fate of any moor, apart from the generalisation that the low ground is likely to be better than the high. Several small moors have broken their records this year owing to the migration of large packs of grouse from larger neighbours; and even if the Scottish level has not been high, it has certainly been far higher than seemed possible to the resident in Northern Britain last May. In southern Northumberland, on Lord Allendale's moors at Allenhead, a new record was nearly set up with 538½ brace, only fourteen brace lower than the record of last year, the first occasion, to our knowledge, when a Northumbrian moor could boast a five-hundred-brace day. This record indeed, at least at Allenheads, was held by a bag of 445 brace of grouse made in 1872. And now we have the partridges with us, and all the corn cut, together with reports of sadly shrunken coveys, some of them well advanced, but the majority far from precocious, and the prospect of partridge driving rather later than usual.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From a North Wales paper:

"Up on the moors the beaters are at work. Long lines of trained men slowly moving towards the covey in an effort to drive the grouse towards the butts.

"When the drive reaches its climax, the startled birds spring into the air, shrieking a warning 'Go back,' 'Go back,' but all too late. With a roar the butts are opening fire and plunging masses of reddish brown feathers are whirled into the air to fall into the waiting mouths of the retrievers."

From an illustrated daily paper's gossip column. "Partridges are all in favour of strict Sabbatarianism this year. Since the First is on Sunday shooting will not begin until Monday. Coveys, I hear, are numerous, and birds strong in most places, so guns shooting over dogs should have good sport."

### A BRILLIANT BOY GOLFER

Making his fifth and last attempt to win the Boy's Golf Championship, John Langley, aged seventeen, last week achieved his ambition. Despite a record entry, the majority of whom were Scottish golfers, Langley gained his victory in no uncertain fashion, overwhelming most of his opponents by a standard of play which would have done credit to a far more experienced golfer. Like the former boy champion, P. B. Lucas, Langley does not allow golf to interfere with other games. In the recent Lord's Schools versus The Rest cricket match, he was the top scorer in both innings for his side. At golf he has been encouraged by his old school friend, Lucas, and now his success shows that he has it in him to go and make a name for himself in senior golf. The losing finalist at Aberdeen was R. M. Norris, who played second to Langley in the international match, and his was a splendid performance. Both boys returned a 72 in the morning, but in the afternoon Langley accomplished the first nine holes in 35 strokes, and so established a winning lead.

### KENNEL CLUB RETRIEVER TRIALS

Followers of field trials will wish to have early information of an alteration which has been made in regard to the Kennel Club's 24th Field Trials.

The Open Stake only will be run at Cheverells, Markyate, St. Albans, Herts, on Thursday and Friday, October 3rd and 4th, 1935. The Puppy and Non-Winners Stake will be run at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, by kind permission of Lorna Countess Howe, on Thursday November 28th, and if necessary Friday, November 29th. The closing date for nominations for the Puppy and Non-Winners Stake has consequently been extended to November 1st.

### AUTUMN SALMON

Though September is well in there is still little talk of autumn salmon. Not that the real autumn fish, the kind which weighs two score pounds and makes history for a small-fish river, is likely to arrive in the first week of September, but men love to foretaste their sport by making calculations in advance. There are pretty sure to be small fish in the rivers this year, for grilse seem to be plentiful and these youngsters, in a good "grilse year," have a scattered immigration which often extends well into the autumn. The real autumn fish have been a disappearing race for some years past, and there is always hope that this season may see the swing of the pendulum which puts them on the up grade again. Late rains in 1934 brought a mighty run of fish to Tweedside rods; this year the drought shows signs of breaking earlier, so observers on the river banks may see, even in this month, what is "waiting outside."

### SEPTEMBER GARDENS

To return home at this time of year after even the shortest absence is to notice change in wood and garden. The tint of the trees has deepened or altered; the beeches set a note of brown with their ripening nuts, chestnut leaves are already falling, and acorns on the oaks glisten in the sun. From the herbaceous border the blue convolvulus minor has vanished; the hydrangeas from pink and blue are turning to grey and green; rain has brought new grass to the parched lawn, and puff-balls show white between the weekly mowings. But the chief changes are the heavy morning dews, welcome after summer drought, and the lengthened shadows of the trees; and of sounds, the thresher humming by the rick, the robin meditative in the hedgerow, and the chiffchaff's farewell call from the larch.

### CHAMPION COUNTY *v.* THE REST

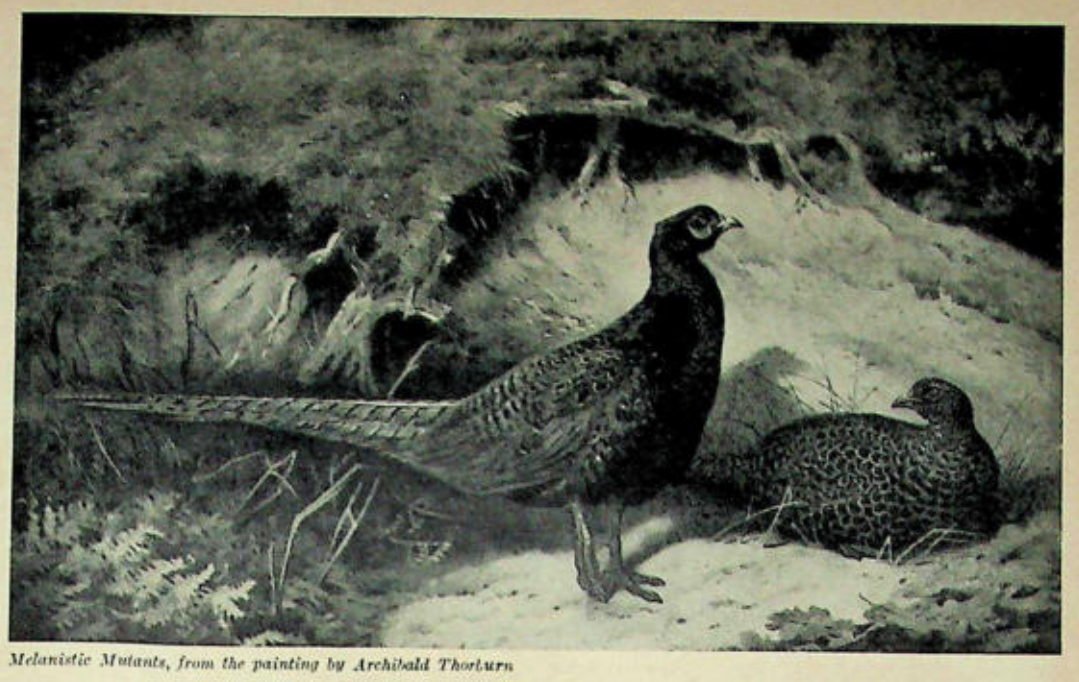
How splendid is the sunset of our year!
  Yet some, whose fancy finds it sad and cold,
Its keen September breezes fraught with sere,
  Will never see the gold.

To me this match is no mere dying flame,
  No flutter of a yellow leaf that clings.
I hear the trumpet's echo in a game
  That breathes heroic things.

The gas-works loom where elms should surely be,
  And Kennington makes no pretence of grace.
The sage and gentle shadow of a tree
  Would here be out of place.

But here is tourney fit to wake old fires:
  Not lightly can the challenge now be thrown
To champion Yorkshire, broadest of the shires
  And bone of England's bone.

G. D. MARTINEAU.



*Melanistic Mutants, from the painting by Archibald Thorburn*

# MELANISTIC MUTANT PHEASANTS

## Are They Still Popular?

IN the summer and autumn of 1927 there appeared in English coverts a new phenomenon. Among the ordinary pheasants feeding in the rides or added to the bag were birds of a curious dark plumage, the hens brown like grouse and the cocks gleaming black-purple, black-green and black-blue. Most gamekeepers and most shooting men had never seen such birds before, but they were turning up everywhere. It was like an eruption, and the question was asked everywhere what were these birds and where did they come from?

The first answer was that they were a cross between the ordinary black neck *P. colchicus* and the Japanese pheasant *P. versicolor*. This answer, however, seemed improbable since the Japanese pheasant had long been known in English coverts and there was no reason why these dark birds should suddenly appear in such numbers. The birds themselves were identified by Lord Rothschild, not as a cross of any kind, but as a mutant corresponding to the black-winged peafowl, *Pavo cristatus mut. nigripennis* and the black-throated golden pheasant *Thaumalea picta mut. obscurus*.

But Lord Rothschild's identification did not answer the question as to the numbers. The full answer to this question was not given until Mr. Charles Peel, an old friend of the *Field*, made an inspection of game farms in the year 1931. He was then able to piece together the whole story which begins in 1908 when the late Mr. Charles Wright, of Bolton Castle in Yorkshire, bought 800 black-neck eggs from two farms. Among the chicks was one black hen. He mated this hen the next year and increased the dark stock. In 1914 when pheasants could no longer be fed in the ordinary way the pens were opened and the birds roamed wild, but remained in the coverts. In 1925 Mr. Charles Peel's brother obtained from his friend Major Wright, who had succeeded to the estate, about 100 eggs, 75 per cent. of which hatched out black. Next year he had again a large percentage of dark birds. On November 4th, 1926, from 80 to 100 of these dark birds were stolen and seem to have been sold in various directions. At all events in the following spring eggs from these dark birds were on the market.

At first the dark birds interested gamekeepers and shooting men alike, but opinions soon differed as to their value as sporting birds. Some were full of their praises, others asserted that they skulked and strayed. What is the opinion as to melanistic mutants in the shooting world to-day? The following are extracts from typical letters:

(1) From a well-known gamefarm. "With regard to the melanistic mutant pheasant, we find that it is still very popular among certain of our customers, who continue to buy them every year, others do not like them. We find that they are very easy to rear and less liable to disease. The melanistic mutant pheasant does not seem to stray so much as the other breeds and is very good on the wing. The whole subject is a very much discussed one."

(2) From the headkeeper of a south country shoot. "I think the melanistics are getting less here, possibly they may have been shot down harder, and we have not bought any in lately. I have noticed that not so many have hatched this year. I don't care for them myself, and the foster hens do not either, as they often brain them the first day out. Perhaps they object to having a black sheep in the fold."

(3) From the proprietor of a south country game farm. "I think that the dark pheasant (melanistic mutant) is on the decline in this country, because it has become unpopular.

"The reasons for this unpopularity are that they are considered to stray, also they are rather skulkers, and often are hard to get up. I, personally, do not think that they stray more than any other pheasant, but, that they are noticed more easily, if they have gone beyond the boundary of a shoot.

"We get only a few demands for their eggs now. I still keep a small, pure stock, very dark.

"I will not say that they are more hardy than other pheasants at the coops, but I will say that they are very easy to rear.

"I still maintain that the best pheasant of all from every point of view is the Chinese."

(4) From a headkeeper in East Anglia. "You ask me about the melanistics. We never had any here till last year, I had a few eggs given me, so I decided to rear them myself. Out of the eighteen eggs only seven came black. I reared five of these, two were shot in the day's shoot and three I fed till April, so I am sure these never strayed (one cock and two hens). One of the hens is rather brown in colour, and she has a brood here now of nine nice birds, nearly all black. The other hen, real black, I have not seen since the end of May, so I am hoping she has a brood in the corn close by here. The cock is always here, and I have several young black ones in the broods with the common hens. These young ones are very strong and you would think they are quite a week older, although I like our old ones for the sake of looks the best. I strongly advise to get a few cocks and turn down just to get a little of the blood in the stock. I am certain they are hardier and very easy to rear."

Opinions it will be seen therefore continue to differ. But what is certain is that not nearly so many melanistic mutants are seen on the wing to-day as were seen a few years ago, and if one point is plain to see it is that the melanistic mutant is not establishing itself as at one time it was predicted it would as the dominant pheasant in English woods.

E. P.

GLENKINGIE LODGE AND FOREST FROM LOCH QUOICH

# MANAGING A DEER FOREST

## The Cult of the Worth-While Head

By LORD BELPER

THE management of a deer forest in Scotland has never been easy. During the last 20 years its difficulties have greatly increased. Before the war the majority of good forests were occupied by their owners or let on lease to tenants who took a great interest in their deer, wanted good heads, and did all in their power to ensure this end.

Every keen stalker who has owned or rented a forest knows the general principles on which his forest should be run, namely, a just proportion between the sexes, a stock of deer which his ground will properly hold, the elimination of undesirable stags and hinds, and the sparing of young and promising stags which are likely to develop into really good heads. They also know that such principles, though they appear simple enough on paper, present problems which from a practical point of view are nearly insuperable.

First and foremost of these is the "yearly tenancy," on which so much thought and ink have been expended. Before the war, it was the great bugbear of the forest owner and long-lease tenant. His post-war descendant suffers to an even greater extent, for the simple reason that far more forests are let on a yearly lease than was formerly the case. The reason is not far to seek. The glory of stalking has departed. Forests which formerly let for £3,000 to £5,000 a year are lucky if they find tenants at a third of this rent. The happy possessor of a first-class grouse moor, or a really good salmon river, has few qualms, for these desirable adjuncts to a rich man's pleasures are certain to be occupied. The demand exceeds the supply. A very limited number of the best forests are let on lease, a few of the remainder may let early in the year. The majority are "nibbled" at throughout May and June, while the owner scratches his head and wonders how on earth he is going to make ends meet and, rather than let them remain unoccupied, is compelled to let them for what he can get, often not covering his upkeep, towards the end of July or the beginning of August.

AN ELEVEN-POINTER FROM GLENKINGIE
*Length* 34 *inches*, *Span* 29 *inches*

The tenant, not unnaturally, wants to shoot the best heads he sees. He cannot be blamed, but it is ruination to a forest, and one yearly tenancy may destroy the results of years of care and self-denial. The great majority of those who stalk nowadays are "out for blood." The sons of those who owned forests in the old days are working in city offices with neither the means nor opportunities to enjoy the sport in the atmosphere and traditions of which they were brought up. A new generation has grown up which knew not Joseph. This may, or may not, be all to the good, but the decline in popularity of deerstalking has certainly militated against the production of good heads. There is no getting away from the fact that there are too many deer. It is axiomatic that a given quantity of food will support only a given number of individuals. This applies not only to human beings, domestic animals, birds or any living thing, but also to deer. Once the given limit is exceeded, disaster is bound to ensue. The stock deteriorates, and sickly and diseased animals make their appearance. These, unfortunately, in the struggle for existence, eat just as much food when they can get it as a healthy one. In the case of deer, the most marked sign of deterioration shows in the heads of the stags, and after a season of bad weather, bad that is from their point of view, is disastrously apparent.

In pre-war days the keen stalker guarded against this overcrowding by feeding his stags in the winter. There are many opponents of feeding. If the supply of food is cut off the deer suffer even more than if they had been left alone and stags die like flies. On the other hand, under existing conditions, it is the only possible way of improving one's chances of getting a good head.

A BEAUTIFULLY SYMMETRICAL THIRTEEN-POINTER
*Length* 34 *inches*, *Span* 25 *inches*

A ton of locust beans to every five tons of Indian corn is the best form of artificial food, and this should be given from about the end of November until the new grass comes in the spring. There is no doubt that this extra feeding, given just at the time when the stag most needs it after his exertion at the rut, makes all the difference to his next year's growth, and if he has a good head will turn the scale in the following year between a better and a first-class trophy.

Stags which have been "at the feed" during the winter are always in advance in condition of those which have not been so privileged and invariably clean about a fortnight earlier. As a general rule it may be taken for granted that there are too many hinds on the ordinary forest, on what is known as a "hind forest" (ground lower than that which holds the stags) the occupier will not shoot many. "For," says he, "if I do, I shan't have enough hinds to attract the stags on to my

ground during the stalking season." The occupier of the adjoining stag forest retorts, "I'm not going to shoot any hinds; I've only just enough to keep my stags, and if I shoot too many that chap over the march will get all my stags, and I shan't have anything to stalk but young beasts." On the Continent, before the war, the owner was horrified if he saw more than a couple of hinds with one stag: in Scotland you may see over a hundred.

The proportion of the sexes at Glenkingie is about six hundred stags to four or five hundred hinds. Nearly all the stags live in the Kingie valley, and the late Lord Burton, who rented Glenkingie for many years, was most emphatic in his determination never to allow too many hinds on this part of the forest. I have always been most careful to follow his advice. The stags in Glenkingie often have good heads and many points when quite young, and I have frequently seen royals at five or six years old.

As a general rule I shoot full-grown stags with nine points or under, as it is not likely that after a certain age they will grow more points. The greatest mistake is, of course, to shoot stags before they have reached their prime. It is hard to leave a good head, but if there is any doubt about it, it is far better to do so and to give it a chance of improving than to kill a beast which might, if it had been left, grown a really first-class head. The majority of stags are shot far too young. One occasionally makes a mistake, and I remember a fine ten-pointer which I hesitated about shooting for a long time, and finally left. The following year it had gone back, carried a poor head, and when I shot it had hardly any teeth. It is very difficult to tell when a stag has reached its prime, but it is better to make a mistake of this kind, and lose a good head, than to shoot a stag and find too late that it might have improved and grown a really first-class trophy. It is equally, or even more difficult, to tell which hinds to shoot. Even the professional stalker finds it so, but it is always safe to take an old weedy-looking beast with a ragged coat.

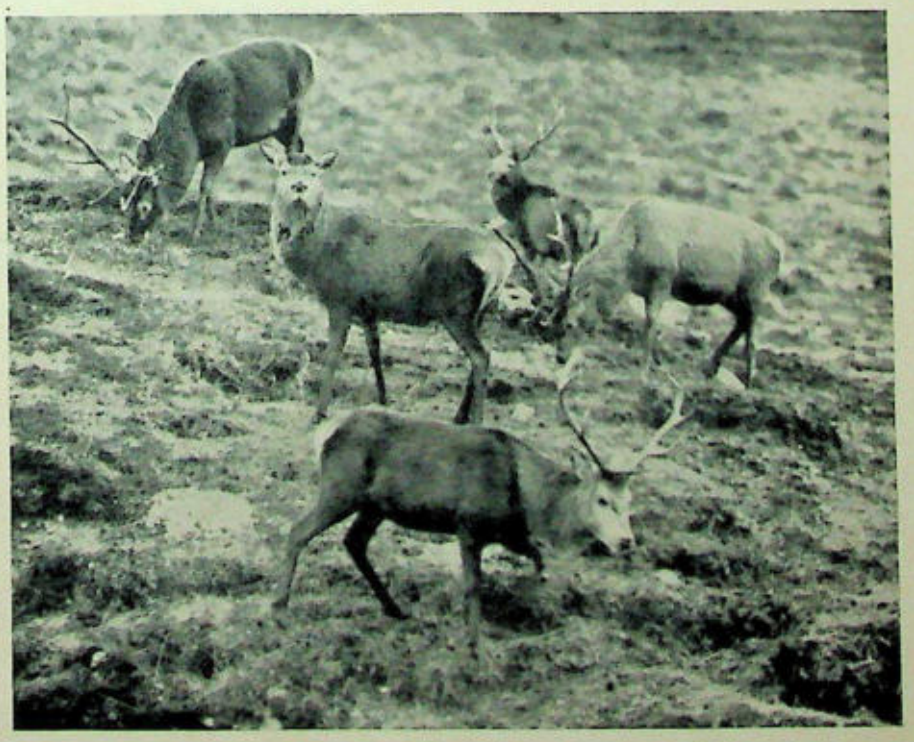
Very few lessees or owners now go up for hind-shooting and leave it entirely to the stalkers. It is fine sport when one is young and fit, but it is hard work and, as one gets older, one is not so keen on crawling on one's stomach in wet snow or braving the storms and discomforts of a Highland winter. It is, however, a fine apprenticeship for stalking a stag in the autumn, but one hind is very much like another, and the excitement attendant on the discovery of a good head is lacking. Most experienced stalkers arrive at the same conclusion after they have had many seasons on the hill, that while every stalk is different and holds each its own joy, there are only two classes of stag which they really desire to shoot—the very bad or the very good. Their regret at the death of the latter, for no true sportsman can shoot a really good stag without a feeling of pity that he has "done in" a noble beast, is set off at the satisfaction they experience at having bumped off some horrible old switch or toothless six-pointer, but it is never the shot itself that really counts in their recollections—except when they have missed "the stag of the season," and how seldom in a lifetime does that occur!

It is the joy of being on the hill, the changing shadows, the long crawl in view of the deer, the hours spent watching them through the glass, the pleasure experienced in the company of the stalker, still as a class above any other, the exercise amidst surroundings of unsurpassed grandeur and the feeling of fitness which these attendant circumstances confer. So, whether there be many deer or few, there will always be enthusiasm to take part in their pursuit.

One often hears stalking criticised. I have heard young and old men say they take no pleasure in being dragged at a stalker's heels with no chance of showing their prowess. Probably were the majority of such cited turned loose in the forest with instructions to kill a particular stag, or, indeed, any shootable stag, they would return home weary and disgruntled with nothing much to show for their pains, and a forest thoroughly disturbed and emptied of deer behind them. If a stalker knows his ground well and his marches, has studied deer and knows what they are likely to do under given circumstances, the pleasures of the sport are enormously increased if he does his own stalking.

To sum up, for those who have the means to follow their favourite pursuit—never shoot a stag until he has reached his prime, especially if he has a promising head, and if you are not sure give him the benefit of the doubt. Keep the proportion between the sexes equal—do not let hinds take possession of ground on which your stags prefer to make their home—feed your stags in winter if you want, some day, to kill a really first-class head, and don't ask anyone to stalk if you know that he is "out for blood" and will attempt to override the wishes of your stalker!

THE STALKER—CORRIE BUIDH, GLENKINGIE, BY FRANK WALLACE



"FEED YOUR STAGS IN WINTER IF YOU WANT, SOME DAY, TO KILL A REALLY FIRST-CLASS HEAD"

*The Duke of York's double-barrelled sporting gun in the collection of Mr. Keith Neal*

# FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK AS A SHOT

## The First Member of the Royal Family to Win Fame With the Gun

By ALAN FOX-HUTCHINSON

FOUND strolling with his gun upon a neighbour's manor, Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, is said to have replied to its owner's protests with the opening phrase of his diocesan charge: "I, Shute, by Divine License . . ." Possibly Frederick Augustus, George the Third's second and favourite son, may have thought the same, for he was elected Bishop of Osnaburg at the age of seven months. Certainly he stands out as a keen, if dangerous, shot in an age when under the auspices of such men as Coke of Norfolk, Lord Malmesbury and crazy old Colonel Thornton, the sport was at last beginning to be understood.

Where he acquired his taste for it is unknown, but it seems fair to assume that as a boy he would take many opportunities of slipping away from the stupifying dullness of his parents' court for a day's shooting in the park at Windsor, where his ancestor, George I had spent happy *August* days with his fowling-piece among partridges and young pheasants that, like Sir Roger de Coverley's respectable neighbour, he "shot flying." Game occasionally must have been a welcome change from the unvarying mutton on good Queen Charlotte's table. By the time her son had been transformed at the age of 21 from Bishop of Osnaburg into Duke of York and Albany he had an established reputation as a shot. It is in keeping with his known character for, on the authority of Greville, who managed his racing-stable, he was the only one of George the Third's sons to possess "the instincts of an English gentleman." Even after he became Commander-in-Chief, in 1795, he continued his devotion to the sport. He had a precedent for this in his military grand-uncle "Culloden Cumberland" who, in spite of his twenty stone, blind eye and suppurating wound, dearly loved a day among the partridges; and he never allowed it or any other recreation to interrupt his duties.

On his marriage in 1791 he gave up the pack of foxhounds with which for two seasons he had hunted in sumptuous style from Chertsey and Guildford to the Berkshire banks of the Thames and, although he preserved his interest in racing, winning the Derby in 1816 with Prince Leopold and in 1822 with Moses, he had then more time for shooting. Being at that period on excellent terms with his brother the Prince of Wales, he frequently joined him for a day's "gunning" at Clifden, where they had the advantage of some coaching from the curate whom they had met first when he was poaching, with a well-filled game-bag, on the Royal preserves, and who was able to provide them with some valuable hints on the art of "shooting flying"; an accomplishment in which "Prinney" at any rate was by no means proficient. A living worth £200 a year was the reverend gentleman's rather meagre reward.

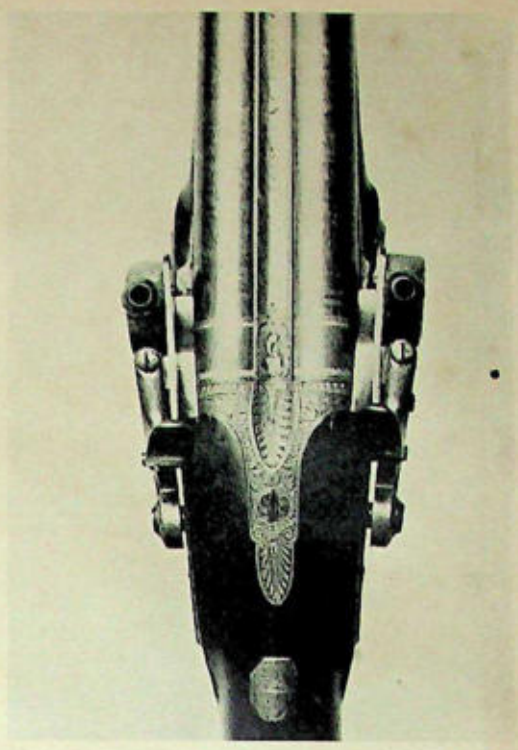
One clergyman having by this chance meeting improved the Duke's shooting, it is a coincidence that it should have been another who improved his guns; though military rather than sporting interests brought him first into contact with the Reverend Alexander Forsyth.

Being exceptionally fond of wild-fowling and having both taste and leisure for invention, this Mr. Forsyth from the time that, in 1790, he succeeded his father as Minister of Belhelvie in Aberdeenshire, experimented consistently with new locks and new powder. In 1805 he found he was shooting wildfowl so well with a gun of his own design that in the following spring he was persuaded by his friends to visit London and explain the principle of percussion which he had employed to

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF YORK

Lord Moira, then Master-General of Ordnance and a keen shooting-man. So greatly was Lord Moira impressed by the invention that, having found a *locum tenens* for the Aberdeenshire parish, he invited its minister to continue his experiments at the Tower. There Forsyth remained for more than a year until on Lord Moira's being succeeded by Lord Chatham of Walcheren renown the poor inventor not only was chizzled out of the payments he had been promised but was peremptorily ordered to remove his "rubbish" from the Tower. He did so at once. It was an adaptation of the principle of firing guns by detonating powder that came later into universal use.

As the Duke of York throughout had shown great interest in the experiments it may seem



THE MAGAZINE PRIMING LOCKS OF THE GUN SHOWING THE DUKE'S CORONET AND "Y"

strange that he did not interfere to prevent this injustice, but at the time he was much pre-occupied with the political difficulties that followed Fox's death. Before leaving for Aberdeenshire, Mr. Forsyth presented him with guns embodying his inventions and of these one, a double-barrelled sporting-gun with magazine priming-locks, is preserved by Mr. Keith Neal in his collection. Thereafter the Duke used them regularly. He is said to have been among the first men to go shooting with loaders and three guns.

Nor was he deterred from its use when rival gunsmiths, jealous of the Forsyth Patent Lock, spread the unfounded rumour that it had caused the death of General Sir James Pulteney who, as Sir James Murray, had been his adjutant-general in Holland, and who in 1811 was killed at Buckenham by the bursting of a sporting gun. Among their other advantages, firearms fitted with these locks could be used in even the worst weather.

At Oatlands, the Weybridge property on which James I had reared pheasants and Charles I, like Queen Elizabeth, had hunted deer, there was but little shooting by the time that it and its grottoes were bought from the Duke of Newcastle for the newly-married Duke of York (who sold it ultimately to Ball Hughes, known from his wealth as "The Golden Ball"). Sunday mornings, when he spent a week-end there from his duties at the Horse Guards, were sometimes occupied in "firing at a mark," but game had to be sought away from home. With his brothers the Prince of Wales and, more particularly, the Duke of Sussex he was often Coke of Norfolk's guest at Holkham. There his shooting companions included Fox, who in his enthusiasm once rammed lead before powder into a gun with disastrous results. It was, too, with Fox that Mr. Coke made the wager he won by his celebrated feat, performed with a muzzle-loader in one mile's circumference on his manor of Warham, of killing 40 brace of partridges in eight hours with 93 shots. Bets in those days were as inseparable from shooting as from every other incident of life. Though never a good marksman Beau Brummell, whose double-barrelled Mantons were among the assets abandoned to his creditors at his flight, is said to have won easily when he laid that his bag would weigh more than the Duke of Rutland's. The Duke shot three and a half brace of birds. The Beau shot His Grace's liver-and-white pointer!

At Holkham on a day in 1811, when Mr. Coke's party included Lord Moira and other celebrated shots, the bag was 264 pheasants, 314 partridges, 29 woodcock, 46 snipe and 283 hares. To this "a *military* Royal Duke"—the description sounds suspiciously like the Duke of York's—"who was also of the destructive corps" was able to add: Wounded: in the legs, one foot marker, slightly; in the face, one groom, severely; on the head of a friend, one hat; in the left rump, one horse.

"PARTRIDGE SHOOTING," ONE OF ORME'S FAMOUS SERIES OF SPORTING PRINTS
*"Garbed in tall hats and choker-stocks, burdened with heavy flintlocks, powder horns and all the rest of it, the red legs must have led them a far from merry dance"*

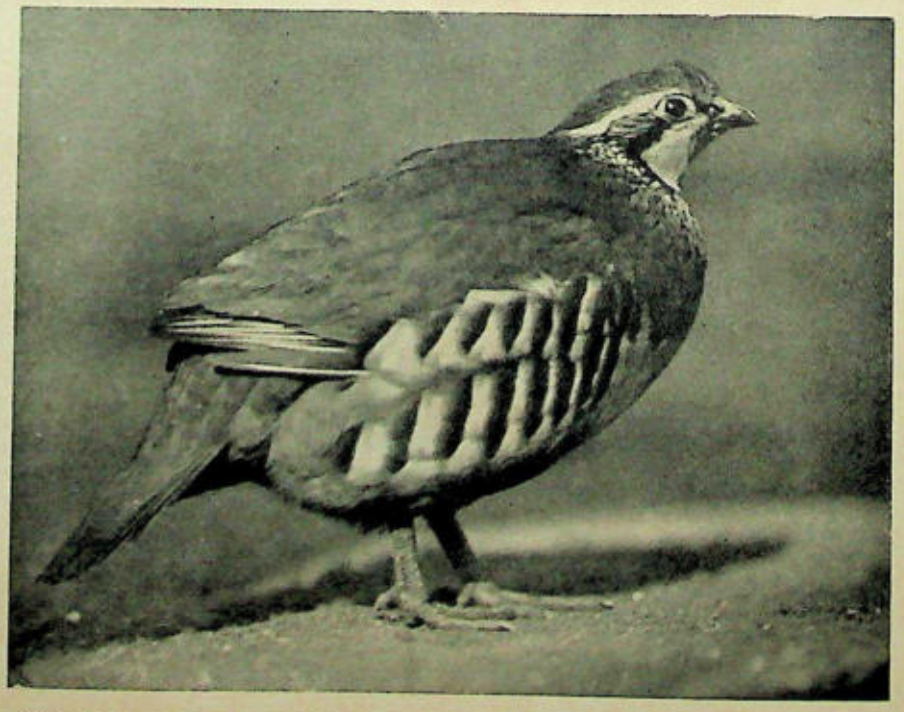
# A FRENCHMAN AND A SPORTSMAN

## An Appreciation of the Red Leg

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

ON the subject of Partridges more, probably, has been written in the last five years than in the previous fifty. It would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that our native birds have been accorded a singularly good Press, for only occasionally do their red-legged relatives claim an inch or two of space. The reason is not very co: rehensible for, after all, in partridge society the latter are by no means a negligible group. But tradition dies hard, and maybe many people still regard the Frenchman, if not exactly as an alien, at least as an Ishmael, ignoring his virtues, recollecting only the shortcomings which were ascribed to him in an era when partridge shooting was conducted under very different conditions from those which obtain to-day. I am old enough to remember the time when the average keeper's appreciation of red-legs was expressed in terms unprintable. And with some reason. For until driving became an almost universal practice there was a not unnatural bias against a bird which is essentially a pedestrian first and a flyer only when it suits him best.

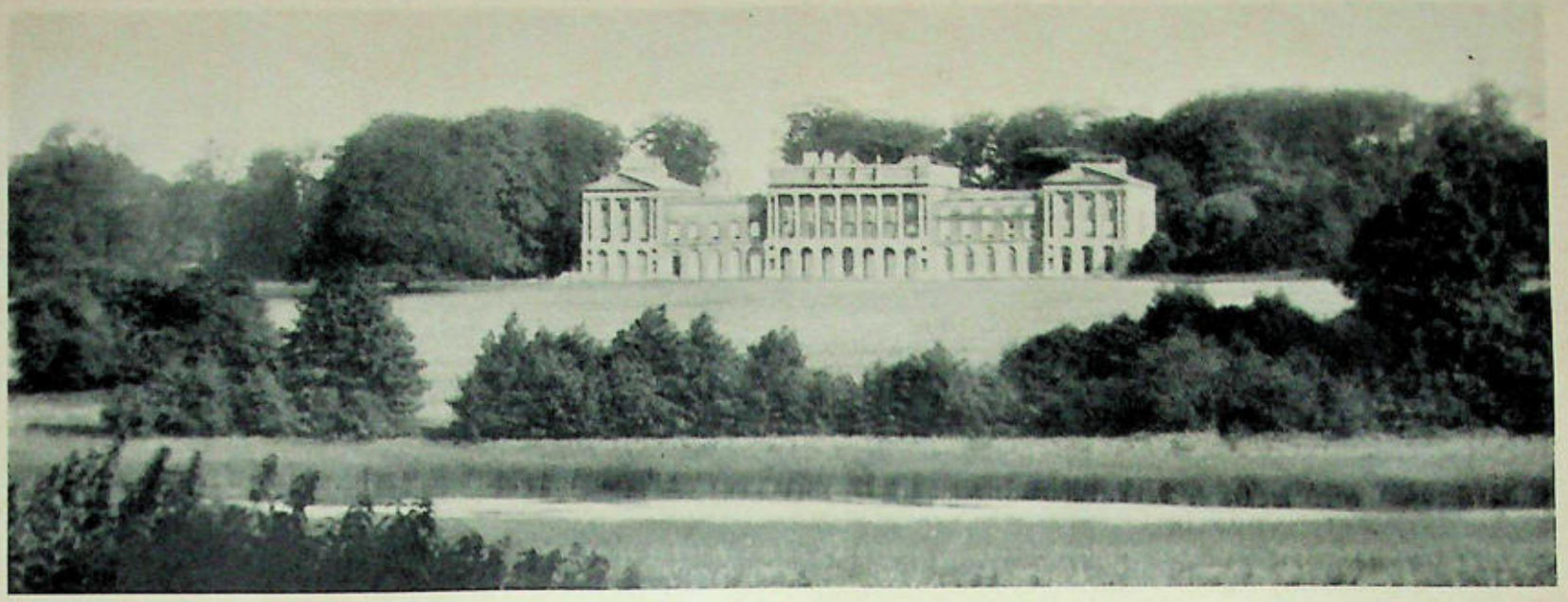
Delving into ancient history, one is tempted to wonder what induced the introduction of French partridges to this country in the first place. It seems strange that birds, so alive to the art of self-preservation and so fleet of foot, should have appealed to our forbears of the long ago. Garbed in tall hats and choker stocks, burdened with heavy flintlocks, powderhorns and all the rest of it, the red-legs must have led them a far from merry dance. Yet they were nothing if not persistent, for many attempts were made to acclimatise the birds between the reign of Charles II and the third George. And it was not until 1774, when the Marquess of Hertford imported "several thousand eggs, hatched them under fowls and liberated the young, when well grown," on his estate in Suffolk, that the species, finding the light soils of East Anglia to its liking, began to attract the attention of other landowners. They, too, imported eggs to such good purpose that by the beginning of the nineteenth century the Frenchmen were firmly established on many properties, from which they gradually spread all over the country. And with rather scant encouragement they have kept their end up ever since, although their distribution is governed to a great extent by the conditions of environment. On light soils they have always thriven, and the rate of infant mortality on heavy clays and loams seems to be lower than that of English partridges. So long as it is fairly well drained, they appear to take up residence quite happily on land which is poorly farmed or laid down to grass, the soil of which is never turned. This seems to bear out the contention that they are less fastidious as to qualities of food, and perhaps a little more resourceful in their quest of it, than our native birds.



"WE CAN STILL LESS AFFORD TO DISPENSE WITH THE SERVICES OF THESE HARDY WARRIORS THAN COULD OUR FORBEARS OF NEARLY TWO CENTURIES AGO"

It is pretty certain that our forbears could never have appreciated the Frenchman's sporting qualities at their true worth. Even the elders of the shooting world of to-day would probably bear witness to the almost universal execration of a bird invariably instrumental in spoiling shooting over dogs. Probably his only claim to virtue in times gone by was his undoubtedly superior capacity for "roughing" it. The Frenchman, like the mountain goat, makes the best of his surroundings. He will earn a living somehow in country where his more delicate relative will starve. And in adverse seasons one notices that the red-leg broods pull through with far greater ease than the English birds. For one thing they are more resistant to disease. It may be remembered that the Partridge Committee drew attention to the fact that during the whole course of its inquiry, when birds were succumbing to strongylosis all over the country, only one Frenchman was picked up dead. Then, I think, the youngsters being constitutionally stronger, are less susceptible than English broods to the effects of wet. And although the hen is sometimes accused of a lack of maternal responsibility, she knows how to make herself comfortable. She will often nest in ricks and even in coverts which satisfy her catholic tastes in food and afford better shelter for her broods than the open fields. Be this as it may, the fact remains that in a really bad season one notices time and again the high percentage of Frenchmen in the bag at the end of a day's driving.

Paradoxically enough, the species has suffered a great deal of undeserved abuse as a direct consequence of its traditional toughness. Long years ago, in Daniel's *Rural Sports*, it was asserted that the discontinuance of shooting over dogs was entirely due to the prevalence of red-legs. They were fighters; their evil communications corrupted the good manners of their relatives; they taught the latter how to run and rise well out of shot. Then, too, they chased the native species from their favourite haunts and, like the cuckoo, laid their



HEVENINGHAM HALL, SUFFOLK, HOME OF THE THIRD LORD HUNTINGFIELD

(*A Frenchman and a Sportsman. Continued from previous page.*)

eggs in the latter's nests, causing the rightful tenants to desert. But all these theories are long since exploded. In fact the native bird is possessed of more character and initiative, and more than once I have witnessed a "rough house" in which as the result of a quite unprovoked attack, the Frenchman came off very decidedly second best. But as a rule the adults of both species dwell together in harmony, as is evidenced by the fact that stock birds are frequently domiciled in the same pen. The suggestion that the changes in methods of shooting were in any way due to the influence of red-legs was always an utter fallacy. Dogs went out and beaters came in simply because, under changing agricultural conditions, it became more and more impossible to make a bag walking up.

So, at long last, the French partridge came into his own, and obtained the recognition that was his just due as a truly sporting customer. Whether as a driven bird he is *primus inter pares* is, perhaps, a matter of individual opinion, but I would advance three reasons why he may be rated a little higher than his English relative. Red-leg coveys invariably scatter before the beaters, and the longer their natural instincts urge them to run, the more widely do they spread. And so, unlike the native covey which bunches over a single gun or perhaps two at most, the Frenchman, getting up singly and in twos and threes, provides entertainment for an extended line. Incidentally their example is infectious, where coveys of English birds are inhabiting the same ground. Then they are strong fliers, and it always seems to me that they accelerate quicker off the mark than native partridges. But they are easier to kill, for they invariably fly dead straight. Once headed in the requisite direction, they turn not to the right hand nor to the left, nor swerve nor "jink" when just upon the guns in the disconcerting manner of their relatives.

Whether red-legs are on the increase is a question which can only be concisely answered by someone with a more comprehensive knowledge of the country as a whole than I can claim. There is no doubt that their good points are appreciated by modern keepers in contrast to their predecessors of my young days, who were not always above suspicion of putting their large feet through budding nests and scuppering adult birds by fair means or foul. Nowadays Frenchmen, if they do not receive that lavish care with which on all well-keepered properties the native birds are surrounded, are at least decently protected. So, perhaps, I may quote that well-known authority, Captain H. B. Moser, who, being in close touch with conditions on so many partridge manors in different parts of Great Britain, has very kindly given me the benefit of his views. He tells me that, although the French population dwindled very considerably at the beginning of the century, it has slowly but definitely been rising ever since. "In the past two years," he says, "there have been more birds than at any other period, due in part to the fact that at last they have been receiving some attention."

A point of interest, which one fancies will be news to most people, I also glean from Captain Moser—that a French partridge will sit on dummy eggs. So one may perhaps conclude with the suggestion that our French friends will well repay a little more encouragement than they have, generally speaking, received hitherto. For in these days, when our native stocks labour under so many grave disadvantages, we can still less afford to dispense with the services of these hardy warriors than could our forbears of nearly two centuries ago.

# FIFTY YEARS OF SHOOTING

## Extracts from Lord Huntingfield's Game Books

ALTHOUGH for the most part bags of the nineteenth century compare modestly with those of the present day, the student of old-time shooting statistics is sometimes staggered at the achievements of his forbears. Of course, classic records, with which we are most familiar—such as those of Horatio Ross and Coke of Norfolk, eclipsed half a century later by the feats of Lord Walsingham and Sir Frederick Millbank—were individual rather than collective. Moreover, judged by modern standards, the circumstances of their making might be described as largely artificial. For in preparation for shooting matches, no detail which might offset the disadvantages of muzzle loading weapons was overlooked. For days beforehand veritable armies of beaters were employed to drive birds into circumscribed areas. Alluding to his famous contest with Coke, in which he killed 190 birds to his opponent's 172, even Ross comments on "the several fields in which I found not less than four to five hundred partridges." So, much as one may marvel at the marksmanship and endurance of these giants of a bygone day, their performances are really no criterion of contemporary shooting history. And it is not often that an opportunity occurs, such as has recently been afforded to the *Field* by the courtesy of the Hon. Andrew Vanneck, of studying a fifty year record of a famous property.

CHARLES ANDREW, THIRD LORD HUNTINGFIELD

The game registers of Mr. Vanneck's grandfather, the third Lord Huntingfield, embrace an unbroken period at Heveningham from 1847 to 1896, during which a little mathematical calculation reveals that no less than 301,484 head of game, including 104,388 pheasants and 68,511 partridges were shot. And further analysis elicits the not uninteresting fact that considerably more than half this total—185,023 head to be precise—was accounted for during the first 25 years; in other words, before any appreciable improvement in gun manufacture had come to pass. The most striking feature of the record from 1847–72 is, I think, that 47,200 partridges were killed, exceeding the number of pheasants by about 90, although the latter had three years' start. For, although it has been recorded by contemporary writers that in the early forties Heveningham was the birthplace of partridge driving as we know it to-day, I find no mention of partridges until 1849, when 1,807 were killed. From that year on the bags crept gradually up from 2,300 in 1851, to the peak seasons of '57 and '58, in which 5,426 and 5,332 respectively were bagged. And it may be of some interest to those who suggest that bumper partridge years occur once or at most twice in every nine to eleven cycle, to note that a survey of this 50-year record lends some colour to the theory. For I find that 1850, '59, '67, '75 and '87 were all boom years, in which bags ranged from 2,500 to 4,000 partridges, while there is consistent evidence of declining stocks, followed by a corresponding up-grade movement in the intervening seasons.

While the figures already quoted refer exclusively to the Heveningham property (with Scotshall and Leiston) they do not represent by any means the total bags to which Lord Huntingfield was a regular contributor. Many famous names and places are recorded in these game books. In the '70's the late King Edward and the Duke of Cambridge were frequent guests at Heveningham, while their host enjoyed reciprocal hospitality at Sandringham and in the old Duke's company shot frequently at Six Mile Bottom. Going back to 1850, interesting entries are the names of Squire Osbaldeston and Sir Richard Sutton, as fellow guests at Lynford Hall, but it is not until the '60's that mention is first made of grouse at High Force and Mar Lodge, and of big bags at Merton, Elvedon, Rufford, Cheveley, Rendlesham, and other famous shoots. At all these places, as at Heveningham, the super-shots of the period make frequent appearance. The Maharajah Duleep Singh, Lords de Grey and Walsingham, Mr. Stuart Wortley and Colonel Bateson, Admiral Rous and General Hall. Unfortunately exigencies of space preclude any exhaustive quotation of bags, but among those most deserving of special mention, in the making of which one or more of the above-mentioned were concerned, I pick out the 7,062

ONE OF LORD HUNTINGFIELD'S SHOOTING PARTIES

*Standing: H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Bateson. Sitting: Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Bart., General Sir James MacDonald, Colonel the Hon. Joshua Vanneck, Lord Coleille, H.H. the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Lord Huntingfield*

grouse shot at High Force in four days in 1872. On the 13th August in that year, Lord Huntingfield records 177 brace to his own gun, and curiously enough the only other occasion upon which he refers to his individual prowess is on the 1st September, 1870, in an historical footnote thus: "Killed 193 grouse to own gun—battle of Sedan—Nap taken prisoner."

Even in these days, 8,790 head would not be considered an inadequate reward of four days' shooting. This bag, which included 3,960 pheasants was obtained in 1964 at Bradgate, by twelve guns, including Lord Huntingfield, General Hall, Admiral Rous and Mr. C. F. Greville.

Then at Merton in 1873, a party of eight guns, including King Edward, the Maharajah Dulcep Singh, Lords de Grey, Walsingham and Huntingfield, killed 4,166 pheasants in three days, and two years later the Elvedon coverts yielded a rather bigger bag to identically the same party without the King. But the days on which between 1,000 and 2,000 head are recorded at the various shoots above mentioned, are too numerous for quotation in a summary of this nature. Suffice it to say that, however abundant the game, they are evidence of how consistently high must have been the standard of shooting.

One is forced to the conclusion, from some of the footnotes to these game books, that the law relating to close times must have differed somewhat in the middle of the last century from that of to-day. Quaint to our way of thinking is an entry in 1852. "April 1st. Scotts Hall. 14½ couple of snipe and 3 woodcocks." And on the 18th April that year Lord Huntingfield records the killing of "2 cocks making 44 woodcock in all killed since the beginning of the month." In 1860 he mentions the killing "of 14 roe at Inverary among them a curious head with 3 horns," and a notable individual performance in 1851 is a bag of 58 woodcock and five roe on a Scottish shooting. Had one sufficient space for really exhaustive analysis, the interesting features of these game books, which I have endeavoured to present, could be multiplied a hundredfold. Not the least noteworthy feature about them is that from start to finish the entries are all in Lord Huntingfield's handwriting, and that every column and the grand aggregate of every year are meticulously totalled. Moreover, those relating to 1896 are as clear to the reader as those of 50 years before. From which one may infer that his Lordship's book-keeping was in no way inferior to his skill in shooting. And that is saying not a little.

HIGH FORCE AUGUST, 1866

*Reading from the left: Mr. Scarth, Lord Dalmeny, Mr. de Grey, Lord Colville, General Hall, the Prince of Wales, Lord Huntingfield, the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Macdonald and Major Teesdale*

## THE SINGERS AND THE SONGS

Theocritus the Singer
From Etna to the sea
Oh, he's the music bringer,
The pan-piper is he,
He's waked maid Amaryllis
To walk with lambs and crook,
Sweet, by the Nereid's rill, is
His music in the brook;

And, lo, the idyll teaches
That lambs are none to mind—
A shepherd boy beseeches
The shepherdess is kind;
Oh, little son and daughter
Of that your Age of Gold,
Play on beside bright water
With hand in hand to hold;

For here's the Dream of England
And here her Avon's Swan
For ever through his Spring land
Shall bear her bravely on
By hawthorn in the hedges
And daisies downalong,
And these things but the pledges
And promise of the Song;

The rose, the rose uncloses,
The nightingale shall seem
An echo in the roses
Throughout the grander Theme—
The Song to fail men never
That, naming it, we say
Bids Avon flow forever
Through an eternal May;

But, with the Lammas weather,
My old, blind Ossian sings,
And heroes draw together
To play the Hunt of Kings,
They speak the name of Fingal
Where rains and gleam abide
And Morven's grey winds mingle
With mutters of grey tide;

There go the cloud-shapes chasing
On haunted hills to-day,
As hounds, they go, out-pacing
The hart they'd hold to bay,
The forms are thunder-clad, oh,
Draw near, old Kings, draw near,
For Bran, a white-fanged shadow,
Pulls down a shadowy deer. P. R. C.

# THE GUN DOG ABROAD

## Pointers and Setters that Retrieve Game and a Poodle that Retrieved his Master

By COMMANDER DOUGLAS LANG

THE RETRIEVING POINTER

IN England there is little doubt but that the retriever in one form or another holds pride of place amongst gun dogs, for the continued rise in popularity of driving has undoubtedly to a great extent done away with the necessity of any other type of gun dog except on rough shoots.

Abroad, in practically every country, it would be equally true to say that he is the exception rather than the rule, for owing to the almost complete absence of hedges, all gamebirds other than pheasants and wildfowl are either "walked up" or shot over setters and pointers. Another reason which contributes to the scarcity of retrievers abroad is that in some countries little stress is laid upon the necessity of finding wounded game. The Central European countries are the worst offenders on this score, for at the big shoots it is distressing to see the number of wounded birds running about in the coverts at the end of every beat, and but little attempt is apparently made to gather them. The retriever pure and simple is also considered a more or less useless dog and hardly worth his keep, for his sole function of gathering game is done equally well and frequently better by the pointers and setters, all of which are trained to retrieve in addition to carrying out their primary duty of locating game.

There is, however, admittedly, a considerable demand for the very best of the English bred and trained retrievers on the Continent, but these usually find their way into the kennels of only the very rich, who, I suspect, value them more as an aristocratic and ornamental appendage to themselves rather than as diligent finders of game.

In America a retriever is hardly ever seen except either at a duck shoot, where the favourite breed is the curly coat, or at the few pheasant shoots, where Labradors are most in evidence. With these two exceptions, the whole of the shooting in the American continent is done over setters and pointers, and wonderful dogs they are too. No American sportsman would keep any dog of either species unless he was an excellent retriever as well as being rock steady on point. The vast prairies and "camps," which latter are divided up into enormous paddocks of anything up to 20 square miles in extent, abound in quail, tinamon—which greatly resemble the ordinary English partridge—and the martinetta, which is not unlike a hen pheasant. I remember well one old sportsman in South America, where nobody walks even a hundred yards if he can ride, who used to do all his shooting from the back of a pony, on which he would quarter his camp with five or six setters and pointers ranging ahead of him. He rode up to a point and shot his bird from the saddle, sending the same dog that had located it, out to retrieve. The performance was a delight to watch, for the dog did not drop the bird on the ground at his master's feet—which so many English retrievers do—but jumped up with his fore feet on the saddle, so that the bird could be taken comfortably out of his mouth and dropped into one of the saddle panniers without dismounting.

Field trials in America differ from those held in England in one marked respect, for the handler of the dog also shoots. This, in my opinion, is as it should be and it would be interesting to see this innovation tried at some of our own field trials, for it would undoubtedly produce a more perfect test of a dog's steadiness, for the handler would not be able to pay any attention to his dog from the moment the bird rose until after he had shot it. It is in these few critical seconds that a dog is tempted to run in. Under the conditions at present ruling in Great Britain, the whole attention of the handler can be concentrated on his dog and he can check him at once by voice or gesture on the slightest sign of unsteadiness. This change too would make the conditions approximate more closely to those ruling at the ordinary shoot, where the dogs used for retrieving the game generally belong to the guns who are shooting.

I think one sees wilder dogs in France than anywhere else, especially out partridge shooting, when it is quite usual to have as many as twelve or fourteen guns walking in line. The sugar beet grows to an amazing size and is so thick that it is very difficult to walk through or find a dead bird in. A good dog is therefore an absolute necessity and every gun invariably brings his own, which is generally a French pointer. He is a little smaller than his counterpart in England, is generally orange and white in colour and is always taught to retrieve in addition to his principal function. With a long line of guns they are used entirely as retrievers, but when only one or two guns are out they are employed as pointers and show excellent sport in the beet fields. They are a little hard in the mouth, but have wonderful noses and are absolutely tireless and indefatigable in the gruelling roots. It is a common practice before entering a field to work a dog along the outskirts on the leeward side, so an opinion can be formed from his behaviour whether or not it contains birds. Many of the dogs perform the double duties of retrieving and pointing to perfection, but with others steadiness leaves a good deal to be desired, and even the size and thickness of the French roots does not prevent them "running in" fairly frequently. With as many as ten or fourteen dogs in the field, the chances are high that at any given moment one of them will be disgracing himself in this manner to the accompaniment of much verbal abuse from his master. It is no uncommon sight to see a really chronic offender "peppered" at a range of a 100yds., which generally has the desired effect of steadying him and bringing him into heel.

Poodles, though generally considered to be French dogs, actually had their origin in Germany. They are extremely intelligent and make the most excellent shooting dogs, especially a particular breed called the "Pudel," which is identical with the old "Water dog" (*Canis aquaticus*), which was the ancestor of the Irish water spaniel and the curly-coated retriever. I had one of these dogs when serving on board a destroyer in the Mediterranean and his extraordinary sagacity certainly rescued me on one occasion from a very unpleasant situation. I had landed from my ship on a lonely coast near Platea in the north of Greece, and had walked across a range of hills to a duck lagoon seven miles inland. The water was very shallow and I shot most of my duck from a clump of reeds in the centre. When darkness fell, I tried to regain the shore of the lake, but to my dismay was suddenly engulfed in some quicksand and sank to well above my waist in an instant. The more I struggled the lower I sank, until the situation looked desperate. My dog swam about for about an hour and then left me with only my head and shoulders above the water. I cursed the dog for deserting me, but after five hours, by which time I was nearly mad from mosquito bites and fright, he reappeared with a rescue party of six sailors, who eventually roped me out. I found out afterwards that the dog had found his way back through the darkness across the hills to the beach, had swum off to the flotilla and had splashed and barked at the foot of the ladder of *my* ship until the quartermaster pulled him on board. How he recognised my ship from the seven other identical vessels I cannot tell, but the fact remains he did. The captain's anxiety at my long absence and the return of my dog alone speedily resulted in the despatch of a rescue party which "Shot" led without a falter to the lake.

LABRADORS IN HUNGARY AND AN AMERICAN SETTER

*The picture on the left was taken on a Hungarian covert shoot, while that on the right is Mr. Harry B. Kirkover's Champion Fairy Ben, winner of 25 prizes on the bench and 19 at Field Trials*

# ABOUT GAMEKEEPERS

## Two Great Keepers and Some Others

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

THE GREAT MARLOWE

*He is seen loading for Lord Ashburton, and the artist, Mr. Stuart Wortley, an experienced shot, has made the extraordinary mistake of putting the gun in the wrong hand*

I CANNOT help thinking that the average gamekeeper of to-day is better educated and more intelligent than he was in days gone by. By that I do not mean to imply that the best gamekeepers of the past were one whit inferior to the best of the present generation, but the general standard is, I think, higher. It is just the same with batting at cricket. I could name ten batsmen of my generation who would be the equals, if not the superiors, of any ten of to-day, but the average of batsmanship is indisputably better than it used to be. Gamekeepers have, in many ways, been always a mystery to me. They work hard for a great number of months in the year, feeding and looking after the comfort of the pheasants under their charge, protecting, as far as they are able, the partridge nests by waging an incessant war on all kinds of vermin, and also spend many sleepless nights with the object of protecting their charges from the raids of poachers. They also have to keep the rabbits down, which is a work in itself.

Yet my experience has been that when the great day (for them) arrived, they appeared to be strangely apathetic. I am careful to say "appeared to be" because I think I am doing them an injustice, but they have, I must confess, never seemed to me to be as keen as they might have been, nor did they always show as much enthusiasm as one would have expected. On the whole, they are an undemonstrative class of men, and I think that may account for this apparent lack of interest. After all, the shooting weeks are for them the great weeks of the year, the success of which they have been striving for. It is true that all of them are generally present in a pheasant shoot, and the same keenness is not to be expected from those who have nothing to do with a particular beat. That is merely an example of human nature so evident in other combinations, for each keeper is, like an Army Commander, an integral part of the whole. In the same way you will not find in wartime an excess of enthusiasm displayed by the Army Commander of A, or indeed by the army itself, over a success achieved by B army. When it comes to allies, there is no enthusiasm at all, but rather, tell it not in Gath, the reverse. Of course, this does not apply to the actual headkeeper, just as it would not have applied to, say, von Moltke in 1870, or General Foch in 1918.

But I am talking at the moment of keepers in general and not headkeepers in particular. I can well remember shooting partridges in Dorsetshire at a shoot where they had just begun to drive the birds. I plead guilty to frequent inaccuracies with a gun, but no one can accuse me of not being keen, and it used to annoy me and Mr. "Jim" Thursby, as he then was, who was equally keen, to see the apathy of the keepers after a partridge drive. If you had no time to go after a wounded bird yourself you told the handiest keeper with a dog, as near as possible where you had seen the wounded bird pitch. They knew that neither Thursby nor myself would send them on a wild goose chase, yet as often as not they either did not go, or made a very perfunctory search. At lunch I once asked a keeper if he had got either of the two birds I had down at the end of the penultimate drive before lunch. "No, zur, I couldn't find neither of them birds," he said. "I am not surprised," I said, "as you didn't go back and look for them." That rather confused him. "I didn't have no time," he said, "but I be *going* to look for 'em." Not keen, you see. Thursby and I used to *run* off after a drive and collect the wounded, and in two years' time the keepers became as keen as mustard, owing entirely to force of example.

But you must not send keepers after imaginary or very slightly wounded birds. They very soon know the guns who do this, and I do not blame them for not wasting too much time on such vain searchings. Smith, the headkeeper at the Duke of Buccleuch's grouse shoot at Langholm, one of the two greatest keepers I have ever met, once said: "Yon Foley is the best marker ever I saw," and nothing that ever was said about me pleased me more than that, especially as the sentence contained about half the total number of words that he uttered during the day.

G. SMITH, HEADKEEPER AT EUSTON

*His father, grandfather and great grandfather were keepers at Culford to the Cadogan family*

In my first partridge drive, when I was fourteen years old, I had as my mentor that Napoleon of keepers, Marlowe, the headkeeper at the Grange, Lord Ashburton's place in Hampshire. I shot with a pair of pinfire guns belonging to my father, and got a right and left my first two shots. I do not know who was more pleased, Marlowe or myself. Marlowe was a strategist as well as a tactician. In 99 cases out of 100 you will know the partridge drives at a place you frequently shoot at, and their logical sequence. But you never knew them at the Grange. Marlowe acted according to the requirements created by the prevalent wind. He would ride in the centre of the line and direct the advance by hand or whistle, and alter the formation of his line as circumstances demanded. He was a genius. I have only one fault to find with him and that was he disliked seeing his partridges killed. He was genuinely fond of them, and though their numbers, in a good year, made it difficult for him to be personally acquainted with each individual partridge, he regarded them all as his children. Fifield, the keeper on the adjoining property, Stratton, was an excellent man but had little knowledge of the science and system of partridge driving. He was of the same age as Marlowe, and it therefore redounded enormously to his credit that he should have gone over to the Grange and put himself entirely in the hands of the latter in order that he might learn the business. By accompanying Marlowe during the driving he learnt his lesson so

DUNCAN FRASER, HEADKEEPER AT GLENDYE

*He is one of the best grouse strategists of the present generation.*

well that in a few years well over 500 brace of partridges were twice killed in a day at Stratton. Nothing that any keeper has ever done can outweigh the merit of such an action. And putting aside his pride he asked Lord Northbrook's permission to go. We award him full marks.

There are, of course, many other good keepers that I remember, or of whom my friends have told me. There was Welham, for so many years headkeeper at Westacre, who used to marshall his beaters with a hunting horn, a character known and respected all over Norfolk. There was Hipgrave, who succeeded to Marlowe at the Grange; while I remember two keepers at Warter Priory, Ben England, the present headkeeper, and his predecessor, whose name I can't recall, but they were both first class. And the famous John Grierson I have often heard tell of, who was headkeeper for, I think, more than 40 years at Moy. Then there was a great keeper at Floors. I believe the late Duke, when he started to take the shooting in hand, got a new keeper, Bond, and the results were really startling; and I personally will never forget the Smith family, who were keepers at Culford for nigh a hundred years. What a character old Smith was, and how plainly would he speak his mind if one of the guns didn't come up to what he thought was scratch. His son is keeper at Euston now. And only the day before I wrote this a friend was talking to me about Duncan Fraser, keeper on Colonel Claude Beddington's famous grouse moor, Glendye. Some two or three years ago he successfully achieved the remarkable feat of driving end-of-September grouse over an individual gun. This was on the Largie beat and was the fourth or fifth time it had been driven. Only those who know the difficulty of controlling grouse so late in the season can appreciate Fraser's performance. Colonel Beddington killed over 100 brace on this occasion.

ANDREW SMITH, HEADKEEPER AT LANGHOLM

". . . *One of the two greatest keepers I have ever met*"

# MIDDLESEX CRICKET IMPROVED

## Robins Helps the Side Up the County Table

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

NOTHING, not even an earthquake, could deprive Middlesex of their position as third county in the County Championship when they began their last match on August 28th last. Nor could they rise to second place, of which Derbyshire were equally assured. As to Yorkshire, they stand out by themselves as worthy champions, after a rather poor start, which embraced a loss of points on the first innings in no fewer than six matches, giving them only eighteen out of a possible 90. Without laying too much stress on this minor blot on what was, barring the Essex match, an otherwise triumphal progress, it is worthy of note that only one county out of all the seventeen lost more matches on the first innings than Yorkshire, who lost seven altogether, and that one was Hampshire, who lost eight.

As to Middlesex, Mr. R. W. V. Robins is to be congratulated on so ably leading the county, which made a notable rise from the lowly position it has occupied in the table for the last three years. From the tenth place which it filled last year to the third, is a big jump. Middlesex were not on the whole unlucky, and had two notable escapes from defeat at the hands of Yorkshire and Sussex at Lord's, through the intervention of rain, but against that must be set off their concluding match against Surrey and the deplorable accident to G. O. Allen, which deprived the county of his invaluable services for the rest of the year.

One of the chief and perhaps most gratifying features of Middlesex cricket was the form shown by Hendren in August. He had been a good deal worried by the new l.b.w. rule for some considerable time, and was not amongst the first 50 batsmen up to very late in the season, but when he returned to form he did so in no half-hearted manner. His play during the last six weeks will bear comparison with anything he has ever done, and his "come-back" has given the greatest satisfaction to his numerous admirers. Incidentally, he is now fourth in the averages. There have been a good many other batsmen besides Hendren who have been upset by the new l.b.w. rule, and if the question of its becoming law were to be put to the vote of those participating in first-class cricket to-day, I have no doubt that it would be condemned, because there would be a large majority of batsmen amongst the voters. Yet something had to be done to bring the scores in first-class cricket within reasonable limits and so enable matches to be finished.

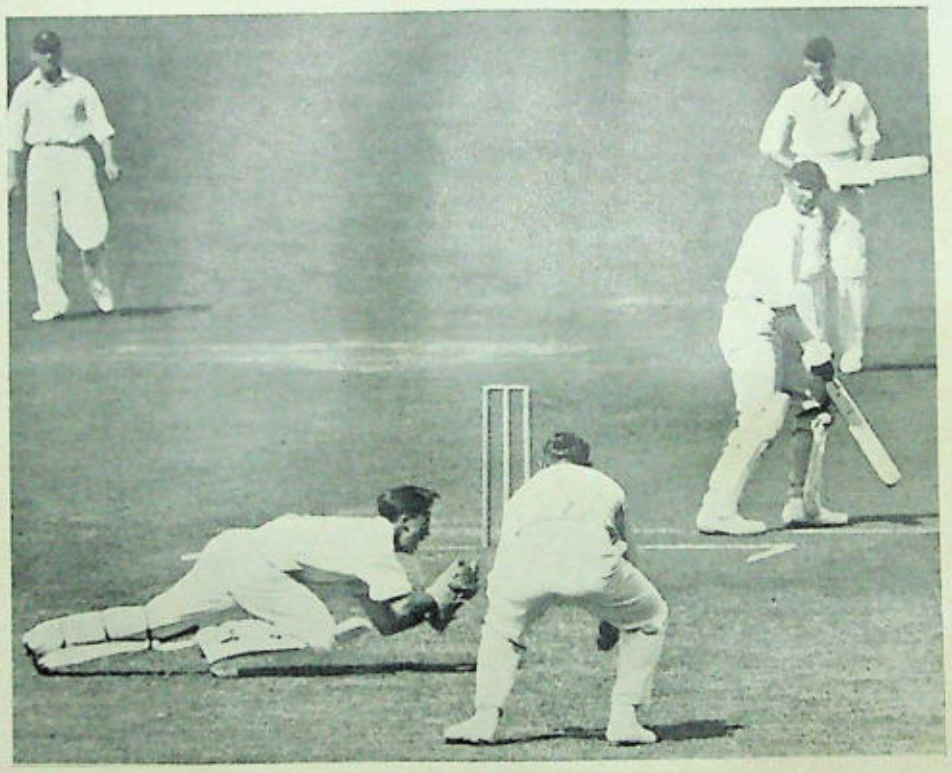
We have had two beautiful dry summers in this and last year, so a pretty fair comparison can be drawn between the number of finished matches in the County Championship in both years. Last year 464 matches were played, of which only 268 were finished, giving a percentage of just under 58 finished games. This year, out of 452 matches played to date, 315 have been finished, giving a percentage of just under 70, and as there are only six more to be played at the time of writing, we may assume that 70 per cent. will be about the figure. Such a striking increase in finished matches as that is alone sufficient to justify the continuation of the rule, unless something better can be introduced which will effect such a desirable result, and as an alternative to unprepared pitches it seems to me to be the next best remedy. And now as cricket for 1935 is nearly over, and the shooting season has just begun, I may be excused for making one more appeal in topical form for a solution of the problem I put before my readers some months ago :

A friend went out shooting with a professor of mathematics. My friend bet the mathematician that at the end of the day he would have a better average of birds per cartridge. In the morning both shot steadily. At lunch they were level, each having killed 28 birds with 60 cartridges. The luncheon was an exceptionally good one. Both men's marksmanship was affected. The professor killed only one more bird and took 27 cartridges to do it. My friend, who had more shooting, got nine birds with 51 cartridges. "Well," he said, "this morning's bag cancels out, doesn't it? And I've got a better average this afternoon; so I win."

"No you don't," said the mathematician. "The bet was made on the whole day's bag, and the result is a tie."

It took a quarter of an hour's argument to convince my friend that they had both finished up with an average of one bird to three cartridges.

I want the thing *explained*. It is no use saying, as the headmaster of one of our leading public schools did, "If you divide the total number of birds into the total number of cartridges fired, you will get the answer." I know that, and I also know that the answer is staggering and irritating to a degree. But I do *not* know the reason for such a result, and I am beginning to think that no one else knows it either. The whole thing is enough to make a monkey bite his mother.



WELL TAKEN

*John Langridge caught by P. A. Gibb during the match between the champions and Sussex at Hove*

# ROUND THE WICKETS

## A Surrey Gamble Which Failed

THERE was a dismal enough ending to the county season at the Oval, when only one day's play was possible in the popular Surrey v. Yorkshire match; but that one day provided spectators with some very eventful play and a fresh matter for discussion. Was the Surrey captain right in putting Yorkshire in to bat? This was not, of course, a rejection of the circumstances under which R. E. S. Wyatt put the South Africans in to bat at the Oval in the last Test match. Wyatt's decision gave the South Africans first use of a purely batsman's wicket. For the Yorkshire match the wicket had been affected by rain.

But a bowler's wicket is not all that is required to put a side like Yorkshire in to bat. You must also have some bowlers capable of making good use of it. Only cheerful optimism could attribute that quality to the Surrey bowling, with the exception perhaps of Gregory, who was not playing, and F. R. Brown, the old Cambridge leg break bowler, who barely plays enough nowadays to make the best of his talents. Brown did better than any other bowler; but Sutcliffe, P. A. Gibb and Wood made almost light of the conditions and the bowling, while Leyland found plenty of balls to bang hard. Particularly pleasant to see was the versatility of Gibb, the Cambridge Blue, who is a distinct acquisition to the side—which is saying something for an amateur in connection with Yorkshire cricket.

Surrey's gamble had failed when Yorkshire declared at 299 for eight wickets. When Surrey went in the Yorkshire captain handed the ball at once to Verity, who could and did make full use of the pitch in taking six wickets for 24. Verity may have lost in attacking spirit on good wickets, but on a bad wicket he is still second to none. Surrey were heading for a bumping defeat when rain came on the third day. In much the same way at Lord's, Surrey had a great deal the worst of the deal when they put Middlesex in to bat—and were again saved by the rain.

With more justification than Surrey, Worcestershire made the experiment of putting Glamorgan in to bat last Saturday at Worcester. To begin with they had not a team of Yorkshire's batting calibre to deal with; and in Jackson and Howorth they had bowlers who ought to have been able to make use of a helpful wicket. Howorth has looked a promising slow left-hander this season, and he bowled extremely well on a good wicket at the Oval. But he has a lot to learn yet, and he and Jackson could not prevent Glamorgan from scoring 183 for five wickets, though the bowlers were not too well served in the field.

On an average, the policy of putting the other side in to bat succeeds far fewer times than it fails, partly no doubt because the bowling is not good enough but more, I think, because the modern methods of preparing wickets render a real "sticky dog" a rarity. It is worth noting that at Portsmouth last Saturday, with the wicket affected by rain, Yorkshire went in themselves to bat on winning the toss against Hampshire, who had no bowler capable of causing the batsmen much anxiety.

Some end-of-the-season performances provided pleasant recollections and points of interest to those concerned in building future touring and Test match sides. One of the most notable was Wellard's completion of the coveted double—a thousand runs and a hundred wickets. Wellard made his thousand runs last year, but took only 62 wickets. This season he has been demonstrating, in a way that ought to impress every other county, the value of a pure hitter when things are going wrong. Time after time he has come off when other batsmen have failed. Twice last week he did it, with 112 against Lancashire and 68 against Sussex, who had half the Somerset wickets down for 28 when he came in. I have not kept a record of the number of sixes he has hit this season (someone told me it was over 60), but I should say that it is more than any player has scored in first-class cricket for some years.

J. Parks, of Sussex, is another who last week completed a thousand runs and a hundred wickets for the first time. Like Wellard, he made his thousand runs last year; but he took only 57 wickets. Then there was Gunn, of Notts, making last week his highest score in first-class cricket—147 not out against Essex. The advance of Gunn is reflected in the fact that last season he scored 922 runs for an average of 21, and at the moment of writing he has this season scored 1,286 runs for an average of 37.

Quite as pleasing as the success of these and other younger players was the triumph of the Somerset veteran, J. C. White, whose eight wickets for 36 against Derbyshire showed that he can still be numbered among the slow bowlers who can use a bowler's wicket; and it was he who in batting helped Wellard to save Somerset from complete rout by Sussex last Saturday. Long may he continue to enjoy the game and give us enjoyment.

While an England XI was collapsing against the South Africans at Folkestone, Warwickshire and Gloucestershire were gathering plenty of runs at Gloucester last Monday. One of the most interesting features of the game was that Goddard took his 200th wicket, and his analysis of five wickets for 170 would probably have been much better if the home fielding had been sounder. Wyatt, in scoring 67, batted with his usual steadiness and determination, while Barnett kept the interest alive at the end of the day by a really bright 75 for Gloucester. Hammond, unlike his usual self, took three-quarters of an hour to score 25.

F. I. W.

# CROWS AND THE CAMERA

## Successful Exposures of a Difficult Subject

By ARTHUR BROOK

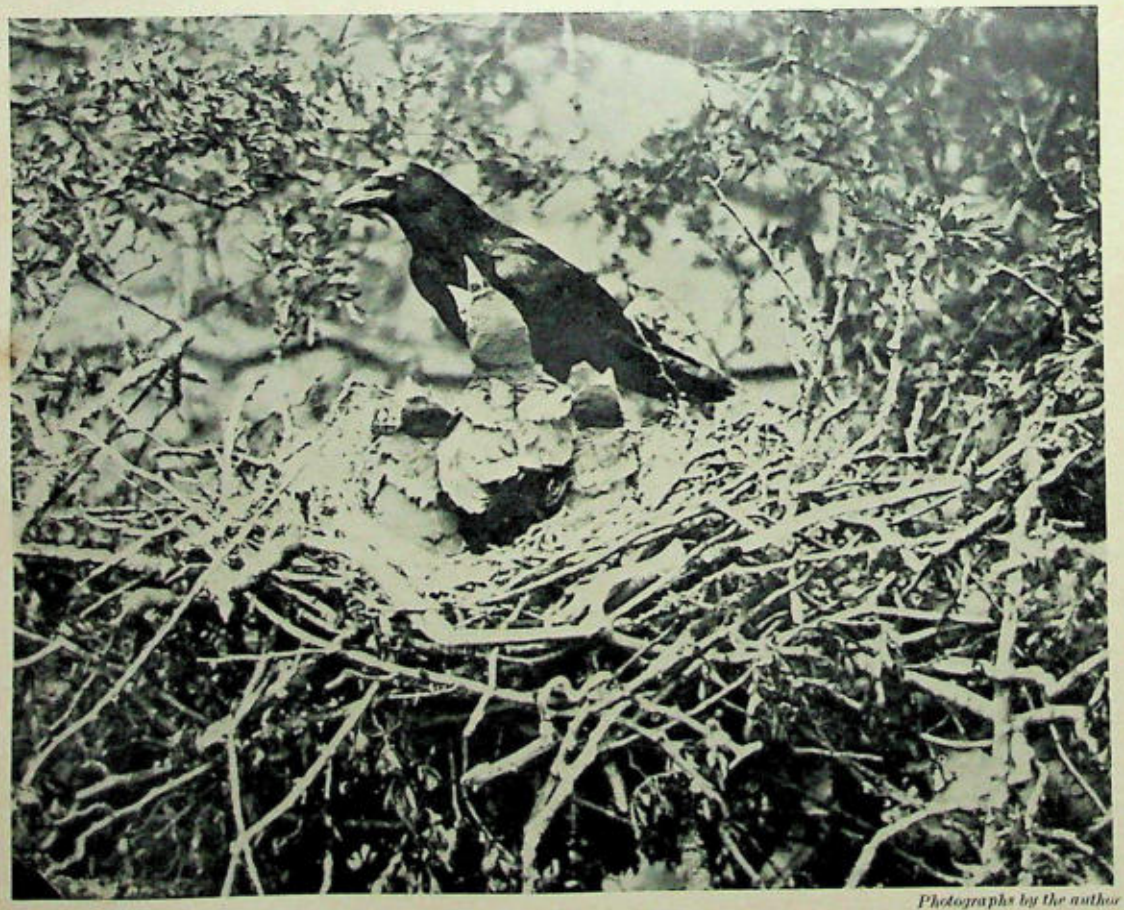
THREE YOUNG CARRION CROWS

NATURE photographers to-day are legion, and few are the species of British birds which have not faced the camera at one time or another. Some species have been photographed times without number, but the carrion crow cannot be classed with these. The situation of the nest does not usually lend itself to photography, and the bird itself is extremely wary. I have photographed the carrion crow at the nest upon two occasions, with an interval of nineteen years between.

The first nest was built upon a low thorn tree growing on a lonely Welsh hillside. Conditions were propitious in this case, for in addition to the low situation of the nest, conveniently placed rocks formed a very good and natural "hide" with little trouble. The crows took to this "hide" at once, and a series of pictures resulted.

Success in getting these pictures was largely due to the fact that there was a "hide" already at the crows' nest.

Two years previously a pair of buzzards built on the same spot, and were successfully photographed. The "hide" had stood the elements very well, and only needed a little refurbishing. When the nest was first visited this year, the crows had taken possession, and the hen was sitting on four eggs, three of which hatched.



*Photographs by the author*

TWO CARRION CROWS' NESTS—BUT IN VERY DIFFERENT SITUATIONS

*The upper photograph shows a nest built this year in a very unusual situation, on a furze bush growing from the hillside. The other is also abnormal, being built in a low hawthorn*

Nest number two was worked this year (1935). It was in one of the wildest spots in all Wales, where buzzards and ravens successfully bring off broods year by year. It is one of the few spots I know with which the egg-collector is not familiar. This nest was built in a ridiculous situation for a carrion crow—on a furze bush growing from the hillside—but it was an extremely lonely spot.

On May 31st, in company with three companions, I visited it for the purpose of photography. We had a rough walk of several miles, and it was 11 a.m. before the camera was in readiness. The day was cloudy and dull, but no rain fell, fortunately. The first visit to the nest was made by the hen, at 12.20 p.m. The cock came fifteen minutes later, he appeared more wary than his mate. I was in the "hide" for six hours, and during that time the crows made 22 visits to the nest between them. At one time a far distant shepherd caused a moment's uneasiness to the female crow when she was at the nest. One of the old birds was always on the watch during the time its mate was away getting food.

On one occasion the cock bird came to the nest very soon after the hen had fed the young, and found them asleep. He looked at them for a moment, then gave one a sharp dig in the spot usually associated with chastisement, then he fed them. Twice I watched the hen anticipate the ejectment of excreta by one of the youngsters, catch it in her beak and eject it again directly after she flew from the nest. I have seen ravens do the same thing. I had arranged with a companion to come and release me from the "hide," so that the crows should not be made suspicious by seeing me come out alone.

The carrion crow has few, if any, friends It is constantly on the look out for trouble—in others. The cry of a creature in distress is the signal for all the crows within hearing to hasten to the spot. On the evening of July 31st I was waiting to try and photograph a badger by flashlight. At 9.5 p.m. a hen buzzard passed over my head, within easy gun shot. It was making for a rough field about 100yds. distant, where I saw it swoop down at some object, which proved to be a rabbit. Never have I heard a rabbit squeal so pitifully as did that one, which the buzzard carried, still squealing, up into a large oak tree.

The squeals attracted five carrion crows from various directions. Upon arriving at the spot these birds flew around the tree, making a great commotion. Their object appeared to be to dislodge the buzzard from the tree, and have it at their mercy in the air. The buzzard was not to be drawn, however, and the crows eventually left it to its meal.

Some years ago I saw a carrion crow alight on a kite's nest, where the hen was brooding small young, and actually peck her breast to make her rise up so that it could get at the young ones beneath.

All carrion crows should be killed within at least a two miles radius of a kite's nest.

# THE CARE AND COOKING OF GAME

## A Few Simple Points and Recipes

By ELSIE TURNER

HOW eagerly one looks forward to the first grouse or partridge. Yet though young birds are delicious if cooked the day they are shot, the distinctive flavour of game can only be acquired by hanging. No modern magic can produce game in proper condition till they have been "hanged."

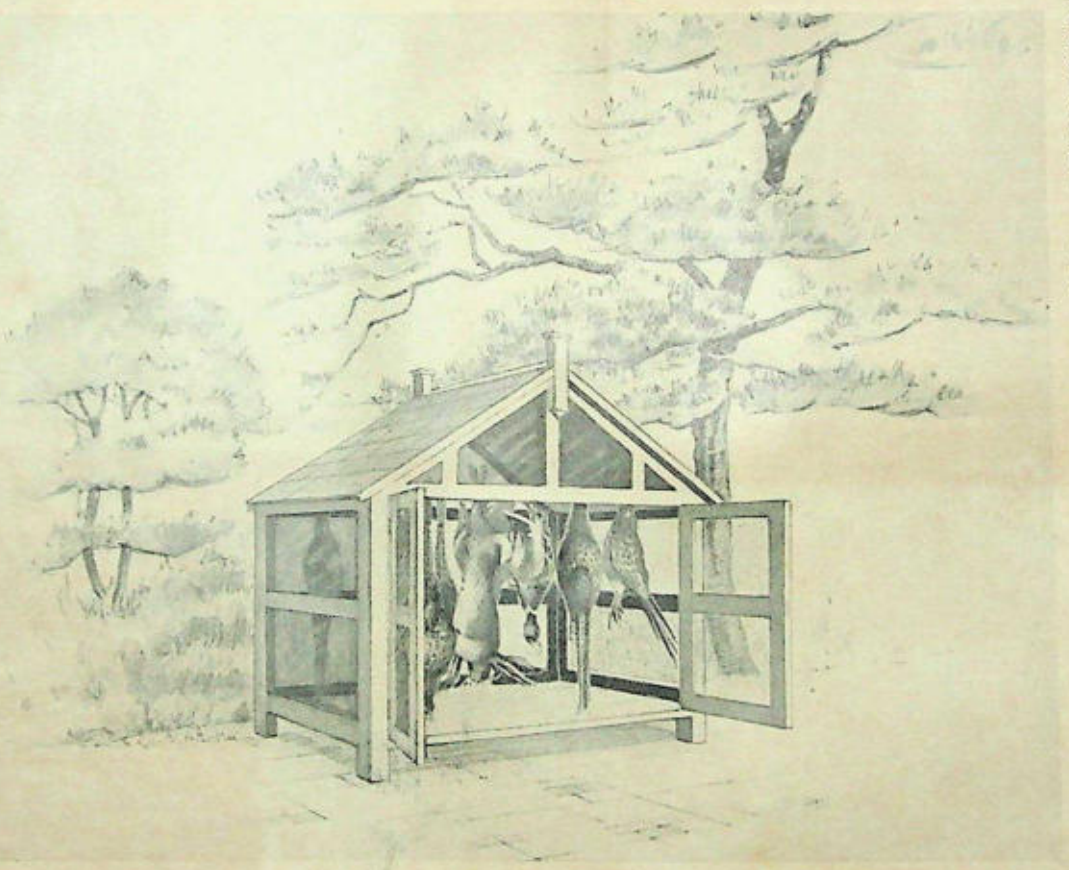
Hanging is a subject upon which it is impossible to lay down any rules, as everything depends on the game larder and the weather. I should also like to add, a well-shot bird keeps far better and cooks better than one which has been blown to bits. The best game larders are usually found at old places where the subject was carefully studied, in a shady corner never reached by the sun, or where possibly a little early morning sun is unavoidable. Wherever it is, it is essential to have air on all four sides, giving the current for keeping the game cool, and above all it must be fly-proof. Should the weather be at all damp, or the birds damp when brought in, they should be wiped down daily with a dry cloth. In these days of wonderful refrigeration, if the bird is ready to eat and you wish to keep it a little longer, place it in the refrigerator carefully prepared for cooking and wrapped in greaseproof paper. When you wish to use it, remove some hours before cooking and keep in a warm place, such as a side-table in the kitchen. This ensures that all the chill is out of it, and that it has not lost any of its flavour by being kept. Never put game into a refrigerator till it has been hung and is ready for eating, as you cannot get the required flavour by hanging afterwards; the same applies to all birds which are sent to cold storage, but, judging by some I have eaten, not many people know this.

Grouse will hang from three days to a fortnight, but the condition of the bird, the weather and the larder must be gone into carefully, together with the taste of the consumer. Those which have arrived by post are usually asking to be cooked immediately if the weather is at all warm. Pluck with care, singe, draw and truss, as for a roast chicken, sprinkle the inside with spiced pepper, salt and lemon juice, and place in it a lump of butter the size of a walnut with the liver of the bird. At Boodle's Club a delicious stuffing is made for grouse or partridges with mashed banana. Owing to its dryness a good thick slice of very fat home-cured bacon should be tied round the body, and during roasting the grouse must be basted frequently with bacon fat or run butter. Place the bird on a square of toast in the roasting tin; this toast absorbs the dripping, and the bird is served on it. It must never be overdone and about twenty minutes should be long enough. High birds require longer. Fried breadcrumbs, bread sauce and gravy are served in sauce boats; straw chips or finely-cut game chips accompany grouse, and one should garnish with watercress. As a change they are very nice with melted butter instead of bread sauce and placed on brown toast; they are then known as "Grouse à la Bonnie Lassie."

Grouse pudding can be made from old grouse and is delicious and most economical. Make a beefsteak pudding with suet in the ordinary way, but in place of the kidney cut up pieces of raw grouse without any of the bones. It should cook a little longer than a steak and kidney pudding. Boil all the bones with a little raw beef to make a cupful of extra stock and pour this into the pudding when half cooked.

Another excellent dish is cold jellied grouse. Cut the breasts in nice pieces off four old grouse. Fry the remaining flesh with the livers and pass through a hair sieve, adding a little parsley and thyme. Line a game pie-dish or fireproof casserole-dish with bacon and fill up with alternate layers of the pieces of grouse, little rolls of bacon and the forcemeat. Add some well-seasoned stock and cook until quite tender; if your stock is not good enough to set by itself when cold, you will have to add a little gelatine stock after cooking.

"Altogither such a little angel whin he's roast that it's a sin to mess him about" is an Irish saying of snipe which I heard some years ago. They only want hanging for a day or two. Pluck and wipe the birds outside, but do not remove the insides or trail except the gizzard; skin the heads and neck and leave them on, but remove the eyes. Twist the points of the legs and truss them close to the body; bring the head round and run the beak through the wings and legs. Tie up carefully with twine round the legs and breast and pass round the head and end of the bill. Place them on a square of toast buttered on both sides to catch the drippings,



"THE BEST GAME LARDERS . . . ARE USUALLY IN A SHADY CORNER. IT IS ESSENTIAL TO HAVE AIR ON ALL FOUR SIDES"

and serve them on this. Brush them over with melted butter, and place a piece of very fat bacon over the breast. Place on a baking tin and roast for fifteen to twenty minutes, basting with butter.

Four snipe can be cooked on a skewer, which makes basting easier; but one should be very careful they are not over-roasted, and they should be served very hot. The bacon can be removed or not, according to taste. The trussing string must of course be taken away. They should be dished up with cut slices of lemon, and garnished with watercress. Run butter can be handed in a sauceboat or gravy made in the roasting tin.

Woodcock should be prepared for roasting in exactly the same way as snipe, after hanging for three or four days by the neck. One should not forget to eat the brains.

For making potted game one should take all the meat off the bones of any cold game, add a pinch of mace, salt and pepper, pound in a mortar to a pulp and add a little stock with enough thick cream to get it to the right consistency. It should then be put into a suitable dish and melted butter poured on the top. Old grouse or partridges, carefully roasted, make delicious potted game.

For wild duck overcooking is fatal. For roasting wigeon and teal only fifteen minutes is required, but mallard and pochard should be cooked for 20 to 25 minutes, basting frequently with butter. They should be served with orange salad dressed with olive oil and brandy, a dash of cayenne and chopped tarragon. To make the sauce the following ingredients are required: A dessert spoonful of lemon juice, pounded sugar and mushroom ketchup, two of Harvey Sauce and two or three of port wine, a pinch of salt and a dash of cayenne.

[Mrs. Turner is the author of a very useful little book, *Fifty Ways of Cooking a Pheasant*.—ED.]

# "WINDFALLS"

## Flighters' Luck in the Last Half-Hour

AS one winter afternoon drew towards dark, a wildfowler waited for ducks at a flooded meadow. Cold white mists crept over the fields. The first bird to fall was not a duck, but a curlew; and an attendant, usually employed indoors but who had been pressed into this unaccustomed service, was sent to gather it. He—town-bred and unreliable in matters of natural history—returned through the dusk and the mist, looking gloomily at the corpse which he carried. "I doubt, sir," he faltered, "I doubt you've shot a jenny-heron!"

Yet apart from "jenny-herons," unexpected items do enter the game bag of the flight-shooter who waits for ducks in the corn fields or, later in the season, by flooded patches of stubble or meadow. Last August, while I waited one evening for ducks flighting to the corn, there passed slowly, within fifteen yards from me, a roebuck; and on he went undisturbed, to the sheltering wood beyond, all unconscious of the near presence of man and dog.

One stance which I often choose, at the edge of a meadow which floods with every heavy rain and which is a favourite feeding place for ducks and snipe, lies in line between cultivated fields and an area of moss and moor. That stance has yielded—in addition to the mallards, teal and snipe which are to be expected there—grouse, blackgame, partridges and pheasants; and all of them come over in the most approved style, like driven birds, and in the fading light give very sporting chances.

In November 1929 a friend, who had journeyed from abroad to attend the V.C.'s dinner, came north for a few days after a week in London. He wanted some exercise, some fresh air, some shooting. But our Scottish weather was foul. He arrived during the wettest spell of a wet winter. There came the day on which the midnight express must bear him south, a day which was to have been spent outdoors with dogs and guns; but rain fell in torrents, and towards afternoon a gale arose.

So before dusk we went, battling against the wind and rain, to where an acre or more of late potatoes had been flooded before the crop was gathered. Our only shelter was a low, broken hedge with a ditch along it. We stood in the ditch, water up to the knees. And first there came, high and down-wind, and straight over my friend's ambush, an old cock pheasant. Whether he had been disturbed by some farm dog or worker, or whether (as I prefer to think) he hospitably desired to show sport to a gallant soldier, I cannot say, but he ended his journey with a resounding thud on the ground behind.

Another memory of a shooting "windfall": of a warm September afternoon: of a party of guns and beaters who marched and counter-marched through an infinite expanse of roots: of blackgame which, appearing suddenly out of the blue, flashed over the line and were gone—all but two of them. Whence they came and whither they were bound no one could suggest, for blackgame are uncommon in that district. There fell—to borrow the words of Sir Walter Scott when sending a gift of game to Charles Erskine—"a black cock and (more is the pity) a grey hen." But they provided a little light relief in an afternoon which was too full of turnips.

W. G. M. D.

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# WHERE GREAT TROUT LIE

## A Day on the Houghton Club's Water

By T. C. BRIDGES

THERE cannot be many rivers in England or anywhere else in which salmon are looked upon not merely as a nuisance but—one hardly dares breathe such a heresy—as vermin. Yet that is the case with the Test, or at any rate on the important stretch of that river belonging to the Houghton Club. Once, no doubt, the upper and middle reaches of the Test held a great variety of fish, pike—chub, dace, roach as well as trout, but to-day it is sacred to trout. No other fish are tolerated. Even the excellent and sporting grayling is unwelcome and very large numbers are netted out each year and sent alive to waters where they are better appreciated.

The Houghton Club is one of the oldest of all angling societies, for it was founded some 115 years ago. It consists of no more than sixteen members and, since one of the rules is that members may not bring guests until after the mayfly season is over, it is obvious that comparatively few fishermen have had the privilege of casting a fly over its wonderful waters.

The club's headquarters are the Grosvenor Hotel, Stockbridge. The club owns the hotel, and its large airy club room is on the first floor. Here are giant trout in glass cases and the club records printed and written, records running back for a great number of years and of extraordinary interest to any angler. These records are religiously kept. It is the duty of the senior member in residence to fill in at the end of the day full details of trout caught, their number, weight and the name or names of those who took them. However late it may be or however weary the member, this duty is never neglected. In the club room dinner is served punctually at 6.30 during the season, so that members and their guests can get out in good time for the evening rise. Probably five fish out of six are taken in the evening.

The club owns a stretch of the Test some six miles in length but has actually something like fourteen miles of fishable water. Years ago, either for purposes of irrigation or for driving mills, the river was divided into two and sometimes three different channels. Since there are rarely more than four or five members in residence at any one time there is always plenty of water available.

The stock of trout is amazing. To watch the evening rise on a warm summer night is proof of what can be done by careful and scientific preservation. The club has its own hatchery where hosts of trout, small and large, live in dykes of clear water, happily protected from herons and similar enemies by wire netting, and well fed on horse flesh and similar delicacies. Some of these trout are kept in captivity until they are of large size. Fish up to four pounds may be seen in the artificial waters of the farm. Yet these, when turned into the river, seem to be just as artful, just as shy of the fisherman's fly as trout which have spent their whole lives in the wild state.

The management of the fishery is highly scientific. For instance, new theories have been evolved and are being practised as to the cutting of weeds. At one time the grannom season on the Test equalled that of the mayfly. The almost complete disappearance of the former insect is attributed to mistakes in weed cutting, which have interfered with its cycle of reproduction. While the grannom cannot, perhaps, be recovered, care is being taken that other valuable insects do not vanish in the same way. Weeds, of course, must be cut or fishing would become impossible, but artificial barriers have been made in many places to catch and hold the cut weed. These are V-shaped, with the point of the V projecting up stream. They hold the weed until the insect eggs contained in it hatch out. Later in the year the barriers are lifted and the weed allowed to float away.

Another useful experiment which has, I believe, been copied elsewhere, is the use of floating planks on which certain water insects deposit their eggs. On the club water you will see one below every bridge.

The broad water meadows through which the river channels flow are left as much as possible to Nature and are very beautiful. The variety of flowers is great. There are few places in England where one can see such masses of yellow iris. Certain stretches are thickly bordered by trees, which add to the beauty of the river as well as giving cover for an immense variety of bird life. Sedge and rushes, waist high, form a hedge between the fisherman's path and the water and are a very present help for the angler who is stalking a shy fish.

Every few hundred yards along these paths one finds rough wooden benches where one can sit and watch for a rise or change a cast. Another great convenience is a number of huts placed about a mile apart in which the fisherman can eat his luncheon or take shelter from a sudden rain storm. Each member of the club is provided with a key which will open the doors of all the huts.

A FAMOUS SHALLOW ABOVE SHEEPBRIDGE
*The angler is Sir Harold Gillies, attended by the headkeeper Alfred Lunn*

MR. ARTHUR GILBEY FISHING AT STOCKBRIDGE
*"Sedges and rushes, waist high, form a hedge between the fisherman's path and the water"*

Luxury fishing, you may say, but the fish themselves are no easier to take than trout in any other clear chalk stream, and the two July days I had on this lovely water were hot and bright after a heavy thunderstorm. The first day I had the stretch above the town all to myself and, though there was a fair amount of fly, saw no more than half a dozen rises all day. The few trout that did rise were feeding under the opposite bank and although I got my fly well over two of them, in each case "drag" defeated my efforts. I came back to dinner with an empty creel.

It was different in the evening. I went out with the keeper and about eight o'clock the rise began in earnest; a wonderful sight, but confusing to a degree. So many fish were splashing about one hardly knew which to try for. And whereas in the daytime these big trout will rise in the same spot time after time, now they were roving all over the place. Anyhow I got three, all in the neighbourhood of two pounds, and lost a bigger one which I had on for three minutes. Next morning I stalked and hooked two but lost one in weed, and in the evening got one more. Five fish all within an ounce or so of two pounds. The limit is one and a quarter, but I never touched a small fish.

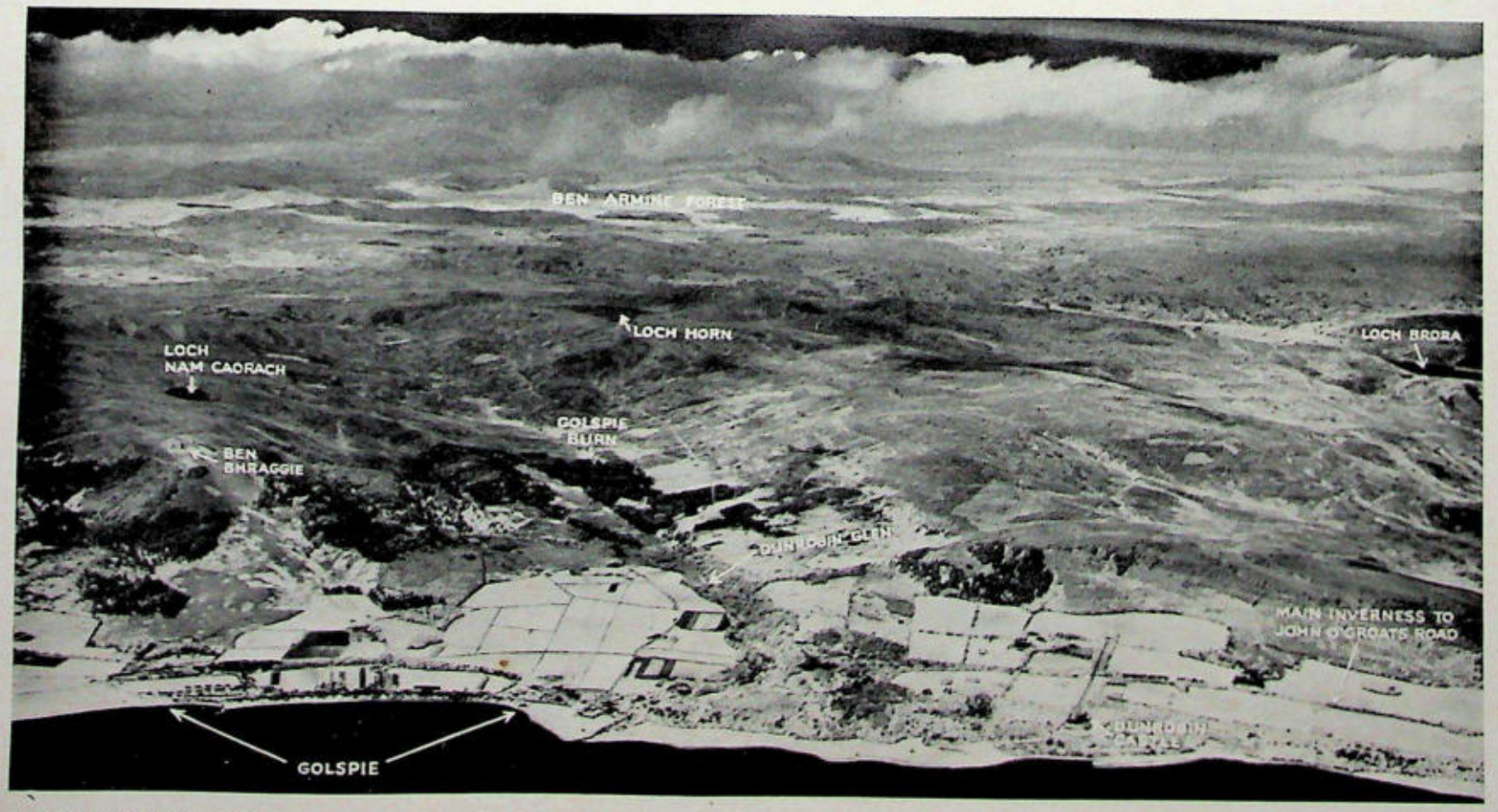
Just below Stockbridge is a stretch known as "Grosvenor," famous for its wily monsters. Fishing there that last evening, my host took a really beautiful trout of five pounds three ounces.

These Test trout are not merely big; they are fine fighting fish and in this respect a pleasant contrast to the inhabitants of certain other southern rivers.

# *WHERE ST. JOHN STALKED HIS MUCKLE HART*

A SPECIAL AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. NIALL RANKIN, F.R.P.S., OF THE HUGE TRACT OF SUTHERLAND COVERED BY THE STALKER

*The historic stalk began on an autumn morning in 1833, when St. John, his keeper Donald, and his staghound Bran, set forth. At that time St. John rented Rosehall (in the foreground). That night they had news of the Muckle Hart, and on the Tuesday he got to within 300yds. of it but without a shot. The next day was blank and they slept in the heather, as was Thursday, when they slept in a whisky bothy. This was too much for Donald, and on the Friday St. John started alone. On the Saturday he got to within 50yds. of the stag after a long stalk, and got a shot. The huge stag fell into a burn, but when St. John approached he jumped up and knocked him over. When St. John moved he was again charged and after a terrific struggle he threw his plaid over its antlers. He tried to stab the beast but it made off, and he finally shot it as it stood in a burn below Ben More Assynt. The Muckle Hart weighed 32st. and the antlers are now in the possession of his grandson, Admiral Gerald St. John*

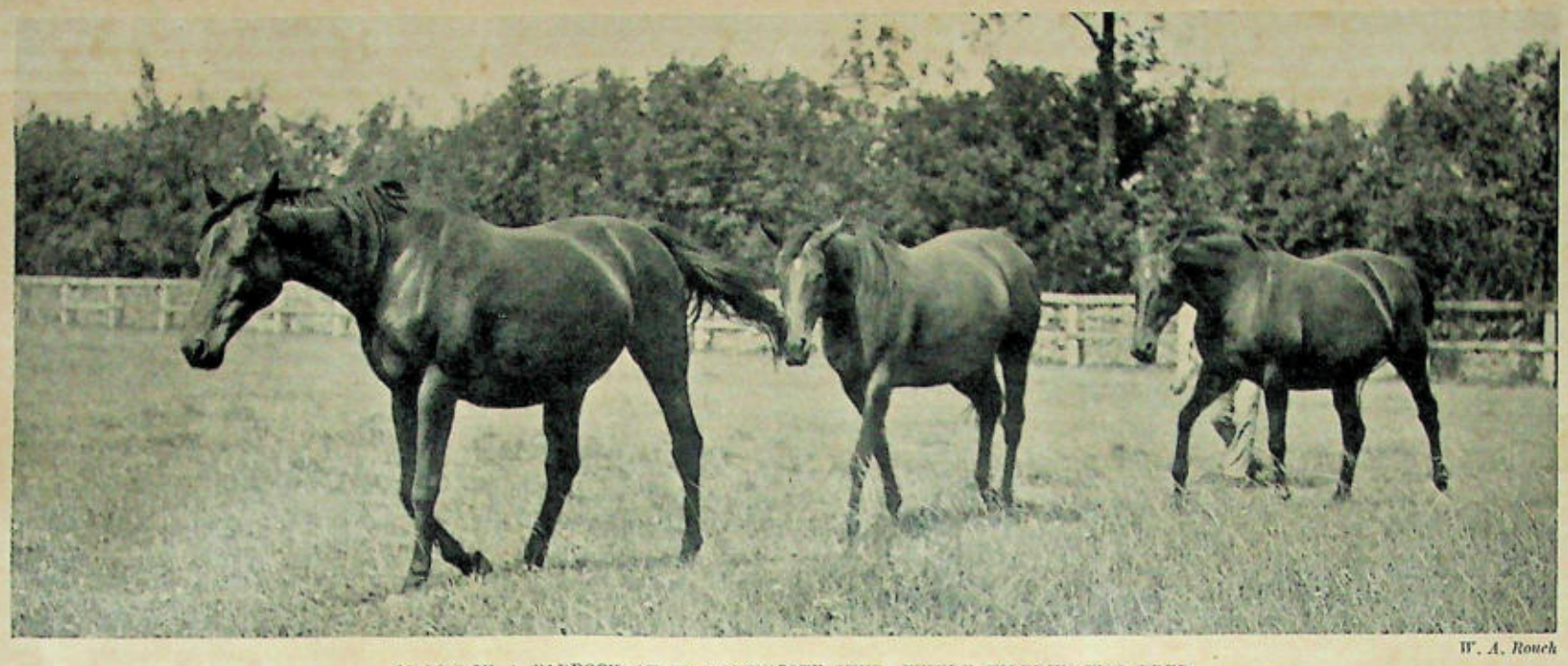



ANOTHER PART OF SUTHERLAND, PHOTOGRAPHED ON AN INFRA-RED PLATE FROM THE EAST AT 6,000FT. BY MR. NIALL RANKIN, F.R.P.S.

# DEWAR'S

## The Jubilee Spirit

*Nothing more refreshing~*



*W. A. Rouch*

MARES IN A PADDOCK AT THE SEZINCOTE STUD, WHERE TIBERIUS WAS BRED

# THE DONCASTER SEPTEMBER SALES

## A Probable Increase in Bloodstock Values

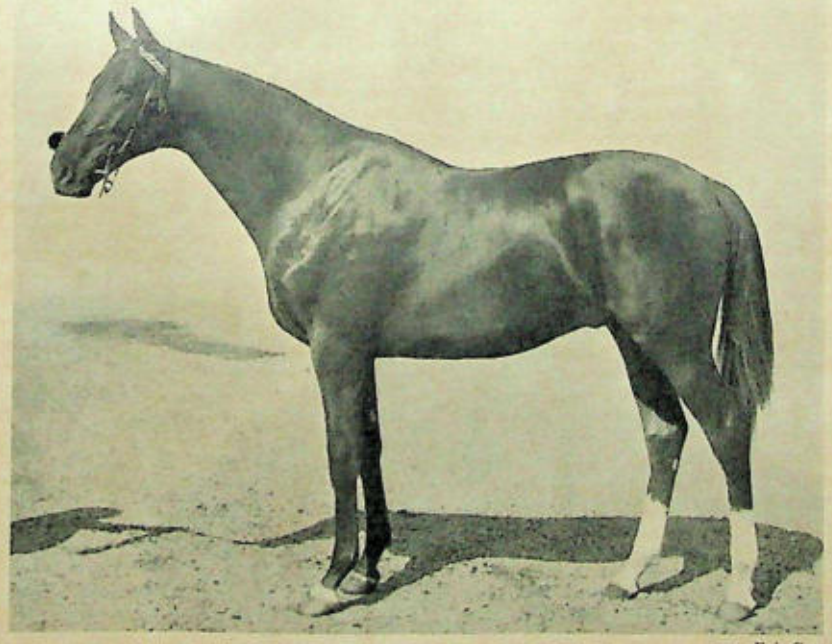
IT is sometimes a dangerous and costly proceeding to be unduly optimistic about either racing or bloodstock breeding. The history of the turf teems with examples where so-called unbeatable favourites have crashed from the pedestal of invincibility with a dull and sickening thud. And many a yearling which has found admirers in paddock and sale ring, one for which a high price has been paid, has been found to be entirely useless for racing purposes and of no paddock value. One of the most costly purchases of this description in our time is, I believe, now engaged in cab work in France! On the other hand, many of the cheap yearlings bought at auction have won a name and fame for themselves in racing days, Brown Jack and others being notable examples in this direction. Without being blinded by undue optimism or influenced in any degree by the soundness and level quality which I have seen on my lengthy stud tours, it is fairly apparent that bloodstock breeding is once more in a healthy and prosperous condition.

Figures alone prove this, for there was a very wide jump at the Newmarket July Sales as compared to the prices of a year ago, while the excellent results of the Dublin Sales assist to consolidate this fact. And what Dublin started Doncaster may well improve upon. Last year it was gratifying to find that of the 343 yearlings offered for sale the average price was 869 guineas, or an increase of 289 guineas for the average price of 580 guineas of 1933. And the gross turnover of 298,280 guineas was the best since 1928, when 344 yearlings realised 398,130 guineas. But that was before the economic blizzard swept the face of the world. It is highly probable that these figures will be considerably augmented at the Doncaster September Sales this year, and my personal experience tells me that there are many yearlings for which there should be keen and spirited competition. Bloodstock breeding may be a lottery, with great and glittering prizes or deep disappointments, but it is first and last a most fascinating subject which grips its devotees to the end.

### THE SEZINCOTE STUD

#### Where the Ascot Gold Cup Winner was Bred

LYING on the borders of the Heythrop and North Cotswold Hunts, the Sezincote Stud is a venture which is not many years old. Here Tiberius, the best stayer we have seen for years, Valerius, Bydand and others, were bred, and unless I am greatly mistaken, the batch of yearlings for Doncaster this year may well emulate the fame of the winners I have mentioned. It is probable that this will be through the medium of two colts which were worth travelling many miles to see. The first is an upstanding brown colt called Quintilius—it is the custom at the Sezincote Stud to call their yearlings after the Romans of old—and comes from Tiberius's dam Glenabatrick. He claims Buchan as a sire, but to my mind takes after his dam more with his strong second thighs, powerful quarters and great girth. He stands on sound legs and feet, and his easy liberty of movement is very attractive.



*Eric Guy*

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING COLTS OF THE YEAR

*The chesnut colt by Gainsborough from Perce-Neige, sent up by the Harwood stud*

After seeing this colt out I was shown the own brother to Valerius, which is a bay, and is by Son-in-Law, from the Irish Oaks winner, Haintonette. This, too, is a most attractive colt, which stands over a lot of ground, has plenty of bone and substance about him, and strides away in effortless style. Both these colts—the bay is known as Vergilius—are quite out of the ordinary, and should set heads wagging when they enter the Glasgow Paddocks.

Also to my liking was Bellaritza, a bay filly by Son-in-Law from Bellatrace, which is full of quality with plenty of length from hip to hock, and well-placed shoulders. This is a most charming filly to look at, and she moves in level fashion, too. Nor should it be forgotten that there is a dual value in this filly, for she should make a valuable brood mare, she being by Son-in-Law from a granddaughter of Pretty Dark, dam of that great mare Tiffin, whose death was a sad loss to the breed of the thoroughbred.

Last on the list comes a member of the Blue Tit family, a brown filly by Stefan the Great from Lac d'Amour, a Son-in-Law mare from Miss Grits, by Symington from Blue Tit, a half-sister to Remorse and Episode. This is a fine rangy type of filly who resembles her sire to a very large extent. She has a nicely moulded racing conformation and should do well on the course.

### AT THE HARWOOD STUD

#### Gainsborough's Notable Son

WHEN I first glanced through Messrs. Tattersall's Doncaster catalogue it was with a keen sense of disappointment that I read that from her Harwood Stud Lady James Douglas was only sending up two yearlings instead of the level team which always finds so much admiration in the sale paddocks. But my feelings underwent a rapid change when I saw one of the best yearlings of a good year. This is a chesnut colt by Gainsborough from Perce-Neige, dam, of course, of Rose of England, Star of England and Cool Caress, in addition to being a half-sister to that sterling sire Winalot. And how can I describe this colt? I think in only one way, and that is all quality and power. This colt is made on wonderful racing lines, is deep through the heart, and his power behind the saddle appears to be very great, especially as he possesses a straight hind leg. When he moves he does so in that easy effortless style which is such a joy to watch, and if all goes well, this colt may turn out to be a classic winner at either Epsom or Doncaster. I am inclined to concur with Major Booth's opinion, which is likewise shared by Brown the stud groom, that this is the best colt sent out from the stud since the days when Gainsborough was a yearling. And does he not carry the Excellenza winner-producing strain in tail female?

If it were not that this fine chesnut attracted me so much, I should have thought that the bay or bay-brown colt by Fairway from Maid of Bath was one of the most likeable sorts that could be seen at Doncaster. Not quite so big as his stable companion, this colt resembles his sire to a large extent and is noticeable for his deep heart room and strong propelling quarters. He is a colt too that possesses a placid temperament and to my mind should go far.

### FROM WALTHAM LODGE

#### A Level Doncaster Team

THE Waltham Lodge team this year numbers four colts and three fillies, and there is no doubt that among the first-named pride of place must go to the strongly-made, free striding brown colt by Felstead from Ballyhurry. With his fine top and well-laid-back shoulders, strong

loins and good hocks, this colt is a fine mover and well muscled up. He is quite the best of Felstead's stock which I have seen this year, and it should not be forgotten that his dam, who was by Hurry On from Ballymany, also threw Grindleton. Next to this good colt I would place the nicely-made and very shapely bay colt, who is by Bruleur from Maizy IV, a French-bred mare, who was by Passebreul from Mysia, by Bachelor's Double. This is a very taking sort which should do well as a three-year-old, and one can find little the matter with his fine racing outline. A very handsome colt, too, is the bay by Highborn II from Diplomacy, which carries himself in jaunty fashion and whose top and middle piece carry much to admire. The last of the colts is the grey—whose coat livery comes from his maternal grandsire the defunct The Tetrarch—by Artist's Proof from Lisbeth, dam of Buhardo, which is a well-modelled sort with the best of limbs and something very attractive in his paces.

Of the fillies I should imagine that more than one buyer at Doncaster will give a second glance at the level bay by Caerleon—who looks like making into a very high-class sire—from Capture Her, by Son-in-Law from Catch Crop, by Spearmint from Lady Hasty, who thus combines some of the stoutest running blood in her pedigree. This is a delightful filly to look over, with good strong hocks and well sprung ribs in addition to a lean and sensible head. She should go far both on course and in paddock.

True, there is not very much to choose between her and the bay filly by Felstead from Eiderduck, by Pommern from Quail, by St. Amant, though the latter has not quite the length and scope which the former possesses, but they are two charming fillies nevertheless, and so buyers will probably think at Doncaster.

## GOOD STOCK FROM WORKSOP MANOR

### High Standards Maintained

NINE yearlings—four colts and five fillies—are being sent up to Doncaster by Captain J. Farr from his Worksop Manor Stud, where so many winners have been bred in the past, and whose paddocks have not suffered from the intense drought so much as other studs. The batch are fully representative of the best Worksop traditions, and no doubt will be keenly competed for when Mr. Tattersall takes the hammer on the Wednesday morning of the sales. Let me deal with the fillies first, for I had a good opportunity of seeing them in one of the spacious paddocks in which the late Sir John Robinson took such a pride.

There is a great weight of appeal to compel one's admiration for the slashing bay filly by Solario from Miss Quince, who stands on four good legs and feet with the best of shoulders and a nicely placed hind leg. She is a good walker, too, and looks like galloping all over. Of the bay filly by Felstead from Pick of the Bunch, by Picton from Tendril (dam of Golden Hair, who gave us Orwell), it may be said with truth that she is a very racing-like sort with her smooth action and strong quarters. She bears the imprint of her sire, too, and should go on and win races in the best company. Then the chesnut by Flamingo from Love Sonnet, dam of several good winners, is quite an advertisement for her sire, and to some extent has, perhaps, just a little more quality than Flamingo—who was also bred at Worksop—had as a yearling. With strong loins and a fine look-out and a well-turned appearance, this filly has a fairly lengthy engagement list through which she should come through with credit. A typical daughter of Papyrus from the Tetratema mare Carté, is full of quality, and is a half-sister to Mistratema, a useful race mare. There is no reason why this filly should not continue the winning line, especially as she is very compact with a level top and plenty of power behind the saddle. Of the colts, it was not easy to decide which attracted most. Should it be the bay by Manna from Golden Swan, or the half-brother to Maltravers, by Apelle? Perhaps after consideration the latter must have deciding vote, for he is better looking and shows more quality than Maltravers did at the same age. He has a free action and plenty of reach and scope about him, and should go on improving every day. Of the bay—foaled in May—colt by Manna from Golden Swan, it can be said that he is one of the commanding type, and his Phalaris outline reveals a racing strength of great power.

Also a bay and likewise foaled in May, the colt by Gainsborough—Acantha (by Tracery from Oenone and dam of John Dory) reminds me of his sire, especially about the head, neck and shoulder. These are clean and good, and his straight-dropped hind leg gives him plenty of freedom to stride along and cover a lot of ground. This is a colt in short which will commend itself to buyers as a racing proposition. A whole coloured chesnut from Polite, dam of Inglesant, is a twin foal, and although rather on the small side has that compact appearance which should prove its worth when maturity is arrived at. Here, too, is a colt worthy of more than a passing glance.

## THE KIRKLINGTON HALL STUD

### A Fine Singapore Colt

THOUGH a modest establishment from a bloodstock breeding point of view, Lady Robinson's Kirklington Hall Stud, which lies near Newark, turns out its share of winners; in fact, last year Lady Robinson reached a thousand guineas each for two of the three yearlings she sent up. And among others bred here was the Derby second, Robin Goodfellow. There may well be another pearl of the same character in the particularly good-looking colt by Singapore, from Bess of Hardwick, dam of four good winners, including Eppie Adair, who threw Robin Goodfellow to the deceased Son and Heir. This is a colt which should bring fresh lustre to his sire, who, to my mind, is one of the coming stallions of the day. There is another colt from Kirklington Hall, by Haste Away, from Lady Arbelle, which is is a good level sort and of the type to win races early in his career.

## LORD GLANELY'S YEARLINGS

### Colts and Fillies from Compton Park

FROM the wide extending Compton Park Stud, that fearless bloodstock buyer, Lord Glanely, is sending a contingent of twelve yearlings—seven colts and five fillies—the majority of which are bred from the home sires, Royal Dancer, Singapore and Navigator. From what I have seen of his stock I am convinced that Singapore—a horse of the most charming temperament—is likely to be a success at the stud. For example, he could have no better advertisement than the beautifully made bay colt whose dam, Morals of Marcus, was not only a high-class race mare, but also an own sister to Little Mark. This colt has the best of limbs and a well-ribbed-up middle piece allied to a well-balanced action.

Then the chesnut filly Singapore from Busy Sue is a nicely turned sort with the best of legs and feet, powerful second thighs and a general indication that she will be able to gallop on. Once more I was able to see the stock of another stallion of the future in the chesnut filly by Caerleon from Flittemere, who is a good sort with oblique shoulders and a taking air of quality about her. She should prove her racecourse worth, as on her dam's side she goes back to some of the best blood in Lord Derby's stud. Winalot is represented in a typical brown filly whose conformation is what one would expect from the sire and whose name, Grand Peace was an own sister to Coldstream.

Another home sire and a very taking sort he is too, Royal Dancer is largely represented in the batch, and probably the leader of them is the brown colt, a well-built and level grown sort, from Almondale, a Buchan mare from Sister-in-Law, by Lemberg. A hardy-looking sort of colt, he has a heavy engagement list and should come through it all right for his conformation is good, there is plenty of length from hip to hock, a straight hind leg and the necessary heart and lung room. Nor is there any fault to find with the brown colt also by Royal Dancer from Tetrarch Girl, dam of The Blue Boy and Tract, for here is a colt whose very appearance tells of the galloping power that he must possess. He is a winner of the future, if ever I saw one. The brown daughter of Royal Dancer and Grand Light is good to look over and bears the imprint of her sire in no uncertain fashion, and it is an added recommendation in her favour that she strains back to that good matron, Fastnet II, a half-sister to Scapa Flow, whose deeds at the stud require no further embellishment from me.

The remaining Royal Dancer representative is a brown colt, the first foal of his dam, Good Words, a Pommern mare, and he is remarkably well grown and of level character.

Nor must I forget that there is a very sharp grey colt by Tetratema—Amarosa, who measures 14.2, is a racing machine all over and may well prove to be a Northolt Park champion. One cannot fault him, apart from lack of size, in any way. Perhaps here is the winner of a P.T.C. Derby.

## ROUND THE YORKSHIRE STUDS

### From Sledmere to Middleham

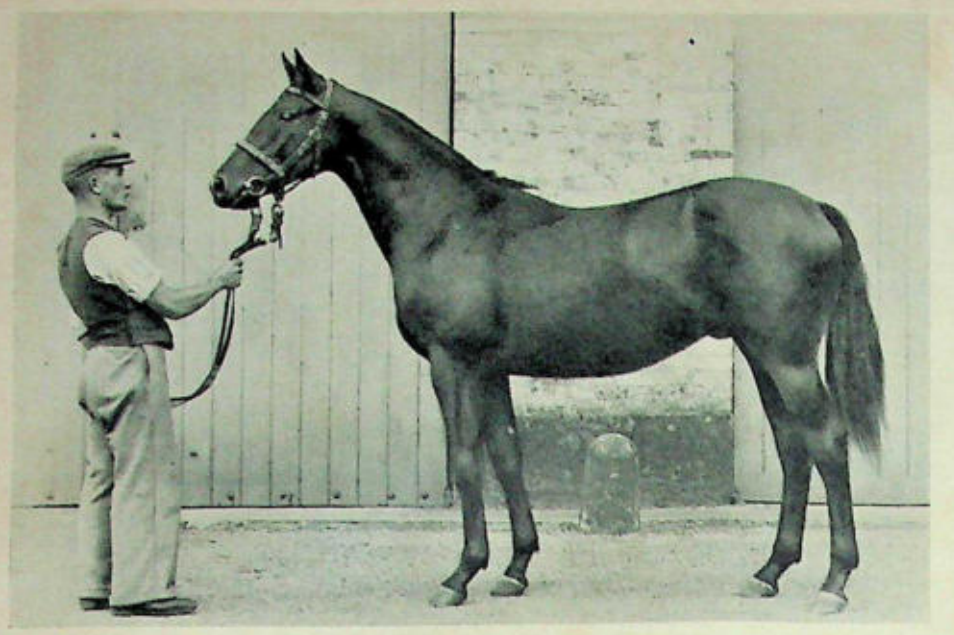
IN dealing with the many studs which I visited in Yorkshire pride of place must be awarded to Sledmere.

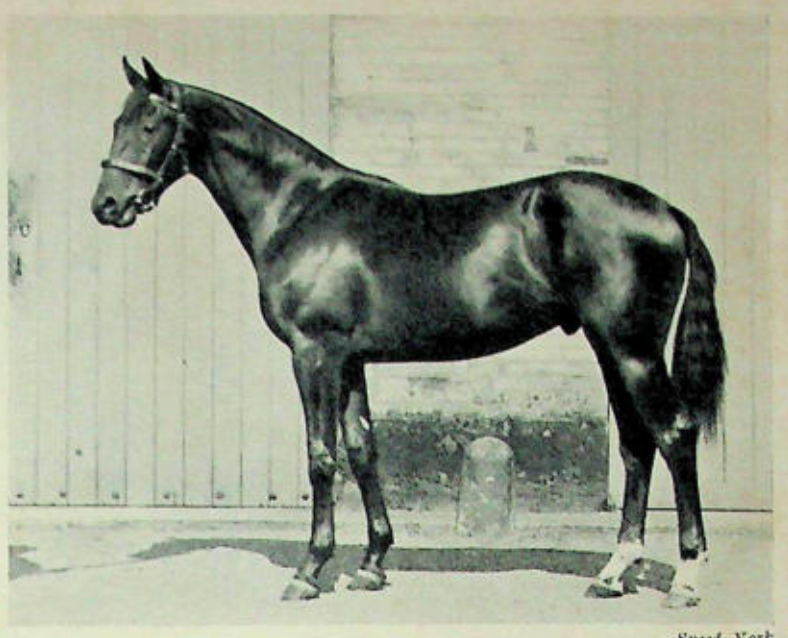
That the yearlings this year are of the same high standard as last a personal inspection proved, and of the nine fillies and seven colts which go to Doncaster it was not easy to make a selection. On the lawn in front of Sledmere House I saw the colts first, and was greatly impressed with three, all of which carry heavy engagements. A first choice was for the bay colt by Manna from Overmist, by Beresford from Portree, by Stefan the Great, and here is a colt of symmetrical proportions whose quarters foretell his powers of galloping and whose action is level and true. This is a colt of the highest class. So, too, for that matter is the upstanding brown colt by Winalot from Tabaris, dam of Kyloe, who has plenty of quality about him and whose frame is built on racing-like lines. Then what does he hold for the good-topped, deep-lunged brown colt by Singapore from Even Song, a Friar Marcus mare? With all the outline of his sire, this colt must surely do well especially as he can get over the ground in effortless style. True there is not much to choose between him and the bay colt by Cameronian, a living picture of his sire, from that useful mare Most Beautiful, dam of Osiris and other good winners, but the former may score a little in the point of view of quality and neatness of appearance. Another Cameronian is the bay colt from Grand Rapide, and so a half-brother to Rameses the Second, and this colt has any amount of bone with strong loins and hocks placed well down. Although she was foaled as far back as 1914 Orlass is still capable of throwing good stock, and her bay colt by Sansovino is made on rather lengthy lines but is well ribbed up and carries himself in an attractive manner. He has the use of his limbs too, and the best of legs and feet. As one might expect, the bay colt by Hurstwood is on the small side, but what he lacks in size he makes up for in quality, and no fault can be found with his finely moulded frame. He will be, I should imagine, one of the ripe and early sort and be returned a winner during two-year-old days.

If the Sledmere colts attracted one then what of the fillies? The thought came to the mind that among them there may well be another Chatelaine, for they are all bred from the best sires and winner-producing strains. In any event the bay filly with her long striding action and well-tuned appearance, by Baytown from Herself, looks like being able to emulate the performances of her half-sister. This filly is a most attractive one and you could look her over time after time and still find some fresh point to admire. Next to her I would place the strongly made brown filly by Bosworth from Margaret Burr who with her well-boned limbs and great strengtlr behind the saddle should possess stamina to a marked degree.

Bosworth is also represented by a nice stamp of filly whose dam, Lady of the Snows, is by Manna from Arctic Night, by White Eagle, which is quite a different sort, but who is a racehorse all over. Of the very taking brown filly by Winalot from Denbigh's dam Friar Palm, there is much to like, for she has good hocks, a well-balanced middle piece and strides away with an easy walk. She is sure to be able to hold her own with the best of them. It was interesting to see a yearling by Orwell—probably one of the fastest classic milers we have seen for many a long day—and the bay filly by him from Abbots Glen has all his quality besides possessing hocks that are well placed and quite strong enough. With her somewhat rugged outline, which will develop into a strong framework, the brown filly by Fairway out of the Bachelor's Double mare Trustful, is a three-parts sister to Coroado, and if she can travel as fast as that brilliant horse there is no fear for her future. The charming filly by Hurstwood from Merripit is certain to win races, and the big slashing bay by Hurry On from Caledonia is a fairly accurate representation of her sire. So, too, is the brown filly by Friar Marcus from Nuns Vow, who in the fullness of time should make an ideal matron for any stud. She has all the necessary length, depth and characteristics for such duties. So ended my Sledmere visit of this year.

The next port of call lay through a country yellow with corn and busy with creaking East Riding wains to the Burton Agnes Stud, where stands Winalot, who has had a most successful season, and where that fine judge of a horse, Captain T. Wickham Boynton, has bred bloodstock for so many years. And with success too. This year he has two, if not three, outstanding colts and fillies for Doncaster. The first, a true son of Gainsborough from Lichen, by Manna out of Loweswater, which stands over a lot of ground, has the best of hocks and a very racing-like appearance. I shall fully expect this colt not only to win high-class races but also make a big price at the sales. The chesnut colt by Winalot from Blest Palm an own sister to Denbigh's dam is a compact type of colt with a nice length of rein and the best of limbs, while the brown filly by Winalot, also from Greenland, by Phalaris from Blue Ice, by Swynford, is well turned in every way and one of the best of movers. The future appears to be a bright one for this filly, as apart from racing activities she has a definite paddock value if only on breeding alone.





*Speed, York*

A SELECTION FROM THE SLEDMERE CONTINGENT

*The brown colt by Manna from Overmist, and (right) the colt of the same colour by Winalot, whose dam Tabarisis is by Roi Hérode*

Two colts and four fillies comprise the Thirsk Hall lot for Doncaster, and they are the best that I have seen since Mr. John Bell started to carry on the bloodstock traditions of his forbears there. The paddocks lie adjacent to Thirsk racecourse, and there I saw a strong-hocked, level-moving son of Plantago and Elmfield, dam, of course, of Irongrey, which is a fine stamp, and looks like being able to stay. The colt by Walter Gay from Silver Moon is a useful sort of colt, but much more appealing is the brown filly (already christened Flora), by Plantago, from Pomona, dam of winners of over £10,000, including Kingsem and Thermometer. This filly fills the eye well, and she is full of quality, with a nice level top and well-laid back shoulders. Caerleon is represented by a chesnut filly from the Tetrameter mare Tetrapom, and the result is a happy blend of quality and strength.

Hailing from the same family as Brown Betty, the bay filly by Lemnarchus from Hobhearn, by Papyrus out of Budget, by Buchan, may well prove to be something quite out of the ordinary, for she is not only a free-and-easy mover, but one can tell that by her very conformation that she must possess galloping power of a high order. Made on quite different lines is the grey filly by Thyestes from Keep Time, and I should imagine that this will be an early winner, as she has done well and should come to hand easily.

Theakston Hall lies not far away from Thirsk, and there I had the pleasure of seeing four yearlings, two colts and the same number of fillies in addition to the home sire Thyestes, whose stock have sold remarkably well. A grey colt by him from Thracian Girl is a light-actioned sort which resembles his sire in a marked degree with his level back, strong loins and well-let-down hocks. Then the chesnut colt by Plantago from Redesdale is half-brother to Redeswood, and with his nicely-balanced frame-work should prove to be as every bit as good. He is a credit to his sire, whom in many points he much resembles.

The fillies are well worthy of inspection, too; in fact, the grey filly by Portlaw—one of the first of that sire's stock—from Grey Leaf, by Duncan Gray, is remarkable for her appearance of quality and the manner in which she uses her hocks when moving. The remaining filly by Artist's Proof, is a three-parts sister to Orwell, being out of Kiss Curl, who was by Royal Lancer from Golden Hair, and as a filly that is sure to win races this is one to be recommended.

And so on to Middleham, where Richard III found the only happiness he knew in a brief and stormy life, to see the Manor House and Spigot Lodge yearlings. The gardens were blooming with roses when I arrived there, and I had another pleasure in store. This was the chesnut filly by Feb from Procis, a daughter of Glasgerion, who is good to look upon and appeals even more when she moves with that long-sweeping stride that foretells smooth galloping. Although she may not be among the highest priced lots this year, there will be plenty of bidders for this filly, especially as she, through her sires, carries on the Radium line. I may say that Feb, who was a high-class performer on the French Turf, was by Clarissimus, and there is no reason why this filly should not prove to be a great race mare.

Carrying a double line of Carbine, the bay daughter of Walter Gay from Well Shot is invaluable as a brood mare, and the brown colt, by Forerunner from Astrachan—by Buchan from Astra, by Gallinule—had plenty of bone and looks like making a strong horse one of these days. I always anticipated that Gallini would make a sire, and one has only to look at the bay filly by him who claims Doorway as a dam to prove the claim. This is a well-grown filly who is well made about the quarters and looks to be one of the hard battling sort. Then the Forerunner—Bold Lily filly is one to admire too, and it should not be forgotten that her dam threw Old Friend in addition to several other winners. By the same sire is the bay filly from Not Far, by Fariman, who looks like racing; while the filly of the same colour by Lemnarchus out of Awfully Bold is a taking sort and reminds one of his sire at every turn. These colts and fillies may be rather overshadowed by the first filly I mentioned, but as she is so very good at every turn there is some justification for my enthusiasm.

So ended a tour which taught me much and which went, in my mind, to prove that the yearlings both in the North and South this year are probably somewhat above the usual standard. There was a general excellence last year, and it seems that we are likely to have a vintage one or two in the future. In any event, the breeders' market once more can bring both compensation and profit.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

## SOME IRISH LOTS

### A Smart Team from the Cleaboy Stud

THERE are sure to be many buyers to look over the batch of yearlings from the Cleaboy Stud. The first is a dark bay colt by Bold Archer out of Retaliate. A February foal, he is a very well-grown colt of great substance and quality. He has exceptionally good, clean bone and is a fine mover in all his paces. This colt is an own brother to Counter Attack, but shows much more quality than the latter did as a yearling.

The next on the list is another son of Bold Archer out of Goosie. A beautiful rich brown, he, too, has

*W. A. Rouch*

*Heawood, Melton Mowbray*

TWO COLTS OF RACING PROMISE

*(Left) The brown colt by Buchan from Glenabatrick, bred at the Sezincote Stud, and (right) the colt by Felstead out of Ballyhurry, which is being sent to Doncaster by the Waltham Lodge Stud*

exceptional bone. About 15.1, made on short legs, he is a model to look at from any point of view. He is also a February foal.

This colt is followed by a bay by Stratford out of the White Eagle mare Aviary. Foaled in January, he is very well developed, truly made and full of quality.

He is followed by a bay colt by Beresford out of Silver Tassel, foaled on April 9th. This colt has a double cross of Bayardo through the sire and dam. A very thick sort with beautiful quality, he stands about 14.3.

The last of the colts is a chesnut with blaze and some white markings on his legs. He is by Salamis out of Mistral, and although not foaled until May 17th, he is well grown and a most attractive racing-like individual.

The first of the fillies is a dark brown, fully 15.3, by Embargo out of Tisiphone, foaled on February 5th. She is an exceptionally well-made, short-legged filly and a particularly good mover. Next to her is a filly, almost the same colour, by Salamis out of Ulva Ferry. Although not foaled until May 6th, she must be a good 15.1. A very attractive filly, she is certain to race.

The last of the string is a bay filly by Prince Galahad out of Lady Mere, a mare that has bred nothing but winners. This filly was foaled on April 18th, is of medium height, a very lengthy sort with width and depth, and looks a certain winner.

The filly by Blandford out of Bewitched, sent up by Mrs. E. M. Dennehy, is a good mover and an exceptionally attractive brown of medium size. She is half-sister to the smart George Here.

## THE GOGRA TENT CLUB

### A Fair Average Season

THE season of the Gogra Tent Club is of necessity a short one, and the country is perhaps the hardest in India in which to kill pig. The country consists of very heavy "jhow" and "jheels" to which the pig retreat on the approach of the hot weather. During the early part of the season the pig are scattered about in the huge fields of sugar cane which surround our hunting country, and until the ripening of the crops drives the pig back to the Kadir lands sport is impossible.

This season 33 boar were killed which we are learning to regard as about the average. Pig are plentiful, but much of the country consists of patches of tree jhow in which a hunted pig can find certain sanctuary, and the larger boar seem always to lie up close to such places.

A large sugar factory has been built close to our best jungles which is by no means an advantage. Certainly the impetus to the production of sugar encourages the pig, but it shortens our season as hunting is difficult until the sugar cane is cut. It also makes it difficult to prevent poaching as the damage done to this valuable crop is enormous, and the cultivators are, unfortunately, only too aware of the fact that our object is to encourage rather than to destroy pig.

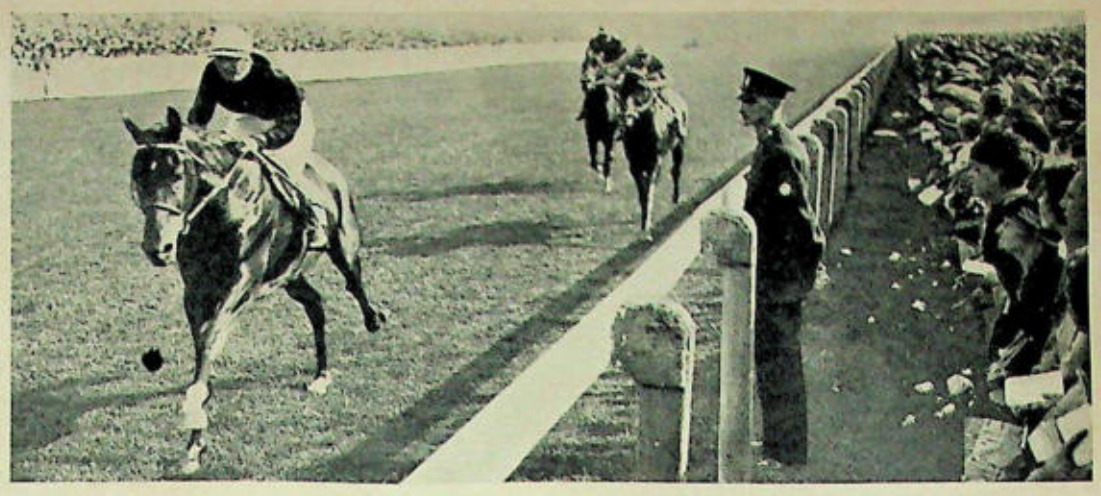
The days of "zabrdast" methods are past, and we have to rely on the help of the police and the local Indian gentlemen to prevent the destruction of pig. This method pays us better than any other would, and the help we have received is out of all proportion to what we can do in return. The Rajah of Ramnagar, an old and valued friend of the Tent Club, died this season, but his estate still continue to help us as he did before his death, and his elephants are always at our disposal.

[*This report arrived too late for publication in our last issue.*—ED.]

## STALLION FEES, 1935

THE attention of breeders is called to the requirements of paragraph (*b*) of Rule 126 in regard to those stallions for which statements in claim of allowances have to be made under the rules of racing.

(*b*) A statement, to be lodged by September 1st, that the stallion has covered at a sum not greater than the published fee, unqualified by financial contingencies of any kind, not less than five public mares the property of persons other than the owner or owners of the stallion; but if the Stewards of the Jockey Club are satisfied that every reasonable effort, including six advertisements in the Sheet Calendar, has been made to fulfil this condition, they may, notwithstanding failure to do so, order a stallion to be registered in accordance with this Rule.



A FANCIED ST. LEGER CANDIDATE WINS AT YORK

*Lord Derby's Plassy (Bosworth—Pladda) winning the Duke of York Plate from West Highland and Foxlight*

# CAN BAHRAM STAY?

## The Favourite's Chance and His Competitors in the St. Leger

ONE cannot dispute the right of Bahram to the strong position of favouritism he has held ever since the last of the season's classic races began to arouse interest. Here we have a singularly brilliant performer to whom all courses over which he has run so far have come alike. Will he not vanquish all opposition once again on the Town Moor? The concensus of opinion in the racing world is that the task should be well within his powers.

A point for Bahram is that he has not been hard worked on the racecourse. As a two-year-old he did not appear until the middle of July, which meant that he missed the Ascot meeting. In all he ran five times. This season he has been in only three races to date: the Guineas, the Derby, and the St. James's Palace Stakes. This brief programme, it may be pointed out, was not quite in accordance with schedule.

In the early spring he was sharpened up for the Craven Stakes, but a few days before that race he was temporarily amiss and plans were changed. Much more recently Bahram was to have competed for the Richemount Stakes at Hurst Park. When that race was run he was among the victims of the outbreak of coughing. Thus it comes about that the St. Leger is the colt's fourth outing at three years old, and according to present plans this race will bring his racing activities to a close. We shall be sorry to see him pass out of training so soon, but his owner's mind was made up on this point some months ago.

Plenty of people on St. Leger afternoon will be trying to find "something to beat the favourite." Individually it cannot be said that his rivals inspire confidence; yet there are certain questions to which Bahram must give an effective answer if he is to remain undefeated. First and foremost, will he stay the course? The only test of stamina to which he has been subjected so far on the racecourse was in the Derby.

Frequently the winner of that race has found the additional two furlongs on the Town Moor too far for him. How will it fare with this year's Derby winner? So far as we can tell his staying powers should be equal to the test. Then, again, is the colt completely beyond reproach in the matter of condition? We put this question as an obvious sequel to the fact that he was on the easy list for about a fortnight during August. Is he nothing the worse for that enforced quiet time?

It is idle to pretend that his trainer has not been worried by this interruption of the colt's preparation in this way. At the same time it was in Bahram's favour that the stoppage occurred in good time for him to resume St. Leger work. Last week-end he was galloped for the first time over the St. Leger distance and apparently gave satisfaction. His stable companion, Hairan, who was down with coughing at the same time as Bahram, showed to less advantage in that gallop; but the public form of these colts had already suggested that the Derby winner is much the better of the two.

We think it reasonably safe to assume that Bahram, if good enough in other respects, will not fail for lack of condition next week. Several of his rivals were also coughing last month, and though the loss of a week or two's work is more serious in the case of some horses than others, there is no reason to suppose that Bahram's brief spell of inactivity has prejudiced his chance of adding his name to the list of colts which have won the three great classic events.

Until a month ago it was probable that Field Trial would have to be regarded as the favourite's most dangerous rival at Doncaster. This colt, however, could ill afford the time lost by his setback in August, and new candidates for second favouritism have appeared in Plassy and Fairbairn, both of whom showed up well in their respective races on the Knavesmire last week. Of those two performances the greater merit attached to that accomplished by Fairbairn.

Plassy had little to beat, whereas Colonel G. Loder's colt had to contend with Robin Goodfellow over a mile-and-a-half. The last-named may have been lucky to finish second in the Derby, but if we accept that form as being approximately correct then great credit must be granted to the vastly improved Fairbairn for his victory at York. Plassy's advancement comes as no surprise to those who have been associated with him. True, we may not have heard of him as a possible St. Leger winner had all gone well with the same owner's Bobsleigh.

Yet at Stanley House Plassy has always been recognised as a colt of great possibilities. Backward and green when he ran at Ascot, he now knows how to race. He is a colt of fine action and length of stride, and apparently he stays, as he is bred to do. Thus Lord Derby is hopeful, if not in any way sanguine, of winning another St. Leger.

Solaar Ray has come into prominence by reason of his summer successes, though there is nothing to show that he is actually up to the real classic standard. Buckleigh, not having run since the spring, is something of an unknown quantity. None of these colts possesses anything like the consistency in the best company which Bahram has displayed, and we shall be greatly surprised if any proves good enough to beat him on Wednesday.

While taking the Aga Khan's colt as our definite selection, we choose Fairbairn as probably the best of the others, and we also expect Plassy to run into the first three.

The failure of Theft to win the Grand International at Ostend on Sunday has been taken in some quarters as auguring rather unfavourably for Bahram's Doncaster prospects. It has been suggested that the reverse sustained by the son of Tetratema must be taken as a sign that his spell of coughing had not been without its after effects. More probably the Aga Khan's good colt did not win at Ostend because the distance was rather too far for him.

It was a great triumph for Donoghue to win this race on Admiral Drake, on which he won the Grand Prix de Paris last season. This good four-year-old is of English parentage, being by Craig an Eran out of Plucky Liege by Spearmint. Corrida, second to him on Sunday, is a daughter of Coronach.

HERE ENDETH THE 1935 SEASON

*While competing with Shamrock, Velsheda and Endeavour at the Dartmouth regatta Yankee was rounding a bell buoy when her mast buckled, carried away close to the deck and her sail plan fell over the side*

# HELMSMEN OF THE FUTURE

## Keen Racing by Universities and Public Schools' Yachtsmen

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

FOR the third year the schools and universities have fought out their maritime battles—on the Gareloch this time—and fought them with considerable success and a great amount of credit to all concerned. The idea of matching school and university crews, first mooted in 1933, is now firmly established, and its popularity is evidently on the up-grade. In the 1933 series of races the new fixture started off with an entry of four university crews and eight school crews; this year eleven universities entered crews and the number of schools participating had increased to fifteen.

The source from which the crews are drawn very naturally influences the meeting, for the time comes when even the best of crews ceases to be in "stat pup," and goes down, as was Glasgow University's fate this year. Winners in 1933 and 1934, they were not represented at all this time, but with the best of luck they should be at work again next year for the Skerry's College crew (knocked out in this year's Heat B) was comprised of candidates for the Glasgow matric. and, all being well, could form a Glasgow crew for next year. If Glasgow was absent, however, Ireland was present in her place, Dublin University and Belfast Royal Technical College sending a crew each. With the schools, two standing entrants—the Leys School and Pangbourne Nautical College—were absent, but Merchiston Castle and Shrewsbury took their places, and one wonders if Shrewsbury is going to add to her other records a reputation for future helmsmen, for she sailed well into fourth place in the finals.

The actual racing itself was much the same as any other keen class racing. The universities sailed in 6-metre International class boats, six of which—six ships with a pretty even record—were lent for the occasion. The schools raced—three in a crew with a "caretaker" who had to do nothing at all but act as live ballast unless safety was involved—in the 15½-foot Gareloch Y.C.'s one-designers, a very neat and trim class of boat.

Whether Mr. Young's opening comment was the cause or whether entrants had seriously taken to heart last year's observations by Sir Charles MacIver one cannot tell, but this series of races was particularly free from odd water antics—thrusting and so forth. In four days some 28 races were sailed off and there were only five protests all told—one being disallowed—and these were all concerned with comparatively minor matters. Some of the school crews, particularly that sent up from Kelvinside Academy, demonstrated definite talent and Allan Glen's School put in some very pretty windward work. Otherwise, the standard was generally very good, but more experience in judging the distance round marks would be of advantage. On the university side, Oxford's performance was outstandingly "the best where all were good."

Turning to the results, we find Oxford heading the list in the University Class with London second and the R.N.E. College, Keyham, third. The R.N. College at Greenwich put up a poor performance in the first heat—which is rather astonishing. Among the schools, Kelvinside was an easy winner—aided

SPEED AND SMALL SHIPS

*A competitor in the race for the Corinthian One-Design class racing during the first day of Burnham week*

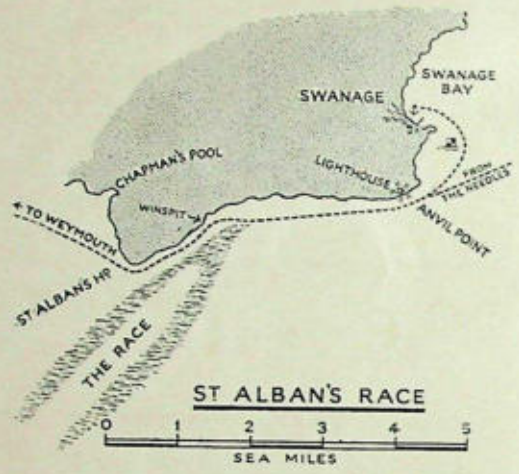
no doubt by a fast growing reputation for victory. Allan Glen's and Glenalmond were second and third with Shrewsbury a good fourth.

An excellent series of races and an excellent fixture. One wonders how many of the crews on the Gareloch in the years to come will be steering sixes, eights, twelves and J's or K's to victory in other waters.

# FLOREAT BRITANNIA

## A Reported Retirement which will Affect Yachting Considerably

AMIDST wars and rumours of wars, reports of challenges and proposed challenges for the America's Cup amid J's and K's and other items in the A B C of racing, the report that Britannia has sailed her last race has almost been relegated to a minor paragraph. And yet in this report, if it be true, lies a bitter blow to all enthusiastic followers and participators in the sport. That big class yacht racing will bend before this blast is very certain; it is to be hoped that it will not break. For forty and more years the grand Royal cutter has literally been the backbone of the British big class. In the long ago grey years of moribund class racing Britannia




came out, and behind her soon fluttered others; in the years immediately after the war it was again the Royal cutter which took the lead in setting racing a-going once more. And now, if the report is to be accepted, she is to retire. It is said that she will have extra accommodation built into her in order to display to their advantage the many, many trophies which have fallen to her flag in a long and successful career, and that now her racing days are over she will go a-cruising as, once before in her fascinating life history, she did when the tide of rating rule had turned against her.

This season she has put up a game fight. For the fourth time in her story her rig has been altered to bring her into line with the rest of a big-class fleet. No material alteration has ever been made to her hull, however, and it remains to this date as a most striking tribute to the far-sightedness of that truly great designer, Watson, that he was able to peep so far into the future and, even 40 years ago, fashion lines which differ but very little from the J's of the hour. The alterations which were made in her before this last season opened were presumably intended to improve her weatherliness in light airs and her light weather speed generally. Her Park Avenue boom, her changed head-rig, the beautiful copper on her bottom stripped off—all was done with the best of intentions, but it can scarcely be doubted that her speeds of the past are not her speeds of to-day, and in the zephyr breezes which have haunted this summer Britannia has had no opportunity of showing what yachtsmen the world over know she can do.

One still, however, refuses to believe that the rumoured retirement is anything more than mere report. A season without the gleaming hull of the black cutter manœuvring for a start is unthinkable. Two generations of yachtsmen have grown up with her, have learnt to watch her handling, have learnt to follow her fortunes from regatta to regatta as if she were their own ship. And, what is more important, perhaps, two generations of racing yachtsmen have learnt to look upon her as the king-pin of racing, and two generations of British peoples the world over have learnt to love and revere a ship which many of them have never even seen. The hope becomes almost a prayer that the report of her retirement will turn out to be like the report of Mark Twain's death—rather premature.

J. I.

# WEEK-END MOTOR CRUISING—V

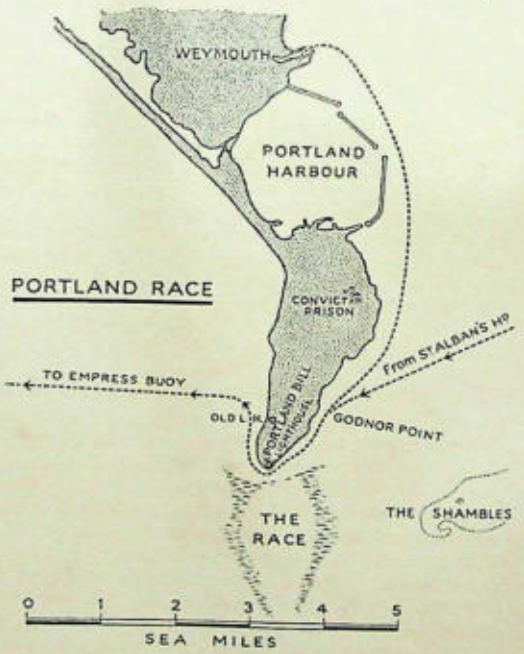
## From Poole to Brixham

By A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

LEAVING Yarmouth, I. O.W., for the Westward one is approaching the palm belt of South Devon, and should be inclined to take longer runs and, if necessary, passages during the dark. There is a great fascination about a night passage, and very often considerable advantage as well. For one thing fog is very much more infrequent; the wind is generally lighter and sea in consequence smoother, but most important of all the light shown by a lighthouse, lightship or light buoy is much easier determined from the Light List or Nautical Almanac than the building or object which exhibits it. Finally, one has the daylight hours in which to make harbour and find a good billet.

As usual when bound Down Channel, the best time to start is from one hour to half an hour before high water at Dover. In leaving Yarmouth for the Needles passage this is very necessary as slack water will then be had in a spot which can, with fresh westerly winds and a strong ebb tide, be quite dangerous for small craft. Poole lies about 20 miles away. It is an attractive harbour though a most disappointing town, but it is too close except as a port to which to run in case of a change of weather. Weymouth, on the other hand, is a run of some 39 miles; a convenient distance during which we shall carry the ebb with us all the way and it is a good place from which to time the passage round Portland Bill.

In the English Channel there are two well-known tide rips, or races, and two of lesser importance. The former are situated at Portland and St. Alban's Head and the latter at Start Point and the Lizard. Except in strong on-shore winds the Start and Lizard races can be ignored; the others should always be




treated with respect. There is always a passage inside Portland Race and, so far as I know, at St. Alban's also; it happens that I have never looked for it in weather that may cause a doubt as to its existence; one doesn't.

Leaving Poole and, reaching Anvil Point, if the wind is more than force 3 from any direction South of East and West, the best plan is to go back to Swanage and wait. But, if the conditions are reasonable, steer into the bight towards Winspit off which the inshore end of the race will generally be found. Leaving Swanage (or Poole) so as to arrive at this point at high water at Dover will result in slack and fairly smooth water; it is a gruelling business stemming the flood along this bit of coast and should be avoided if possible.

As Winspit is approached the race, a tumbling waste of white water, will be seen stretching in a curve to the southward for several miles with a comparatively smooth channel between its north end and the rocks of some two to three hundred yards in width. This is narrow and on the first occasion may cause some uneasiness, but with a reliable motor there is absolutely no danger, and the rocks can be kept about a cable off until Chapman's Pool is opened and course set direct for Weymouth.

Leaving Weymouth it is necessary to follow the directions closely, both as to the time of arrival off the Bill and the distance at which it is passed. Portland Race can be and often is an extremely dangerous piece of water, but there is always a comparative smooth inside it of about two cables or a fifth of a mile in width. Motor yachts with low-powered machinery especially must take every precaution to hug the land early and late on the passage round.

The nearer one can time the arrival off the Bill to one hour before high water at Dover the smoother the water will be and the longer will the ebb run behind us on our passage across Lyme Bay. Whether coming from Weymouth or some port farther east the vessel should be steered to close the land near Godnor Point and should not be allowed more than two cables off the land (one is better) until past the old lighthouse on the west side.

By steering thus the vessel is swept round in a horseshoe curve inside the race at from 2 to 5 miles an hour. At times the race may be felt due east or west of the lighthouse, depending upon the tide being flood or ebb; by keeping close in as directed she will, except for a few skittish movements off the lighthouse itself, remain in dead smooth water.

From the old lighthouse a course can be set for the Empress light buoy which lies in the centre of the bay and by providing a check prevents the stranger from mistaking Start Point for Berry Head which, on some bearings, it slightly resembles. It is seven miles from Weymouth to Portland Bill lighthouse, about an hour's run for the average small yacht, and 40 miles from there to Brixham.

In Brixham there is a sort of co-operative system of moorings. One goes in beyond the fishing smacks and close to the shore end of the breakwater where a space has been set aside for yachts. This can well be afforded now that the number of smacks has been reduced from 140 to less than 40. If there is a good-looking mooring, marked by a white keg or can and it is possible to find out from an adjacent craft that its owner will not be back that day, it is the local custom to pick up the chain and secure to it. If, however, the craft is to remain till the following Saturday, an early opportunity should be taken of visiting the Harbour Master and getting a more permanent berth before leaving her.

From Brixham the owner has the beautiful Dart, often called the British Rhine, and Torquay within a few miles run. With a flood tide and some discretion the craft can run up the Dart to Totnes. In fact there is plenty to keep the visiting week-ender amused and entertained round this charming part of Devon, if he can spare the time before pushing on to Cornwall and St. Mawes.

# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## GROUSE SHOOTING AND "PICK-UP"

SIR,—I was very interested in your article "Random Thoughts for the Twelfth," by Captain Keith Caldwell, in your issue of August 10th, especially his remarks about "pick-up." When I first started grouse driving, a very fine shot gave me some hints, two of which, I think, are worth repeating, as one of these tips, if carried out, would undoubtedly lessen the present loss in "pick-up."

His advice was to take with you several squares of white cardboard, about 9in. square, with a pencil attached by a string. On arrival at your butt, mark a half circle in the middle of the card, to represent the butt, and place it on the top or side of your butt, and mark with a cross on same, as far as possible, the position of each killed bird. There is always a lull in all drives when this can easily be done, but the sooner the better, so as to avoid any mistakes. At the end of each drive it is very satisfactory to be able, at once, to *count* one's bag and know, approximately, the position of each kill. I can assure your readers that, by this method, I have very rarely failed to "pick up" my bag, and, if this simple plan was generally adopted, one would hear little or nothing of lost birds. No sportsman should, I think, allow his dog to roam and retrieve any but his own birds, unless requested to do so by another gun, as this only causes jealousy, if nothing worse!

On reaching your butt, calculate a distance of 100yds. from the centre of the butt, facing the oncoming drive, of course, and choose some rock, mound or patch of heather, etc., to mark this spot, and be sure and keep this spot constantly in your mind and eye, keeping low down in your butt. When you see the birds coming and the leader has reached your mark, or is in line with same, rise and fire quickly as, by the time you have done this, the birds will be within easy shooting range, and there will be no necessity to turn round and shoot behind your butt, unless you are shooting with two guns and are not good enough or quick enough to fire four shots in front of the butt. This simple "tip" will add greatly to one's bag, especially if a novice, as there is no fear of one being too late and having to turn round and endeavour to take the birds behind the butt and going away from one, a very difficult and uncertain shot. The flight of an oncoming driven grouse is very deceptive indeed, and it never appears to be travelling at the speed it is. By adhering to the above method, one cannot go wrong, and it should enable one to fire two shots in front of one's butt every time, and all birds so killed will generally be "as dead as mutton." I wonder how many sportsmen, without marking them as I have stated, can, at the end of a drive, tell for *certain* how many birds they have down when sport has been really good?

Yours faithfully,

Cheltenham. L. C. ROLT.

## SALE OF OLD HORSES

SIR,—I have just returned from one of my periodical visits to Holland. This despicable sending of old horses cannot be kept too much before the public. I was in Rotterdam Weekly Horse Market from 6.45 a.m. to 2 p.m. and, therefore, did not miss anything. I counted about 240 to 250 animals present, and give you some of the worst cases: A very old black mare, very thin, had many neglected sores. She was quite decrepit (sold to a slaughterer for 70 guilders). Two horses, both very lame, each on the near hind, and each horse carried this leg almost all day—therefore standing on three legs. One chesnut, very bad thrush off hind. One mare, fistulated withers, with the pus running down her shoulder. One chesnut, lame both hind (sold to country butcher). I could give you more, but your space is valuable.

About 1.30 p.m. I found 25 decrepit horses taken from the market in a butcher's private stable. Of all the most depressing places in this world those where old and decrepit horses are standing very close together, awaiting slaughter, are the most dreadful. Among these were some I was glad to find there, if you understand me; I knew they were at least at their journey's end within eighteen hours. These horses are sent to market instead of straight to abattoir because they fetch more in market.

In the United Kingdom we carry out the law efficiently as it is at present. I was up at Leith Docks in December last year, and I saw thirteen horses presented for export, eleven of these were rejected, so we do our part, such as the law is; but when those two horses sailed they were out of our control in a foreign country.

Although I have no proof, from hoof markings, etc., that any of these debilitated, lame and otherwise decrepit horses were exported from the United Kingdom (in former years I have seen a large number embarked), the fact remains certain that should I have seen many of these horses, which I saw in the market, in the United Kingdom, I would not have questioned that they were British. At all events, we can see here the ever-recurring exhibition of what may happen to any old British horse exported as "fit to be embarked, fit to travel, fit to be worked." In other words, once these horses leave our shores we (as I have said before) say "good-bye" to them, and have no control whatever over what may happen to them in the further addition of years which remain to them.

We are told that Private Bills in Parliament are held up, but is not the Bill to prevent the export of old horses a national concern? It is the Shame of England. Is that not national?

Yours faithfully,

H. HUME POLLOCK (Major).

United University Club, S.W. 1. Hon. Treasurer Blue Cross (O.D.F.L.).

## GAME CERTIFICATES

SIR,—I have just taken out my 42nd game certificate. During the whole of these years, when shooting here or from home, I have never once been asked by anyone in authority if I possessed one.

There is no doubt whatever that a great many people to-day are shooting game who never think of taking out a certificate or even a gun licence. Who is supposed to inquire—the excise authorities or the local police? If the latter, could they, if they saw anyone carrying a gun and game, stop him and ask to see his certificate?

Should you take out two dog licences one year, and then the next year only take out one, the police call and inquire. It would be interesting to hear what your other readers' experiences are.

Yours faithfully,

Cheshire. X. Y. Z.

## HYSTERIA IN SCOTTISH COLLIES

SIR,—A correspondent, writing in your Shooting Number, asks if Scottish collies, which are nervous dogs, ever have hysteria; and I think I can definitely answer the question in the affirmative. As a boy I heard from my uncle, who was a shepherd in Kintyre, Argyll, of a splendid dog of his which "went mad" when in the road with cattle bound for Falkirk. The dog was destroyed while "running amuck," and I well recollect my father, who, as a gamekeeper and descendant of foxhunters, had great experience of dogs, saying that he had needlessly destroyed his dog, which he said, "was in a fit, from which it would have recovered."

A case of hysteria in collies occurred in the Island of Mull in post-war years, when a Mr. MacNab (who still lives at Tobermory) killed his collie, which had "gone mad," in the streets of that village with his walking stick. He was sorry he had done that, when I told him that his dog had hysteria, but public opinion might have forced him to destroy the animal in any case.

Yours faithfully,

Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

## LOW WATER SPINNING

SIR,—Lieut.-Colonel Godfrey asks me how to control and kill salmon on fine tackle. A difficult matter to do on paper, but I will start by asking just one question: How many salmon has he played on such reels as the "Altex"? This is important, because in my experience the first one or two are very difficult to kill as the technique is so entirely different. I took fifteen minutes to get out my first, a 9-pounder in low water, and I have rarely felt so hot, bothered and helpless. Now, after some experience, I find I kill my salmon every bit as quickly as I did with a heavier rod, thicker line and wire trace. It is true that in the rivers I fish chiefly salmon over 20lb. are exceptional, but as Colonel Godfrey mentions taking one-and-a-half hours over a fish of 11½lb., there must be something wrong with his methods, because I cannot agree with the editorial comment that one has no control over a hooked fish.

I always time my fights, and this season I have had a 16-pounder out in seven minutes, one of 15lb. in five minutes, while the average 10lb.-14lb. fish is usually on the bank in from five to seven minutes, and I gaff practically all my own, which sometimes adds quite appreciably to the time taken. My longest fight is 65 minutes for a 15-pounder, but then I discovered a very weak place in the line some 20yds. from the end, and each time I saw this come off the reel I had to let up practically all strain until I could get it back, and a turn or two besides. The important point to realise is that it is impossible to reel-in fish like one does with the ordinary reel. The only way to recover line against the fish is to "pump," *i.e.*, drop the point of the rod, wind-in rapidly and repeat this all the while. At first one feels terribly at sea, but it soon becomes mechanical, and this sort of treatment seems to keep the fish on the move and it rarely "lays up."

I use either a 6lb. or an 8lb. line of Hardy gut sub, and with the latter it is practically impossible to be broken. I never lock my clutch solid, but brake with the forefinger on the drum when I want to exert extreme pressure. But the main point to remember in playing fish on such gear is the pumping method of recovering line. The moment a fish stops running begin to pump and go on doing so. Nowadays I do all my fishing in high water and floods, as well as when the river is low, with this outfit, because with a sound 8lb. line one can really pull a salmon about and say "No" when necessary, even when a fish is down-stream of one's position.

Yours faithfully,

Devon. WEST COUNTRY.

## PINE MARTEN IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—During a picnic lunch in a wood in Wiltshire on July 18th, I saw an animal which I believe was a pine marten. At a distance, the black tip to its tail made me think it was a stoat, but when it approached within five yards, I saw that it was both too big, and that the tail was far too bushy. Besides, the black tip extended for an inch at least.

Captain C. W. R. Knight tells me that a characteristic of the pine marten is its large ears. The ears of this animal struck me at once as being longer than those of a stoat or weasel. The whole head had a foxlike appearance. As far as I could see in the shade, the chest and belly were white.

After it had stood for a full ten seconds before me, almost within arm's length, I was obliged to interrupt a ravenous horse fly; this movement, of course, sent the animal scampering away.

Yours faithfully,

Pond Tail, Oxted, Surrey. G. B. ROBINSON.

## A BIG BAG WITH FIVE CARTRIDGES

SIR,—With reference to the letter from Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson of Eastborne, in your issue of July 20th, I am writing to say that the most voluminous bag in my experience was that which fell to one of my havildars (head-constables) in Gwalior State, Central India, in the cold weather of 1929. I was then in charge of the Special Dacoity Police of the United Provinces and was engaged in tracking and rounding-up dacoit gangs. Some of my havildars used to be sent out with five cartridges each, when we halted, to produce what they could in the way of game for the pot. One of my Gurkhas took out five cartridges and returned with one full, while his bag for the other four was as follows: (1) Eight blue rock pigeon, shot as they were feeding on the ground near a well; (2) one grey partridge; (3) one hare; (4) three quail shot on the wing as a covey rose in front of him out of long grass.

The only unsporting shot was No. 1, and it must be remembered he was shooting to help to feed a force of about 60 hungry policemen.

I find from my game register that my first shot in the cold weather of 1927–28 brought down seven teal with both barrels in Hardoi District, United Provinces, but this is probably not very unusual in India. I have also shot five out of a skein of bar-headed geese with a right and left, while on the wing along the banks of the River Chambal in Dholpur State in Rajputana, also not unusual.

Yours faithfully,

Jaipur, Rajputana. F. S. YOUNG.

## BIRDS OF LAKELAND

SIR,—The Carlisle Natural History Society has undertaken to produce a *Catalogue of the Birds of Lakeland*, giving the status and distribution of each species as from the time of Macpherson's *Vertebrate Fauna of Lakeland*, 1892. The faunal area of Lakeland comprises Cumberland, Westmorland and North Lancashire.

We should be grateful to have the project made known through the columns of the *Field*, and for bird notes relating to the area described contributed by courtesy of readers.

Yours faithfully,

Carlisle Natural History Society, The Museum, Carlisle. ERNEST BLEZARD (Hon. Secretary).

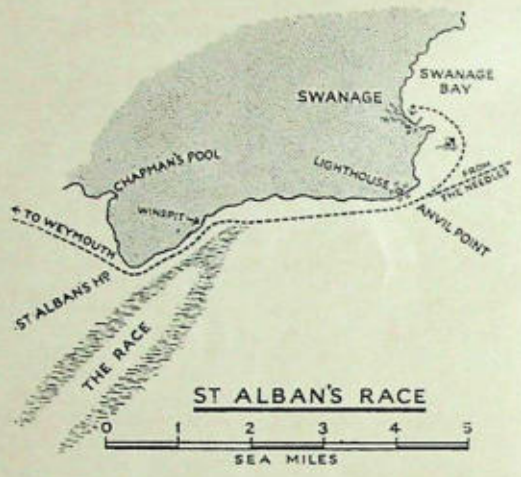
no doubt by a fast growing reputation for victory. Allan Glen's and Glenalmond were second and third with Shrewsbury a good fourth.

An excellent series of races and an excellent fixture. One wonders how many of the crews on the Gareloch in the years to come will be steering sixes, eights, twelves and J's or K's to victory in other waters.

# FLOREAT BRITANNIA

## A Reported Retirement which will Affect Yachting Considerably

AMIDST wars and rumours of wars, reports of challenges and proposed challenges for the America's Cup amid J's and K's and other items in the A B C of racing, the report that Britannia has sailed her last race has almost been relegated to a minor paragraph. And yet in this report, if it be true, lies a bitter blow to all enthusiastic followers and participators in the sport. That big class yacht racing will bend before this blast is very certain; it is to be hoped that it will not break. For forty and more years the grand Royal cutter has literally been the backbone of the British big class. In the long ago grey years of moribund class racing Britannia




came out, and behind her soon fluttered others; in the years immediately after the war it was again the Royal cutter which took the lead in setting racing a-going once more. And now, if the report is to be accepted, she is to retire. It is said that she will have extra accommodation built into her in order to display to their advantage the many, many trophies which have fallen to her flag in a long and successful career, and that now her racing days are over she will go a-cruising as, once before in her fascinating life history, she did when the tide of rating rule had turned against her.

This season she has put up a game fight. For the fourth time in her story her rig has been altered to bring her into line with the rest of a big-class fleet. No material alteration has ever been made to her hull, however, and it remains to this date as a most striking tribute to the far-sightedness of that truly great designer, Watson, that he was able to peep so far into the future and, even 40 years ago, fashion lines which differ but very little from the J's of the hour. The alterations which were made in her before this last season opened were presumably intended to improve her weatherliness in light airs and her light weather speed generally. Her Park Avenue boom, her changed head-rig, the beautiful copper on her bottom stripped off—all was done with the best of intentions, but it can scarcely be doubted that her speeds of the past are not her speeds of to-day, and in the zephyr breezes which have haunted this summer Britannia has had no opportunity of showing what yachtsmen the world over know she can do.

One still, however, refuses to believe that the rumoured retirement is anything more than mere report. A season without the gleaming hull of the black cutter manœuvring for a start is unthinkable. Two generations of yachtsmen have grown up with her, have learnt to watch her handling, have learnt to follow her fortunes from regatta to regatta as if she were their own ship. And, what is more important, perhaps, two generations of racing yachtsmen have learnt to look upon her as the king-pin of racing, and two generations of British peoples the world over have learnt to love and revere a ship which many of them have never even seen. The hope becomes almost a prayer that the report of her retirement will turn out to be like the report of Mark Twain's death—rather premature.

J. I.

# WEEK-END MOTOR CRUISING—V

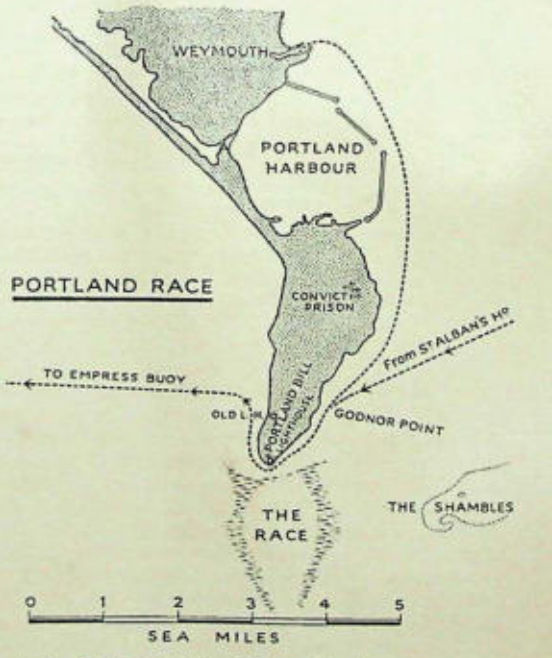
## From Poole to Brixham

By A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

LEAVING Yarmouth, I. O.W., for the Westward one is approaching the palm belt of South Devon, and should be inclined to take longer runs and, if necessary, passages during the dark. There is a great fascination about a night passage, and very often considerable advantage as well. For one thing fog is very much more infrequent; the wind is generally lighter and sea in consequence smoother, but most important of all the light shown by a lighthouse, lightship or light buoy is much easier determined from the Light List or Nautical Almanac than the building or object which exhibits it. Finally, one has the daylight hours in which to make harbour and find a good billet.

As usual when bound Down Channel, the best time to start is from one hour to half an hour before high water at Dover. In leaving Yarmouth for the Needles passage this is very necessary as slack water will then be had in a spot which can, with fresh westerly winds and a strong ebb tide, be quite dangerous for small craft. Poole lies about 20 miles away. It is an attractive harbour though a most disappointing town, but it is too close except as a port to which to run in case of a change of weather. Weymouth, on the other hand, is a run of some 39 miles; a convenient distance during which we shall carry the ebb with us all the way and it is a good place from which to time the passage round Portland Bill.

In the English Channel there are two well-known tide rips, or races, and two of lesser importance. The former are situated at Portland and St. Alban's Head and the latter at Start Point and the Lizard. Except in strong on-shore winds the Start and Lizard races can be ignored; the others should always be




treated with respect. There is always a passage inside Portland Race and, so far as I know, at St. Alban's also; it happens that I have never looked for it in weather that may cause a doubt as to its existence; one doesn't.

Leaving Poole and, reaching Anvil Point, if the wind is more than force 3 from any direction South of East and West, the best plan is to go back to Swanage and wait. But, if the conditions are reasonable, steer into the bight towards Winspit off which the inshore end of the race will generally be found. Leaving Swanage (or Poole) so as to arrive at this point at high water at Dover will result in slack and fairly smooth water; it is a gruelling business stemming the flood along this bit of coast and should be avoided if possible.

As Winspit is approached the race, a tumbling waste of white water, will be seen stretching in a curve to the southward for several miles with a comparatively smooth channel between its north end and the rocks of some two to three hundred yards in width. This is narrow and on the first occasion may cause some uneasiness, but with a reliable motor there is absolutely no danger, and the rocks can be kept about a cable off until Chapman's Pool is opened and course set direct for Weymouth.

Leaving Weymouth it is necessary to follow the directions closely, both as to the time of arrival off the Bill and the distance at which it is passed. Portland Race can be and often is an extremely dangerous piece of water, but there is always a comparative smooth inside it of about two cables or a fifth of a mile in width. Motor yachts with low-powered machinery especially must take every precaution to hug the land early and late on the passage round.

The nearer one can time the arrival off the Bill to one hour before high water at Dover the smoother the water will be and the longer will the ebb run behind us on our passage across Lyme Bay. Whether coming from Weymouth or some port farther east the vessel should be steered to close the land near Godnor Point and should not be allowed more than two cables off the land (one is better) until past the old lighthouse on the west side.

By steering thus the vessel is swept round in a horseshoe curve inside the race at from 2 to 5 miles an hour. At times the race may be felt due east or west of the lighthouse, depending upon the tide being flood or ebb; by keeping close in as directed she will, except for a few skittish movements off the lighthouse itself, remain in dead smooth water.

From the old lighthouse a course can be set for the Empress light buoy which lies in the centre of the bay and by providing a check prevents the stranger from mistaking Start Point for Berry Head which, on some bearings, it slightly resembles. It is seven miles from Weymouth to Portland Bill lighthouse, about an hour's run for the average small yacht, and 40 miles from there to Brixham.

In Brixham there is a sort of co-operative system of moorings. One goes in beyond the fishing smacks and close to the shore end of the breakwater where a space has been set aside for yachts. This can well be afforded now that the number of smacks has been reduced from 140 to less than 40. If there is a good-looking mooring, marked by a white keg or can and it is possible to find out from an adjacent craft that its owner will not be back that day, it is the local custom to pick up the chain and secure to it. If, however, the craft is to remain till the following Saturday, an early opportunity should be taken of visiting the Harbour Master and getting a more permanent berth before leaving her.

From Brixham the owner has the beautiful Dart, often called the British Rhine, and Torquay within a few miles run. With a flood tide and some discretion the craft can run up the Dart to Totnes. In fact there is plenty to keep the visiting week-ender amused and entertained round this charming part of Devon, if he can spare the time before pushing on to Cornwall and St. Mawes.

# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## GROUSE SHOOTING AND "PICK-UP"

SIR,—I was very interested in your article "Random Thoughts for the Twelfth," by Captain Keith Caldwell, in your issue of August 10th, especially his remarks about "pick-up." When I first started grouse driving, a very fine shot gave me some hints, two of which, I think, are worth repeating, as one of these tips, if carried out, would undoubtedly lessen the present loss in "pick-up."

His advice was to take with you several squares of white cardboard, about 9in. square, with a pencil attached by a string. On arrival at your butt, mark a half circle in the middle of the card, to represent the butt, and place it on the top or side of your butt, and mark with a cross on same, as far as possible, the position of each killed bird. There is always a lull in all drives when this can easily be done, but the sooner the better, so as to avoid any mistakes. At the end of each drive it is very satisfactory to be able, at once, to *count* one's bag and know, approximately, the position of each kill. I can assure your readers that, by this method, I have very rarely failed to "pick up" my bag, and, if this simple plan was generally adopted, one would hear little or nothing of lost birds. No sportsman should, I think, allow his dog to roam and retrieve any but his own birds, unless requested to do so by another gun, as this only causes jealousy, if nothing worse!

On reaching your butt, calculate a distance of 100yds. from the centre of the butt, facing the oncoming drive, of course, and choose some rock, mound or patch of heather, etc., to mark this spot, and be sure and keep this spot constantly in your mind and eye, keeping low down in your butt. When you see the birds coming and the leader has reached your mark, or is in line with same, rise and fire quickly as, by the time you have done this, the birds will be within easy shooting range, and there will be no necessity to turn round and shoot behind your butt, unless you are shooting with two guns and are not good enough or quick enough to fire four shots in front of the butt. This simple "tip" will add greatly to one's bag, especially if a novice, as there is no fear of one being too late and having to turn round and endeavour to take the birds behind the butt and going away from one, a very difficult and uncertain shot. The flight of an oncoming driven grouse is very deceptive indeed, and it never appears to be travelling at the speed it is. By adhering to the above method, one cannot go wrong, and it should enable one to fire two shots in front of one's butt every time, and all birds so killed will generally be "as dead as mutton." I wonder how many sportsmen, without marking them as I have stated, can, at the end of a drive, tell for *certain* how many birds they have down when sport has been really good?

Yours faithfully,

Cheltenham. L. C. ROLT.

## SALE OF OLD HORSES

SIR,—I have just returned from one of my periodical visits to Holland. This despicable sending of old horses cannot be kept too much before the public. I was in Rotterdam Weekly Horse Market from 6.45 a.m. to 2 p.m. and, therefore, did not miss anything. I counted about 240 to 250 animals present, and give you some of the worst cases: A very old black mare, very thin, had many neglected sores. She was quite decrepit (sold to a slaughterer for 70 guilders). Two horses, both very lame, each on the near hind, and each horse carried this leg almost all day—therefore standing on three legs. One chesnut, very bad thrush off hind. One mare, fistulated withers, with the pus running down her shoulder. One chesnut, lame both hind (sold to country butcher). I could give you more, but your space is valuable.

About 1.30 p.m. I found 25 decrepit horses taken from the market in a butcher's private stable. Of all the most depressing places in this world those where old and decrepit horses are standing very close together, awaiting slaughter, are the most dreadful. Among these were some I was glad to find there, if you understand me; I knew they were at least at their journey's end within eighteen hours. These horses are sent to market instead of straight to abattoir because they fetch more in market.

In the United Kingdom we carry out the law efficiently as it is at present. I was up at Leith Docks in December last year, and I saw thirteen horses presented for export, eleven of these were rejected, so we do our part, such as the law is; but when those two horses sailed they were out of our control in a foreign country.

Although I have no proof, from hoof markings, etc., that any of these debilitated, lame and otherwise decrepit horses were exported from the United Kingdom (in former years I have seen a large number embarked), the fact remains certain that should I have seen many of these horses, which I saw in the market, in the United Kingdom, I would not have questioned that they were British. At all events, we can see here the ever-recurring exhibition of what may happen to any old British horse exported as "fit to be embarked, fit to travel, fit to be worked." In other words, once these horses leave our shores we (as I have said before) say "good-bye" to them, and have no control whatever over what may happen to them in the further addition of years which remain to them.

We are told that Private Bills in Parliament are held up, but is not the Bill to prevent the export of old horses a national concern? It is the Shame of England. Is that not national?

Yours faithfully,

H. HUME POLLOCK (Major).

United University Club, S.W. 1. Hon. Treasurer Blue Cross (O.D.F.L.).

## GAME CERTIFICATES

SIR,—I have just taken out my 42nd game certificate. During the whole of these years, when shooting here or from home, I have never once been asked by anyone in authority if I possessed one.

There is no doubt whatever that a great many people to-day are shooting game who never think of taking out a certificate or even a gun licence. Who is supposed to inquire—the excise authorities or the local police? If the latter, could they, if they saw anyone carrying a gun and game, stop him and ask to see his certificate?

Should you take out two dog licences one year, and then the next year only take out one, the police call and inquire. It would be interesting to hear what your other readers' experiences are.

Yours faithfully,

Cheshire. X. Y. Z.

## HYSTERIA IN SCOTTISH COLLIES

SIR,—A correspondent, writing in your Shooting Number, asks if Scottish collies, which are nervous dogs, ever have hysteria; and I think I can definitely answer the question in the affirmative. As a boy I heard from my uncle, who was a shepherd in Kintyre, Argyll, of a splendid dog of his which "went mad" when in the road with cattle bound for Falkirk. The dog was destroyed while "running amuck," and I well recollect my father, who, as a gamekeeper and descendant of foxhunters, had great experience of dogs, saying that he had needlessly destroyed his dog, which he said, "was in a fit, from which it would have recovered."

A case of hysteria in collies occurred in the Island of Mull in post-war years, when a Mr. MacNab (who still lives at Tobermory) killed his collie, which had "gone mad," in the streets of that village with his walking stick. He was sorry he had done that, when I told him that his dog had hysteria, but public opinion might have forced him to destroy the animal in any case.

Yours faithfully,

Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

## LOW WATER SPINNING

SIR,—Lieut.-Colonel Godfrey asks me how to control and kill salmon on fine tackle. A difficult matter to do on paper, but I will start by asking just one question: How many salmon has he played on such reels as the "Altex"? This is important, because in my experience the first one or two are very difficult to kill as the technique is so entirely different. I took fifteen minutes to get out my first, a 9-pounder in low water, and I have rarely felt so hot, bothered and helpless. Now, after some experience, I find I kill my salmon every bit as quickly as I did with a heavier rod, thicker line and wire trace. It is true that in the rivers I fish chiefly salmon over 20lb. are exceptional, but as Colonel Godfrey mentions taking one-and-a-half hours over a fish of 11½lb., there must be something wrong with his methods, because I cannot agree with the editorial comment that one has no control over a hooked fish.

I always time my fights, and this season I have had a 16-pounder out in seven minutes, one of 15lb. in five minutes, while the average 10lb.-14lb. fish is usually on the bank in from five to seven minutes, and I gaff practically all my own, which sometimes adds quite appreciably to the time taken. My longest fight is 65 minutes for a 15-pounder, but then I discovered a very weak place in the line some 20yds. from the end, and each time I saw this come off the reel I had to let up practically all strain until I could get it back, and a turn or two besides. The important point to realise is that it is impossible to reel-in fish like one does with the ordinary reel. The only way to recover line against the fish is to "pump," *i.e.*, drop the point of the rod, wind-in rapidly and repeat this all the while. At first one feels terribly at sea, but it soon becomes mechanical, and this sort of treatment seems to keep the fish on the move and it rarely "lays up."

I use either a 6lb. or an 8lb. line of Hardy gut sub, and with the latter it is practically impossible to be broken. I never lock my clutch solid, but brake with the forefinger on the drum when I want to exert extreme pressure. But the main point to remember in playing fish on such gear is the pumping method of recovering line. The moment a fish stops running begin to pump and go on doing so. Nowadays I do all my fishing in high water and floods, as well as when the river is low, with this outfit, because with a sound 8lb. line one can really pull a salmon about and say "No" when necessary, even when a fish is down-stream of one's position.

Yours faithfully,

Devon. WEST COUNTRY.

## PINE MARTEN IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—During a picnic lunch in a wood in Wiltshire on July 18th, I saw an animal which I believe was a pine marten. At a distance, the black tip to its tail made me think it was a stoat, but when it approached within five yards, I saw that it was both too big, and that the tail was far too bushy. Besides, the black tip extended for an inch at least.

Captain C. W. R. Knight tells me that a characteristic of the pine marten is its large ears. The ears of this animal struck me at once as being longer than those of a stoat or weasel. The whole head had a foxlike appearance. As far as I could see in the shade, the chest and belly were white.

After it had stood for a full ten seconds before me, almost within arm's length, I was obliged to interrupt a ravenous horse fly; this movement, of course, sent the animal scampering away.

Yours faithfully,

Pond Tail, Oxted, Surrey. G. B. ROBINSON.

## A BIG BAG WITH FIVE CARTRIDGES

SIR,—With reference to the letter from Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson of Eastborne, in your issue of July 20th, I am writing to say that the most voluminous bag in my experience was that which fell to one of my havildars (head-constables) in Gwalior State, Central India, in the cold weather of 1929. I was then in charge of the Special Dacoity Police of the United Provinces and was engaged in tracking and rounding-up dacoit gangs. Some of my havildars used to be sent out with five cartridges each, when we halted, to produce what they could in the way of game for the pot. One of my Gurkhas took out five cartridges and returned with one full, while his bag for the other four was as follows: (1) Eight blue rock pigeon, shot as they were feeding on the ground near a well; (2) one grey partridge; (3) one hare; (4) three quail shot on the wing as a covey rose in front of him out of long grass.

The only unsporting shot was No. 1, and it must be remembered he was shooting to help to feed a force of about 60 hungry policemen.

I find from my game register that my first shot in the cold weather of 1927–28 brought down seven teal with both barrels in Hardoi District, United Provinces, but this is probably not very unusual in India. I have also shot five out of a skein of bar-headed geese with a right and left, while on the wing along the banks of the River Chambal in Dholpur State in Rajputana, also not unusual.

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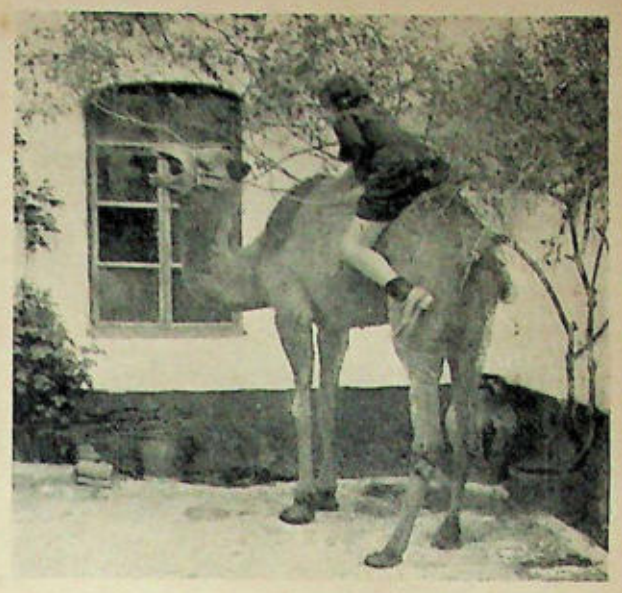
Carlisle Natural History Society, The Museum, Carlisle. ERNEST BLEZARD (Hon. Secretary).



THE REMNANTS OF THE CAMEL HERD AND (RIGHT) ONE USED BY A FARMER FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK
*(See Letter "Wild Camels in Spain")*

### WILD CAMELS IN SPAIN

SIR,—In the *Ibis* of January, 1884, Abel Chapman referred to feral camels in the marismas of the Guadalquivir. The *Field* published correspondence arising out of this note in February, March and April, 1884. These letters established the fact that camels had been imported from the Canaries by Domingo Castellano, administrator to the Marquess of Villafranca, for the purpose of carrying timber, charcoal, etc., in the Coto Donana. The herd increased to the number of 80. In 1833 Coto-born camels carried material for the construction of the road from Port St. Mary to San Lucar de Barrameda, and were used in conveyances in Arcos de la Frontera, Jerez, Chiclana and other towns. They were later withdrawn from this service, and in 1869 were doing agricultural work for Don Rafael de Barrera. In 1884, 30–40 animals remained in the possession of two brothers Barrera. By this time they had practically reverted to a wild state and were maintaining themselves on the marismas.

This account, first brought before English readers by the *Field*, was amplified and illustrated by photographs in Chapman's books *Wild Spain* and *Unexplored Spain*. Since then the camels seem to have received very little attention.

In April this year I determined to try to see what remained of the herd, and managed to do so with the help of Mr. Riddell, of Arcos de la Frontera (the illustrator of Chapman's books), who gave me minute directions as to how to proceed, and of Miss R. E. Jones, who accompanied me to help with the language difficulty. Mr. Riddell knew that in 1932 there were only thirteen animals left. In that year severe floods compelled the camels to take refuge on the river bank, where they were seen by poachers, and several were shot for beef. In March, 1934, Mr. Riddell saw eight and a calf. This year we went up the Guadalquivir from San Lucar de Barrameda to Las Chozas de las Nuevas. Riding across Las Nuevas we came up with the camels in the Hinojo. They were on sun-cracked mud and the only vegetation in their immediate vicinity consisted of *Suæda splendens*, *Salicornia radicans* and *Dactylis littoralis*. Dismounting and circling round the herd we got within about 50yds. before they tired of us and rapidly sheered off. My photographs show the herd to number seven adults and one calf.

From Manuel Clarita, who guided us, we learnt that an adult and calf had been bought nearly a year ago by a man from Dora, near Pueblo del Rio. Accordingly we went to Dora a few days later and there heard that the owner had exchanged the adult for a horse and sold the calf. The calf was kept as a pet by the Señora Pilar Concha Sierra on her estate, whither we went to see it. Later we found the adult at Coria del Rio, where it had been doing agricultural work for about six months. The farmer was at the fair in Seville, but his wife welcomed us, and their little girl was so enthusiastic that I was unable to photograph the camel without her.

Yours faithfully,
The Manchester Museum, C. MIREIO LEGGE.
The University, Manchester.

### WHAT IS THE RECORD HIGH JUMP?

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Fawcett's letter regarding the record for the high jump. I have made some enquiries here and find that the official record is supposed to have been made by Fred Veysey on a horse named Great Heart, in 1923, at 8ft. ½in. The official indoor record over loose poles is held by Fred Wettach, jun., on Going Up, at 7ft. 6in.

Mr. Wettach writes me that an unofficial record of 8ft. 2in. was made in 1925 by Heatherbloom. His horse, King's Own, broke this record, jumping 8ft. 3½in., but the record was not considered official; though made in front of about 25 people and photographers with motion picture cameras, it is generally understood that the record is not properly made unless at a public gathering, a horse show or a fair.

Yours faithfully,
180, Madison Avenue, New York. PETER VISCHER (Editor, *Polo*).

### TAMENESS OF THE FLYCATCHER

SIR,—I was very interested in the two letters published in the *Field* regarding unusual nesting sites of the spotted flycatcher. But I rather take exception to the word "shy," as used by one of your correspondents, in connection with this species.

One would judge from the positions of the nests described in the two letters, that the spotted flycatcher was bold and confiding, and it is so I have always found it.

The enclosed photograph was recently taken by me sitting in an armchair, a few feet away from, and in full sight of, the spotted flycatcher depicted. If the photograph is examined I think it will be agreed that the bird is quite unfrightened. Her mate was equally indifferent to my presence.

This is not an isolated instance. In the past I have more than once photographed this species successfully, without resort to a hiding tent. The points to bear in mind are that the birds should be thoroughly used to one's presence before an exposure is made; and never to make a sudden movement.

Yours faithfully,
Windermere. MIGRANT.

### PORPOISES HUNTING IN PAIRS?

SIR,—Recently a Sidmouth fisherman, Mr. Cyril Harris, returning in a small boat from hauling his lobster pots, when about 100yds. from the shore, noticed two porpoises rise to the surface, about mid-way between his craft and the shore. They dived, but quickly reappeared, one of them with a salmon of between 15lb. and 20lb. weight, which it had seized by the middle of the back, shaking it as a terrier worries a rat.

The fisherman rowed towards it and then splashed his oars on the water thinking it might make the porpoise relinquish its prey. Both porpoises, however, made signs of attacking the boat and consequently the man "quitted" and rowed to the beach. The porpoise subsequently dived and re-appeared with the salmon held by the back of its head, then disappearing again and being lost to sight permanently. The incident was also observed by onlookers ashore.

Yours faithfully,
Sidmouth, Devon. H. CULVERWELL.

NO NEED FOR A "HIDE"
*(See Letter "Tameness of the Flycatcher")*

WHEN the chandelier in the drawing-room shakes with apprehension, and the air is full of the thud of falling bodies, it is probably only father doing his "daily dozen." He is a devotee of fitness, is father, and guards his young figure as an angry lioness guards her cubs. But the most intelligent part of his routine is his early morning Eno. How that sparkling dash of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in a glass of water refreshes and revives! How surely and simply it aids Nature in her natural, health-giving habits, cleansing the clogged system and purifying the blood stream! And how jauntily father sets off after breakfast to battle with bulls and bears in the City!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

*Eno costs 1/6 (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered Trade Marks.*

### FISH-STALKING IN INDIA

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a method of catching fish which is very common in India, and can be seen all over the country, especially at this time of the year. The fisherman moves quietly through the water with the net ready to cast, and when he sees a shoal of small fish, or any fish for the matter of that, the net is thrown, as the picture shows.

All around the edges of the net there are small lead weights which cause the net to sink as soon as it strikes the water, and so traps the fish underneath. The net is then slowly drawn up from the centre, and the weights, by bringing the ends of the net together, keep the fish trapped, and allow the fisherman to catch them. I have seen quite large fish caught in this way—as much as 2lb. or 3lb.—though it is the exception, and the usual size taken are only from 1in. to 3in. long.

Yours faithfully,

Block No. 31 A, G. O. BOAST.
G.I.P. Railway, Amla, C.P., India.

"WHEN HE SEES A SHOAL OF SMALL FISH . . . THE NET IS THROWN"
(*See Letter "Fish-Stalking in India"*)

### GRASS SNAKE AND PHEASANT CHICKS

SIR,—One day during the past breeding season, about noon, my underkeeper missed four two-week-old pheasant chicks from their coop. He kept this under close observation for the rest of the day until about 6 p.m., when he heard another chick crying, and saw it being mesmerised by a grass snake. He promptly shot the snake, but unfortunately blew a large piece out of it although there was sufficient left to reveal the head, one wing and a leg of one of the missing chicks. The snake was 30in. long, and the chick 6in. down and had been taken feet first. A few minutes later he killed a young grass snake close by.

Perhaps some of your readers can say whether the snake had taken the first three chicks off to her young, then returned to make her own kill, probably being disturbed by the fifth chick while preparing for her digestive sleep?

Yours faithfully,

Wellisford, Somerset. C. L. FORSTER.

### A FAMOUS FRENCH SPORTSMAN

SIR,—Some of your readers will be interested in this picture of the Count Charles de la Chevasnerie, by C. Nitsch. He was one of the great French sportsmen of the last generation, and was master

COUNT CHARLES DE LA CHEVASNERIE
(*See Letter "A Famous French Sportsman"*)

of the Rallye-Kerdavy pack, which hunted in conjunction with that of his cousin, Count François de la Rochefoucauld-Bayers, in the forest of Gavre, in South Brittany. He was well known in Irish sporting circles before the war, shooting every year in Galway. He married a daughter of Mr. Charles O'Kelly, of Newtown in that county, for many years chairman of the Dublin Horse Show.

Yours faithfully,

Paris. CHASSEUR.

### AN UNKNOWN BIRD

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can help me to identify a bird I have been watching in the garden here most of the afternoon (August 5th). It is very probably an immature bird, almost certainly a flycatcher of some kind. It is a shade larger than the spotted flycatcher—one of the latter took up its station for hawking flies near by on two occasions, so comparison was easy. The "stranger" had a pale creamy grey breast and under parts, so far as I could see with glasses, without marking of any kind, pearl grey back, upper parts, and wings, with the primaries of the latter slightly deeper in shade. The poll, nape, and cheeks were pale olive fawn, the bill, legs and feet dark brown or black.

The bird was hawking flies, sometimes from a high branch of a fir tree, at other times from an apple tree and from the top of a rose pergola. When on the pergola, the bird was only some 20 yards from me, so that, aided by binoculars, I could observe it perfectly. I should add perhaps that the bill was like that of a flycatcher. I only saw the bird on the ground once, when it alighted on a gravel path, and pecked away energetically at one spot (? ants) for some 20 seconds or so.

Yours faithfully,

Carlton, N. C. CROFT-COHEN
Horley, Surrey. (Captain).

### CHIDDINGFOLD MEMORIES

SIR,—I was delighted to read F. R. B.'s letter in the *Field* about Charles Dean. In my good days I hunted all the time with him—what a good horseman he was; I am not so sure if he was such a good hound man. What has become of him, I wonder, and what packs has he hunted since those days? He would be about 70 or more now. I am 67, and I was a regular follower of the Chiddingfold.

Yours faithfully,

ARCHIBALD HENRY SHOTTER.
7, Wetherby Gardens, S.W. 5.

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SIR,—I knew all those huntsmen mentioned by F. R. B. in your issue of August 10th. Ned Farmer was the best but rather noisy. I hunted when Colonel C. B. Godman was Master, and he hunted hounds. Then Mr. Sadler hunted hounds—one of the old school, I think, very quiet and rather silent. I think the Chiddingfold were then at their best, or during the first Mastership of General Marshall. Colonel C. B. Godman is still alive and is now 84. I am 75 and still follow hounds.

Yours faithfully,

Newells Farm, I. MARK CAZENOVE
Nuthurst, Horsham. (Captain).

### MOORHEN NESTING IN TREE

SIR,—I am sending you the following account of the unusual behaviour of a pair of moorhens, in case it is of sufficient interest for your correspondence pages. Last year a moorhen built her nest on a raft on a lake belonging to neighbours of ours and, being bird lovers, they protected it from cats and rats by pushing the raft well out whenever it drifted near to the bank and, thanks to their efforts, the moorhen brought off three chicks, after which she forsook her benefactors and brought her family on to our property, where the three young ones have lived quite happily in the stream bordering our duck runs, feeding with the ducks and becoming quite tame.

This spring one left, presumably to find a mate, and the other two remained and built their nest, not on the bank of the stream as expected, but 15ft. up in the fork of an old crab-apple tree that overhangs the stream. There was much speculation as to how the parents would get the babies down, as we have always understood that they must go into the water immediately they are hatched to waterproof their feathers.

As events turned out, I think this must be correct, as two of the babies somehow fell out of the nest and were killed and, as they had been dead some days when we found them, which was the same day that the sole survivor successfully, but mysteriously, achieved his descent from the nest, he must by then have been quite four or five days old. He was a fine lusty chick, but, alas! he was found drowned later the same day, so the moorhen's experiment was not a success.

The parents then left us, and we feared we should not seen them again, but after some weeks the male bird has returned and feeds with the ducks as usual, and we are hoping that next year they will nest with us again on more orthodox lines, and therefore with, as the old saying has it, "Better luck next time." Yours faithfully,

Audlem, IRENE A. HARDMAN.
Cheshire.


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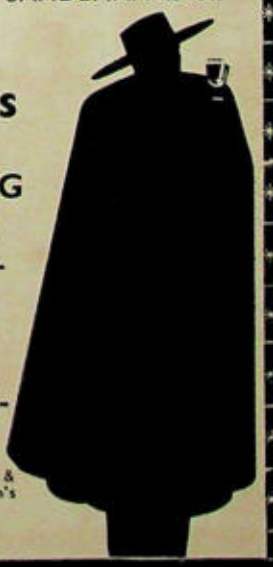

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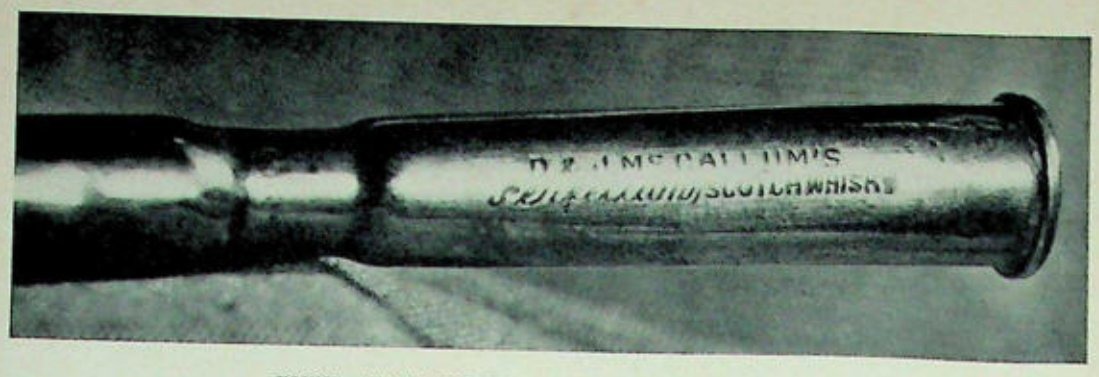
**SHERRY**




FOUND AT WAGON HILL CAMP, LADYSMITH, IN 1900
*(See Letter "A Boer War Relic")*

### A BOER WAR RELIC

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a .303 cartridge K.12/VII, with an advertisement of "D. & J. McCallum's Perfection Scotch Whisky" engraved thereon. The cartridge was found by me on March 15th, 1900, among a heap of exploded cartridges at Wagon Hill Camp, Ladysmith, Natal, the scene of the battle between British and Boer on the night of January 6th, 1900. The detonator of the cartridge shows plainly that it has been fired. I brought the cartridge away and joined it to two others, making it into a striker for a gong—you will see from the photograph where it has been joined.

I sent the photograph to McCallum's head office in Edinburgh last month and asked them if they could throw any light on the matter, but they were unable to do so, and suggested that I send a photograph to you for publication in your paper. I should be very glad if anyone could solve the mystery.

Yours faithfully,
266, Windermere Road, J. COOTE FIELD.
Durban, Natal.

### OVERCROWDING IN A GULLERY

SIR,—The photograph I send you is from a lesser black-backed gull colony on Lough Mask, Ireland. The colony is interesting for the fact that most of the nests are concealed under low-growing shrubs, some of them in dark tunnels between high limestone rocks. There were about twenty nests this year, average clutch three eggs, two nests had five eggs, and the one illustrated has six.

As there were more than twenty pairs on the island, I suppose the larger clutches represented a tenancy in common by two pairs. The eggs were of normal colour this year, but in 1931 I found a handsome clutch of three eggs—one heron blue without spots, one blue ground with three large spots, and one normal but rather dark.

There was no evidence whatever of tampering with the nests, and I am satisfied that the nest illustrated was a natural result of overcrowding.

Yours faithfully,
Castlewellan, Northern Ireland. F. C. BLAND.

A COMMUNAL NEST
*(See Letter "Overcrowding in a Gullery")*

## LETTERS IN BRIEF

**Late Nesting Grouse.**—I should like to report the following unusual occurrence on a moor here. On August 15th a grouse was found sitting on a clutch of twelve eggs.—L. G. COLLETT, Rhayader, Radnorshire.

**Accident to Gull.**—Mr. R. Good, of Bridport Harbour, was on the shore with his spaniel, and noticed a gull in difficulties about 100yds. out. He sent his dog in for it and found a sea paternoster firmly hooked in its bill. He removed the hook and the bird flew off none the worse for its queer experience. The paternoster and lead weighed 5½oz.—Captain H. S. Perry, Yeldon, Eype, Dorset.

**A Concrete Pitch for Cricket Practice.**—Can you advise me on how to lay a concrete pitch for cricket practice?—P. W. BEDFORD, Herrison, Dorchester. [We have never heard of any special preparation being made beyond laying down a strip of concrete about 5ft. wide, sufficient to take a matting wicket. We would welcome the experiences of our readers on this subject.—ED.]

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1,** are anxious to help a farmer and his wife who have been exceptionally unlucky. They have a small pig and poultry farm near London, and are spoken of as highly conscientious in their work. Two months ago five pigs died suddenly from "swine erysipelas" and the remainder of the herd had to be disposed of. The farmer could not afford fresh stock so he obtained temporary work as a navvy. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to give him a fresh start, for at present he is quite out of his element. Twelve pounds would renew his stock. Please send donations so that once more he and his family can be independent.

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# IN THE CITY

## MATHER & PLATT, LIMITED

MATHER & PLATT, LTD., have been a firm well known for many years as one of the leading manufacturers of textile finishing machinery, but the depression in this branch of industry has been extremely severe, and in consequence the company's profits since 1929 have been at very much lower levels than those for the several preceding years. However, the company's management, alive to the necessity for active enterprise and initiative, has taken advantage of such opportunities as have arisen to develop and market other products. In the first place the company now manufacture all types of electrical motors, generators, pumps and other electrical equipment for mills, collieries, etc. Secondly, it is the maker of the Grinnell automatic fire sprinkler and fire alarm system. Thirdly, it reached an agreement in 1932 with Food Machinery Corporation of California for the manufacture and sale of canning equipment throughout the British Isles and certain foreign countries. Mather & Platt, therefore, is now a firm of general engineers, as well as having its old textile machinery business, and as a result of the company's wider interests it has been benefiting from the recovery in the engineering trade.

The company has resident representatives in a number of foreign countries and some excellent illustrations of the business which the company is now capable of undertaking were given by the chairman in his speech at the annual meeting last February. For instance, Mather & Platt supplied the motors and a number of pumps for Imperial Chemical Industries' large new plant at Billingham for the manufacture of petrol from coal, and they received some of the orders for electrical and pumping plant for Stewarts & Lloyds' new steel works at Corby. Moreover, the progress made with the Grinnell fire appliance is evidenced by the fact that the Queen Mary has been completely equipped with it, as well as a number of other new ships, such as the Orient's Orion, and the London Midland and Scottish Railway's new Princess Maud and the Duke of York, now building.

The outstanding capital of Mather & Platt consists of £400,000 in 5 per cent. cumulative preference stock and £1,363,660 in ordinary stock, there being no debentures in issue. The financial position is satisfactory and includes £569,000 in Government and municipal securities. As regards earnings, the profits available for ordinary dividends and the amounts earned and paid on the ordinary stock compare in recent years as follows:—

| Year ended Dec. 31st. | Net Profits. | Ordinary Dividend (per cent.) | Year ended Dec. 31st. | Net Profits. | Ordinary Dividend (per cent.) |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1925 | £199,975 | 15 tax free. | 1930 | £82,264 | 10 tax free. |
| 1926 | 190,726 | 15 ,, | 1931 | 55,124 | 6 ,, |
| 1927 | 172,036 | 15 ,, | 1932 | 86,978 | 6 ,, |
| 1928 | 178,610 | 15 ,, | 1933 | 47,140 | 6 ,, |
| 1929 | 208,398 | 15 ,, | 1934 | 119,274 | 7.5 ,, |

The foregoing figures show that prior to the depression the company had a substantial and fairly consistent earning power and, with the recovery in general trade last year, it appears to be already well on the way to regaining its former prosperity.

At the time of writing the £1 units of ordinary stock can be bought at 42/–, at which price the yield on last year's dividend of 7½ per cent. works out to 3½ per cent. after allowing for the expenses of purchase. In respect of the current year, however, the company declared an interim dividend in July of 3 per cent. as compared with only 2½ per cent. last year, and for the full year the market anticipate that distributions may total as much as 10 per cent., in which event the yield would be 4⅝ per cent.

It will be seen from the remarks made above that the company's interests are now more widely spread than was the case prior to the 1930/33 depression, and for that reason its shares may be regarded as more suitable for investment purposes. Although an improvement in the textile industries would no doubt materially benefit the earnings, of Mather & Platt, there is no longer any need for the works to remain idle if few orders for textile machinery are received.

The shares of many of the best known and largest industrial companies are now quoted at prices higher than those recorded in any previous year, but the ordinary shares of Mather & Platt changed hands at 53/9 in 1928 (when local loans were quoted on a yield basis never lower than 4½ per cent.), and the fact that the company's emergence from the effects of the depression is in process rather than a *fait accompli* seems to invest the shares with considerable scope for further appreciation in the market value. PACTOLUS.

A PRIDE OF LIONS WHICH WERE ONE YARD FROM THE AUTHOR'S CAR

# RANDOM SHOTS FROM THE SERENGETI

## Rhino Posts, Overfed Lions, and a Leopard

THE story of the Argyllshire farm-hand who was found rubbing against a "scratching post" in a field and murmuring, "God bless the Duke of Argyll," is an old chestnut, but the use of scratching posts does not seem to be the prerogative of farm-hands only, and one often has cause to recall the story even in such an obscure place as the African bush. Rhino seem particularly addicted to this form of enjoyment, and massage themselves against any sizeable protuberance of rock that happens to fit their embonpoint. In time, of course, the surface of the rock becomes worn and polished, and I should say, useless from the rhino's point of view.

Although rhino, being shy creatures, have long since deserted man's haunts on the Serengeti for the quietude of the hills in the game's Complete Reserve, they have left a good many obsolete scratching posts scattered throughout the bush: one fine example is situated a few miles from the Game Ranger's station at Banagi Hill. Often have we had occasion to bless that smooth-faced rock, for when we take visitors to view lion and the lions are not forthcoming I whisper "Scratching Post!" to my husband, and we forthwith lead our guests to the rhino rock, assuring them that such a sight is exceeding rare and a good deal more interesting than a pack of overfed lions. One day we were hunting for lion in the opposite direction to the rhino rock; it was a scorchingly hot day and our visitors were getting restive, so we set about racking our brains for an alternative entertainment, and sooner than we expected found one.

Noticing a cloud of vultures hovering, and hoping to find lion under them, we drove up in great expectancy, but though we searched every blade of grass, every ant-hill and rock, we could find no trace of lion. At last, a game scout pointed to a thorn tree which was towering over our heads, and to our amazement we saw that a dead Thomson's gazelle (weighing at least 50lb.) was dangling from one of the topmost branches quite 20ft. from the ground. This caused great excitement, and we all bundled out of the lorry for a closer inspection. Claw-marks on the trunk and spoor on the ground showed that a leopard was responsible for the outrage.

To park their kills in trees seems to be quite a usual procedure with leopard, and my husband tells a story which testifies to this. On one occasion he was called out to destroy a leopard that had taken to stealing calves. The country was bare, with little cover other than crops of mealies; the remains of a solitary tree stood about 20yds. from a hut, and on the top of this tree the leopard nightly placed its kill and left it for the world to see. When my husband arrived on the scene sure enough there were the remains of a calf swinging aloft, while claw-marks on the ground verified the assertions of the natives. But where was the leopard? There was no suitable cover other than a plot of mealies, and the natives averred that no leopard would lie up so near human habitation. My husband thought otherwise, and set out with two game scouts to have a look, armed with what seemed to be the most reasonable weapons, a .256 rifle and a shot-gun loaded with S.S.G. The mealies were growing some 7ft. high, with a thick undergrowth of beans, and sure enough, in the middle of the plot there was the leopard sitting up washing its face. He fired and missed, and the leopard dashed off into the thickest part of the mealies. There followed an exciting hunt, during which he suddenly found himself confronted with two saucer-like eyes a yard away from him. Again he fired, this time with the shot gun, but the shot merely glanced off the leopard's forehead like paper pellets, and it began capering about in the mealies, refusing either to sit still or to be driven out. Eventually it was brought to bay behind a bean plant, and given its quietus with a rifle shot. How a leopard, itself only weighing about 170lb., can drag a heavy kill to the summit of a tree is one of Nature's secrets: Impala rams, weighing from 150lb. to 160lb., are often placed in trees by leopards, and I have heard of wildebeest calves suffering a similar fate.

These wildebeest calves seem entirely lacking in herd sense and get more easily lost than the young of any other animal. Driving past a calving herd is a matter requiring very careful manœuvring as the herd invariably stampedes, and the calves, who have, in all probability, been enjoying 40 winks in the sun, are left to look after themselves, which they do incredibly badly. Often they mistake the dust from your motor for the dust kicked up by the herd in its flight, and come pelting after you; they are quite tame, and can easily be handled. It is *de rigeur* to return such calves to their mothers if possible, but sometimes it is out of the question.

One evening we were returning home in the lorry; it was nearly sundown, and our lights were not all that they might have been, so we were in a hurry. Having skilfully skirted a herd of wildebeest cows and calves, we were proceeding on our way when the scouts in the back of the lorry shouted that a day-old calf was following. We let it follow. Presently our track dipped into an empty river-bed, and as we crawled up the far side we looked to see if the calf was still at our heels. It was. Suddenly, without any warning, a lion sprang out of the undergrowth and belted the little fellow over the head, sending him sprawling into the river-bed. So far as we were concerned the incident was closed. Marvelling, we went on our way, and a few hundred yards farther on again heard the scouts shouting that the calf was following. We pulled up and got out of the lorry. The poor little chap staggered up to my husband and collapsed at his feet; a deep gash gaped from shoulder to rump, so how he had managed to evade further attention from the lion and crawl out of the river-bed after us was incomprehensible. We longed to take him along with us and nurse him back to health, but he was too far gone, and a shot through the head seemed the kindest thing for him.

Lions are curious creatures, and can be so docile. Here is an instance. Meeting a favourite pride, and seeing their expectant faces, we felt it our duty to offer them a meal, which we did. While they were busy feeding, we edged nearer in the lorry, my husband driving and I at his side. The lions being on my side, the heavy rifle lay loaded across my knees ready for an emergency. Wishing to photograph the diners, I turned in the seat and as I did so the rifle tipped off my knee and clattered to the ground 5yds. from the lions. Here was a predicament indeed! We reckoned that there was just room enough to steer the lorry between the lions and the rifle without running over either, and this we did. I sat armed with a shot-gun looking down at the lions from a yard's range, while my wretched husband crawled out and secured the rifle. When he signalled that all was well, I leaned out and photographed the unsuspecting pride. My camera is a Kodak No. 1, and the illustration is a record of the adventure. AUDREY MOORE.

[Mrs. Moore's husband is Game Ranger on the Serengeti.—ED.]

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*J. C. H., Washington, U.S.A.*

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*C.S.W., Australia.*

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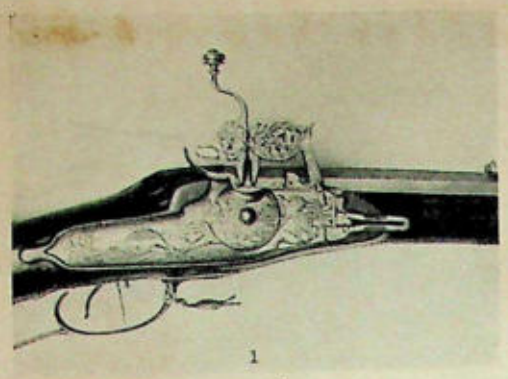
# SPORTING RIFLES OF THE PAST

## A Hundred-Year-Old Weapon in Use To-day

By W. KEITH NEAL



*A German hunting rifle from the private armoury of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar*

THE history of the sporting rifle may be traced back about 400 years. The system of rifling the interior of a gun barrel was introduced by German armourers towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and by 1600 fine sporting rifles were being produced in considerable numbers on the Continent.

The early rifles were fired by a match lock, and had very heavy barrels and deep grooves. The match lock gave place to the much more efficient wheel lock, which was well established by the beginning of the seventeenth century. Toward the middle of this century, however, the flint lock, with its simplicity of design, was rapidly gaining favour, and although in Germany the wheel lock rifles were popular right up to 1700, in Italy they were producing mostly fine flint lock sporting weapons from 1650 onwards, the fashion being set by the Brescian armourers, who, at this time, were making the finest firearms in the world.

In spite of all these improvements, the old match lock and wheel lock systems died very hard, and sporting weapons on either principle, and sometimes combining wheel and match in one lock, were still

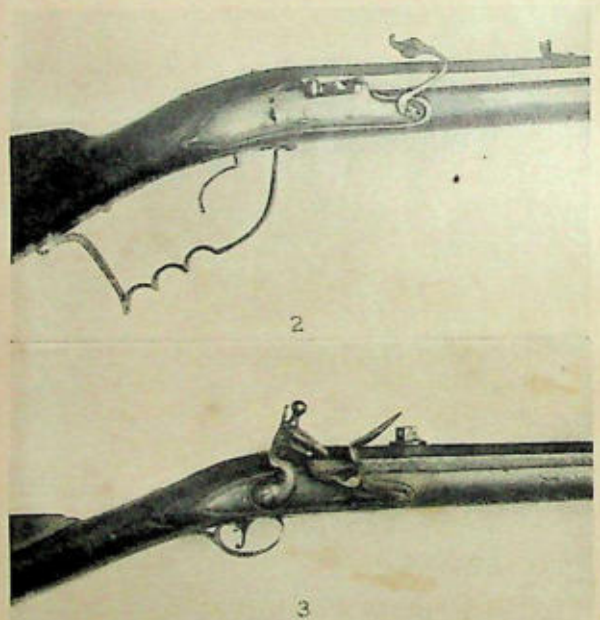


*Fig. 2 is one of the last German match lock rifles of the middle of the seventeenth century. Fig. 3 is a breech loader by Stanton, of London, dated about 1740*

made for the more conservative sportsmen up to about 1660.

Fig. 2 illustrates a German match lock rifle made about the middle of the seventeenth century, probably one of the last Continental rifles on this principle to be turned out.

It was fired only a few months ago with a full charge, using the original match lock mechanism, and it shot tolerably straight, and with great force up to 50 yards.

The loading of this rifle is worth describing. A charge of 2¼ drams of coarse black powder is poured down the muzzle, and a round lead bullet of 20 gauge which has been previously wrapped in a small piece of greased linen is forced down on top by the ramrod. The pan is then primed with fine powder, the cover closed and the fuse or match adjusted in the serpentine. To fire it the fuse is lighted and the end blown upon to produce a momentary brilliance, immediately after doing this the cover cutting off the priming must be opened by hand, when a gentle pressure upon the trigger causes the glowing match to dip into it and fire it off.

The first shot fired with this ancient rifle was certainly rather disconcerting, and it was a little difficult to maintain a steady sight upon the target. For the period between pulling the trigger and the explosion of the charge seemed interminable. However, after firing a few shots one got quite accustomed to it, and considering the force with which it shot and the excellent penetration of the bullet into a thick wooden post at 50 yards, the recoil was very slight. In fact, the sensation is best described as a prolonged shove, rather than an actual kick.

Fig. 1 illustrates a fine German hunting rifle from the private armoury of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. It is a wheel lock and specially constructed for boar shooting. Details of a hunt, after the style of Paul Potter, appear in a fine piece of engraving upon the lock.

This rifle is a late seventeenth century piece, it fires a charge of 3 to 3½ drams of powder and a heavy round bullet of sixteen to the pound. The rifling is perfectly cut, and the barrel is fitted with folding sights, giving accurate results up to 100 yards.

Being a muzzle loader it is loaded in precisely the same fashion as the former weapon, the only difference being the mechanism of the lock. This is formed by a grooved steel wheel, wound with a spanner against a strong spring till it "cocks," and a piece of flint or pyrites stone lowered upon in the serpentine just at the point where the priming pan is situated. On pressing the trigger, the wheel is revolved by the spring at a high speed, and the shower of sparks resulting in the priming pan causes instant ignition without any perceptible delay. A tremendous advance upon the match lock as game could now be shot running.

Considerable accuracy can be obtained with wheel lock rifles, and a similar weapon fired by the writer made five consecutive shots which all cut into each other at 20 yards range. The weapon that did this was a wheel lock rifle with a hair trigger, made in Munich, *circa* 1660, as one of a pair, to the order of the Earl of Aylesford for use in his deer park.

The flint lock rifle is perhaps the most interesting of all, as not only did it remain in use for about two hundred years, but it is the earliest weapon to be seriously manufactured by English gunmakers.

It may surprise some to know that quite a number of the early English sporting rifles were breech loaders. Various experimental actions were tried, but the commonest and simplest of all had a screw plug on the top of the barrel at the breech end. This had a head formed something like a wing nut, the centre groove making a back sight, and the two wings a lever for undoing the plug by hand.

A rifle on this plan made by Stanton—London, about 1740, is illustrated in Fig. 3.

To load, the plug is unscrewed, and with the muzzle pointing downwards, a bullet slightly larger than the bore dropped in. This rolls forward into the breech which is chambered to receive it. A charge of powder is then poured in behind and the screw plug replaced. The pan is primed and the pan cover closed, when the weapon is full cocked it is in condition to fire.

These rifles fire quite accurately and are entirely satisfactory for the first two or three shots, after which the powder fouling drives up into the threads of the breech plug, making it increasingly hard to remove.

Fig. 4 illustrates a 20-bore deer-stalking rifle made by the famous Manton. It is a splendid weapon, and for weight and balance and effective shooting compares very favourably with the best modern rifle.

Made about 1800, it would kill a stag as cleanly to-day up to 100 yards, as the latest high velocity rifle. It is a cherished hope of the writer, that with it he may one day take the field, and by shooting a stag with a Manton flint lock, recapture for a moment some of the sporting glory of the past, and perhaps better understand the sensations of such a sportsman as William Scrope in the early days of his deer-stalking in the Highlands of Scotland.

Fig. 5 illustrates quite a different weapon. It is a flint lock elephant rifle of enormous construction made by Henry Mortimer, gunmaker to King George III. Weighing 15lb., it fires a six gauge hardened round bullet with a charge of ten drams of powder behind it. It is a mighty gun that would have warmed the heart of Sir Samuel Baker himself could he have seen it. The barrel is made of tough stub iron and rifled with twelve sharp grooves it has folding sights up to 100 yards range. This rifle was tested only this year, and shot with terrific force.

I have another interesting weapon (Fig. 6) as it shows how old is the system of combining a rifle with a shot gun. The left barrel is smooth bore of

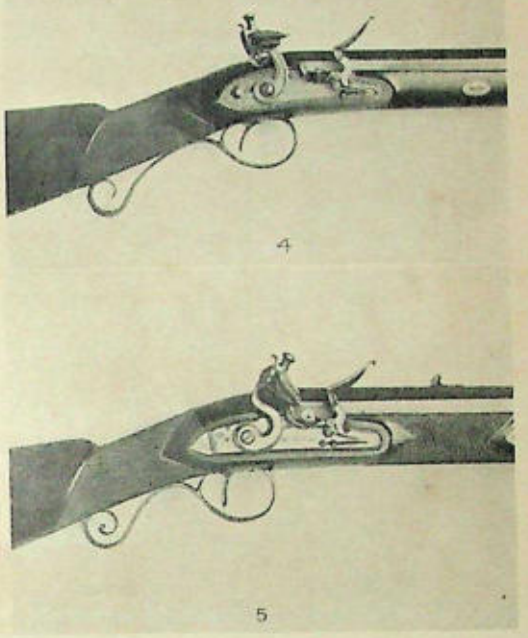


*Fig. 4 is a twenty-bore deer stalking weapon by Manton, and Fig. 5 a very heavy flint lock elephant rifle by Mortimer*

25 gauge designed for shot, and the right of similar bore but rifled for ball. This ingenious gun was made by John Barton, who had a gunmaker's shop in the Haymarket, and appears in the London directory for 1812.

Fig. 7 illustrates a hunting carbine fired by a percussion cap lock, the last system used for muzzle-loading rifles. It is made by the famous Joseph Egg, who claimed to be the inventor of the copper cap, and words to this effect are engraved along the barrel. This rifle was constructed about 1825, and a target made with it recently showed a 2-inch group at 50 yards range, using lead bullets cast at home in an iron mould. A pretty good performance for an English rifle which has already topped the century mark, and a lasting credit to the art of the English gunmaker.

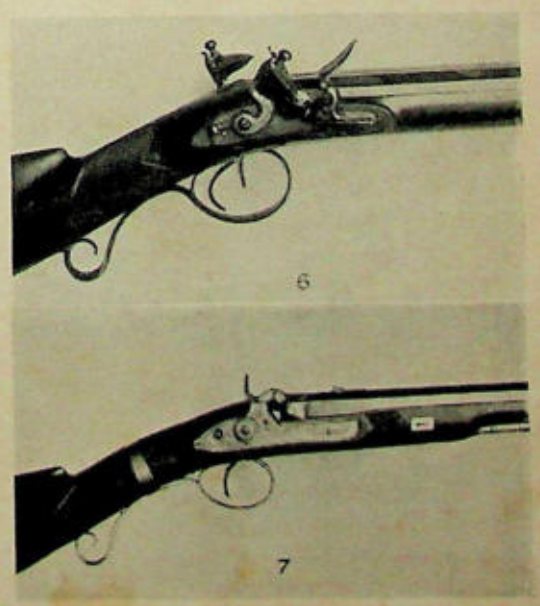


*Fig. 6 is a rifle and shot gun, one being designed for shot and one rifled for ball, and Fig. 7 is a hunting carbine with a percussion cap lock*

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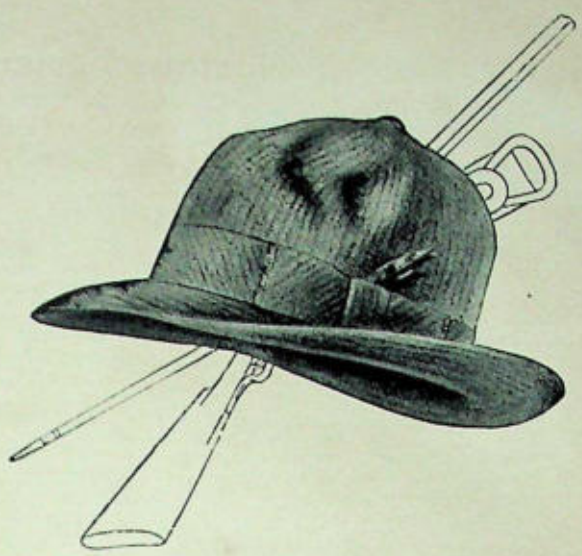

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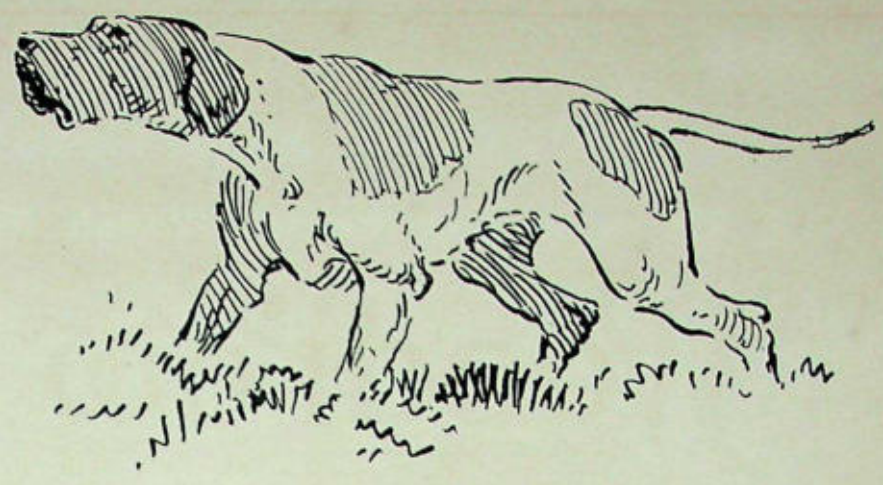

## A Heavy Bag in Northumberland

### SCOTLAND

#### Aberdeenshire

CLOVA.—Colonel Bertram Abel Smith, Mr. Anthony Abel Smith, Mr. Jocelyn Abel Smith, Lord Cranworth, Sir Harry Verney, Major Harrison and Colonel H. Medlicott killed, on the 19th, 42 brace of grouse (134 head); on the 20th, 33½ brace (83 head); on the 21st, 63½ brace (137 head); on the 22nd, 82½ brace (187 head); and on the 23rd, 58 brace (117 head). 714½ brace of grouse up to the 23rd.

KNOCKESPOCK.—On August 21st, 71 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Lord Hunsdon, Major W. Fraser, Captain Cedric Holland, Brigadier Thomson and Mr. G. Llewellyn. On August 24th, 45 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Lord Hunsdon, Major W. Fraser, Captain Cedric Holland, Mr. G. Llewellyn and Mr. J. Abel Smith.

#### Argyllshire

LAGGAN LODGE, ISLAY.—In the two weeks August 12th to 24th Mr. F. C. Bramwell's party, two to three guns, over dogs, shot 200 brace of grouse. Best day, 31 brace. Stock about two-thirds of recent years. *No disease.*

#### Ayrshire

KILKERRAN.—On the 24th, 97½ brace of grouse and 10 hares were killed by seven guns: Mr. T. R. Davey, Mr. C. Harrington Fry, Captain H. Spencer-Cooper, R.N., Colonel L. Strain, Commander G. Hughes-Onslow, R.N., Captain F. J. Turner and Mr. J. Ellison. This is a record bag of grouse for Kilkerran for very many years past. A fine show of birds, healthy and strong.

SOUTHANNAN.—On August 13th, 35½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. E. S. Parker and party of five guns.

#### Banffshire

LESMURDIE.—On the 24th, 83 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Major Wood, Colonel E. Twist, Colonel N. Charteris, Mr. M. Hardy, Rear-Admiral A. E. Wood, Mr. Brown, Colonel P. Grant and Mr. H. C. Wood.

#### Inverness-shire

GLENMORE.—On the 21st, 25 brace, and on the 24th, 28 brace of ptarmigan were killed by Earl Fortescue, Brigadier Lord Douglas Malise Graham, Colonel Dendy (on the 21st only), Viscount Ebrington and Mr. I. M. Graham. Grouse also have done well except on very high ground.

LEACHIN.—On August 27th, 9 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns, driving.

SHENAMORE.—Mr. C. Cyril Dennis, Captain Sydney Dennis, Commander Colin Wauchope and Mr. Ian Dennis killed on the 13th, 24 brace; on the 15th, 38 brace; on the 17th, 40 brace; and on the 20th, 36 brace of grouse. Birds fairly plentiful on low ground but practically no birds on high ground, due to damage caused by snow in late May.

#### Morayshire

DALLAS.—On the 17th, 267 brace; on the 19th (four drives only), 274 brace; and on the 20th (four drives only), 211 brace of grouse (a total of 752 brace) were killed by Mr. W. M. Christy and three other guns.

#### Peeblesshire

DAWYCK.—On the 23rd, 53½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. F. R. S. Balfour Mr. A. N. Balfour, Mr. C. H Gosling, Mr. E. N. Barran Mr. J. Wittouck and Mr. J Lambert. *No disease.*

#### Perthshire

BANFF.—On August 14th, 33 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. T. Scully, Mr. R. Cripps, Mr. R. Abell and the Master of Napier. Walking in line. Very few birds and in poor condition. *Signs of disease.*

BOLFRACKS.—On the 23rd, Colonel B. O. Hutchison, Mr. R. Hutchison, Mr. W. Foster, Colonel Rolleston, Major Evans, Lieutenant Moody, R.N., and Mr. I. K. Hutchison killed 256 brace of grouse, driving. On the 26th, Lord Hutchison of Montrose, Colonel B. O. Hutchison, Mr. O. Foster, Mr. Molteno, Mr. Scott and Mr. I. K. Hutchison killed 345 brace of grouse. On 30th and 31st, 207 and 223 brace of grouse were shot. Walking up, 79, 58, 51½, 37½, 26 and 25 brace were killed, the last three being very short days. A much better season than expected.

FOSS HOUSE, PITLOCHRY.—On August 23rd, 70½ brace of grouse and 26 hares were killed by Colonel Wemyss, Sir Russel Ker, Sir Percy Laurie, Mr. John Pilkington, Mr. Robert Clifton and Mr. A. W. Stauton. On August 27th, 47 brace of grouse and 15 hares were killed by Colonel Wemyss, Mr. Ralph Havelock Allan, Mr. John Pilkington, Sir Lance Crawley Boevey, Mr. Jack Thorp, Mr. Clifton and Mr. A. W. Stanton.

GARROWS.—On August 27th, 201 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Major A. F. L. Gordon, Mr. R. Stormonth Darling, Mr. J. S. Stormonth Darling, Mr. R. S. G. Scott, Mr. J. K. Hutchison, Mr. A. Moon, Mr. W. H. Cox and Mrs. K. O. Hunter. A larger head of grouse than in any year since 1916. *All healthy.*

#### Ross and Cromarty

DALMORE HOUSE, ALNESS.—On August 19th, 24 brace of grouse, 1 hare and 1 snipe were killed by Earl Temple's party of three guns on Crannich Moor. On August 19th, 13½ brace of grouse and 1 hare; and on August 22nd, 9 brace of grouse were killed by two guns on Garabal. On August 21st, 5 brace of grouse; and on August 23rd, 4½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns, driving on Castle MacLeod Moor. On August 22nd, 12 brace of grouse, 3 hares and 1 teal were killed by three guns on Crannich Moor.

DRUMBUIE.—On August 19th, 13½ brace, on August 20th, 8½ brace, on August 22nd, 9 brace, and on August 23rd, 16 brace of grouse were killed by Major-General Gerald Dalby, Major C. Salkeld and Captain C. Grenville Grey, two guns shooting each day. Very few coveys, on ground exposed to the storm in May. Birds strong.

FAIRBURN.—On August 23rd, 35 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns. Weather much too hot and dry for driving.

STRATHRANNOCH, GARVE.—During the first seven days' shooting over dogs, Mr. Denys Lowson, Mr. Vernon Harriss and Mr. Anthony Hanbury killed 117½ brace of grouse as well as several various. On August 24th, Mr. Denys Lowson, Mr. Vernon Harriss, Mr. T. G. Roche and Mr. Christopher P. Dawnay killed 25 brace of grouse and 1 brace of ptarmigan, while on August 26th, the same party killed 34½ brace of grouse. Birds are strong on the wing *with no sign of disease.*

#### Sutherland

BIGHOUSE.—Captain F. Vickerman, Major A. E. Phillips, Major T. L. C. Curtis, Mr. C. Gordon Hart and Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Hartley killed 82 brace of grouse on August 22nd and 101 brace on August 24th, driving. Prospects much better than anticipated, birds well grown. *No disease.*

CLEHRIG MOOR, ALTNAHARRA.—Mr. Murray Andrews, Dr. W. Cadwalader and Mr. P. Maclean killed 24½ brace of grouse over dogs on August 22nd, and 34½ brace of grouse, 2 brace of blackgame on August 23rd. Two guns killed 24 brace of grouse, 1½ brace of ptarmigan on August 24th, 31½ brace of grouse on August 26th, and 27½ brace of grouse on August 27th (short day).

GNALINN, LAIRG.—Major J. L. Portal, shooting alone, two short days, has 16 brace of grouse.

### ENGLAND

#### Northumberland

ALLENHEADS.—On August 13th, 353 brace, on August 14th, 408 brace, on August 15th, 392 brace, and on August 16th, 379 brace of grouse were killed by the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Erne, Earl Fortescue, Sir Hugh Seely, Captain Stocks, Major Mulholland and Lord and Lady Allendale. On August 20th, 474 brace, on August 21st, 235 brace, on August 22nd, 538½ brace, and on August 23rd, 446 brace of grouse were killed by the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Edward Hay, Sir Basil Brook, Major Beaumont, Captain Brown, Mr. Mulholland and Lord and Lady Allendale. Colonel Clifton Brown shot with the party on August 20th.

#### North Yorkshire

GISBOROUGH MOORS.—On August 26th, 101½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: General Le Mottee, Mr. Henry Tuke and party. On 28th, 109 brace of grouse were killed.

**Other Reports unavoidably held over.**


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# A CRICKET SYMPOSIUM

## A Tilt at Golfing Experts—Young Horsemen

MR. THOMAS MOULT'S new book of cricket, entitled *Bat and Ball*, is full of a medley of good things amongst which are some interesting facts and discussions by famous cricketers. Some of these facts are, I must admit, new to me. For instance, the choice by Sutcliffe of an innings he played in the third Test at Melbourne during the M.C.C. tour of 1928–29 as his best batting performance, surprised me. I knew England had 330 odd runs to get to win, but I never knew that they had to be made on a glue-pot pitch consequent upon the fall of a third of an inch of rain during the night. When you get such a distinguished authority as Mr. Hugh Trumble, a specialist on the merits or demerits of the Melbourne wicket, averring that the compilation of even 100 runs on such a mud heap would be little short of a miracle, you begin to realise the magnitude of the achievement accomplished by Sutcliffe, Hobbs and Jardine in staying in practically all day for the loss of Hobbs, who made 49. The famous opening pair actually put the 100 up before being parted!

Sutcliffe might have chosen his 161 at the Oval in 1926, in the fifth Test Match. That was certainly one of the best innings I ever saw. But he prefers the 135 at Melbourne, and no wonder. If any doubts should arise as to the state of the wicket they are set at rest by the fact that Jardine chooses the undefeated portion of his total (33) which he played on it, as the greatest innings he also ever played. I have often wondered how Hobbs communicated his idea that Jardine should "come in next," to his captain, and though the explanation is a simple one, it is none the less interesting on that account. As a strategical move it probably had a good deal to do with winning the match. It was a master stroke, and it has always seemed to me to be amazing that anyone so fully occupied in defending his own castle, as Hobbs must have been, should have thought of it.

Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's chapter on "Bowling and the Bowler," emphasises the truism that the bowler gets all the kicks and precious few half-pennies, and is written in his usual delightful style, but I wish he would not advocate the discarding of the new l.b.w. rule on account of its having "led already to such queer results." The completion of an average of nine matches out of twelve is the principal result which it has been responsible for, and there is nothing queer about that. He regrets the impossibility of a millennium in the form of non-artificial pitches, but at the same time refuses to accept a successful though admittedly less satisfactory alternative. Still, as he describes himself on Page 167 as "a good boxer," I will say no more.

The author in an interesting first chapter tells us all about the game *ab initio*, and in chatty Chapter XVII records how an Australian ringsider shouted out to Archie Maclaren about to catch a catch: "Miss it, Archie, and you can kiss my sister," which reminds me of the late Frank Milligan, the Yorkshire amateur, who had red hair and wore no cap, standing against the rails at Bradford waiting for a ballooner from Timothy O'Brien, and the six coal-black miners who were immediately behind him, shouting out in unison: "Katch it yer red headed b——, *for yer life*." Archie forfeited his kiss, but Frank saved his life, which was more important still.

One would like to quote passages from the pens of all the twelve England contributors, not to mention the six leading writers on the game, but space forbids. Suffice it therefore heartily to congratulate Mr. Thomas Moult on his admirable production, which should be added to the stock of all those who possess a cricket library and read by all those who do not.

C. F.

*Bat and Ball*, by Thomas Moult. (Arthur Barker; 15/-.)

### DE-BUNKING GOLF

THE golfer who wishes to improve his game by the study of books and expert articles, has a large selection from which to choose. More is written about golf than about any other game. If a beginner picks up a golf book it is almost certain that he will become completely bewildered before very long because of the technical jargon and the extraordinary theories—several of which are contradictory. Consequently there are many players who prefer to go their own way, making the same old faults and getting very little fun out of the game, because of this great difficulty of choosing suitable golfing literature. In *Golf From A to Z*," the author, J. C. Macbeth, has endeavoured to analyse many of the experts' theories and articles, all of which he has studied for himself, and to present for the reader, whose time is limited, a concise volume containing all the valuable and really helpful points concerning golf and how it is—or should be—played. His task must have been difficult, but he has done it in commendable style.

Whether all that he suggests as being correct will pass uncontradicted is doubtful. It is a dangerous practice to criticise those who have given a lifetime to the study of a subject such as golf. The author believes that many of the professionals — some well known — use unsuitable methods of teaching. The proof of that is to be found in results. And if a player does not respond favourably to his professional's coaching, it does not necessarily follow that the professional is at fault. Some pupils—especially in golf—cannot or will not follow the advice given to them. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" in golf just as too much knowledge will not improve a person's standard of play. In common justice an instructional golf book should be studied carefully and not merely perused now and again—this requires earnest attention.

The author vigorously attacks the expert teachers on the question of the familiar fault "head up." "Keep your eye on the ball is a fallacy"—he suggests that professionals should "cease repeating this futile request . . . what the average player wants to be told is to 'see the ball and hit it.' The power of suggestion is in this instruction." He points out that most professionals maintain that a golfer lifts his head up because "of his desire to see the fate of the ball after impact." This he believes to be wrong and suggests the explanation to this old problem is not mental but physical. It is "caused by the quite unnecessary constriction of the shoulders and neck muscles at address . . . these tense muscles pull or jerk up the head and shoulders." This is certainly a novel suggestion and golfers can experiment to prove its value. If it assists then the book has achieved its object because it was written for the handicap golfers, not the experts. E. R. T.

*Golf From A to Z*. By James Currie Macbeth. (Putnam, London; 5/.)

### DIVES IN RURE

THE book under review attempts to reconcile the conflicting interests of consumer and producer. A farmer and a monetary specialist have put their heads together to devise a plan based on the principles that producers cannot prosper if consumers have not adequate purchasing power, and that no nation can prosper unless its agriculture is as sound and as fully developed as its other industries. The authors believe that the solution of our present difficulties can best be found in adopting as the basis of currency "the central reserve standard." Under this system the standard of value would be wealth in general.

Notes instead of being backed by gold and Government securities would represent 240 pence worth of purchasing power over the mass of wealth. International trading would be confined to the exchange of exportable surpluses on a barter basis. And so the world goes on!

*Farming And Money*, by Jorian E. F. Jenks and J. Taylor Peddie (Christian State Publishing Co., Ltd.: 3/6.)

### PONY CLUB PUPILS

THE number of books on horses and riding and stable management are legion, but I do not think that we have seen such an influx of them as have been published this year. Some are to be sure just mere repetitions of well-worn theories, others expressions of opinions which do not always tally with our own, but it is certainly a joy to find a book on this subject—or rather series of subjects—which has an original twist and whose general scheme is different in many ways.

Such a book is Captain J. E. Hance's *Riders of To-morrow*, which tells of the adventures of two children who learn the art of equitation under the tuition of their Uncle Travers, who I shrewdly suspect to be Captain Hance himself. Round an amusing story Captain Hance has written a guide which incorporates much practical experience, and it is so written, and in such a simple straightforward manner that the knowledge so offered can be assimilated by everyone—young or old. In his introduction Captain Hance freely admits that he has had to discard many of the theories which he learned during a long military career and substitute others more fitted for civilian life. So having twice read this book I can say in all honesty that it is one of the best of its sort that I have done so for many years. It does not perhaps quite come up to Captain Hance's previous work, *School for Horse and Rider*, but it is a really first-class contribution to the horseman's library, and as such should be read by parents and children alike. They will be much wiser and more fitted to take the saddle when the last page is turned over.

W. F.

*Riders of To-morrow*. By Captain J. E. Hance. (*Country Life*; illustrated, 7/6 net.)

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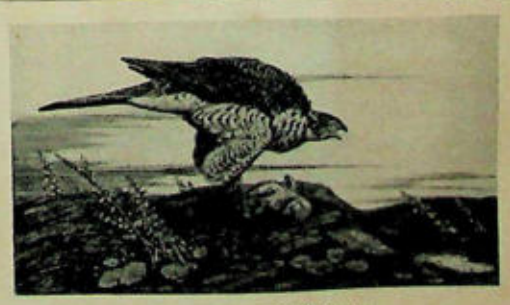

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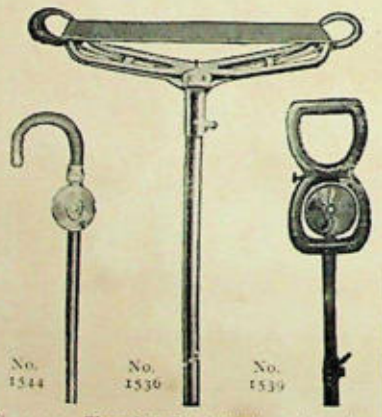


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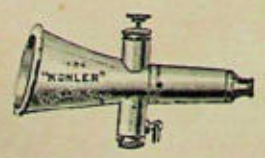


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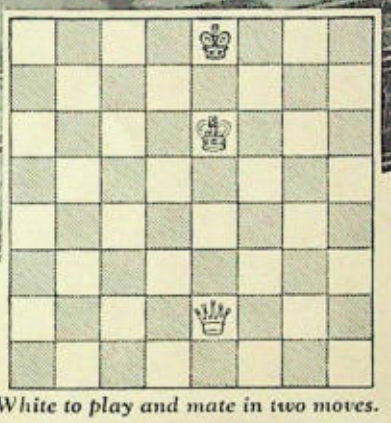

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BOBBY JONES SHOWS THE CORRECT WAY OF USING A DRIVER

# CORRECT YOUR GOLF FAULTS

## The Value of an Expert's Advice

By E. R. TIPPLE

PERHAPS the chief attraction of the game of golf is that it can never be really mastered. At the commencement of each round the player is faced with a feeling of uncertainty, for no one can nominate beforehand how he or she will perform. Both the "tiger" and the "rabbit" have their problems.

Far too many new golfers try to carry on by themselves and continue to make the same old mistakes round after round. They forget the existence of their local professional and try to cure themselves alone, or else listen to some golfing "quack," who may have the best intentions, but only makes their lot all the worse. If you lose confidence in a particular stroke there is no cure in trying to forget about it and hoping that time will heal the difficulty, because that rarely if ever happens. Small golf faults have a peculiar habit of growing into larger ones, and before you quite realise it your whole game is completely demoralised and upset.

The majority of us play the game for the fun of it, but before one can derive enjoyment out of golf you must at least be able to perform moderately well. Recently I had an opportunity of discussing the game with two beginners, both of whom have been playing for only three months. The first told me he found putting remarkably easy. He could not see any great difficulty in that part of the game and was amazed at the poor performances of some of the leading players who, he said, "should know better." I pointed out that he found putting easy because he did not look for any trouble and thought it simple. After all, putting is really more than 90 per cent. mental. He will find that out soon enough!

His chief difficulty, I discovered, was on the tees. He always failed to hit a drive anywhere near the middle of the fairway. Driving should be the easiest part of golf, for after all you can select your own stance, choose the spot for the ball and tee it up as you choose. Yet, like this beginner, many golfers cannot drive well. His fault was the common one of slicing—and how he did make the ball curve away to the right! I say "did" because we went along to a professional and talked the whole matter over with him. The solution was really simple. He had been hitting at the top of the swing instead of waiting until the club came down to the ball. And so his weight moved too quickly, his balance was non-existent, so that all his efforts were misplaced. The tutor carefully explained the correct actions, then demonstrated the incorrect method which had been used. The pupil then saw the right and the wrong ways and so was enabled to help himself thereafter. As Henry Cotton has written: "When you begin to play and discover that you are making some error take the matter in hand at once; do not endeavour to correct your own faults by trying to make two wrongs into a right. Trace the fault to its root if you can, or go to your instructor and ask him to discover the cause for you and then practise until you have remedied it."

The second beginner's chief difficulty was with the iron clubs. Because he could not use them he ceased bringing out his "spoon" and a short-shafted wooden mashie. I persuaded him to go along to a reliable coach and ask for help. The journey out to the practice ground was not made in vain. His first few shots provided the needed clues. He was trying to do the club's work instead of letting the club hit the ball. As he came down to the point of contact he would dip and try to scoop the ball up into the air. This is one of the most common of all golfing faults. He was told to realise that it was his job to swing and keep on swinging the club, allowing it to do all the necessary work. This sound advice at first struck him as being rather childish and obvious, but then golfers so very often overlook the obvious details of the game. However, he was prevailed upon to continue on the new method and a decided improvement was apparent in a short time.

Whatever a golfer's handicap there is always room for improvement. Indeed, everyone hopes to play better some day, but not everyone is willing to practise and work towards such an end. Experiments are not worth while. They may cure a fault for a short time, but the cure will not be permanent. Unfortunately we cannot carry a mirror around with us so that we can watch ourselves in action—if we could many disappointments would be evaded—and therefore it is imperative that consultations with experts be regularly made. Present faults will be cured in this way as quickly as possible, and little habits, which would hinder progress, removed before they have a chance to ruin not one round but many games.

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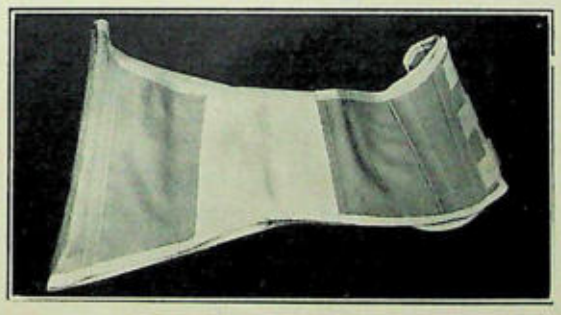

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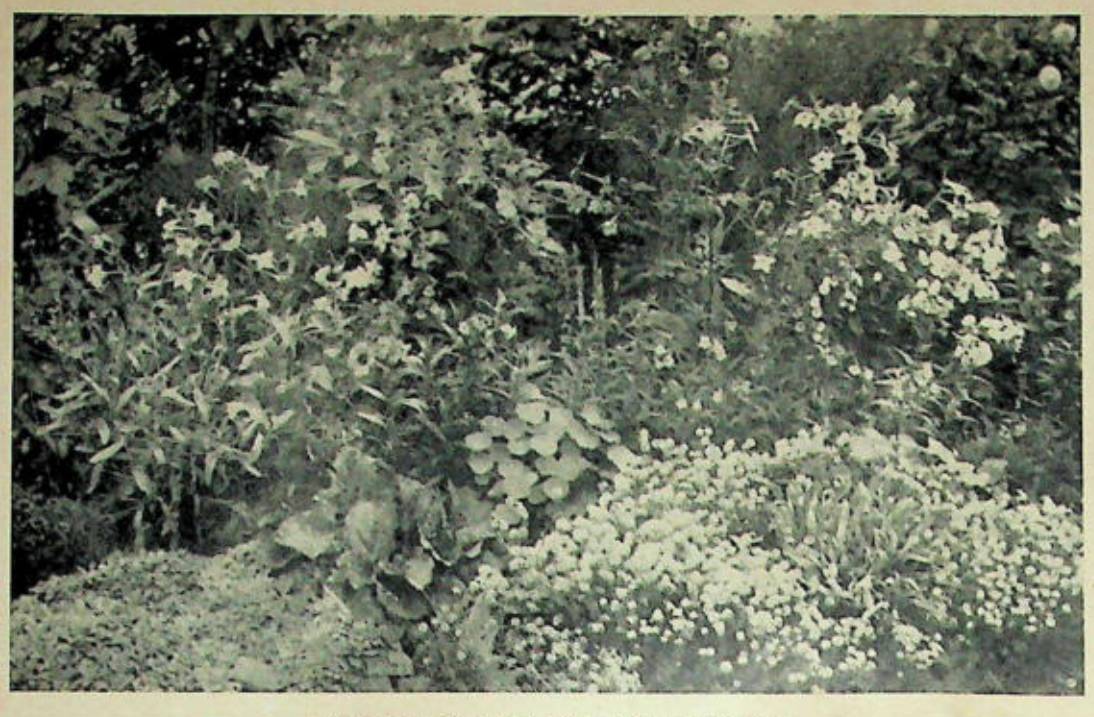

A GAY AUTUMN DISPLAY OF SIMPLE FLOWERS
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*The Country House*

# SALAD DAYS

## Getting Away from Conservative Dishes

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

MOST folk are still curiously conservative where salads are concerned. Lettuce, beet, tomato, mustard and cress, endive, cucumber, with a dressing of sorts, still form the staple salad in most houses, and it is only served as an adjunct to the meal. Yet salads, provided they are sufficiently nourishing, can be served as the staple dish, and are certainly far more attractive in appearance than the average cold joint. A salad composed of grated cheese, sliced tomatoes, grated onion, and diced cucumber, all incorporated with a good mayonnaise sauce and served in a large, crinkled lettuce leaf in individual portions, is an excellent luncheon dish. Finely-milled nuts can be used instead of the cheese. Cold meat can be put through a mincer with an equal quantity of cold potato, seasoned with pepper and salt and served in a mound covered with slices of tomato and cucumber alternately.

Raw vegetables — carrots, turnips, beetroot, onions, are far more health-giving put through a very fine mincer and eaten raw than when cooked. Minced sufficiently finely, they are also more digestible. And on no account should they be skinned. If the valuable salts that lie immediately beneath the skins of fruits and vegetables were sold, they would find a ready market at high prices. As they cost nothing, most people throw them away. They would be acting more sensibly if they rejected the part usually kept. These valuable constituents are essential for perfect health. When minced finely, the fact that skin and all has been put through is not perceptible. We use a mincer, and there are probably several different makes equally good, which minces raw vegetables so finely that a small carrot and a small beetroot make at least two heaping tablespoons of these vegetables so finely minced that a child could digest them.

Some vegetables are very rarely served raw. For instance, grated Jerusalem artichoke is as wholesome and as digestible as grated apple, and certainly more appetising than artichokes served in the usual way. Cold cooked artichokes sliced in a salad or minced are delicious. A great epicure told me he never eats Jerusalem artichokes except cold. Incidentally, if apples are added to a salad of mixed roots they should be put through with a fairly dry root, such as carrot. They are too juicy to mince alone satisfactorily.

Celeriac, purslane, corn salad, rampion, dandelion and chives, are all rather neglected salad plants. Celeriac is more appreciated in France than in this country. It needs a long growing season and care to secure first-rate celeriac. Seeds should be sown in March in a temperature of 50 degrees, and the seedlings pricked out in boxes as soon as large enough to handle. The soil to which they are transferred in the open must be light, yet rich, and heavy soil should be well dug and then covered to a depth of six inches with very sandy soil. Plant out at 18 inches apart and 18 inches between the rows, planting as shallow as possible.

Celeriac needs plenty of water all through the season. The only other attention needed is to keep the hoe going between the rows, and to draw away soil from the plants. They should "sit" on the soil. In September the roots should be just covered with a thin layer of sandy soil. In October the crop is lifted, and stored in sand. All leaves are cut away, but the central leaves are left. If any of the crop is left in the ground it must be earthed up for protection from frost.

Purslane likes a very sunny position and a fairly light soil. Seed should be sown towards the end of April in rows nine inches apart. The plants are thinned to six inches apart. The leaves and young shoots can be eaten either raw or cooked. Green dandelion leaves, though most wholesome, are too bitter for most people. Blanched leaves are secured by lifting the roots during the winter, planting in boxes in a cellar, and covering with pots or empty boxes. The roots need very little water. It is less trouble to have blanched growths in the spring. This is done by covering the roots in the open with pots in early spring.

Corn salad is anything but appetising when served raw, yet, curiously enough, delicious and unusual when served with any good salad dressing. It is particularly useful at a time when lettuces are scarce and expensive. For an early supply seed should be sown this month, choosing an open position. Corn salad flourishes on any soil. The seed should be sown in drills six inches between the rows, and the plants thinned to six inches apart.

Both the leaves and roots of rampion are used in salads, the roots being better boiled. Seed must not be sown too early or the plants may bolt. The end of May is the usual time. Rampion does best in part shade and on light, fairly rich soil. The rows should be six inches apart and the plants thinned to the same distance apart. Rampion, like celeriac, needs plenty of water.

**Southport Flower Show.**—At the recent Southport Flower Show Messrs. Sutton & Sons were awarded a large gold medal and the *People* Cup for the best exhibit in the show. Their exhibit consisted of a large display of herbaceous flowers and of vegetables. This is the fourth successive year in which they have gained this distinction, and the seventh occasion in the last twelve years.

# JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

## Match Play and Individual Entry

By J. E. COLLETT

THE Junior Championships of Great Britain, to be held next week at Wimbledon, are the climax of 65 junior events, occurring during the preceding two months, 25 of which were recognised championships restricted to juniors having the various qualifications. In effect the cream of these players will be competing on the hard courts of the All-England Club. It is, therefore, legitimate to assume that it will be possible to obtain a comprehensive idea of where the game stands in this country in relation to the current form of its younger exponents. A good many thousands of pounds are spent on coaching every year, officially and by parents, and the nett result in competitive play should be worth noting when it can be seen in such a representative fashion.

Speaking frankly, in recent years this result has appeared hardly to justify the expenditure if outstanding ability has been the aim, but if general capacity to comprehend the game and its potentiality, and to approach improvement on the basis of intelligent knowledge of the grammar of stroke production has been the main object, it has been attained. Comparison between the method of the junior of to-day and of only ten years ago shows a remarkable advance in style and appreciation of the court. However, things seem to have stopped more or less at this point. Somewhere there may be a boy with the inward urge that brought F. J. Perry to the front, or a girl with the operative art of movement which made a player like Miss D. E. Round.

Promise is not easy to pick. Perry was unsuccessful in the junior championships, and H. W. Austin and C. G. Eames are the only Davis Cup internationals who have won the boys' championship since its inauguration in 1908—Eames' year; Austin's was 1922. No girl champion since Miss M. C. Scriven (1929) has reached the honour of the Wightman Cup team, nor seems destined for it, unless Miss S. K. Hewitt (1931) returns to health and play, as is now suggested, next year. On the other hand, though Perry was not successful his probable future was sensed, and though Miss K. E. Stammers never got beyond a final her promise was noted from her first year of entry.

At the present time a considered and sustained effort is being made towards a system of training, as far as practicable on national lines, which shall include both classes in its scope. The well-worn warning "Rome was not built in a day" is peculiarly applicable to lawn tennis, in which progress even to proficiency much less to championship is slower than in other games. It is doubtful whether in the conditions with which those concerned have to deal any shorter cut to competence is feasible. Many have criticised the tournament in its capacity as a finishing school for budding internationals, but none has suggested a more feasible alternative than the fostering of some sort of plan for a series of representative team matches taking up less time than a full week. Obviously a greater number of selected players would be able to obtain an increased quantity of intensive practice under test conditions, but players in the handicap sections would be the losers. Again, the decadence of the tournament, if such arose, would import the decadence of Wimbledon, the father of tournaments, and the dulling of the valuable glamour which surrounds it.

The Davis Cup is technically the premier event of the year, and is the best possible man-power series of team matches. Consequently much may be said for the furtherance of the match, which is a team proposition, as against the tournament which is a personal chase after a prize. Public interest at present is more concerned with the knock-out competition, and it offers easier treatment to the Press, but this may be due more to the habit of years than to any conviction that existing arrangements are permanent and preferable. The social side of the tournament is more marked than that of the match which, to be adequate to its avowed purpose, must be a serious business, involving maximum concentration and training. The current compromise between the two features will probably work out in the long run to the best advantage.

The major programme for the junior Wimbledon next week consists of four championship events, boys' and girls' singles and doubles. There is also a mixed doubles competition, not a championship, open to those who do not reach the round of the last eight in the singles championships. In addition there is a boys' and girls' singles plate for those who have been beaten in their first match in either the first or second round of the singles.

# THRESHING IN THE FIELD

## Motor Car Sweeps and a Drying Plant

BEFORE the corn harvest finished, farmers in the southern counties had the opportunity of seeing some of the new mechanised equipment at work. The demonstration was staged by Messrs. Ransomes, Sims & Jefferies, Ltd., the well-known Ipswich firm, on the farm of Mr. Arthur Hosier, the pioneer with milking bails and hen-folding units. Such sponsors of the enterprise gave an assurance that the demonstration would be of practical interest and a large number of farmers went to Wexcombe, near Marlborough, for the occasion.

On the afternoon when I visited the scene oats were being harvested and threshed in the field. The Hornsby reaper-elevator, drawn by a Lanz tractor was making a good job of a tangled crop. It looked as if there had been an abundance of charlock in the corn and that the weed had prevented the oats from lying flat. Mr. Hosier is one of those who believe in cashing in corn crops the fertility which is built up in heavily stocked pastures, and certainly there was no question about the fertility of the ground on which the oats were growing.

It did not appear that the combination of the Hornsby reaper-elevator and the Hosier car sweep was an entirely satisfactory method of harvesting corn. The reaper-elevator would in the ordinary way be run with a trolley alongside to receive the corn falling from the elevator, but at Wexcombe Mr. Hosier put several of his motor-car sweeps into the picture by using them to sweep the cut corn to the threshing machine. The oats were ripe and, falling on to the hard ground 10ft. from the top of the reaper-elevator, a good proportion of the grain was shed and in the course of sweeping operations more grain was shed. Mr. Hosier certainly had a full seeding of oats left on the ground for next year. The full equipment, including the trolley running alongside the reaper-elevator which Messrs. Ransomes have been using in Norfolk, is unquestionably a better arrangement, and provides alternative equipment to the combine harvester, which cannot be considered economical for farms with less than several hundreds of acres of corn.

At Wexcombe the threshing machine, a Ransome's product, was set up in the middle of the field, and the reaper cut round and round in an ever-increasing circle. Most farmers who use sweeps in the hay field find less time is spent in coming and going if the rick is built in the centre of the field. Mr. Hosier is not, I imagine, one of those farmers who set their men with scythes to cut carefully round the outside of a field before the binder goes into it, and the loss of a little corn would not in any case worry him.

Threshed out into bags the grain was loaded on lorries to some farm buildings a quarter of a mile away, where it was run through a winnower and over the drying plant which Messrs. Ransomes have perfected. The corn travels slowly over a tray through which air rises and the moisture content is reduced to the percentage required. When I was at Wexcombe the oats contained only 16 per cent. of moisture when they came from the field and were being dried to 14 per cent. In the ordinary way the grain would be dried to 12 per cent. moisture, but Mr. Hosier, in view of the ripe condition of the grain, had given instructions to stop at 14 per cent. Water, as millers and bakers know, weighs well. After a morning shower the wheat came in to the drier with 22 per cent. moisture, and this was reduced to the proportion required.

After leaving the drier, the grain passed through a second winnower. This insistence on clean grain is not often met with to-day. Too many farmers are content to sell their wheat full of dock seeds and other rubbish. Carried on a belt conveyor, the grain then fell into one of a series of seven bins with a total capacity of about 150 tons. Here the dried grain can be stored as required.

At the rick in the field the oat straw was being baled by a Clees machine and built into a rough stack on which Mr. Hosier will no doubt draw for his milking cows next winter.

The obvious advantages of such harvesting equipment are that threshing corn in the field can be accomplished with the minimum expenditure of labour and almost regardless of the weather. The farmer who cuts his corn in the ordinary way with a binder and stooks it for several days before threshing runs a considerable risk in broken weather. Unless the grain is fully ripe and he is lucky with the weather he may have a damp sample which he can only sell at a discount for immediate use. Even in a dry harvest the new wheat and oats will not keep too long, and a quick sale must be effected. Market prices during the past fortnight suggest that many farmers have been ready sellers. The farmer who possesses a drying plant has his corn in first-class condition, and with adequate storage capacity he can afford to wait a favourable turn of the market.

R. F.

A HARVEST BY THE RIVER
*On the Cabrach Borders of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire*

# ENGLISH SHEEP DOG TRIALS

### Arthur Hayton's Win

THE English National Sheepdog Trials were held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Wednesday and Thursday last. Castle's Farm offered good course for length but obstacles were placed at awkward angles, and perfect points were harder to make than usual; sheep, too, were difficult, particularly during brace competition where handler worked two collies simultaneously. Arthur Hayton again won the Shepherds' Cup, ten points ahead of next competitor. J. M. Renwick, of Alston, won the English challenge cup with 98 points for a quietly perfect round. Wednesday opened dull and before noon there was heavy rain, which scattered the crowd and spoilt chances of financial success. In the afternoon, however, there was sunshine, and Thursday was fine throughout. The Duchess of Northumberland presented the prizes.

On the whole, conditions were more difficult than in main classes at Scottish and Welsh trials, and the English team will certainly give good account of itself in the championship at Blackpool. Arthur Hayton, of Yorkshire, is the only hired shepherd in team, compared with two in the Scottish team. From start to finish, competition was good, but some handlers and collies, of whom great things were expected, were rather out of form and failed.

The team, however, represents England on present form. Young blood leads in J. M. Renwick, of Alston. Mark Hayton, who is this year's president of the International Sheepdog Society, was second in Farmers' Class, only a point behind winner. The results were as follows:

Shepherds' Class (*Newcastle Chronicle* Cup).—1, Arthur Hayton, of Clifton, Yorkshire, with Jock, 10min. 7sec.; 2, M. A. McNaught, of Burton, Cheshire, with Fly, 9min. 17sec.

Farmers' Class (English Challenge Cup).—1, J. M. Renwick, of Alston, with Kep, 98 points; 2, Mark Hayton, of Ilkley, with Pat, 97 points.

# FOX PELTS

### British-Farmed Skins

THE pelt question has been to the fore lately and a letter to *The Furriers' Journal*, written by the President of the British Fur Breeders' Association, draws attention to the fact that British breeders are not getting much help from the retail furrier. There are a variety of reasons for this, but chief amongst them is that, although silver fox farmers would welcome the help of the furrier they realise that at present there are far too few British-bred pelts offered for sale each year to make it worth the retailer's while to push them as a separate line.

Sometimes, too, the public are misled by ignorance on the part of shop assistants who will say, "No, we don't stock any farmed skins, only the real wild silver fox"—this remark I myself have heard in Bond Street. Considering that the silver fox is a sport of the ordinary red fox and as such was, before silver-fox farming, only produced by chance in a litter, naturally the number available for the market was very small, and there is no reason to suppose that this freak in nature is in any way increasing to-day, when some 200,000 farmed skins are sold annually at the London fur auctions.

Again, the salesman will, through desire to sell his furs, say that British silver foxes are not up to the Canadian standard, but the fact remains that a British-bred silver fox skin fetched the top price at a recent auction sale where furs are taken solely on their merits—a skin is a skin, and no account is taken of what country they come from.

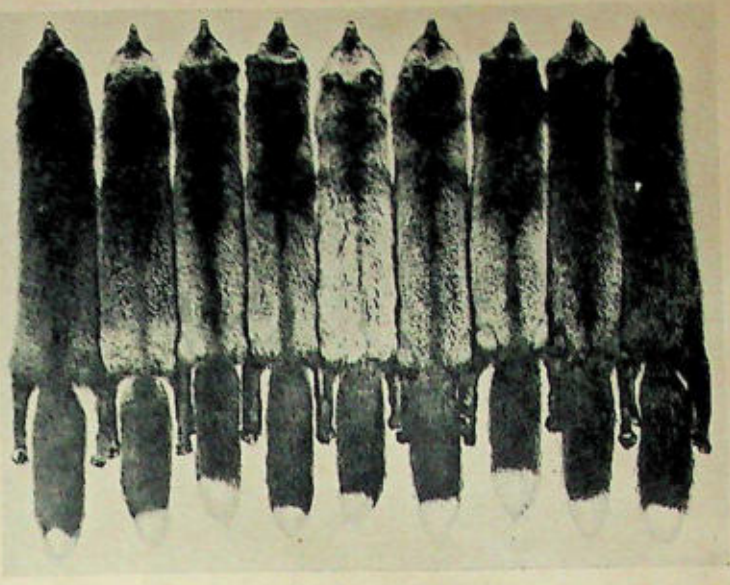
The result of the retail furrier not being able at present to help the fox farmer is that farmers now are having their pelts made up and selling them privately, and it is noticeable that already many people are now going direct to farms for their furs, thereby cutting out several middlemen. By this method, a buyer can be sure of getting a skin taken the previous November or December and therefore absolutely fresh. There is no doubt at all that people are gradually realising that a farm-bred skin, bought from a farm, is a cheaper and more lasting article than one picked up in London which may have come from anywhere and be almost any age.

The usual routine when pelting on a fox farm in this country is for the skins taken during the day to be despatched to a curer that same evening

by passenger train. They are dealt with on arrival and returned to the farm "blubbered and dried." From the skins thus returned a selection is made which is sent to a furrier for making up into single ties, double ties or capes. When they come back they are priced and ready for sale.

Apart from private sales, the fox farmer can send his pelts to one of the large firms who specialise in fur broking. Skins thus sent are graded, divided into lots, placed on view for ten days or so, and then auctioned. For these services a fee of 6 per cent. on the price obtained is usual.

The supply of British-farmed skins will become greater in future years as the industry spreads over this country, and the retailer will realise that it is to his advantage to make a special line of British-bred silver foxes, and there is no doubt that they will fetch as good, or better, prices than those imported. C.



PELTS FROM SILVER FOXES BRED ON COMMANDER C. M. STACK'S FARM IN KENT

# FARMING NOTES

## Bracken Cutting

GOOD reports are heard of the work done by bracken-cutting machines in Scotland. At Rowardennan, on the shores of Loch Lomond, 1,000 acres have been cut by the Collins machine, practically the whole of the area being cut three times. The cost per acre is reckoned at 1s. 9d. allowing depreciation on the machine, the price of which is £70. Cutting by hand may cost as much as 8s. an acre, so the economy is considerable. The maximum amount of damage to the bracken can, it is found, be done when the top of the frond is uncurling. At this period the root has fed the plant to its fullest capacity, and afterwards the leaves start to re-feed the roots.

The bracken cutter is now no longer in the experimental stage. Weighing 2901b., everything about it is built for lightness and strength, the machine running on Dunlop rubber tyres. Many rough grazings in England and Wales as well as Scotland are being ruined by the encroaches of bracken, and this machine will meet a widespread need.

### *Estate Duties*

The annual report of the Land Union refers to the repeal of the land value tax and states that, while for the moment the danger is past, the agitation for a tax of this kind still continues, the London County Council having lately moved in the matter. The raising of revenue on a fictitious capital valuation which varies from time to time can only result in driving away capital which should be invested in land. The Land Union has again urged on the Chancellor of the Exchequer that some relief should be afforded from the heavy estate duties on agricultural land.

The hope is expressed that the Treasury officials now realise that agricultural landed estates cannot be treated for the purpose of estate duty in the same way as estates composed wholly of securities. In the latter case a sale of these securities does not adversely affect the revenue, provided the average number of rich men dying from year to year is maintained, but in the case of the agricultural landowner the position is wholly different. Not only is the economic unit destroyed in many instances, but uncertainty exists amongst tenants as to whether the estate will be carried on or not. Capital is not invested and where break-up occurs and the property is sold to a speculator, the results to agriculture are disastrous.

### *Willows and Osiers*

A bulletin (No. 89) published by the Ministry of Agriculture, price 9d., gives an account of the present position of the willow-growing industry. The past few years have seen the invention of peeling machinery, the effective control of beetle attacks and the production of better types of willows due largely to the experimental work of Long Ashton. Despite these favourable factors there has been a considerable reduction in the acreage under willows. This is largely attributable to competition from abroad with regard to both willow rods and finished basket ware. In the first category imports amount in value to about £15,000 annually, and basket ware is imported to the value of £200,000.

It is emphasised in the Ministry's bulletin that certainty of finding a market depends largely on the quantity of the crop and the manner in which it has been prepared. Home-grown produce has often been faulty in these respects and growers are urged to take every care to prepare and grade the rods to suit the requirements of the basket-making trades.

### *Electricity on the Poultry Farm*

Only two farms in a hundred enjoy the benefits of a main supply of electricity, and much yet remains to be done before it can be said that electricity is making a considerable contribution to the economy of farming in this country. But it is recognised that electricity is eminently suitable for all the applications of heat and power on the poultry farm, for the incubator and the brooder, for the lighting of laying pens, for food mixing, plucking birds and so on. It is the convenience in operation and automatic control, coupled with compactness, cleanliness and quietness which electricity affords that makes its adoption attractive. Mr. C. A. Cameron Brown has set out in *Electricity in Poultry Farming* (Oxford University Press; 2/-) the considerations that weigh with the poultry farmer in his use of electricity.

HOME MILLED BRAN

*for Milk Production at all seasons of the year*

**For evidence regarding Bran as a safe and ideal food over succeeding years read below.**

The wonderful milk yield given by RYBURGH ELM is a significant tribute to the feeding qualities of Home Milled Bran. Here is her performance :—

**1932-33 - over 2,000 gallons**
**1933-34 - over 2,000 gallons**

Calved September 1934 and has given 1250 gallons up to date and is still giving over 6 gallons daily.

*RYBURGH ELM, owned by Mr. A. J. Savory, Great Ryburgh, Norfolk.*

Her ration always contains at least

**25% HOME MILLED BRAN**

C.F.H. 509

# TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

A MORRIS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: A VIEW OF WASDALE WITH THE SUMMIT OF GREAT GABLE (IN THE BACKGROUND) SHROUDED BY CLOUDS

## NEXT YEAR'S CARS—WHAT WILL THEY BE LIKE?

### 1936 Models Which May Capture the Overseas Market

By MAJOR W. WHITTALL

*Until Sir Malcolm Campbell returns from Utah the articles in these columns will be contributed by other Motoring writers*

ENOUGH has been disclosed by the leading motor manufacturing concerns to give a clear line to the developments and improvements to be looked for in the cars of 1936. In spite of all that has been said from time to time about revolutions in design, we now see that there are no basic changes in any of the new models. I do not think that any were really to be expected.

It may be true enough that some firms have gone deeply into the question of changes along what we regard as unconventional lines, such as, for example, independent suspension of the road wheels and front-wheel drive. Some, I know, have shown more than a passing interest in the practice—if it has gone far enough to deserve the term—of mounting the engine in rear of the chassis. All these things may come in the future, because there is no finality in anything, and to affect the belief that the motor car as we know it to-day has reached a stage in design when there is no more to be said would be to ignore all the lessons of past development.

It is not that there are no possibilities in the changes I have mentioned. I am absolutely certain that the car of to-morrow will have all four wheels independently sprung, to take only one example of future development. But before the manufacturer who has achieved fame and reputation by building a sound, reliable and conventional car which has captured the public favour, dare embark upon something which is radically different, he has to be very sure of his ground.

Every change from the methods of to-day must be tried out for years before he dare scrap existing designs to incorporate the new. That is why, despite all the research, all the experimental work we know is going on, and the fruits of which we shall see in the years to come, the car of 1936 differs but little from its sister of the current year.

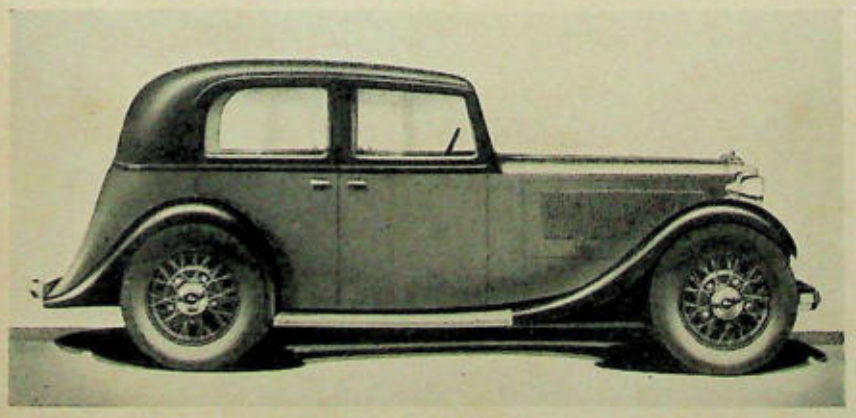
There are two distinct trends observable in the announcements made recently of programmes for next year. The first is due to the tax concession of 25 per cent. which became effective at the beginning of the year. This reduction was made for the avowed purpose of encouraging our export trade in motor vehicles by enabling the British manufacturer to turn out a car which would at one and the same time meet with a ready demand at home and equally appeal to the user in the Dominions and overseas generally.

The horse-power tax has been a two-edged weapon. It has certainly assisted in great measure to encourage motoring at home by giving us the small-engined, high efficiency car which could be built down to a price within the reach of the masses. On the other hand, it has militated against the export trade, because the small car which gives so remarkably good a performance on our own roads simply cannot compete with its American rival over the bad roads and tracks of partly-developed countries. While the general consensus of opinion is that the reduction is not anything like adequate to produce a full effect it has certainly done something, and that something is observable in the announcement of new and larger cars from some of the leading factories.

The Morris "25," for example, is a case in point. In price it competes very favourably with anything that comes to us from abroad; in performance it leaves nothing to be desired; while I cannot imagine a car that is calculated to give better service in the overseas Dominions. The same is to be said of the Austin "Twenty" and "Eighteen," while the new British-built "V 8" Ford comes into the same category.

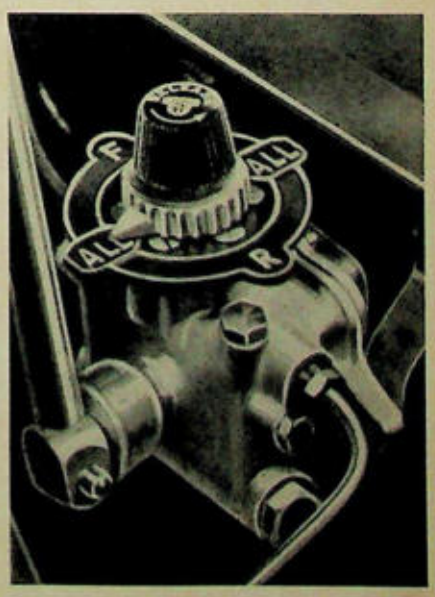
It must not be imagined that the introduction of these larger cars marks any decline in the popularity of the small editions. On the contrary, as it has been the latter which have, in a sense, made motoring in this country, so I think they will continue to be its mainstay. Cars like the Austin Seven and Ten, the Morris Minor and the Ten, and the Ford pair represented by the 8 and 10 h.p. cars, are too intrinsically good both as to price, quality and performance to suffer from larger competition. They cater for a class of their own and fulfil a need that no other type can.

The second tendency I see is to cut away from the over-multiplication of mere gadgets of doubtful utility and to furnish the motorist with an equipment adequate and useful. To take one instance to illustrate my meaning, the vogue of the streamlined body



THE NEW ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY 17 H.P. 4-LIGHT SALOON

*"Spare wheels and the rest of the excrescences which made for ugliness of contour have generally disappeared into the downswept streamlined tail which has become the vogue"*



AN AUSTIN IMPROVEMENT

*The pump distributor unit of the Jackall jacking system on the new Austin Twenty*

A KING'S CUP RECORD

*Captain G. de Havilland, who won the cup in 1933, with his two sons, Peter and Geoffrey, who are flying the new D. H. 90 entered by their father*

may have improved the general appearance of the car, and in some ways has increased convenience. But in others it has brought drawbacks with it. It is seldom, I know, that one has to change a wheel on the road nowadays, but, still, it has to be done on occasion, and who has not at one time or another cursed the maker of his car when crawling under it to place a jack beneath an almost inaccessible rear axle.

Both the Austin and the Morris concerns have now given a valuable lead by installing the Jackall hydraulic system of four-wheel jacks in most of their models. This I regard as being one of the most notable advances in equipment we have seen since the war. I know these firms are not singular in supplying such a system, but as the two largest manufacturing concerns in the country the departure is notable and gives a lead that the rest must inevitably follow.

Coachwork does not seem to have materially changed, except that in the smaller models an effort has been made to give more passenger room without increasing chassis dimensions. Spare wheels and the rest of the excrescences which made for ugliness of contour have generally disappeared into the downswept streamlined tail which has become the vogue.

# CIVIL AIRCRAFT DEVELOPMENT

## Ways and Means of Stimulating Progress

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

LITTLE surprise has been occasioned by the announcement that the Air Ministry, after consultation with the manufacturing and operating sections of the industry, has decided to withdraw its recent offer of a £25,000 prize for a new design of commercial aeroplane.

Since the preliminary details of this contest were issued last March, a great change has come over the whole aviation position. The majority of factories are engaged fully, or will shortly be so, on construction for the R.A.F. expansion; and there have, too, been some considerable developments in commercial flying that could not have been foreseen five months ago. It is in these circumstances that the prize project has now been abandoned.

Thus, aviation history repeats itself, for it is safe to say that of the many prize contests held in the past, hardly any has yielded anticipated results. In the early days of flying, the War Office offered a prize for a military machine, which was won, in 1912, by the Cody "Flying Cathedral." This machine was never adopted for service. In the 1920 commercial-aeroplane competitions, for which the aggregate prizes amounted to as much as £64,000, a large part of the money was not awarded. There have, too, been competitions for safety fuel tanks and helicopters, neither of which has yielded any outstanding result.

It is not without interest, therefore, to ask whether the prize idea is altogether the best way of stimulating the progress of commercial-aeroplane design. So far as the military side is concerned, of course, the element of competition is the regular practice, since different makers submit machines to Air Ministry specification, and the successful type secures orders. The same system is hardly applicable to commercial flying, where the needs of operators vary so widely. At the same time, the good intention of the Government in suggesting a prize should be recognised, and it might be that the money set aside for the purpose could be turned into other channels for the furtherance of civil aviation.

Opponents of the prize system point to the fact that the British industry is quite capable of producing machines of any type and with any performance provided it is assured of orders that will keep its factories busy. One of the most successful commercial biplanes of recent years was designed to the requirements of an independent air operator. Nevertheless, the greatest cost in developing a new type lies in the initial experimental work, which only obtains justification when good orders are available. The prize, now withdrawn, was doubtless intended to cover this heavy cost.

What seems to be the basic problem, therefore, is how conditions can be created to ensure that efficient civil types will be bought in sufficient quantities to make rapid development an economic possibility. This is clearly an end to which Government assistance might well be directed.

First in any such program of assistance would undoubtedly come the provision of ground organisation on a scale that would encourage new operators to come into the field and thus enlarge the market. Coupled with this might be a revision of those regulations and orders which, at present, tend to put a brake on free, commercial development. (It is not suggested, of course, that there should be any relaxation of the safety provisions.)

Another direction, too, in which assistance might be rendered is in helping the British industry to capture overseas markets, particularly in those countries which, without manufacturing industries of their own, have to buy outside their own frontiers. A co-operative sales and propaganda mission, with Government backing, for commercial aircraft would, without question, encourage our constructors to put their funds into the development of new types that could hold their own in any competitive tests.

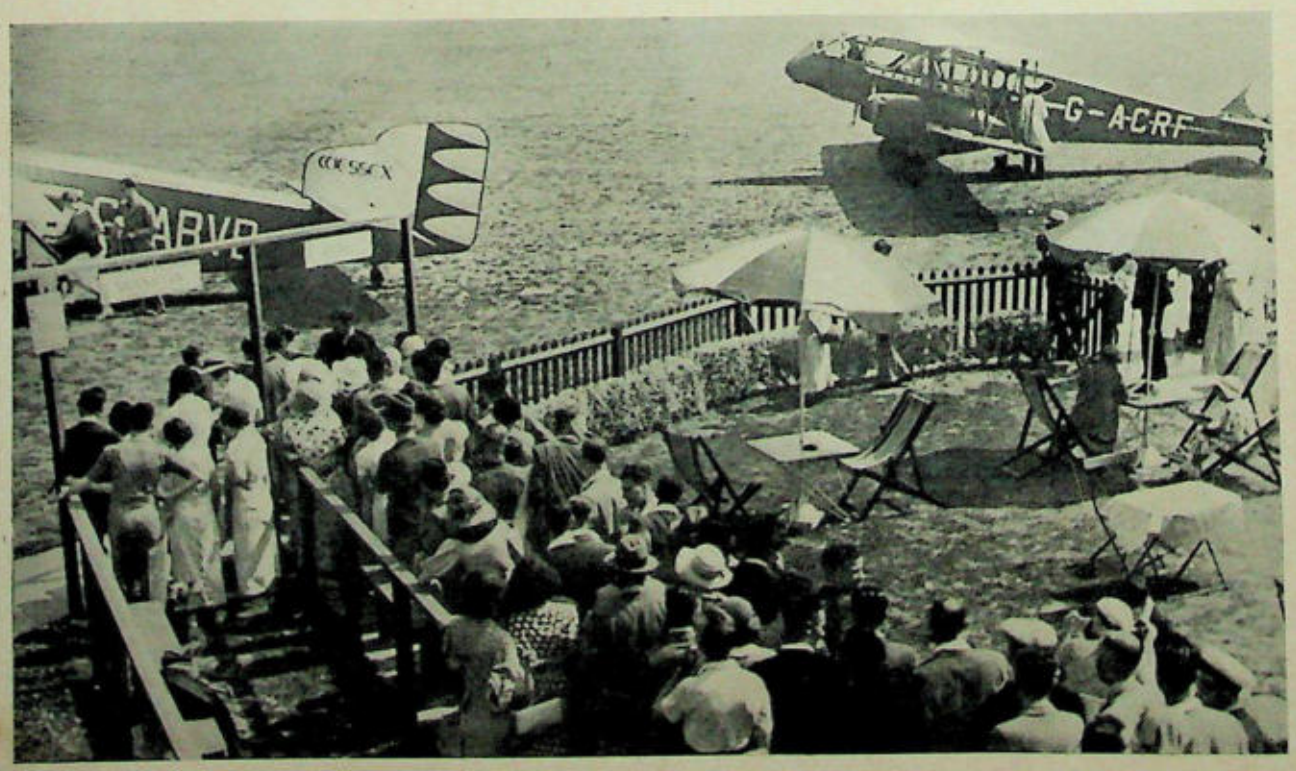
Side by side with constructive measures to increase the market, the aid rendered on the research side might be increased, with a view to lowering the experimental costs.

The work done by the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough has yielded some extremely valuable results; but it is a fact that many manufacturers prefer to undertake *ad hoc* experiment on their own account when results are desired speedily. There can be little doubt that this experimental work is largely duplicated, and effort thus wasted. Some closer co-operation between the research departments of the Government and the manufacturing and operating sections of the industry might well go a long way towards speeding up the development of British commercial types.

In the past two or three years, British designers have shown conclusively what they can do under conditions of free competition. They have made probably a greater advance towards the true commercial aeroplane—one capable of flying at a profit without subsidy—than the designers of any other country, and the growth of internal air lines is due almost entirely to this cause.

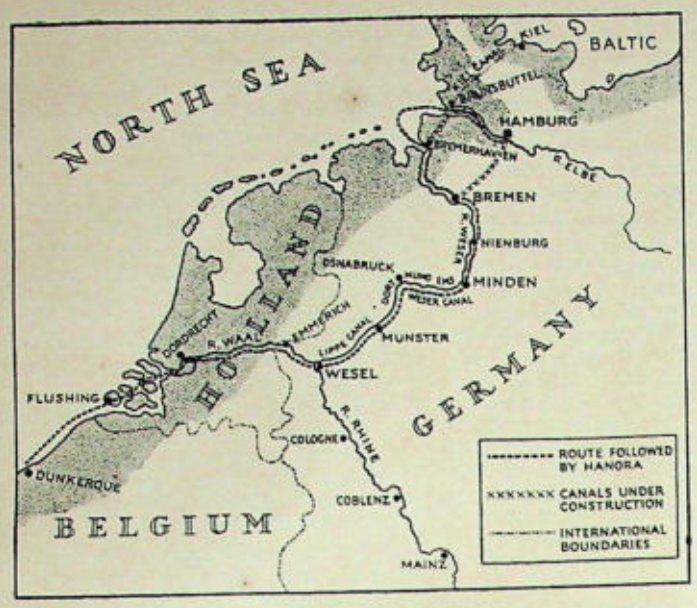
There are some who feel that this free development, in the British tradition, is the best line to follow. It is, however, important to remember that the industries of other countries receive, either directly or indirectly, considerable subsidies; British manufacturers are, therefore, at a marked disadvantage. The case for practical assistance is generally accepted as proved; the Government's willingness to give a prize shows that the principle is officially accepted; what remains, therefore, to be done is that all concerned shall get together to devise the most useful and acceptable means of attaining the desired end.

**International Glider Meeting.**—Most of the leading glider-aviators on the Continent are taking part in the glider competitions now being held on the Alpine plateau of Jungfrau-Joch at a height of 11,385ft. There are many problems to be solved by this meeting. So far the currents of air and their effect upon glider-planes have been studied over plains, cities, hills and sub-alpine heights, but little or nothing is known concerning these air-currents in the high Alps. The meeting, which began last Wednesday, and closes on September 18th, will include competitions for altitude, duration and long distance, and two prizes will be awarded for each event.




ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE BOOM IN CIVIL AVIATION

*Holidaymakers at Portsmouth Airport waiting to fly to the Isle of Wight. In one week in August 3,500 passengers flew between Portsmouth and Ryde, and so popular has this service become that long queues are often formed*




# A BACK DOOR INTO GERMANY

## From the Thames to the Elbe by Inland Waterways

By A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

HANORA is a 30ft. Thornycroft motor yacht (with the accommodation of a 40-footer) and she is driven by two of the same firm's Handy Billy petrol motors, which give her a speed of slightly under eight knots at an hourly consumption of two gallons of petrol. After winning the Thames Motor Cruising Club's reliability trial from Chelsea to Holehaven, a friend of the owner's and I agreed to take her to Hamburg where the owner himself—Mr. A. C. Otway—would be awaiting us.

We chose the inland route for two reasons. Firstly, because of the possibility of being weather-bound for some days in such a small vessel, and, secondly, because of the difficulty of carrying sufficient fuel for the long run between Ymuiden and the mouth of the Ems. The route we mapped out lay from the Thames to Flushing, thence across the island of Walcheren to Veere, the East Scheldt to Dordrecht, the Waal to Emmerich—on the German frontier—the Rhine to Wesel, the Lippe and Dortmund-Ems canals to Munster, the Weser Canal to Minden and the River Weser to Bremen.

From this point our passage, when we left the Thames on August 5th, was somewhat uncertain. Our maps showed us a canal under construction from Bremen to Hamburg direct; they also showed us a small canal from Bremerhaven to the Elbe, near Cuxhaven, which we might be able to take after lightening the yacht sufficiently and providing ourselves with adequate tools for cutting our way through the grass and weeds with which we were told the Ottendorf Canal was overgrown. In any case there remained the sea passage from the Weser to the Elbe; after so much "ditch crawling" we might be glad of a breath of salt air. Nobody on this side could give us any information about either the Hansa or the Ottendorf.

After calling at Ramsgate for fuel we arrived after an extremely pleasant run of fourteen hours at Flushing, and locked immediately and with no formality or charge into the Middelburg Canal at 10 p.m. the same night. The next morning, after replenishing our fuel and other supplies, we sped across the island of Walcheren, through Middelburg to Veere, where we locked down to tide level into the Zandkreek. Along the canal we were raced by parties of Dutch girls on bicycles; in fact, it seems that the bicycle is about the only alternative to barge and boat as a means of transport in Holland.

From Veere a nine-hour run across by the winding channels of the East Scheldt brought us to the old town of Dordrecht on the River Waal, and we found, with the assistance of a helpful Dutchman, a quiet billet for Hanora in Kuipers Haven.

In Holland one does as the Hollanders do, and this we soon found to be the worship of the antique. We were tired, hungry, and above all, thirsty, but while any daylight remained we must with our Dutch guide stand in reverence before the old houses of Dordrecht—which advertise their age by having it in huge stone figures over the door, or brass ones on the door itself. Then after visiting Dordrecht's Venice and the statue of the De Witt brothers we were allowed to eat and drink. Over the meal we learnt that Japanese bicycles are sold in Holland at £2 each, which accounts for the fact that the Dutch do not attempt to compete in their manufacture, or to import them from this country.

MESSRS. JONES, OTWAY (HER OWNER) AND ROBERTS ABOARD HANORA

On the morning of the 7th, before our guide of the night before could remember any ancient buildings we might have missed, we were on our way up the Rhine. For about two hours we were helped along by a friendly flood tide, but soon we had left tidal waters behind for a week or so. Except for the few miles which lie between the towns of Lobith (on the Dutch side of the frontier) and Emmerich (on the German), which appear to be a sort of no-man's water, and comparatively deserted, the river was thick with barges, in tow of powerful tugs. Going upstream when loaded each tug tows three or four barges in line ahead with some hundred feet of stout wire between each craft. Coming down, the light barges generally tow in pairs and give way to upstream traffic.

The reason for this very sensible arrangement is that craft bound against the current desire to avoid as much as possible its greatest strength and they signify their intention of keeping to port instead of starboard (as the international rule of the road demands) by putting out a blue flag on the starboard side. Every tug or motor barge within sight bound downstream is obliged to do the same on *her* starboard side, and the vessels pass with their blue flags towards each other.

As we had no blue flag we kept on the other side out of mischief, and generally out of the strongest stream, and as much as possible avoided being caught between two streams of traffic bound in opposite directions.

We reached Emmerich at 8.30 p.m., and went into the yacht haven—which is to be recognised by a dolphin which lies just inside the entrance. The calm peacefulness of this picturesque spot, after the wash of hundreds of craft and the constant struggle against the stream in the river, is remarkable and one's senses seem to be soothed to rest in unison with the yacht. Here, at the small clubhouse on a pontoon alongside which willing young German yachtsmen secured us, we learnt our first news of the debatable part of our journey—the Hansa Canal was open. This would save us a day, perhaps two, and we sent the glad news ahead to the owner in Hamburg.

We also received a surprise of another kind—the German Customs Officers would not visit us until 8.30 the following morning to examine our triptyque; we were to be allowed the run of Germany for twelve hours without having officially been welcomed.

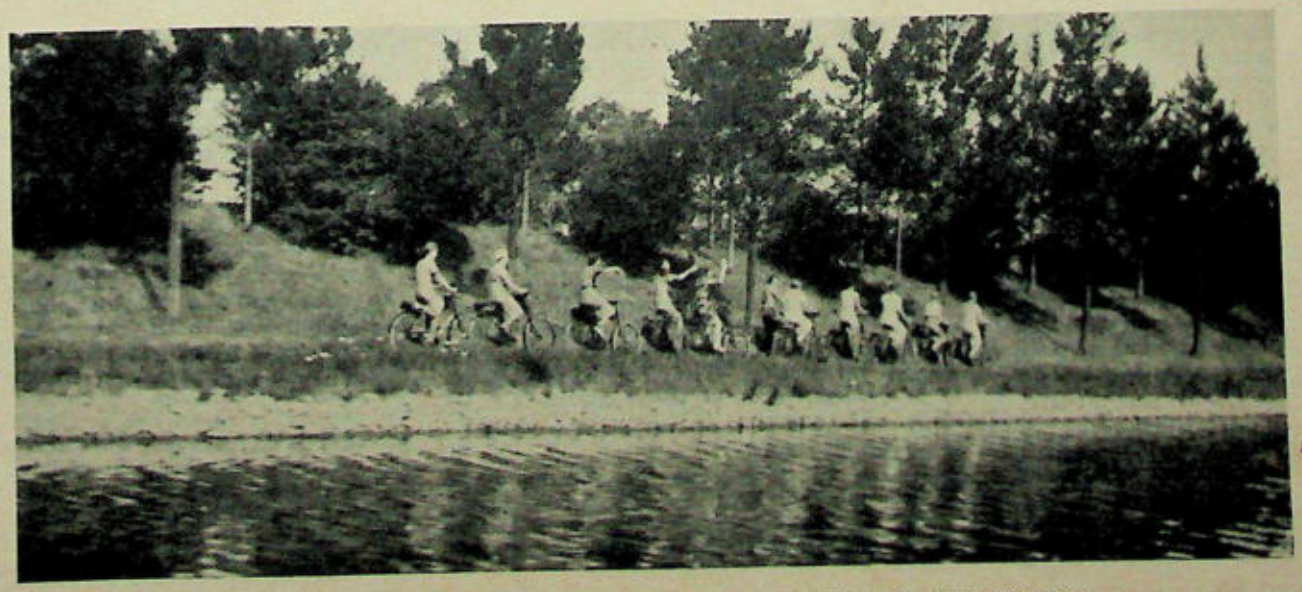
Several of the young members of the Emmerich Yacht Club sat with us in our little saloon till late into the night keeping up a spirited conversation in a sort of Esperanto which we made up as we went along. It contained words from most of the European languages, and was helped out with our hands and sundry sketches on blank pages of the rough logbook.

The next morning we were visited by a serious young yachtsman who spoke very good English, and who told us of a visit he had made to one of our East Coast yachting clubs (I will not mention its name for very shame) in the German sloop Kiwitt in June, 1926. At first they were taken for Dutchmen and made free of the club, but later, when it was discovered they were German, they were more or less politely requested to keep out!

As one who has recently received nothing but friendliness and courtesy through the length and breadth of Germany, I hope this will be seen *and marked* by the officers of the club in question.

Sharp at 8.30 two green uniformed officials boarded us, examined our papers and wished us a pleasant cruise through their country. We learnt that the taking of spirits into Germany is prohibited; it is not a question of paying duty on them, it just is not allowed. Fortunately we had practically finished the small amount we had brought and there was no question of searching the ship or even asking for a list of consumable stores.

At 3.40 the three spires of Wesel came into view, and by 4.45 we were tied up at a small landing place near the first lock on the Lippe Canal. The entrance to the Lippe may easily be missed from the river unless one keeps well to port *after passing* the town of Wesel. We had been told that the great steel bridge to which the lock gate is hoisted could be seen from the Rhine. This is true, but we were not prepared for a structure which looks like the lower part of the Tower Bridge. In any case we found we had come too far; we should have stopped at the "Direction"

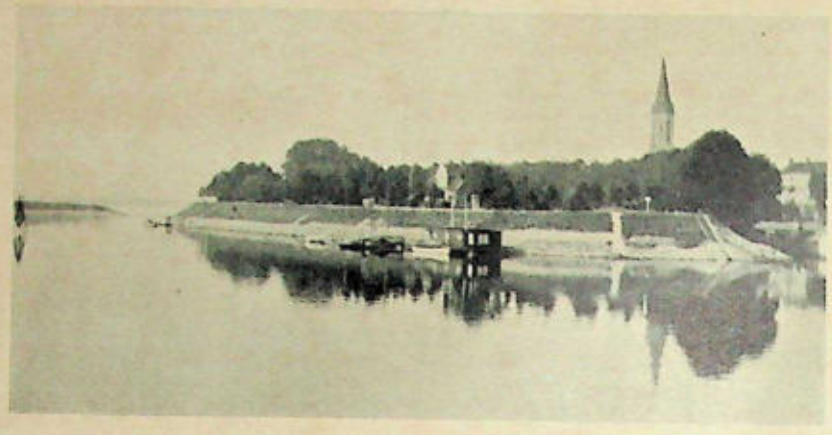


"ALONG THE CANAL WE WERE RACED BY PARTIES OF DUTCH GIRLS ON BICYCLES"

office which lies on the starboard hand at the mouth of the canal and not at the lock, which lies round a bend about half a mile further on.

Roberts walked back while I examined the lock, quite the largest and deepest I had then seen. After about an hour he returned, and I gathered that the conversation had gone after this fashion. As the "Direction" had no English and Roberts only a few odd words of German it may have been quite different.

"You must pay 38 marks to pass through the 'slices' of the Lippe Canal." As we had about three



THE CALM YACHT HAVEN AT EMMERICH

marks between us Roberts shook his head emphatically.

"Then you must pay 24 marks—dat is goot?" Again Roberts maintained that it was definitely not "goot." After this there was a long conversation with someone "higher up," during which my shipmate gathered that his description and the class he appeared to belong to were being asked for and given (fortunately he was wearing a pair of very elegant shoes and survived this), and then, to his surprise, he was given a cigar and told we could settle the dues at Munster.

We got through the lock, in company with a flotilla of craft, at 6.30, and met the captain of the motor barge Oldenburg, or, as he became known to us, Captain Oldenburg. This old German seaman with a face like a prizefighter and a heart of gold, came aboard and said.

"What is the use of you burning petrol for nothing? They will not open the 'slices' ahead until we arrive (meaning his own and the other barges). Give me your rope, and you will be just as far ahead at the end of the day."

This seemed sound common sense, and we spent most of the next day towing quietly along behind the Oldenburg.

Captain Oldenburg, we found, had served in the ships of many countries besides his own, including British and Nova Scotia sailing ships. He remembered one of my own, the four-masted barque Torrisdale, of Glasgow, and mentioned several well-known British windjammers that I had been in company with in which he had served as an A.B. There was no corner of the world that Captain Oldenburg did not know.

From our informative friend we learnt that the Hansa Canal was *not* finished; we also received concise directions as to where to turn out of the Lippe into the Dortmund-Ems, and from the latter into the Weser Canal, which were to prove most helpful. He himself would be leaving us at the next lock to discharge a load of stones with which the canal banks are built up.

At daybreak next day we entered the lock and at 7.30 our friend, the captain of the Oldenberg, left us after handing us over to his mate in Hansa II, but ten minutes in tow of the latter's powerful Diesel motor, during which we sheered violently from side to side like a restive colt, was enough, and we cast off and went on under our own Handy Billies.

Dorsten was a mass of water and sun bathers when we passed at 8.30, and at 1.40 we locked out of the last "slice" near the entrance to the Dortmund-Ems Canal. Here we were taken in charge by an official in mufti, who ordered us to follow his launch to a small "Direction" office on the starboard bank facing the Dortmund-Ems, which turns sharp to port, and secured alongside the launch while he telephoned for instructions.

Exactly an hour we remained, chafing at the delay while our fate was being discussed over the 'phone; but at last we were told we might proceed, and at 7.30 the same night we arrived at Munster. Munster is a large town and is evidently of considerable importance these days from a military and air force point of view, which may account for the reluctance to allow us to go through. We arrived and were greeted by hundreds of young people canoeing and playing tennis; steered along past a huge Schloss out into the country again, and just when we had come to the conclusion that we had passed our destination we turned a corner to find ourselves confronted by a crescent of locks leading apparently all over Central Germany.

We were given a berth across the end of a disused dry-dock close alongside the "Direction" office, where we could be kept under observation while fresh instructions were received. It was 1.20 p.m. on the following day, August 10th (five days from Ramsgate), before we were given permission to proceed, and we immediately entered the left-hand lock, whose gates are decorated with black-and-white stripes, on our way down country. We had passed the summit, and all the locks ahead of us were to lower us towards the tide level of the Weser river. From Munster to Minden is a great run without a single lock, and we were able to run at full speed for hour after hour, and average nearly 8 knots. We passed into the beautiful and placid Weser Canal at 4.45 p.m.; a sharp turn to starboard under a stone bridge and a half-tide lock, and opened the throttle.

Saturday night we spent tied up to the barge Anna, and were hospitably received by the captain and his wife.

At dawn on Sunday we cast off and by 11.30 we were secured to a small landing-stage in the large dock at Minden. The run through the early morning mist along the still canal with only the scampering rabbits for living company, was weird and unreal, and we were glad when the sun came out to warm our chilled bodies again. We found, at Minden, that barges did not use the enormous lock which lowers vessels 60ft. to the Weser river below on Sunday. If we wished to go down alone we must pay 7 marks 50. On the morrow, in company with other craft, we could go down for nothing.

As we had no fuel, or money to buy any with or with which to pay lock dues, until the banks opened on Monday, we spent the day water and sun bathing at Minden.

We woke on Monday morning to find the yacht so completely smothered with dead white moths that we thought at first it had been snowing. It took me three hours to clear them off while Roberts went to the bank and arranged for fuel to be delivered. At 1 p.m. this was aboard, and in company with a white river steamer we entered the imposing portals of Minden lock.

In spite of its size we were down and out within fifteen minutes, and going full speed down the canalised section of the Weser. The water was very low, and we had a good deal of sounding to do. Seldom was there more than a foot under us, and frequently less, and it was necessary to watch the surface of the water carefully both for shallows and to learn where the current and the deepest water lay. In spite of this we made good time, and as the twilight was deepening we came into sight of a large number of sailing yachts moored to stages on the East bank of the river.

We found we were at Barme, with still 50 odd kilometres to go to Bremen, and that there were several difficult places and two locks which could not be negotiated in the dark, so we remained at Barme for the night.

Here we found a loquacious yachtsman who not only mapped out for us a tour in the Baltic, rattling off the names of the places we should visit like a Cook's guide, but who gave us most concise but conflicting directions for passing through the Ottendorf Canal. As an alternative, if we were too deep or too high we could go by a trickle of water between quicksands which led at over half-tide from the Weser to the Elbe at Cuxhaven. We did not like the sound of the word

A REAL FRIEND IN NEED
*Hauptwachtmeister Viehweger of Bremerhaven*

quicksand, and decided then and there to avoid this particular withy-marked route at all costs.

A further item of advice we received at Barme was to write to the owner of the locks on the Ottendorf, who was a farmer with a habit of locking up the locks to go and see to his harvesting.

We were under way before six on the morning of the 13th, determined, if possible, to make Bremerhaven that day. In a cold drizzle, the first daylight rain since leaving England, we pushed off into the unknown with no map and no idea what lay ahead of us except two locks and one "nasty" bit of river. An hour later, having followed the usual river routine of keeping round the outside of bends and watching the surface to see where the stream ran strongest in the straights, we arrived without touching at the first lock. This is a great building on the port hand with a wire protected weir across the river and a narrow pier dividing the pool of the lock from the weir.

There is a special lock, very smooth and clean, for yachts against the weir and outside the pool; we were soon inside and being gently lowered some 15ft. The section of the canalised Weser on which we now found ourselves is the scene of intense activity. Dredgers in the stream, and thousands of workmen improving the banks, where black and white diamonds to starboard and red and white to port indicate the channel.

We touched once in crossing from the port to the starboard bank too soon, but did no damage. At 10.45 we entered the smallest of two large locks, and five minutes later we were in tidal waters for the first time since leaving Dordrecht.

Spar buoys marked the channel to Bremen, which large and busy town we passed through with a swishing tide behind us, at 11.30, and by 4.10 we were tied up to a high smelly wall in the river Geeste, by which stream we expected to reach the Ottendorf Canal later in the evening. An ancient German mariner looked down from the quay and inquired in very good English whence we had come. When he learnt that we were bound up the Geeste he told us that the canal had been closed for widening and deepening for some months, and would not be in operation again this year. So at last we had learnt the truth about the Ottendorf! But we had to come within a few miles of it to learn it.

Roberts came back from the shore about an hour later; there was no British Consul now in Bremerhaven, and our mail—and money—had been sent to Bremen. On board we had the usual 20 pfennigs or so, not enough even to 'phone the Consul in Bremen or the owner in Hamburg. We tried every office, including the harbour master's, without success, and were wondering whether we should starve to death in Bremerhaven while money and mails awaited us a four-hour run up the Weser at Bremen, when Hauptwachtmeister (Head watch-master or, as we should call him, sergeant) Viehweger came on the scene.

Now the H.W.M. at Bremerhaven is one of the most formidable-looking officers in a formidable force, but he was for several years bo'sun of a New York pilot cutter (we gathered this is almost as tough a job). Anyway, he wore the Red Duster and Stars and Stripes on his arm to indicate that he was an interpreter in both English *and American*, and he was bubbling over with kindliness and resource. Jumping into a taxi he collected every pfennig in his house from a doubtful frau, and tore back and landed Roberts at the station as the last train was leaving for Bremen. The next morning he met every train until he arrived and brought him back in triumph to the yacht.

Then we heard that considerable commotion had been caused the night before, and Viehweger had had to explain to an angry crowd why the English spy had been allowed to go by train alone. The next morning, a strong wind having kept us in Bremerhaven all the 14th, we were on our way early, passing the beautiful Europa, which was to bring me back in 20 hours on the Friday. We were out of the Weser by 10.10, and passing Elbe Lightship No. 2 at noon. Stopping at Brunsbüttel to telephone our arrival at 7 p.m., and missing the tide up by the amount of time we had spent there, it was 10.30 p.m. before we finally turned into the beautiful yacht harbour at Finkenwerder. I have dreamt many times of such a place. In Hamburg I saw it. Two attentive watchmen guided us to our billet with an electric torch, made us fast, and handed over our mails.

Since leaving Holehaven we had covered 704 miles in 102 running hours.

# THE FIELD

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A. B. SELLERS, CAPTAIN OF THE CHAMPION COUNTY

Winning the County Championship for the eighteenth time and for the fourth time in the last five years, Yorkshire owe not a little to the ability and shrewd judgment of their captain. The son of an old Yorkshire cricketer, who played for the county in the 'nineties, A. B. Sellers was appointed captain in 1933, after having led the side for most of the 1932 season. During the period of his leadership, extending over four years, Yorkshire have lost only 11 matches and won 68 in the County Championship. Combining soundness with enterprise, Sellers has more than once won success by seizing an opportunity at the right moment. He has always set the team a fine example of keenness in the field, besides pulling his weight as a batsman; last year he was the first amateur since 1901 to score a thousand runs in a season for Yorkshire. The County side this season has shown once again the all-round efficiency characteristic of Yorkshire cricket and is well worthy of the Championship. The county has accepted an invitation to send a team to tour the West Indies during the coming winter.

J·R·D WHISKY

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# GAME PRESERVATION

THE report of Captain C. R. S. Pitman, Game Warden of Uganda, on his *Faunal Survey of Northern Rhodesia* (published by the Crown Agents for the Colonies, price 7/6), arrives most opportunely. The Government of Northern Rhodesia are to be congratulated on their enterprise in commissioning one who has both the knowledge of a highly qualified naturalist and the experience of a Game Warden of proved worth to carry out this really comprehensive examination. Captain Pitman's report is a model for such an undertaking—clear thinking, devoid of cant or sentiment, and based on practical considerations. One cannot but hope that the Government of Northern Rhodesia will take their courage in both hands and act on these recommendations by instituting a game department to work on the lines laid down. The recommendations cannot be dealt with here in detail except to note that, though there has been a "progressive decrease," there is an abundance of game still left.

Captain Pitman makes out an overwhelming case for the establishment of elephant control, and his opinion as the official responsible for the largest elephant control scheme in the world is to be respected. Elephant shooting has always been an affair of the expert, and now that the prevention of "killing for profit" is rightly regarded as the object of all game preservation, it is obviously wise to have a properly trained staff to shoot what elephants it may be considered necessary to eliminate. The danger is that a system once started to protect native cultivation and keep elephant herds at a reasonable level may become regarded, ultimately, as a permanent source of revenue, and this pleasing additional income, as opposed to the strict needs of conservation, may be quoted by game departments as justification for their existence.

He writes at some length on the subject of National Parks, and of the difficulties that go to their establishment. Yet the planning of these parks is a pressing problem. We cannot fully agree with him that the creation of these parks is premature, though we most certainly agree that their choice and location should not be set about by haphazard or slap-dash methods. But unless a very long view is taken in these matters, experience, repeated again and again, has shown that the man on the spot is inclined to be an opportunist, and things are generally left till it is too late.

Actually the question is not one in which the Northern Rhodesian Government has much choice. The Colonial Office has pledged Northern Rhodesia and all other British African colonies by signing the Convention of 1933 with regard to the preservation of game, to "explore forthwith the possibility of establishing in their territories National Parks and strict natural reserves [a modified form of National Park] . . . within two years of the entry into force of the present convention."

It is, therefore, incumbent on the governments concerned to implement this decision both in the letter and the spirit. And it might be pertinent to ask at this juncture how far this has been done, and how far a young, active and newly-appointed Secretary of State will insist that it should be done. He will doubtless consider that this thoughtful and comprehensive report deserves a close study, for only by acting along lines such as these, and acting immediately regardless of the indifference of officials or the inevitable local difficulties, can we preserve wild life.

## FROM SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

*After one trial at 240 m.p.h. to acquaint myself with the course and to test the car, I decided to make the record attempt on the following day, September 3rd. Started at 7 a.m., but weather extremely hot at this early hour and no wind. Engine ran magnificently, and was accelerating along whole distance.*

*Two miles from measured mile, when travelling at 280 m.p.h., I closed the radiator shutter to reduce wind resistance. Immediately a film of oil was thrown over windscreen, which greatly impaired vision and continued to get worse as we proceeded. I could only just pick out markings as we flashed over end of measured mile. Shortly after shutting off motor, near front tyre burst, due to having swerved off course and to fact that we were employing small front wheels with a view to reducing wind resistance. The car behaved magnificently, and I managed to hold her to course, even though blowout occurred when travelling at more than 250 m.p.h. Speed for first run was in excess of 304 miles. After changing wheels, I made return run, but did not close radiator shutter owing to effect of impaired visibility. Return speed exceeded 298 m.p.h., average both runs being in excess of 301 m.p.h.*

*Salt beds present wonderful possibilities for high speed runs, being hard and flat. But surface of salt is rough and climatic conditions very hot, both tending to heat up tyres. A black line was painted over entire thirteen-mile course, and car straddled this except when swerve after mile. Gathered very valuable data on these two runs as a Cine-Kodak photographic record was made of all instruments, also special accelerometer told us what horse-power was absorbed in overcoming wind resistance, and how much lost in rolling resistance.*

*Very satisfied with results.* CAMPBELL.

*(By cable)*

## EXCESS SHOT LOADS

SOME publicity has recently been given to the subject of increased shot loads and their advantages, but it would seem necessary to suggest a word of caution to the shooting public. Although it may be quite safe to fire charges of shot slightly in excess of that marked on the barrels, it is not advisable to follow this course without consultation with a qualified gunmaker. In the case of such cartridges supplied by responsible loaders, little excess pressure is developed, but a case was recently brought to the notice of the *Field* wherein a pressure 60 per cent. above the normal was developed. One need not enlarge on the effect likely to be caused by such cartridges in worn out guns such as one frequently comes across in country districts.

### CHARGES FOR SHORT CHAMBERS

A foreign metal cartridge case has recently been placed on the market which, although 2in. long, contains charges of shot usually fired in guns of 2¾in. chambers. The importers very properly state in their advertisement that these cartridges "must not be used in 12-bore 2in. chambered guns if they have been proved for lighter loads of powder and shot." Unfortunately most of us never read printed instructions, and from long habit conclude that all cartridges of suitable length can be fired without risk. Certainly a warning note should be printed on each package, and it is at least a debatable point whether the continued sale of such cartridges is not a matter for the Home Office and the Board of Trade. There is no need to be alarmist on the subject, but one cannot blind oneself to such a fact as that of a recent *Field* test of 2in. 1¼oz. cartridges: the pressure developed was 3½ tons per square inch as against the 2½ tons which we would suggest as a suitable maximum. Guns chambered for 2in. cartridges are becoming increasingly popular among those who require a light gun, and these sportsmen and sportswomen should be able to buy their cartridges without any feeling of ambiguity whatever.

### THE *COUNTRYMAN*

In 1927 The *Countryman* was published for the first time, a modest little volume of 88 pages with a green paper cover. To-day the *Countryman* numbers 384 pages, and the editorial announcement is made that its certified January and April circulation averaged 10,515 copies. All this must certainly make a record for a quarterly magazine. The October number is full of good things, among them a thoughtful and valuable article asking the question, "Are Wild Flowers really in Danger?"; a further selection of unpublished Cobbett letters; an essay on the ethics of hunting, by Basil de Selincourt, which ought to lead to an interesting correspondence; and a charming instalment of "Epistles from an Old Homestead." In the *Countryman* you are really in the country, even among the advertisements.

### "UNOFFICIAL" TEST MATCHES

What exactly is the qualification for "official" Test Matches in cricket? The question arises in connection with the tour in New Zealand during the coming winter. The list of fixtures includes three matches against New Zealand, but the M.C.C. Secretary, Mr. W. Findlay, emphasised that these are not official Test Matches. The last time an England team toured New Zealand, in 1929–30, three matches against New Zealand were arranged, and there was no suggestion that they were not "official" matches. The New Zealand team which visited this country in 1931 played three Test Matches against England, and D. R. Jardine's team to Australia in 1932–33 also played two matches against New Zealand, which were labelled Test Matches. The term "Test" means a match between teams qualified to represent their countries and nothing else.

### RATTLES ON RACECOURSES

Very wisely the Jockey Club have decided that horses may not be encouraged by the aid of rattles or bells on the ends of whips. This important decision arose out of a recent case when a jockey won a race by the means of a rattle at the end of his whip. Why this should encourage a racehorse it is at a loss to determine: perhaps the British thoroughbred is as susceptible in this way as a College boat. The Rules of Racing are singularly ambiguous in respect of whips. Every racing man knows that whips are not included in the jockey's weight at scale, and that apprentices may not carry whips or wear spurs in apprentice races. At the same time there is nothing in the Rules to prevent a jockey riding with a shooting stick or an umbrella if he desires to do so! A clear ruling, or a re-framing of the rules appertaining to it, would be of practical value in this respect.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From the cookery notes of illustrated daily paper, forwarded to us by countless readers. "The Epicure's Red Letter Day.—September the first is one of the days which make the epicure glad he's alive, for there's an "r" in the month, and not quite as many pheasants in the air. Pheasant Cutlets: Have two pheasants, some bread crumbs. . . ."

### OUR RUGBY VISITORS

Unlike most games Rugby football is, happily, not yet overburdened with tours and there is all the more reason to give a special cheer for the arrival in London of the Rugby team from New Zealand—the "All Blacks" as they have come to be known for no other reason than that they play in black gear. It is eleven years since the last team were here, and no one who saw that side can have forgotten how very much they added to the interest and excitement of the season. The fact that they won all their matches lends something of a halo to the present team, which our own players will do well to forget as soon as they get on the field of play. The side is bound to be very good, coming from a country where Rugby is *the* national game. But we may at least begin by assuming that we have players just as good.

### BENNY LYNCH'S TRIUMPH

It is not often that a world title in the boxing world changes hands, still less often that it changes hands in this country as the result of a fight between two Britons. So last Tuesday's fight when Benny Lynch, of Glasgow, beat Jackie Brown, of Manchester, in most decisive fashion for the world Fly-weight Championship, which Brown won in 1932 from Young Perez, was an event of some importance, and an event which has done nothing to lower the prestige of British boxing. Few can have expected the dramatic turn of the fight, when Lynch had the champion outpointed and mastered in less than two rounds. Although Brown was not actually counted out he was down on seven occasions for a count, and so far as could be seen the winner did everything that he could in the manner of a world beater. It is perhaps too early to say as the result of so short a fight that the new champion is a second Jimmy Wilde: one can at least suggest that it is possible that he may be.

### GRAYLING AGAIN

Sudden drops in temperature in the early hours bring grayling as benignant personalities once more over the trout-fisher's horizon. During the last few months, at all events in the south, they have been included in that variable class which may be game or vermin according to the angler's mood; but with autumn mists revealing countless spiders' webs in the meadows the "lady of the stream" is once again accepted as a hostess in polite society.

This year there are rumours from some southern chalk streams that she has deserted from her customary haunts. Is it only that, like many other species, grayling have shifted their quarters, or have their numbers been seriously depleted by the drought? Trout, though difficult to catch, have maintained themselves in a fat and well-liking condition, but last season grayling had fared badly. Has the drought really decimated the shoals, or are the fish only "playing 'possum"?

### ANTIRRHINUM RUST

Last year, as many gardeners will remember, antirrhinums died off over large areas from a rust which is familiar to Americans but which appeared for the first time in this country in July, 1933. The plants shrank into black dust. The advice given by Mr. F. J. Chittenden in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, of November, 1934, was to burn every plant everywhere, no matter whether or not infected, and to start with fresh seed in the spring of this year. Probably all Fellows of the Society followed this advice. What has been the general experience of gardeners during the present season? Has the rust reappeared, or have the spores been eradicated? It would be interesting to gather details of rust-ridden and rust-free localities.

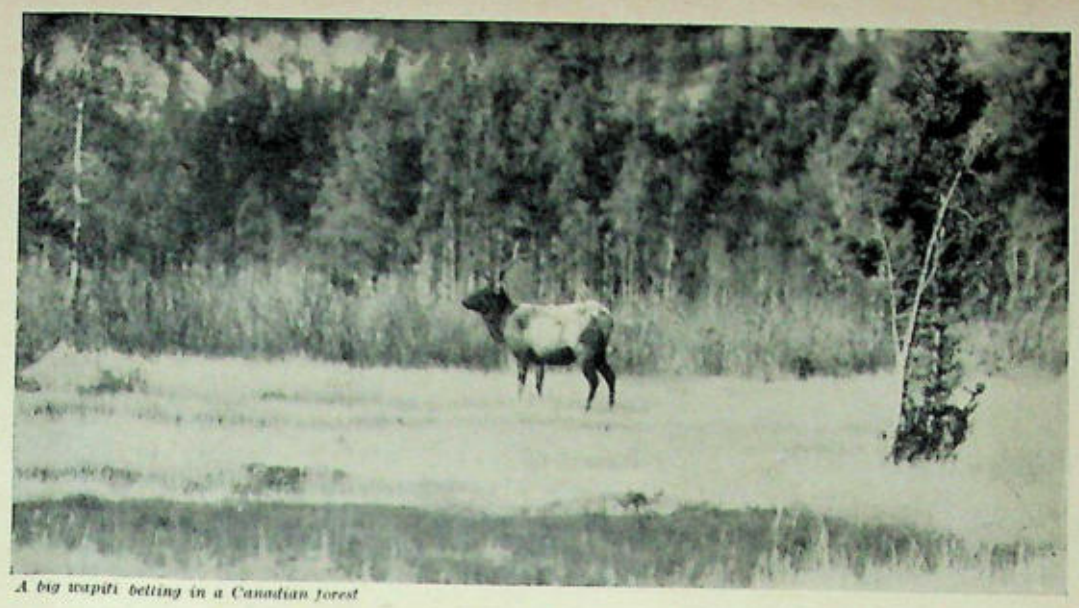
### BACK TO THE HILL

There's a clink of hooves in the rocky pass,
And a stone leaps down to the burn beneath.
The West wind ripples the Autumn grass,
With a tang of the sea in its gentle breath;
All's blue overhead; good-bye to the rain,
For the rifle is out on the forest again.

The fairy song from a tinkling rill
Makes glad our way as we breast the steep;
The last note fades, and the world is still
Where the high tops drowse in a noontide sleep;
And the heart of the stalker exults as of yore
For joy to be out on the forest once more.

A good stag stands on the corrie's face,
And he turns broadside as he stoops to feed,
But all his wonder of agile grace
May help him not in his hour of need;
For the bullet speeds, and he scarce knows pain,
But the rifle has killed on the forest again.

D. M. WILLS.



*A big wapiti belling in a Canadian forest*

# MID-SEPTEMBER'S FESTIVAL

## The World-Wide Season of the Stag

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR ROBERT PIGOT, BART.

DATES mean much to the average mortal in the arranging of his life. We can no longer, in these days, make much use of the rising and setting of the sun or of the phases of the moon for any practical purpose; we must have exact dates and times in our homes, in our business, our professions and even in our sport. Besides which they give a pleasing feeling of the definite.

In the world of sport in Great Britain we reckon on August 12th as the opening of the grouse shooting, on September 1st as that of partridge shooting, on October 1st as that of pheasant shooting, on November 1st as that of foxhunting. Yet none of these dates, not even August 12th, the only one to have any practical significance, are of the slightest interest to people outside Great Britain.

It is interesting, therefore, to recall, at this season of the year, that there is one other date, September 15th which, though it may be of interest to only a small number of Britons, is nevertheless one that is perhaps world-wide wherever men hunt the deer tribe.

It has always seemed to me a remarkable thing that on September 15th, almost to the day, the deer begin to call alike in British Columbia, in Scotland, in the Carpathians, in the Caucasus, in Cashmere, in Central Asia and in Far-Eastern Siberia. It is a date which binds all the hunters of the Northern Hemisphere into one brotherhood.

Yet in spite of its exactness as a date it is one that is but little reckoned on by even the ardent big game hunter. Many such hunters will know vaguely that deer start rutting about the middle of September, but they have never been interested in any exact date, others will not even know approximately when the rut commences. I have often discussed this with other hunters, but have not met one that considered September 15th more important than any other date round about this time. Yet I have found it so exact myself that to me at any rate September 15th is stag day, even as to other men August 12th is that of grouse.

I have known men who have been on journeys of many weeks' duration with wapiti, red deer and other deer as their objective. Often they have come back disappointed and with the idea that the animals in question were shot out. My question to them has always been "What date were you there?" and always I have found that they were hunting in the summer, in midwinter, at any time, in fact, except during the rutting season, and when I have enlarged on the merits of September 15th, they have sometimes laughed. As well might the grouse shooter arrive on his moor in Ascot Week, or the foxhunter turn up at the meet in his pink coat on October 1st, as the hunter look for deer in the vast forests which they normally inhabit, except during the rutting season.

I still sometimes wonder if September 15th is just my own red letter day or an image of my own imagination. Yet I have proved it so often as an exact date for the commencement of the rut that I can hardly believe it otherwise.

By the beginning of September, or even earlier, the stags will have cleaned their horns of velvet, but until the rut commences no form of hunting is of any avail. One may stumble across a big one by pure luck, but the chance of doing so is so remote as to be barely worth the trouble. Later in the year it may be possible to track them in the snow, but the deer's sense of hearing and smell is so acute that one seldom gets the biggest head by this method. It is during the rutting season that the big ones are most easily found, and the very commencement of the rut is the easiest time of all. The following is but one case to illustrate my point: When I visited Central Asia I had been making my preparations for a year, and had aimed to arrive in the Tian Shan wapiti forests by September 15th. I had reached the Tian Shan some weeks before this date and had been busy hunting ibex. One grand old buck had eluded me day after day by choosing a quite inaccessible place in which to lie, but I must needs leave him by a certain date in order to reach the wapiti forests further to the East.

Actually I arrived on wapiti ground on September 11th, and for the next three days I hunted for signs of stags or even hinds with no success. Hardly a track, and never a fresh one, no sign of a stag was to be seen or heard. And then on the night of September 14th–15th the weather changed to sleet and rain and gale.

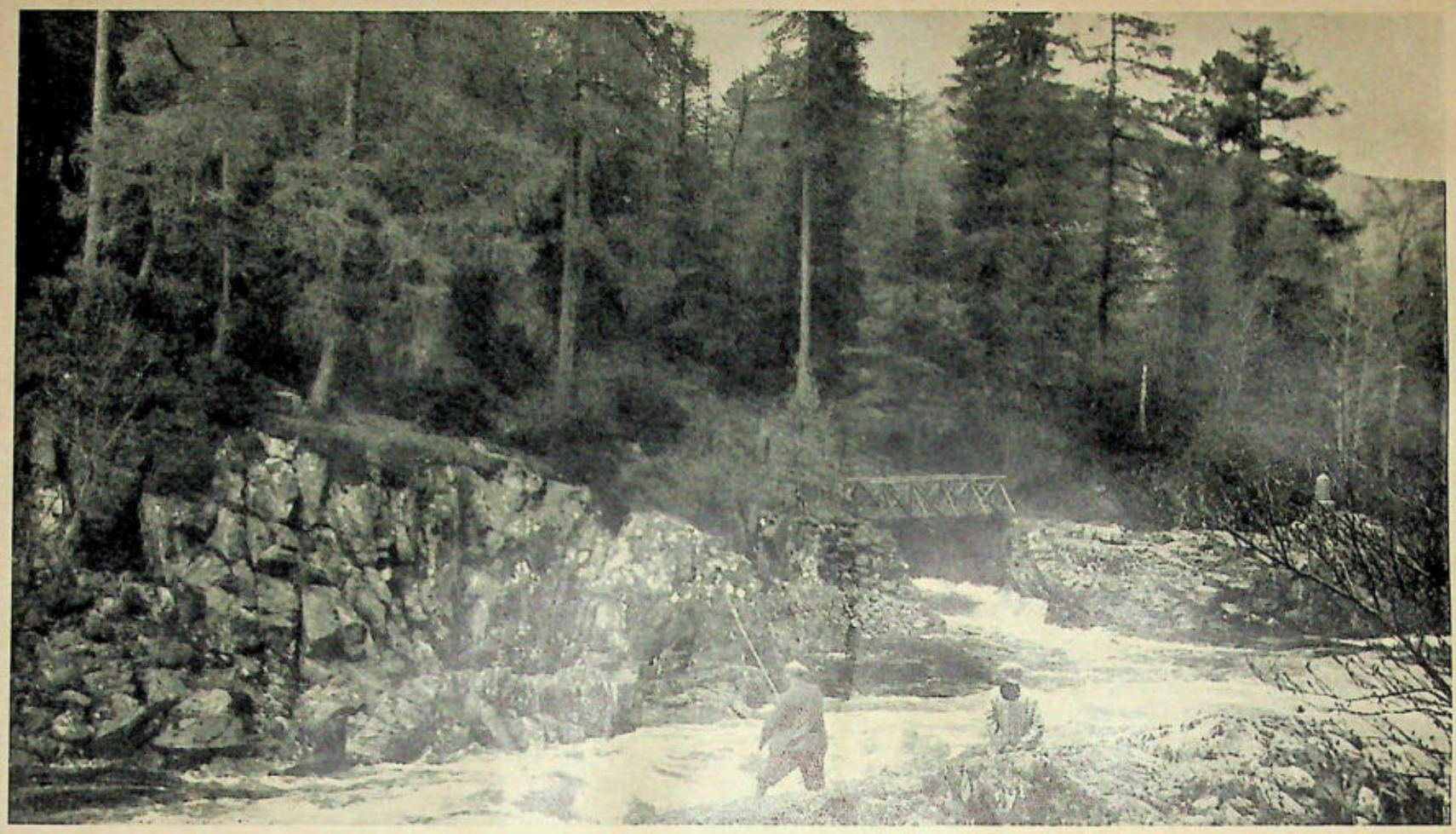
All through the night Nurpais, my Kazak hunter, kept coming to my tent saying that it was time to start, and when eventually we reached the ridge from which we did our daily spy, just as dawn was breaking, I could hardly believe my eyes and ears. There were stags and hinds in the glade a few hundred yards below us, stags were belling across the valley two miles away, the whole forest was alive.

In the Southern Hemisphere exactly the same principle holds good, but here, of course, the seasons are reversed: September 15th becomes March 15th. Let me quote my own experience there:

On my arrival in New Zealand I told the men who were coming with me that I wished to be on deer ground by March 15th. "Too early," they said, "this year will be a late one." Nevertheless at dawn on March 15th the first sound that greeted me was the roaring of a red deer stag. For two days certainly I heard no other roar, but one stag, at any rate, had kept his date. So to me the 15th is Stag Day in whatever part of the world the stag exists.

I can almost hear the heated arguments that will take place against my naming so exact a date, amongst Scottish stalkers and others in different parts of the world, though I will make the Scottish red deer the exception which proves my rule, since of all deer in the world the red deer of Scotland is the only one which lives on ground unnatural to the deer tribe outside a forest.

Of the others, how many of them have counted on this date with such set purpose as to ensure being on perhaps just that one particular spot, high up above the forest, which commanded it all for sight as well as sound, just as the dawn was breaking on the morning of the 15th.



ROUGH GOING
*Playing a salmon in the falls of Tummel*

# HAVE AUTUMN SALMON DISAPPEARED PERMANENTLY?

## Changes Which the Present Century Has Witnessed

By W. J. M. MENZIES

SEPTEMBER has come, and to the older generation of anglers will have come also thoughts of the days of not so long ago. Then September spoke of awakening from summer lethargy and the beginning of the real sport of the year. Rods were looked out, casts were bought; the commercial nets had completed their season's toll. With the arrival of the first spate it was time to get to the water-side and see what fish had come from the sea.

Salmon fishing has undergone a change such as no other sport has seen. Grouse from the days of Colonel Hawker and beyond have been birds of August, September has been the month of partridges, and not until October arrives have pheasants ever been in season, just as stags have shed their antlers, and grown anew their horn to full maturity by the same date on the calendar from far beyond the memory of man.

Salmon on the other hand, seasonal creatures though they be, have in many or most rivers changed their habits, in popular parlance, to an astonishing degree. There is some evidence that perhaps a hundred or so years ago spring fish may have held their place in the fishery calendar of many Scottish rivers, possibly in English rivers also. However that may be, 40, 50 and 60 years ago they occupied but a minor position in almost all rivers south of Inverness; though in the cold dark waters of the far north, in Ness and Brora, Helmsdale and Naver they even then formed the greater part of the stock and there, after the grilse of June and July had passed their prime, sport except among the discoloured fish rapidly ripening to spawn was finished.

South of Inverness spring salmon were a comparative rarity and so scarce that any serious attempt at their capture by rod and line was hardly ever worth attempting. If one spoke of salmon fishing it was autumn salmon fishing that was meant, for no other was seriously considered.

Autumn salmon fishing still, of course, exists in many, and some think far too many, rivers; but in these it is not the autumn salmon of old which are sought. To seek them would be of no avail, for they do not exist. Nor would it be of much advantage to seek any fish in the old-time lower beats and pools; the salmon are not there, but they are sought and found higher upstream. The clean-run autumn fish, bright and fat, though, with milt and roe rather well developed, are replaced by the stale springers, dark and thin with milt and roe even further developed. Only in some very few rivers does even a remnant of the old run remain. Tweed probably stands alone with more than a pretence of its former greatness. Tay, when the water is right, may still provide a few September and October salmon, but from other rivers, famous in the old style, Dee and Spey, Ugie and Deveron, the glory has departed, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that nowadays one may search for a clean fish in autumn with as little hope as one formerly would have sought for a clean fish in the early months of the year.

If offered the choice few of us would want to exchange an autumn for a spring fish, when both are caught at the appropriate time and place. But spring angling, especially in the earlier months of the season, is not everyone's sport. It may entail considerable physical exertion and possibly have to be carried out under conditions of some discomfort. It is moreover a sport alone, without alternative forms of occupation on the by-days when the water is too high or too low, and when ice or too abundant mud call a halt. It is fishing or nothing unless a handy golf course provides recreation when the weather is not too foul. In the autumn fishing and shooting may very conveniently be combined, and when the water is out of order, fur and feather may form a welcome alternative.

There is also something particularly attractive about autumn angling. The dog days of August and the arid dryness, tempered by morning dew, of September are swept away in the first real break in the weather when the heavens open and the rain descends in no uncertain measure. Earth and rivers respond, trees and plants make as if to renew their spring-time youth, and in the ensuing sunshine, for how often the September storm is followed by weather such as only September and early October can give, all sparkle and glisten as if winter were yet far off and we had still long to enjoy the ripening glories of the countryside.

At such times, too, when the cool of the morning, which not being then too early in the day we can all enjoy, gives way to the rapidly warming rays of the sun, salmon begin to rise and splash first of all here and there, and then gradually in ever increasing numbers all over the pool. And what can be more heartening to an angler pleasantly refreshed by sleep and cheered by breakfast than the sight of fish moving in the river and of an ever-increasing number showing in the pool where he is to begin fishing? The happy augury may be falsified by the end of the day, but to start with the line goes out more easily, and the fly seems to light more delicately when an angler is stirred by the sight of the fish and invigorated by the sharp tonic of the bracing air.

Drawbacks exist, of course, for autumn as for any other angling. When frost has brought the goodly spate down to fine proportions, nothing can be more annoying than to find that one has to fish a pool on which not a breath of wind stirs the placid surface of the unrippled water, and when the sun, bright and cheering as it may be in the somewhat chill atmosphere, shows every detail of line and gut and almost exaggerates the little waves which inevitably spread from line and fly at each new cast. To the disability is added (it would seem almost in unnecessary irony) the little pleasant tinkling rustle of the falling leaves as they ricochet from branch to branch and twig to twig until they finally sail first this way and then that on to the surface of the water. The first stirrings of the rising breeze which is to convert the placid surface into that pleasing ripple betokening the possibility of fish only make confusion worse confounded. The tinkling rustle becomes a solid shower loosened by the ice between stem and branch and cast adrift by even the gentle air. It is only too soon reinforced by the further battalions driven from bank to water by the rising breeze. The prospects of that placid calmness seem almost preferable to what ought to be the greater chances of the pleasant ripple defeated and destroyed by a leaf on the hook at almost every cast.

A CONTRAST TO THE TURBULENT RIVERS OF THE NORTH
*On the Teifi; on the west coast of Wales sport is still often good in the early autumn*

Autumn angling had certainly one charm denied to any but a select few of even the best spring rivers. To many anglers it was the joy of their lives. That charm and that joy were the chance of a really big fish, and the certainty of a really good average weight for those that might be caught.

Autumn grilse are almost the equivalent in size of the small spring fish of the following year. But they are scarce. The typical autumn salmon is the fish which in point of age is equal to those which will be the large springers of the following year and which, in point of size, is now but little inferior to what they will be. Probably 80 per cent. or more of those normally caught belong, or rather belonged, to this class. No river in Great Britain can claim such a proportion of large springers in its total catch. Among these, 15, 20, 25 and 30-pounders were also found, some a year older and 30lb. to 40lb. in weight.

There was also always a definite chance of being connected with even larger fish of 45lb. and 50lb., and the story of the two ladies who can both lay claim to specimens over 60lb. in weight is too recent and too well known to need repetition now. These really large fish, however, were no respecters of persons. Many an angler of long experience and no little skill and cunning has spent much of his available fishing time in fruitless search of them, whereas there is the record of the schoolgirl who had one well over 40lb. as the third fish of her short life.

When considering the vagaries of autumn salmon, their possible rise in years of long ago, and their certain decline in the present generation the question always arises as to why this has been, and if the present conditions are likely to remain stable.

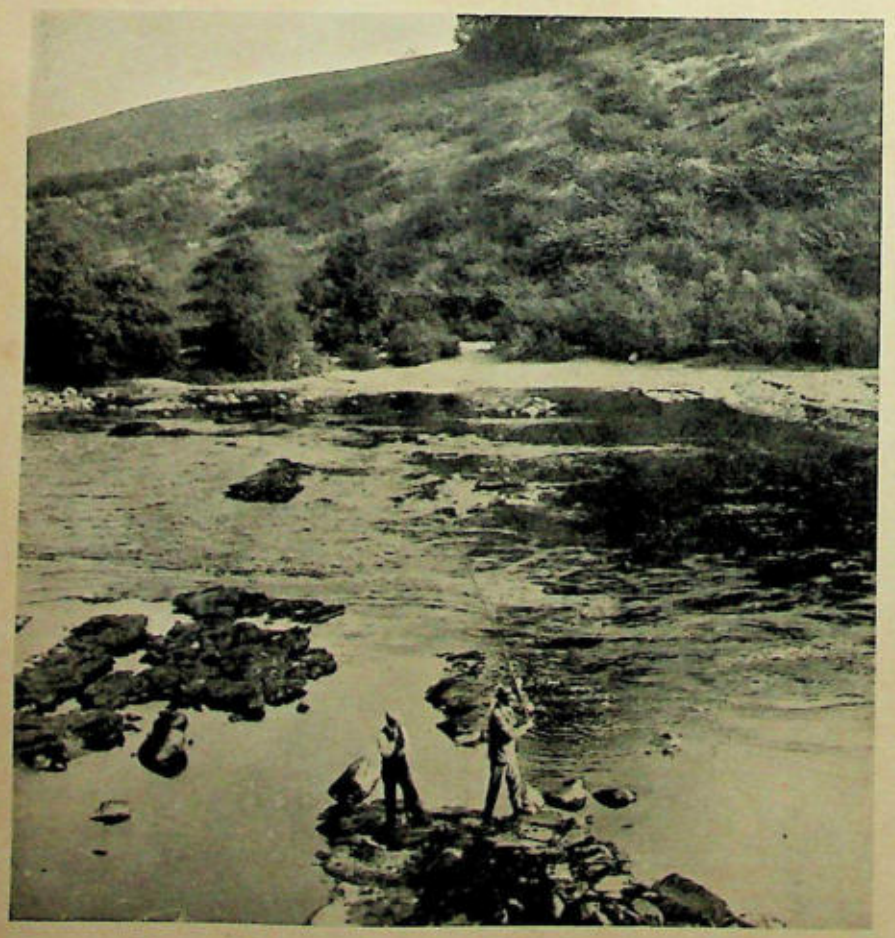
Various reasons have been advanced and various explanations have been suggested for the change. None of these is really satisfactory. That the fish have simply changed their habits seems the least feasible. That over-enthusiastic netting has exterminated, or almost exterminated, them, and at the same time has allowed the spring fish to increase owing to the lower efficiency of nets in the spring when rivers are often high and the sea rough is only slightly more convincing.

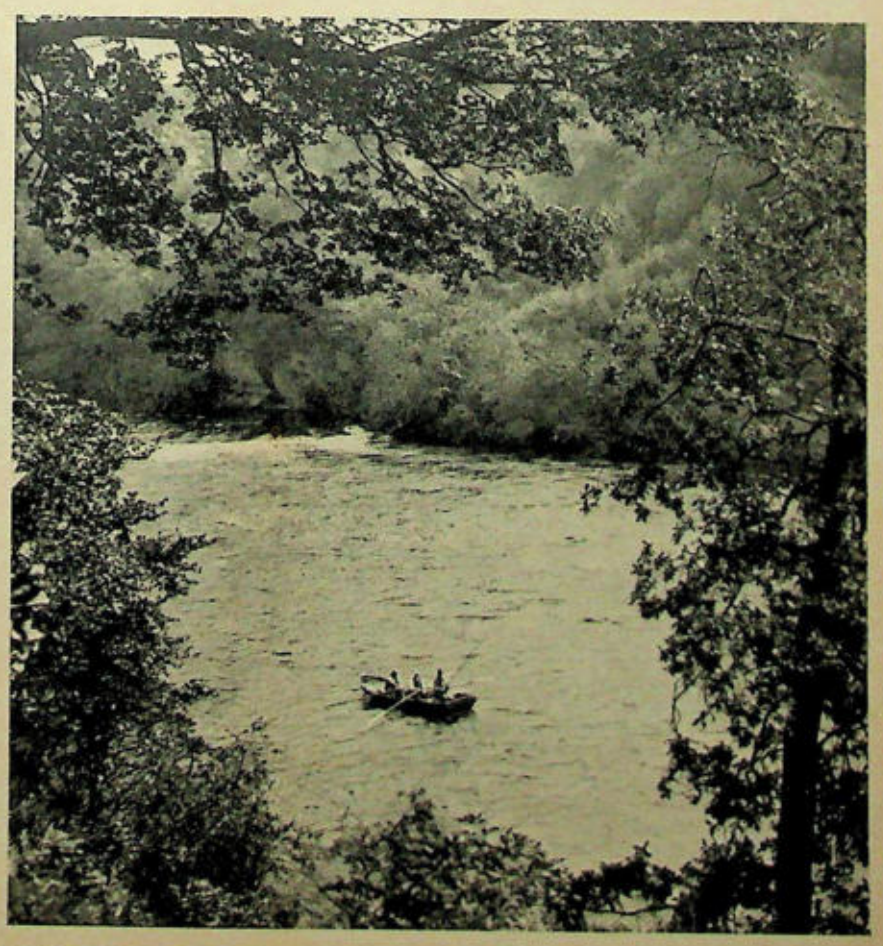
It has also been alleged that these results would be accentuated by lessened competition for food among the parr. The majority of autumn fish have always come in after the nets have ceased to operate and the effect of competition for food between the parr of the two races, if races they be, is not likely to be serious, since spring and autumn salmon generally spawn respectively at the two extremes of the river system. Angling alone certainly cannot have effected the change, pollution may be slightly harder on the later fish spawning in the lower waters than on the early fish in the upper reaches, but, on the other hand, poachers are more likely to find the latter easier prey than the former. It is a conundrum to which for the present the answer must remain obscure.

Whether we are likely to see a change resulting in a revival of autumn salmon with a corresponding decline in spring fish, or a revival without a decline, is equally uncertain. No sign of either eventuality is yet to be seen.

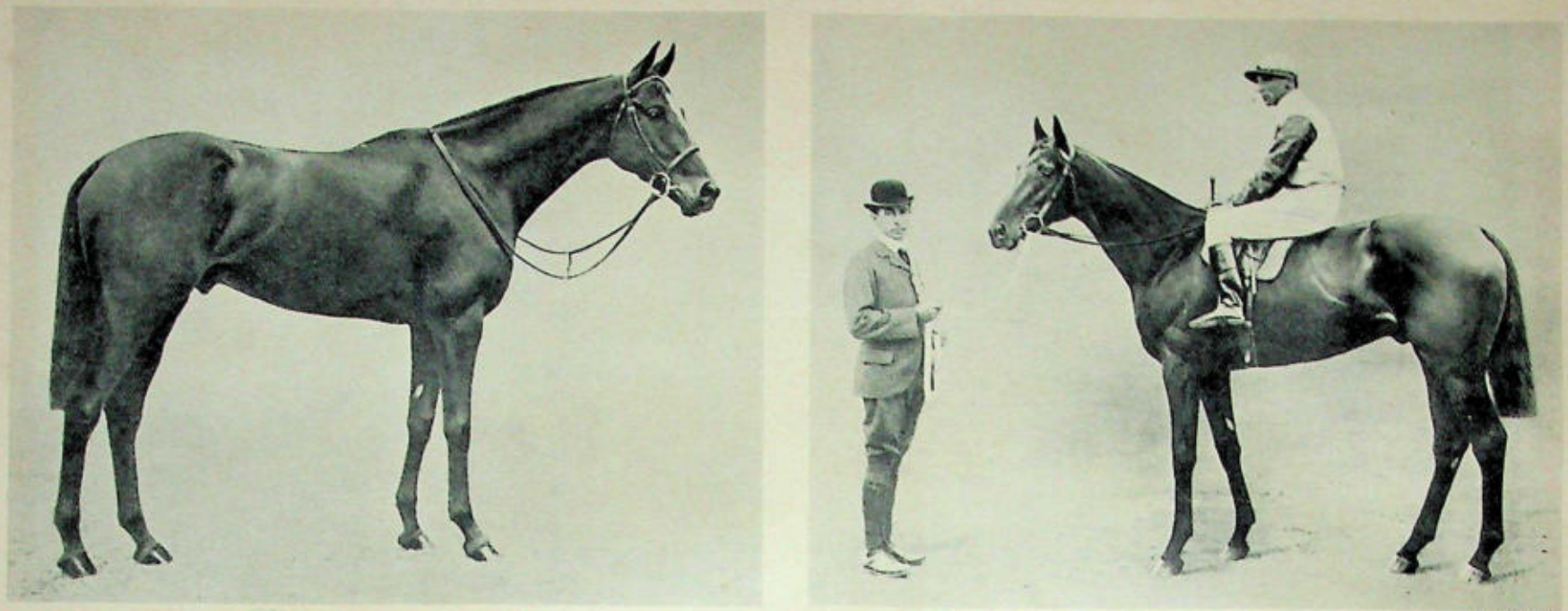
The stock of spring salmon in all our rivers, in Ireland as well as in Great Britain, is wonderfully well maintained, and probably when the results for 1935 are fully known they will show no reduction from even the high average of the most recent years.

Autumn fishing similarly shows no general variation from the slough of despond into which it has fallen. It is true that last season a few more autumn fish were taken in some rivers (as for, instance, in the Tay) than has been the case for a number of years past, but it is more than possible that favourable weather and water conditions had not a little to do with this result. In this present autumn season once again no sign can be seen of any increase in the numbers of salmon which have yet to come in from the sea. He would be a bold man who would say that, with the exception of the Tweed, any autumn angling in the old sense of the word will be found before the onset of the close season puts an end to fishing for the year.





TWO VIEWS OF PITLOCHRIE
*"Tay, when the water is right, may still provide a few September and October salmon"*



*W. A. Rouch*

AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS

*On the left is the latest photograph of Aga Khan's Bahram which, after an interval of thirty-two years, has won the Triple Crown, a feat last achieved by Sir J. Miller's Rock Sand in* 1903

# BAHRAM'S TRIPLE CROWN

## A Fitting Finish to an Unbeaten Career

RACING always holds a certain element of surprise and chances. Bahram's victory this year was no exception to this state of affairs, for sensation followed sensation with somewhat bewildering rapidity. There was first of all the coughing epidemic which laid low many of the candidates for Doncaster, but which happily did not leave, so far as can be ascertained, any ill effects behind. Perhaps Field Trial was the worst sufferer, but Bahram, thanks to a fine constitution, threw off the trouble without any dangerous complications intervening. Last week Bahram did a top speed gallop, after which Fox gave it as his opinion that the Derby and Guineas winner was as good as ever. This brings us to the second sensation in the accident to Fox, which was hard luck indeed, as he had been associated with Bahram in all his classic triumphs, and prevented his realising an ambition to complete a jockey's classic sequence which has not been achieved since Herbert Jones landed the treble on the fractious Diamond Jubilee. In any event Bahram is to retire to stud at the end of the season, though it would have been interesting to see him compete in the Ascot Gold Cup.

Although numerically small, the field for the St. Leger—whose monetary value was lower than in recent years—was of high-class and level character, though, of course, Bahram was the centre of attraction. It was, too, a well-bred field, the sires represented being Blandford, Sansovino, Fairway, Felstead, Hurry On and Bosworth. Perhaps none of them was of the class of St. Simon or Ormonde or Isinglass, and changed conditions make it of little profit to compare Bahram with these giants of the past. We doubt whether the much abused term "horse of the century" can be in all fairness applied to him, but that he is one of the best colts seen out for many years is an undoubted fact. And it should not be forgotten that races are run at a much faster pace than in the spacious days of West Australian, Lord Lyon—who lies buried in the green paddocks at Croft Spa, near Darlington—Ormonde and Common—all of them Triple Crown winners and great horses in their day. It is interesting to note that since 1853, when West Australian was the first Triple Crown winner, there have been nine other winners of the event, Gladiateur (1865), Lord Lyon (1866), Ormonde (1888), Common (1891), Isinglass (1893), Galtee More (1897), Flying Fox (1899), Diamond Jubilee (1900), and Rock Sand (1903). Pommern, Gay Crusader and Gainsborough (1915, 1917 and 1918) won the substitute classic races at Newmarket. It is interesting, too, to note that between Lord Lyon and Ormonde there was a gap of 20 years, and that it is 32 years since Rock Sand's victory. It is also a remarkable fact that in the twelve vintage years between Common and Rock Sand the Triple Crown was won six times.

To these we must now add the name of Bahram—taken, by the way, from a character in the Persian poem—and therefore the St. Leger of 1935 has a special significance to both owners, trainers and breeders. It proves that a colt of hardy constitution may throw off all the evils of training mishaps, that his previous victories were no mistake, and that using the right blood and the best winning strains sooner or later recompense the breeder. It may be of interest to analyse Bahram's breeding. He is a big-topped colt with the best of limbs and a straight-dropped hind leg, by the defunct Blandford from Friar's Daughter, dam of Dastur by Friar Marcus, probably one of the best sires of brood mares which we have known in our time. To students of breeding it may be of interest to add that Bahram hails from the No. 16 family, which is generally known as the Ormonde, Agnes line, and which in the words of Bruce Lowe contains "no pedigree with so much vital force." What then of Bahram as a stallion? He should have a full subscription for many years to come. Every credit should be given to Charles Smirke for riding a clever and a forceful race.

And it may be that the Aga Khan's "green and chocolate colours" may be carried to victory in the St. Leger of next year by the smart Mahmoud, a son of Blenheim, which gets his colour from his dam, Mah Mahal, a Gainsborough mare from the flying Mumtaz Mahal. His chances are at the moment highly esteemed.

*W. A. Rouch*

LORD GLANELY'S BUCKLEIGH: THIRD IN BAHRAM'S ST. LEGER

SOLAR RAY, SECOND TO BAHRAM

"THE LATTER OUTING SETS ME THINKING AT ONCE OF GREEN CUTAWAYS AND WHITE BEAVERS, OF MR. ALKEN, OF JOE MANTON, AND THE GOOD OLD DAYS GENERALLY"

*Partridge shooting, after Alken. By courtesy of Messrs. Ackermann & Son, New Bond Street*

# WALKING-UP PARTRIDGES

## A September Idyll

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

WALKING-UP partridges is not as ancestral a shooting as is walking hedgerow pheasants with a brace of black-and-white cockers to aid and to abet you. The latter outing sets me thinking at once of green cutaways and white beavers, of Mr. Alken, of Mr. Joe Manton, and of the "good old days" generally. Nor, of course, is walking-up partridges at all the same as shooting partridges over pointers and setters. I do not suppose that a brace of partridges per season is to-day shot over dogs. If it *is* so shot I would suppose further that the birds are shot out of an "early" covey which has hatched on the fringes of a grouse moor where still some old-fashioned folk employ pointers (slobbering, liver-ticked "Juno" and galloping "Drake") during a few, first August days. This brace of partridges is, of course, shot by mischance and out of due season, and for the very surprise of springing the brown birds from the red heather.

But walking partridges is ancestral enough. It is "as it was in the Beginning." Did we not all begin to shoot flying game with the patridge, *le tir au* "pteryplegia," and by walking him up? The method has been rightly called "an affair of Father and Son." It is a memory of Youth when it is practised in Age. The ghost of old Bagwell arises, hobnailed, round-shouldered, heavily Herculean; he may even wear a brown velveteen coat with square-cut tails and a circular fringe of rusty red whisker. At his heels comes back from the shadows old curly-coat Ben, old Ben with his best years behind him and his grey muzzle in front. There shall be loose cartridges bumping in a boy's pocket and a piece of torn turnip leaf shall be lodged in a wet bootlace. There shall be hips and scarlet haws, golden haze and sunshine. Thus it all comes back, so easy, so home-like, so simple that only the simple things can be said about it.

It is not the ideal, it is not partridge driving. When partridges are plentiful, driving them is possibly the *ne plus* ultra of all sport with the shotgun. But they *must* be plentiful and expertly sent forward or you will fail of perfection. Borrowing another's words, I have above said, sentimentally, that to walk partridges is an affair of Father and Son. It is, anyhow, I think, an affair for not more than four guns, a keeper, a lad or two. And for the steadier dogs only. Yours is a small shoot? Then it is like other men's. You will be wanting to drive it later on? Naturally, you will, but a walking day, even two warm September walking days, will not meddle with that. Indeed, a watchful man will mark, as he walks, the "fly" of his coveys—an almost invariable whither—and therefrom store useful knowledge against driving days to come. For, in loose principle, you will probably wish to walk your fields forwards to where future batteries shall bristle behind to-day's peaceful and innocent hedge.

Does one *number* for walking? I really do not think so. And I never quite know about numbering, even when we drive. It is scrupulously fair in principle. Yet is it so in reality—is it so to a poor shot who must stand next the same potential critics all day long? And what of the keeper, the host, even, who (and the bag still to make) sees myself, say, for the famous corner, while Colonel the Honourable "Freddy" Falconeigh is "walking this time"? Here numbering is hard on all four—keeper, colonel, host and myself, who hate, by misdoing, to be conspicuous in company. Still, on the whole, there is safety in numbering.

*"A watchful man will mark the fly of his coveys against driving days to come"*

In walking up I think, as an axiom, that both you and your keeper will want to begin "on the outsides." I do not say that in so doing there is any design on such of Sir Capel Court's coveys as may be out on your barley stubble at Bowmeads. But, on your small manor, it is well to work what is your own away from the too great temptation of the boundary and Sir Capel's dark acreage of Home Farm Roots.

And now, do you want to kill a bag, or are you out just for the fun of the golden autumn minute and a "few birds for the house"? For the latter, I'll wager. Then walk widely, the one gun from the other. You'll "walk over" birds, of course, but, undisturbed, they will be there for another day, a driving day, and, in September, it is a long time to the First of February. And one driven bird, *swish* over the hedge, is, as a sporting proposition, worth a leash of tail opportunities which you could "ca' doon wi' your bonnet," a feat that a Lowland keeper, once in my hearing, loudly declared himself capable of, in the case of a boot-length chance missed.

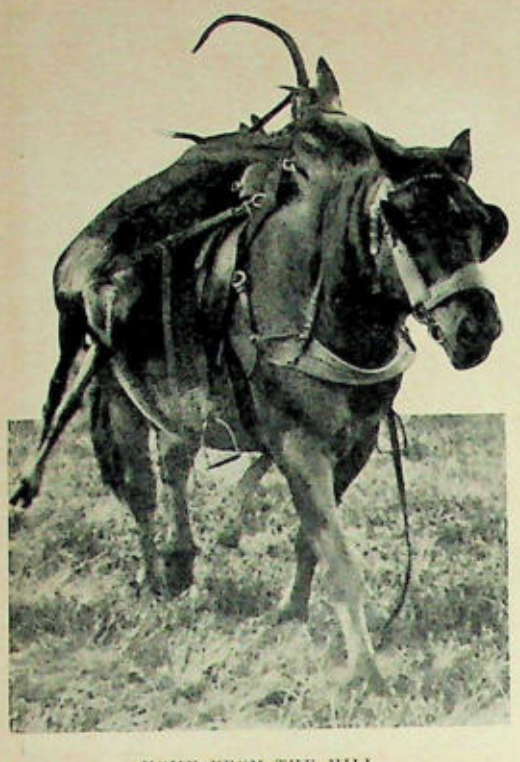
In roots, however, the line may be less extended. In closer formation (an eye ever to the First of February), a root field may well be made to last till lunch time. On stubble, or where there is a scantiness of cover, I prefer the half-moon of the Zulu impi to the straight line of the drill serjeant or the drawing-master. Wild partridges sit the better so, and the high swinging chance to a wing gun is as good as a driven bird. Some timorous folk say that the way of the crescent is a parlous way. But who invites a gun to shoot who is not a real careful gun? Or who says "yes" to a would-be host with a reputation for raking round among his guests? So what are you frightened of? But, crescent or no crescent, if the bag's all behind and you do seriously want a brace of birds to send to Aunt Emily, then that covey getting up wide and going into the thick stuff you be after it at once. The units will have pitched a bit apart, and they will sit to you solitary when, given time to assemble themselves, they'd be whirring up again while you climb stickily through the barbed wire.

But I would not have you hurry *too* much. Personally, I most like to walk because it is leisurely. There is time, too, to work a retriever, or to watch one worked, and surely that is the best shooting fun of all? But (again in loose principle, it may not always be practical) it is well, when walking, to mark falls and gather, without undue halt, by hand. Let there be no club-up of beaters, guns and dogs—looking, looking. Walk the field out. And then, boys and all, you may sit in the sun while dogs and handlers go back and pick up, nor get, as they do so, into each other's pockets.

And as to-day is warm and windless let us not forget my maxim of September and the small shoot: "It's a long time to the First of February."

# DEER STALKING FOR THE POOR MAN

## Chances for the Humble Enthusiast



HOME FROM THE HILL

HOW many misguided people have looked upon the heads hung on the walls of my smoking room and made some such remark as this: "How I wish I could afford to stalk," and in 99 cases out of 100 they could—*provided* they really wanted to do so.

For the last nine years I have stalked in Scotland, and never paid more than £100 for my sport. This was my highest figure, and we ended up our fortnight with 47 stags for the two rifles. On that forest we were asked to shoot on as extensive a scale as possible. The average price has been £50 for ten to fifteen beasts. In most seasons the time limit has been three weeks, and, admittedly, we have worked hard for our sport, but that is essential when money is important and time is short.

The ideal ground to get is deer forest proper, that is land cleared of sheep, but unless it is possible to get a sub-let from the grouse tenant, who very often leaves early, the price is likely to be prohibitive. For two consecutive years we have had a fortnight's stalking on one of the best forests in Central Perthshire, and it certainly cost us no more than pieces of odd ground which we had taken in the past; such as the bit of sheep ground in Sutherland which yielded one stag. However, as this happens to have been the only really dud stalking I have ever had, I have not much to complain about.

Now let us start off to get some stalking for, say, a fortnight during the last week in September and the first week in October; you may know of some friend or friend of a friend who has taken a grouse moor and does not intend to stay up after the middle of September. Write him a line and ask him whether he has any deer on his ground, and, if so, whether he will sub-let ten to fifteen stags. Do not start your negotiations till about the middle of August, by then the grouse folk will know whether they intend to stay on to the bitter end or whether they will close down by the middle of September. Any places which are unlet by then will also be reducing their rentals to try to get a tenant; this is your time. If you are not lucky enough to get the sub-let of a deer forest, then you will have to look round for some sheep ground.

The best plan is to insert an advertisement in the *Field*, or the personal column of *The Times*, stating your requirements and the price you are prepared to pay. At the same time, write to one or two of the leading sporting agencies. I have always found them to be most reliable, and the courtesy and trouble the better ones will take over a £50 proposition is amazing.

Do not be too particular about accommodation, on one occasion we got the servants' quarters of a palatial Highland lodge, and I came to the conclusion that some servants have a good deal of luck. A cottage, provided it is not too far from your ground, does very well, and the rents are low. Very often, of course, it is possible to get the lodge itself. You need not occupy the whole of it, but, in any case, be sure that you have proper facilities for skinning and cutting up your beasts—this is most essential if you want to provide for the larder and send off pieces to friends. Also in your lease stipulate garden produce, if any, and larder grouse—ten brace should suffice, they make a welcome change in the menu of venison. Personally, I have never resorted to hotel accommodation, which, although possibly more comfortable than the average alternative, will probably afford less privacy and be more expensive.

The servant problem is solved either by taking one's own or by hiring a local lassie, the right kind will do an enormous amount of work and generally knows how to cater for menfolk who come in wet and weary from the hill.

In all probability you will have to hire a deer pony, or "garron," as they are called. Very often there is one available on the estate, if not, one is usually procurable from a neighbouring farm or the nearest village. Make certain, however, that he has carried deer before, a pony unused to blood can spoil your day if, after having got your stag, you have to spend several hours trying to quieten the animal sufficiently to get the carcass on to him.

DRAGGING THE STAG TO THE PONY

A deer saddle is necessary, if you cannot get one locally, one can be hired from any of the bigger towns, such as Inverness or Perth, and it can be sent on to the stalk by rail or bus.

A ponyman will have to be employed to look after the pony, but it is not necessary to have a ghillie as well as the stalker. With a little experience the rifle can make himself useful in hoisting the stag on to the pony, or dragging it if the ground is too boggy to get the horse right up.

Now let us study an actual budget for a fortnight's stalking:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rent of stalking (stalker's services included) say | £50 | 0 | 0 |
| Rent of cottage at £2 per week for two weeks | £4 | 0 | 0 |
| Carried forward | £54 | 0 | 0 |
| Food, coal and kerosene—say 30/- per week | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Wages of maid at 15/- per week | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Wages of ponyman at 30/- per week | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Hire of deer saddle at 10/- per week | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hire of pony at 15/- per week | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Return fare—say car from London with two nights *en route* | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Tips—head stalker £3, ponyman £1 10s. | 4 | 10 | 0 |
| | £83 | 10 | 0 |
| *Less*: Sale of seven stags at 30/- each | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| | £73 | 0 | 0 |

Perhaps it would be as well to analyse these expenses a little more carefully. On every place I have stalked the services of a stalker have been included in the rent. The cottage item can, of course, be ruled out when a lodge or some other accommodation goes with the let. If you take your own maid, you can cut out the lassie's wages, but you will have to add to the fares, as she will have to be put up on your way north.

I would always advise taking a car, the 400 or 500-mile journey to your destination may not be any pleasure trip these days, but once you get there, the car is invaluable. Especially will you appreciate it if you have to go any distance from the lodge to the stalking ground itself. After a long day, the sight of the old bus is very welcome; you never realise what affection you can have for a vehicle till you have had a hard eight hours, and you want to get back to food and warmth as quickly as possible.

So much has already been written about tipping that I am almost afraid to mention the subject. I have never yet met a Highland stalker who has been anything else but extremely courteous and grateful for the tip I have given him. I may have been lucky. Actually, of course, there is no need for you to tip the ponyman. He is in your employ and should not expect anything, however, if he is any good at all, he will have done a lot to help you, and he will be all the more delighted if he gets a tip when he is not expecting it.

I always have one stag cut up and distributed in the nearest village, or, if there is no village, amongst my neighbours. One stag will suffice for larder purposes for the duration of your stay, and one more for dispatch in pieces to your friends and relations. The rest should be cleaned, the head and feet removed and the body in its skin sent off as quickly as possible to market at Inverness, Glasgow, Dundee or Edinburgh. You will find that in an average year you will get approximately 30/- per carcass, this all helps towards your expenses. The food item on the budget may look low, but remember you will be largely self-supported. A potter after an odd grouse, duck or rabbit after a short day is a pleasant change for you, as well as a welcome change of fare for the inner man.

Although these figures are estimates for one person, the ideal arrangement in every stalking venture is to hunt in couples, and a good companion will not only help to reduce your individual expenses, but will add to your enjoyment a hundredfold.

If the ground is not big enough to hold two rifles, you can take the hill day about and the odd man can fish or shoot for the larder. In the evenings, by the fire, you will enjoy fighting your battles over again.

I have been fortunate in my partnerships, and may anyone, who, on reading this, feels that perhaps a stalking holiday is not without their means, have the same luck which has followed me in my friendships on the hill. H. S. T.

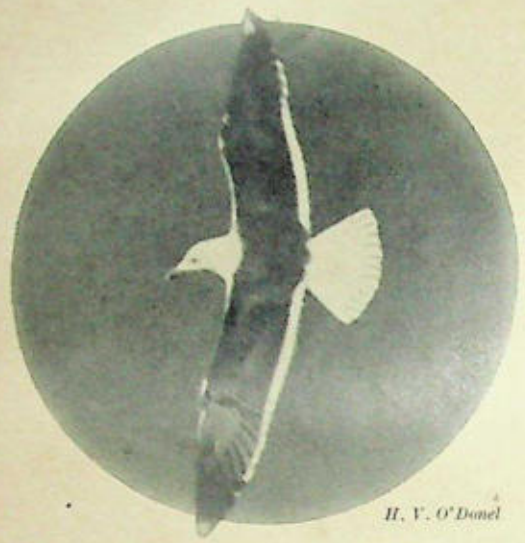
# SEPTEMBER IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

## An Early Nut Harvest But Delayed Migration

By FRANCES PITT

A DRY summer has brought autumn forward apace. It is true that the recent rain has changed a parched brown countryside to one of pleasant greenery, but nuts and berries are ripening fast. The blackberries are thick upon the brambles, and the chestnuts are swelling and bursting their armoured cases.

It is curious how unpopular the rich hued horse chestnut is with most creatures save the small boy who wants to play at "konkers," whereas the sweet chestnut is sought by birds and beasts. There is no more general meeting place than beneath



*H. V. O'Donel*

A LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL IN FLIGHT

*In September this gull is not infrequent inland on migration, often being seen, for instance, on the Thames in London*

the Spanish chestnut trees when the nuts begin to fall. Pheasants, rabbits, rats and mice resort to the spot, and even the cattle come for a few.

Cattle have a taste for such fare, and in particular for acorns, often to their downfall, for acorns to them are a most indigestible food. Deer will flourish upon them, but cattle frequently find them fatal, hence the anxious glances that many a stock owner is now casting at the oak trees.

In my home district acorns are a patchy crop, some trees have none, but others are laden. At any rate the squirrels, dormice and the rest of the nut eaters will rejoice, for most of them like acorns even if they prefer hazel nuts while the latter are plentiful.

How many hazel bushes, how many oak trees, owe their existence to being planted by the red squirrel? At this season the squirrel is not only enjoying itself on all the good fare around, but is busy stowing away a nut here and an acorn there, burying one in the moss beneath the bushes, another among fallen leaves, and all in such a hurried hasty fashion that I doubt if it remembers the whereabouts of many of its caches.

The nuthatch and the great tit are also busy among the nuts, but they simply eat what they can, though they have to work hard to extract the kernels. Both birds have solved the problem of dealing with nuts in the same way. They take a nut, carry it off to some tree with rough crevieed bark and wedge it into one of the cracks, when the nut can be pecked at and hammered with ease. I know a poplar which is decorated with scores of nutshells fixed during many a season's work. New, fresh, greenish ones have already appeared in the crevices—either a nuthatch or a tit has been busy.

As I said at the beginning of this article, the present month is in some respects a forward one, but there is a matter in which the season seems belated, and that is the departure of the migratory birds. Neither the swallows nor the housemartins seem in any hurry to be off, quite a number being yet about, and I saw a swift as late as September 3rd. As swifts, at least the greater number of them, normally depart during the first week of August, it is unusual to see one so late. This bird appeared to be a traveller. It was flying at a fair height and making south. It kept a straight course as long as I could see it.

September is a great month for migration and myriads of birds are now obeying the autumn urge to go south, yet in the average inland locality the observer sees little of their movements. He may note a flock or two of lapwings flying over, and see a few parties of travelling swallows, perhaps a few gulls may catch his eye—noted because unusual so far from the sea—and some duck in wedge formation, but this is practically all that is commonly seen inland of the vast emigration and immigration now under way.

People living on the coast see more of the bird travellers, especially on our eastern shores, where the arrivals from the north come in; however, let us leave the autumn tourist traffic and return to the fields and woods inland, where the fox cubs have had their first lessons in taking care of themselves when hounds are about. These cubs are strong and forward, and, speaking for my own locality, as plentiful as anyone could desire. Did I not yesterday, in the dewy dawn, watch a splendid dog-cub peep forth from the corner of a covert.

*Stanley Crook*

SENTINEL OF THE WOODS

*"There are no sounds more characteristic of September than the scolding, gossiping and chattering of the jays"*

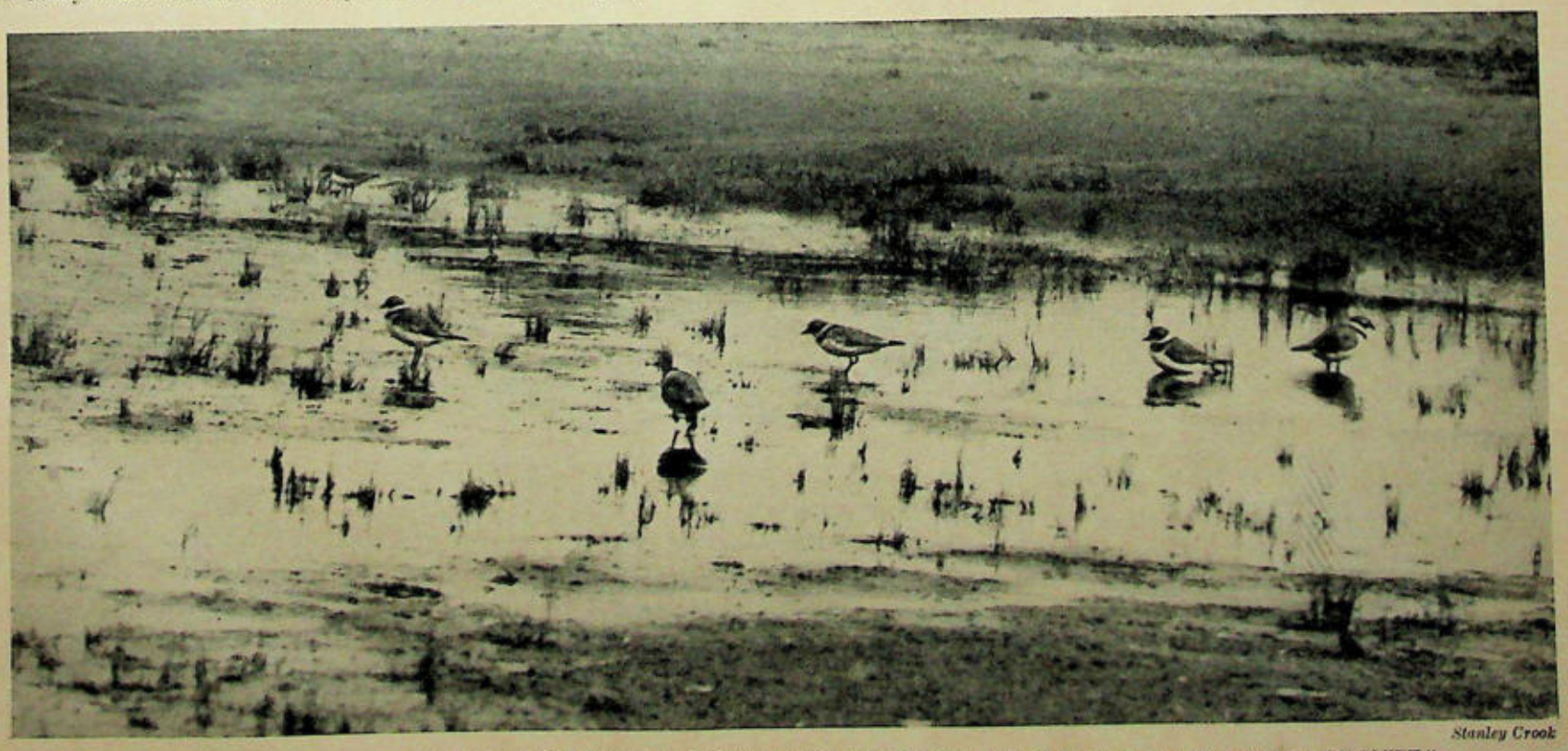
There he stood, one foot held up, glorious in red-gold, the while he listened with pricked ears to the sounds behind him. A jay chattered, a blackbird shrieked, and then a hound gave tongue. The cub turned and slipped back through the undergrowth, while the woodland echoed to the music of the pack.

The jays and the magpies have found their voices now. They were tongue-tied during the nesting season, the jays being particularly quiet and secret, but they now make up for that period of silence by chattering about anything and everything.

No fox can move abroad without these birds proclaiming the fact, the poaching cat finds her every movement advertised, and they scold the owl most vigorously, adding injury to insult by mimicking his voice, hooting and calling precisely like him.

To me there are no sounds more characteristic of September's days than the scolding, gossiping and chattering of the jays in the woodlands, unless it be the crowing of the cock pheasants at eventide as they go to roost.

So soon as the pheasants begin to crow at nightfall one feels that autumn has arrived, even if it has not yet gilded the bracken nor reddened the maple bushes. The foliage of the latter is as quick as any to catch the fires of autumn, though the pear trees in the orchard often flame up in its wake, to be followed by elm and birch and all the woodland host.



*Stanley Crook*

"SEPTEMBER IS A GREAT MONTH FOR MIGRATION, AND MYRIADS OF BIRDS ARE NOW OBEYING THE AUTUMN URGE TO GO SOUTH"

*Small parties of ringed plover, and other small waders, may now be met with on inland marshes, by reservoirs, and at sewage farms*

A CATCH OFF BERMUDA

# BERMUDA'S GAME FISH

## A Playground for Deep-Sea Fishermen

By CAPTAIN PAUL A. CURTIS

DEEP-SEA anglers may be surprised to learn that Great Britain has a delightful, semi-tropical and accessible island possession in the Atlantic, the sporting possibilities of which have been entirely ignored in the mad scramble to find new game-fishing waters. I speak of Bermuda. Three years ago when I first went there, the natives, both white and coloured, knew comparatively nothing of what the waters held for them three miles outside the reefs which protect their shores. Practically all of their fishing was for groupers, porgies and other bottom feeders. Occasionally they caught yellow-tail, bonito and amber-jack, but always on hand lines.

Registering a promise to myself that some day I would return to investigate these waters, I arranged to spend the late winter and spring months of this year there with my wife, and was delighted to find that there was already a spark of interest in outside fishing, instigated by the local hotels and the Curator of the Bermuda Government Aquarium.

Imagine living in a little cottage on a tiny island with the boat moored 100yds. from the porch, in which, when conditions were right, one could be off-shore in 20 minutes, playing the first fish. This actually happened to us more than once. We did not fish every day—in fact, seldom more often than twice a week—nor did we fish all day. A consultation of my fishing records discloses that we averaged four hours' fishing each time we went out—a total of 98½ hours—and we landed 95 fish, or approximately one an hour. Had we gone out on every day that the weather permitted, or had we stayed out all day just because fishing was good, I should at this time be ashamed to divulge our catch, but we were after variety and not quantity.

It should be borne in mind that my purpose was largely missionary, consequently we took out many local sportsmen to convert them to the rod. Practically none of them knew anything about rod and reel fishing, so naturally many fish, which otherwise would have been caught, got away. On one occasion we brought in fifteen tunny, on another twelve. Usually, when we had caught four or five we were satisfied.

About two-thirds of our catch were tunny; the largest, weighing 45 lb., was taken by Mrs. Curtis after a 20-minute battle on light tackle. The average weight was about 20lb., with a notable decrease in size as the spring progressed and the waters grew warmer. I should not be surprised to see them disappear entirely during the summer, but this in turn brings other varieties in increasing numbers. Forty-pound tunny will seem small to those who have read of the giants of the species that are taken in British waters, but such great fish are not caught every day. One may fish for a season without a strike, but these school tunny are proportionately quite as sporting and are easily found.

Barracuda are also plentiful in Bermuda. We took our first early in March, which was small in size. But as the season advanced they increased in weight, and those of Bermuda waters cannot be beaten, weighing, as they do, up to 60lb.

The gamest fish of these waters is the wahoo. These splendid fighters put up a terrific battle. I had my first experience with them early in April, landing one of average size. I had no opportunity to weigh it, but it measured 4ft. 6¾in. Seven additional wahoo were brought in the same week, one of which weighed 64lb. Since then one of 100lb. has been taken after a two-and-a-half hours' battle. Bermudians no more knew that they had wahoo in their waters than they had suspected the presence of tunny a year earlier. Overnight a cocktail was invented named the "Wahoo" and a fishing boat rechristened. It is certainly the most difficult fish to land in those waters and smashed up a tremendous lot of tackle.

In May the amber fish began to arrive. They also are grand fighters, the record for Bermuda weighing 136lb., and I can assure my readers that, if they use a 6oz. rod and 400yds. of eighteen thread line, a 30-pounder can give them a battle worthy of any fisherman's mettle.

There are, of course, bonito, yellow-tail and other comparative "small fry"; and a few weeks before I left the island a marlin was hooked and lost. Some years back, one of over 400lb. in weight was harpooned within the reefs and another of similar size found stranded upon the shore. A 400lb. tunny was also taken in a fisherman's net—conclusive proof that the big fish do go there, and it is only a question of time when one will be taken on rod and reel.

Speaking of tackle, I should suggest that the visiting sportsman takes out a trolling rod of some 12oz. weight and a reel capable of handling 450yds. of 21 thread line; and also a 6oz. or 7oz. sail-fish rod with a reel to hold 450yds. of fifteen thread line. The latter is the equipment with which he will unquestionably do most of his fishing, but it should be recalled that it is not known what one will run into as yet.

With the exception of Dr. Beebee, who explored the deep with his bathysphere in these waters, and Mr. Louis Mowbray, the Curator of the Bermuda Government Aquarium, no one knew what to expect off-shore. In fact, when I brought my first catch of tunny to the wharf at St. David's Island four professional fishermen who were there frankly admitted that they had never seen one before.

So far as my personal experience has gone the larger rod referred to would never have been required except for one physical aspect of these waters. One runs off-shore over a broken bottom of about 30 fathoms depth; it is so clear that on a calm day the reefs below can easily be seen, suddenly the bottom drops in 100yds. to a depth of 150 fathoms and more. It is along this ledge that the fishing is done. Consequently, fish can sound as they never do in coastal waters where large tunny and similar fish are taken. After the fish strikes, there is a momentary lull until it feels the hook, then it goes away with a grand rush—the reel screams as the fish takes 100yds. of line. When it stops, you quickly take in slack and keep the line taut, otherwise the hook may come away. Then the fish sounds, and they do it with a vengeance. To pump it up, one needs a fairly stout line, stronger than would be necessary in water of less depth.

The Japanese feather bait with a 5ft. to 6ft. piano wire trace still seems to be the best equipment.

Speaking again of the depth, it would only be fair to state that these waters have their risks, and one has to approach the fishing with care and discretion, watching the weather, for squalls come up quickly. Let us assume that an angler was fishing well off-shore in the afternoon and was struck by a squall accompanied by a drenching downpour which totally obscured the island; he might be driven out of sight of land before it passed over. A 6ft. man has a water-level vision of slightly less than three miles. The highest part of the island is about 250ft.—such a height is visible from sea level for about sixteen miles. Sixteen miles plus three is nineteen—in other words, to put it simply, a man blown out fifteen miles beyond the tunny ground, if he did not know how to take compass readings and had not taken them previously, would be as hopelessly lost as if he were in the middle of the Atlantic. In fact, the nearest land other than the tiny Bermudas (which would be so easy to miss if one were out on the reckoning a matter of two or three degrees) is 580 miles away.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS

*"Imagine living in a little cottage on a tiny island with the boat moored 100 yards from the porch"*

*Niall Rankin*

SOME OF LORD ELLESMERE'S MARES AND FOALS IN ONE OF THE STETCHWORTH PADDOCKS

# THE STETCHWORTH PARK STUD

## Lord Ellesmere's Mares and Foals

So far back as 1876 the late Earl of Ellesmere registered his racing livery of "red jacket, white sleeves and black cap." These the present Earl adopted, and during his long Turf career they have been carried by some notable Turf performers, including the peerless Tiffin, winner of the National Breeders Produce Stakes, and over £16,516 in stake money, the One Thousand Guineas winner Four Course, Lemnarchus, and others. True, Lord Ellesmere has not had quite the luck that his father had—as yet—for the late Earl possessed Highland Chief, and that great stallion Hampton, which he bought for 7,200 guineas and who repaid him by siring three Derby winners—Merry Hampton, owned by that strange eccentric Mr. "Abingdon" Baird, Ladas and Ayrshire. But the present Lord Ellesmere has the distinction of not only owning Tiffin, bred by the late Sir John Rutherford, and others, but also breeding that great hurdler Trespasser, winner of three Imperial Cups and many other races. I should imagine that Lord Ellesmere greatly regretted parting with Trespasser, which he did in 1919 at the December sales to Mr. Percy Heybourn, but that I suppose is all in the lottery of bloodstock breeding.

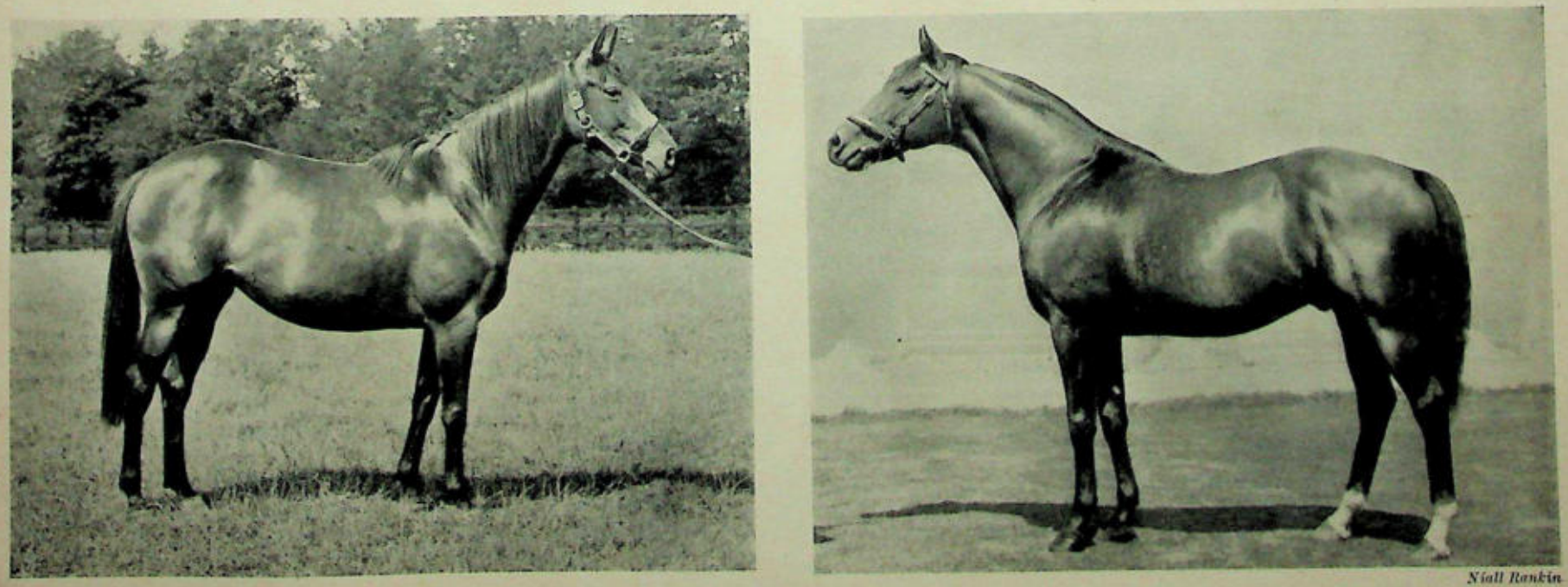
If however Trespasser won in another's colours, then Lord Ellesmere has the added compensation of realising that he bred and possesses a very fine stallion in Lemnarchus—probably one of the stallions of the future, and one whose stock are already an advertisement for him. He does not stand at the Stetchworth Park Stud—there is hardly room enough for him there—but a little higher up the road at the Aislabie Stud, the home also of Kings Oven and Stingo, which is conducted on the most admirable and up-to-date lines by Mr. Kenneth P. Harrison and which takes its name from the Yorkshire Stud of that name where the family bred bloodstock for several generations.

Hailing from the No. 10 family and foaled in 1928, Lemnarchus is a bay in colour and is by His Majesty's stallion Friar Marcus, from Lemnos by Lemberg, out of Summer Sea, by Sunstar, and so inbred to Galopin. His Turf career was a meritorious one and he won as a two-year-old the Bedford Stakes, the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, and the Moulton Stakes, and although he was unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas as a three-year-old, he won the Nonsuch Stakes at Epsom, and the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot; but probably the best performance in his racing career was winning the King's Stand Stakes at Ascot, in which he carried the heavy burden of 10st. 3lb., beating a high class field, including Portlaw and Tag End. Little wonder that the amount of stakes won were £11,249 and when Lemnarchus retired to the stud in 1933 his services were soon in request by breeders.

And as a business proposition at 48 sovereigns and limited to 35 mares Lemnarchus is certainly an appealing one. His conformation and general make and shape certainly bear this out, for he stands over a lot of ground with the best of legs and feet, strong hocks and well-laid-back shoulders. He has that sharp and intelligent lookout which one always likes to see in a stallion; in the homely phrase of one of the greatest authorities in the country, "like a sergeant-major on a Saturday night," and this alert expression does much to enhance admiration for a beautifully balanced stallion whose breeding moreover is *sans peur et sans reproche*. And as I have said, his stock look like making great names for themselves on the Turf. I have seen a good many of his foals and have been struck by the marked resemblance to their sire. He may well sire a classic winner for Lord Ellesmere one day.

As to the stud itself. This lies near Stetchworth House, and the paddocks where famous mares graze and drowse the days away are warmly sheltered by belts of trees and are deep in succulent herbage. And all day one can hear the cooing of woodpigeons and never have I seen so many of these birds in my life.

At one time in the late Lord Ellesmere's time there were over 50 brood mares at this stud, and though that number has been considerably reduced, the mares I saw were very select and combine in their pedigrees some of the best blood in the *Stud Book*. Particularly interesting, although it brought a feeling of tragedy to the mind, was Tiffin's daughter Merenda, who is of course by Blandford, and although on the small side, as indeed nearly all her family are, is a nice pattern of a brood mare with plenty of depth about her, besides a conformation that has many racing-like points to commend it. Then what of the strongly-made mare Elfin, who is by Salmon Trout from Meriel, by St. Amant? The foal by Lemnarchus appears to be full of promise and is made on level lines. Another of the home sire's foals from Attractive—she being by Buen Ojo out of Star of Earn—is a very likeable sort too, while the mare is a deep-bodied one and full of quality. Then came the young mare—a perfect model of a brood mare—Lantern, by Pharos from Princess Sublime, and so an own sister to Peace Pact—whose foal by Rose en Soleil is one of the best turned I have seen this year. She bears the all-quality outline of her sire, who I always thought one of the handsomest horses of his day, and to my mind should go far when racing days dawn.



*Niall Rankin*

A DESCENDANT OF A FAMOUS MARE AND A WELL-BRED STALLION

*Merenda, by Blandford out of that great mare Tiffin, and (right), Lord Ellesmere's Lemnarchus, by Friar Marcus from Lemnos*

*Niall Rankin*

ONE OF LORD ELLESMERE'S MARES, ELFIN (SALMON TROUT—MERIEL), WITH A FOAL BY LEMNARCHUS

Quinine is a nice fresh young type of mare by Simon Pure from Maranon, and her foal Sandwich is just what one might expect—all quality and of racing appearance with plenty of length from hip to hock which speaks of galloping power to be revealed when in training.

Nor must I forget quite the matron of the stud, Lemnos, who of course threw Lemnarchus, and who is a well-balanced mare with wide hips and very nice and placid temperament. That latter counts for a good deal in a brood mare. She has a well-put-together and good-looking foal by Dastur which is full of promise and looks as if it will come to hand early and be a battler as the sire was himself.

There were some nice yearlings to view, and I think pride of place should go to Lemnarchus's son from Elfin. Here is a colt with a good top, the best of hocks and shoulders in the right place, and when he recovers from the slight accident he had a day or so before my visit he should be a high-class racehorse. A rather different proposition is the very dark brown filly by Sansovino from Laverock, who has the best of legs and feet, a good middle piece and a strong hind leg. She looks to be worth the 900 guineas that Lord Ellesmere paid for her at auction, though like most of the Swynford family she may find that soft going will be her *métier*. There is also a big upstanding chesnut colt by Lemnarchus, which is a half brother to Impression, and possesses the best of legs and feet.

So with such a good horse and high class mares, Lord Ellesmere is carrying on the great racing traditions of his family. He has rendered immense services to the thoroughbred, and there is no keener advocate for necessary Turf reforms. As a member of the Jockey Club—he was elected to that august body in 1915 shortly after his father's death—he was one of the committee set up to ascertain means by which betting could be made to contribute to the maintenance of racing, and he was also responsible for the initiation of the improved starting gate which he saw in operation when racing in France some years ago. The only thing that remains now is for Lord Ellesmere to win a Derby or Oaks as the fitting climax to a long and famous Turf career.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

## HUNTERS AND HACKS AT BATH

ENTRIES were good for this show, where a large attendance was attracted. First prize and the Pitman Challenge Cup for local hunters was awarded to Mrs. R. Spicer's Rebellion, a nicely balanced bay, who was perhaps the best all round in a very level class. As usual, the class for ladies' hunters was strongly supported, and Mrs. Stanley Barratt's Middleton II gave a well-mannered display to win from Miss Leigh's likeable light-weight brown, Majestic. The light-weight class provided another success for Ballymonis, the improved brown belonging to Mr. J. V. Rank.

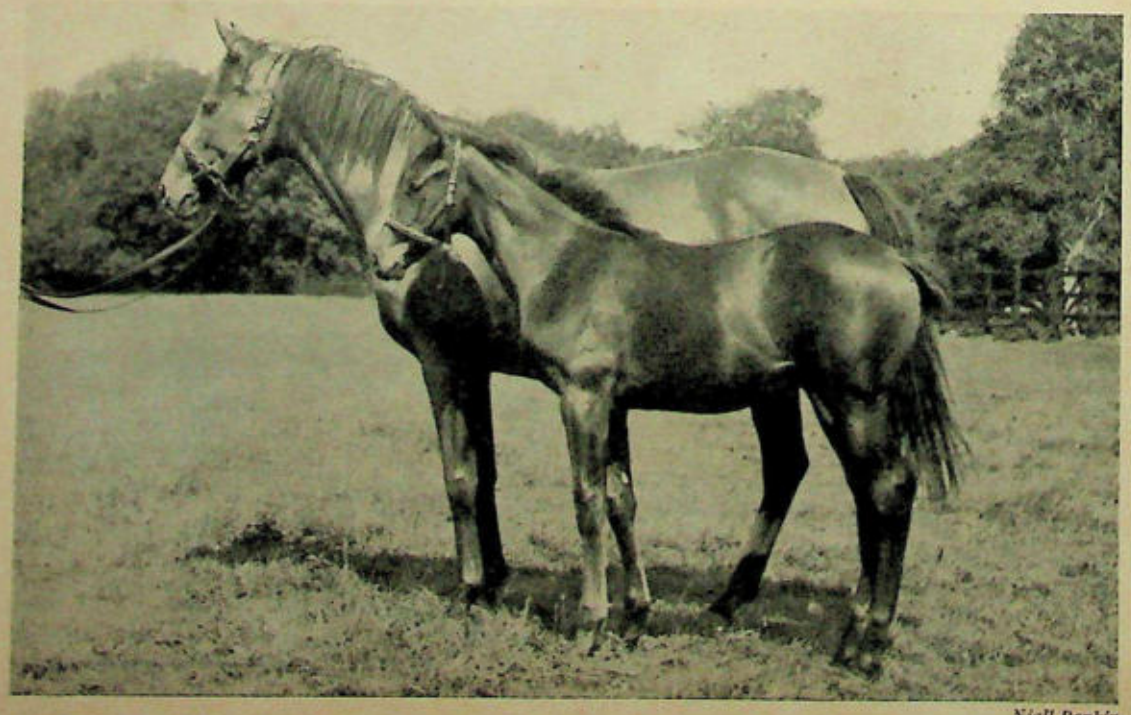
Heavy-weights were not numerous, but the quality was good. Mr. Geoff Kenyon's James Pigg again went well and scored fairly comfortably. The hunter championship, which carries with it the City of Bath Challenge Cup, was eventually secured by James Pigg.

There were some notable absentees in the class for the best-trained hack, which went to Miss M. McAlpine's Richmond and Olympia novice champion, Cherry Brandy, which again gave a good display.

In the side-saddle class entries were rather poor, but here Miss McAlpine's Cock Robin made a remarkable "come-back" by securing the first place.

The challenge cup for the best novice newcomer in the test was won by Miss Lees-Smith's Golden Glory, who gave a very polished performance.

CESTRIAN.



*Niall Rankin*

LEMNARCHUS'S DAM (LEMNOS BY LEMBERG—SUMMER-SEA) WITH A FOAL BY DASTUR

# STALKING WITH A CAMERA IN THE HIMALAYAS

### "Shots" from Spiti and Chitral

By THE HON. R. NAPIER

MY first attempts at animal photography were taken during a shooting expedition in Spiti. I had a couple of days to spare before I had to join a companion for the march back. So equipped with glasses and an old folding "Brownie" camera I set off, and having spotted a herd of ibex, managed to get up to a knoll well "within range." I had covered about half the distance when suddenly an ibex peered over the knoll. For a second we looked at each other, and then off he dashed to be joined by his companion. By this time I had recovered sufficiently to take a snap of the pair of them as they zig-zagged up the hill. Feeling elated at what I thought would be a success, and little realising how lucky I had been to get as close, I returned to camp determined to make another attempt. Actually this photograph was spoilt by movement of the camera.

I had exceptional luck, as on the next day I again spotted a herd well up one side of the valley. I left the shikari and set off alone up a very steep-sided nullah, which gave good cover until I was level with the ibex, and which also acted as a funnel for the wind, which was blowing straight up hill. Eventually I reached the level of the herd and managed to work my way within 200yds. of them. Here I was stuck, but I had not long to wait, for the few in sight grazed their way over a rise. I set off after them as quickly as I dared. I was making cautiously towards a boulder which I hoped would form a background for me, when a young ibex crossed over the ridge. I "froze" and the youngster moved on a few yards till hidden behind the boulder without looking up. I decided to try to get a photograph from behind this boulder and moved forward, picking my way so as not to make a noise.

When I had only 5yds. between me and my objective another youngster appeared over the crest and gazed at me. I knew that the herd must be just out of sight, and that 5yds. should bring me in view. I decided at once that my only hope was to spring up and snap, with the hope that the youngster would continue downhill rather than turn back. It was obviously only a matter of seconds before he would give the alarm anyway. I ran for it and snapped the startled herd, but too late. As they went away in a cloud of dust I realised that there must be still some left behind, out of sight above me. I reeled on the film and took a couple more steps up the ridge. What a sight! There, 30yds. away, were the ibex, wondering why the females had fled. There was no time to use the view-finder, I just snapped at once, not a second too soon, for one had spotted me, and the next second they were all off up the hill. This snap is reproduced opposite.

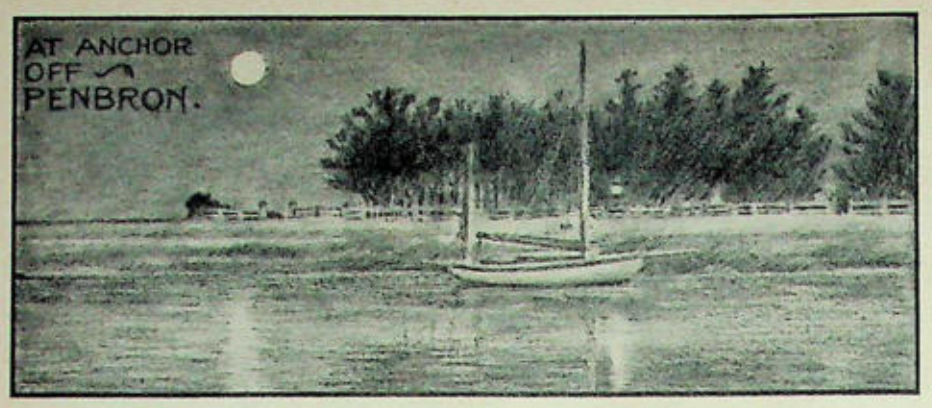
A year elapsed before I had the opportunity to try again. On this and on subsequent occasions I began to learn a lot. There were many fruitless stalks, and several I thought successful, but I had misjudged the distance hopelessly. With a hand camera 35yds. is probably the limiting range. Animals photographed at 50yds. are mere specks on the negative, though on the hillside they appear almost close enough to touch. One such negative I sent to have an enlargement made, but the photographer carefully blocked out the animal thinking it was a blemish! Many failures were due to movement of the camera. After a stalk at 9,000ft. or so, it is essential to recover breath before attempting to take a photograph, and it is always better to rest the camera if possible.

Eventually I became so keen on this sport that I bought a telephoto lens of well-known make. I expected great results, but there are all sorts of difficulties in using such lenses and these I soon began to discover. The bulk and weight of the camera are a serious handicap on the stalk. It is impossible to hold a large camera steady and a rest must be used. A natural rest nearly always has a bit of grass or bush that gets in the way and spoils the photograph, and a tripod is hopelessly cumbersome. Also, I had overlooked the fact that though these lenses are made to give a larger image one cannot expect as good results from enlargement of a section of the negative as a short focus lens gives. Thus in practice the increase in effective range with a telephoto lens is less than would be expected. These remarks do not apply to the long-focus lenses now available for some of the miniature cameras, and it would appear that such an instrument with a lens of about 9in. focal length would be ideal for those who can afford it.

# *MARKHOR AND IBEX: FLEETING CHANCES OF THE HIMALAYAS*

WINTER IN CHITRAL: A FAMILY OF MARKHOR CAUGHT LOW DOWN; THE CENTRE MARKHOR (FACING DOWNHILL) HAD A HEAD OF ABOUT 47 INCHES, A GOOD ONE FOR THAT DISTRICT

IBEX IN SPITI: THE FEMALES ON THE RIGHT APPEAR TO HAVE GIVEN THE ALARM AND ARE MAKING OFF




# SNUG HAVENS

## From Ireland to the West Coast of France

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

THE pleasures of a thrash to windward, or a fast run before a following sea with the wind and waves increasing all the while, are no whit diminished by the ultimate arrival at journey's end inside some haven where gales may do their worst and fail to injure.

Each of us has his pet place, and an affection for some particular anchorage; most cruising men at some period of their lives have wandered into the quietness of Deben River, stayed a tide off rustic Pin Mill, sheltered in Walton Backwater, tucked themselves away in Keyhaven or Yarmouth (Isle of Wight), hidden themselves from the world up the Dart above Dittisham, waited for a fine spell in The Bag at Salcombe or the Yealm, got away from the swell of Fowey Harbour and let go off Wiseman's Stone, ridden out a gale in St. Mawes Creek. These are the more obvious and frequented of preference.

But further afield, and only waiting to be used, are many capital little harbours which give security to ship and pleasure to her owner. Ireland, for several good reasons, is not visited by the average British yachtsman, yet it abounds in safe shelters. Kenmare River, for example, is a wild enough spot during a westerly gale, yet on the north side in Sneem Harbour is a natural tiny cove set in the heart of scenic grandeur, and at summer time surrounded by rare colouring. On the opposite side of this Atlantic "fjord" you can withdraw into the landlocked Ardgroom, or into Kilmakilloge, which always reminds me of something fantastic and apart from reality.

One envies the Irish for having such charming horse-shoe harbours as Adrigole, with absolute shelter and a jolly island in the middle: just the place if you yearn for a quiet spell and can lead the simple life. But of all the super-beauty corners there is nothing in the Irish Free State, or the British Isles, to equal Glengariff. It well repays the long drag from Land's End, and the buffeting off the Fastnet. The tropical plants and flowers, the softness of its climate, make Glengariff more foreign than its latitude ever suggests.

It is the Atlantic swell off Ireland's west and south coasts which punish any yacht of small tonnage, and that is exactly why such havens as Castletownsend, or Glandore, are so excellently situated: they are nature's compensation for the boisterous knocking about in the open, as Crosshaven (just inside Cork Harbour) affords a quiet berth away from traffic and swell alike. There will always be satisfaction in having such anchorages at the back of one's mind if any accident befalls round the Fastnet; for the coast itself is merciless, and bad weather often enough comes on irrespective of barometrical warning.

That excellent little harbour known as Berghaven, just inside the Hook of Holland, where the tugs berth themselves, has been a source of consolation to many a small vessel caught out off the Dutch coast. Flushing, to the southward, is safe enough and easy of access, and you can soon get through the lock into still water; but one thinks of this Vlissingen rather as a gateway into Holland's canal system than as a resting place for the night. Beauty it has not, and the traffic is wellnigh continuous. It is necessary to get the other end of the English Channel before we find the combined picturesqueness and peacefulness that we desire.

The more difficult and complicated its entrance, so much greater is the satisfaction when once brought up inside. That is partly the reason why Tréguier River, with its furious tides and twisty channels, makes arrival so alluring. To find yourself at length out of the tide, where the strongest winds cannot reach, is to enjoy the fruits of your labour.

So, too, the Atlantic off the western coast of France has considerately burrowed out inlets for small ships to enter till the gale passes on. Beautiful Benodet, easy of entrance, snug and restful with green wooded banks and all dangers well defined, is one of the pleasantest places you will find in a season's seafaring. Concarneau, picturesque in itself, and colourful when the tunny fleet are in, seems warmer-hearted than those North Sea harbours, and the sun a more permanent power. Further along the coast Auray River rivals Benodet for its rural charm and unquestioned security, with jolly creeks for further exploration in the dinghy.

Only very rarely is a British yacht seen in Le Croisic, yet this Biscayan port with its considerable sardine fleet has all the living interest of Brixham, and one of the most health-giving climates to be found in all Europe. Invalids come here to one of the two sanatoria, and go away in rude health: it is warm yet bracing, and quite unspoilt by tourists —so far. I would not advise yachtsmen to anchor in that part of the harbour known as Le Poul, for it is right in the fairway and the tide at Springs runs at quite four knots.

But there is a convenient gully parallel with, and just east of, Penbron peninsula (immediately recognisable by a conspicuous sanatorium), and in this creek will be found a good anchorage away from traffic, splendidly sheltered by tall trees from the prevailing westerly winds. One should approach with caution and feel one's way in by the lead, and nothing but a rare north-east gale could make this berth uncomfortable at high water. When the tide is out the gully is sheltered on the eastern side by a vast stretch of hard, clean sands.

I look back on Penbron as one of the pleasantest of havens, and owing to an eddy the flood tide even at Springs is weak. Only during the fourth and fifth hours after high water does the current run at all strongly. It is delightful to swing round in an indentation so clean and sheltered, with a clear view of all that goes on. The motor ferry will call and land you on the other side, where you can get everything for the ship from ropes and sparking plugs to the finest *produits de la mer* that you ever tasted. And when the moon shines through the tall cedars over the unruffled water, you feel that Le Croisic is one of those ideal spots meant for the fraternity of cruisers.

Occasionally, though infrequently, a British yacht is seen in Les Sables d'Olonne, which is well to the southward of the Loire and another busy port for fishing fleets. Here is the home of those bold, hefty yawls that go a hundred miles out into the Bay of Biscay to catch the torpedo-like tunny. Deep-draught, with considerable sheer, painted all the colours of the rainbow, relying solely on sail power, the *thonniers* are a sturdy class surviving through an age that sees the vanishing of sail. Everything about them is strong and tough—from gear to crew—and they fish from two heavy poles which are kept triced up like spinnaker booms, when making for the fishing grounds. The tunny is no light weight, and sometimes nears 1,000lb., measuring as much as 9ft. long.

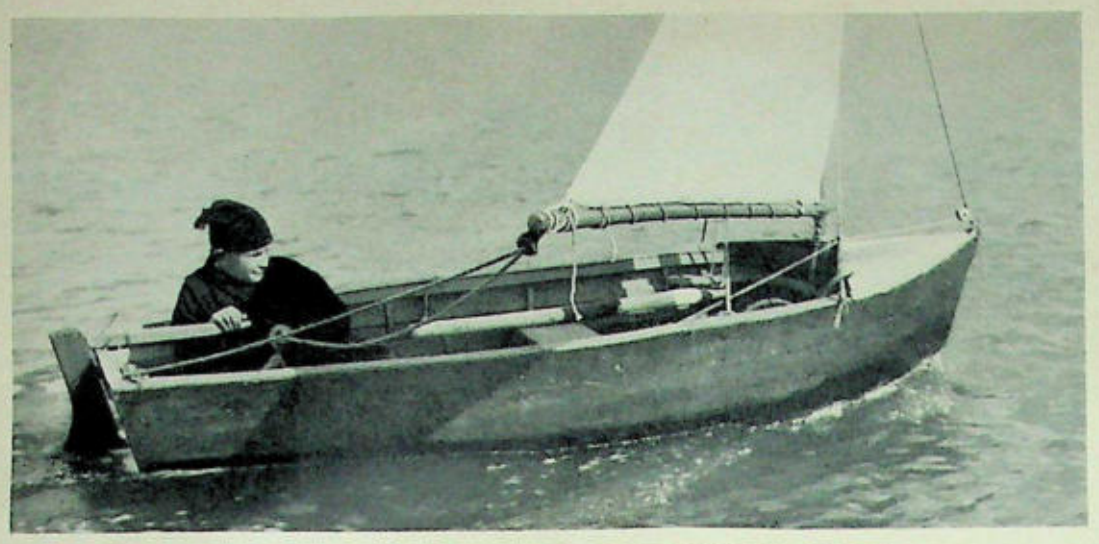
They build these fine vessels, as also the big fish-carriers, at Les Sables. Anyone who has affection for wooden ships and canvas will admire the generous amount of timber and care which go to the making of these carriers. The latter of necessity must be virile and seaworthy, since they go right down the African coast even to Senegal. If ever the rate of exchange should again become favourable to us, and a yachtsman proposed to build cheaply a good, substantial pleasure vessel for deep-sea cruising, he might find it worth his while to call in at this port, where three *chantiers* are available. Before the hull is quite finished, they pour water inside and test her for leaks; then the caulker and pitcher set to work and complete their job.

Sables, of course, means sands; and here you have one of the best bathing beaches with all the sunshine imaginable. The gay awnings and white tents along the golden *plage*; the merry bands of young people splashing about in the green sea; the old fisher-wives sitting repairing their husbands' nets; the horseshoe bay with a background of pine woods; the china-blue villas and the jolly little restaurants combine to make Les Sables d'Olonne a fascinating objective. The inhabitants are rather Basque than French, and the women's costumes, with their picturesque headgear, suggest Holland in Middelburg or some Zuyder Zee port.

As to the harbour, you could wish for nothing safer than the wet basin. Choose out a quiet corner away from dust, let go anchor from the bows, run out stern warps to the quay, and no harm can assail you. The ship can be left untended for hours, since the gates open at high water only. Everything is within a few minutes' walk—post office, shops, fish market, sunlit beach. The prices are reasonable, the seafaring folk are distinctly friendly and helpful; whilst you have all the conveniences that a yacht desires, you can make excursions by land through miles of little-known France, with all sorts of surprises awaiting in some old abbey, or a bit of landscape brilliant in its colouring.

Why not spend the rest of summer at such a port, laying up the yacht for the winter, and leisurely sailing home next season? Such restful seaside resorts are inimical to all hurry and bustle.

WHEN THE FISHING FLEET COMES IN
*Sardine boats off Loc Tudy, near Benodet, in Southern Brittany*



THE ONLY SINGLE HANDED YACHTSMAN AND THE YOUNGEST
*Cadet R. J. Tirard racing in Mephistopheles in the Dinghy Handicap Class at Burnham*

# AT THE MECCA OF SMALL BOATS

## Burnham Trials for the Olympic Games

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

TIME was, we are told, when Burnham-on-Crouch sported in the anchorage off the town merely a handful of oyster-boats, a smack or two, and a watch-hulk. That must have been a very long time ago indeed; before Burnham Week became the function it is to-day. This year the anchorage was absolutely crowded; the number of craft present must have run into thousands; in fact, the anchorage was almost uncomfortably packed. With such a popular end-of-season fixture, however, a little discomfort over getting in or out of harbour does not seem to matter—although it must have some reaction on the starting line.

It may have been that J's and rumours of J's have caused a reaction amongst yachtsmen this year; it may be that Burnham Week represents sailing and small boat sailing predominant with the social round relegated to its rightful second place, but whatever the reason this year's meeting will be remembered by yachtsmen as one which eclipsed Cowes. The entries in every event were more numerous than in previous "Weeks," and the variety of events and the large number of races fixed for each day undoubtedly added very materially to the complete success of the occasion as a whole. Just as an example of this is the fixture list for the third day's racing, under the burgee of the Royal Burnham Y.C. There were races for "handicap over 15 tons," "handicap 8 to 15 tons," and under eight tons for the International 6-metres, Royal Burnham Restricteds, small handicap class, Corinthian 5-metres, Corinthian One-designs, East Coast One-designs, Royal Burnham One-designs, Crouch One-designs, ex-24-footers, United Hospitals' dinghies, Essex One-designs and Thames Estuary One-designs. Other days, also, saw matches for the Star class, for the International sharpies, and for the twelves. Surely as varied a programme as could be found anywhere, and with its interest still further enhanced by the international character of the contests. For the Stars and monotypes both Germany and Holland provided entrants, while the international 6-metres catered for the various races represented the products of the most prominent European designers of to-day—Nicholson, Mylne, Fife, Anker, Morgan Giles, Holme, and Bjarne Aas.

Where so many events existed and were so keenly contested by a big start, it would occupy too much space to mention every winner. Suffice here, therefore, to say that Mr. Russell's Kyla won H.R.H. Prince George's Cup for the highest point score in the "sixes" during the Week; Messrs. Sabel and Hopcraft's Corsair won the Jubilee Cup in the Corinthian One-designs. Altogether it was a most successful sailing fixture and added interest is lent to it by the fact that it must undoubtedly be looked upon as a minor small-boat trial for the Olympic Games.

THE SIX-METRES AT BURNHAM
*Piet Hein racing up to windward to improve her position*

THE STAR CLASS ROUNDING THE ROACH RIVER BUOY
*In the background can be seen many other classes coming down and going back*

# BUSMEN'S HOLIDAYS

## The Formation of a Naval Sailing Association

IT is with the very greatest pleasure, and with every felicitation for undoubted success, that we notice here the official sanction accorded to the belated formation of a Naval Sailing Association. Why it should not have been accorded its rightful title of a *Royal* Naval Sailing Association, however, is hard to understand. There must still be complexes and inhibitions, however, which form no part of the genuine sailing man's creed, and in any case it is to be doubted whether the name matters so much as the game.

A recent Admiralty Fleet Order, revealing that the Association has My Lords' blessing, sets out very clearly the objectives of the new venture. These are, *inter alia*:

- To promote the formation of one-design classes and organise races in these classes at various regattas;
- To organise opportunities for members to take part in yacht cruising and ocean-racing and to furnish officers who are interested in sailing with any advice or information they may require;
- To arrange with the naval authorities to provide if practicable, berthing facilities for members' yachts in naval ports;
- To encourage and promote a liaison between members of the association and members of yacht clubs and sailing associations at home and abroad.

This is, indeed, a comprehensive programme for, on the surface, it promises an essay into every sphere of yachting—without the pious view which so odiously preludes so many organisations, that the main objective is "to encourage amateur seamanship and navigation." Without in any way detracting from the objects set out in Fleet Orders it would, however, be remiss not to point out that certain of these definitely cut across the scope of excellent existing organisations. The desire to organise opportunities for yacht-cruising and ocean-racing is already an established feature of the

Empire's largest organisation, The Little Ship Club, and to furnish information and so on is not only a major feature of that same club but of a number of other prominent clubs as well. Considering, however, that another objective is to cement a working and sound liaison between naval yachtsmen and their lay brethren and clubs perhaps the new Association will, from the start, refer several of its objectives to the older organisations. In any case, there is something particularly welcome in the intention to promote liaison, for out of this much good may come, including the early demise of the stupid lay canard that naval officers are safest in a yacht when considered as ballast.

And so, in company with every keen yachtsman, we welcome the new venture with every good wish, at the same time observing that we have for a long time past advocated such a formation in these pages. The Sappers, the Gunners, the Household Brigade, and the Calshot people have long since had their sailing and yacht clubs—and now, at long last, the Fleet is to have its own. Its infant steps could not have a better guiding hand than that of Commander Brunton, for he is a yachtsman in every sense of the word. Tai-mo Shan is now under his hand—and with a puff more wind, and who will deny her a little more canvas, she would have made a good showing in the Fastnet—but wind and weather are not at his command. We hope that the direction of this new venture will remain "vested" in young officers, and we venture to think that the Association would be well advised to seek the co-operation of such clubs as the L.S.C. and C.A. to help it along with its manning and crewing problems.

The Fleet Orders tell us that branches of the Association, which is open to past and present officers of the R.N., Fleet Air Arm, Royal Marines, R.N.V.R. and R.N.R., at subscriptions ranging from £5 5s. for a life member to 5/- a year for subordinate officers and 10/- a year for other officers, will be formed at home ports and in the Fleet at home and abroad. Portsmouth, which already has her Victory class of one-designs, will thus come into her own; Plymouth and Chatham, where service-sailing races have always been popular, will come into line. And we would suggest here that London should very definitely be accorded her own branch, for she has at her sea gate the President, with its R.N.V.R. yachtsman ward-room, and it would be hard to find a better way of beginning the desired liaison between yachting N.O.'s and lay yachtsmen that by establishing a London branch of the Association just where "the frontiers" march side by side. J. I.

## MOTOR CRUISERS

### A Successful International Meeting in Belgium

THE extraordinary success of the recent international motor cruiser trials in Belgian waters should, if nothing else, be a whip and a spur to some of our British organisations. Every detail in the programme was negotiated without so much as a single hitch. Every entrant had to submit to three tests—a speed test in still water, a navigational test in getting to Ostend on time, and a general inspection test. There was no undue kindness from the weather which conspired, if anything, to make each and every test more severe—even providing ardour-damping rain squalls on the day of the inspection. And in very great contradistinction to the relatively miserable or non-existing entries for some of the principal motor cruiser events on this side of the North Sea, one must notice that in the Ostend affair there were no fewer than 27 entrants, of which 22 were British. The fleet comprised all sorts and conditions of cruiser, from 60-tooters down to 25-footers, from 9-knotters to 5-knotters, but it was a *fleet* of which a British event would have every cause to be proud. Moreover, the very fact that so large a proportion of the entrants were British strongly suggests that these owners do not find the fare provided for them in their own waters to be sufficiently alluring—and one cannot blame them.

When we turn from the entry list to the final prize list, we see that out of the first four prize winners three were British. Commander Lightoller—one of the heroes of the now-forgotten Titanic tragedy, incidentally—carried off the King of the Belgians Cup with his 58ft. Sundowner; Mr. Stedman, of the Royal Temple, won the City of Brussels trophy with Scalpel II; Mr. Maltby won the Ligue Maritime Belge prize with his Jumbo—which already has one-half (!) of the London-to-Cowes Braemar trophy to her credit this season. M. Nijman's K.N.Z.R.V. Zenith collected the Port of Brussels cup.

It would be ungenerous were not the lion's share of the praise to be given to M. Maurice Pauwaert, who was responsible for the excellent organisation of the meeting. His reward will no doubt be an even greater muster of British yachtsmen at the next trial. And we hope that British organisations will now bestir themselves and arrange for that to be held in our own home waters next year.

THE ENTRANCE TO SALCOMBE—MARKS WHICH LEAD OVER THE BAR

*On left, Poundstone Beacon in line with left of conspicuous red house. Next on right is the old Hairy Beacon and the North Beacon with Pool Point on the extreme right*

# WEEK-END MOTOR CRUISING—VI

### Making for St. Mawes

By A. M. KINNERSLEY SAUL

WE now come to the last "leg" of our cruise to St. Mawes, where, perhaps, we may "lay her up" for the winter. Last week we left our vessel at Brixham, where, except for the untidy attentions of the gulls, she will be as "safe as houses." We have 70 miles to go; not a long run, but Salcombe and Plymouth lie between at 20 and 40 mile distances respectively, and the former, at any rate, should not be missed.

Skirting the bold headland of Berry Head at about a cable's length off, and timing the arrival there at two hours before high water at Dover, we shall take the first of the inshore ebb with us nearly all the way to St. Mawes, if we decide to go direct. Passing Dartmouth a course may be set to pass inside the Skerries by bringing Start Point slightly on the port bow until Widdicombe lies behind Starcross Hotel (at the southern end of the measured mile), and then steering for Start lighthouse until it is half a mile off, and rounding it at that distance. When the bearing is approaching north care should be taken to see that the distance off the lighthouse is not less than half a mile owing to the presence of Start Rocks—mostly covered at high water.

If calling at Salcombe, as every yachtsman should, Prawle Point can be brought fine on the starboard bow until Electric Cove is opened, and passing about a quarter of a mile off Lloyd's Signal Station.

From this point it is best to steer for the centre of Starhole Bay until the leading marks across the bar are made out and brought into line. The marks I give are those found by a personal survey after the beacon which was formerly used had been blown or knocked down and not replaced. They lead over the bar in the deepest water—an unimportant matter to the small cruiser at high water, perhaps—and it is a good plan to get into the habit of using the deepest channel into such places as this and of readily recognising the marks.

Salcombe Bar can be negotiated safely except with strong southerly winds, when it breaks right across and has been known to capsize even the local lifeboat. The best directions for entering are—keep Poundstone Beacon in line with the left extreme of the large gabled house (as shown in the photograph) until the former is about a cable off and the North Beacon well open of the point. A red buoy will be passed on the starboard hand and a black beacon, the Blackstone, must be left on the same hand and a mid-channel course can then be steered up harbour. The holding ground off Salcombe itself is not good, and the best anchorage and certainly the best place to stay for any length of time is in The Bag, which lies sharp round Ilbertstone Point half a mile above Salcombe.

Plymouth is too well known to need any words of mine. The usual anchorage for yachts is in the Cattewater, which is approached round Batten Pier. It is here that the Royal Air Force maintain an important seaplane and flying boat base, and there are generally several of the latter anchored—or rather moored—off the station. The Old Barbican, which reeks of tarry pigtails and cutlasses, lies abreast the Cattewater, and the Plymouth fishing fleet discharge in the nearby fish dock.

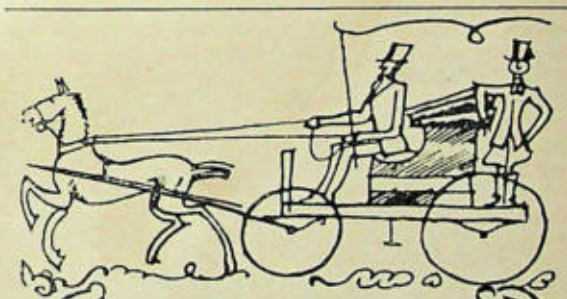
A quieter and more picturesque anchorage can be found off the beautiful orange groves at Mount Edgcumbe, and the marks for letting go are the left angle of the Victualling Yard just open of Cremill Point and the end of Bull Point Pier, in line with Tor Point.

Another pleasant anchorage, but some distance from supplies, lies up the St. German's River, round Beggar's Island, and past where the old Torpedo School Defiance used to lie. Here, in Anthony Passage, with the Naval Prison just open of Carew Point, one is in as secluded a spot as one could possibly find near a busy town and dockyard.

From Plymouth to St. Mawes, our ultimate destination on the "trip," is a pleasant afternoon's run of some 36 miles, if going direct to Anthony Point, or 40 if running along the coast to have a look at Looe, Mevagissey, Fowey and St. Austell on the way. With time to spare a visit should be paid, at any rate to Fowey and the late Sir Gerald Du Maurier's picturesque house. It is a deep harbour used by a large number of woebegone merchantmen for laying up. Perhaps their numbers are happily thinned by now. "Q," the celebrated author, is the Commodore of the hospitable local yacht club, and a quiet billet can be found just round the corner to port above the china clay works up river.

Approaching the harbour at Falmouth one can round the squat-looking lighthouse on Anthony Point at a cable or so and follow the coast to starboard into St. Mawes, the journey ended. For anchorage, a pleasant spot is off the Ship and Castle Hotel, where everyone seems to foregather at aperitif time to spin yarns of the sea and ships. Doubtless we shall find the Major here. In the great harbour will be seen the famous old Cutty Sark, preserved in her old age as a training ship by Captain W. H. Dowman, himself a yachtsman of repute, and owner of one of the most successful 8-metres ever launched, the Cutty built by Camper and Nicholsons.

At his yard up river above the yacht club will be a good place to "lay up" for the winter.



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# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words*

## GRIT—FOR GROUSE

SIR,—In Mr. Clapham's article of August 31st, the writer attributes to me the discovery of the fact that sharp grit cuts the skin of the strongyle larva. In my letter of September 3rd, 1932, I tried to make it clear that this discovery was due to the research of skilled biologists, and not of myself.

Mr. Clapham makes one or two statements which, in the interest of grouse breeding, I must ask to be allowed to traverse. He states that the gizzard of a grouse contains 120 grains of grit. I have weighed many here in the last fifteen years, and the heaviest I have ever found is 76 grains (dried) from a 24oz. bird. The other statement, that "had nature wished to destroy the strongyle larva she would have seen to it that the birds sought out such grit," is eminently true, but not in the sense in which Mr. Clapham means it to be read. On this moor, which is one of the most richly gritted moors in the country, *i.e.*, with quartz derived from the conglomerate gritstone rock, the highest percentage of native grit ever found in a bird is 7½ per cent., the most usual being 1½ per cent. to 2 per cent. To discover this, the contents of the gizzard are dried and bleached, so that the imported white quartz is easily recognisable. Few people realise that from almost every spike of heather the larva of the strongyle worm can be isolated in the laboratory. Hence we see the enormous chance of grouse disease breaking out, as every grouse must take into its system enormous quantities of strongyle larvæ.

Another statement, which must be contested, that "the strongyle larvæ are nature's remedy for an overstock," is a repetition of the ancient fallacy that in order to avoid disease one must shoot down the birds to a low limit. Those who advocate this doctrine forget that dead birds lay no eggs. As research by eminent biologists has provided us with the knowledge that will, almost certainly, defeat nature's "remedy," why not make use of such teaching?

From careful weighing of the contents of many gizzards, one can safely assume that each grouse requires approximately ½oz. of food daily. In winter this food is almost entirely heather tips or shoots. One acre of good feed heather (three-seven years old) will provide approximately 6cwts. of these shoots, consequently we can safely feed 130 grouse per acre of such heather in winter. A 10,000-acre moor should have (allowing for grass ground, 30 per cent. of its area) at least 400 acres of good feed heather for winter keep. From that, one can deduce the maximum stock to be left on the moor, if desired. But one must remember two things that are all important:—

1. Grit "pans" must be kept clear of snow in winter, otherwise the grouse cannot find the grit.
2. If the whole place is covered with snow, then it is advisable to put out a little feed in the shape of cracked maize or oats, otherwise the birds will starve or leave the ground.

Yours faithfully,
Taxal Lodge, H. RAMSDEN-JODRELL.
Whaley Bridge, Cheshire.

## NORFOLK'S INFLUX OF SALT WATER

SIR,—In September, 1925, countless numbers of fish were killed in the Norfolk rivers by an influx of salt water. I saw fish of all sizes—roach, bream, jack and an occasional rudd lying dead on the banks, but there were very few eels. Later on in the same year there was a further mortality among the fish when the eels suffered heavily.

This August, ten years later, the same thing occurred again. I think it was on July 29th that I first noticed one or two small dead fish floating about, and the numbers increased daily until, on August 3rd, the banks of the rivers and every dock and little creek was strewn with the bodies of immature dead fish, most of them only a few inches in length. They were in countless thousands, and lying belly up and showing very white, every little creek looking as if it was strewn with feathers of a goose.

The water in the River Thurne, near Potter Heigham, is distinctly salt to the taste, and when evaporated leaves crystals of salt. Several jelly fish have been seen alive in the Bure and the Thurne, and quite a big one was pulled out of the river near Potter Heigham.

Besides the fish, other forms of life in fresh water have suffered from the salt.

On August 4th, the River Ant was strewn with the dead bodies of the freshwater swan mussel, which had become detached from the shell. There were also a number of shells floating about with the valves open and containing fish, so lightly attached that they could easily be shaken out.

A filamentous alga that grows on submerged wood has been killed. Usually full of minute life, this plant, under microscopic examination, was devoid of any living thing.

Yours faithfully,
Norfolk. FORESTER.

## SHEEPDOG'S HEARING

SIR,—At what distance from its master is a shepherd's dog able to hear and interpret whistled messages?

Experiments over measured distances, taking account of weather conditions, and supplying an accurate answer may not have been made, but the results of a chance incident described by that master shepherd, Mr. Mark Hayton (English president of the International Sheep Dog Society), give some indication of the marvellous hearing powers of the Border collie breed.

He was working on the moors not far away from his home at Ilkley, Yorkshire, and at the time his dog was near the horizon. He whistled a "stop" message. It had no effect, and a moment later Mr. Hayton whistled a "go left" message. This was followed in a few seconds by a "go right" message. The shepherd was about to whistle a fourth message, when the dog suddenly got down in the heather.

The first message to stop had just arrived apparently; and this was proved a moment or two later when the dog got up and obeyed the second message. A few seconds elapsed and the dog then suddenly turned right, obedient to the third and last command.

The experiment was, of course, entirely unprepared, so that Mr. Hayton was not able, by timing the intervals between the sending and receiving of the messages, to gauge accurately the distance between himself and the dog. But he estimated the distance at between two and three miles—and a shepherd who has spent many years on the Yorkshire uplands is usually not far wide of the mark in his estimate of distances.

Mr. Hayton has had other experiences by which the superiority of a dog's hearing over that of human beings has been conclusively established. He tells of occasions when, with the wind dead against him, he has whistled orders to his dog at some distance. These orders have been obeyed but a man standing near the dog has not heard a sound from the shepherd.

Yours faithfully,
Crossflatts, R. E. HARKER.
Bingley, Yorks.

## PROFESSIONAL MOTORISTS

SIR,—Many efforts are being made to render our roads safe, and everything done to improve the standard of driving of cars is to be commended

The professional driver—one who earns his living by driving a motor car—numbers many hundreds of thousands in this country. He controls our public service vehicles, and he enables motor cars to be used by a vast number of the public who depend upon his skill and care. He is controlled by regulations regarding which his opinion is not asked, and no voice is raised on his behalf, as no motoring association bothers about his membership or looks after his interests.

The Professional Drivers' Association has been formed to remedy this. A three years' clean driving record is necessary to qualify for membership, and it can be assumed that a driver with this record will not only be careful on the road, but reliable in looking after the mechanism of his car. Having thus selected the best class of driver it becomes possible to organise an employment bureau successfully for the assistance of members out of employment.

Each man's record will be available for reference, and would-be employers will be able to secure men of proved and tried merit. At the present time the motor driver has virtually no place to which he can apply for employment except a labour bureau.

The serious aspect of the present-day situation from the men's point of view is the endorsement of licences for purely technical offences. The manner in which endorsements are sometimes made by magistrates renders it necessary for every man whose livelihood is threatened to oppose unfair and unbalanced administration of the law.

I formed the Automobile Association for the purpose of fighting unfair legislation and oppressive administration. The same vital objects are not so necessary to-day, but the professional driver has the need of a body which will help him in his vocation, as he is the one to suffer most through injustice. He suffers through badly administered traffic laws and badly placed, and equally badly marked and defined, speed limit areas. By an understanding and proper representation the present-day feeling growing up amongst transport drivers against the police and magistrates concerned may be lessened or altogether obviated.

Sir Malcolm Campbell in consenting to be president of the Professional Drivers' Association has allied himself with its objects of classifying the good type of driver, rendering him assistance when out of employment, and protecting his interests in so far as they affect his livelihood.

The Professional Drivers' Association as a centralised body to secure employment for good drivers will not only benefit the men but also be invaluable to owners of private cars and companies owning and running big fleets of vehicles who now have the very greatest difficulty in finding really reliable drivers.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES JARROTT
Columbia House, (Chairman, Professional
Aldwych, W.C. 2. Drivers' Association).

## HARVEST MITES

SIR,—I am usually abroad at this time of the year. My home is in Kent and, in spending August there, I find in going about the estate that I am terribly troubled with harvesters. I have tried every method that I know for prevention—I have rubbed my boots and spats with carbolic soap; I have drenched them well with Flit, but without any apparent result. I am attacked by 20 or more new ones every day and the irritation is excessive.

I have used "880 ammonia" and many other preparations for cure and attempting to allay the irritation, but without much success.

I have no doubt many of your readers are suffering in a similar manner, and if anyone knows a preventive and also a cure I should be most grateful to hear of it. Yours faithfully,
North Frith, F. N. HORNE.
Tonbridge, Kent.

## WEIGHTS OF BIG GAME

SIR,—The first attempt to obtain and collate accurate details of the weight of big game and vermin in South Africa has been made by Mr. W. A. Campbell, of Durban, Natal, who owns a farm, close to the Kruger National Park, which he maintains as a private game reserve and shooting box. Weights of big game, especially lions, have led to much debate in the past, and this season a careful check was made on the game bagged by a number of guns on a recent shoot. These are details:

Lion.—477lb. This specimen was 9ft. 7½in. measured on the curve from nose to tail-tip and 9ft. 4in. measured between two uprights. It stood 4ft. 3in. at the shoulder and had not had a recent meal. Another lion, measuring 9ft. 5in., weighed 395lb.

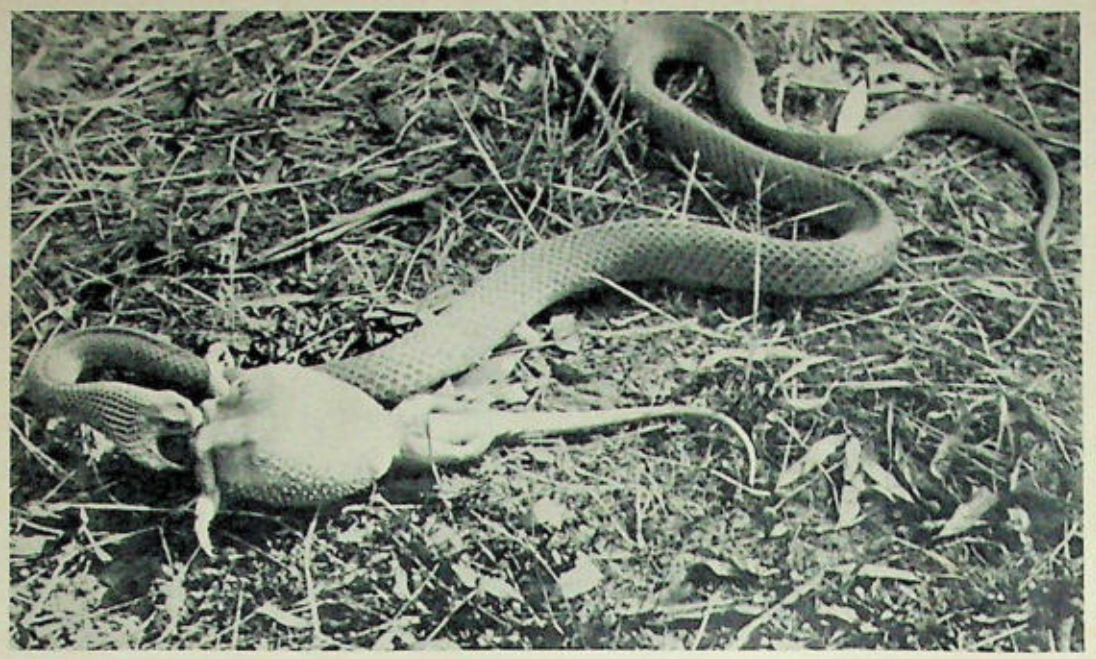
Lioness.—407lb. This was a specimen in excellent condition and measured 8ft. 1in. Another lioness, measuring an inch longer, weighed only 278lb.

Wildebeest bull, 635lb. Wildebeest cow, 432lb. Sable bull, 460lb. (43¾in. horns). Waterbuck bull, 623lb. (34in. horns). Kudu bulls, 654lb. (52in. horns) and 552lb. (54in. horns). Tsessebe bull, 303lb. Zebra stallion, 525lb. Impala ram, 139lb. Baboon, male, 76lb. (2in. fangs). This was a good average specimen. Cheetah, 130lb. (it was 6ft. 10in. in length). Serval cat, 24lb.

All these animals, Mr. Campbell declares, are good specimens, though undoubtedly better ones are to be had. The weight of the lions was of very great interest in view of the assertion in a recent book (by Martin Johnson) that a lion was shot weighing over 750lb. The 477lb. specimen mentioned by Mr. Campbell has been presented to the Durban Museum and the skin is to be sent to London to be mounted. Yours faithfully,
Durban. G. W. R. LE MARE.

## TEST CRICKET

SIR,—Now that the Test Season is over and the ex-captains of English sides are sheathing their fountain pens, what time the captain fills up his with vitriolic blue-black, I have a suggestion to make which I think is for the good of cricket and likely to rest the nerves of the newspaper-reading public. Cannot legislation be brought forward to ensure that when Test Matches, like divorces, are reported, only the results should be announced? Yours faithfully,
Rochester. DINGLEY DELL.



THE SNAKE TRYING TO SWALLOW THE LIZARD
(*See Letter "Inflation for Protection"*)

### CRITICISMS FROM AMERICA

SIR,—As a keen, interested reader of the *Field*, I should like to point out two misstatements appearing in the issue of August 3rd.

Concerning golf, you say: "Such a situation (as brother playing brother) has never been known before in first class golf." Don't you recall that in 1910 Alex Smith and Macdonald Smith, brothers from your own Scotland, tied for the Open Championship of the United States, Alex winning the play-off?

Concerning polo, you say that it isn't so very important that the English players have never played together as a team because "the chances are that none of their teams have either." As a matter of fact, the Templeton team which is defending the championship — Michael Phipps, Winston Guest, Stewart Iglehart and Raymond Guest—is exactly the same team that won the Open Championship in 1932. Seymour Knox's Aurora team has been virtually the same since 1931! The Greentree side with Thomas Hitchcock, jun., and Jock Whitney, has been playing together since the spring. Yours faithfully,

180, Madison Avenue, New York. PETER VISCHER (Editor, *Polo*).

### THE NIGHTJAR'S "COMB"

SIR,—In his interesting article on the nightjar in your issue of August 17th, Mr. Redmayne writes that, so far as he knows, no one has discovered the purpose of its "comb-like claw."

Gilbert White (in Letter XXXVII to Thomas Pennant) gives a description of his observations of this bird, which he usually calls the "fern-owl," and writes:

"But the circumstance that pleased me most was that I saw it distinctly, more than once, put out its short leg while on the wing, and, by a bend of the head, deliver somewhat into its mouth. If it takes any part of its prey with its foot, as I have now the greatest reason to suppose it does these chafers, I no longer wonder at the use of its middle toe, which is curiously furnished with a serrated claw."

During the century and a half which separates us from Gilbert White, has any evidence been produced either to support or to weaken the probability of this great observer's theory? Yours faithfully,

47, Burlington Lane, Chiswick, W.4. W. S. LLEWELLYN.

### A SPEEDOMETER IDEA

SIR,—Seeing that manufacturers are always keen to add refinements, however small, to their cars, the following idea may be of some use. Add another train of figures to the dials of speedometers and gear this to run oppositely to the usual trains of figures, so that at the beginning of a journey, of say 150 miles, the train can be set at 150, and as the car covers the mileage the speedometer will show how many miles are yet to be travelled. This will save the motorist the effort of substraction which, with the usual speedometer, has to be made to find out how much further it is to any given destination.

Possibly this may catch the eye of some firm to whom this scheme may be acceptable, in which case it may do some good to somebody—especially if they are British-made speedometers. Yours faithfully,

Kiriga Estate, P.O. Thika, Kenya Colony. ARTHUR W. BARNLEY.

### YOUNG TREECREEPERS

SIR,—As the treecreeper seems rarely to be photographed the enclosed may interest your readers.

The nest was built on a foundation of sticks behind a loose piece of bark on a tree which had been struck by lightning. The parent birds were very interesting to watch as they ran forwards, backwards or sideways, their heads facing skywards all the time. The young were fed every ten minutes and both parents helped in the work. They were not at all shy and could be watched at very close range. Having set up the camera I retired about ten yards and made the exposure with a line attached to the shutter release.

A few days before the young left the nest they took up the characteristic attitude, clinging to the trunk and getting climbing practice. The enclosed picture of a young one doing this was taken by reflecting sunlight into the nest which was otherwise pitch dark. Yours faithfully,

31, Manor Road, Headington, Oxford. JOHN H. VICKERS.

### INFLATION FOR PROTECTION

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may interest your readers. A 6ft. black snake (venomous) is seen trying vainly to swallow a "jew lizard" (*A. barbatus*). We watched the snake for over three-quarters of an hour; very little progress was made.

The "jew lizard" has the faculty of blowing itself up at will and in all probability this is its best means of defence. At one time, the snake actually tried to deflate its victim, but had to force the air back into the lizard. When I killed the snake, the lizard was still alive; two hours later it was ready for a fight. Yours faithfully,

Nanima Station, Forbes, N.S.W., Australia. PAUL WENZ.

### INJURED PHEASANT'S DEVOTION TO HER NEST

SIR,—On July 10th a hen pheasant was cut out in a meadow adjoining my garden at 4.15 p.m. She lost a cloud of feathers, and I picked up one of her feet, severed one inch above the foot.

Later on, at 7 p.m., while sitting in my garden watching different kinds of birds feeding on the new-cut grass, I saw a hen pheasant "hopping" towards the nest, and then watched her, through my field glasses, settle down on the remaining eggs, surrounded by her lost feathers (due to the mowing machine). I then called my cousin to let him see her on the nest, and we watched her for about half an hour; but there she sat, evidently determined to hatch out the eggs left to her (notwithstanding the loss of one foot and many feathers as well)!

It must have been her second nest, I think—as fourteen eggs had, about three weeks previously, been put under a hen, and not very far from this same nest.

To my regret, next morning, this brave mother had had more trouble during the night—as there were more feathers round the nest, no eggs, and no pheasant! Yours faithfully,

Shalden Manor, Alton, Hants. E. GATHORNE WOOD.

### FIRST INNINGS

SIR,—It would appear from the writings in the papers of many of those who know more about cricket than anyone else, that a first innings on a good wicket is absolutely everything. That being so, one might ask why, having tossed, go any farther with the game? As a fact, what is the advantage of batting first? Has no one ever counted up results and made out the number of wins of those that bat first compared with those that bat second. It might be an interesting calculation. Yours faithfully,

Glos. FREE FORESTER.

CLIMBING PRACTICE BEFORE LEAVING THE NEST
(*See Letter "Young Treecreepers"*)

*By Appointment to* *His Majesty the King*

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### PINE MARTEN IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—Riding along the top of Beacon Hill above Bulford Camp on Salisbury Plain on August 23rd, an animal, which at first sight I took to be a stoat, ran across the track and into the beech and pine wood at the side.

It seemed to me larger than a stoat and rather duller in colour, and I followed it into the wood. It ran up a pine tree and lay stretched along a branch eight to ten feet up, when I could see clearly its white chest and stoat-like head. Disturbed by my horse it ran down the tree and up one a few yards away. Is not this unusual behaviour for a stoat, and if so can the animal have been a marten? Are they known to exist in this part of Wiltshire?

Yours faithfully,

Thruxton Farm House, Cholderton, Salisbury. E. WARTON.

[See, also, Mr. G. B. Robinson's letter in last week's issue.—ED.]

### THREE INSEPARABLES

SIR,—This photograph of "Three Inseparables" may please your readers. They were turned out on Exmoor, the foal as a rule keeping close to the old carthorse, who was devoted to it, in preference to its mother. They lived on the top of the moor under Dunkerry. The "Forest" is seen stretching away beyond them, the ridge above Simonsbath in the distance.

Yours faithfully,

Broadwater, Amport, Andover. MARY G. S. BEST.

AN EXMOOR IDYLL: ON THE TOP OF THE MOOR BELOW DUNKERRY
*(See Letter "Three Inseparables")*

### CHAMPION AT THIRTEEN MONTHS

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of F.T. Ch. Red Terror of Jind, a Cocker spaniel bitch, winner of the last season's Cocker Championship Stake in India, owned, broken and handled by that great lover of dogs, His Highness the Maharaja of Jind. She was run only twice and got the blue riband at the young age of thirteen months, or, to be exact, a day over—a record to be a F.T. champion at this age. An inquiry was sent to the English Kennel Club to ascertain what the record for a F.T. champion was so far as age was concerned, and the secretary, Mr. H. T. Bowell, was good enough to have the records for the past fifteen

THE YOUNGEST CHAMPION COCKER
*(See Letter "Champion at Thirteen Months")*

years searched, and mentioned in his letter that he "could not find any winner of the Retriever or Spaniel Championship younger than eighteen months at the time of the win." In fact, Mr. Bowell congratulated His Highness on "the wonderful achievement of his young Cocker."

Yours faithfully,

Bhimtal, U.P., India. H. G.

### AFTER A THUNDERSTORM

SIR,—On the night of July 1st this hill station experienced a very severe thunderstorm, the lightning at times being practically continuous. Early the following morning I passed by a large eucalyptus tree by the roadside, and was surprised to see the ground, both under the tree and round about it, absolutely littered with dead sparrows. Owing to the position of the tree above the road, which was sunk, and the large amount of loose stones at its base, a photograph was not practicable. There must have been over thirty dead birds.

This surely can only have been due to lightning, which must have killed the whole colony of roosting sparrows during the previous night. The curious thing was that the tree itself showed absolutely no sign of having been struck, nor did other trees or the ground in the vicinity. Furthermore, a small bushy tree only about 25 yards off had a nest of sparrows in it, who were quite untouched and are still living happily. I wonder if any of the readers of the *Field* can match such an extraordinary occurrence.

Yours faithfully,

Cherat, N.W.F.P., India. CATHCART BRUCE (Major, Commanding 2/H.L.I. Detachment).

### WAGTAIL AND TENNIS BALL

SIR—One evening this summer my daughter and I watched for some time a pied wagtail run along the ground and jump against an old tennis ball left on the court by our terrier. It would attack the ball first one side and then the other, and after a few minutes would fly off, but not towards the bank where a wagtail had hatched and brought off its young birds. It returned again and again and pulled the ball 6in. to 8in. while we watched. There was no sign of any fluff being taken off, and I wonder if any of your readers can throw any light on it?

Yours faithfully,

Coplestone House, Copplestone. (Mrs.) M. E. POPE.

### "OVER DOGS"

SIR,—As I have shot grouse for well over 50 years, and nearly all over dogs, the article by Major J. D. Lloyd in your issue of August 17th was most interesting to me. I should, however, like to point out that his hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., allowing one hour for lunch, add up to eight hours, a fascinating number, but rather more than most men care to undertake. The length of the day tends to check "running to a point."

May I add here that this latter advantage to the active shots appears to me to handicap rather than help good shooting.

I must say that I do not like a dog handler 25yds. in front of the guns; I consider a line as straight as possible is safer and better from all points of view.

As a very old reader of your paper, I should like to add that I cannot call to mind a more interesting and instructive article.

Yours faithfully,

Kinlochewe Lodge, Achnasheen, Ross-shire, N.B. EDWARD HICKMAN.

### SHRIKE ATTACKING CHAFFINCH

SIR,—On the afternoon of July 7th, I was on the Surrey Hills with my daughter, when she came running towards me in great alarm, calling my attention to what at first she naturally thought was a hawk of some kind with a bird in its claws.

The "hawk" flew into a thorn tree with its burden. On fixing my glasses on what at first sight looked like a mass of moving feathers, I was surprised to find that the bird was a male red-backed shrike and the prey a fully-fledged chaffinch. The shrike continued to hammer away at the back of the chaffinch's head.

I followed it up, when it flew into a service tree and on leaving this dropped the chaffinch, which I found to be still warm, with the feathers cleared from the back of the head—apparently in an attempt to reach the brains.

I have seen newly-hatched young impaled on the thorns of the shrike's "larder," among bumble bees, but in spite of the fact that I have lived all my life in shrike country, I have never known fully-fledged birds to be taken, though other observers claim that birds (?) and their young are taken as food.

Yours faithfully,

Croydon. PERCY F. BUNYARD.

### SWING DOORS FOR RABBITS

SIR,—I should like to add to K. R. P.'s letter in your issue of August 24th the advice that the wire netting must be turned both underground and at the top. Rabbits do not jump the wire, but climb it. I have known rabbits which have climbed and pushed away with their heads until they have got them through and been found hanging there next morning.

Yours faithfully,

Glos. BUNNY.

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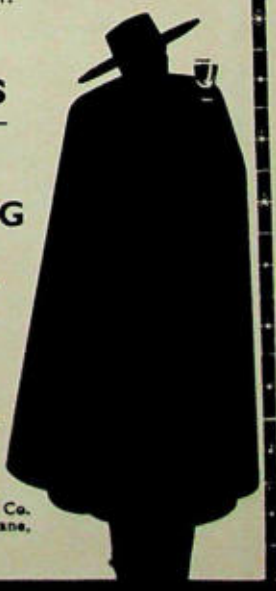

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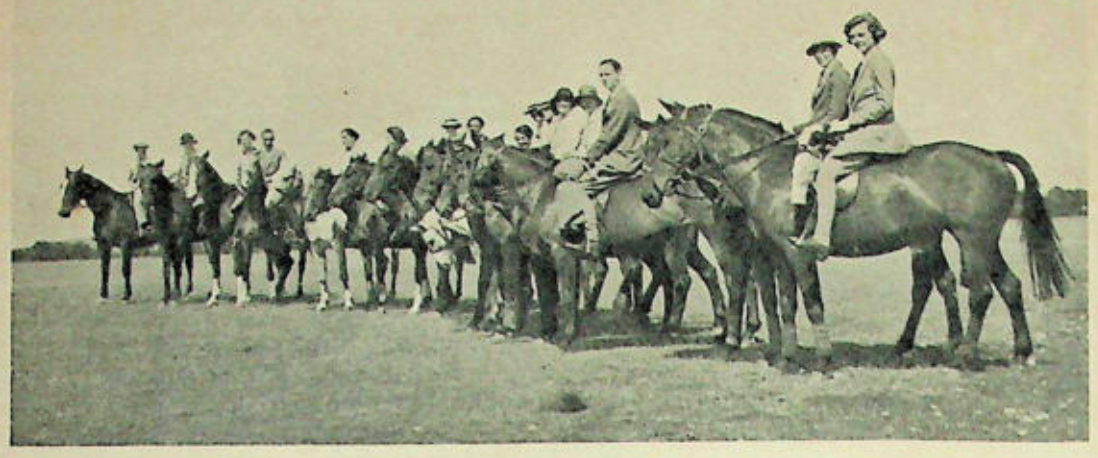

HOLIDAY RIDERS ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS
*(See Letter "Growing Interest in Riding")*

### GROWING INTEREST IN RIDING

SIR,—I have noticed in the pages of the *Field* the growing interest in horse riding, and it occurred to me that the enclosed photograph might interest your readers, as illustrating a typical 1935 holiday, where people of all ages are enjoying a thoroughly happy and healthy time on horseback.

The photograph was taken in the afternoon on the Sussex Downs on the return journey home, the morning having been spent in walking, trotting and cantering through lanes and woods, and the most glorious wide open stretches of downland.

Yours faithfully,

7, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. 1. RUTH TOMLINSON.

### DAMAGE BY GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—The many nefarious acts of the grey squirrel (better described as the "tree rat") are probably only too well known to readers of the *Field*, but I should be interested to know whether others have met with experiences similar to the following: I was recently called in to investigate a claim for damage by game to very nearly an acre of standing corn put forward by the tenant of a farm adjoining some woodland. As I knew there was little or no game in this particular covert, I was rather at a loss to account for the damage which had undoubtedly been done.

By careful observation I was able to satisfy myself beyond any question that this was yet another and to me a new act of destruction by these rapidly increasing pests By biting though the base of the straw, the stem was felled and the ear stripped, consumed or carried off to the dray.

Yours faithfully,

Chandlers Cross, Croxley Green, Herts. GORDON FLINT.

GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE DAMAGE DONE TO NEARLY AN ACRE OF CORN
*(See Letter "Damage by Grey Squirrels")*

### A TROUT'S MEAL

SIR,—Whilst fishing in the Pahlgam-Shishnag area the other day I caught a 3lb. trout measuring 20in., and in fat condition. The fish already had an 8in. fish in its mouth, partially digested, with the last 1½in. of the tail sticking out, and on cutting it up I found a river stone measuring 2½in. by 1¼in. by ¾in. in its stomach. In spite of this mixed diet it came for my 1½in. gold devon at my second cast.

Yours faithfully,

Rawal Pindi. NOVICE.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1,** appeal for £8 to provide comforts and special food for a war widow who is hopelessly paralysed. She is permanently bedridden in a London room, and her only income is a small pension which just covers necessities. She clings to her home, for she does not want to be parted from her only daughter. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to make life easier for her by guaranteeing a weekly dairy order. Please send donations, which will be acknowledged by post.

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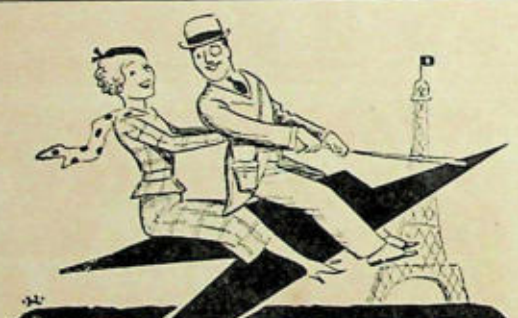

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 15 Sept. | | Athletic Meeting, France v. Germany |
| 21-30 | „ | Tennis. International Championships of Paris |
| 25 | „ | Horse Racing (Gold Cup) Maisons-Laffite |
| 29 | „ | Motor Marathon |
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# IN THE CITY

## SOME HIGH YIELDS

*(Concluded)*

AT various times during the past few months a number of preference shares offering yields above the average have been recommended. These issues are tabulated below together with the price at which they can now be bought, or picked up from time to time, and the yield calculated after allowing for the expenses of purchase. In every case the preference shares are cumulative and of £1 denomination unless otherwise indicated.

| Preference Shares. | Dividend Requires. £ | Available last year. £ | Approximate Price | Gross Yield. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| SECTION I: | | | | |
| L.M.S. 4% | 4,756,350 | 5,854,349 | 89 | 4 18 0 |
| Covent Garden Props. 8% Preferred Ordinary | 29,450 | 70,699 | 30/3 | 5 3 3 |
| Debenhams Ltd. 6½% Second | 130,000 | 378,000 | 24/3 | 5 5 0 |
| Selfridge 6% (Tax Free) | 78,000 | 226,835 | 27/3 | 5 11 6 |
| Debenhams Ltd.7%Third 10/- | 119,000 | 248,000 | 11/9 | 5 16 6 |
| Anglo Continental Guano Works 7½% | 28,125 | 49,475 | 24/- | 6 2 6 |
| Brit. Ropes 7% Non-Cum. Preferred Ordinary 10/- | (See *Field* 24/8/35) | | 11/- | 6 4 6 |
| SECTION II: | | | | |
| Harrison & Crosfields 10% Preferred Ordinary | 100,000 | 223,700 | 40/9 | 4 15 9 |
| Prices Tailors 7% Preferred Ordinary | 35,000 | 247,500 | 28/- | 4 18 3 |
| Lamson Paragon Supply 10% | 25,000 | 74,386 | 39/6 | 4 19 3 |
| Associated British Maltsters 7% "A" | 27,125 | 67,400 | 26/9 | 5 2 9 |
| Anglo Amer. Corp. S. Africa 6% | 120,000 | 757,235 | 113½ | 5 4 3 |
| SECTION III: | | | | |
| Winterbottom Book-Cloth 10% Non-Cum. Preferred Ordinary | 38,676 | 186,156 | 41/3 | 4 15 0 |
| Booths Distilleries 6½% Preferred Ordinary | 10,075 | 34,880 | 25/3 | 5 1 0 |
| J. Sears (True Form Boot) 12½% | 48,271 | 137,468 | 46/6 | 5 5 3 |
| British Celanese 7% First | 108,500 | 559,442 | 25/3 | 5 8 9 |
| Richard Thomas 6½% (Tax Free) | 202,822 | 362,732 | 30/- | 5 9 0 |
| Dorman Long 6½% Non-Cum. First | (See below.) | | 23/- | 5 10 9 |
| Clover Paint and Composition 7½% Participating | 7,500 | 12,120 | 20/- | 7 6 3 |
| | | *Average Yield* | | £5 8 3 |

The yield on the above list of preference shares ranges from 4¾ per cent. to over 7¼ per cent. gross, while on the average it works out at £5 8s. 3d. per cent.—a rate of income return which appears to be in no way commensurate with the risks involved. Generally speaking, the higher the yield the greater is the risk, but no undue risk would seem to be incurred by a purchase of any of these issues, though since many of them only come on the market periodically it is suggested that investors select half a dozen and authorise their banker or broker to invest a given sum in any or each of them as shares become obtainable.

The issues included in Section I have all been recommended in these Notes during the last two months, and fairly comprehensive details were given at the time so that regular readers will be familiar with these securities. The shares listed in Section II have also been recommended in these Notes, on previous occasions although not so recently, and readers may care to obtain fuller and up-to-date details of these and the securities in Section III from their brokers or bankers. Section III contains a number of issues which have not previously been recommended but which appear to merit consideration equally with the securities in the first two sections.

Dorman, Long & Company, Ltd., one of the leading firms in the iron, coal and steel industry, recently reorganised its share and loan capital. In connection with an issue of prior lien debenture stock, the prospectus indicated that profits for the twelve months ended on March 31st, 1935, were estimated at £687,000, and after deducting interest, depreciation and other charges there would be left a balance more than sufficient to cover dividend requirements, taking £185,768 annually on the 6½ per cent. first preference shares. In more than one reliable quarter the writer has heard the opinion expressed that the directors will find it difficult not to declare the dividend on the first preference shares.

Profits of British Celanese, Ltd., have been subject to wide fluctuations, and during the crisis dividends on the first preference shares were omitted. However, for the year ended on June 30th, 1934, the trading profit increased to the largest figure that the company has ever been able to report, and the new accounts due to be published in about one month's time should again make a satisfactory showing. During the past twelve months two and a half years' arrears of dividend have been paid off, but the first preference shares are still in arrears from April 30th, 1933, and no allowance has been made for this in estimating the yield in the table. PACTOLUS.

# BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

## More Points in the Shape and Colouring of Decoys

By C. W. B. URMSTON

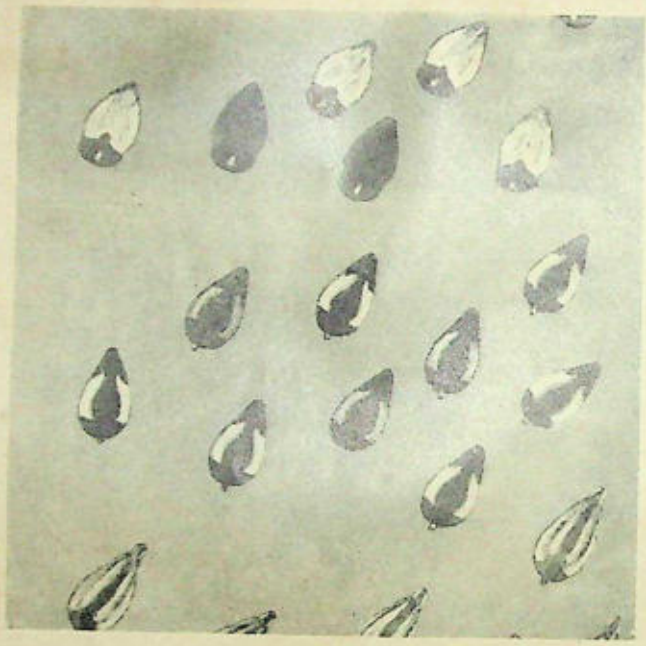
DECOYS are hard to obtain anywhere in England to-day, and what there are, are not designed along the lines which produce the greatest efficiency, but more often to attract the buyer through the shop window. The reason for this is obvious. Everybody has in their mind's eye a certain picture of what a duck appears like to them when sitting on the water. They picture a duck as they see it and not as another duck sees it when approaching from above. It is to satisfy this picture that the makers of decoy ducks make them as they do. This may seem all very obvious and very pointless to the casual reader, but experience and experiments are gradually leading me to believe that the construction of decoys along these lines is wrong, and does not produce the best results.

There are several types of decoys: the ordinary wooden decoy, those made of rubber that blow up, both thick and thin rubber, cork ones, papier mâché ones; but all of them are made to represent a duck as seen from the side. By that I mean that it is to get the closest resemblance to a live duck from this angle that the greatest energy is expended. The colouring is even carried out along the same lines and little fiddley dabs and blotches are put on to represent feathers, but the general effect from a distance is not considered.

Now, having spent considerable time in that easiest of all things, adverse criticism, I am now going to attempt to say something constructive, for such I believe it to be, so here is my suggestion: To get the best results from decoys, they should be made to offer the greatest attraction to ducks when seen from above, and observations along these lines have produced the following results. I have spent a good deal of time taking photographs of ducks from immediately overhead, and have even gone so far as to borrow an aeroplane and fly over quanties of ducks of different species when sitting on the water, and observe them through glasses as well as the naked eye. In all these cases, the same results and phenomena have been more and more vividly impressed on me.

MALLARD—A DUCK'S-EYE VIEW

This data resolves itself into two main groups: that of colour, and shape. Let us deal with the colour problem first. It was most noticeable that the different species of ducks when observed as described, instead of showing merely a difference of colour, in the ordinary sense, showed a very definite pattern and by that I mean that all colour from the point of view of detail had disappeared, and in its place was left merely a certain pattern effect. This can be shown most clearly by the accompanying photographs and diagrams. It was so striking that after a very little practice, even when flying over ducks at such a height that they were not alarmed by the aircraft, this pattern effect was so pronounced as to enable one to recognise very easily the different species of ducks. I do not feel that any more emphasis on this point is necessary, as what I am driving at should be readily apparent in view of the accompanying pictures.



THE NEW DECOYS

*In the rear are seven pochard decoys, and in front of them nine tufted and two mallard. To get the correct effect these pictures should be looked at from 3ft. directly above them*

Now let us go on to the second point, which is, namely, shape. The shape of different ducks when seen from above is also very pronounced. For instance, mallards, pochard, tufted ducks, and teal, all have comparatively different shapes, and do not vary only in size and colour. This will also be more apparent with reference to the accompanying diagram. Although it is necessary to be much closer to ducks to notice the difference in shape, it does cause a sort of general effect even when seen from a considerable height.

Now let us sum up all this by drawing an imaginary picture. Imagine that we have a large number of little pieces of wood coloured and shaped to one pattern and we lay them on the table and look at them from above. We get a certain effect, an effect such as is always caused when one observes any arrangement of colour and shape which has a certain amount of symmetry. Now let us take another and different set of small pieces of wood varying slightly in size and colour from the last set. Place them on the table alongside our first set. They will give us a comparatively different picture, and so on with different sets of chips. A similar effect is obtained with ducks.

As I do not expect anybody to go to the trouble of carrying out this experiment with small bits of wood, as it involves a great deal of time and is very tedious, I hope that the accompanying diagrams may illustrate exactly what I mean and what I am suggesting is that, in the construction of decoys, it is not the ordinary or already accepted ideas of construction that matter, but it is necessary to construct them to correspond with ducks as seen from above. This means that one should concentrate on colouring them, not in detail, but to get a bold general effect which, incidentally, is much easier to do. There is not much difference in the colouring of the various ducks of the species, but the difference in the drakes is very pronounced. I believe, although my experiments are still incomplete, that, working on these lines, one can make a decoy much more simply and at a much lower cost than hitherto, which will have the added attraction of being more efficient in use.

I am writing this in the hope that there are others who would like to experiment along the same lines, so that a definite conclusion may be reached more quickly than if only one person was experimenting. If one only has the old type of decoy in one's possession, it is well worth taking a paint brush and some paint and re-colouring them along the lines suggested, and I am confident that further use of them after this has been done will help to prove the soundness of the theories put forward here. Again, as I have said before in other places, it must not be imagined that this makes decoys a sort of charm which bring all the ducks swooping on one's head, but I do believe that time will show that in the long run decoys constructed on the above lines will produce better results than the many types of the old kind which are most commonly used to-day.

The Americans have gone a long way to produce decoys which are amazingly life-like when seen from the side, but which are coloured without any reference to the above considerations, and these when re-painted, according to this idea, have proved so far that I am correct. However, a great deal more work is necessary before any final decision can be come to.

POCHARD FROM ABOVE

**Keepers' Benefit Society.**—At the last annual general meeting of the Keepers' Benefit Society, presided over by Lord Elphinstone, at the Langham Hotel, the Secretary's report showed that at the end of the financial year 91 gamekeepers were on the books, and the number of pensioners 55. Unfortunately, the expenditure of the Society exceeds its income this year by approximately £300, and it will be necessary for the Society to realise some of its securities in order to meet its obligations during the present year. We hope that, in these circumstances, those who are interested in the sport of shooting will come to the help of this Society. Since its foundation in 1886 it has disbursed in benefits no less than £39,000, the pensioners being keepers whom, through old age or ill-health, are no longer able to follow their profession now. Subscriptions should be forwarded to the Secretary, Captain A. F. Baker, 14, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.

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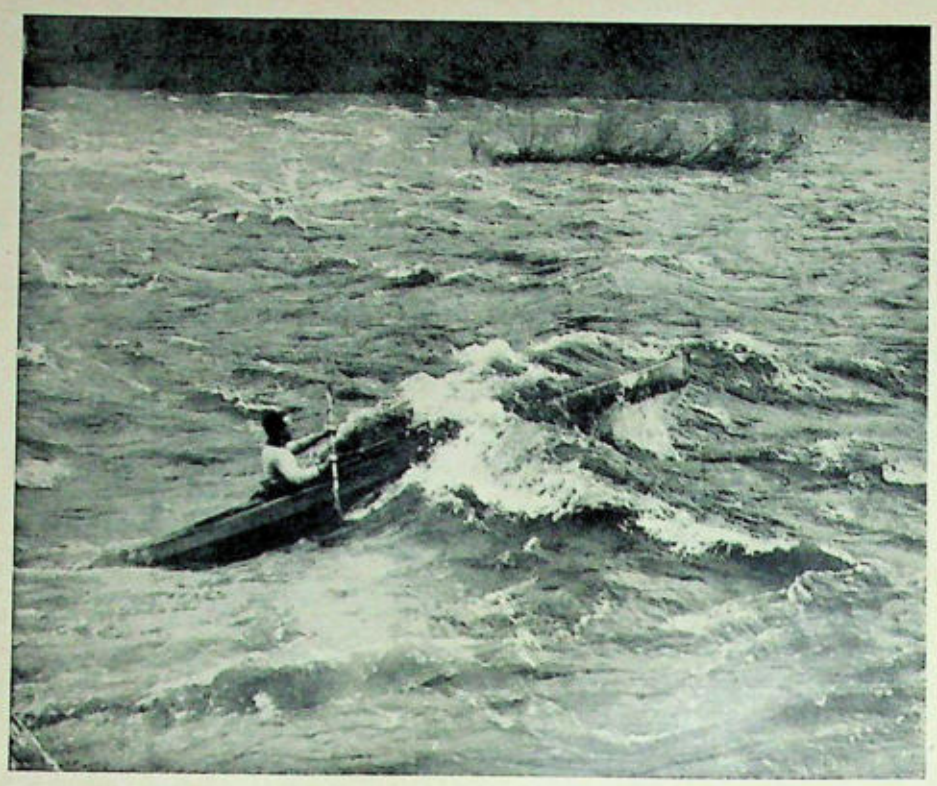


WHERE HAND AND BRAIN MUST WORK TOGETHER

*Negotiating a rapid on the Wye below Builth Wells when approaching "Hell Hole"*

# CANOEING DOWN THE WYE

## An Exhilarating Journey With Constant Change of Scenery

IT has been claimed that the River Wye meanders through the loveliest valley in this country, and certainly in spring there can be few finer sights than the wooded banks of the Upper and Lower Wye with their carpet of bluebells lit up by sudden bursts of sunshine. There is no better way of seeing the whole glory of the valley than from the river itself, and this is possible, thanks to the collapsible canoe which is becoming more and more popular to-day.

Many canoeists start such a trip at Hay, but in doing so they miss one of the most exciting rapids of the river. For the experienced I would advocate Builth Wells as an admirable starting point, as there is an old shed just below the bridge where your canoe can be dry-docked pending the start of the adventure. Besides, the Builth folk make it their business to be helpful, and it is no exaggeration to say that practically the whole population assembles on the river bank to watch you putting your boat together.

Their chief aim seems to be to tell you of a fellow canoeist who started from just above the town, capsized in a rapid and lost his wallet containing £10. Apart from this "cheerful" news the local reporter collects your past history, whether for an obituary notice or not is never made quite clear, and the district Press photographer comes down to the river bank to see you off in the early hours of the morning.

The portion of the valley from Builth to Hay, though less spectacular than the final reaches, is yet rich in gentle beauty. About three miles below Builth Bridge you find your first rapid, which, on a spring flood, is not very fearsome. The thing to remember, however, is that no two rapids are ever quite the same, nor—which is more important—is the same rapid at all the same in different states of water.

It is as you approach Aberedw, opposite Alltmawr, which has an ancient church only 35ft. in length, that you will be nearing the biggest thrill of the trip. About two miles lower down is the rapid appropriately named "Hell Hole." It is not until you are almost on it that you can appreciate its magnificence. Only an experienced canoeist should attempt to negotiate this rapid when the full power of flood water is behind it. As you reach the lowest part of the rapid a wave breaks over your head, and it is with difficulty that you can manage to retain your grip on your paddle. Of all places on the Upper Wye this is the point where it is most necessary that hand and brain should work together.

Having survived "Hell Hole" it is customary to land and empty all the water out of the canoe, besides having a very necessary change of clothing, though it is sometimes better to defer changing for a little while, as in flood water there is a series of rapids in this neighbourhood. But after passing Llyswen Bridge there is nothing of an alarming nature before Hay.

By the time you reach Hay, just within the Breconshire border, you will have covered 34 miles, and it is well to stop here for the night. If you have wet clothes you will find the good folk at the Wye Hotel very willing to have them dried, while the canoe may be left quite safely on the ground adjoining the station.

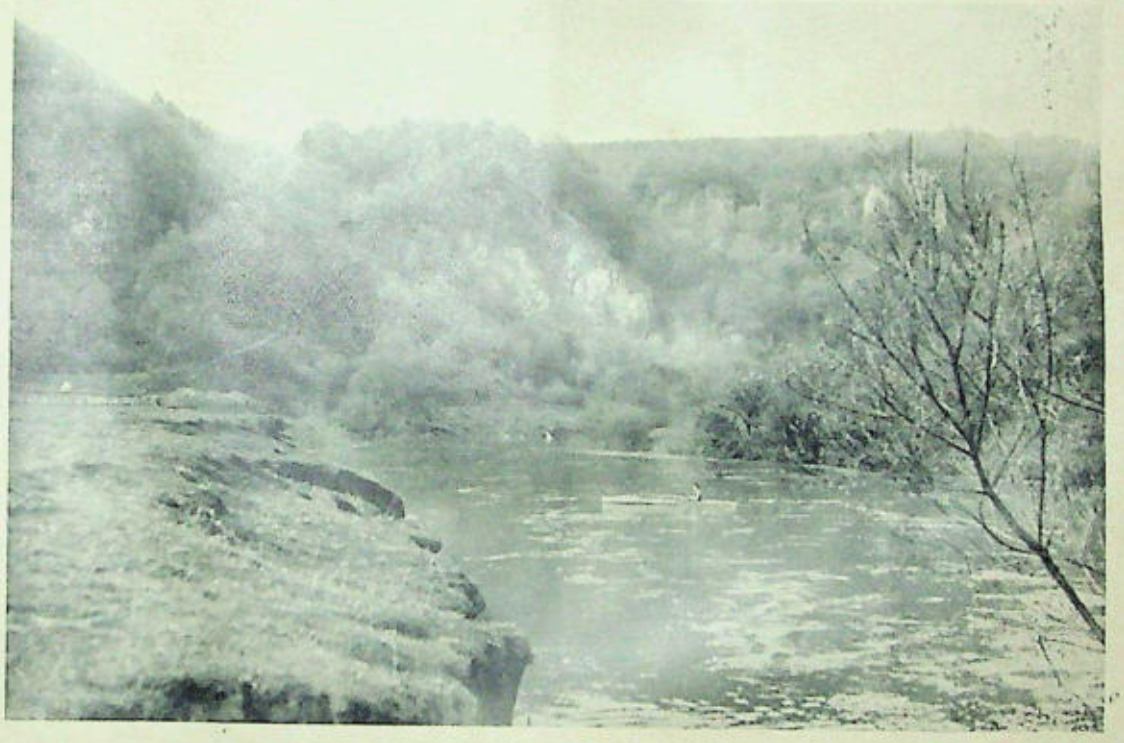
The journey from Hay to Hereford, about 31 miles, is without incident, except for Monnington Falls which can be unpleasant at low water, though easy during a flood. In any event, always take the right side of the island. The nearer you get to Hereford the more the scenery changes, woods and hills giving way to flat meadows. Leave your canoe at the boathouse just above the bridge at Hereford, and make for the Saracen's Head Hotel, which is but two minutes away from the boathouse, and stands on the river facing the Cathedral.

As you will have to do 34 miles on the next day an early start is imperative. Perhaps the most striking point about this part of the journey, between banks which are literally alive with rabbits, is the view of Ross Church on approaching the town. If it were not for a delightful hotel at Kerne Bridge, it would be advisable to stop at Ross for the night, for the ruins of Goodrich Castle, high up on the right-hand bank, one mile from Ross, will be missed at dusk. However, at Kerne Bridge your canoe can be pulled up on the bank under the Toll Bridge and left there for the night quite safely. The Castle View Hotel is only 50yds. away.

Between Kerne Bridge and Chepstow the river is navigable for rowing boats, though infrequent rapids, such as that at Symond's Yat, bar the unwanted steamer. The reaches of the Lower Wye are undoubtedly the most beautiful of all. Running continuously between steep-wooded banks, the river retains its attractiveness until Tintern Abbey appears in its lovely setting of wooded hillsides. After this you are on tidal water, and if the tide is at its lowest the view to either side is spoilt by 40ft. of mudbank. There is only one place to land at Chepstow, this being on a slipway just before the second bridge.

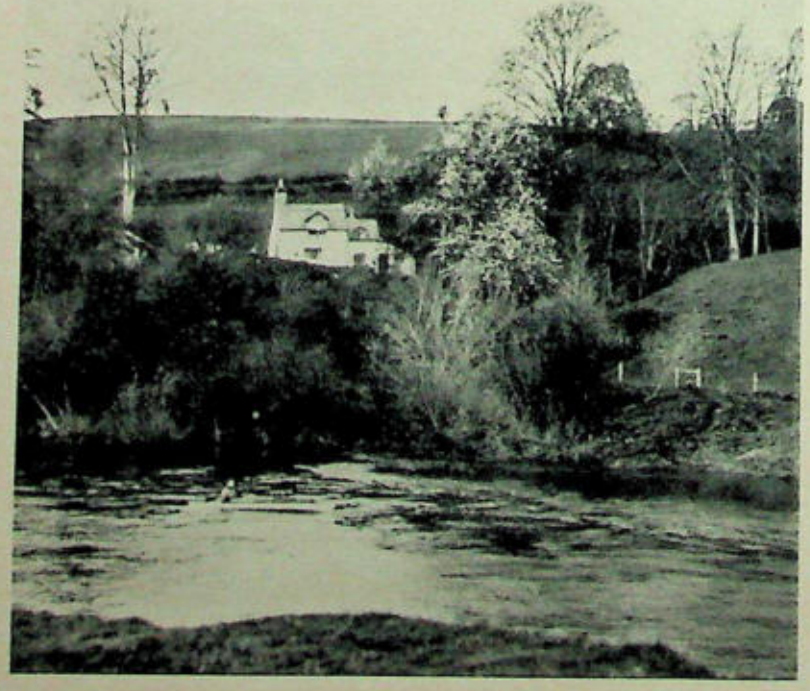
If you appreciate beautiful countryside and nature, peaceful stretches of water, exciting rapids, exhilarating exercise, and the feeling of being pleasantly tired, this canoe trip will furnish all your desires.

W. G. LUSCOMBE.



IN THE LOWER WYE VALLEY NEAR KERNE BRIDGE

*The river runs between steep banks for twenty odd miles from Kerne Bridge to Tintern, where tidal water and mudbanks spoil the scenery*



THE MID-WYE VALLEY ONE MILE FROM HAY

*After leaving Hay, woods and hills give way to flat meadows and the valley loses some of its attractiveness*

OURANG-UTAN (BORNEO AND SUMATRA)
(*From "Wild Animals"; Chatto & Windus*)

## *New Books*

# BIRDS AT ETON

### The Technique of Lawn Tennis

WITH this small book, Mr. Bland has added a most interesting and valuable tale of experience to the bird lover's bookshelf. For some years during his time as a master at Eton, he was the tenant of a small garden in a secluded position in the neighbourhood of fields and water, in which he spent his time watching the behaviour of nesting birds. The garden is of an irregular shape, not more than 30yds. or 40yds. by 20yds. But within its boundaries he has been the host of large numbers of birds, and has been able to record many original observations. His best chapter consists of 20 pages devoted to the habits of nesting lesser whitethroats, and he is justified in claiming that the subject of this chapter may properly be called the triumph of the garden. Mr. Bland is an early riser and thinks nothing of getting up at 4 o'clock on a summer morning. He has been precluded, however, by his profession, from carrying out continuous observation through the whole of the day. None the less, he has managed to put together notes on the lesser whitethroat, which are not to be found in any other pages. Particularly interesting are his chronicles of the comings and goings of the parent birds and of their method of approaching the nest. "The flight," he writes, "is incredibly swift as the nest is approached, and in 1925 and 1926 the same manœuvre was executed by both whitethroats. They would fly past the house and on between the road and the shrubbery as if they were going to the far end of the garden; but when just beyond the nest, they would double at an acute angle, maintaining full speed, and dive into the yew—a truly marvellous feat of flight."

Another chapter which contains information which does not appear to have been previously recorded is devoted to the wryneck. Mr. Bland describes a robbery of bluetit's eggs by one of a pair of wrynecks, which carried out from the nesting-box and dropped each of three eggs in turn, but, oddly enough, did not attempt to use the box for its own purposes. A third experience in which Mr. Bland has been exceptionally fortunate is in having heard in English fields the call note of a quail. He describes this as a mellow musical note, or rather a set of three notes, long—short—long, and as ventriloquial, in that the voice appeared to him to come from a different point each time he heard it, though he was sure there was only one bird. He devotes a very interesting chapter to songs, call notes and alarms, and makes a point of introducing his quota to the controversy renewed year by year over the spring call of the greater spotted woodpecker. Mr. Bland puts one question to his opponents. If the sound is gutturally produced, how do they account for the fact that the pitch and volume of the sound vary with the calibre of the dead branch on which the bird appears to be hammering? This is a question which deserves an answer. Probably the holders of the guttural theory would reply that the dead wood acts as a kind of sounding board. But, in any case, Mr. Bland himself does not answer his opponents' question, which is: How can so small and light an instrument as a spotted woodpecker's head and beak produce a sound by hammering which can be heard a quarter of a mile away? Again, how is the quality of the sound to be accounted for? How can a woodpecker produce a deep sonorous note by hammering on a dead branch when it only produces a high thin note by hammering to pieces a Barcelona nut?

Bird lovers will sympathise with Mr. Bland's anger with marauding cats. Nothing can be more distracting to a naturalist watching nesting birds than to find nest after nest destroyed, and a whole series of careful observations wrecked. Mr. Bland seems to have been successful in defeating one of his enemies with a buried bottle of ammonia, and he is discreetly silent as to other forms of interment. Cats, apparently, occasionally met with accidents in his garden, and he has been questioned as to various disappearances. He merely remarks that many cats have haunted the garden for so long that they must have lived at least nine lives in it, and that he can well believe that a few have never left it.

*Birds in an Eton Garden.* By H. M. Bland. (Dent; 7/6.)

A LONE BUFFALO
*From "Wild Animals" (Life and Art in Photograph No. 6); Chatto & Windus*

## TILDEN THE TEACHER

"DO not think that tennis is merely a physical exercise. It is a mental cocktail of a very high 'kick.'" This is the keynote of William T. Tilden's book *The Art of Lawn Tennis*, of which Messrs. Methuen & Co. have published a new and cheaper edition. It is to an extent revised to date, but is still peppered with anachronisms, for which it will be forgiven on account of its great general merit. If ever there was a player who reached the reward of championship by a genius for taking pains, it was Tilden. The need for study was proved to him early. Just after he graduated he was asked to help in developing his college team. He found when he was asked "how," he did not really know. By teaching he began to teach himself. In the end his mental equipment for the game became extraordinary. In that particular he himself claims supremacy for Norman E. Brookes, but he was the Australian's superior.

Much of his store of knowledge is contained in this small volume, and is phrased so that anyone can understand and benefit. With regard, for example, to the causes for missing strokes he writes, "First, and by far the largest class is not looking at the ball up to the moment of striking it. Fully 80 per cent. of all errors are caused by taking the eye from the ball in the last one-fifth of a second of its flight. The remaining 20 per cent. of errors are about 15 per cent. bad footwork, and the other 5 per cent. ooor racket work and bad bounces." This is much more illustrative then mere reiteration of the familiar "keep your eye on the ball" slogan.

As might be expected, Tilden has some shrewd things to say about service, though he will, perhaps, be considered to throw down a tradition by his statement that his "cannon-ball" has been misquoted as his strongest asset. He considers that the value of the cannon ball tends to decline. "Speed is not the be-all and end-all . . . I believe perfect service is about 40 per cent. placement, 40 per cent. speed, and 20 per cent. twist." Speed, he points out in an earlier chapter, is the actual rate at which a ball travels through the air; pace is the momentum with which it comes off the ground.

The book is in three parts, the second of which is devoted to the psychology of the game. Herein Tilden excels; his remarks should be in the possession of every player who wishes to improve.

J. E. C.

*The Art of Lawn Tennis.* By William T. Tilden. (Methuen; 3/6.)

## SPORTING "SHOTS"

HELEN SIDEBOTHAM has collected a hundred of the first-class animal pictures into a sort of anthology of the Big Game Photographer. Actually only two of the pictures, which include the work of F. W. Champion, Marcuswell Maxwell, A. Radclyffe Dugmore and Paul Hoefler and M. A. Wetherell, were new to me, but the volume forms a useful collection of old favourites. It is a pity that it was not made clear that certain photographs were taken in national parks and by auto-photography; and does the editor really suggest, as the preface gives one to believe, that *all* these photographs were taken under natural conditions? It is a pity, too, that the Rocky Mountain Goat (Plate XCVI) is called a Himalayan goat, as this shakes one's faith in her knowledge of her subject.

R. M.

*Wild Animals.* Edited by Helen Sidebotham. (Chatto & Windus; 5/–.)

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

There is no county in England which is more loved than Sussex, and so it is a matter for congratulation that the third volume of the *County History*, delayed for nearly 20 years, has now been completed in the Victoria History of the Counties. This volume deals principally with Romano-British Sussex and with the City of Chichester, and is instinct of the care and research typical of the series. The volume by Professor Elizabeth Levett was continued by Dr. Page, and has finally been edited by Mr. L. F. Salzman (Oxford University Press; 42/–).

*Beneath the White Lion*, by B. J. Hurren (John Long; 7/6), is at the same time interesting and disappointing, interesting in the way in which the author has captured the atmosphere of Italy in general and of Siena in particular, but somewhat disappointing in the construction of the story.

Up till recently a somewhat limited range of plants have been grown in the average cold greenhouse. Mr. L. N. Sutton's valuable handbook *The Cool Greenhouse* (Messrs. Putnam; 5/–) will be welcomed by many, for it includes information which will fill a house with beauty in return for little labour.

Those interested in constructive Colonial development will be glad of *Rhodesia a Nation*, whatever their views on the fortunes it expounds, for it is a far-seeing and interesting booklet. (The Herald Office, Salisbury; 2/6.)

The question of destruction of vermin is very much to the fore at present, and although it will be difficult for "C. L. J." to gain approval of his entire thesis, his *Methods of Destroying Vermin* deserves attention. (Toppings Ltd., Loughborough; 1/–.)

# REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

## The Season's Ending

WITH this issue of the *Field* we conclude the Reports from the Moors for the season of 1935, and we would like to thank those many correspondents who have kindly sent us the summaries of their sport.

### Aberdeenshire

CLOVA.—On August 26th, 40 brace (Clova); August 27th, 52½ brace (Towie); August 28th, 34 brace (Clova); August 29th, 58 brace (Towie); and on August 30th, 44½ brace of grouse (Clova) were killed by Colonel Bertram Abel Smith, Mr. Jocelyn and Mr. Anthony Abel Smith, Colonel Ubric Tynne, Colonel Lester Reid and Mr. Desmond Reid.

CRIMONDMOGATE.—On August 31st, 18½ brace of grouse were killed by Lord Aberdare, Dr. A. G. Reid and the Hon. M. Bruce, shooting the second time over. 12½ brace were killed the first time over. Lord Aberdare, Lord Digby and the Hon. M. Bruce killed 164 pigeons between 4 and 7 p.m. on August 30th.

### Angus

GLEN MARKIE.—On August 21st, 24th, 26th, 28th and 30th, 247½ brace of grouse were killed, making an approximate average of 50 brace daily. The guns included Major and Mrs. Harcourt Webb, Major Corbett, Sir Charles Wiggin, Lord Cobham, Lord Dorchester, Mr. Cox, Mr. Murray, Mr. Thwaites and Mr. Calder. Heather pollen and heat interfered with scent and made picking-up difficult for dogs. During the last two days conditions improved, and birds were much more plentiful.

### Argyllshire

BRAGLEENBEG.—On August 29th and 30th, Mr. Pattinson and Lord Maitland shooting together on the 29th, and with Mr. Chapple on the 30th, killed 10 brace of grouse, 9 blackgame and 9 hares. Shooting on September 4th, 5th, and 6th, 13½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. Richard Pattinson, Mr. H. A. L. Chapple and Mr. Bryan Bonsor. Birds plentiful but wild.

NORTH ORMSDALE.—On September 2nd, 3rd and 6th, 16, 16 and 13½ brace of grouse and 2 blackcock were killed by five guns: Mr. P. Tuckett, Mr. R. B. Wilbraham, Mr. J. Redmayne, Mr. R. Goodbody and Mr. M. Goodbody.

### Banffshire

GLENFIDDICH.—On August 19th, 101 brace, on August 21st 95 brace, on August 22nd, 152 brace, on August 30th, 127 brace, on August 31st, 117 brace, and on September 7th, 102 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. A. Franklyn and four other guns.

### Bute (Isle of Arran)

BRODICK CASTLE.—During August 280 brace of grouse were killed by the Duke of Montrose's parties. Very few coveys on the moors this season. Shooting stopped to preserve stock for next season. Stags in very good order. Weights normal.

### Caithness

STRATHMORE.—On August 12th, Mrs. Nagle's party, shooting over dogs, in two parties killed 77 brace of grouse. The first six days on the moors produced 315½ brace.

### Inverness-shire

CUAICH.—On August 29th, 128½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Sir John T. Cargill, Bart., Lord Radnor, Viscount Bearsted, Mr. R. Style, Captain Beach Hay, Colonel Nicholson and Major Horne. A good show of strong, healthy birds.

INVERESHIE.—Birds were scarce at the start of the season, but healthy and *no sign of disease*; after rain the number seen was nearly double, and five guns have averaged about 30 brace a day.

KINVEACHY FOREST.—On August 23rd, 66½ brace; August 24th, 75½ brace; August 26th, 50½ brace; August 27th, 50½ brace; and on August 28th, 88 brace of grouse were killed by Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bart., Admiral Sir Rudolph Bentinck, Colonel the Hon. D. Forbes, Viscount Gough, Colonel Des Voeux and one other gun each day. The total of 331 brace included 182 brace of old and 149 brace of young birds.

MOY HALL.—On August 27th, the Macintosh's party of seven guns killed 304 brace of grouse, and on September 5th, 8 guns killed 524 brace.

### Morayshire

EASTER ELCHIES.—On August 20th, 63 brace; August 22nd, 68 brace; August 24th, 46 brace; August 27th, 64 brace; and on August 29th, 80 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. S. A. Courtauld and party.

LOCHINDORB.—On August 23rd, 186½ brace; August 24th, 117 brace; August 27th (short day), 146½ brace; August 28th, 185½ brace; and on August 30th (three drives only), 104 brace of grouse were killed by the Hon. Arthur Joicey and party of six guns. The total bag up to the end of August was 1,506 brace.

WESTER ELCHIES.—On September 3rd, 58½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. H. C. Hollebone, Mr. K. McCorquodale, Mr. H. Scrimgeour, Mr. D. W. Scrimgeour, Mr. J. Austin, Colonel Wheatley, Mr. A. A. Dunbar Brander and Mr. S. Scrimgeour.

### Perthshire

ACHALADER.—From August 12th to September 7th, six guns killed 909 brace of grouse: Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P., Mr. Alfred Benson, Mr. Douglas Benson, Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Clay, Mr. Seymour Dalziel and Mr. Trevor Benson.

CALLY.—In August, 55 brace of grouse were killed by Major R. H. Way and his two sons.

GARROWS.—On September 2nd, 117 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. P. W. Kemp-Welch, Mr. G. D. Kemp-Welch, Mr. J. E. Gull, Mr. W. R. S. Stephenson, Mr. A. Moon, Mr. W. A Cox, Mr. R. Hutchison and Mrs. K. O. Hunter.

GLENQUAICH, AMULREE.—On August 27th, 217½ brace, and on August 29th, 114 brace of grouse were killed by the Hon. E. Butler Henderson and party.

### Ross-shire

LOCH ROSQUE.—On August 16th, 25 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. W. C. Cripps and Major P. Norbury, D.S.O. Birds fairly plentiful. On August 13th, Major Norbury killed one stag, 8 points. On August 28th and 29th, Mr. George Ross killed 5 stags, one a good Royal, weight 17st. Deer forward and in excellent condition. On August 14th, Miss Betty Cripps killed a fine Japanese buck, 8 points.

STRATHRANNOCH, GARVE.—Two guns, Mr. Denys Lowson and Mr. Vernon Harriss, shooting over dogs, killed 18½ brace on August 29th (a stormy day): 31 brace on August 31st: and 13 brace of grouse and 4 brace of ptarmigan on September 2nd.

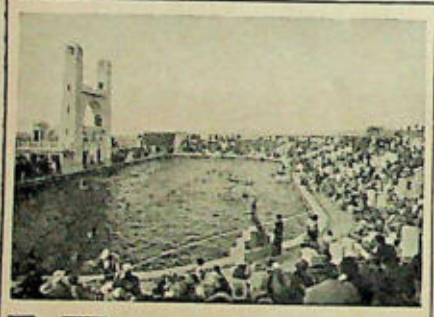
### Sutherland

LEDMORE, LAIRG.—On August 12th, 8½ brace; August 14th, 9½ brace; August 17th, 9 brace; August 20th, 8 brace of grouse were killed by Major Hervey Bathurst and the Rev. A. C. Don.

### Northumberland

ALLENHEADS.—On August 27th, 285 brace, on August 28th, 308½ brace, on August 29th, 281½ brace and on August 30th, 145½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. Baird, Mr. Baring, Mr. Seely, the Earl of Hebester, the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Brand and Lord and Lady Allendale. Colonel Clifton Brown shot with the party on August 27th. On September 3rd, 311 brace, on September 4th, 233 brace, on September 5th, 277 brace, on September 6th, 146½ brace were killed by Captain Bethell, Lord Wharncliffe, Mr. James, Commander Buist, Major Thorpe, Mr. Lowther and Lord and Lady Allendale. Captain Keith shot with the party on September 6th. The bag up to September 9th is 5,303 brace of grouse.

**(No further reports will be published.)**

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*The Country House*

# SPIRÆAS AND ASTILBES

## Curiously Neglected Plants Which Are Easily Cultivated

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BOTH the herbaceous and shrubby spiræas are amongst the most easily cultivated and yet with a few exceptions curiously neglected plants for moist soils and the waterside. In the border they are particularly valuable during the period between the delphiniums and the late handsome flowerers, such as dahlias, Michaelmas daisies, kniphofias, etc.

*S. gigantea* is one of the grandest waterside subjects, throwing up every year stems quite 10ft. high, with great heads of white flowers. If grown in the border, even in a moist soil, it needs ample supplies of water during dry spells, and like all the spiræas appreciates a top dressing of well-decayed manure in spring. The Japanese *S. palmata*, with pink flowers is one of the very best of the herbaceous spiræas, though it attains only 2ft. There is a charming rose-red variety, and both have reddish stems. The tallest growing herbaceous spiræa, with rose-pink flowers is *S. venusta magnifica*, which attains 5ft. It is difficult to understand why this is not more commonly grown than *S. aruncus*. The last named is very fine, and makes a plant quite 6ft. through in time, and producing its creamy plumes of flowers on stems well over 7ft. high in the rich, moist soil it likes. The male form has rather upright plumes, but the female form droops its tassels of flowers in a very pronounced fashion.

We have two native herbaceous spiræas, *S. ulmaria*, which has two popular names—Meadowsweet and Queen of the Meadow—and the dropwort, *S. filipendula*. The double forms of these are charming subjects, and there is a variety of the double-flowered meadowsweet with variegated foliage that is very dainty. The dropwort does not need very moist soil. Our native Queen of the Meadow is indeed aptly named, for it queens the meadow in late summer as in the earlier months the buttercups lord it. In olden days this meadowsweet was used as a strewing herb, and we have Parkinson's authority for it that "Queen Elizabeth of famous memorie did more desire meadowsweet than any other swete herbe to strew her chambers withall." Gerard describes meadowsweet as far excelling other strewing herbs "for to decke up houses, to strawe in chambers, halls and banqueting houses in the summer time, for the smell thereof makes the heart merrie and joyful and delighteth the senses."

The shrubby spiræas are numerous, but not one is a native of Great Britain. By far the most popular is *Spiræa japonica* (really an astilbe), a shrub about 4ft. high, with rose-pink flowers, and the low-growing variety, Anthony Waterer (about 2ft.), which has the merit of succeeding in chalk soils. It is a very continuous flowerer, going on well into the autumn. The handsomest of the shrubby spiræas, however, are *S. Aitchisoni* from Afghanistan, which attains 10ft., and *S. Veitchii*, a Chinese species of about the same height. The stems of the latter are reddish and downy. The earliest of the shrubby species to flower is *S. Thunbergii*, which attains 4ft. and flowers in April. It cannot endure a chalk soil.

The shrubby spiræas can be planted either in spring or autumn. Varieties that flower on the end of the current year's growth are pruned in spring to within a few buds of the best of the flowering shoots. Those that flower from buds made the previous year only have the older shoots thinned out.

The spiræas and astilbes are similar in appearance, but whereas the former belong to the *Rosaceæ*, the latter belong to the *Saxifragaceæ* tribe. The most striking of all the astilbes is *A. Granat* (3ft.). Indeed, few waterside plants can compare with a bold group of this, with its vivid plumes of cherry-crimson flowers. The taller-growing *A. Davidii* (4ft.) has spikes of purplish-crimson flowers. *A. grandis* is similar to *A. Davidii*, but has white plumes of flowers. *A. rivularis*, with cream-coloured flowers attains 5ft. *A. Gruno* has salmon-pink flowers, and A. J. Ophorst purplish-red flowers. *A. Gloria* (3ft.) has violet-tinted pink flowers, and there is a variety with dark bronze foliage that is very striking. All the astilbes flower during August and September.

Certain of the astilbes are particularly good for forcing for indoor decoration. Notably *A. Kriemhilde*, with feathery-pink plumes, *A.* Silver Sheaf and *A. astilboides*. When required for forcing these astilbes are potted up in autumn in a compost of good loam and kept moist in a temperature of 50 deg. When growing well they are transferred to a hot-house. They need abundance of water. Plants that have been forced can be planted out after being hardened, and must not be forced again for two years.

Certain astilbes are eminently suitable for the rock garden. The dwarf hybrids of *A. simplicifolia*, with their crinkled leaves and flowers of varying shades of pink are very charming. They attain only about 6in. and flower during August and September. *A. chinense pumila*, with spikes of mauve-pink flowers, blooms in August. The deep pink form of *A. simplicifolia* is also attractive. *A. Jacquetii* (1ft.) is a dwarf form of *A. Davidii*. Where the soil is not suitable most of the astilbes make charming pot plants for the cold greenhouse.

**Getting Rid of Orchard Pests.**—*The Conquest of the Caterpillar* is the title of a pamphlet which will be read with interest by every orchard owner, whether his trees number half-a-dozen or run to thousands. The pamphlet, which is free, explains in admirably concise form the operation of Orbite Pest Control. Readers should apply on a postcard for a copy to Messrs. Kay Brothers, Ltd., St. Petersgate, Stockport, mentioning this paper.

# THE ART OF WATCHING GOLF

## What Scratch Players May Teach

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE game of golf is not so easy a matter to watch as are football and cricket, tennis or bowls. You have no comfortable grandstand in which your reserved seat is waiting your occupation, you have not even a hard seat inside the ropes. Following a golf match definitely means exercise for the spectators. He has to walk several miles, and be quick about it, if he wants to see anything of the actual play, and there are no seats to be had when required. Yet it is certain that the trouble you take to see golfers play really repays you—if you keep your eyes open, ready to notice a sound swing and a superb stroke.

The majority like to see the experts driving off the tee. No doubt they sigh as they follow the long flight of the ball, wishing they too were competent enough to hit it such distances. The drive is a spectacular stroke, but there are others equally well worth concentrating upon—the long iron shot, for example. Watch a professional like Cotton use an iron club and see how firmly he grips it and how firmly he strikes the ball, following after it as if he wanted to hit it yet again. Compare his method with your own—if you dare! Watch Abe Mitchell play a spoon out of a lie so bad that a normal player would hesitate whether to use a mashie or a niblick. See how he extricates the ball with so little apparent trouble, and try to discover how it is done.

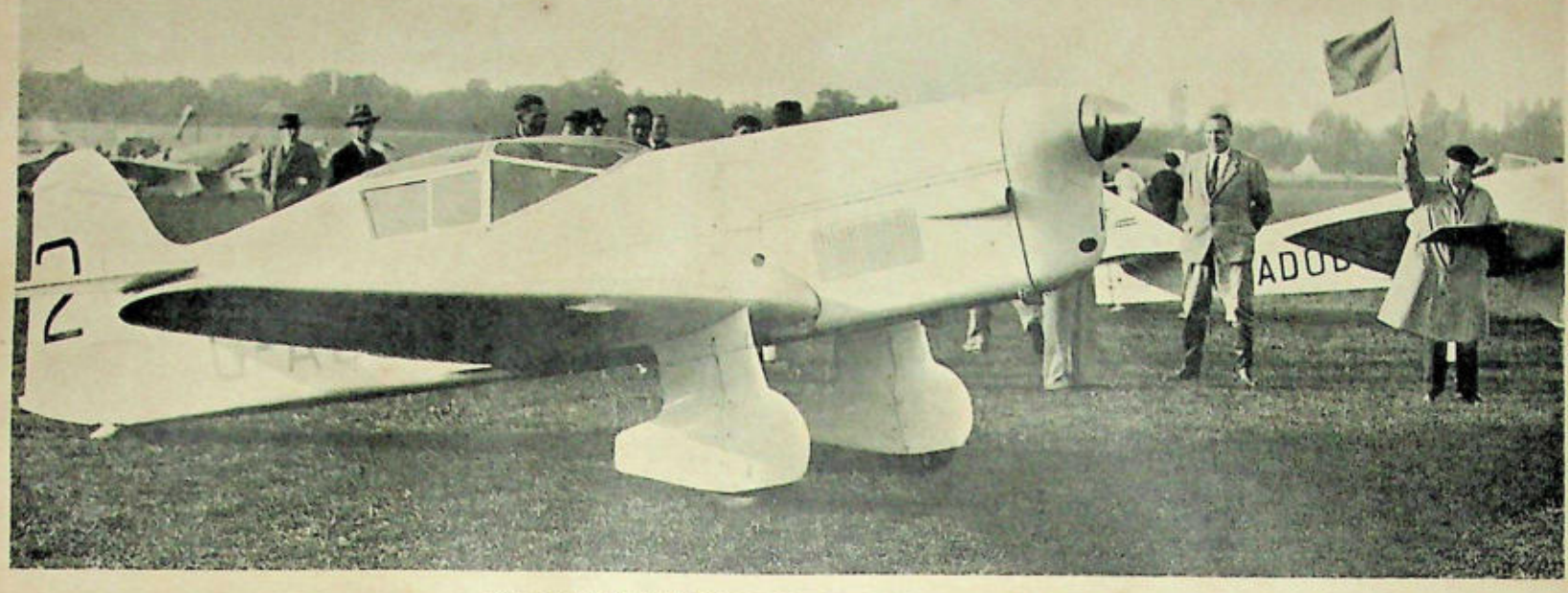
Some malicious enthusiasts delight in watching good golfers when they are in difficulties. All indifferent players, I suppose, like to see the experts in trouble, for they themselves experience plenty of it in every game they play. So you will find crowds gather around a bunker to see how the "shooting" of the star, and how many of the spectators hope he will make a sorry mess of the recovery shot? Quite a few I should imagine! Again, if the famous one should pull to glory into the deep rough, spectators will follow gladly for have they not themselves visited these unfrequented spots a thousand times? But see Ted Ray, pipe in mouth, take a bush with the shot as he swings his trusty niblick; or A. J. Lacey, with his happy smile, hack the ball out of its grave in the tough bracken, and you will benefit by the experience. Their motto—like Walter Hagen, perhaps the greatest golfer for "recovery" shots in the world—is "When in trouble get out at all costs even if distance must be sacrificed." The ordinary club golfer usually tries to do too much. Enthusiasm and optimism spoil his card.

On the greens our expert is not always a pleasing spectacle. He has a habit nowadays of taking three putts and missing "sitters." Obviously the difficulty is mental, yet you, the spectator, can sympathise, for you know what a 4ft. putt looks like when you have it to win a match or the club medal! The open champion, Perry, is worth watching when putting. He is positively impudent in his manner. He goes up to the ball and gives it a hard rap as much as to say, "There is the hole; get in it." And that is the right attitude. Did not Bobby Jones, when faced with a 15yd. putt to tie for the American Open Championship, strike the ball firmly and follow it up all the way to the hole, hand ready to pick it out?

But good golfers—the famous ones of the game—are not the only people worth watching. Take a look at some of your fellow-members in action. You will be entertained and you will possibly discover a few sound hints. Frequently the novice accomplishes feats which would put any plus man to shame. And frequently, too, they fail when faced with an easy stroke. Even so, the careful spectator in this instance can learn much for himself. He can discover *why* the player missed the shot; he can ascertain where the mistake began and use the information for his own needs.

When you are watching golfers in action, above all remember that you yourself play the game; if you do not, then try to appreciate the player's difficulties. You can help him as well as helping yourself. Perhaps the next day the positions will be reversed and you will be the actor, the watched instead of the spectator. One amateur, renowned for his preliminary waggles, began to play a difficult shot from a sandhill. After several seconds in which he had done nothing but waggle his club and look up and down, first at the green, then at the ball, a little girl yelled out to her mother, who was sitting nearby: "Look, mummie, at that funny man. What's he doing?" The golfer kept on with his waggles and yelled back: "Playing a darn game called golf, my dear." With that he struck and the ball ran on up to the green! At least there is one golfer who does not mind his spectators talking, but there cannot be many more like him.

# TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THE START OF THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE FROM HATFIELD

*The machine in the foreground is the fastest plane in the race, the Mew Gull, entered by the Duke of York and flown by Mr. E. W. Percival who, in spite of heroic efforts, was unable to secure a place in the first three*

## FIVE MILES A MINUTE!

### What Sir Malcolm Campbell's Great Achievement Really Means

By MAJOR W. WHITTALL

SO at last and after much intensive effort and not a few disappointments Sir Malcolm Campbell has reached the goal he has for years kept before his eyes and has been the first to travel on land at a speed of more than 300 miles per hour—five miles a minute! His new record of 301.129 m.p.h. may in the future be broken—I do not think it will for a very long time—but to Sir Malcolm will stand for all time the credit of having been first to reach the coveted figure.

An epic feat indeed, and one which makes an extraordinary appeal to the multitude, not so much because of the mere figure, colossal though the speed appears on paper, but because the man in the street has to his hand a means of measuring it and thus of realising faintly what it must mean to travel at such a fantastic rate. Speeds in the air leave us comparatively cold, because we have no measuring stick to apply to them. The present air speed record stands at something over 440 m.p.h., but it has nothing like the appeal to the senses that this latest land speed record makes to us—we have no means of appraising its meaning. But it is altogether different when we attempt to visualise the meaning of really high speeds on land. We all of us motor in these modern days and know that a mere 60 m.p.h. on an ordinary road seems fast—too fast for many. So when we look at the new record in the light of our sensations when travelling at 60, try to multiply them by five and fail utterly to get the sum right, we stand literally aghast in amazement that any combination of man and machine can stand up to the terrific strain it means.

It is because we have this means to our hand of measuring up the meaning of it all that we are impressed by the very magnitude of a performance that nothing but the figures would make us believe in at all. They seem so stupendous as to be incredible did we not know that they are cold fact. And so we acclaim Sir Malcolm as the very king of speed.

Will he now be content to rest on the laurels so worthily gained in the world of speed? That is a question he alone can answer, but I may perhaps be permitted to voice a very sincere hope that his answer will be an affirmative one. He has done more than any other in the world-wide promotion of British motor-car design and engineering skill. Whatever our individual views may be of speed merely as speed, it is beyond all question that these successive records which stand to Sir Malcolm's credit have had most valuable repercussions in the world's markets. It may not be literally true to say that they have put the British car on the map, but they have certainly played no mean part in keeping it there.

BEFORE ATTACKING THE RECORD

*Blue Bird being towed from the railway at Wendover to the Bonneville Salt Lake flats, where Sir Malcolm Campbell set up his new world's land speed record of 301.129 m.p.h.*

Apart from this aspect of his over seas activities, I have the best reasons for knowing that they have exercised a wider influence on the general relations between ourselves and our kin across the Atlantic than most people either appreciate or believe—he has been a more than valuable unofficial ambassador of commerce and relations. The time has come when he can well recall to himself the adage which relates to the pitcher and the well.

And now as to the technical aspects of the new record. The first question that naturally occurs is: what is the limit of speed on land that can be reached and which will crack first—the man or the machine? That is an exceedingly difficult question to answer, and it is probable that the only answer can be found in practice and not by theorising.

We shall know more about it when Sir Malcolm arrives home and is able to give us his own impressions and say what really happened when he made his record run. Mechanically it looks as though Blue Bird might be capable of even higher speeds than the colossal figure she has set up for the world to see. Certainly the driver will not give way. There must, however, be a limiting factor somewhere, and this would seem to be involved in the question of whether it is possible to so far improve the construction of the pneumatic tyre that it will stand up to the terrific strains these speeds must impose.

According to one report, at the end of the first run of about thirteen miles, the tyres were so hot that a touch was sufficient to raise a blister on the finger, which means that they were as near to red hot as a tyre can be. Obviously, these tyres could not have stood much more. In short, we know from the fact that one burst at 290 m.p.h. that they were nearly up to their limit of endurance.

Of course, it has to be remembered that although it had been found possible to dispense with some three-quarters of a ton of lead ballast, Blue Bird still weighed well over four tons, so the Dunlop Company have certainly achieved something verging on the miraculous to have evolved a tyre to stand up to this. To pursue the argument another stage, we have to ask whether the car which will ultimately break the existing record will have any likeness to Blue Bird. I should say emphatically that it will not. Things

A POPULAR WINNER

*Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister presenting the King's Cup to Mr. T. Rose, who piloted Viscountess Wakefield's Miles Falcon to victory*

have moved far and fast since the gallant old Blue Bird was conceived as far back as 1924. Then there was only one way of approaching the design of a record breaking car, and that was to take an existing engine of the highest possible h.p. and build a car round it. As that engine was one designed for duty in the air, this imposed a great many limitations that will not have to be reckoned with by the designer of the 300 m.p.h. car of the future.

He will be able, as Sir Malcolm and his advisers of the time were not, to design his car as an entity and will not be tied by any considerations save those of getting the highest possible efficiency from the smallest engine and the highest power to weight ratio that will give him the theoretical speed aimed at. The result will probably be a car weighing in the region of a ton or even less, and this must be a profound influence on the tyre manufacturers' side of the matter.

All that concerns us for the moment is that new and astounding record figures have been established; that Sir Malcolm has achieved his life's ambition to be first to travel at over 300 m.p.h.; and, more than all, that he has come safely through an experience the very thought of which makes the most hardened of us hold our breath.

## THE TOURIST TROPHY

A VICTORY for F. W. Dixon, driving a four-cylinder 1,496 c.c. Riley, brought to a finish the eighth of the Tourist Trophy races organised by the Royal Automobile Club. It was a hotly contested race, and both E. R. Hall in his Bentley and Lord Howe driving a Bugatti nearly snatched the victory.

There was an entry of 35 cars, but only thirteen had completed the course half an hour after the winner had crossed the line. Of the 22 missing cars three failed to complete the course in the stipulated time, while by 1 p.m.—two hours after the start—seven cars were *hors de combat* owing to mechanical trouble.

The race provided the crowd with adequate thrills. They began with Dwyer's Bugatti hitting the corner of Newtownards Town Hall. The car reared up on its back wheels and crashed amongst the crowd, fortunately without causing any casualties. Le Fanu hit the barrier at Dundonald hairpin and retired from the race, while Langley and S. Brown, both driving Singers, had a steering arm break while going down Bradshaw's Brae within half an hour of one another.

Dixon himself had an exciting moment when his car skidded completely round in Newtownards Square, but he regained control, however, and won the race at an average speed of 76.90 m.p.h.

# THE BEST KING'S CUP RACE EVER FLOWN

## Speed, Reliability and Navigation

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

TWO things emerge quite clearly from the results of this year's King's Cup Race. The first is that the plan of running it on two successive days and of dividing it into two classes produced a much closer and more spectacular finish, which, if the crowds at Hatfield are any criterion, is what the public wants. The second is that no matter how much care and thought may be devoted to the problem, perfect handicapping is virtually impossible.

Nevertheless, the unhappy position at the end of last year's first stage, when nearly all the high-speed entrants had been eliminated, was not repeated this year; and, altogether, the general feeling was that the whole event was more pleasurable to competitors and spectators alike.

When the first stage of the race—which, as will be remembered, consisted of a Round-Britain circuit—commenced, 29 of the original 36 entrants came up to the starting line—a commendably high proportion. There was, of course, some disappointment that some of the more interesting machines had scratched, and the absence of Mr. Campbell Black's Comet and of the new D.H. 90, which was to have made its public début, was particularly to be regretted. Nevertheless, the 29 starters were representative of the modern trend in British light aircraft, and there was every indication of a keen race.

Flying conditions were good, and, among the "B" (high-powered) machines, some very fine times were established. The first finisher was Mr. F. G. Miles on the Miles Hawk M.5, who averaged 163.8 m.p.h. for the 953 miles course, but it is likely that the third to cross the line, Mr. E. W. Percival on his Mew Gull, would have been officially credited with a better speed had he not unfortunately missed the aerodrome and been forced to make a détour before coming in to land.

Speed, however, was not the main objective of the day's racing, which was more a test of reliability and navigation; and the fact that there were so few retirements is a very significant commentary on the standard of both. There was only one untoward incident of any importance: the descent of Mr. Henshaw's Miles Hawk Major into the sea, a position from which the pilot was speedily rescued. One competitor, Miss Fontes, flying under the *nom de guerre* of Miss R. Slow, was disqualified for failing to round one of the turns properly, and the other retirements were due to quite minor causes.

Thus the full quota of 20 machines were there to take part in the second day's racing, when speed and skill were to be severely tested over the seven laps of the 50-mile course.

It was here that the inherent difficulties of handicapping were made plainly apparent, for, after the fifth lap, it was perfectly plain that, barring accidents, the winner was destined to be Mr. Rose on his Miles Falcon, while the fastest machine in the race, Mr. Percival's Mew Gull, in spite of heroic efforts, was unable to secure a place among the first three. His average speed was as much as 176.28 m.p.h. The second and third, Flight Lieutenant Edwards and Mr. Cathcart Jones, were also flying Miles machines, both being in Hawk Trainers; the race was, in fact, a clean sweep for the Miles designs.

Special mention must, however, be made of the records established by Mr. Percival on the Mew Gull, the entry of the Duke of Kent. His mean course speed was 208.91 m.p.h., and his fastest lap was in excess of 210 m.p.h. His performance is one of which he may well be proud, and it is a matter for regret that he was not able to qualify for one of the prizes.

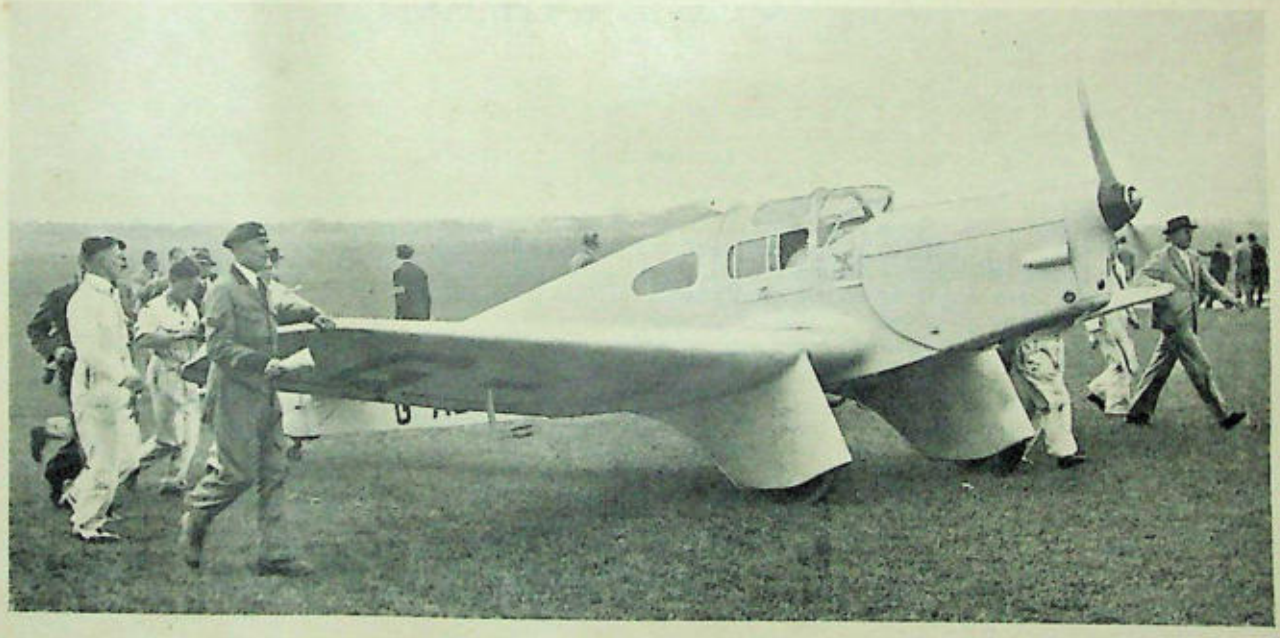
The speeds generally showed a marked increase over those of any previous year. Previously, the highest speed at which the King's Cup had been won was in 1929, when Flight Lieutenant Atcherley, on a Gloster Grebe, averaged 150.3 m.p.h. The next best was last year's, when Flight-Lieutenant Schofield, on a Mono spar, returned 147.78 m.p.h. In neither instance, however, were the conditions strictly comparable with those of last week-end.

All the machines taking part were of standard types available to the private purchaser, with one or two exceptions such as the interesting T.K.2, which came so near to success. The point here is that the pilot of to-day has available aeroplanes of outstanding speed and reliability, each representing an advance over what would have been considered special racing designs four or five years ago.

As to the race itself, there can be no doubt that those responsible provided something much better than last year or the year before. There was ample test for both pilot and machine, though it might be argued that the first day rather handicapped the low-powered class. On the second day the reverse was the case.

On the Round-Britain circuit the high-powered machines were able to save their engines by flying throttled back, while the smaller types had to run full out to make sure of qualifying, thus making the speed test of the second day more onerous. The fastest machines suffered from an overestimate of their speed and were given an almost impossible task.

Although speeds this year show a small improvement on those in previous King's Cup races, such increase is by no means sufficient. The various organisations concerned with the development of aviation, and also the designers and constructors, would do well to consider the example set on land by the Motoring Editor of the *Field*. He is setting the pace, and it is up to those interested in the most important air race in Great Britain to produce aircraft that will at least be able to keep Sir Malcolm in sight. No one would be better pleased than the pilots who have always put up fine performances with the available aircraft.



THE WINNING PLANE, MR. ROSE'S MILES FALCON, LANDING AT HATFIELD

*"After the fifth lap it was perfectly plain that, barring accidents, the winner was destined to be Mr. Rose"*

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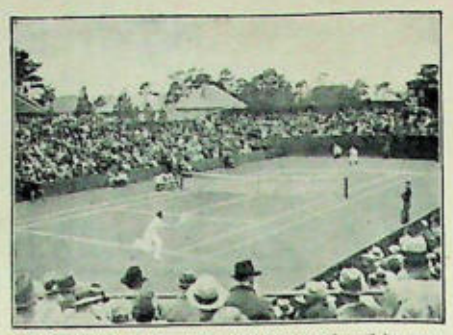

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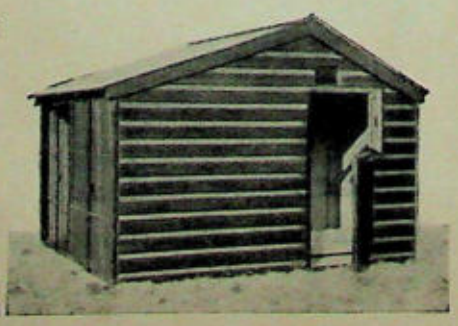

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# MALTA'S SEPTEMBER CELEBRATIONS

## Memories of the Great Siege

MALTA occupies at the moment a very important position in world affairs, but then it always has. There is no territory in the world which has passed through so many successive hands, and which from the beginning of history has been of such vital importance to the rest of Europe as this small island. To-day, although the Mediterranean Fleet lies sheltered behind those same grim fortifications and bastions whose impregnability have withstood centuries of bombardment, the speculative mind now becomes focused on the Air menace and its grim possibilities.

At this moment of European unrest, the Maltese have been celebrating their great national holiday, for it was on September 7th, 1565, the eve of the Nativity of Our Lady, that the great siege by the Turks was raised.

On May 25th, 1565, Fort St. Elmo, which still guards the entrance to the grand harbour, was stormed by Dragut. He used ten 80-pounders, two 60-pounders and an enormous basilisk carrying stone balls weighing 160 pounds; culverins were used from the sea, and it is interesting to hear that the complete demoralisation of the defenders was nearly brought about by their fear of the mines which the Turks layed under the foundations.

When a breach was eventually effected, most of the Knights had been killed, and here we get an insight into the manner in which they conducted war, from the somewhat naive chronicles of Boisgelin, who wrote: "Mustapha ordered the breasts of the Knights to be opened, whether still breathing or not, and, having torn out their hearts, had their bodies cut in the shape of a cross, then covering

A "DHAISA," OR MALTESE GONDOLA, IN SLIEMA HARBOUR

and never since, through all her vicissitudes, has Malta been ruled by the Infidel.

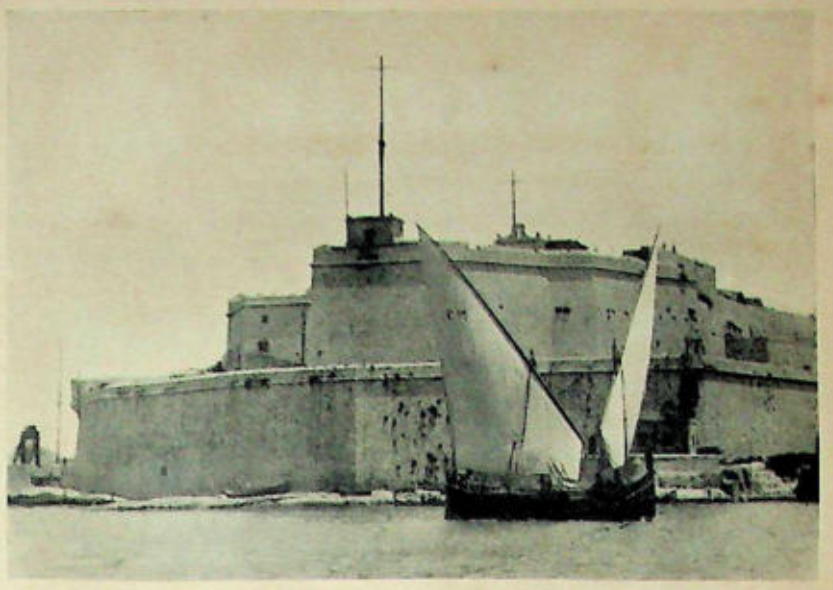
The "Great Siege," which practically robbed the island of its man power, was the direct result of the capture of a Turkish galleon belonging to the chief black Eunuch of the Seraglio of Solyman, Sultan of Turkey. The Turks and Christians had long been at war, and this direct challenge to the Crescent decided the Sultan to attempt the complete extermination of the Knights. He accordingly collected a vast Armada, composed of 897 galleys and many transports, which included the famous Barbary corsairs and his Algerian fleet. His troops amounted to upwards of 30,000 men, including the Janissaries and Spahis, who were under the command of his favourite, Dragut, although the operations were conducted by Candlissa, Hasan and Mustapha, all leaders of great repute, yet none of whom returned alive.

In the meantime, La Vallette, the aged Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, had rallied about 700 knights and 8,500 men. With this handful he prepared to stand the siege, knowing well that little help could be expected from other Christian powers. A great dedication service followed, during which, in a religious frenzy, the Knights foreswore their women, and "broke through every tender engagement so dear to heart of man" until such time as the Cross should triumph over the Crescent.

them with their soubreveste and, fastening them to planks, he commended them to be thrown into the sea, knowing the tide would bear them to the Castle of St. Angelo, which harboured the Grand Master. So cruel, so affecting a spectacle brought tears to the eyes of La Vallette; but his affliction being succeeded by the justest indignation, he by way of reprisal ordered all his prisoners to be immediately put to death; and loading cannon with their still bleeding heads fired them into the enemy's camp."

After this there was no quarter given on either side, and the Turks relentlessly carried on the bombardment from all sides. Much originality was shown during this "non-stop" attack, and La Vallette, in a desperate attempt to prevent the landing of transports, decided that a staccado should be formed by driving stakes into the sea all along the coast, with iron rings through which should pass a long chain. Where the water was too deep, or the bottom too hard, they were supplied by nailing together long sail yards and masts of ships, with which the chain would render passage impracticable.

This stupendous task was completed in nine nights, and resulted in Hasan selecting good swimmers with hatchets in their belts, who swam to the palisades and attempted to cut them asunder. They were seen by the defenders, who immediately threw themselves naked into the sea carrying



FORT ST. ANGELO, WELL KNOWN TO ALL VISITORS TO MALTA

swords between their teeth. They managed to repulse the Turks who, however, the next day fastened cables to the masts and sail yards and, by means of capstans, loosened or drew up the large pieces, but they were again frustrated. After this the Turks forced their slaves to carry the boats over Mount Sceberras, and another siege began. The Knights now used their women disguised as men, for the throwing of fireworks, boiling oil and melted pitch.

The idea of liquid fire used in the last war found its origin in this siege. Hoops composed of the lightest wood were first dipped in brandy, then rubbed with boiling oil, covered with wool and cotton soaked in other combustible liquors, and mixed with saltpetre and gunpowder. On an assault, when the hoops were on fire, they were taken up with tongs and thrown by the Knights into the midst of the battalions, where they caused great havoc.

To this the Turks replied by fashioning a sort of primitive trench mortar. They used a new machine shaped like a long barrel, encircled with iron hoops. This was filled with gunpowder, iron nails, chains and grape shot. A match was fastened which passed right down its length and, after the fuse was laid, the enemy contrived to let if fall on the ravelin. We also read of "morions," supposed to be musket-proof helmets, but these were abandoned as too heavy and cumbersome.

It was not until September 13th that the last Turkish galleon left the Maltese shores. Their losses were tremendous, but they had practically laid the whole island to waste. La Vallette, as a crowning triumph, completed his victory by the brilliant stroke of causing the arsenal at Constantinople to be burnt to the ground.

Thus Valletta, the capital of Malta, takes its name from the great defender, who is still considered to have changed the history of Europe, and in the eyes of the Maltese to have been instrumental in bringing about one of the greatest triumphs of the Catholic Church.

RIKA HELLARD.

## TRAVEL NOTES

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for interchange facilities between the Union-Castle Line and Imperial Airways in connection with their services to and from South and East Africa. To arrive at the fare payable for a return ticket, one way by sea and the other by air, the single fare each way will be added together and 10 per cent. deducted from the total. A rebooking rebate of 10 per cent. off the single fare for the second journey will be allowed to passengers who have within twelve months made an earlier single journey by either company's service.

* * *

The C.I.T. (Compagnia Italiana Turismo), which represents the interests of the Italian State Railways, opened a large office for the convenience of the public at 75/81, Regent Street, London, W. 1, in the building of the Piccadilly Hotel, on July 30th. The office of the C.I.T. had previously been in comparatively small premises near Piccadilly Circus.

* * *

Four special September tours in Norway at reduced rates have been arranged by the Norwegian State Railways. Sailings are from Newcastle and full particulars may be obtained from the Norwegian State Railways, 21-24, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.

FLORIANA, WITH UNDERGROUND GRANARIES IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

# THE FIELD

## THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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LORD POLTIMORE

Since 1920 Lord Poltimore, who celebrates his 53rd birthday on Monday next, has been Master of the Dulverton Foxhounds, and he is well known as one of the staunchest supporters of hunting in the West of England, and as a fine judge of a hound. During his Mastership, the Dulverton have frequently distinguished themselves at Peterborough Royal Foxhound Show

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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*Telephone : No. 3682 Holborn.*

*THE FIELD HOUSE,*
*BREAM'S BUILDINGS,*
*CHANCERY LANE.*

# BRAMSHILL

VERY general regret will have been caused by the recent announcement that Bramshill, the home of Sir Denzil Cope, has been offered for sale. Taken in conjunction with the contents of the house Bramshill represents a national possession of some importance. Mr. Christopher Hussey, writing in a recent issue of *Country Life*, has described it as one of the five great houses of England. Coming from a writer of such experience in a paper which, perhaps more than any other, has served to bring home to the educated classes the beauty of our great Country Houses, this opinion carries special weight.

The experience of Sir Denzil Cope's family is typical of hundreds of others to a greater or lesser degree. It is possible, of course, that Bramshill will find a new owner rich enough to preserve it as it deserves to be preserved. The fact that a home may change its owner, sad though it may be, is not a final catastrophe, for the history of our country houses is full of such instances. We trust that it will be so in the case of Bramshill, for it offers an opportunity to the intending purchaser such as comes, perhaps, only once or twice in any ordinary generation. But this process under present conditions cannot be continued in an indefinite number of cases.

When no purchaser is forthcoming the house may become a school—such as Stowe—and graft its ancient tradition on to a flourishing if somewhat alien root, or, far worse, "an institution." And in either of these cases the house needs must lose at least half its intrinsic interest, for it has ceased to be a dwelling place or has in some other way been diverted from the purpose for which it was created and beautified. And failing that ? Well, then, it will stand empty until it becomes a ruin, when it may be taken over and preserved by the Office of Works !

The National Trust are unable to take any action in this particular case. They are already the possessors of one large unfurnished house, Montacute, for which they are seeking a tenant. But the case of Bramshill must be argued from the general and not the particular aspect. It is a case that has been overwhelmingly made out time and again, that of exempting such houses and their contents from death duties. Thus they will at least stand a chance of continuing as homes, for there is an immeasurable gulf between a house inhabited by those who have loved and cared for it through successive generations, and a glorified museum such as is Versailles. Naturally the schedule of such houses would have to be most carefully drawn up, and the amenities of the taxpayer will, as regards opening of house and grounds, have to be jealously preserved. Not that there will be any difficulty about this, for there are already a large number of these houses most generously thrown open to anybody who cares to view them, and we are faced with the paradox that while the Englishman's home is his castle, on certain days of the week the Englishman's castle has ceased to be his home.

Will our National Government, if returned to power, bring forward the very simple legislation entailed ? They claim to be above party feeling and strong enough to place the national welfare above political expediency. It would be a measure destined above all to benefit the great mass of people in the years to come. Will the Government have the courage to show that they regard them ?

## POLO IN AMERICA

SO far we have only received the barest details of the defeat of the British team in the first round of United States Open Championships by the Hurricanes, a side consisting of Mr. S. Sandford, Mr. R. L. Gerry, Mr. R. E. Strawbridge and Mr. J. C. Rathbone. The Hurlingham side lined up as was expected with Captain Guinness at back, Mr. Tyrrell-Martin at No. 3, and Captain P. B. Sanger at No. 2. Captain H. C.Walford took Captain M. P. Ansell's place at No. 1. It would appear to have been a most exciting and well-fought match. At the end of the second chukker the score was equal at 5 all, but after a rally by Hurlingham in the fourth chukker they led at 7—5 at the interval. The Hurricanes fought back to a lead of 8—7 by the end of the sixth chukker, in the seventh Hurlingham equalised, and after a terrific struggle the American side scored the winning goal in the final period.

Though this narrow defeat is a disappointment, the experience of the games in America will have been of great assistance to our players, and will have served to show in what directions the Hurlingham combination requires strengthening. The course of the championship match suggests that possibly our ponies were inferior, or possibly were inferior in fitness. Since the championship Hurlingham have again been defeated, this time by Old Westbury, by seven goals to five. These defeats do not prove that our chances for next season's matches are poor, but they show that we will have to strain every nerve to find the best side, and to give them the best possible fighting chance.

### FREDERICK WATSON

Both the world of letters and the world of sport are heavily the losers by the death of Frederick Watson on Tuesday of last week. It is seldom, indeed, that a Master of Hounds can have been accepted as he was by right of achievement in literary circles, or that a practising writer can have met his fellow Masters of Hounds with the assurance that comes from a sound practical knowledge of hunting, and a vivid sense and knowledge of the history of the chase. But though this would have been in most men a great deal, in Frederick Watson it seemed to be an unimportant part of a very pleasing whole. He was a delightful friend endowed with a broad sympathy for his fellow men, and the work that he did for cripples was of great importance. He had a deep feeling for country life and a love for wild creatures ; only a few weeks before his death had he been discussing the creation of a sanctuary for roe on his estate in Dorset. And, above all, he will be remembered for his sense of humour, unfailing, never malicious and as often as not directed at himself. From this sprang the virtues that marked him out from other men—tolerance, a real charity and an unfailing human touch.

To the *Field* his loss is a grievous one, for at the time of his death he was engaged in writing a series of articles which were to appear during the forthcoming hunting season. The first of them appears this week, and it may well stand as a better tribute to his deeply rooted love of hunting than any appreciation from another pen.

### DOBSON PEACOCK

Matthew Dobson Peacock, who died last week, was the leading trainer of the North, one of the most respected, and certainly the best beloved. Hailing from an old Yorkshire family long connected with the land and with sport, he came to racing under the ægis of Harry Hall and the late John Osborne, and thereafter he turned out many winners from his Manor House stable. In fact this season, up to the date of his death, he had turned out more winners than any other trainer. And only a few years ago his total victories numbered a hundred. Although the classics evaded him, Mr. Peacock trained many important handicap winners, and was one of the best judges of a yearling in the country.

Another loss which will be felt by many sportsmen of a different sort is the death of Major H. K. Wigram, for many years in charge of the Game Wardens' Department in Srinagar. The work that he did there was of the first importance, and those many British officers who went to shoot in Cashmere will remember him with gratitude and will also recall the respect and wholesome awe which he engendered in their shikaris.

### GREY SQUIRRELS

Just as a wet winter reduces the numbers of grey squirrels, so they seem to flourish in heat and drought, and there are localities to-day which are absolutely infested with this most mischievous animal. Grey squirrels are omnivorous, and will gulp down anything from nestling birds to nuts and plums. One of their favourite articles of diet is cottagers' apples. And cottagers are singularly defenceless against these creatures' attacks. A gun licence costs 10/—, and cartridges are expensive luxuries when what they shoot is useless for food. And grey squirrels, too, are horribly prolific—just as are rats and rabbits, but rats can be trapped and rabbits can be cooked. The grey squirrel question in parts of the countryside has become a serious problem.

### COUNTY COUNCIL OFFICERS ?

Where grey squirrels flourish most is in neighbourhoods where there are no gamekeepers. There are many square miles of Surrey, for example, which are residential in the best sense, in that there are houses with large gardens, often surrounded by woodland, where the wild life of the place looks after itself, as it ought to under natural conditions—but conditions to-day are not natural. In such areas grey squirrels are rampant. It is surely high time that the County Councils took a hand in providing means for their destruction. What has become of the Rat Officers of whom we heard so much just after the war ? Grey Squirrel Officers, empowered to shoot wherever they were invited, might be welcome guests. Meanwhile it cannot be too well known that traps on the lobster pot pattern, especially designed to catch grey squirrels without hurting them, can be obtained from Gilbertson & Page, Ltd., Hertford, or through any ironmongers, at the price of ten shillings.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known weekly paper : "The King will be out in the deer forests two or three days a week. His Balmoral shootings extend to some 50,000 acres altogether, and include besides Balmoral proper the forests of Ballochbuie, Abergeldie and Whitemonth. Balmoral and Abergeldie are the best stalking grounds for stags, and Whitemonth has generally been the best for red deer."

### BLOODSTOCK VALUES

In an article dealing with the prospects of the Doncaster Sales the *Field* referred to the fear that the uncertain international situation might not be without its effect on the aggregate of this great week for breeders of thoroughbred stock. Predictions had been made elsewhere that last year's figures would be exceeded. As a fact, the total was smaller by about 23,000gs. than in 1934, but as the aggregate amounted to no less than 274,897gs. it must be adjudged an extremely successful sale.

The highest price of the week was 8,000gs., secured by Lady James Douglas for her well-grown, big-boned colt by Gainsborough out of Perce-Neige. Considering that Lord Glanely won the Oaks and the Yorkshire Oaks with earlier produce of Perce-Neige, it is not surprising that he secured her yearling colt. Mrs. Corlette Glorney was another big purchaser, going up to as much as 7,000gs. for the Cloghran Stud's colt, by Trigo—Reverentia, as well as giving 4,100gs. for a Felstead colt, and 3,000gs. for a Blandford filly. The third biggest price of the week was 5,000gs. given by Miss Dorothy Paget for the Bosworth—Mellowness filly.

### NEW ZEALAND RUGBY SURPRISES

That the New Zealand Rugby team should begin their tour with a very decided win over a combined Devon and Cornwall side at Devonport last Saturday was only to be expected. But the manner of their victory was less expected. It was due mainly to the backs and not to the forwards, who had been heralded as unusually strong. Particularly surprising was the fact that the forwards were apparently experimenting in the use of seven and eight players in the scrummages. The last visiting side had their forward formation definitely settled before they began the tour. That formation—2—3—2—has been discarded without, it seems, another having been finally decided upon—which should be heartening to English players. But behind the scrummage the side has already shown some of the merits that distinguished the last team, particularly in versatile attack and backing up; and the full back, Gilbert, is a worthy successor to the great Nepia.

### THIS YEAR'S ROSES

It has not been too good a year for roses in some districts, and last week's show of the National Rose Society, which had to abandon its June exhibition, served a useful purpose in showing strains which do well in a poor season. The best of them were the glowing pink Dame Edith Helen and the showy McGredys, in particular Mrs. Sam McGredy (scarlet coppery orange flushed red on the outside of the petals), McGredy's Wonder (a new brilliant coppery orange with faint orange-red flush towards the edge of the petals), and McGredy's yellow. Among yellows Julien Potin was not seen to advantage, being eclipsed by the Rev. F. Page Roberts, W. F. Dreer, Golden Emblem and Mabel Morse. Betty Uprichard was not too good but in fine display were Duchess of Atholl, Los Angeles, Lady Inchiquin, Mrs. G. Geary and J. C. Thornton, a rich crimson.

It was strange to see roses suffering from mildew and rust in such a select collection, and it was also noticeable how vigorous and intense in colour were the Scottish grown blooms. W. E. B. Archer and daughter, of Sellinge, Ashford, Kent, showed some of the best of the new seedlings, and no doubt those in demand will include the fine flushed pink hybrid tea bedding rose June, the brilliant deep scarlet polyantha Folkestone, and Ellen Wilmot, a clear open Dainty Bess type with cream centre, suffused pink and serrated edges.

### INVITATION TO THE FOREST

I gaily sing, which horrifies the neighbours,
And play the ukulele in my glee,—
On twenty-first September, freed from labours,
I'll catch the train at 7.53:
Or if the rail
Facilities should fail,
I firmly swear
—Though conscious of my girth around the middle—
I'll crawl on hands and knees to Dalnaspidal,
But I'll get there.

Then for a week the only thing that matters
(Dollars may fluctuate, the franc may flop)
Is, every day, a gentle wind that scatters
The clinging mist along the mountain top:
Though it is best
When blowing from the west,
South's good enough:
I hope to kill, with weather thus propitious,
A fourteen-pointer—Why not be ambitious?—
That's fit to stuff.

W. G. M. D.

*The British Ryder Cup team en route for America*

# OUR CHANCE IN THE RYDER CUP

## British Golf on the Up-Grade

By E. R. TIPPLE

NEXT Saturday and Sunday the important bi-annual match between teams representing American and British professional golfers will be played at the Ridgewood Country Club, New Jersey. Since the contest was inaugurated in 1927 both countries have won twice, although neither team has gained a victory on foreign soil. In 1927 and again in 1931, the British sides suffered overwhelming defeats at Worcester, Mass., and at Scioto, Ohio, respectively. On the other two occasions, playing in their own country, they won but only by a narrow margin in each instance. So much for the history of the Ryder Cup match. It is not encouraging by any means. Nevertheless, for the first time enthusiasts in this country look forward to the result of this year's encounter with optimism.

For once the selectors acted promptly and chose eight of the ten players as early as July, and thus gave them ample time in which to practise. It is safe to say that no representative side has met with such universal approval before. That is a good omen. No player is better fitted for the task of captain than C. A. Whitcombe. He is popular with his fellow-professionals and a sturdy match player. Ill-health has dogged him for many months, but he is now absolutely fit and hitting the ball as well as ever. There is little that need be said concerning Alliss and Padgham. Their recent magnificent performances are dealt with elsewhere. And for the first time the British side includes the holder of the British Open Championship—A. Perry. That, too, can be counted a happy sign for, though by no means a stylist, he is a grim fighter, and this is a characteristic vitally necessary for international golf. R. A. Whitcombe has made several of his critics eat their words. He was said to be a good stroke-player but not so proficient at matches. Yet in the recent tournament at the Royal Mid-Surrey he proved himself by his fighting efforts. Twice in one day he holed a long putt on the home green for a victory: in the morning over Mark Seymour, and in the afternoon over Adams, the Scottish international. Only really sound match players can behave like that.

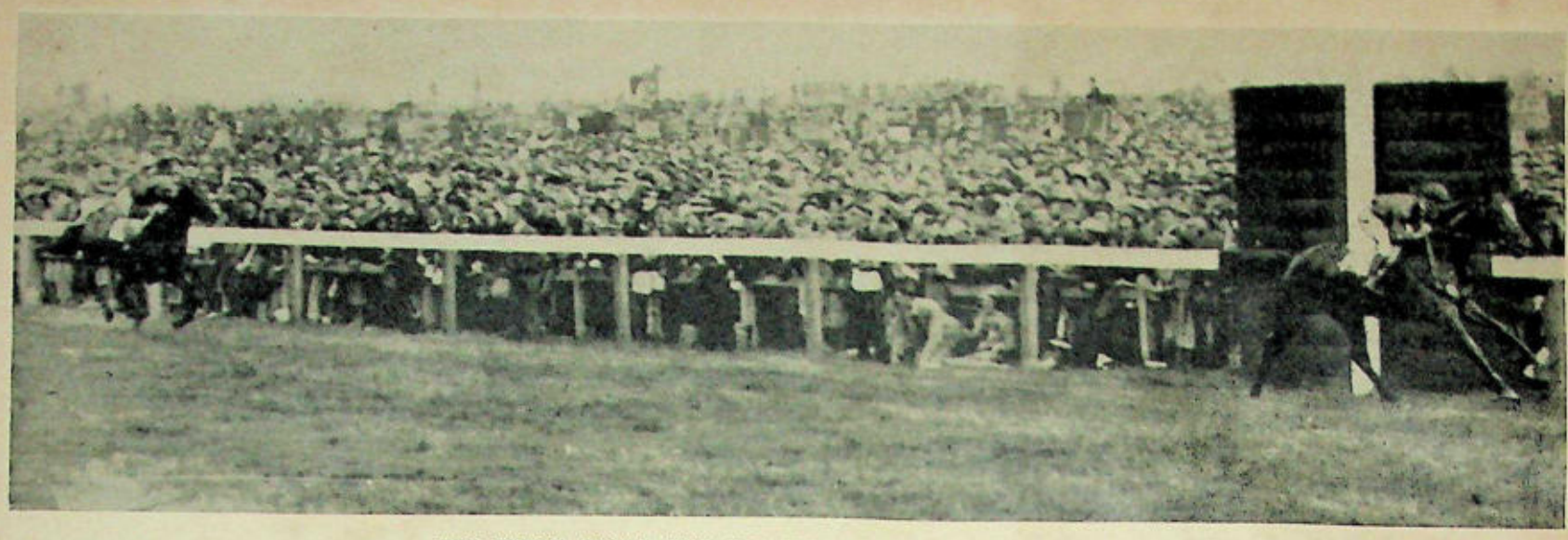
The average age of the British side is as it should be, only three being over 30. At 45, Ernest Whitcombe is the senior of the party, and his inclusion has been criticised because of his age. However, he won the Irish Championship this year, the Metropolitan event last autumn, and has, in general, played consistently. Still, age is a definite handicap in a Ryder Cup match and his task will not be an enviable one.

Several of the Americans are quite unknown to British golfers. This does not mean that the team will contain any negligible factor, because the majority of the side were chosen on their records in the various tournaments of the past two years. Despite the fact that he is 42, Walter Hagen was an obvious choice for captain. He is one of the greatest "showmen" in golf, and he possesses the ability to give of his very best when the occasion demands it. Sarazen, Horton Smith, Dutra, Runyan and Craig Wood have all visited this country, and we know only too well of what they are capable. The first named's victory at Sandwich has not been forgotten, nor will it be for many years to come. The newcomers are Parks, Laffoon, Revolta and Picard. Parks is this year's American Open Champion, and that is recommendation enough. Laffoon for 161 rounds has an average of 72.31; Revolta, 72.65 for 139 rounds; and Picard, 72.77 for 89 games. If they prove nothing else these figures certainly show commendable consistency. And we may compare them with the records of Smith, Sarazen and Craig Wood—127 rounds, 73.03 average; 60 rounds, 73.23 average; and 123 rounds for an average of 73.28.

There are three courses at the Ridgewood Country Club, each of nine holes. The East is 3,414yds. long and par is 35; the West, 3,537yds. long, par being 36; and the Centre, 3,351yds. in length, with a par also of 36. It is probable that each of these courses will be used in turn, but the exact combinations are not known at the moment, possibly East and West one day, and West and Centre for the other. However, the three courses are reasonably similar to our own, and the visiting team will have a week in which to practise on them—not too long a time by any means.

In the past British teams playing in America have had to endure the terrific heat, and this has proved a severe handicap. This year for the first time the match is being held later in the season, so that our players should have nothing to complain about as regards the weather. One of the chief difficulties they will have to overcome is the peculiar type of green, which is not the same as in this country. It possesses what can be termed a "nap." On these greens the pace is fast; against it, much slower. Therefore, the team will need to practise putting carefully. Another difficulty is of course the big ball. The Americans, as is generally known, use a different ball to that used elsewhere, which is an example of lack of co-operation between the various governing bodies, this ball being .06 of an inch larger than the British one, although weighing the same. For some time the British players have been using these larger balls, and should by now be quite used to them. At first they appear very strange, but no one can seriously suggest that a slightly larger ball will upset a first-class professional's game. If it does, it is obvious that he is not a first-class golfer. In a wind the American ball is more difficult to control, but against this may be set the fact that it sits up better than a smaller one through the green.

The general opinion is that the whole result of the match will depend on the foursomes. The British record in this regard is poor. Two weeks ago the team met at Leatherhead and played exhibition foursomes in the morning, but owing to the lack of foresight of the authorities, four ball games were held in the afternoon and a further opportunity of testing possible combinations lost. Absolute understanding and confidence in the partner is needed for foursome golf, and it is to be hoped that this coming week the British couples will be tried out seriously. Records show the British side to be a good one, well up to past standards. It is now essential for each member to know and believe in himself and his abilities in addition. This conviction is needed for a victory that will end the spell of defeats in America.



THE TRIPLE CROWN WON FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR 32 YEARS

*In 1903 Sir James Miller's Rock Sand won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger, and this year Bahram emulated this feat. He now goes to the stud at a fee of 500 guineas*

# THE BEST RACEHORSE OF THE CENTURY

## Comparing Bahram with Ormonde and St. Simon

THE "TINMAN"

*Fred Archer, the great jockey*

MOST successful of the bloodstock breeders of to-day, the Aga Khan has now gratified his ambition of producing a colt who has remained unbeaten in the course of two seasons in training. The prestige of Bahram is such that he will command a service fee of 500 guineas at the stud. Only once before in this country—in the case of Solario—has a horse been placed at so high a subscription on taking his stand at the stud, though several other celebrities—St. Simon, The Tetrarch, Tetratema, and most recently Blenheim—have reached the 500-guinea mark when their stud value was convincingly demonstrated. Blandford would have served at this fee next season had he not died a few months ago.

The culmination of Bahram's brilliant career by his easy victory in the St. Leger has naturally raised a question as to his precise position among the great ones of racing history. Is he the horse of the century, as some claim, or is he just a little above the average standard of classic winners?

It is impossible not to admire his undeviating consistency, his happy combination of speed and stamina, his ability to do himself full justice over such widely varying tracks as the Rowley Mile, the twelve furlongs at Epsom, and the St. Leger course. At all times he has risen superior to the difficulties of hard ground. His soundness of wind and limb is incontestable, and the probability is that if he were given the opportunity of racing again at four years old he would remain invincible.

But the decision to retire him at once makes it difficult to compare him with some of those giants of the past who were able to consolidate their fame by their performances in the course of a third season in training, proving their greatness beyond question by beating the best horses of other ages. Bahram is unquestionably the best of his own contemporaries, yet is that sufficient to cause him to be hailed as a "horse of the century"?

Perhaps it would be unfair to belittle him because his active career is to be cut short, yet many will be inclined to wonder whether he is actually a greater horse than Windsor Lad, who appreciably enhanced his reputation by winning the four races for which he competed in the present season.

It was not until 1853 that the so-called Triple Crown of the Turf was won for the first time. The Yorkshire-bred West Australian, the hero of that feat, afterwards won the Ascot Gold Cup, but, unlike Bahram, he could not claim an undefeated record, as he failed when making his first appearance late in his two-year-old career. He was regarded as the best horse seen up to his time, and to recall that he was sold at four years old at 5,000 guineas, and began his career at the stud at 30 guineas, is to show how enormously bloodstock values have increased since those days.

Twelve years later came Gladiateur's classic treble, supplemented by victories in the Grand Prix, the Gold Cup and other races. The big French colt was beaten three times in his three seasons on the racecourse, and considering that he suffered from intermittent lameness his record was wonderful. He did not meet anything of the quality of Bahram in the Derby, and at this distance of time he appears to have fallen a little short of the right of being considered the best horse of his century, though undoubtedly he was one of the best.

Lord Lyon, the classic hero of 1866, must have been remarkably game, though he did not stand out so strongly from the rivals of his own age as Bahram has done. The Derby he won in the last stride, and the St. Leger by the shortest of heads. An interval of 20 years then elapsed before the classic crown was won again, and the winner this time is more worthy of comparison with Bahram than any other classic treble winner before or since, for he was none other than the mighty Ormonde.

Like the Aga Khan's three-year-old, he had the distinction of never knowing what it was to be beaten. Happily there are many racegoers still with us who have the clearest recollections of Ormonde and his exploits, and we find a consensus of opinion among them that he was even a greater racehorse than Bahram. This view is largely based on the high quality of the horses defeated by the Kingsclere champion in his various outings. Among them was Minting, who if Ormonde had never been foaled would have been entitled to a prominent place among the finest performers of the past century.

*W. A. Rouch*

ONE OF THE GREATEST MARES OF ALL TIME

*Sceptre (Persimmon—Ornament), which won for Mr. R. S. Sievier the One Thousand Guineas, the Two Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger*

Then there was that supremely gallant little horse The Bard, together with the subsequent St. Leger winner, Kilwarlin, who was made to look a commoner when meeting the four-year-old Ormonde (then touched in his wind) at Ascot. Of The Bard, whom he beat at Ascot, it has been remarked that he would have won 99 Derbys out of 100. No such claim would be made for the second in the Derby in the present season.

Of all classic winners we think that Ormonde was the greatest, and despite the difficulty of comparing the racehorse of one generation with that of another—especially when each was always first past the winning post—we believe that, taking their respective performances on the whole, the classic champion of 1886 has to be ranked in front of the champion of 1935. In any case, we give Ormonde and Bahram the preference over the other triple crown winners of our time—Common, Isinglass, Galtee More, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee and Rock Sand, though admirers of one or another of these great three-year-olds may say that we are doing them less than justice.

The question arises whether classic races are harder to win than in the days of Ormonde. By reason of the change in the methods of jockeyship

THE RACE FOR THE ST. LEGER IN 1872

*Lord Wilton's Wenlock, ridden by Maidment, won from a field of seventeen in 3 min. 21¼ sec., as compared to the 3 min. 1¼ sec. in which Bahram covered the 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yds.*

*Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. W. T. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.*

the majority of races are run at a faster pace than was the case then, but can this be accepted as conclusive evidence that the winners of the chief events are better than the horses which won corresponding events in the old days ?

Scarcely a season now passes without a new time record being put up for one or more courses, which is quoted to prove the steady improvement of the thoroughbred. But when we come to deal with the time test many factors have to be taken into consideration—the direction of the wind, the state of the going, the density of the atmosphere, and other things. Ormonde's time for the Derby was 2min. 45⅕sec., which compares badly with Bahram's 2min. 36sec. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the Derby course to-day is about 25yds. shorter than the distance covered by Ormonde.

Other changes in the track suggest that comparisons of present-day times with those made in the old days are valueless. Incidentally, Bahram's time in the Derby was two seconds slower than that made by Hyperion and Windsor Lad.

We like to believe that the efforts of bloodstock breeders to improve the breed during the past 50 years have not been unsuccessful, yet the contention that the champions of those times would not hold their own against our present cracks cannot be easily established. How, for example, would Bahram have fared against St. Simon, who, while denied the opportunity of competing for a classic prize, was never extended in any of his races ? His trainer considered him to be 14lb. better than Minting, an estimate which would make St. Simon superior even to Ormonde.

Even if we agree to differ as to the respective merits of these mighty racers of the "'eighties," St. Simon's record at the stud was immeasurably in advance of the others. As the Duke of Portland points out in his book to be published this month, the combination of St. Simon's racing and breeding performances entitles him to a paramount position among the most famous thoroughbreds of the past 100 years.

It may be that Bahram is destined also to achieve immense stud distinction, but until such time as we can compare the achievements of his stock with those of St. Simon (to whom Bahram has some resemblance in several characteristics), we suggest that the Welbeck celebrity is still entitled to rank as the best all-round horse of the century.

Leaving the giants of the past for those of the future, it may well be that the Aga Khan has another classic winner for next season.

Until the Champagne Stakes was run at Doncaster it was doubtful whether Mahmoud or the Bossover colt was the best of the two-year-olds seen out up to that date. When these young cracks met at Ascot the Bossover colt had considerably the better of the race, but from that time Mahmoud had gone strongly ahead, and his subsequent running showed him to be vastly improved. Thus at Doncaster he was slightly the stronger favourite, and he beat Miss Dorothy Paget's colt decisively, the two being divided at the finish by the French-bred Abjer, trained by Mr. George Lambton for M. M. Boussac.

In some quarters it is thought that Abjer will one day reverse the Doncaster placings with Mahmoud, but it appears to us that he will only do so if the Champagne winner should prove, later in his career, not to be richly endowed with stamina. The margin in Mahmoud's favour last week was less than a length ; our reading of the race was that he scored with something to spare.

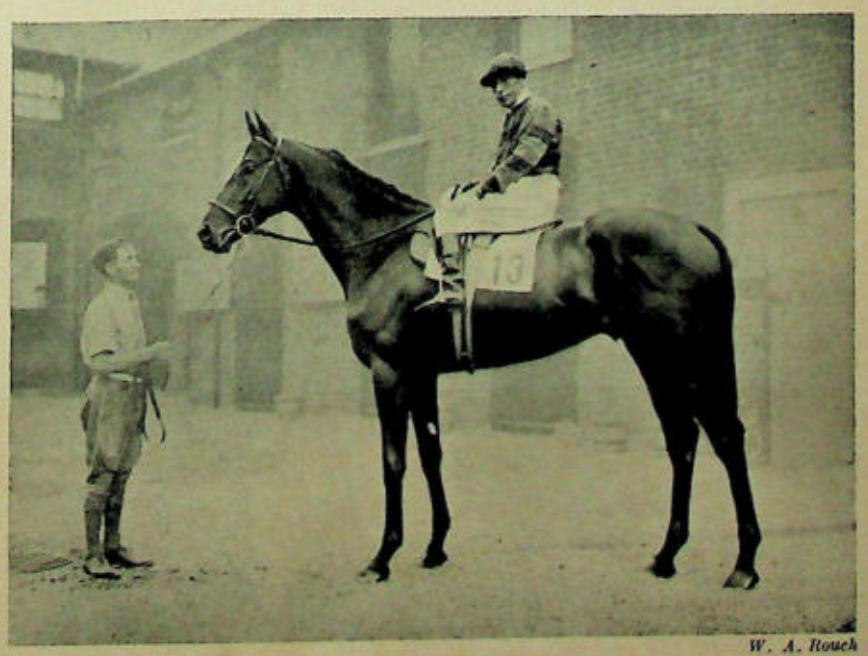
Bred by the AgaKhan in France,he is a powerfully-framed grey by Blenheim, who is also the sire of the Bossover colt. In colour and conformation Mahmoud favours the touch of The Tetrarch in his pedigree. His dam Mah Mahal, is by Gainsborough out of the redoubtable Mumtaz Mahal. The only point to criticise in the breeding of the colt is that as a grandson of "Mumtaz" he may be distinguished more for speed than for staying.

Apart from the Champagne Stakes, the two-year-old form was not particularly instructive. No doubt the glamour of Mahmoud's success was partly responsible for the hot favouritism of the same owner's Baber Shah in the Tattersall Sale Stakes. This son of Blandford—Reverentia, bred at the Cloghran Stud, is some way below the quality of his stable companion. He signally failed for stamina and was unplaced behind Golden Martlet, who is fulfilling the promise he displayed in the spring.

He was one of the batch of high-priced yearlings purchased by Sir John Jarvis last year, and so far the son of Winalot–Seradella—a most attractive pedigree—has done the best of them. A recent addition to this owner's string is that handsome filly Veuve Clicquot, who was in no sense discredited when filling fourth place in the Champagne Stakes. The daughter of Mr. Jinks is now to be put by for next season's campaign.

A ROYAL TRIPLE CROWN WINNER

*The late King Edward's Diamond Jubilee, with H. Jones up*



*W. A. Rouch*

BAHRAM, WITH F. FOX IN THE SADDLE

*It was unfortunate that Fox could not ride Bahram in the St. Leger owing to an accident*

# VULTURE-HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

## Some Recent Experiences with the Griffon in Spain

By G. K. YEATES

ALTHOUGH the griffon vulture owes its position on the list of British birds to two chance occurrences, in Spain it is at once one of the most conspicuous and ubiquitous birds. Here, over sierra and plain, marsh and coast it is a regular feature of the landscape, and those who have once seen that majestic soaring flight cannot but regret that it does not more frequently delight our eyes in this country.

For ugly brute though the griffon is at close quarters and upon the ground, in the air he is all grace and majesty, and few birds understand so well the uses to which air currents can be put, and no bird has more complete mastery over them. He rises with two or three flaps of his huge pinions, and, using the initial impetus thus gained, is content to rise, without further flapping, in ever-widening spirals until he becomes a mere speck in the sky.

So typical a feature of the Andalucian bird-life naturally formed one of the chief objects of our photographic trip to Spain. But the griffon is a crag-nesting bird, making his home in the steepest sierras in situations which do not readily assist hide-building. To photograph him at home would require an expedition all to itself, and so it seemed that my only chances of success lay in finding a carcase where I might catch the birds at dinner. But carcases are not everyday occurrences, and the artificial creation of them is not likely to lead to friendly relations with the neighbouring farmers! Previous to my arrival my friends had seen one—and round it were about 150 griffons. It seemed too much to hope that luck should grant us another.

Returning, however, one day from a hunt for Bonelli's eagle in the Sierra de Retin, we were delighted to find within a few hundred yards of the road a dead horse. As we approached, great numbers of huge "bear-like" creatures could be detected standing in close proximity. To my joy these turned out to be griffon vultures, waiting their turn at the offal; for a dog was in temporary possession of the carcase, and he greatly resented the griffons which he was constantly chasing.

Next morning found me early on the spot. Once more the dog was at the carcase, and all around the griffons were standing impatiently. The only problem seemed to be the removal of the dog.

My hide was soon up, and I awaited the issue. For the first half-hour I had to watch my canine pest eat his fill, but with his departure a sudden change came over the scene. From all quarters, from behind and in front, from left and from right the mighty vultures swung in, their huge pinions at times almost brushing the hide, and in many cases shaking it surprisingly with their draught. Indeed, I had moments of considerable anxiety lest one of the huge birds should choose my hide as a perch, for they were using the surrounding rocks for this purpose. A bird the size of a griffon, with its seven or eight foot wing-spread and its wicked talons, would indeed have been no joke alighting on one's head!

The carcase now presented an amazing scene. Round it in a dense mass stood the griffons, fighting and quarrelling, flapping their wings and jostling one another. It was at once a most entertaining and disgusting sight, while the stench in the hot sun of a horse that has already been dead too long needs to be experienced to be believed, and I was only too grateful that it was 9 a.m. and not midday!

The bestial dinner went on. Birds would rip out a large piece of flesh and then retreat a little way to swallow it in peace—if indeed their neighbours allowed them to do so. The next step seemed to be a drink from a small rill that flowed hard by (I could well believe they needed it), and then back to the thronging crowd for more.

On the ground it is possible to see details of plumage which escape observation when the bird is in the air. In flight, the long snaky neck is tucked away in the white ruff on the shoulders, and all one can see are the wide dark pinions with their V's of lighter brown. But on the ground the snaky neck is normally extended, and it is its naked, bluish ugliness which gives the griffon such a loathsome appearance. For his back and wings are a delightful mixture of browns, which extend to the ground down his feathered legs.

Not a beautiful bird, it is granted, but a very striking one, with the added recommendation that he is the Spanish scavenger. In fact, he fits most admirably into the Spanish scheme of life, for your Andalucian peasant has lived too many years under a boiling sun ever to feel inclined to go the trouble of removing a carcase. This the griffon does for him, and to judge by the number of clean picked bones which scatter plain and low sierra, it would seem as well that the vultures are there to do his work for him.

"ROUND IT STOOD THE GRIFFONS, FIGHTING AND QUARRELLING, FLAPPING THEIR WINGS AND JOSTLING ONE ANOTHER"

THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) AT MORNING EXERCISE

# PREPARATIONS FOR FOXHUNTING

## Getting Hounds Fit for November Days

AN article such as this, appearing only a few weeks before the opening meet, might be expected to carry the title "Final Preparations." But, from the point of view of the kennels, are there any preparations peculiar to October? To be sure the tissue paper must be removed from the new coats, breeches and boots destined to add splendour to the opening meet. But in these days of economy there are some establishments untroubled even by that consideration.

The preparations are in fact continuous—at any rate from May 1st. After hunting stops, about the first week in April, it takes about a month to attend to all the duties that belong to the end of the season—to rough up and turn out the horses, make the draft of old hounds, put down any whose hunting days are over, spring clean the stables and kennels and arrange for holidays for the staff. But by May 1st, the date on which new Masters assume control and Hunt servants change their places, it is not too soon to begin preparations for the following season. The old hounds, it is true, can still rest for another month. But the puppies, most of whom will have been in from walk for a couple of months, ought to begin their education early in May. They will have been accustomed, of course, to exercise themselves in the grass yard—there being no men with spare time to walk them out round the kennels. But at this stage they must be coupled together and taught to walk out in a pack round the huntsman, two whippers-in being required to keep them up together. If their ears are to be rounded, that must be done about the beginning of June when the weather is warm, and they cannot be coupled for a few days until they have recovered from the soreness.

Not every establishment can afford to keep ponies all through the summer for hound exercise. But the ideal is to bring in three or four hacks about the first week in June and start exercise by taking the old hounds out round the fields for an hour a day. By the middle of June the puppies should have been walked out uncoupled for a few times with the old hounds and then, if they behave like a pack, they can go out for horse exercise. Some huntsmen do not mind going out on horseback with puppies still in couples, but anyone who has been mown down once or twice on foot by puppies behaving, in the neat phrase of Somerville and Ross, "like grape shot," will not want to give them a chance of twining themselves round one of his horse's legs. Couples ought very rarely to be needed after the middle of June.

The puppy show is perhaps the most important landmark of the summer. It can be held very early, say in April, with the advantage that the Master, having shown each walker his or her puppy at the kennels, can make his draft at once and save both food and labour. In theory, too, the condition in which the puppies are sent in from walk gains more credit at an early show. But puppies which have been in for about a week usually look their very worst, being still shy and finding kennel porridge very unattractive. By July they will all be cheerful and in the same condition, while those kind walkers who took late puppies (always the most trouble in case of sickness) are no longer at a disadvantage for size—puppies do not grow much after they are twelve months old.

If the show is over, then by the middle of July the second draft can go, consisting of those puppies whose previous disappearance would have offended their walkers and those who promised to develop well, but who are found to move badly at exercise—good in kennel, but bad when out. By that time, too, road exercise should have been gradually increased to its maximum—about four or five hours one day and one hour the following day. With a four days a week establishment, both the dog and the bitch packs will have short exercise on Saturday morning, to give some of the staff a half holiday. Each pack thus has long exercise on the roads five days a fortnight, and on the other week days is taken round the fields. On these shorter excursions it is possible to canter on the grass for a few hundred yards at a time and to make some quick turns round the corners of lanes or hedges to make hounds handy and teach them to keep their eyes on the huntsman, instead of tearing on ahead.

Some early journeys round the fields also enable the puppies to see a few rabbits. The secret of steadying them from riot is to begin very gently. If twenty couple of old hounds and ten couple of puppies are taken into a deer park early in July, that is asking for serious trouble, as many huntsmen have found to their cost. But puppies can do no harm with a few rabbits which go to ground at once. After two or three weeks of that it is safe to canter through some long grass and find an old hare. But the beginning of August is quite soon enough to go looking for riot. By that time the puppies should connect the thunder of approaching hooves with the thong and the rate (in that order), and they will not go very far with a hare. Then it will be enough to give them one morning in a deer park and one spent in drawing for hares on some big stubble fields, where the whippers-in can really gallop after them. One good cut with the whip a hundred yards from the huntsman is worth any amount of rating at his horse's heels—no puppy should normally be hit once he has reached the pack again. Steadying hounds from sheep is a science in itself. They can only be walked out among sheep from the very first and taken up to them at horse exercise as often as possible. Even then no one can ever say that his pack can be guaranteed not to hunt those gamey little black-faced sheep.

August Bank Holiday marks the time for bringing in the Hunt horses and a fortnight later, when hounds have been doing full road exercise for a month, they will be in quite hard enough condition to begin cub-hunting. With more exercise than that they may become harder, but they will probably become stale. Most packs, in the South and Midlands at any rate, begin cub-hunting about the second or third week in August, as soon as there is enough corn cut to make sure of finding the cubs in the coverts. The ideal is to start each pack with two or three short mornings in fairly small coverts somewhere near the kennels—dealing with one litter a morning and going home after a couple of hours. By September hounds can probably disturb two litters a morning and stay out four or five hours. But cub-hunting must be the subject for a special article in itself, although it is only part of one long, gradual process. How easy it looks when the huntsman just trots round the covert and hounds go roaring round inside, killing perhaps a brace of cubs in the first hour! But that does not mean that the huntsman is not controlling the whole performance, or that he has not spent hours and hours in schooling and exercising his hounds all the summer or reckoned the food of each one almost to a teaspoonful to make sure of them carrying just the right amount of flesh.

So when November 1st brings the regular season, and eleven o'clock meets, the most noticeable change at the kennels is that, with luck and a near meet, there may at last be time to have a good breakfast before climbing on to the back of a horse.

M. F.

**A Sussex Hunter Sale.**—An event which is a unique one in Sussex is the sale by auction on September 24th, 1935, at Bowshotts, West Grinstead, by Messrs. J. R. Thornton & Co. Over 80 well-bred horses will be offered for sale, and include mares and geldings by Iron Hand, Wild Fellow, Faithful Boy, Imperial, Birchbroom, etc. Some of the horses catalogued have already done well in show jumping in Sussex. There are ten greys included in the catalogue, and very few of the 80 lots are above eight years of age. Full particulars may be had with catalogue from Mr. T. Grantham, at Bowshotts, West Grinstead; or from the Auctioneers' Offices, 6, Bank Buildings, Burgess Hill, and 66, High Street, Lewes.

*In a Bedfordshire lane*

# ON HUNTING TOURS

## From Nimrod to Shotley

By FREDERICK WATSON

*[This article was the first of a series which Mr. Frederick Watson, of whom an appreciation appears on our leader page, was writing for the "Field." His many friends will be sad to think he will never now make the tour of which he writes at the end of this article.—ED.]*

IT is agreed that the hunting tour was founded by "Nimrod" (Charles James Apperley, 1777–1843). But if you are one of those controversial people you can trace its origins just so long as your ticket in the Readers' Room holds out. It was, to take a comparatively modern instance, greatly enjoyed by James I, who, in the year 1602, hunted all the way from Edinburgh to London, "taking great leisure and pleasure in the same." Another gorgeous instance of the sportsman's tour was taken by that great character, Colonel Thomas Thornton, who in 1802, accompanied by his wife, secretary, two valets, gamekeeper and huntsman, together with six couple of hounds, and special carriages for their accommodation. That tour was such a resounding success that the French nation grasped once and for all the nature and abundance of the English milord. And so for a century afterwards all visitors have paid accordingly.

Colonel Thornton's second tour, published in 1804, was no less elaborate. It included the northern parts of England and the Highlands of Scotland. In order that the actual asperities of travel might be tempered the Colonel took a gig, two baggage waggons, valet, groom, waggoner, falconer, and other servants, 20 horses, hawks, hay, corn, an excellent chef and the furniture for an encampment. The Colonel was in fact the first caravanner. As he intended fishing he engaged a sloop which carried a master, two seamen and boats with rods, tackle, and *aqua vitae* against the treacherous weather. He was the first tourist to explore the Highlands in the modern spirit of adventure deeply tinctured with the consolations of civilisation. It was indeed evident that by 1812 the idea of the tour was taking root, and as an illustration of the romantic spirit—long before Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Jorrocks set out—let us remember excellent Dr. Syntax (1812–22) with his mild eye set on the winding road bidding a glad adieu to his wife.

"Oh! tell me," cried the smiling dame,
"Tell me this golden road to fame.
You charm my heart, you quite delight it—
*I'll make a Tour—and then* I'll write it.
You well know what my pen can do.
And I'll employ my pencil too—
I'll ride and *write* and *sketch* and *print*,
And thus create a real mint."

That splendid scheme was brought into practical reality by "Nimrod." He united the effulgence of Thornton with the commercial aspirations of Syntax. He was the first modern journalist—"in search"—that eager phrase—of England upon horseback. Setting out with six hunters and £1,500 he founded modern journalism by writing personal impressions of the hunting field with a gusto and flamboyance which has never been surpassed. No man was more fitted by training and temperament for so arduous and delicate a task. That he dearly loved a lord was, at the period in which he wrote, quite essential. Had "Nimrod," like the creator of "Mr. Sponge," sneered at his hosts his hunting tour would have been discredited from the start. It is high time someone said a good word for Apperley. If for nothing else his name should be taken seriously as the first man to introduce the conditioning of hunters.

After "Nimrod" came Robert Smith Surtees (1803–64), also a professional journalist. As "Nimrod North" (Frank Sitwell, 1797–1864) was a friend of his, Surtees adopted, amongst several others, the *nom-de-plume* of "Nim South," and wrote his *Southern Tour* over that name. As Surtees detested social gossip his contributions lack the

FREDERICK WATSON, 1885—1935

genial air of "Nimrod," and, although their author knew his subject intimately, they are too disgruntled and carping. Worse still, he lampooned the professional correspondent as "Pomponius Ego," and coloured the hunting Syntax with the dingy personality of "Mr. Sponge."

Surtees, not content with bombarding "Nimrod," attempted to end the hunting tour altogether. Upon Apperley's death he paid him a belated *de mortuis*, and concluded: "Independently of the great expense necessary to equip such a character, it would be difficult to find another man sufficiently endowed with the attributes of a gentleman to undertake the office." That was indeed a stab in the back, and given at a time when the future was already dark with rural and industrial disruption. But to his lasting glory the hunting correspondent set out, and without a stud of hunters or handsome honorarium, described the various countries, and left his modest chronicles of a Victorian England where the country house was still a stronghold of the old tradition.

Prominent among these were "Harry Hieover" (Charles Brindley) in *The Hunting Field* (1850), "Cecil" (Cornelius Tongué) in *Hunting Tours* (1864), *The Druid* (H. H. Dixon, 1822–1870), with several delightful volumes both on racing and hunting. Surtees, who had suggested *The Field* to Bradbury and Evans under the title of *The Nimrod*, was consulted regarding hunting correspondents. He replied, "Whyte-Melville is out-and-out the best man of the day, being a fine sportsman and a capital writer living in the very cream of the thing. Next to him Mr. Vyner would be most useful, or Mr. Horlock ('Scrutator')." This was generous because with the exception of Melville none of his literary contemporaries condescended to mention the obnoxious Mr. Jorrocks.

In later days, despite immense changes in the whole structure of foxhunting, the hunting tour continued. There was, to take names at random, "Brooksby" (Captain Pennell-Elmhirst, 1845–1916), who, next to Whyte-Melville, captured the exhilaration of the galloping countries. William Scarth Dixon (1847–1933), the last in our time to hunt with Surtees, "Shotley" (Charles Richardson, 1852–1927), and Captain Otho Paget (1860–1934).

Amongst more modern developments of the hunting tour are the illustrated books of Mr. Lionel Edwards with letterpress by "Sabretache," and the books of Mr. Charles Simpson, who combines both artist and author. And to those who have leisure enough there are a great collection of personal rather than professional tours and reminiscences. To take a comparatively recent example, there are *The Sporting Tours* of Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, and that pleasant book of memories, *Try Back*, by Alexander Henry Higginson, of the Cattistock.

There is to-day, for causes which may be discussed without any conclusions, a very definite tendency from the highway to the covertside, and the motor to the horse. It concerns more than hunting, but, as those who ride come naturally towards the light, so there is a new generation, far more democratic than ever before, who are keenly attracted by the only sport except angling which can take them off the perilous high roads. The motor horse-box or trailer may well take its place with the other stages in the progress of the hunter. With its use the old inns may once more employ the vanished ostler, and in camping more modestly than Colonel Thornton or travelling less luxuriously than "Nimrod," the supremacy of the hunter and riding horse permanently re-established. All this, however, is in the spirit of idle prophecy. What concerns us now is a hunting holiday.

There is, to begin with, something not a little formidable about the records of these hunting experts even for those of us who have possessed a hunt button for long enough. Even with the kindly aid of a motor box how can a very ordinary horseman afford to venture into these desperate countries? For the Shires, as "Brooksby" long ago warned us, you will both ruin your nerve and spoil your sport if you are pig-headed and do not ride the very best that money can procure. A blood horse, in fact, very big, very bold, and extremely expensive. But most unfortunately this exceptional performer, which you can ride in the best Point-to-Points and wind up with the National, is quite useless anywhere else. For some provincial hunts a "clever stout hunter" is imperative, for others,

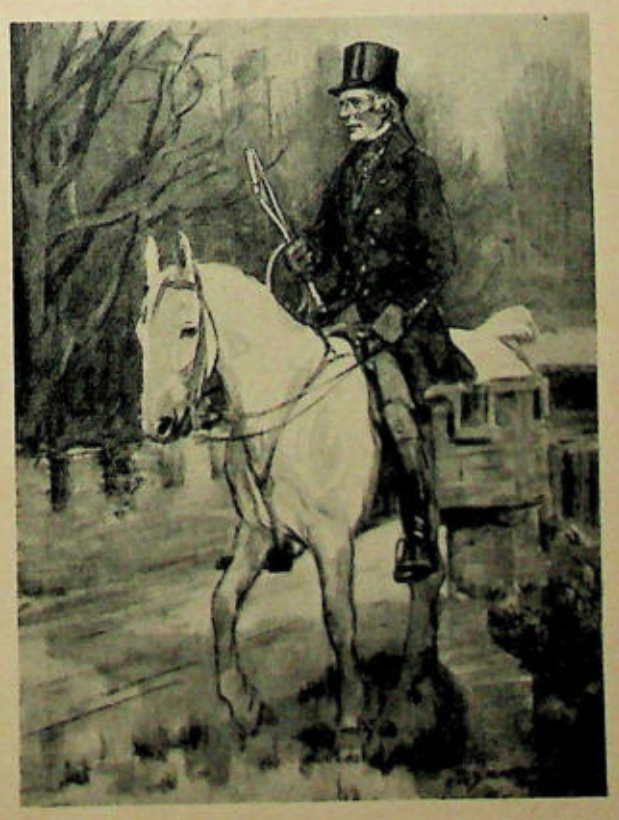
THE DRUID (H. H. DIXON), WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON, AND "NIMROD" (C. J. APPERLEY)

a "compact short-legged one with a Roman nose." It would be sheer waste of time venturing into a deep hilly country except on a well-bred sort "near the ground," while you simply must have a very robust animal with "plenty of power behind" for the heavy plough countries. Is that all? Only if you contemplate a miserly dozen packs. If your holiday is longer than a fortnight you simply must have a handy cob, "short in the back," for the Welsh hills and Exmoor, and a "low experienced hunter" for the Shropshire border. I take it you do not contemplate Ireland, Yorkshire, Scotland, or Hampshire. If so I am afraid you must either decide to do your tour decently or stay at home with the dear old pack and ride what is called "a hunter," by which is meant one of those undistinguished animals who, through native cunning or quiet fatalism, seem to take most things more or less as they come along.

I have been warned in the kindliest fashion that hunting people do not care about a light-hearted attitude towards horse and hound, and that the younger generation not only ride better but know far more than their deflated elders. This might disconcert a modest man. But I am not a modest man. Nor have I (like my nephew, Bartholomew, detained until the Christmas holidays in a very low form indeed) a reverence for text-books. They may be excellent for motor cyclists or golfers, but foxhunters, like anglers, being in touch with nature, should be artists not mechanics. A hunting tour is not restricted to following hounds. It offers pleasant prospects of old-fashioned inns, bridle paths, and other people's houses. It is the only means of entering those places still undefiled by motorist or picnicker. "There's something very pleasant," remarks a character in Mr. H. G. Wells's *Secret Places of the Heart*, "in travelling along roads you don't know, and seeing houses and parks and villages and towns for which you do not feel in the slightest degree responsible. They hide all their troubles from the road." But if you cannot revel in an unexpected glimpse of some half-timbered manor tucked away in an English park, or relish authentic Shakespeare in an old hedger scrutinising hounds with his quiet but judicial gaze, then you are indeed only fit for an equitation school, or to clap your hands at a retiring Master's presentation portrait.

Bartholomew, whose deepest thoughts never soar higher than his seat, his breeches, and his tackle, has raised the point whether middle-aged people should not stay quietly at home where they know the gaps and the way a fox turns. I do not agree. There is abundant evidence that throughout its history the majority of foxhunters have been over forty, an age which he regards as advanced senility. But to give him a more substantial reprimand, I recalled that Anthony Trollope (of whom he has, of course, never heard) toured a great part of England and Wales with an elderly hunter. Unhappily, he did not record his experiences, which might have been a classic on the same shelf as Beckford. "The cause of my delight in the amusement," he confesses in his autobiography, "I have never been able to analyse to my own satisfaction. In the first place, even now, I know very little about hunting, though I know very much of the accessories of the field. . . . My eyes are so constituted that I can never see the nature of a fence. I either follow someone, or ride at it with the full conviction that I may be going into a horse pond or a gravel pit. I have jumped into both one and the other. I am very heavy, and have never ridden expensive horses. I am also now old for such work, being so stiff that I cannot get on to my horse without the aid of a block or a bank. But I ride still after the same fashion, with a boy's energy, determined to get ahead if it may possibly be done, hating the roads, despising young men who ride them, and with a feeling that life cannot, with all her riches, have given me anything better than when I have gone through a long run to the finish, keeping a place, not of glory, but of credit, among my juniors."

In that modest and engaging confession is contained a great deal of what foxhunting has meant in its "accessories" to the ordinary man, and will continue so to the end of the chapter. So far as my ideal holiday is concerned, I would attempt to give it as much spirit as letter. We would open the season with staghounds (because that has a noble air about it), descend (only to our feet), for beagles, because it is a worthy thing to experience how deep is the plough, visit harriers just to remind us of houndwork, watch a hill-huntsman manipulating a dingle, taste the charm of woodlands, and discover a galloping country where the timid explorer need not quake and shudder before his fellow-countrymen. And if such reflections appear only suited for the Anthony Trollopes among foxhunters, I still believe (whatever Bartholomew may say) of such, in substance, wisdom, and perhaps most of all by virtue of a sense of humour, are the kingdom of hunting yesterday and to-day.



TWO FAMOUS FIGURES IN HUNTING LITERATURE. "BROOKSBY," CAPTAIN PENNELL-ELMHIRST, AND R. S. SURTEES, THE CREATOR OF JORROCKS

*(The portrait of R. S. Surtees by C. Denholm Armour is taken from his biography by himself and E. D. Cuming, published by William Blackwood & Sons of Edinburgh)*

A FINE PHOTOGRAPH OF A BULL KUDU SECURED BY COUNT CAMPELLO

# AFTER KUDU IN ERITREA

## Big Heads of the Sudan Border

By MAJOR H. A. FREEMAN

MY expedition into Eritrea started at Kassala at 2.30 p.m. on a hot February afternoon. We found there a Fiat car and a Ford waiting to be loaded up with our kit. All this had been arranged by an Italian friend, Count Campello, who was to act as guide. At Tessenei we had to stop at the Italian Customs before entering Eritrea, but the formalities were short, thanks to Campello, and after giving the numbers, make and bore of my guns and rifles, we were on the road for Umm Hagar, which we reached at 11 p.m.

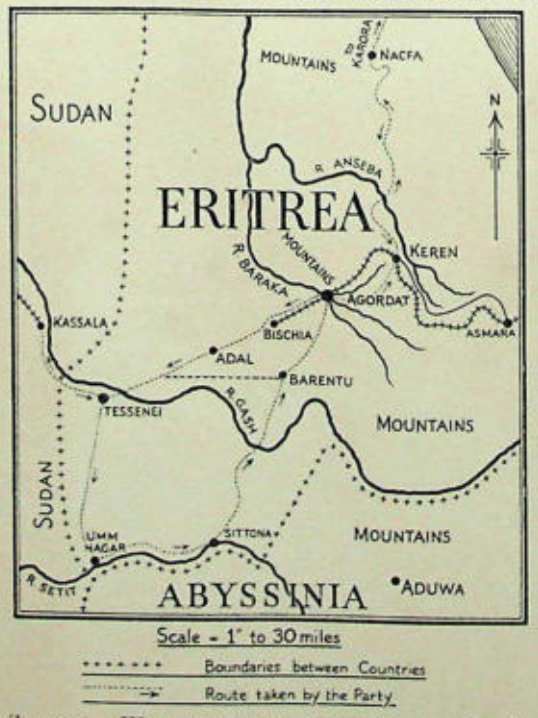
Two days later we were camping just short of the junction of the Setit track, on the road from Setit to Barentu, for six days. There was any amount of game, a roan antelope of 28in. and 10½in. circumference at the base of the horns being a good start the first day. I also collected an Abyssinian bush buck, a tora hartebeeste, oribi, ariel, Heuglin's gazelle and an Isabella gazelle. I did not see a bull kudu, though I picked up a 46-in. head near the river. The local natives said there had been a disease among the kudu and they had all died. This disease appears to start in the hoof and causes a swelling in the legs and eventually spreads to the liver. I was also unable to find a water buck, though some were seen quite close to the camp.

On February 27th we left for Nakfa down the valley of the Anseba. On leaving this valley we started to climb, and before reaching Nakfa had climbed three ridges and wound our way round several others. As we topped the final hill we saw the valley of Nakfa below us. On a clear day, looking east, it was possible to see the sea over 5,000ft. below us. On the way up we had seen one herd of kudu and they had displayed quite an interest in the car, but directly we tried to get out to photograph them they were away. This we found to be the case every time. I had read, in, I think, the Lonsdale Library volume on big game shooting in Africa, that the kudu was a confiding animal. The writer, as we did, must have seen them from a car because directly one left the car, or when one met them on foot in the mountains, there was nothing confiding about them as regards a human being.

I now had five days' shooting. My licence allowed four kudu, and I was told I could shoot over the licence if I chose to pay 200 lira a head. The licences were 200 lira for each big antelope, and a small-game licence of 50 lira allowed shotgun shooting and four small heads such as gazelle.

We divided the country round Nakfa into five blocks and decided to do one each day. None of the blocks was far from the village, and an hour's ride on a mule or a short drive in the car, if it was near the road, landed one on the ground.

My first day out I shot a good bull of 48½in., and lost another; and on the second, I tried a block farther to the north, having motored some five




miles out. We saw a herd soon after starting, but they were away up the mountains at once. We stalked them for some two hours, and eventually I got right into the herd by working round the reverse slope of the hill, only to find no shootable head. While watching the small bulls and the young cows playing together I suddenly saw two old bulls about a mile away on the plain below. After a long walk and a 200-yds. crawl, I got a shot at about 150yds. and collected my second head, a 49⅛in. one. While walking across the sandy plain a sounder of wart hog crossed me, and one turned and looked at us. I kneeled down and shot him. He had 12in. tushes. A nice right and left. It had been five hours' work, during which I had never been out of sight of kudu.

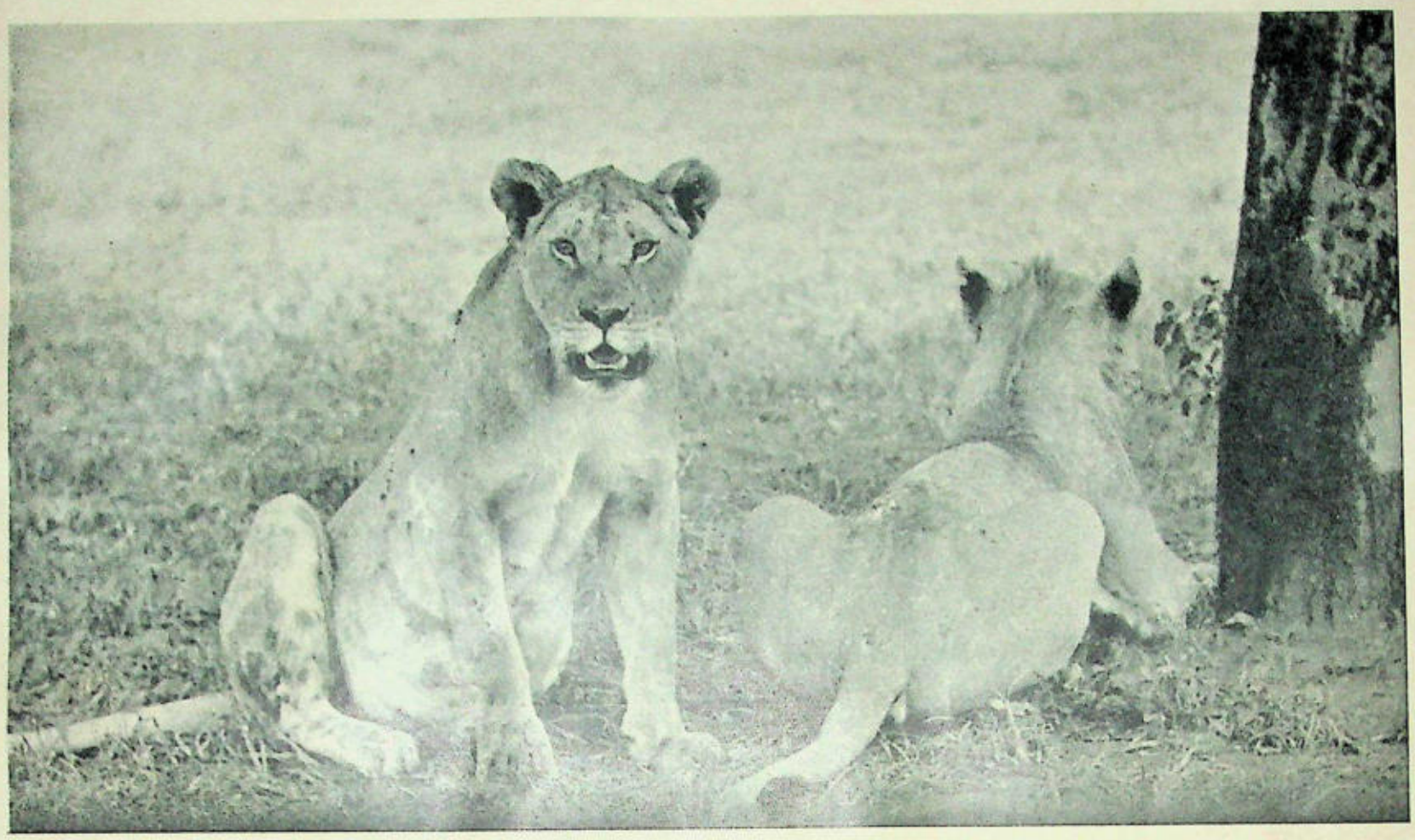
On March 2nd we worked the block to the east of the Nakfa-Karora road, and after an hour were on to a biggish bull. We were now only looking for something of 50in. or over. Owing to the wind being unfavourable we had to make a sweep round a mountain in order to approach up wind. I had marked the spot where I wanted to come out by a certain rock, but I missed it by some 50yds., and was therefore either heard or scented, and I next saw my animal going away up the opposite hill and already 500yds. way. On searching the hills behind me I saw another bull, with a head that, even at some 800yds., appeared bigger than the one I had just lost. The wind was right, and there was a good nullah, up which I could get to within 200yds. All went well and I got my shot from that point. He fell and then rose again and staggered over the hill, but I am glad to say, another round finished him off. He was a magnificent animal, with 53in. horns, 11¼in. in circumference at the base, tip to tip 32in., and from tip to brow in a straight line, 38in. He had been the easiest stalk up to date—only one-and-a-half hours, but this was due to the wind and ground being favourable.

On March 3rd I shot my fourth head. When I fired I thought this was going to beat the 53in. one, but we were disappointed on measuring it to find it was only 49½in. From tip to tip, however, it measured 38in., which was what mislead us. And then on the very last day we saw one perfect head about 80yds. from the road, which was definitely two or three inches bigger than the best I had got. We watched it for some 15 minutes. For 200 lira I could have shot it, but without a stalk and with a car in the offing it was out of the question, so he is still there for any reader to stalk.

And so ended a delightful trip. Wherever we went the Italians were kind and hospitable. The Commissioner at Keren even lent us his bungalow at Nakfa. In Campello we had an excellent guide, who knew every inch of the country. The financial side of a trip is interesting to most people these days. A month in Eritrea, covering the Setit and the kudu country round Nakfa should work out at roughly £100 per person shooting with a rifle. This includes licences, transport and food. Our exact itinerary was: February 17th—Motor to Umm Hagar, 90 miles; 18th—Motor up the Setit, 60 miles; 19th–25th—Shoot on the Setit; 26th—Motor to Keren, 200 miles; 27th—Motor to Nakfa, 120 miles; 28th—March 4th—Shoot at Nakfa; 5th—Motor to Keren; 6th—Motor to Kassala, 200 miles; 7th—Catch train for Khartoum.

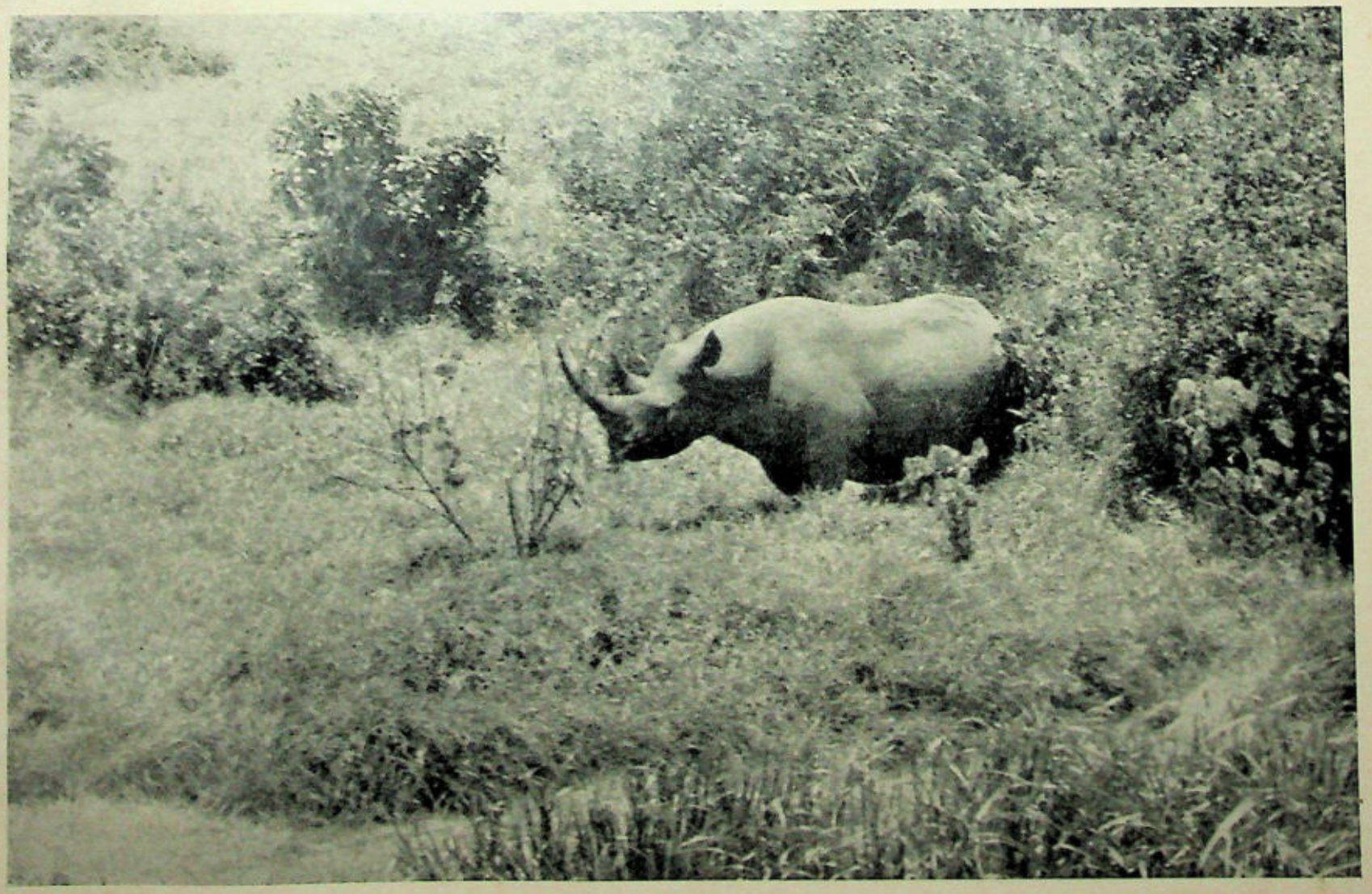
[We hope that it will soon be possible to undertake such an expedition again under happier circumstances than at present exist.—ED.]

# *RHINO AND LION IN EAST AFRICA*



A BORED LIONESS AND A LION THAT RUDELY TURNED HIS BACK ON A CAR SIX FEET AWAY

*This picture was taken by Captain Keith Caldwell, formerly Game Warden of Uganda, at very close quarters. He writes to say that he hopes nobody will think that taking the picture (from a car) involved him "in imminent danger, as it is not difficult to take these photographs, and there seem to be too many persons who gain a reputation as a big-game hunter or an intrepid adventurer by a few pictures similarly taken"*



A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY OF A FINE RHINO COMING DOWN TO A SALT-LICK

IN A KERRY GLEN—THICK COVER THAT MIGHT HOLD 'COCK IN BAD WEATHER

# SHOOTING IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

## Picking a Poacherless Locality

By MAJOR J. W. SEIGNE

WE may change our form of Government, our laws and everything else, but in one respect we remain the same. All Irishmen still cherish a grievance. My particular one is that whenever I go to England and describe the delights of Irish sport someone invariably dismisses my eulogies by remarking with an indulgent but slightly contemptuous shrug: "Ah, but you are *all* poachers over there." Now this is not strictly true. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that it is another injustice to Ireland.

The preservation of game in this country is one of those problems which illustrates in a remarkable way the inconsistency of the Irish character. In one district it is now, and always has been, quite possible to preserve game. In another, perhaps only a few miles away, one might as well give up the attempt first as last. My experience this August will explain what I mean.

On the glorious 12th I accepted an invitation from a friend to shoot a distant mountain. We arrived just in time to witness the end of the season. All day on Sunday the 11th, rival gangs of poachers had disputed over the moor, and now only the victors, a few seasoned veterans of the chase, remained in possession. Needless to say, there were also very few grouse; scattered and terrified survivors of the battle, so wild as to be quite unapproachable.

We spent the day lazing under a bank of heather with a faint hope that sooner or later one of the various shooting parties, which appeared every now and then on the horizon, would drive some grouse over us. Strange to say, after lunch this actually happened, and we got three birds. It would be quite useless to remonstrate or interfere with any of these uninvited guns. Even if a conviction in court were secured, it would only result in a small fine and encouraging the others. The mountain is situated near a town, and it has always been noted for poaching. Perhaps this season it was a little worse than usual, and my host who had been persuaded to pay £5 for the shooting rights will never do so again.

Now, as a pleasant contrast, take a day on my own little hill. Two of us got six brace there on August 14th, walking up over a setter. It had not been shot before, and there were plenty of grouse. We ought to have had a bigger bag, but the birds were strong and wild and the shooting indifferent. There is less than 1,000 acres of heather, and my title to shoot it rests on nothing more than goodwill and the fact that years ago the hill belonged to my family. It is just luck that it happens to be situated in a quiet, law-abiding district with no bad poachers living in the neighbourhood.

The lesson to be learnt is never to take either an Irish fishing or a shooting without the most careful inquiry. No matter how good it may seem, if it is situated in a district inhabited by regular poachers, leave it alone. Keepers and game watchers can do little, and in the end through sheer force of circumstances the unfortunate owner sometimes turns into a bit of a poacher himself without quite realising the enormity.

I have just received this letter from a sportsman, an Englishman by the way, who some years ago bought a little property in Kerry.

"I am so sick of these damned poachers"—he writes quite seriously—"going up on my mountain every year before the season opens that this time I went out myself on August 5th, and we had quite a good day." Yet another tragic example of the influence of environment on character and how the English settlers become even more Irish than the wild Irish themselves.

It is necessary to bear all this in mind when considering the state of game preservation in the Irish Free State and the effect of any alteration in the game laws. In some districts, for instance, the fact that the partridge season does not now open till October 1st has done untold good. In others, it has simply meant that the poaching fraternity get a longer innings. This year the pheasant season is not to open till November 1st, and this undoubtedly is a good thing where the law can be enforced. A good many stray wild pheasants are shot in the bogs and fields while partridge shooting in October, and often these birds have late broods.

While on the subject of pheasants, I have only recently realised the damage done to them by foxes, where the number of these marauders has increased beyond all reason. Cubbing does not seem to be carried out in many Irish woods so thoroughly as in the past, and there now are too many foxes in the country. If man be excepted, grey crows—which are greatly on the increase—and foxes are now the worst enemies of game in Ireland.

There are not many well-preserved 'cock coverts left in the country, and for the past few seasons sport has been most disappointing. The number of woodcock breeding in Ireland is certainly on the increase, but only in such places where they get proper protection. On the other hand, the influx of migrants is much smaller and, owing to the mild winters, the tendency to lie out in the open is much more pronounced.

Last winter the bags made in coverts were meagre in the extreme, but a number of woodcock were shot, kicking them up out of the heather in the mountains of Cork, Kerry and the West. This is a form of shooting which does not appeal to me very much, for it seems a pity to kill in this way a bird which gives such a sporting shot in covert.

I hope that before long the season for woodcock will be altered so as to close on February 1st, and not to open till November. Undoubtedly these birds are now in urgent need of all the protection we can give them.

So far as rough shooting—principally snipe—is concerned, one can no longer expect the big bags of old. There is so much more shooting now, and thanks to motors no place near a town escapes. Also some of the best Irish bogs have been recently drained. Still there are miles of wild, undisturbed bogs and hills in Kerry and Galway which will yield excellent mixed bags of snipe and wildfowl to a man who is able to work for them. And for those who, like the writer, have reached the sere and yellow, well, the wonderful possibilities of Irish bogs for driving are as yet hardly realised.

There is quite fair wildfowling to be had on some of these big Irish lakes like Derg and Corrib. Also good snipe shooting at times along the fringes of the lakes and round the islands. I have often thought that a pleasant winter holiday could be had by combining fishing with shooting. There are days when it is so mild that it would be no hardship to sit in a boat and vary trolling for big pike by poking about for duck in the reeds and bogs round the islands.

A permit to bring a gun into the Irish Free State can be obtained by writing to the High Commissioner's office in London, and the cost of a licence to shoot game is £2. And in conclusion, may I say that there is no country in the world where the teaching of Confucius to be courteous to the stranger within the gates is followed with a better understanding.

A BRITTANY MARKET SCENE
*Where the ladies choose their husbands' headgear*

# FOLLOWING THE GREEN WAY

## A Nautical Pastoral in Brittany

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

YES; green for restfulness. Nature's own colour for natural repose.

Many country roads were originally green, yet nowadays these are mostly dusty and violently noisy. If you want gentle transportation through ever-changing scenery, where all is verdant beauty, peaceful and consoling, let me suggest you take to that little-known water route which penetrates Brittany from the English Channel to the Atlantic. When once up the first river, you experience only villages and hamlets, with but three small towns: it is the most kindly tranquillity, yet unmarked by the slightest monotony.

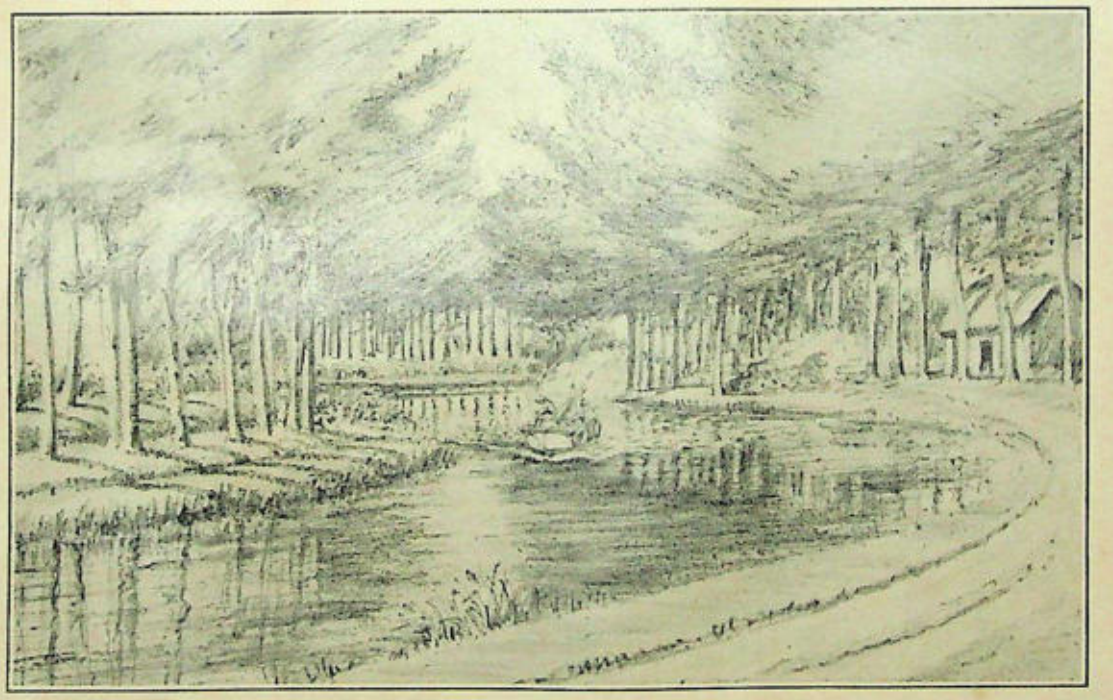
You begin at St. Malo, come up with the flood tide by the River Rance to the first lock at Le Châtelier; and this first section is a glorious experience. Think of all the tidal rivers and creeks of Devonshire and Cornwall on a summer's day; add a few forests, islets, backwaters, watermills, some very ancient towers and churches and manors. Then let the sun blaze more ardently, sprinkle with a few vedettes and unusual boats; that is the Rance. You begin to feel refreshed by the sight of much that is novel yet odd; the sweet scents of gardens and country mingle with the sea breeze. And you decide that life is very good indeed.

When once through Le Châtelier you begin a nautical-pastoral pleasure through lonely simple communes, peopled by old-fashioned simple Celts of great sincerity. Past a delicious, placid, rush-lined stretch of water you come to Dinan with its emerald terraces and glorious castellations, its mediæval arches and spires. Thence the mixture of river and canal meanders along past the farms and anglers, the yellow and white waterlilies, with an occasional halt till a Breton woman opens the next lock. These *éclusières*, in their sombre black dresses, their habitation by the lockside (from which they never depart till death) are very much part of the background; frugal, very hard-working, pious, excellent housewives, skilled in butter-making as in cooking, they will suddenly switch over from domesticity to opening sluices and catching your bow rope round a bollard.

This is the region for lovely trees—tall, slender, filtering the sunlight and giving welcome shadow in the heat. How pleasant at nightfall to moor beneath wide branches, and wake up in the morning to find a wide plain rambling along for mile upon mile, intersected only by this wooded avenue which hides the green waterway!

The children inhabiting the banks of Dutch canals are sometimes inquisitive and ill-mannered, but those along the French waterways are not less eager yet more restrained in behaviour. Their brothers, their cousins, their fathers and mothers, are willing to become your very good friends if you will let them; and to this end you cannot do better than let the kids have a row in your dinghy for a few minutes. The effect is instant and comprehensive; the whole countryside will know of it that same hour, the Anglo-French entente will be cemented firmly for all time.

Make friends likewise with the *mariniers*. These are a wandering community, who take their motor cargo-carrying barges up and down the waterways week after week. They are a race unto themselves, and a very charming brotherhood. Many of us cannot help envying their existence, and feel that theirs is pretty nearly the ideal life. It is all a family affair: that is to say, the crew generally consists of skipper, wife, daughter, son. The children are brought up aboard these *chalands*, they have their toys and build their sand castles on the steel decks, the mother sits darning their stockings as the father stands at the helm. Later on the boys and the girls marry only into bargee families, and so through every generation the *marinier* tradition goes on. Horse-towage, has practically vanished at the advent of the heavy-oil engine, though very rarely you will find a track animal coming along the path with an obsolete wooden barge at the end of a long rope.



BELOW THE LOCK AT E'VRAN

It must be delightful for these water-gipsies to have life's worries simplified and concentrated, with home and possessions all contained by the extremities of one hull. A real pride of ship belongs to these people, and their paintwork on deck or their living quarters down below are beautifully clean.

At each noon the *chaland* chooses some nice sheltered spot below an arch of trees, ties up, and the great French rite of midday meal is undertaken. Nothing is allowed to interfere with that solemnity. The table is spread on deck, a bottle of wine is opened, you can smell that appetising soup (which only the French know how to make), sniff the meats cooked in oil, watch the great spars of bread being hacked off into slices by dagger-like knives, and the conversation begins animatedly. An hour later ropes are withdrawn from the tree trunks, motor restarted, and away the barge vanishes round the next reach.

The watermanship of these *mariniers* is of the highest, and the womenfolk can steer or handle a rope almost as well as their men. These skippers can be very useful to you, with their special knowledge as to soundings, where to get drinking water and supplies. They give the stranger all courtesy and should so be treated in return. If you have reason to suppose that the next section to be traversed is a bit tricky, gather the collective opinion of lock-keeper and bargee: between them you will get the complete facts.

The ideal manner of this progress is, of course, in your own yacht; though the latter requires to have lowering mast, and to be of moderate draught. But the modern canoeist, or the sportsman owning an open boat with an outboard motor attached, could have the time of his life along these Breton routes. He could pitch his tent almost everywhere, or find cheap accommodation for the night at one of the waterside inns. Putting his boat aboard steamer at Southampton, he would take the flood next morning and be inside the first lock that afternoon.

For a couple of people wishing to have a holiday economically, with all enjoyment, getting away from the rowdiness of the Norfolk Broads, and seeing one of the loveliest regions in France, that would be a capital arrangement. The distance (including the trip up the Rance) is 150 miles to Redon. Here, instead of continuing down the Vilaine River to sea, you can turn off to port and at the end of another 60 miles arrive in Nantes. This last section is through the most restful country. In places one is reminded of the Thames upper reaches, with green lawns coming down to the river's edge, and occasionally some gaily-painted balconied villa with a boat or two rocking below. But one sees also a charming château, an attractive restaurant with its wooden jetty, and even a slipway where white yachts are hauled up and repaired.

Redon—an old and decaying Dutch-like port—is, in effect, a junction of waterways. Instead of turning east to Nantes, one might go through the starboard lock and carry on for 165 miles to the Chateaulin River and thus reach Brest without using the sea. Such a route would thus considerably extend the possibilities for canoes and shallow craft, though not for any yacht which draws more than 2½ft.

It is possible to take a certain amount of risk along these Green Ways, and with a little care (except in an exceptionally dry summer) one can generally negotiate the whole route between Rance-Redon-Nantes with a vessel drawing slightly more than plain figures suggest. For instance, whilst the worst bit is between Rennes and Malon (some 32 miles), and I was warned to expect a minimum of less than 4ft. in places, we got through drawing another 6in. Once we stuck rather badly for half an hour, but that was because we made the error of coming out of the channel where two waters met and dropped their silt. Several times we did little more than touch during that stretch: otherwise no difficulty arose. It is but fair to add that, whilst even a 5ft. craft could be "wangled" across Brittany, and this has been done twice to my knowledge, she would be certain to get aground fairly hard several times.

The sea-going yacht will wish, after leaving Redon, and gaining the tidal Vilaine, to hoist masts and proceed south for some thirty miles, where she passes out into the Bay of Biscay immediately beyond the fishing village of Tréhiguier; but it would be foolish for any canoe or open craft to go beyond the last-mentioned. If the weather should seem not too settled, good safe anchorage can be found a few miles from the mouth off La Roche

Bernard, with plenty of water and shops for getting supplies.

In short, this verdant way across north-western France has a three-fold value; it is in itself restful and of great beauty, it avoids the dangerous necessity of a yacht having to go by Ushant, and it provides fresh opportunities for even the smallest boats. At the end of such a cruise the latter could be laid up in one of the Nantes yacht-yards, or transhipped aboard a steamer, or put on a train. For the railway is never very far away from the waterway, and in some places there are stations alongside river or canal. Such stores as petrol and food will be found obtainable in any village, which usually includes a couple of garages with efficient motor mechanics.

Just one warning should be added. Make quite sure before starting that your proposed route is not temporarily closed; there are annual times (a fortnight to a month) when one or more sections will be emptied of water to allow of lock-gates being repaired.

COQUETTE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY RACE

*Miss M. E. Wiles, a regular competitor in North Sea events, seen with three of Coquette's crew setting a jib from the spinnaker boom*

# IS THE AMERICA'S CUP WORTH WHILE?

## The K-Class and Home Yachting

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

WHILE yachtsmen the length and breadth of the Empire await with every interest the American answer to Mr. Fairey's challenge for the America's Cup—a challenge, as has been said here before, for a series of races in yachts built to the K Class International rule—the relative importance of the America's Cup and of home yacht-racing must not be lost sight of. In some circles the fact that the smaller class of yacht is now being made the subject of a challenge is being deplored. Why not stick to a J Class challenger when Endeavour, one of the class, was so satisfactory in the last series of races? Why complicate the already heterogeneous array of big-class ships by adding yet another type to it? And so on. Such criticisms may of course be "inspired," but, even so, it is to be doubted that they are in the best interests of British yacht-racing to-day.

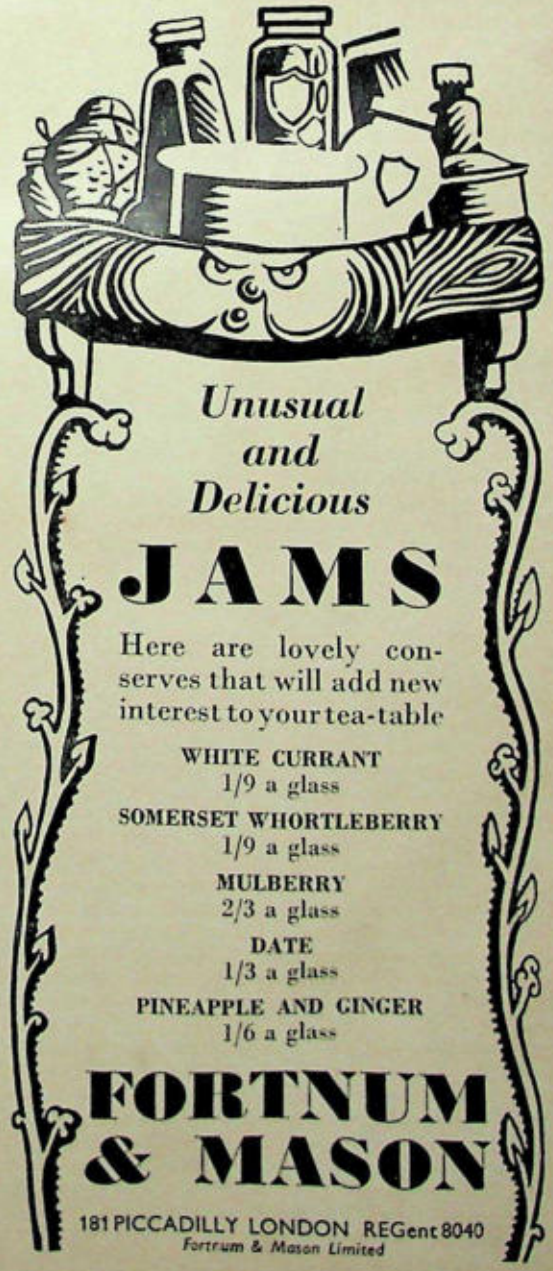
Eliminating the personalities of the future challengers, eliminating the acute problems of size of yacht and such questions, one can ask dispassionately of what use the America's Cup races have been of recent years to the stimulation of British yachting generally. Each series has come and gone with the same result, and hardly a mark has been left upon British yachting by their passing. It has been said that to be a ship worthy of challenging for the cup with some chance of success is a criterion of our big class. Until by British-American agreement in 1930, however, when at long last it became possible to challenge for the trophy in a normal type of yacht, this goal was seldom if ever attained. Perhaps in the 'eighties and 'nineties, when Genesta and the second Valkyrie challenged for the cup, the criterion held good. Since then, however, the cart has rather been put before the horse. Ships which challenged for the cup, Shamrock and Endeavour, have come back to their own waters to head the home big class; and it would have been most remarkable had they not done so.

Endeavour's challenge differed greatly from that sustained by the series of Shamrock's, however, for the latter were sea-racing machines pure and simple and were as much out of their element in the home big class as, at the other end of the scale, a racing barge would have been. Endeavour's arrival, therefore, was a turning point whereat a cup challenger was at the same time a normal home big-class vessel. If Mr. Sopwith carries out his intention of challenging with the proposed new Endeavour II, a ship of the maximum waterline length permitted by the rule, he will, it seems to me, be encouraging a retrospective step as far as home yachting is concerned. The cup challenger will no longer be a criterion of our average home big class, but will be a "special service vessel" once more, and the clock will be back at the days of the "special service" Shamrocks as far as home racing is concerned. I cannot see that the production of such a vessel, even though she succeed in her endeavour, would help on British yachting in the slightest degree, and it is my personal conviction that the support and development of the sport here at home is worth more than ten thousand America's Cups.

If one turns now to Mr. Fairey's K Class challenge one sees a different picture. Here is a challenge made with a class of yacht which will undoubtedly, for reasons already expressed in these pages, encourage the building of sister ships. Under the improved rules which govern the cup contests, Mr. Fairey with his K ship would stand just as much chance of success as if he had preferred to challenge with a J, and home racing would still benefit.

It is argued, of course, by the diehard J fans that the introduction of a K cutter, or even several of them, would break down their dreams of a stylised big class at home with every ship built to the same pattern, all racing level and without the handicap nightmare. But if these enthusiasts would delve deeply enough into the somewhat chequered history of class racing in this country, they would discover quickly enough that this high-pitched ambition never has been realised, not even in our own time. Whenever an essay has been made at compelling rigid equality in the yachts of a large class, disillusion has swiftly come upon the compellers. Without troubling to delve any more deeply than the racing of the past season, moreover, one sees there three regulation J Class ships, as well as the forty-odd-year-old Britannia, Westward, and Candida, Astra, and Shamrock—all different along their waterline lengths. These ships raced with their time allowances, and the successful Astra is 76ft. on the waterline just as a K Class cutter could be. It would seem therefore that no argument that can be advanced against the choice of a K as challenger can be sustained. Such a ship would undoubtedly stimulate home racing in a way no new maximum-size J cutter could hope to do, it could race with the class at home, and it would stand just as good a chance for the cup as any other challenger.

**Sculling Championship of England.**—On Sunday, September 29th, at 2.45 p.m., Ted Phelps is racing Bert Barry for the Sculling Championship of England. The course is the official Mortlake to Putney course, and it is anticipated that a really first-class race will be seen. For the accommodation of sportsmen wishing to watch this race, three steamers will leave Westminster Bridge at 1 o'clock, fare 5/–, and one boat will leave Putney Bridge at 2.30 p.m., fare 10/–. Anyone requiring tickets on the steamers which are to follow the race should apply to Mr. T. Bowers, secretary, the Sculling Board of Control, 2, Ellesmere Road, Chiswick, W.4.



# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## BIRDS IN BOMBING AREAS

SIR,—A statement by the Air Ministry with reference to the proposed air firing range at Chesil Bank was published in the *Times* of August 21st last. Upon the effect of aircraft on birds, it is recorded that ". . . the Air Ministry has accumulated a good deal of experience of the effect of aircraft on birds in the vicinity of armament training camps." "Even at the experimental range at Orfordness (Suffolk), where live bombs are dropped, it has been found that the exclusion of the public from the danger area is actually attracting wild duck and other birds in increasing numbers every year, especially during the nesting season, and that any disturbance which the live bombs may cause by their noise is preferred by the birds to the constant disturbance caused by the general public outside the danger area."

For the greater part of August I spent my holiday observing wild birds on, and in the neighbourhood of, the estuary of the River Alde. On reading the Air Ministry's statement about Orfordness I examined the results of the counts which I had already made of seven of the larger species of birds (including "wild duck"). With the aid of binoculars I had made two (double checked) counts under comparable conditions of weather, time, feeding, etc., of the five miles of the Orfordness bombing range (*i.e.*, *down*-river from Slaughden Quay to Orford), and two counts of five miles of the estuary above the bombing range (*i.e.*, *up*-river from Slaughden Quay). Of the seven species counted, the population in the up-river five miles was six times that of the Orfordness five miles.

Equally accurate counts of the smaller species of waders could not be made, but I formed the impression from many visits that the population of small waders *above* Slaughden Quay was much greater than that on the Orfordness reach (*below* Slaughden Quay), despite its relative freedom from visitors.

From the statements of several locally resident bird observers it would appear that the population of at least one species of bird on the Alde estuary has been steadily increasing; however, the increase is *above, not on*, the five miles of Orfordness.

I observed through binoculars the effect on the feeding birds of bombing on the Ministry's range on Orfordness. Gulls (three species) exhibited little response; but at each detonation ducks were disturbed, and the smaller waders took flight in alarm, though the majority after varying intervals returned to their feeding.

I was informed that bombing did not take place during the past nesting season. When did the Ministry's advisers observe the effect of bombing on *nesting* birds on Orfordness?

I also confirmed Mr. J. B. Watson's report (*Field*, July 13th, 1935) that the terns have removed to a short distance beyond the bombing range.

It would not be without interest to learn the data upon which the Ministry's statement regarding Orfordness was so skilfully drafted.

Yours faithfully,
70, Holywell Hill, TOM HARE.
St. Albans.

## PARTRIDGES ON GRASSLAND

SIR,—In a year of severe drought like the present, when one hears of coveys shrinking and a certain amount of disease, the account of an unusual day's shooting on September 6th, on a small beat composed entirely of meadow and grazing land, may interest readers of the *Field*. The beat consists of 319 acres, is bounded on the west by the river Trent, and on the east by the old bed of that river, which consists of a lake fed by a slow-moving stream which joins the Trent itself on the northern boundary of the beat. Driving though tried always fails, owing to the shape of the beat. Four guns, walking birds up throughout the day, which was fine, killed 58 brace of partridges, 10 hares and 1 snipe; total, 127 head, and nothing was lost. The bag comprised 78 young and 38 old partridges. Birds were very forward, coveys averaging twelve, and in the afternoon, when they were broken up, on two or three occasions I believed that I had killed a pair of barren birds, only to find on picking them up that they were beautiful young ones. No weakly birds were seen.

In normal years the whole of this beat is often many feet under water from Trent floods, which I have known to occur in April, May and twice in August. When these floods occur stock is often completely wiped out. Our previous best day, also with four guns, was in the great season of 1906, when 32½ brace were killed on this small beat, and bags of 20 brace have only been killed on it three times since 1857, the date of the earliest records I have.

Never have I seen so many birds on grassland, and this pleasant surprise enabled a rheumatic 73-year-old sportsman, not unknown to the *Field*, to defeat expectations, and finish with the other guns.

Yours faithfully,
W. COAPE OATES
Newark-on-Trent. (Lieutenant-Colonel).

## THE PRICE OF A HUMANE TRAP

SIR,—You published a letter of mine in the *Field* on the Humane Trap question, pointing out that the sum of £300 as a reward for producing an effective one was quite inadequate and futile. In the September *Estate Magazine* Messrs. Henry Lane, Ltd., of Wolverhampton, have written an excellent letter, showing that the weekly cost of experimenting on a design runs to £15-£20, apart from the necessity of making a couple of dozen samples to see how far the design is operative, the final costs running to £150 possibly in a month, and in a year to about £1,500 for "one sound basic design." They do not feel justified in undertaking this outlay when, at the end, the design may be found wanting in perfect efficiency, and they say that the total fund should be at least £5,000, founded with an agreed avenue for the disposal of any final surplus such as a transfer to some approved humanitarian purpose.

It now rests with the R.S.P.C.A. and other societies to provide the sum requisite for the evolution of the perfect trap, which will hold without injury and will be available to all.

Yours faithfully,
Hampshire. X.

## GAME CERTIFICATES

SIR,—If my own experience is any guide, your correspondent "X. Y. Z." need not imagine that there are many people shooting who hold neither game certificates nor gun licences.

Prior to the war I had taken out a game certificate continuously for something like twelve or fifteen years. When I went on active service to France, naturally I allowed it to lapse. The sequel may interest "X. Y. Z." An enquiry was sent to my address here asking why no certificate had been taken out for the past year, the letter was forwarded to France and reached me in the line at Lens.

It may have been malicious to rejoin that the shooting upon which I was then engaged did not require a game certificate; but I could not resist the opening which the licensing authority gave me.

Yours faithfully,
Stafford. T. W. KNOWLES.

SIR,—With reference to "X. Y. Z.'s" letter in the *Field* of September 7th I write to say that with the exception of the War years I have taken out a licence for 47 years and have never been asked to produce it.

The nearest approach to an inspection occurred some 25 years ago when I was shooting with a friend on the north border of Bucks. The eight guns and beaters had made a wide sweep and driven several coveys of partridges into a thick root field of about 20 acres. The guns had just lined one fence and the beaters were nearly ready to begin the drive when a man came through a gap in one of the side fences and began to walk diagonally across the roots. Shouts, whistles and frantic waving from the keeper failed to turn him and he continued on his course, putting up several coveys which all went the wrong way. The keeper started the drive at once and brought a few coveys over the lower guns, but nothing came to our end, where I was last gun but one, until the man was about 20 yards in front of me when a covey nicely spread out came over the three end guns. Three or four birds smashed down into the thick leaves close to the intruder, who apparently was unaware of our presence at that end of the fence. With his hands to his ears he bolted for a gap in the fence to come face to face with my host, who at the best of times had rather a quick temper and a slight stutter, but who when really roused became livid and sounded like two dozen syphons going off at the same time. The wretched intruder simply wilted under the explosion and the keeper who had hurried up was told to escort him back to the road. Being unaware of his identity, he seized him by the scruff of his neck and hustled him off, a turn of the lane preventing me from seeing or hearing the progress of the return journey.

It subsequently transpired that the intruder was the newly appointed Excise Officer of the neighbouring town, of which my host was Chairman of the local Bench of Magistrates.

On discussing the episode at lunch we found that four or five of the guns had forgotten to renew their licences that year!

Yours faithfully,
Yorkshire. C. S. P.

## USE OF AIR MAILS

SIR,—Those who, like myself, are interested in the development of British aviation will welcome the robust defence by Sir Macpherson Robertson, in his recent letter to the *Field*, of the efforts made in the past few years to place British aviation in the position it holds to-day. His special praise for the sound policy of safety and comfort for passengers and the regularity of our air-mail services, coming from one who is able to survey the problem from the opposite side of the world, is especially gratifying.

Sir Macpherson Robertson has done a great service in underlining the special problems which have faced us in the pioneer work of creating a great Empire service. Especially it is to be hoped that business people interested in overseas affairs will take his hint as to the value of the greater use of the air-mails and particularly in organising their correspondence so as to use the midweek planes as well as those at the end of the week.

While this may sound a somewhat trivial point, it is of great importance in the matter of building up and maintaining regular and cheap services.

Yours faithfully,
2, Cowley Street, HARRY BRITTAIN.
Westminster Abbey, S.W. 1.

## BLEA TARN FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST

SIR,—Your readers will be interested to learn that the picturesque Blea Tarn farm, in Little Langdale, Westmorland, has been bequeathed, subject to a life interest, to the National Trust, with a proviso that it should be regarded as a nature preserve, particularly in regard to bird life. The condition must be general, for the tarn, which is over 600ft. above the sea, is too small and closely surrounded by noisy roads and paths to have unique residents or attract rare migrants. Round the farmhouse are a few meadows and pastures, maybe a patch of rough arable, and the sheep rights, including grazings on Lingmoor, 1,400ft., and on Blakerigg, 1,760ft., on the western side. This is common land, and practically unfenced for miles, the sheep keeping their stations or "heafs" by instinct, and even in storms rarely wandering to any great distance.

The bird life about the tarn and farm and fell would include, first, the mountain species such as raven, peregrine falcon, buzzard, kestrel, merlin (the latter on passage), carrion crow and rook; curlew and plover in the marshes; snipe in winter, woodcock between the farm and the alder woods and a few grouse. There are a few starlings round the house and buildings, with redstarts, robins and chaffinches, but not many sparrows as a rule. The wheatear appears in the rocky fields in summer, and the chief songster is the titlark. Tree pipits, whitethroats, wood warblers, with the pied wagtail near the house. Alongside the tarn there will be a few moorhens, and before the tourist tracks become crowded and the motor road noisy, wild ducks will nest among the reeds. The sandpiper, however, is the typical waterside bird.

Here and there are scattered bits of native forest of oak and holly, and everyone who knows Blea Tarn in high summer will recall the scent of sweet gale or bog myrtle from the wet marshes.

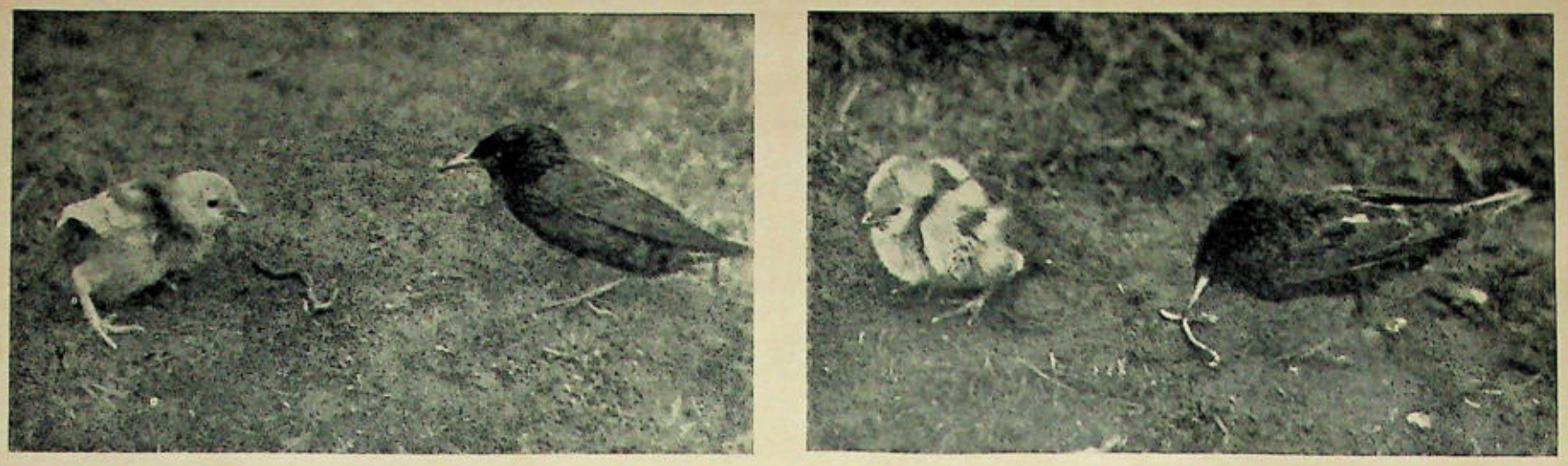
Yours faithfully,
High Wray, W. T. PALMER.
Near Ambleside, Westmorland.

## HORSE'S RECORD LONG JUMP

SIR,—In your issue of August 31st, H. A. asks for record length of horse jump. In a cutting from *Country Life* that I have by me, a jump taken by Mr. Harry Fardell, of Wanstead, on his horse Red Mouth, while riding with the Essex Draghounds, December 19th, 1910, the distance from taking off to landing was 30ft. 10in. and the fence, a blackthorn one, was 4ft. high and a yard thick at top on the take-off side and a deep ditch on landing side.

The Editor adds, the jump was indeed a big one, but that bigger ones have been recorded, viz., Chandler's 37ft. at Warwick, and Empress of Liverpool—length of latter not given.

Yours faithfully,
Warwickshire. W. B.



THE CHICK FOUND THE WORM—BUT THE STARLING TOOK IT
*(See Letter "'Unexpected' Photography")*

### "UNEXPECTED" PHOTOGRAPHY

SIR,—In nature photography the unexpected happens with bewildering frequency. Very careful preparations may be made to get a picture of a wild creature in a desired pose, but nearly always the first attempt is unsatisfactory or a failure.

When, for instance, I was trying to obtain a photograph of a yellowhammer feeding her young, a bull on the other side of the hedge got so "worked up" about my camera that he began to trample down the low hedge to get at it. This happened just as I released the camera shutter, and I was not surprised to find that the only part of the bird to be seen on the developed plate was its tail in retreat.

Occasionally, however, the unexpected provides the cameraman with an unique picture, as when I wanted a photograph of a starling to illustrate an article. I anticipated no difficulty in obtaining this, as everything seemed favourable to success: myself and camera out of sight in a shed with an aperture and a worm tethered as bait at a spot which was a starling's favourite feeding ground. However, unexpectedly, along came a chick, and while it was investigating the worm with a view probably to sampling it, the starling came on the scene, and in the greedy bustling manner of his kind drove the chick off. Thus, I was able to illustrate a little comedy-drama of bird life, as seen in the photographs reproduced here.

Yours faithfully,

5, Townfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex. GEORGE HEARN.

### MECHANICAL SHEEP SHEARING

SIR,—I have been wondering whether you would get any more letters about the mechanical shearing of sheep in Hyde Park. I know nothing about this invention, but remember being taken as a boy, over 40 years ago, to see sheep being shorn by mechanical means on some land near the polo ground at Leamington Spa. The land was owned or leased, I believe, by Mr. Spicer, the well-known taxidermist, but am not sure of this.

The apparatus consisted of a sort of van, and the sheep went in one door with their fleeces on and came out shorn. It all seemed to take very little time, but it must have been a rather crude machine, as I well remember several sheep emerging badly cut.

Yours faithfully,

24, Hans Crescent, London, S.W. 1. P. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

### BOATHOOK AS GAFF

SIR,—While fishing with a friend for trout recently in Crummock water, I hooked a pike which, when weighed, proved to be a little over 10lb. The fish was killed on a light trout spinner on 1x gut. Apart from the fact that the fish took 55 minutes to land, it was a rather amusing incident, since we were unprepared for a fish of such dimensions.

Having discovered after three attempts that only about one-third of the fish could be accommodated in the landing net, we had to utilise a blunt boathook through the gills as a gaff.

Yours faithfully,

Priors Gate, Godalming. LESLIE WHITE.

### DISTRIBUTION OF THE HORNET

SIR,—Apropos of the reply to D. L., Yorks, on page 500, I can add Essex to the counties therein mentioned. This insect occurs in the Chelmsford district, where it is sometimes fairly common, and I have seen one nest near Chingford in Epping Forest since the war, where I took a specimen many years ago, and one has been recorded as caught on the top of a tram in Walthamstow! In the New Forest it comes freely to the entomologists' treacle patches in the autumn, but I have neither seen, nor heard of, its occurrence in Cornwall. It is rare in Scotland, but has occurred sporadically in the West Highlands.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

### A MYSTERY CUP

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a mystery cup, the property of the Trichinopoly Club. It bears the following inscriptions:

Won by
Trichinopoly Crew
In Their Boat Wabe.

No. 1. Lieutenant R. H. W. Plunkett, R.A.
2. Captain A. C. Logan, "Royals."
3. Major W. O. Swanston, S.C.
Stroke. Major J. L. Bandwell, S.C.
Cox. J. Elder.

Presented By
G. Lee Morris, Esq.
NEGAPATAM REGATTA.
1869.

The records of the club were destroyed by fire many years ago, and no trace remains of this sporting event. The boat race is the mystery. Trichinopoly is on the Cauvery. This river is a sandy bed with a trickle of water, or a flood half a mile wide—in any case unsuitable for boat racing. A river, the Wyyakonda, flows through Trichy Town. It is about 30ft. wide without a straight stretch in it. Negapatam has no river. It is on the sea coast and the backwaters are tidal.

Perhaps some of your readers, descendants of this enterprising crew, may be able to supply some information. Were "The Royals" stationed in Trichy in 1869? S.C. must denote Staff Corps, the designation of officers of the Indian Army of that period. The cup stands about 9in. high.

Yours faithfully,

Trichinopoly Club. H. HARVEY-KELLY.

WON AT AN INDIAN REGATTA
*(See Letter "A Mystery Cup")*

### HAWKS WORKING IN COUPLES

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. John Kearton's recent letter in the *Field* headed "Sparrowhawk and Lapwing." A sparrowhawk, as is well known, usually hunts alone, and it may interest your readers to know that I was once a personal witness to a raid carried out by a pair of these birds, working in conjunction, while I was a passenger in a train on the Raipur-Dumterri line in the Central Provinces in India.

A couple of sparrowhawks flew in chase of a small bird (a tit, I think it was) which sought refuge among the thorny branches of a prickly plum (*Jujuba vulgaris*). One hawk, without an instant's hesitation, pursued the bird in among the branches, while the other hovered over the bush and seized its prey as the latter made its egress at the opposite end. The two hawks then flew away together.

The incident made a great impression on me at the time, for the whole scene, enacted with almost incredible swiftness during the short space of time occupied by the train covering a distance of less than a hundred yards, bore testimony to the silent (and mostly unseen) tragedies that take place daily in Nature.

Yours faithfully,

Bengal. JUNGLI.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### SPEED OF A BUTTERFLY

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in this estimate of the speed of flight of a butterfly. I was crossing on the ferry from Cowes to Southampton when, near the entrance to Southampton Water, I observed a large butterfly, probably one of the larger fritillaries, following us.

The engineer informed me at the time that we were doing ten knots, and the insect followed us for several hundred yards and at times gained easily on the boat, so that it must have been doing at least twelve knots, or nearly fourteen land miles, per hour, which strikes me as remarkably high for a sustained speed.

Yours faithfully,

19, Russell Hill Road, Purley. J. E. B. SIMEON.

### RAZORBILLS IN PROFILE

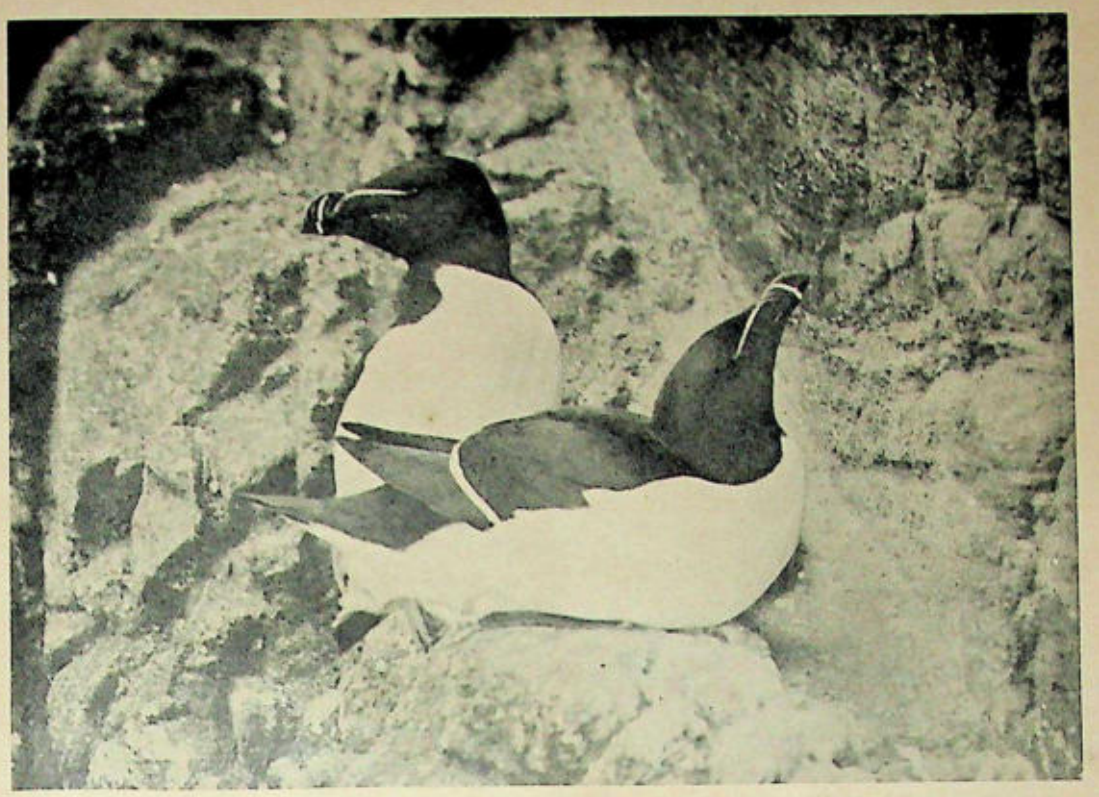
SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a pair of razorbills may be of interest, as it illustrates something which I have not yet seen mentioned in a reference book.

"Sexes alike," we read, yet a glance at the beaks reveals differences in shape, size and markings. Not only does the cock's appear considerably deeper than that of his brooding mate, but it is also markedly hooked. The hen, too, has much less white on the upper mandible.

This pair laid on a broad ledge and were photographed from a "hide" 6 ft. away. Both birds brooded the young, but only the cock was seen to bring food. A meal usually consisted of four small fish but these were not carried head to tail in the parent's beak as is often stated.

After about a fortnight on the ledge the chick descended to the water in safety. A neighbouring pair, however, were not so fortunate, for while the hen was standing by the young, a greater black-backed-gull seized the chick in its beak and carried it to the rocks below where it banged it several times against a stone and then flew leisurely away with its wretched prey still struggling. During the whole proceeding the hen razorbill remained quite unruffled—indeed, four hours later, both parents were sitting quite contentedly on the empty ledge. Yours faithfully,

Gomms Wood, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield. JOHN A. AINSLIE.



"A GLANCE AT THE BEAKS REVEALS DIFFERENCES IN SHAPE, SIZE AND MARKINGS"
*(See Letter "Razorbills in Profile")*

### HOUNDS BY CAR

SIR,—The letter of "H. H." recording the passing of the thirteen-year-old Bluebell of the Machynlleth pack recalls an incident which may interest some of your readers. There is little or no riding after these hounds, so upon occasion we have a long footslog home. After she got old we always lifted Bluebell back to kennels in cars whenever possible.

On one occasion, from a Boxing Day meet at the back of the kennels, we hunted a fox for about four hours. At two o'clock he set his course for the Esgairfochnant Rocks, distant four to five miles, and some 1,500ft. up. The writer could not face this so went home, got out a car, and started in search of the four or five followers who had carried on after the pack. Just on dark he found them—two lady followers, huntsman Hughes, whip Harry Roberts, one youth, twelve hounds and two terriers. We loaded the whole lot on to an 18 h.p. touring car.

On the way back to kennels, four or five miles away, we picked up Bluebell. This made the total six people, two terriers and thirteen hounds—self, the two ladies and two terriers in front, all the rest at the back. It might have been thought that it would be difficult to get the hounds to enter the car, but I do not think the whole embarkation took 30 seconds. The hounds simply shot in, and when we picked up Bluebell she jumped in on top of the lot. It was downhill all the way home, and I could never find that the car was any the worse for this rather brutal treatment.

I gave up telling this story because of the looks of polite incredulity with which it was received, but the whole six of us are ready to corroborate it.

Yours faithfully,

Hafodty, Machynlleth, N. Wales. FRED CLAY.

THE RESULTS OF 7¼ HOURS' FISHING
*(See Letter "A Good Catch in Quebec")*

### A GOOD CATCH IN QUEBEC

SIR,—A photograph is enclosed of 22 salmon and one grilse killed by Mrs. Michael Gavin, of Long Island, New York, on the St. John river, Saguenay Co., Quebec, Canada, on July 9th, 1935. Mrs. Gavin also pricked four salmon and lost three, all in one pool, called the Falls Pool.

Next to her elbow is one fish turned back up, it hardly shows as it is so dark. She fished from 10.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. and from 4 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., and took the first sixteen fish on a No. 6 Black Dose from Hardy, of Alnwick. Yours faithfully,

Scotland. SAGUENAY.

### BLUE TIT'S AGE

SIR,—On February 17th, 1932, I ringed a blue tit with green and yellow rings. It remained about our garden from February, 1932, to March, 1933, but then disappeared until November and December of that year. After that it was absent until August, 1934, and we saw it again in October, November and December. It appeared again in March, 1935, but did not reappear until September 2nd: it came to the bird table also on the 4th.

As this bird was ringed in February, 1932, it must have been hatched not later than the summer of 1931, so that it is now over four years old. I know of no other record of a blue tit reaching that age.

Yours faithfully,

Holt Anstiss, Porlock, Somerset. E. W. HENDY.

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR AMADOU

SIR,—I recently purchased a Viscose sponge, a German product, used largely for wiping down films after development. Its power of absorption is remarkable, and my first trials of it as a substitute for amadou in drying flies leads me to think that it will supersede this vegetable fibre. The wettest fly pressed between two small pieces is dry instantly, and when dirty the sponge can be washed or even boiled.

I saturated a small piece with paraffin and put this in a tin, to treat flies before use. It will hold a large quantity of paraffin, but does not become soft as it does when soaked in water, and though quite satisfactory for this purpose does not seem to have the advantages it shows for drying flies. These sponges are obtainable from most large chemists, and other fishermen might care to experiment before the season closes.

Yours faithfully,

Woodlands, Farnborough, Hants. A. H. HALL.

FOR *Face & Hands*

THE possession of a beautiful skin . . . smooth and softly textured . . . depends primarily on thorough cleanliness, constant care and the use of a good skin food. The very best preparation for this beauty care is Larola. For Larola cleanses, soothes, nourishes and also protects the skin. By its regular use on the face, arms and hands you ensure adequate protection for the skin against all weather extremes. Make a daily habit of using Larola to keep your hands soft and white, your complexion beautifully smooth and clear, free of all blemishes.

*LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets, 8d. LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint Sifter Boxes, with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each. LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes complete with Puff, 2/6.*

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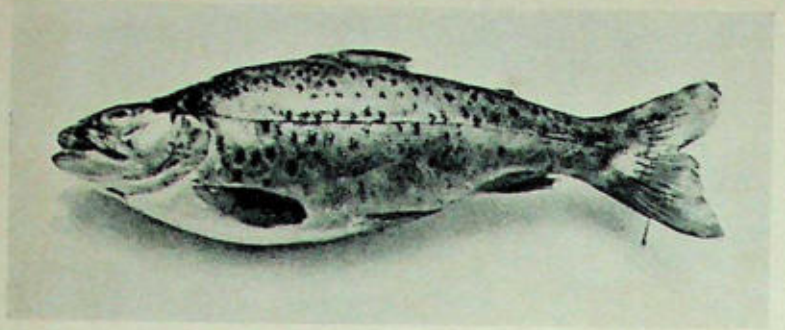


PECULIAR DEFORMITY OF A HALF-POUNDER
*(See Letter "A Trout's Tail")*

### A TROUT'S TAIL

SIR,—While fishing in Loch Curran, above Enochdhu, Perthshire, on July 17th last, I landed a trout which appeared so unusual in shape that I took it to Mr. Crocker, the fishing tackle expert of Blairgowrie, for examination.

He pronounced the fish to be in perfect condition and in no sense mutilated. He stated that in a long experience he had never before seen an example of such peculiar deformity. While the fish weighed less than half a pound the tail development was that of a trout weighing considerably more. The enclosed photograph shows its exceptional girth. My hostess, Mrs. Posnett, who had Dirnanean for the summer, was with me at the time of my strange catch.

Yours faithfully,
ELEANOR H. BARTON.
45, Wynnstay Gardens, W.8.

### STAG'S CURIOUS MALFORMATION

SIR,—In case it may be of interest, I send you herewith the curiously malformed forefoot of a stag shot here recently. The other forefoot is exactly similar, but the hindfeet are normal. The stag was one-horned, with a thin spike without any tines on one brow, and a mere knob on the other, and weighed 10st. clean. My keeper has known him on the hill for several years, and puts his age at about ten years. He is very likely a descendant of a big one-horned stag which was well known in this part of Islay some years back, and I think was shot on the ground of one of my neighbours.

A curious point, considering the shape of the feet, is that my keeper says that this stag was nearly always found on hard or newly-burnt ground, and seemed to avoid the soft mossy flats, of which we have more than a sufficient acreage.

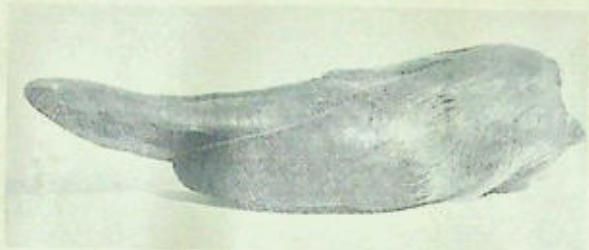
Yours faithfully,
F. C. BRAMWELL.
Laggan Lodge,
Bowmore, Isle of Islay.

## LETTERS IN BRIEF

**Transfixing a Mole.**—Your readers may be interested to know that recently, when a horse-hoe was at work in a field, in which there were one or two moles working, one was speared on the end of the blade. It might be of interest to know if this is a common occurrence.—D. C. BARBER, Hardwick, Witney, Oxon.

**Large Tortoiseshell Butterfly.**—It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that on August 5th a large tortoiseshell butterfly entered a room at Compton, near Winchester, in which I was having lunch. I caught the butterfly, which I have preserved. Surely this species is now rarely, if ever, seen in England?—EDMUND COLCHESTER, 10, Kingsgate Street, Winchester.

**A Cuckoo Problem.**—On the afternoon of June 27th, my husband and I saw a bird come into the conservatory. It was a cuckoo (a pied wagtail had its nest in the creeper), and when I picked it



BOTH FOREFEET WERE LIKE THIS
*(See Letter "Stag's Curious Malformation")*

up I found that one eye was much injured. After doing what we could for it we placed it on the sundial, and as I was moving it to a more comfortable position, it laid an egg in my other hand. The bird recovered later and flew away, but blind of one eye.—LOUISA F. CATON, The Old Rectory, Little Fakenham, Thetford, Norfolk.

**Great White Heron in Wiltshire.**—A few weeks ago I had the good fortune to observe a great white heron (*Egretta alba*) at a pond in Wiltshire. In view of the exceptional rarity of this bird, I should be most interested to know if anyone has seen the bird elsewhere.—C. R. STONOR, Parkgate, Southampton.

**An Old Earth Stopper.**—It may interest you to know that I have the picture of "An Old Earth Stopper," which appeared in the *Field* of August 31st. It is inscribed "Published according to Act of Parliament, August, 1767."—E. M. DUDGEON, Stainburn, Workington, Cumberland.

—— With reference to the letter "An Old Earth Stopper," in the issue of August 31st, I have the print, by N. Drake. Pinxt. Nat Green. Sculpt. Dated 1767.—A. K. HOLTTUM, Bradleigh Down, Tiverton, Devon.

—— With reference to a letter in your issue of August 31st, under the above title, I have a similar print dated 1767, and shall be glad to give "J. B. L." any further information he desires.—THOMAS LYNES, Elmfield, Dorchester, Dorset.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1,** appeal for £10 towards the cost of a new leg for a sixteen-year-old girl. When only three years old she was knocked down by a lorry and one leg had to be amputated. While she was growing up her parents managed to give her new peg legs at intervals, but now that she has to earn her own living a permanent artificial limb is essential. Her parents have five other children and are on the border line of poverty, the father often being out of work. The total cost of the leg is £21, and towards that sum £11 has been raised. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to give the girl every chance to overcome her handicap. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by post.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

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REMEMBER this—unhurried maturing gives to your Johnnie Walker the sensitive flavour and bouquet you so appreciate. Only when ripely aged does it reach bottling stage. No matter in what part of the world you drink your Johnnie Walker—it comes to you with that refinement of quality which names it as surely as its label.

**Johnnie Walker**

*Born 1820—*

*Still going Strong!*

# IN THE CITY

## AMERICAN SHARES

A RENEWED interest in American securities is being evidenced by English investors. It should not be assumed that prices are likely to rise without interruption and a buyer now must be prepared to ignore such set-backs as will almost certainly take place, but American stock markets should be fairly free from internal political influences during the next three months, since Congress has adjourned until January, and there appears to be some basis for the belief that American markets are more likely to continue to advance than to decline—at least for the remainder of this year—at the end of which the situation should be reviewed in the light of conditions then prevailing. At least it can be said that a purchase of American shares is likely to provide the buyer with some lively movements in price, and readers wishing to invest some part of their funds outside the influence of European disputes may therefore care to consider one or more of the following issues:—

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION COMMON SHARES OF $10 PAR VALUE.—Price about $46½ London, to yield 4.3 per cent. with dividends at the rate of $2 per share. In respect of 1934, earnings were equivalent to $1.97 per share, as compared with $1.70 in 1933, while for the six months ended June 30th, 1935, earnings were equivalent to $1.85, as compared with $1.51 per share for the corresponding period of 1934. A month ago the directors increased the dividend to 50 cents quarterly, and also declared an extra dividend of 25 cents per share. The company ranks as the leading motor manufacturer, has a very strong financial position, and its shares are regarded as a sound investment.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION COMMON SHARES OF $5 PAR VALUE.—Price about $73½ London. The shares have been receiving a regular quarterly dividend of 25 cents, and in addition the directors have declared an extra dividend of 25 cents in each of the first two quarters of this year. Assuming dividends at the rate of $2 per share, the yield is only 2.8 per cent., but earnings are now substantially in excess of dividend payments, which doubtless would have been increased if it were not for the fact that the company is paying off its bank loans out of profits. Earnings for 1934 were equivalent to $2.19 per share, but for the first six months of this year the company has reported earnings equivalent to $4.31 per share as compared with $1.88 per share for the first half of last year. The shares of Chrysler Corporation are more speculative than those of General Motors, but they seem to offer correspondingly greater scope for capital appreciation.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. INC. COMMON SHARES OF NO PAR VALUE.—Price about $37½ London. The company is one of the leading concerns engaged in the mail order business which is largely dependent upon the purchasing power of the farming population. As a result of the "new deal" policy this purchasing power has been increased and profits for the year ended on January 31st, 1935, were equivalent to $1.71 per share, as against only 18 cents in the previous year, and sales in recent months have shown a substantial increase over last year. The price of the shares should reflect any further recovery in the general purchasing power of the American agricultural population, and a resumption of dividends may reasonably be looked for in the near future.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO. COMMON SHARES OF $50 PAR VALUE.—Price about $30 London to yield 3.33 per cent., with dividends at the rate of $1 per share. This railroad is one of the largest in the United States, its lines covering a large section of the industrial East, and extending out to Chicago. Consequently revenues reflect the rate of general industrial activity, and in recent years have been at very depressed levels. Nevertheless the company has been able to report profits equivalent to about $1.45 per share in each of the last two years (whereas most railroads have sustained large losses), and its revenues should promptly reflect any real revival in general business.

AMERICAN RADIATOR AND STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION COMMON SHARES OF NO PAR VALUE.—Price about $18⅜ London. This concern controls a number of companies supplying heating and plumbing apparatus, etc., to the building trade. Since the amount of building construction in recent years has been small the company has sustained losses, although in respect of 1934 it was able to report a small profit. The gigantic relief expenditures of the American Government include large appropriations for building construction, and these, together with indications of a recovery in normal building activity should be reflected in the profits of American Radiator. The shares offer scope for capital appreciation upon a recovery in one of the basic industries.

PACTOLUS.

A BYE DAY FOR THE DOGS ON THE EDGE OF THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS: A STRONG COVER

# THE IDEAL PARTRIDGE SHOOT

## Some Basic Requirements for Breeding and Food Supply

By A. D. MIDDLETON

IT is perhaps an ambitious project to attempt in an article of this length to set out even the broadest outlines of a considered reply to a question that is often asked: "What constitutes good partridge ground?" The million and one details which make up a first-class shoot can only be learned by many years' experience on the shoot itself, and features which are the making of one shoot may be the bane of another. The management and keepering must always be of primary importance, but there are certain fundamental properties of the land itself which will inevitably limit the production of wild game no matter how much care is expended on its preservation.

Soil, climate and farming are probably the three most important factors to consider. There is no doubt that partridges do best with a climate and soil which gives them a reasonable amount of ground dryness. Soil on a porous subsoil such as chalk, gravel or sand in areas with a moderate rainfall is naturally the most utilised for arable farming, so if you choose an area which has always been intensively cultivated it generally follows that your soil will not be far wrong and the climate will be moderate. There is no need to have chalk underneath partridges—some of the best partridge ground in Norfolk is miles from chalk—although there is a vast area across southern and eastern England where game does well on chalk. Personally, I would not choose chalk for developing an "ideal" partridge shoot, because the crops are rarely so vigorous (especially in a dry year), and you often find a deficiency of good hedgerows and cover where chalk is near the surface. Summer fallowing seems to be a constant practice of the farmer who works chalk land, and I have yet to find a fallow that is as much use to partridges as a field carrying a crop of some kind.

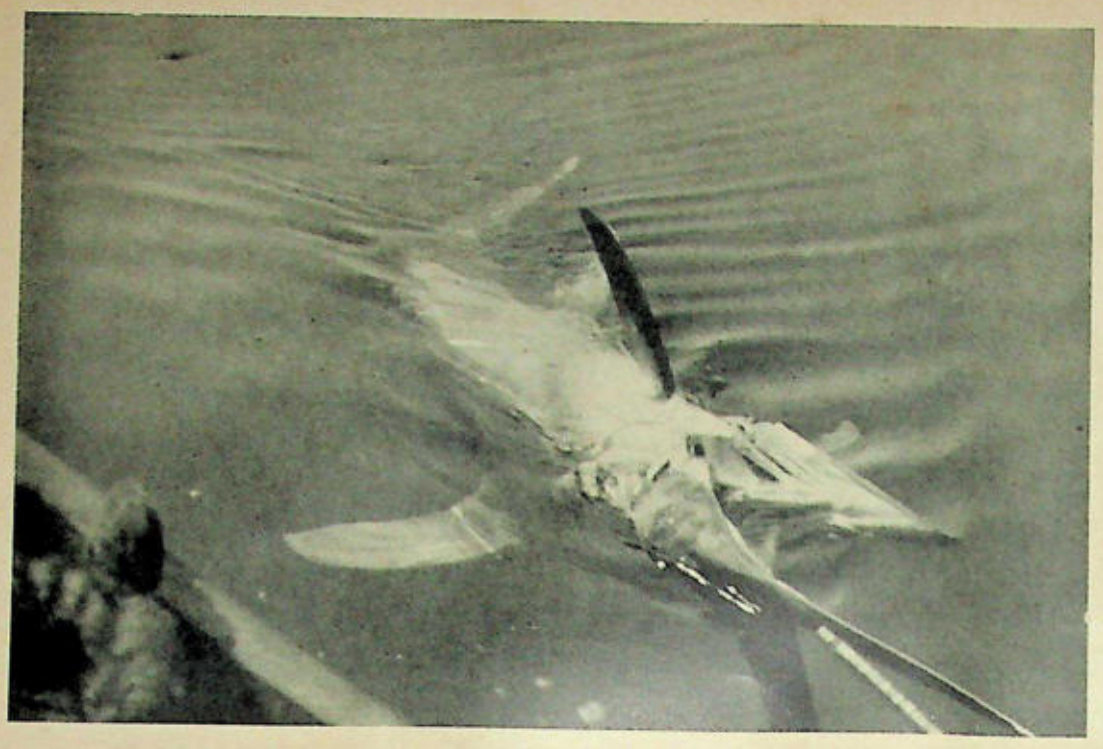
The partridge has three main requirements: nesting cover, summer cover with food for the young chicks, and autumn and winter food. Given these things, plus good weather and seclusion at certain critical times, and efficient keepering, partridges and pheasants will live at their best. Perhaps the least understood of these three is nesting cover, and the important point that is often missed is that it is not the *quantity* of cover that is important, but its nature and *distribution* in relation to food and summer cover. It is not very much use building beautiful nesting coverts for partridges in the middle of a vast expanse of downland which is grazed bare by flocks of sheep all the summer: you may get a nice lot of nests, all hatching well, but what are the broods to do then? For persistent success partridges must have some form of ground vegetation to provide cover and food during the most critical period of their lives, mid-June to mid-July. Corn crops are ideal in this respect because they shelter the little birds, provide a wealth of insect food and yet allow free movement. Where there is an abundance of summer cover in cornfields it follows automatically, under the older systems of farming, that there will be plenty of autumn and winter food for the partridges on the stubbles and layers—unfortunately modern farming does not always fulfil this condition. In any case, it is no use having all food and no nesting cover. A hundred-acre field of corn would never rear so many partridges as five twenty-acre fields divided by hedgerows or banks with safe nesting cover. That is why there are so many partridges in the north of Norfolk: large areas of arable land growing various crops in fields of fifteen to twenty acres, divided by grassy banks usually surmounted by a neat hedge. There the nesting conditions are just right. Not dense thickets which harbour vermin, but sufficient rough grass and herbage at the junction of hedge and bank to hide the nest, with feeding ground and cover close by in which the chicks are as safe as they ever can be. There is probably a certain average size of field in country like this which would be most suitable for keeping the highest density of partridges and I think it must be between fifteen and twenty acres. For some indefinable reason partridges do not like very small fields, while in very large fields much of the available range is wasted; the medium-sized field is obviously the best, but the ideal size must be determined by many factors, such as exposure, soil and cropping.

From the partridge's point of view, high, dense hedgerows or belts of trees are not essential, although they may be useful as wind breaks on a very exposed area, but they are often a great advantage to the people who want to get the best results in shooting the partridges. On dead flat country belts are almost essential to get driven partridges high enough to satisfy good shots, but there are very few estates which are entirely flat, and belts need only be used to improve the layout of certain drives where the birds cannot be lifted by the natural contours of the ground. It is, however, a great advantage to have high hedgerows where necessary, so that the guns may always stand well back from them. But to have a few high hedges in the right places should not entail enormous thickets of impenetrable brambles and thorns occupying a width of ten or twenty yards: a well-trimmed blackthorn or beech hedge with occasional standards can be high enough for very successful driving if the drives are carefully planned to take advantage of slight contours.

When belts are necessary they should always be planted to provide nesting cover as well as sporting shots. The perfect belt must conform to the character of the soil and situation, and no hard and fast rules can be laid down about the correct things to plant, but some really good ones now existing can be taken as a guide. The best examples I have seen are one or two in Cambridgeshire, which I think were made perfect more by accident than design: a double row of mixed trees, planted down the north or west side of an existing short blackthorn hedge. The present result is an adequate belt for very fine driving, and a rather scrubby hedge with brambles and rough grass providing perfect nesting cover with a south or east aspect. So many of the fine-looking belts on famous partridge shoots are dense stands of Scots pine or beech, which are useful *only* for driving, since there is practically no ground vegetation under them; they are a good example of bad planning for the benefit of the sportman—forgetting that the partridge must live before he can be killed. In planning any shoot the least important period to think about is the shooting season.

**I.G.L. Retriever Championship.**—The judges at the Retriever Championship Trials, to be held at Kinmount, Annan, on December 3rd and 4th, will be Major D. G. Astley, Captain A. C. Fraser and Sir Meyrick Hollins, the latter taking the place of Mr. E. E. Turner, who is unavoidably prevented from judging.

**Pointer and Setter Trials.**—The account of the Devon and Cornwall Pointer and Setter trials is unavoidably held over until our next issue.



THE FINISH OF A GREAT FIGHT
*445lb. swordfish alongside the boat, showing damage to jaw*

# CHILE'S BIG-GAME FISH

## New Fishing Grounds With a Great Future

By W. E. S. TUKER

MY experience of sea fishing in Chile is limited to the waters from Iquique to Mejillones. In these waters I have caught with rod and line: Skipjack, Striped Tunny, Gilthead (with yellow tail), Dolphin, Yellow-fin Tunny, Blue-spotted Dogfish, Striped Swordfish, Wide Swordfish, and have also seen but not caught Corvina Sharks, or Hammerheads. For the benefit of intending visitors, it may be advisable to give the seasons when I have found these fish present in the waters: Skipjack, all the year; Striped Tunny, October to March; Gilthead (yellow tail), March to July; Dolphin, January to March; Tunny, December to March; Blue-spotted Dogfish, any time of the year; Striped Swordfish, January to May; Wide Swordfish, March to September.

Fishermen have told me that the black swordfish also come to these waters, but I have never seen them. The corvina is abundant during the summer months, especially near the mouth of the River Loa, about 40 miles to the north of Tocopilla, and also to the north of the Bay of Mejillones. The skipjack is found near the coast and also out to sea. Striped tunny and the common tunny follow a shoal of sardines coming sometimes near the coast. The gilthead (yellow tail) is also found near the coast, near the floating shelters and under the ships or boats anchored in the bays.

The striped swordfish is found from 5 to 20 miles away from the coast according to the tide or currents. The wide swordfish also is found from 5 to 20 miles away from the coast, according to the tide or currents.

Skipjack, striped tunny and gilthead can be taken on a spoon and artificial spinning baits can be recommended. Trolling rod and tackle should be light. They are used from a boat in movement.

Skipjack can weigh from 5lb. to 7lb.; striped tunny from 8lb. to 10lb.; and giltheads from 10lb. to 50lb.

For dolphin and tunny use a spinning rod for salt water (Hardy No. 3, is suitable), a reel with line No. 18 from a motor boat at a speed of six to eight miles an hour. The dolphin is a very pretty fish, having all the colours of the rainbow, and is a good fighter, weighing from 5lb. to 15lb. When it feels the hook it will jump repeatedly to free itself.

Fishing for swordfish is good sport. I have had the good luck of catching one weighing 220lb. The bait was remains of mackerel trailed at a distance from a motor boat going at ten miles an hour. I have taken these fish on a slice of Skipjack. The bait should swim on the surface. The fish I caught jumped several times out of the water, trying to get free of the hook, and it took me 40 minutes to land it after it was hooked. I was using 400yds. of line No. 36 on a "Fortuna" reel of 7in., with a rod (Hardy No. 5 for salt water) with a steel centre.

I have had better luck with wide swordfish, having caught four weighing 619lb., 445lb., 672lb. and 837lb. respectively. In this fishing I had to start from the beginning, because here no one had ever fished for them with a rod and line for sport. First I had to look for the proper bait, which I did by examining the stomachs of the fish caught with harpoon by the local fishermen, and I found that the squid was the principal food.

The fishermen told me that this fish never eats anything when swimming on the surface, and were certain they would not pay attention to any bait. "Anyway," said one of the fishermen, "how do you think you are going to catch a swordfish of about 200 kilos with so light a line and rod?"

During my first excursions after swordfish, the fishermen used to laugh at me, until one day after trying for several hours to get the fish to take a bait, the fishermen got tired, and as I was fishing from their boat, I could not help letting them catch the fish with the harpoon.

I left the bait dragging by the stern of the boat, and they gave this more speed in order to harpoon the fish, but they failed. My bait was still at the stern, just below the surface of the water. After this, the fish went straight in the direction of my bait as the boat was travelling towards the fish. Soon after I noticed that my line shook, and there was a whirl in the water towards the stern where the bait was, while I was holding the line lightly with the drag on the reel. I let it go immediately, and in a few minutes the line began to run off the reel; then I drew the line taut and struck. The fish came to the surface, and there was no doubt that it was a swordfish. It was my turn to laugh then.

I had the fish on for an hour and a half, then the hook broke. I suppose I struck too soon after the fish had taken the bait, because the hook was very blunt when I examined it.

I made several other trials afterwards until at last I hooked a fish that fought for five hours. It weighed 619lb. That was in September, 1933, just at the end of the season. During last season I caught three wide swordfish but no striped swordfish. In August I caught two in one day weighing 445lb. and 672lb. respectively. The one weighing 445lb. was quick work, as the wire trace hurt the lower jaw of the fish a good deal and it sunk, so in 40 minutes I had it alongside the boat. The one of 672lb. struggled for 5 hours and 30 minutes. On August 20th this year I caught a big one which gave me work for 9 hours and 25 minutes before being able to bring it alongside the boat, and the boatman was able to hook it with the harpoon; fifteen minutes later we had it safe in the boat. It weighed 837½lb. and measured 13ft. 2½in. from the tail to the point of the sword. It was hooked at 1.20 p.m., gaffed at 10.45 p.m., and we returned to port at 1.10 a.m.

With reference to the fishing outfit, I used a Hardy No. 5 salt water rod with steel centre, 500yds. of No. 36 line, a 14ft. steel-wire trace, and a "Zane Grey" swordfish hook. The reel was designed and made by us here in the factory. I presented the bait from the stern of the motor boat, where there were two rotary chairs. As soon as the fish struck the bait, I turned one of the chairs towards the prow and then tried to get in position in the prow little by little. I then stopped the motor and took care that the fish drew the boat, taking in the line each time it was possible. I kept the boat travelling in the wake of the fish by means of an oar used by the boatman at the stern.

The one of 837lb. made a lovely run, and jumped out of the water immediately after it was hooked. It was a fine sight, and is the first fish I have caught which makes such a demonstration. During the struggle they generally come to the surface for short periods, two or three times, pulling the rest of the time like horses under the water.

At the beginning of these notes I mentioned the months in which the different fish frequent these waters. I have no idea as to the season of the reproducing of these, and have not found anyone about here who could give me any information or particulars. It would be an interesting study and at the same time very useful. In order to show the quantity of swordfish that there are in these waters, I will say that during the season of 1933 the fishermen of Tocopilla alone harpooned 317.199 kilos; calculating an average weight of 150 kilos each one, after cleaning and cutting off its head and tail it would represent 2.114 fishes.

Here this year, up to the end of August, 196.468 kilos or 1.300 fishes had been placed in the market. This weight represents the fish already clean and ready for sale.

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*The angler is Dr. Lindsay who once caught a 50 pounder from this river*

# BAITS FOR SALMON

## How to Catch and Preserve Them

By ALEXANDER WANLESS

IT is sometimes harder to catch minnows for bait than to catch trout. The most effective way of catching minnows is to drag for them. The net is made of any sort of netting with a small mesh. Alternatively, a length of cotton or linen sheeting does admirably. Make the net 12ft. or so in length and 5ft. or 6ft. in depth. It is merely an oblong of material. At each corner attach a piece of rope. Do not stint the rope! Along the bottom of the net attach a chain, heavy enough to keep the net on the bottom.

It takes two persons to work the drag net. Drag along a pebbly bottom where minnows are seen, pulling slowly to the shore or into the bank. It assists considerably if a foot is kept over the bottom rope when the dragging is done. This ensures that the whole of the net is kept on the bottom. The drag net method is the surest and quickest way of catching a supply of minnows.

Sometimes the water where the minnows are seen is too deep to wade. Heave the net out beyond the minnows. The chain will sink it. Then pull slowly into the side. This net will catch any kind of small fish which shoals.

The bottle trap is good but is uncertain in its action during the hot weather in the summer. At that time the minnows very often refuse to go into the trap. Why, I do not know, but I think it is because the minnows are more interested in spawning at that time than in anything else. Or it may be that the high temperature of the water makes them incurious. But when the minnows have spawned, or earlier in the season, the bottle trap is astonishingly effective and in a short time the trap will contain many dozens of minnows.

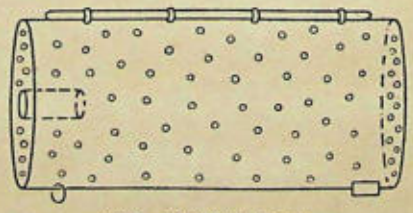
Bottle traps are usually made by knocking the "marble" out of the bottom of a false-bottomed bottle. That, however, is a poor trap. Besides, it is very easily broken and there is always the danger of the user getting a nasty cut.

I make my own bottle traps out of celluloid in the following manner:

Make a cylinder of cardboard, 10in. long and 5in. in diameter. Roll round it a piece of sheet celluloid the same length but overlapping at the "seam" by half-an-inch. Varnish this overlapping portion with celluloid varnish. Roll over the top of the celluloid a piece of twine in wide spirals from one end of the trap to the other. Now lay the trap aside until the varnish has hardened. Remove the twine and cardboard cylinder. We have now the "walls" of the trap. Varnish the edge at one end of the trap liberally inside and out, and lay this end on a piece of sheet celluloid. Put a weight on the other end of the trap to keep it down. When the varnish has hardened trim off the superfluous sheet celluloid.

In a piece of sheet celluloid make a circular hole, three-quarters of an inch or so in diameter. Varnish the open end of the trap, as before, and press down on the sheet celluloid, taking care that the hole is in the centre. When dry, cut away the superfluous celluloid.

Take a piece of metal or other tubing, $\frac{3}{4}$in. in diameter and $1\frac{1}{2}$in. in length. Take a small piece of sheet celluloid and roll it round the tubing. Tie down with string and plunge into hot water. Remove celluloid from tubing and stick the edges together with celluloid varnish. When dry press into the hole at the end of the trap and secure with a touch of varnish on the edge. This is the funnel through which the minnows enter.



THE MINNOW TRAP

Now heat a piece of wire an eighth of an inch or so in diameter, and pierce holes in the "walls" and ends of the trap.

In the "wall" of the trap, at a convenient place, make a hole, an inch in diameter, and close it with a cork. This is the exit through which the minnows (when caught) are poured.

It is desirable to "keel" the trap. This saves a lot of trouble in getting it to lie properly on the bottom. Take a piece of sheet lead or lead tubing, pressed flat, and place along the trap from end to end. Secure the lead by passing a wire round it and through two convenient holes in the "wall" of the trap. Four pieces of wire are sufficient to secure the keel. Through two other convenient holes run a piece of wire and twist into a ring. This is for attaching the trap to a piece of twine so that it may be easily retrieved from the water, or "anchored" if the current is strong.

The trap is now complete.

To use, bait with bread crumbs, or crumbs of cake (something sweet is best), and place in a stream or pool where the minnows are seen in numbers.

To keep a stock of minnows alive, take a large tin and pierce the ends and sides with numerous small holes. Put the minnows in this and sink into a sharp current. If one wants to keep a large supply for regular use, it is better to make a wire cage of ample dimensions, say a foot and a half long by a foot in diameter. One end, of course, must be hinged for easy access. As a temporary device the trap in which the minnows are caught may be used. The funnel, of course, must be blocked with a cork.

*To Preserve Minnows.*—Kill in water to which formalin has been added—say one of formalin to four of water. Allow the minnows to lie in this solution for 24 hours. Wash the minnows in running water and cut off all the fins except the tail. Boil sugar and water in a pan—say one of sugar to four of water. When this "syrup" has cooled, boil it again. When it is cool, pour it over the minnows, which should be placed in a flat wide vessel. See that the minnows are well covered with the solution and leave exposed to the air until the smell of the formalin has evaporated.

All kinds of small fish may be preserved by this method. It will be found that the baits retain their natural colours to perfection. In hot water a tough skin gathers on the top of the liquid, but it is easily removed. If the stickiness of the preserving fluid is found objectionable, a glycerine solution can be used instead (after the smell has evaporated from the minnows). That is to say, first treat with sugar and water and then remove to glycerine—one of glycerine to five of water. If preferred, the baits can, of course, be put in a sealed jar or tin. That is the best way of keeping them over the winter.

*To Preserve Eel Tails.*—Place in formalin solution as used for killing minnows, and leave for a day. Then transfer to sugar and water syrup as above described. Sprats or white bait may be treated in the same way. The value of white bait as a lure for salmon is not sufficiently recognised. What I do is to go to the fishmonger and select the size of white bait I want, say from two to three inches. Although white bait is 2/- or more per pound, you get a surprising number of baits for a few pence. White bait are very soft, so the fishmonger must not be allowed to wrap them up in paper. The angler should take a small box with him and have the baits placed in it. When he gets home he must transfer the baits to the formalin and water solution already described and let them lie in it until they are hard.

To dye the baits a golden colour buy a 2d. packet of Old Gold "Fairy" dye. Dissolve in a little hot water and dip the baits into it. The dyeing is instantaneous. Large sprats for salmon fishing may be dyed in the same way. By the way, sprats nowadays are useful in various colours, red, pink, blue, and so on. They all kill fish.

*To Preserve Boiled Prawns.*—Boil twice the sugar and water as already described, but the proportion should be one of sugar to two of water. Place the prawns in a jar and pour the preserving liquid, when cool, over them. That is a much cheaper method than the glycerine one. But if prawns are to be kept for an indefinite period nothing beats glycerine. If the prawns are likely to be used up within a few weeks it will be found that a half and half solution of glycerine and water does admirably. And it halves the price of the preservative!

# PROFESSIONALS AT RICHMOND

## Brilliant Golf by Ryder Cup Players

By E. R. TIPPLE

AFTER a disappointing season's play in which the chief prizes eluded him, A. H. Padgham achieved the long sought for victory in the final tournament of the year—the *News of the World* match-play event at Royal Mid-Surrey. And so, for professional golfers in this country, another year's competitions are over. But it is doubtful whether the curtain has ever been rung down in so brilliant a fashion.

This event certainly makes a great finale. It deserves its success. More interest is taken in it than in any other competition except, possibly, two. And of all tournaments it is perhaps the most difficult to win. In every part of the country, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, qualifying stroke-play rounds are held, and from these come 64 players for the final match-play stages. It is no easy matter to gain one of these places, and, once gained, the individual has still six man-to-man fights before victory is won. Hard work indeed. The southern sectional eliminating rounds played a fortnight ago produced amazingly keen competition for the small number of places obtainable. About 150 professionals struggling for 23 positions—no wonder that many "stars" found themselves well down the list.

As in previous years the final field included almost all the leading professionals in the country except Mitchell, and the veterans Taylor, Herd, Ray and Robson, who realise their fighting days are finished. The ten Ryder Cup golfers all qualified safely, so it was inevitable that they should become the targets at which the remainder aimed. Despite this wholesale attack they emerged from the struggle with credit. All the semi-finalists had been selected for the British team, and the selectors must have sighed with relief when this became known. It has been mentioned that this admirable result shows the great wisdom of the selectors. That is a trifle flattering, as no side would be representative without Padgham, Alliss, R. A. Whitcombe and the notherner R. Burton. The first three at least automatically pick themselves.

During the last few years Padgham has kept in the front rank. Without doubt he is one of the greatest golfers we possess. Besides being an outstanding player he is also one of the most modest of men. This quality makes him a delightful opponent or partner. His many successes have not blinded his sense of proportions, and it is certain that more victories await him in the future. His methods are not complicated. He goes up to the ball, stands in a very natural position, perfectly at ease, swings the club up and down gracefully and quietly without any preliminary fuss or bother, then off goes the ball straight for its correct destination. His wooden club play is sound—so good you are apt not to notice it—and with the irons he demonstrates his skill of control and power. Like the majority of good golfers, Padgham has experienced some trouble with his putting. Last year he failed to qualify for this very tournament simply because he frittered away strokes on the greens. Last week he was very different. Instead of frittering away strokes he gained many by holing out from long distances with constant regularity—to the discomfort of his opponents. Against S. L. King he obtained three 2's in six holes by holing putts of 2yds., 7yds. and 12yds. respectively. No man can stand up against such uncanny golf.

The final between Padgham and Alliss was just as great a match as could be expected from such players. And for a final the golf was brilliant—usually the concluding game is played out tamely, without inspiration. With the great competition to-day—so many golfers are equally as good as each other—the result turned on the putting. That was inevitable. In the first round Alliss putted magnificently. Six long putts went in and so he dominated the game. Padgham, although playing just as well found himself one down, round in 69. Then the pendulum swung the other way, and after lunch Padgham began by holing two good putts, and Alliss commenced to miss. The short fifth produced an incident which deserves to be remembered. Alliss just missed holing his tee shot, the ball finished only inches away from the hole. Padgham, going for his two from quite 10yds., missed the hole and laid his opponent a complete stymie, quite impossible to negotiate. Thus Alliss was robbed of what had appeared a certain win, and thereafter Padgham could not be caught.

Although he was beaten in the final Alliss last week played some of the best golf of his career. He defeated three fellow members of the Ryder Cup team in succession—Cox, Perry (the Open Champion) and R. Burton, after overcoming Henry Cotton in the first round. This latter match attracted, perhaps, the chief interest of the week. They had met twice before and each had won once. Alliss at Purley Downs in 1933 and Cotton at Leeds earlier this season. Cotton was not so accurate as usual off the tee, and with Alliss holing several crucial putts the former Open Champion could not make any impression upon his confident opponent. Although Cotton has not enjoyed the success that was his in 1934, he has, despite several critics, played well in every tournament. His putts have not dropped so regularly as before, and his style has been criticised severely. It is not pretty, I agree, yet it must be realised that Cotton has produced it after prolonged experiments. If he is satisfied then all is well. I imagine he is not, just as I am positive he will come back again very soon.

Although his part of the draw was easier than some of the other Ryder Cup players, Burton played well enough to justify his selection. Cox was another who attracted attention by his performances, but Perry did not strike the form that brought him to the head of the list at Muirfield.

The draw ordained that two of the Whitcombe brothers should meet in the first round. Charles played a captain's part, forgot brotherly love for two hours, and played to win, which he did. Ernest, beaten, was not disgraced, for he fought well and gave his brother many anxious moments on the greens. The Ryder Cup players defeated each other, all except two—Busson, last year's winner, and Jarman—who fell at the very beginning. Their victors Jowle, an assistant who distinguished himself in this year's Assistants' Championship, and S. J. Easterbrook took advantages of their opponents' mistakes—even internationals play badly at times. However, viewed generally, the play last week was extremely good. One pleasing feature was a marked improvement in the putting; another, the manner in which the majority attacked the pins and not merely aimed at the greens. In short a notable end to a notable season in which British golf has progressed.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

*Miss Valerie Scott, of Bedford, who won the Girls' singles title after losing only one set in five rounds, and Hedley Baxter, who won the Boys' title, and will be young enough to compete again next year*

# PERSONALITY AND COACHING

## Lawn Tennis Juniors at Wimbledon

By J. E. COLLETT

MY impression of the Junior Championships of Great Britain, held at Wimbledon last week, was one of improvement in the mass but at a possible cost of the suppression of personality. Coaching should not leave an imprint. When an observer can say of a young player at first sight, "That is a pupil of 'So-and-so,'" either the player lacks individuality or is incurably stylistic.

The new boy champion is H. T. Baxter (Middlesex), who beat in the final N. W. Nicholson (Essex) by 12/10, 6/1. Baxter is long and lean, and Nicholson is short and fat. Baxter is a fair sample of what systematic coaching may produce, and Nicholson has worked out his own system; both are left-handers. Nicholson's system, compounded of safety with lobs and passing shots to beat an incoming volleyer, was nearly the downfall of Baxter whose narrow win of the first set was not convincing. If he had lost it the greater confidence would have been with Nicholson. He won it, and in the next set was better able to exhibit his ability to deal properly with the ball.

C. J. Hovell, whom Nicholson beat in straight sets in the semi-final, is of more seeming promise than either of the finalists, but his methods at present are rather too scatter-brained. I also liked the way R. B. Frame, G. C. Stephenson, R. A. A. Holt and E. L. Frith shaped, though none but Stephenson survived for long in the main event. Holt and Frith fought out the final of the boys' plate, and it was a good scrap. Holt is a natural player and Frith is slightly over-produced, but the latter got away with it.

Holt and his elder brother, G. C. A., a Harrow pair, make a promising partnership. Though eventually beaten they took a first set from Baxter and Hovell in the semi-final at 6/0. It was far and away the best bit of doubles work ever seen in a junior championship, the brothers hit and served and combined splendidly, but in the succeeding sets, which they lost, their splendour was not consistent enough to get past the superior knowledge of their opponents. Baxter and Hovell were beaten for the title by a rather attractive if conventional pair, D. R. Bocquet and J. B. H. Daniel. Bocquet, a Cheltenham boy, is the better of the two, and in the final of the mixed doubles he and Miss P. M. Seaton, also Cheltenham, proved it by beating Daniel and Miss P. M. Coxhead.

The triumph of the meeting was the arrival, expected for some two years past, of Miss V. E. Scott, of Bedfordshire, who won the girls' championship. She is definitely a player of the higher class, and a natural volleyer of exceptional merit. She is apt to use the drop shot rather excessively, and fail to put her volleys away with sufficient decision. She is graceful and makes the game look like something worthy of the attention of an artist. Her deliberation and apparent imperturbability are reminiscent of Mrs. Moody, but she neither uses nor aims at using a similar power of stroke off the ground. Miss W. M. Lincoln (Surrey), whom Miss Scott beat 6/2, 6/3, in the final, is an active player with a strong drive, but she was overwhelmed by the tactical superiority of her opponent.

The girls' doubles pairs, considered generally, were not of outstanding quality. Miss P. W. Hewitt and Miss B. M. Johnson, who won, were worthy of their title, particularly Miss Hewitt, who seems to the doubles manner born.

# THE CHAMPION AGE

## What the Wimbledon Results Prove

IN his presidential address to the psychology section of the British Association Dr. Wynn Jones quoted an analysis made by Professor Charlotte Butler, which gave 28 as the age at which the best lawn tennis records were set up. Encouraging prospectively, or doleful as this statement may have been to the youngsters who have been contending recently for various junior championships, it does not bear examination. The Wimbledon championships may be taken indisputably as the best source of indicative figures, so the ages of champions there since the war give an average Wimbledon champion age of 26. Excluding Tilden, whose three years total 92, and whose success at 37 was a phenomenon, the average is 25. The figures do not exhibit any age abnormality as the result of the four vacant years of war, but they might be considered as proving partly that 28 may be the physical apex age of a player, after which a decline may be expected. The fact that this did not occur in the case of Tilden, and may not occur in the cases of Perry and Crawford, is beside any analytical point in reference to existing figures.

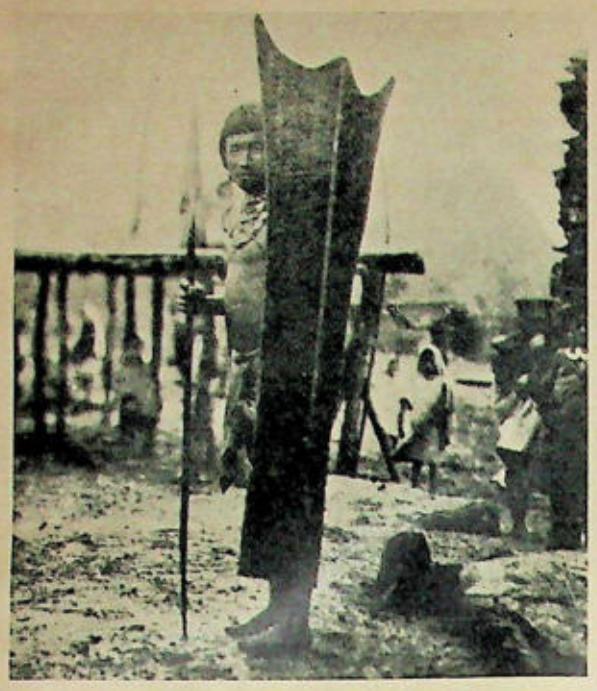
Another aspect of the age question came up during the U.S.A. Singles Championships. Perry beat Frank Parker, 6/4, 6/2, 6/0; a sound drubbing even allowing for the rain-soaked surface which did not suit the young American's game. The upshot was that Parker, in his disappointment, declared he would give up his studies at Lawrenceville and concentrate on lawn tennis with a view to gaining a place in the Davis Cup team; he is nineteen years old. The chairman of the U.S.A. Davis Cup committee, Mr. Holcombe Ward, wrote to Parker pointing out that a good education was of greater value to his future in any business or profession he might enter than a place in a Davis Cup team, and that he would have plenty of time for practice after hours and during vacation. Mr. Ward is not alone among the officials of the game in deploring any tendency to make it a career on the amateur side.

**Golden Retriever Club.**—The Club's Field Trials will be held on Monday, November 4th, for the Puppy Stake of twelve dogs, by the kind invitation of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Douglas Carnegie, at Fair Oak, Petersfield, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 5th and 6th, for the All-Aged Stake of 24 dogs, by the kind invitation of The Rt. Hon. Lorna Countess Howe, at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.

# SPEARING TIGERS IN THE NAGA HILLS

## The Masai of the Assam Border

By J. B. MILLS



A NAGA WITH HUNTING SHIELD

MASAI lion hunts have been "shot" often enough, but cameramen have not yet (praises be) invaded the mountains between Assam and Burma, where Nagas spear the equally dangerous tiger on far more difficult ground. Even if an expedition got past the barriers set up to discourage the commercialisation of a picturesque and unspoilt race, they would find it impossible to get pictures in the dense jungle that covers the hills. The public, therefore, knows nothing of a sport about as exciting as any in the world.

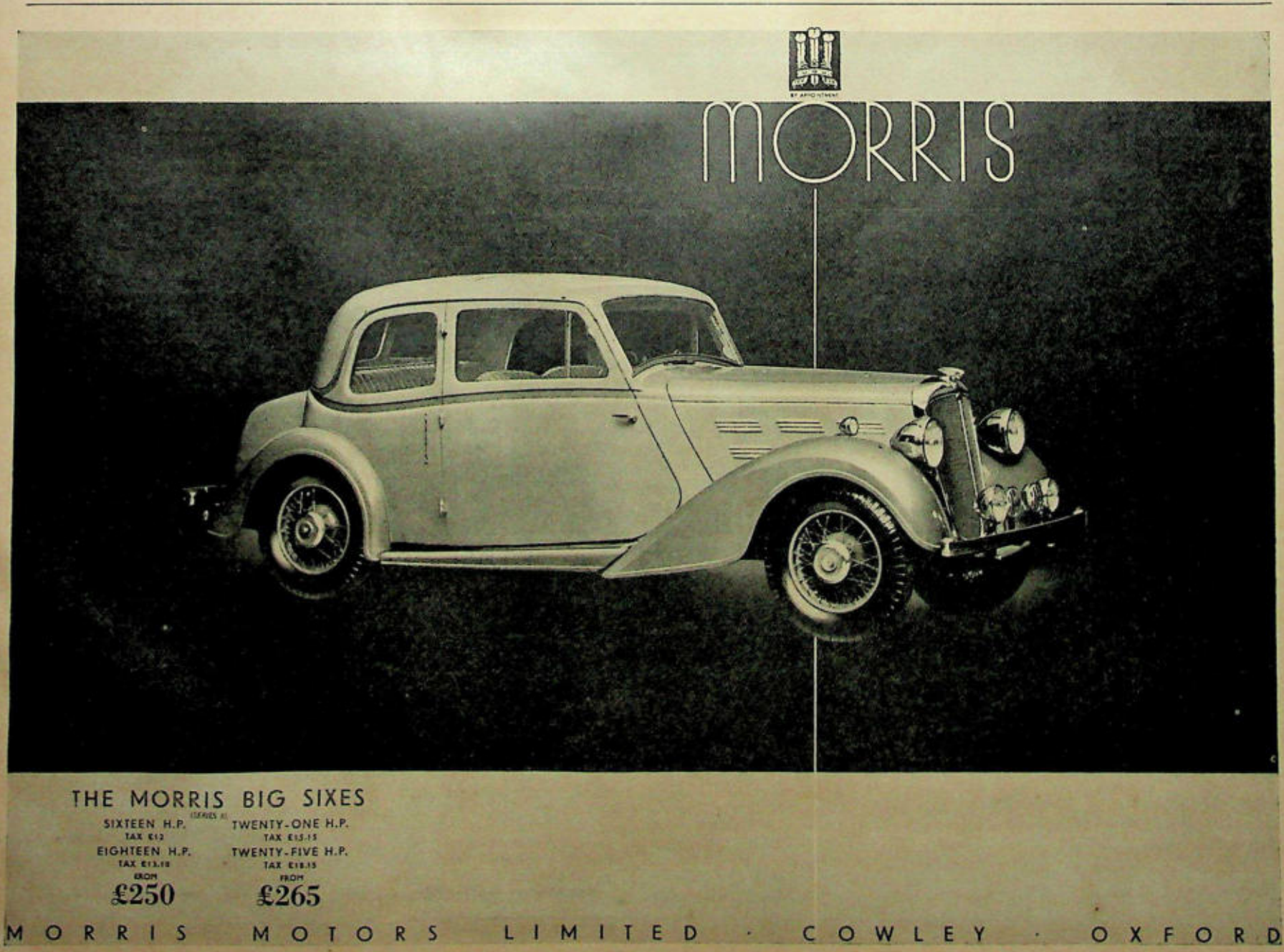
In a land of born hunters, where an elephant is simply called "big meat" and every animal looked at from that point of view, deer are so scarce that most tigers tend to become cattle killers. When, therefore, the tracks of one are seen near a village the inhabitants are eager both to rid themselves of a pest and to give their young men a chance of showing their pluck, which is all the more welcome now that war and head-hunting have been suppressed.

Two methods of ringing and spearing tigers are in vogue, both of which depend for their success on accurate tracking. Except for the big blocks of cleared and cultivated land the whole country is covered with unbroken, dense secondary jungle, with nothing in the way of isolated patches from which a tiger can be driven into the open. It is necessary, therefore, when following pug marks from a kill, to make wide and frequent casts till the absence of outgoing tracks shows that the tiger is lying up in one particular area. Then the waiting men, probably four or five hundred in number and each armed with a "dao," spear and shield, advance and quietly encircle the ground. They then draw in as far as they dare without risking a charge which might mean an escape through a thin line.

The usual practice is then to build a V-shaped stockade, pointing away from the tiger down hill, the ground near the stockade inside the V being often studded with short bamboo spikes in the hope of laming the beast. When all is ready the older men take their places on little platforms overlooking the fence and sit with spears poised while the young men close in in a half circle and attempt to drive the tiger into the V. Some clear the jungle with their "daos" as they advance, while others guard them with spears and shields. They need all the pluck they can muster, for the tiger, sensing danger below him, will often charge again and again. If a man goes down he covers himself with his shield, while those on either side hurl their spears to drive the tiger back. The din is frightful—the men shouting and the tiger alternately charging with a coughing roar and retreating snarling and tearing at the spears that have found their mark. Once at the bottom of the V spears fly from all sides and the end soon comes. It is considered proper for the older men to avoid undue risk, but even they will often scorn to use what antiquated muzzle-loading guns they may possess. The Naga is a real sportsman and thinks a spear the proper weapon for a man.

The usual method is dangerous and exciting enough, but far more so is that pursued by the Eastern Rengmas. Not only do they never use the few guns they have recently acquired, but they scorn even a palisade and shields as unsporting. Spears are enough for them. Before a hunt friends pair off and, like the Greeks of old, each solemnly swears to the other to stand by his friend till death; did one break his oath he would never live down the disgrace. The hunt is a quick one, little time being spent in clearing jungle. Working in pairs the ring of spearmen close in on the animal which, however, often breaks through the line, since a determined charge is difficult to stop by men unprotected by shields. But with luck a spear or two will be sticking into him and hampering him, and he will be quickly followed up and surrounded again and again till he is killed or gets away altogether. Speed is the essential thing, but so quick is this tribe in the jungle that they will hunt and kill sambhur on foot without even the aid of dogs, watching the line the deer is taking and running and cutting it off again and again.

The end of the hunt is not the end of the fun. At the beginning of time, Nagas say, a spirit, a man and a tiger were born of the same mother. Dead tigers, therefore, are as full of magic as dead men, and not to be treated as mere carrion. Most tribes decapitate a dead tiger as they would an enemy and bring home their trophy with the chant of returning warriors. Sometimes it is placed in a stream with the water running into its mouth and choking it, so that its ghost cannot call other tigers to avenge it. Luckily the stock of tigers shows no sign of diminishing. Only recently, one village speared five in two days, a bag not unworthy of a Viceregal shoot.



## *New Books*

# BIG GAME OF THE SEA

### Practice Replaces Anecdote

IT was a good idea on the part of Mr. E. V. Connett to collect and edit an authoritative book on big-game fishing. But, broadly speaking, up to the present most of the books, and there have not been so very many, written about man's struggles to subdue leviathan with rod and line have been largely composed of personal anecdote. Holder's original *Big Game at Sea* started the ball rolling, and later Mr. Zane Grey's stirring accounts of big fish in almost unknown Pacific waters have intrigued the imagination; but all through there has been a feeling on the part of the reader that for this kind of sport one needed to be something of a superman. Such ideas have been modified since tunny have come to our "own home town" as it were. Familiarity without exactly breeding contempt—it is advisable to treat even a porbeagle with respect—has produced a better-balanced view and has shown that even the really giant species can be handled with manageable tackle.

Mr. Connett's collection of authoritative chapters will make the view even better balanced. Each is written by an experienced angler who has specialised on one or two individual species, and he has included such "small fry" as bonefish (a ten-pounder is a "specimen"), striped bass and channel bass in his collection. These last can all be fished for from the shore with tackle which might equally well serve for spinning for trout. What is even more encouraging is the discovery made a few years ago by a namesake of the author that sailfish (a surface-fighting as well as a surface-feeding species) can be caught successfully with ordinary salmon fisher's tackle, except for a larger-sized reel.

The larger species such as makos and tunny (though the latter in American waters are not of the size of those which have to get their living off Yorkshire), still have to be approached with the engineering specialities to which we have become accustomed. But Mr. Connett's volume goes a long way towards bridging the gap (largely imaginary) between the "big-game" angler and the angler. It also goes a little way towards eliminating the importance of "records"—one really cannot be a "world's record" holder with a fish of 13lb. odd.

If we can only get rid of the gap altogether it may be possible for a fisherman of a retiring disposition to go forth after big game without the fear that the portrait of a negro, purporting to be himself, will appear in the local paper alongside a gibbet from which hangs a quarter-ton fish.

H. D. T.

*American Big-Game Fishing.* Edited by Eugene V. Connett. Illustrated in colour and half-tone. (The Derrydale Press, New York; $25.00 net.)

## THE NEGLECTED ROE

IT seems a pity that Mr. Fleuron should have called his book *Monarch of the Glen.* To most of us, this title conjures up visions of Landseer's famous stag. And the author has written a really fine autobiography, not of a stag, but of a roe-buck. Mr. Fleuron undoubtedly knows his subject, and his descriptions of woodland country and the haunts loved by the roe are excellent. He has not spoiled his story by attempting to credit his animal characters with the power of reasoning.

Piet, the hero, is born on the shooting estate of the Count, and because of overcrowding he is forced out by the stronger bucks during his youth; he wanders around the neighbouring countryside and has various adventures. Syndicate shoots border on the Count's property, and Piet very quickly learns to evade his pursuers, but not without some damage to himself through shot-gun wounds.

However, he survives until he reaches his full strength and has grown a massive head. This adornment naturally makes him the most desired buck in the neighbourhood, and, during the summer months, he is constantly being stalked. He eventually meets his end, after he has passed his prime, by the rifle of the Silent Rustler, which is the name given to the Count by the roe deer. One feels glad that he does not have to suffer the pangs of hunger and the miseries of his less fortunate companions, some of whom die from old age and gunshot wounds.

In my opinion, the author rather exaggerates the fighting instinct of the bucks. It is an accepted fact that during the rut the male roe do fight and instances have been recorded where an odd buck has met his death during these conflicts, but to state that: "The keeper would find the vanquished lying dead or limping about bleeding from their wounds, and the victors with long hairless stripes on head and flank," seems a little strong.

The feelings of the hunter are very aptly described. I particularly liked the paragraph about the rifle who catches a glimpse of Piet in his prime: "He who chases him away," the man with the gun comforts himself, "owns him still; in his mind's eye he will see him full of life in all his sylvan glory. But he who snatches at him to possess him, gets only a body with a head and dry, dead antlers."

We are told that the reason why the roe were only shot with rifles on the Count's property was due to the fact that the Countess once broke a tooth on a shot-gun pellet when eating venison. This, to say the least of it, is amusing, but there are also many sound reasons why a rifle should always be used on these animals. This book is liberally illustrated in black and white, but the artist might have taken a little more care in studying roe horns, as, in a number of cases, they appear quite unnatural.

*Monarch of the Glen* is undoubtedly one of the best books ever written on the little-known subject of roe. It deserves to reach a wide circulation amongst lovers of natural history in this country.

H. S. T.

*Monarch of the Glen.* By Svend Fleuron. Illustrated by Cecil G. Trew. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 7/6.)

## SPORT IN THE FAR WEST

EVERYBODY who has shot in Western Canada knows of the great work that Mr. Bryan Williams did for game conservation in British Columbia and of the high reputation he holds as a fisherman and big game shot. His new book, *Fish and Game in British Columbia,* is therefore sure of a welcome. It is a purely informative volume: the fish section covers the rivers and fish of British Columbia, with details as to the localities and the methods best suited to the country. The game section has some very level-headed notes on big game hunting, and a full description of the big game and gamebirds of British Columbia. This is an indispensable book to anybody going to British Columbia to shoot or fish.

R. M.

*Fish and Game in British Columbia.* By A. Bryan Williams. (Obtainable from Hardy Brothers, 61, Pall Mall, S.W.; 8/-.)

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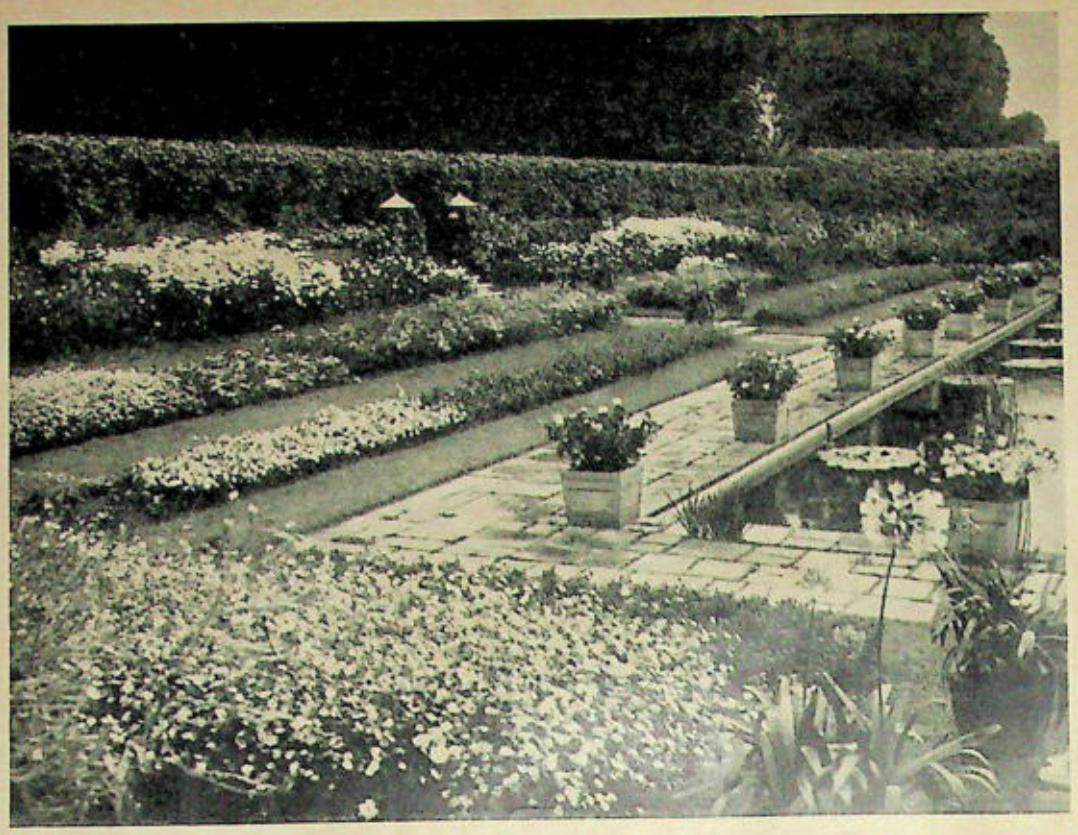


WHERE ANNUALS ARE EFFECTIVE IN MASS
*A corner of the sunk garden at Kensington Palace*

*The Country House*

# ANNUALS TO SOW THIS MONTH

## Decorative Summer Flowers which are Invaluable for Picking

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ANNUALS are now taken seriously, and certainly with even reasonable care they are amongst the most decorative of summer flowers and invaluable for picking. In the picking garden it is easier and more satisfactory to grow them in rows, but for decorative effect they should be planted posy fashion. Beds all of one flower and colour, no matter how well grown, are as a rule very dull, whereas a mixture gives the same pleasure as a picture of a bowl of mixed flowers by one of the old masters—only on a large scale.

Seeds of annuals vary considerably in the time they take to germinate, and this should be taken into consideration when planning the beds for them. For instance, poppy seeds germinate quickly and larkspurs are much slower. In the south, mid-September is an ideal time for sowing, but in the north, a month earlier is advisable. On cold, heavy soils, the sowing of annuals is usually deferred till spring. But everyone wants flowers as early as possible and it is, I think, worth the trouble of lightening the soil in order to be able to sow in autumn. Wood ash is ideal and there is usually a good deal available with the amount of rubbish burnt at this time of year. All annuals revel in wood ash, and in the case of really heavy soil sand also will be necessary. The lighter and better drained the soil, the more likely the seedlings are to come through the winter successfully. But it is not so much the cold that tries hardy annuals, as the stagnant moisture of a heavy soil.

Seedlings that have to endure a hot spell such as we frequently get in late September and the first half of October suffer as much as in severe frost. Their roots penetrate the soil only a little way and consequently they cannot get enough moisture. In the event of such a spell, daily watering is essential, but not, of course, when the sun is at its height. In really hot sunlight, it is worth the trouble of shading them with paper high enough off the ground to enable the air to circulate freely. Thin sowing and drastic thinning are essential. Nowadays there are so many inventions in the shape of patent cloches, etc., that I do not think we realise the extent to which gardeners in earlier times had to rely on their wits. Leafless boughs keep out many degrees of frost and spare the seedlings from being battered with heavy rain. Brushwood laid round the beds in windswept parts is also a great help. Seedlings through the winter need attention just as much as in spring. The ground has to be hoed regularly or it will get caked, with the result that the seedlings that do not perish make sickly plants. If severe frost lifts the soil, it must be gently pressed back.

Larkspurs, nigellas, poppies, sweet sultans and scabious are, I think, the most valuable of the hardy annuals. The Ryburgh poppies, larkspurs and sweet sultans associate delightfully, and are shown off to perfection with a thick edging of nigellas. Larkspurs sown in autumn are not only earlier, but make far handsomer and more floriferous plants than those planted in spring. They are resentful of transplanting, and seed should be sown where they are to flower. When thinning out, great care has to be taken to make the soil round the single plant left very firm. There are enthusiasts who do not thin out, but with sharp scissors cut the unwanted seedlings to ground level. The stock-flowered varieties grown with the branching are more attractive than either grown separately. It is always worth buying the colours separately, otherwise dark mauves and whites are apt to predominate, whereas the most attractive are the rich rose, salmon-pink and pale mauve kinds.

Similarly with sweet sultans. The most pleasing shade is the pale lemon-yellow, just the right yellow to associate with the larkspurs, poppies and nigellas. There is also a good wine-red shade, usually listed as Splendens. The Ryburgh poppies are very colourful, and I have a great liking for the opium poppy, though so much coarser in growth. It is most effective when planted in mixed colours by itself and not associated with other flowers. The pæony flowered are the handsomest kind, handsome enough, in fact, for the herbaceous border.

Everyone loves nigellas, but I think it is a pity the white-flowered form is not more commonly grown. With its dark anthers, it is particularly charming and associates well with the cornflower blue. White is as essential as yellow in a mixed border to light it, and the white nigella is one of the daintiest white flowers for a mixed border of annuals.

The newer sunflowers are amongst the most neglected annuals. I think they are most useful for filling gaps in the border in late summer and early autumn. The old large-flowered varieties beloved by cottagers are too large for most borders, but the new hybrids are delightful, ranging in colour from primrose to the richest wine-maroon and usually zoned. I prefer the self-coloured. There is also a miniature strain of the old sunflower, but the hybrids mentioned above are more effective in the border on account of their varied colouring. Orion is a very pleasing annual sunflower with pale primrose-coloured curled petals.

# TIMBER SALES

## Liability to Income Tax from Proceeds

AN income tax decision which will be of extreme interest and importance to farmers has recently been given by the courts in the case of Elmes *v.* Trembath.

Agricultural land as a rule is generally taxed under Schedule B, though in the case of land occupied for the purpose of husbandry only, the occupier may elect to be assessed under Schedule D. In that event the profits from the occupation of the land will be regarded as the profits of a trade.

In such circumstances, *i.e.*, where such an election has been made, are the proceeds of the sale of timber growing on the land to be regarded as "profits from the occupation of the land," and as such assessable?

Where tax is levied under Schedule B, the fact that there are timber trees on the land will, no doubt, be taken into account in determining the annual value of the land for the purpose of Schedule B, since land with valuable timber trees thereon will have a greater annual value than similar land on which there are no such trees.

But where tax is levied under Schedule D, the basis of the assessment will be for all practical purposes the taxable profits derived from the occupation of the land.

Whether the proceeds of sale of timber trees formerly growing on the land, which have been cut down and sold are assessable as such, a "profit" depends on whether or not the timber which is cut down and sold is to be regarded as part of the land itself.

If it is to be regarded as part of the land itself, as distinct from produce of the land, such as vegetables, fruit and the like, then the proceeds of sale will not be taxable, since the position would be similar to the position where the land itself is sold. The proceeds of sale would be in the nature of capital and not of income. But the court held in Elmes *v.* Trembath (*supra*), that the timber which is cut down and sold is not part of the land itself, and does not constitute an interest in land, the proceeds of the sale of the timber being as much a taxable profit as the profits derived from [illegible] of rhubarb or mushrooms, for example, cultivated on the land.

It is important to note that in the above case, the trees were actually cut down and the timber subsequently sold, so that there was in effect a sale of *goods* and not of any "*interest in land.*" But whether the same rule (as to taxability of proceeds of sale) is to apply in every case, irrespectively of whether or not the transaction amounts to a sale of goods is not quite clear.

It may be as well in this connection to draw attention to the rules, in connection with the sale of goods, which determine the nature of the transaction.

The law draws a distinction between "*fructus industriales*," *i.e.*, fruits of the earth produced by repeated cultivation or industry such as most vegetables, and "*fructus naturales*," *i.e.*, fruits of the earth which grow over a long period of time, without repeated culture or industry, such as grass, timber and fruit (in most cases).

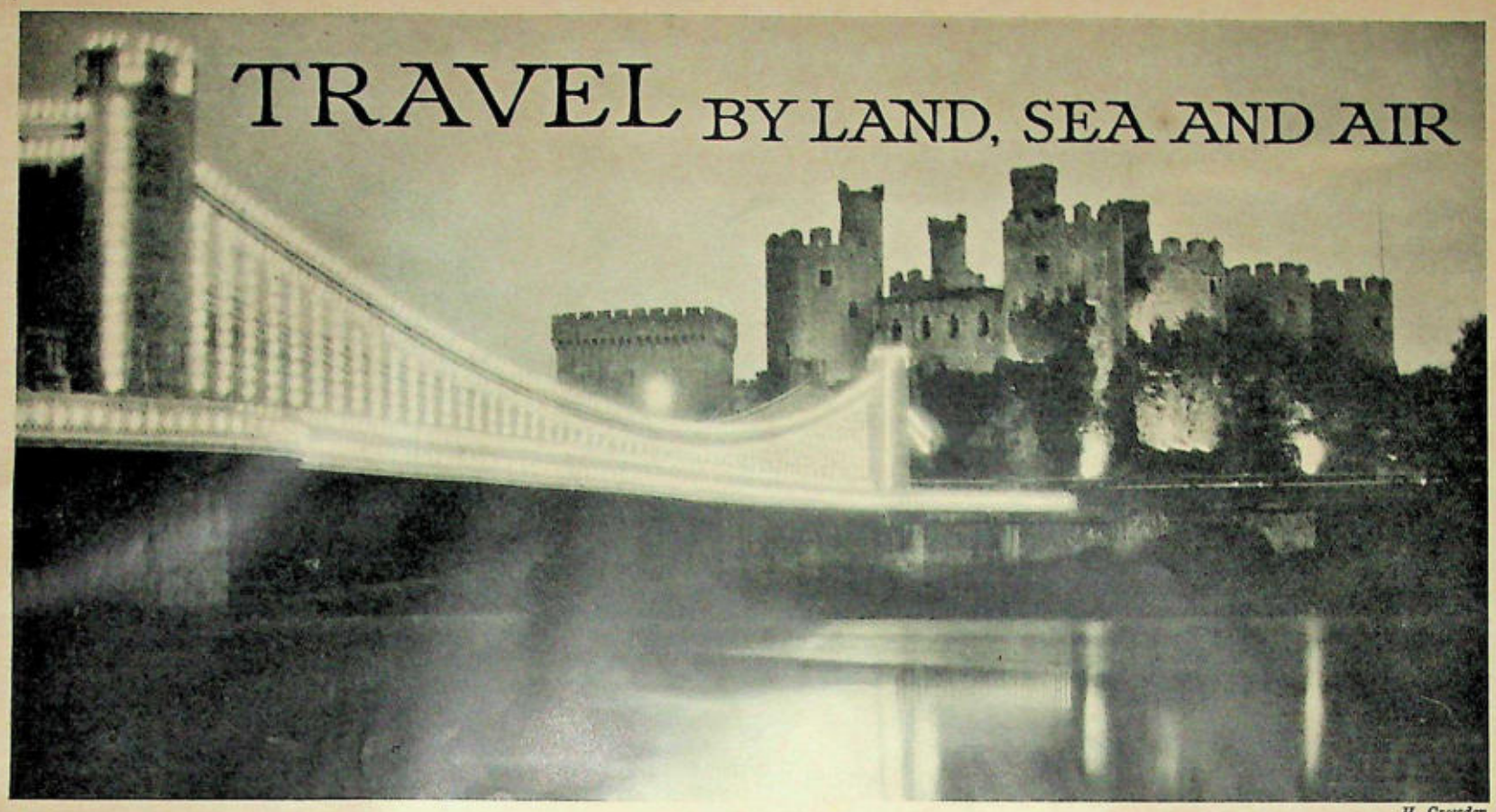
If the property is to pass, *after* the "fruits" have been severed from the soil, then in both cases the sale would be a sale of goods and not of an interest in land. If, on the other hand, the property is to pass *before* the severance, then, while in the case of "*fructus industriales*" the sale would be a sale of goods, in the case of "*fructus naturales*" the sale would be one of an interest in land.

The importance of this distinction lies in the fact that no contract or agreement for the sale of an interest in land, of however small a value, and even if of less than £10 in value, will be enforceable, unless there is a written note or memorandum of the contract.

But as already stated, the question whether the same principles would apply and whether the same distinction is to be observed for tax purposes does not appear to be quite clear.

Yet however that might be, the Revenue will usually get over any difficulty as to the exact nature of the transaction (*i.e.*, whether the sale is one of goods, or of an interest in land) by contending that the farmer is in fact carrying on a trade For the planting of trees (as in Elmes *v.* Trembath and the like, with a view to their ultimate sale attaining maturity or otherwise is in the nature o trade. At any rate, this was the view taken the court in Elmes *v.* Trembath. The proc of the sale of the trees were accordingly i nature of profits, and as such were to be inc for the purposes of the assessment to tax.

# TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



*H. Crowden*

SILVER JUBILEE ILLUMINATIONS IN THE WEST

*The floodlighting of Conway Castle and the Suspension Bridge, during the holiday season, makes a splendid setting to the beautiful Conway Valley*

## MORE ABOUT THE NEW CARS

### A Notable Advance in Detail but No Revolutionary Changes in Design

By MAJOR W. WHITTALL

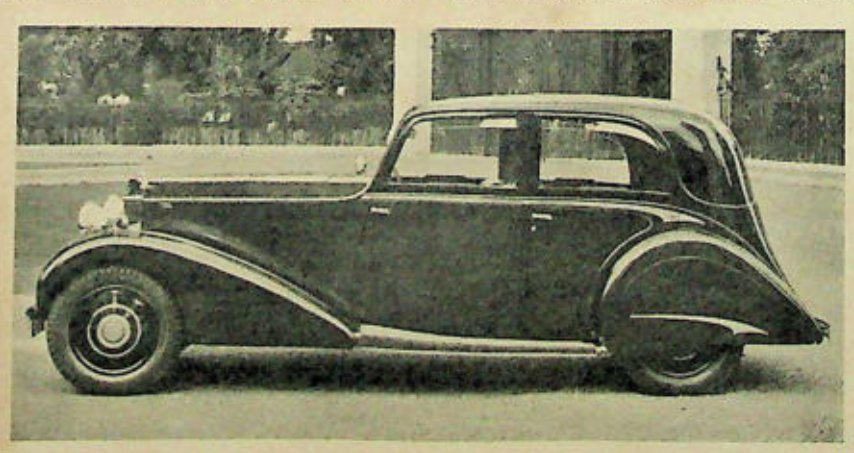
ANNOUNCEMENTS of new models for 1936 follow thick and fast, and a careful study of these reveals even more improvement than one has a right to expect in these days of relative car perfection. For instance, there is a new Hillman Minx which seems to be a very notable advance in the small car class and is certainly an outstanding example of the value the British manufacturer now gives for a very small amount of money. The Minx, of course, is no newcomer. It has achieved a reputation of its own for sterling reliability, allied to excellent performance and low cost of running and upkeep.

But this new model sets a fresh standard in many directions. The engine, gearbox and final transmission remain much as they were, but the chassis itself has been entirely altered in design to allow of the engine being placed farther forward, thus giving more platform space for the body. The latter is of one-piece pressed steel construction, and is remarkable for the amount of passenger room it affords. It is much wider and longer than the older model, extra width being given by eliminating running boards, so that the bugbear of restricted elbow room present in so many small cars of this type has been completely overcome.

The interior has been designed with an eye to convenience and comfort—it is as though the draughtsman were a really practical motorist—which is more than can be said of too many cars of to-day. The door handles and window winders, for instance, are sunk below the surface of the panels instead of projecting at awkward angles to catch in one's clothing. The instrument panel is neat and completely visible without having to stretch forward to see the gauges, while the panel light is provided with a rheostat so that the illumination can be adjusted to give just the right amount of light without blinding the driver.

There is ample luggage accommodation in the tail, which is made accessible by dropping the rear seat back, and above the latter is a neat shelf for carrying small parcels. The spare wheel is also carried in the beaver tail, but is of course got at through a panel door from outside the car. I particularly like the suspension. The springs are of the variload type, in which additional spring leaf resistance comes into operation as the load is increased, while the springs are regulated by shock absorbers of the Luvax type.

Another completely new model is promised us by the M.G. concern. This is to take the place of the Magnette KN saloon. Knowing the reputation of the M.G. series, it is certain that this new production will possess something quite unusual in the way of performance, but what it is and what it will do are secrets which will not be fully disclosed until just before the Motor Show. All we know is that it is a 2-litre overhead valve-engined car. When the M.G. people set out to produce something new, we know at once that it is going to be sensational in character and therefore want to know all about it. However, we must simply possess ourselves in patience until the time for disclosure comes round.



ONE OF THE LATEST 20/25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCES

*A noticeable feature of this new type "Bromley" town saloon by Pass & Joyce, Ltd., is the "paddle box" design enclosed rear wheels, and the car also incorporates a drop partition for owner or chauffeur driving*

And now to generalise a little. I had rather expected that the new programmes would have shown that the movement towards the general adoption of gearboxes of the pre-selective type had made substantial progress. Excepting for the Humber development in connection with the extraordinarily clever de Normanville gearbox, there is nothing to record. Those firms which early adopted the Wilson gear remain faithful to it—as well they may—but so far I do not find any new disciples. Beyond a doubt, however, the pre-selective box is the gear of the future. There are several gearboxes embodying the principle at present undergoing test, but, as I said last week when referring to experimental developments, no manufacturer who knows his business will adopt anything revolutionary until it has been thoroughly tried out. Nobody thinks that the pre-selective gear has reached perfection yet, but research and experiment are being intensively pursued and in a very few years it will be universally used.

There is one matter in relation to modern coachwork, or to be more correct, general car design, to which I think more attention should be given. This is in relation to road visibility from the driver's seat. The modern streamlined car certainly looks well, and I for one should be sorry to see its general lines departed from. But I think it all wrong to sacrifice safety to appearance, and it is certainly a fact that many cars are being produced to-day which are not really safe to drive.

I have driven cars in which it was impossible to see either front wing, which means that the line of sight to the road surface ahead leaves a blind patch of probably as much as 20yds. Apart from this, it is impossible to judge the available clearance from other vehicles or obstructions, and it is this fact, I am convinced, that is at the root of what has become known as "kerb shyness." It surely ought to be possible to design the seating so that without spoiling the general line of the car the driver can get a reasonable view of the road and at least see his wing-mounted side lamps.

Another point of detail is that the swept-back radiator vogue seems to have led to designers giving the windscreen too much backward slope for safety. The ideal slope is that which does away with reflection. More brings certain disabilities in its train. Take, as an instance, driving in rain. No matter how well the screen-wiper is working, visibility is always bad and distorted when the screen is wet. This matter of the exact amount of slope which gives the best visibility in all conditions of road and weather is one that requires more attention than seems to be given to it.

# ENCOURAGING THE CONSTRUCTOR-PILOT

## A New Trend in Private Flying

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

A GREAT deal of evidence has been brought forth this summer in support of the contention so often advanced in these articles that there is a considerable demand for a truly economical small aeroplane. The recent demonstrations of the "Flying Flea" have attracted practical support, and those of the new B.A.C. "Drone" in the hands of Herr Kronfeld have not failed to impress those whose desire to fly remains unrealised only because their means will not permit.

Further support to the new trend has been forthcoming by the fact that the Air Ministry now permits the flying of such types of aircraft without a certificate of airworthiness. Although this undoubtedly indicates a step towards the policy recommended by the Gorell Committee it is virtually an extension of a practice which has always been within the powers of the Secretary of State for Air.

Normal safeguards are, it is understood, to be applied, such as prohibiting low flying over thickly populated areas and, the most important point of all, compulsory third-party insurance. The stage seems set for a definite move towards popular flying.

But of no less importance than the practical realisation of cheaper flying is the fact that with the loosening of Air Ministry restrictions regarding

*Photographs: Willy Eggarter*

"THERE IS A CONSIDERABLE DEMAND FOR A TRULY ECONOMICAL SMALL AEROPLANE"
*Two views of the B.A.C. "Drone," which now has folding wings. Petrol and oil costs amount to less than 2s. per hour and, with the new Douglas engine, the initial outlay is only £275*

construction, many young men are actively considering the possibility of building their own machines, not merely with a view to reducing first costs, but as an outlet for their budding engineering proclivities. Already some manufacturers are offering completely or partly finished sets of parts for the construction of simple types of aircraft.

The desire to construct an aeroplane for his own use is a welcome indication of the young man's interest, and there is no doubt that he could learn many things about aircraft design and construction that would otherwise remain relatively unknown to him. At the same time, whilst it is absolutely essential that initiative should not be checked, public interests must be recognised and reasonably safeguarded.

No doubt some amateur mechanics would be able to construct, given the necessary parts, a serviceable aeroplane. This whole question may be thought to open up difficulties, but it is considered that the fact that a third-party insurance is insisted upon will provide the main safeguard.

Although some people will wish to construct their own machines, the majority will, it is felt, find it better to purchase from a good constructing firm. It is very essential to see that the broad recommendations of the Gorell Committee are given effect to, and that the old policy of introducing a number of regulations in an attempt to safeguard every possible contingency is not repeated.

The Gorell Report recommended the abolition of restrictions, it evidently being thought that the supervision which the insurance companies would undoubtedly arrange for would be a sufficient safeguard against poor design or construction. This is evidently the view of the Air Ministry, as a condition of their issuing a permit to fly the types of machine in question is that they should be covered against third-party risks. It must not be forgotten, too, that there is a natural check against indiscriminate building of aircraft in that a machine of completely new design cannot be perfected without considerable expense. The private construction of aircraft of recognised types will no doubt be simplified by firms of good reputation undertaking the construction and sale of parts of successful designs.

Development is, perhaps, more likely to proceed on the lines of the popular construction of wireless sets. Here it was found that manufacturers were gradually able to produce the completed article and sell their sets at a lower price than the individual could buy the parts. This, then, will probably be the solution of the difficulty. In these days it would seem incongruous to build one's own car or motor-cycle, and this applies to most things of common utility.

In the future many private persons may attempt to design and build aircraft, but it will inevitably follow that successful designs with qualities appealing to the many will be more economically produced in quantity by reliable firms whose reputation is dependent on the excellence of their products. Thus the danger some see in the possibility of the wide construction of aircraft by private persons will recede as commercial enterprise seriously tackles the problem of the supply of really cheap and economical machines.

Provided simple means are arranged for ensuring that the interests of the general public are reasonably safeguarded along the lines suggested, nothing further is needed. A great deal remains to be learned about ultra light aircraft, the development of which is only in the initial stage.

# THE 500 MILES

## To-Day's Great Race at Brooklands for the *Field* Gold Cup

TO-DAY, what is generally considered to be the world's fastest long distance race, takes place—the seventh International 500 miles race at Brooklands.

The entry for the race is undoubtedly the most representative ever seen, the outstanding feature this year being the number of cars to compete which hold, or have held, records. It is also of interest to note that women drivers are competing in a B.R.D.C. event for the first time in motor racing history. High speeds are to be expected, the limit cars being handicapped at 111.92 m.p.h., whilst the scratch car—John Cobb's 8,000 c.c. Napier-Railton—is scheduled at 121.47 m.p.h.

There are seven teams competing for the gold cup presented by the *Field*—two teams of M.G.s, two teams of Rileys and one team each of Alfa Romeos, Frazer Nashes and Bugattis. The cars in the teams are being driven by some of the finest drivers in the world, and it is quite impossible to speculate as to the likely winners, but the entry seems indicative of a close finish.

John Cobb and his Napier-Railton never cease to stimulate the admiration of the crowd. However, the chief problem which faces the drivers of this car to-day will be passing the other competitors at high speeds. The tyres, too, will need watching, for the Napier weighs 2 tons and Brooklands is notorious for its rough surface while the wheels are none too easy to change. If this car does win, however, it will be a well-earned and very popular victory.

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*Vide "The Field," January 12th, 1935*

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# "SHOOTING THE COWICHAN"

## A Canoeing Adventure for the Visitor to British Columbia

By FRANK GIOLMA

MANY people feel, when they land in Victoria, that they have stepped back two or three decades in the world's history; when they pole down the Cowichan River they feel they have in many ways gone back as many centuries.

I suppose most men and a large number of women dreamed when boys and girls of voyaging down some great western river, the canoe now gliding over translucent lakes, now being skilfully navigated through raging cataracts and torrents. The nights during such a voyage, which of course lasted many weeks, were spent camped on the shore with sweet bracken or fir twigs for a couch and the dark blue western sky for a ceiling.

Probably the dream passed with the passing of the years, or if sometimes remembered is regretfully thought of as one of those childhood's fancies that will never be realised in the busy work-a-day world in which most of us live. Yet you can make it a reality by "Shooting the Cowichan." This trip will give you all the thrills you dreamed of as a child and yet takes but one day, or if you want to stop and fish for cut-throat trout, two or three days.

Victoria, British Columbia, is your first objective. Having landed there you telephone or write to Mr. Prevost, Mayor of Duncan, or the Duncan Chamber of Commerce, or call at Victoria Publicity Bureau and make your arrangements. Then you will drive from Victoria to Duncan, forty-two miles up the Island Highway, at Duncan taking the Cowichan Lake Road to the headwaters of the Cowichan River at Cowichan Lake. Here you will find the Cowichan Indian river men and the canoes. These canoes are 24ft. from stem to stern, with a 5ft. beam, and are dug out and carved from one piece of West Coast Cedar.

With three passengers, two boatmen and supplies they draw but six inches of water. They are made after the same pattern and by the same methods as all the other canoes that have been made before them for use on the Cowichan ever since the first one was poled down the river many thousands of years ago. When you come to the river and see the canoes floating so buoyantly on the swift running water, their sombre blackness impresses you and you think of Noah's Ark "pitched within and without with pitch." But on looking closer you note that no pitch or paint has been used, but the outside of the canoes has been seared black with fire.

You step aboard at 8.30 a.m., and within three minutes have lost sight of all signs of civilisation. You are in a boat identical with those made thousands of years ago. The two boatman speak monosyllabically now and again, using the same language as has been spoken by their forbears for thousands of years. They use the same style of wooden paddle and the same style of green, clear fir saplings as poles. The boats have not altered, the river has not altered, the men have not altered. You have stepped back two or three thousand years.

Look, there are three Island deer drinking! One of the Indians slaps the water with his paddle, and in a flash the deer vanish into the dense evergreen forest and a burnished black raven rises from its perch on a dead windfall. Herons are flying lazily up from the river all the time and wild duck abound. Eagles perch on nearby branches, cut-throat trout rise here and there. The canoes glide silently on, the boatmen keeping way by an occasional twist or turn of the paddle. The sibilant stillness of the forest primeval is around us.

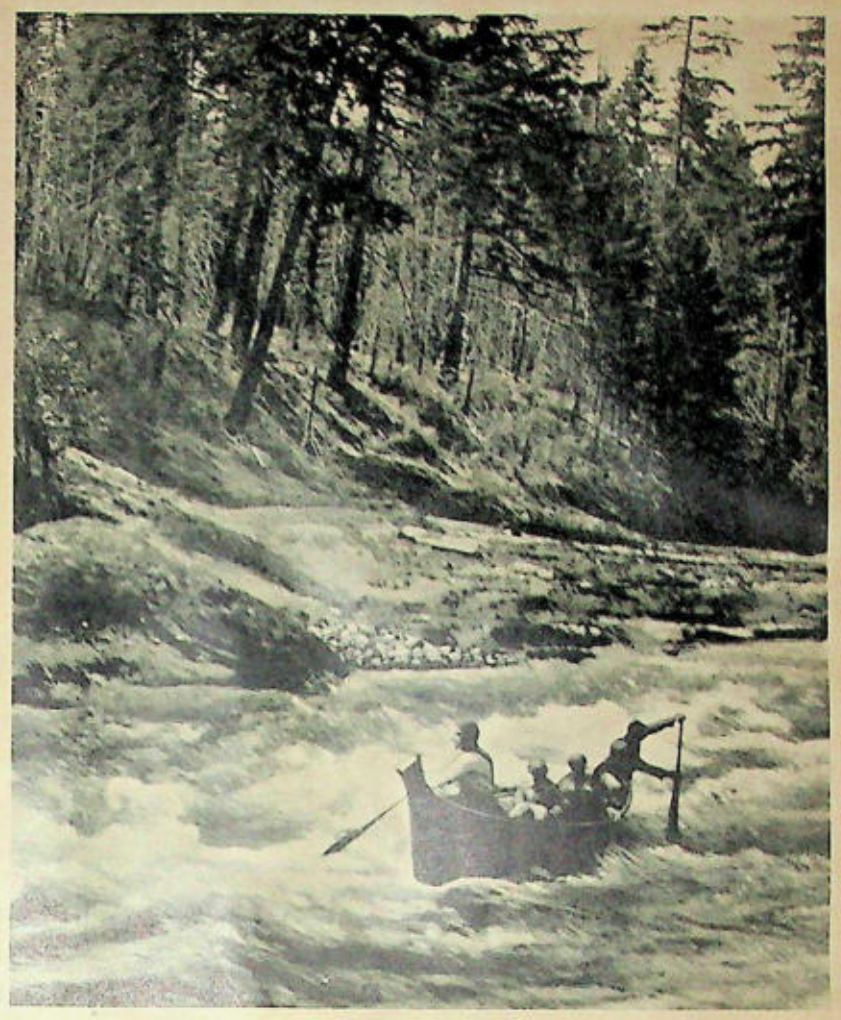
As the canoe slips softly round a curve, suddenly broken water is seen right ahead, white snarling water stretching from bank to bank daring us to advance. Quickly the canoes gain speed until they are dashing madly forward only to be suddenly brought to a dead stop by the boatmen stabbing the points of their green fir poles into the bottom of the river and holding the boats against them. The white, broken water boils into foam all around, but the canoes are held motionless.

Neither boatman speaks to the other; they seem to sense each other's thoughts. There is one, and one only, narrow channel. The canoe is brought round by the pressure of the poles until its prow enters the channel, the current seems to lift the boat and we race forward. But the boatmen never lose control, continually plunging their bending green fir saplings into the river bottom and checking our speed.

That is the Cowichan River. Placid fishing pools quickly merging into wild broken rushing water, the scenery along the banks forever changing. Here the banks are low, the forest growing out into the river, while but a few yards on the river has eaten its deep way through a limestone hill, the sides of which rise above us, carved as grotesquely as the gargoyles on a mediæval cathedral. One strange beetling abuttment rising from deep black water caused a fellow passenger to exclaim "The Isle of the Dead." If you know the picture, I need say no more.

Then there are the portages, some permanent as when passing the falls, others temporary and due to log-jams. And do not forget, lunch on shore or on flat sunbaked rocks and camping at night by fishing pools if the trip is of two or more days duration.

It is generally round about 5 or 6 o'clock—near sundown—when the river brings the canoes back to civilisation at Duncan, and you step out on to land and incidentally back into the present in the form of a waiting motor car. You are loath to leave the Cowichan. For eight hours you have tasted of the past and now the present seems flat and unpalatable. But also you are happy, for you have realised a childhood's dream, and it was good.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS AS ONE ENTERS THE CANYON

ONE OF THE MANY FISHING POOLS ON THE COWICHAN

## RESIDENCE IN RHODESIA

A CAMPAIGN to show the advantage of residence in Southern Rhodesia, especially for people able to retire on moderate incomes, is being launched by the Government of that colony.

A very attractive brochure, designed to provide an encyclopedia for those interested, has been printed and will be obtainable from the High Commissioner, Rhodesia House, London, W.C. 2. Its pages are full of interesting reading—a novel feature being the "individual" effect obtained by a discussion taking place in a London club. Questions are asked of an old club member, who has already taken advantage of the many facilities Southern Rhodesia offers to its residents, and are answered with a brevity and lucidity which puts the case of the colony very presentably before the reader. Climate, the education of children, cost of living, social amenities are all discussed.

# THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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THE EARL OF MACDUFF WITH PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

This picture was taken last week at Lord MacDuff's coming-of-age celebrations at Mar Lodge. Princess Arthur of Connaught inherited the Dukedom of Fife from her father, the late Duke, and it was on the Duff estates that the celebrations were held. Lord MacDuff, like his father and grandfather, has made the Army his profession, and is serving in the Royal Scots Greys, of which regiment Prince Arthur of Connaught is Colonel-in-Chief

**Can Land Settlement Solve Unemployment ?**

By GEORGE HERBERT, M.B.E.

*Foreword by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M.*

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# FARMING AT MICHAELMAS

TALK is all of milk contracts at the moment as the biggest of the farmers' marketing organisations tries its strength against the middlemen. This clash of interests was bound to come, and it is remarkable that the question of the distributors' margin of profit was not tackled before the Milk Marketing Board had been in office for two years. The dispute has now been submitted to the proper Government committee as provided for in the Marketing Acts, and it is not profitable here to reiterate the arguments that have been advanced by the Milk Marketing Board on the one hand and the distributive trade on the other.

The plain man sees that the big distributors have been able to amass very satisfactory profits during recent years, while dairy farmers have been enduring price reductions. Whatever the outcome of the present dispute, it is agreed on all sides that effort must now be concentrated on an expansion of milk consumption and that this policy can best be advanced by lowering the retail price to the public. The smaller the amount of milk diverted into the unprofitable manufacture of butter and cheese, the better for all concerned.

The other side of the cattle industry, concerned with breeding and feeding for the beef market, cannot look back at Michaelmas on anything cheerful. It has been an unprofitable year for both breeders and feeders. Store cattle have been selling at disastrously low prices, and before they were ready for the butchers beef prices slumped still further. The Government subsidy of 5s. per cwt. has helped, but it has not been sufficient to maintain prices. What the future holds no one can say definitely. There is talk of a small duty on foreign and Empire meat imports, the proceeds of which would be devoted to assisting the home producer, but our oversea competitors do not seem willing to agree, until they must, in such arrangements.

Sheep farmers have enjoyed another satisfactory year. Fat lambs have sold consistently well, and the good prices realised this month for breeding ewes indicate a general feeling of confidence in sheep. Pigs have paid their way if no more, and poultry farming, after a further decline in egg prices, seems to have settled down for a spell on a firmer basis. Corn growers have not had such a good season as in 1934, a year of bumper yields, and they must be content to take one year with another.

Of the three partners in farming the agricultural worker has come best through the year. Minimum wages have risen to 31s. 8d. weekly, which means that the actual wages earned are now about 35s. weekly compared with 32s. two and three years ago. Farm rents are no longer falling, but the landlord who obtains 3 per cent. interest on his capital must still count himself lucky.

Writing in this issue, Mr. W. Gavin and others stress the manifold changes that are coming over the agricultural industry. The "good farmer" of 1935 is a different man to his forbear of pre-war days. He is less of a husbandman and more of a business manager. He must know his land and his men, but he is more concerned with costs of production and market demands than with serving the land and maintaining its fertility as his first responsibility. For some farming is still a way of life rather than a business career, but there are fewer of these leisurely farmers every year. Agricultural England is the poorer by the loss of them, but there is little question that the industry of food production has gained in efficiency. The throb of the tractor engine, the phut-phut of the milking machine, the construction of intensive pig fattening houses and more hygienic cowhouses are evidence of these changes to those who go about the country with ears and eyes open. Farming is being infected with the efficiency virus of urban industry more quickly than we realise.

## LAND SETTLEMENT

SIR PERCY JACKSON'S speech at the first general meeting of the Land Settlement Association was admirably practical, for while clearly optimistic and full of enthusiasm, it never left the regions of common sense for those of Utopia. Sir Percy rightly pointed out that land settlement on a large scale can only be hoped for by "aiming at the maximum degree of self-sufficiency in foodstuffs and preparing to pay the price for it in a diminution of our foreign trade." Failing that, and it is not practical politics at present, care must be taken to settle only limited quantities of carefully chosen men, and to settle them under some group system of collective marketing. So far the scheme has, with Government and private support, raised a sum of over £100,000, together with the gift of the Potton estate, the gift of Mr. Malcolm Stewart. This has enabled a most useful work to be started, and the experience gained there and at other settlements will be valuable in showing the costs and possibilities of land settlement.

### A GREAT CAMBRIDGE SPORTSMAN

The tragically sudden death of Henry Gordon Comber came as a shock to many. Few men had a wider circle of friends or was more deservedly popular. For generations of undergraduates he had been the Nestor of their sports. No one man is likely to carry on his numerous undertakings. After many years as treasurer and general organiser of Cambridge Rugby, he was elected President, in 1932, on the death of the Rev. Joseph Gray. He was treasurer of his University cricket XI and of the Hockey Club. Of the lawn tennis he was also at one time President. All his work was performed with thoroughness and detail. In his undergraduate days he captained hockey in 1894, and, a life-long volunteer, he started training men on the outbreak of the war. Later he became Embarkation Officer at Calais. A fine figure, standing 6ft., and weighing 18st., the sight of him gladdened the heart of many a Cambridge man on his way to the front. He was awarded the D.S.O. and Legion D'Honneur. Elected to a Fellowship of his college in 1902, Comber filled bursarial and other duties. His loss to Pembroke is well nigh irreparable, and many old Cambridge men will remember his hospitality. He was an old Marlburian.

### WHAT IS A RUGBY TACKLE?

Ever since the Rugby Union attempted to define exactly what constitutes a tackle in Rugby football there has been controversy on the subject. Last season there was a good deal of looseness in the application of the law, among both players and referees, and fresh discussion reveals that there is still much misconception about it. The law now extends to six clauses, together with several notes, which, theoretically, state the case quite clearly. But in practice differences arise over the definition that a player must be so held that "there is a moment when he cannot pass or play the ball." Now, a moment is a mere fraction of time, and in many cases it must necessarily be left to the referee to decide whether for one moment a player held by an opponent is incapable of playing the ball. The tackled player knows, of course, better than anyone else, and should at once release the ball when so held; but too many players are optimistic enough to believe that there is never a moment when they cannot attempt to play the ball.

### THE REFEREE'S RESPONSIBILITY

On the other hand there are referees who rule that every player who is brought down is tackled according to the laws, whereas it is clearly stated that a player may pass the ball in the act of falling, or even after he has fallen, if he is able to do so. The distinction is admittedly a fine one: a player who falls with the ball beneath him is tackled; a player who falls with his arms free is not. In effect, the old dictum still stands—"a tackle is when the referee thinks it is"—and this is another case where uniformity of interpretation among referees would greatly improve the game.

### MISS WETHERED'S AMERICAN SUCCESSES

Miss Joyce Wethered's tour of the United States and Canada has ended. Her trip has been an absolute triumph, for wherever she went she was able to show the countless spectators some of the skill which established her fame years ago. Altogether she played in 53 exhibition matches, and set up 36 new course records. Such an achievement speaks for itself. Americans and Canadians were astounded, for it was the first time she had played in America, and all the courses were strange to her. Her performance is still more remarkable when it is realised that, owing to her business appointment in London, Miss Wethered has had little spare time for play these days. Lack of keen competitive practice apparently produces no ill effects, which proves her to be an exception to the majority of golfers. Bobby Jones himself said that she was the best golfer in the world, high praise, which she has amply justified. Miss Wethered is deservedly popular as an outstanding golfer and an outstanding sportswoman.

### RACING RECORDS

It is a strange coincidence that after a lapse of 32 years Bahram should win the Triple Crown and that for the first time in Irish Turf history Sir Victor Sassoon's Museum should annex the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger in the Green Isle. Even more strange is the fact that Bahram was reared in Ireland and Museum foaled in this country! All honour is due to Stephen Donoghue, the Peter Pan of jockeys, who rode Museum. Another interesting piece of racing information is that the Emperor of Abyssinia, possibly to ease a troubled mind, is planning a racecourse near his capital and to this end has sought the advice of the leading French Turf authorities.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Norfolk newspaper under the heading "Tarpon Fishing?": "Incidentally, tarpon have been seen by boatmen not far from the harbour mouth, and it is probable that before long Wells may be a centre for tarpon fishing."

### SIR KEITH FRASER

Well known as an owner, trainer and a discriminating breeder of National Hunt horses, the passing of Sir Keith Fraser means a sad blow to the winter sport of which he was a pillar, and nothing pleased him more than to win at Leicester, his own home meeting. Probably the best horse to carry the Fraser tartan jacket was Ardeen, winner, among other races, of the Scottish Grand National and the Grand Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool. Before being put in training Ardeen was hunted by Lady Dorothy Fraser, who assisted Sir Keith in all his training activities, and who was refused a trainer's licence some years ago, when the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee decided that women were not eligible as racehorse trainers.

### ENGLAND'S NEXT TEST OPPONENTS?

The cricket field is ever widening. After Australia came South Africa, New Zealand, the West Indies and India as Test opponents for England—and now we have representatives of Canadian cricket on a visit to the M.C.C. with a view to arranging for a Canadian team to tour this country next summer. Not much has so far been heard of Canadian cricket, but under the ægis of the Canadian Cricket Association the game has been organised in the Dominion and is rapidly gaining strength.

### CLOSE OF THE TROUT SEASON

Two more days and the trout season for 1935, except on a few late waters like Blagdon, will be over. It is a depressing thought made more depressing by a generally unremunerative season for trout fishing, like other affairs of life "it is always the unforeseen which happens." During the drought of 1934, with no stream and little weed, trout fishing proved surprisingly good. This year, in spite of a much better head of water in early summer, fly has failed, and what ought, by all experience, to have been a bumper season, is ending an ignominious career in early autumn mist.

Fears are expressed, too, for future stocks of fish. What has been the effect of two winters with only half the spawning beds available? Let us hope that here the "unforeseen" will be found on the right side of the balances.

### CAN BLACK BASS BE ACCLIMATISED?

Many a trout fisher must be wondering rather ruefully what he had better do with himself during the next two months in which there are pretty sure to be several weeks among the most pleasant of the year. Grayling are not ubiquitous, nor even where they are present in trout streams is fishing for them always permitted. This is the time of year when envious eyes are apt to be cast on America with its black-bass fishing.

A correspondent recently enquired why black bass had never been acclimatised over here. They were, at one time, apparently established by the Marquis of Exeter at Burleigh Park. Later they died off, and further experiments have been no more successful. The lack of suitable spawning temperatures is probably the stumbling block, but rainbow trout, once a subject for despair, have successfully established themselves. Surely science could find a way to outwit even the malignity of an English spring?

### FAREWELL TO SOUTH AFRICANS

You, who have known our summer—
A brief and fickle phase
That turns about from snow to drought—
Now having gone your ways,
We wish you well at parting.
The happier for your deeds,
For odds defied, for hopes that died,
For all a good game needs.

The deadly grace of Langton,
Balaskas, lithe of wrist,
The burning spell of Crisp and Bell,
And Vincent's cruel twist.
All these we shall remember—
Bruce Mitchell's dauntless blade,
Viljoen's resource and Cameron's force,
And tides turned back by Wade.

But, warmer than the triumphs
With which a journey ends,
We feel the glow that champions know
When they have fought as friends;
And thus, at wickets-drawing,
Glad memories guard each name,
Like old songs sung that still keep young
The spring-time of the game.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

*The countryside our forefathers left us*

# ARE WE MAKING NEW SLUMS?

## A House Problem of the Future

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

OF all the great problems that have confronted this country during the last 20 years, that of housing the over-crowded population living in our larger towns, and providing adequate accommodation at low rents for the small wage-earner, has always been one of the most pressing and important. During these years an astonishing transformation has been in progress in many parts of the country—especially in the vicinity of our greater industrial towns—where the number of new houses and shops erected is probably more in proportion than for any other period of modern times.

Whole tracts of field and woodland have been covered with rows of small "cottage-type" houses: land near large cities has taken on a value undreamed of formerly, and, being sold for building purposes, is first of all "cleared" of tall trees and vegetation, and then rapidly converted into a new "building estate" blatantly advertised by large hoardings which dilate on the exceptional size of the houses, and the diminutive weekly payments necessary to acquire them. The need for new dwellings is clear and unquestioned—the suitability and efficiency of such dwellings has too often been taken for granted.

Although the progress of new housing schemes has always, if only on account of its obvious nature, attracted widespread attention throughout the country, there is one feature of this steady encroachment on field and woodland that has, until recently, escaped the serious attention of the general public. This, however, is not surprising, as it is only after the lapse of some five or even ten years that its presence becomes apparent. Whereas houses constructed before the war still, in the majority of cases, present a solid and substantial appearance, those built on many post-war housing estates have frequently taken on an air of premature decay that cannot reasonably be ascribed to the ravages of time and weather, with the result that several new suburbs around London and other large towns have begun to bear an appearance perilously approaching that of the overcrowded unhealthy areas they are in many cases designed to replace.

Two main reasons may be advanced for this unfortunate state of affairs, apart from the general demand for a cheap presentable house, which is, indeed, the fundamental cause—the first of which has lately been given special prominence because of the action of the Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood, in announcing his intention of putting a check on "jerry-building" and the rapid growth of hurriedly constructed houses.

Let us examine the position more closely. Although the new houses conform in design and spacing to the regulations set up by local authorities, the materials used and the methods of construction leave much to be desired. In some cases external cavity walls have been dispensed with; lath and plaster is frequently substituted for brick work in partition walls, and breeze blocks often take the place of bricks. Many of these blocks contain impurities which set up chemical action with the plaster covering them, and cracks rapidly develop. Moreover, woodwork and joinery such as staircases and window frames are often left standing in the open unprotected by any coating of priming paint until required, and are then incorporated in the rapidly-erected building. This woodwork is more often than not of an unseasoned variety, and damp penetrates quickly, with the result that any outer covering of paint that is subsequently applied peels off when the action of the sun causes the damp to force its way to the surface. The story does not end here, however, for the very paint itself often contains poor quality pigments and a reduced quantity of binding oils for cheapness, so that what should be a firm, hard, weather-resisting surface soon degenerates into a powdering travesty of its original self. Furthermore, external drainage is nearly always of the "soak away" variety, causing the soil around the house to remain permanently damp, with disastrous results to the floors and foundations of the building.

But the whole of the blame must not be laid to the door of the builder. The purchaser is also responsible for a certain amount. By demanding more than can reasonably be expected for a given sum of money, he has forced the builder to use materials of inferior quality in order to satisfy the buyer's demands. Again, the system of piece-work has tended to replace the individual builder. A contractor will, as it were, let out his scheme of work to the cheapest builder, so that construction is hastily carried out by men who are hurried in order that they may be ready for the next job, and who are thus not given a chance to make full use of the materials with which they have to deal. The householder suffers.

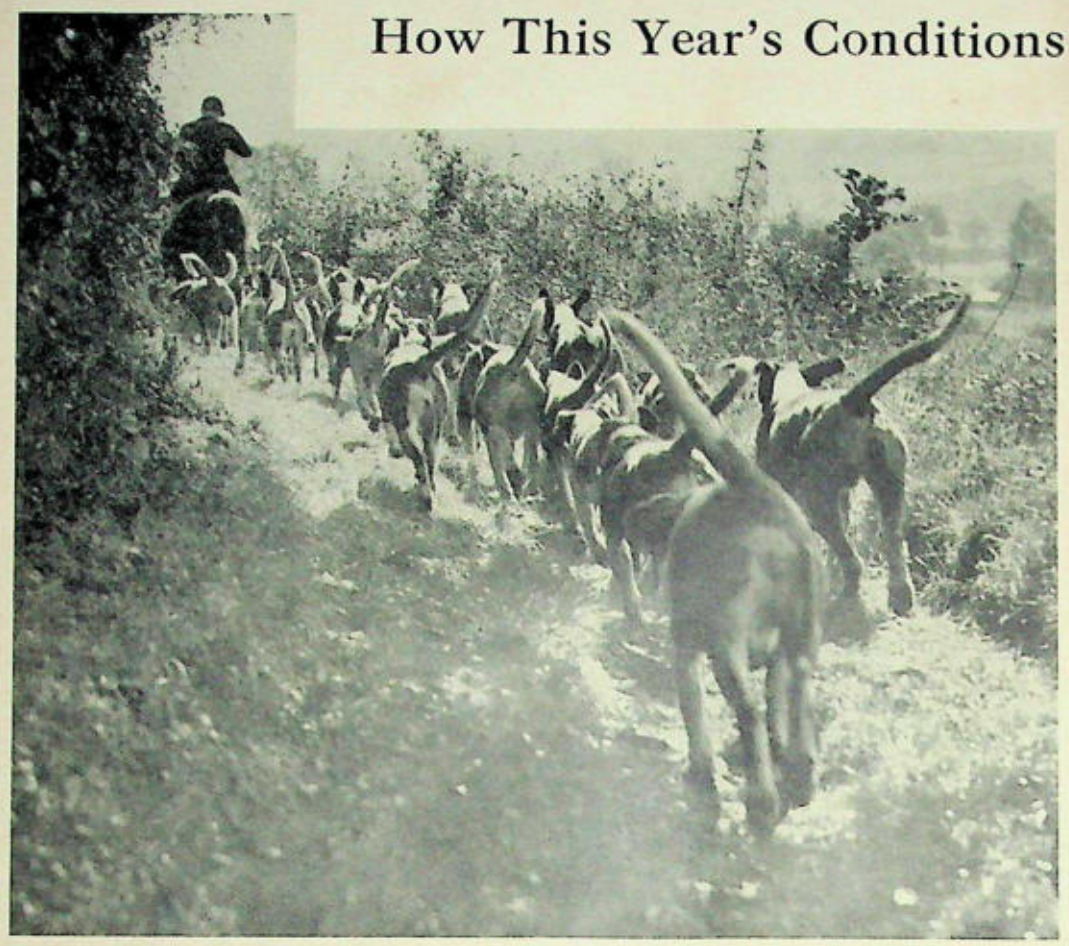
The second main reason is intimately connected with the first—it may even, as has already been suggested, be one of the main causes of the dilapidated condition of many of our so-called Garden Villages. Most of the houses erected on these estates are sold by means of an easy-payment system, whereby the would-be purchaser obtains his home for a small capital sum, and spreads the remainder of the cost over a period of many years of small weekly or monthly payments. More often than not, the weekly payments alone are as much as the householder can reasonably afford; so that when the effects of slovenly building make themselves apparent, and the need of repairs becomes urgent, he is hard pressed to find the means to carry them out. The result is that repairs have to wait and the sorry condition of many such houses bears silent witness to this fact.

Again, should the holder be so pressed by the expense of this premature repair work that he cannot continue to pay the weekly payments demanded, he finds it extremely difficult to sell his house; for when a new and seemingly sound house may be obtained for so small a capital outlay as £25, or even less, who would wish to buy one that, although only a few years old, has already taken on an air of decay? Unoccupied houses of this type tend to give an appearance of neglect to what might otherwise be a well-kept suburb.

But it should not be assumed that all new housing schemes are bound to suffer in this way: the plight of the minority brings disfavour on the majority. Unfortunately, many of the newly-developed areas form a rather striking contrast to the countryside over which they have spread, for with the construction of new roads, ribbon development has come into being. It is with a view to checking ribbon building of this type that the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act has recently become law. But this is not enough to stop the wholesale disfigurement of the countryside; and if the efforts of the Minister of Health are not adequately supported, a far more extensive Slum Problem—in the newly built areas—may have to be combated in the next few years.

# CUBHUNTING ON HARD GOING

## How This Year's Conditions Have Affected Sport



STERNS UP AT A CUBHUNTING FIXTURE OF THE WEST KENT

IN last week's issue of the *Field* some considerations of getting hounds fit for the hunting season were discussed, and as our cubhunting had begun in the second or third week in August, by September we were out for four or five hours, and disturbing two or three litters in the process.

If we go on doing that all through September and catch an average of, perhaps, three brace of cubs in four mornings, then when October arrives the huntsman (say, of a four-days a week establishment) is in the happy position of having killed 20 brace of cubs with, perhaps, 42 or 43 couple of old hounds in kennel, fit and well, and 17 or 18 couple of puppies, of which all but one or two will at any rate go to the cry. During the final month of preparation for the regular season, it only remains for him to mount a wise old hunt horse instead of a cubhunting pony and to be less exacting in holding up the cubs, gradually taking more opportunities to come away over the open with a half-tired cub. He may also consider whether those puppies which have not entered are merely backward (there are scores of good hounds who never hunted before their first Christmas) or whether they are mentally deficient.

LORD BURGHLEY CUBHUNTING WITH HIS OWN PACK

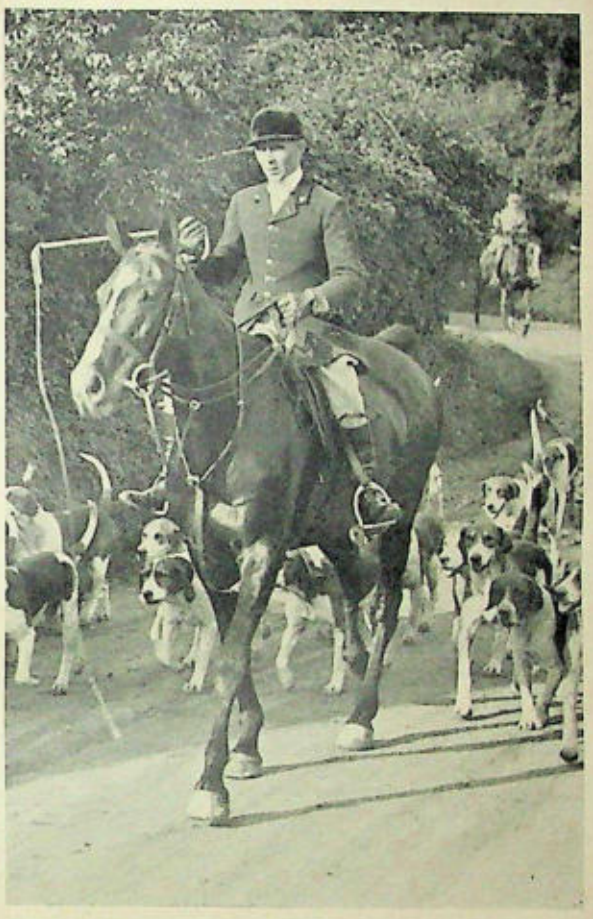
But there are more considerations in cubhunting than this, and during the last three years we have had one of them at least brought home to us somewhat vigorously.

We have now been lucky enough to have for three years in succession hot weather in July and August. The result has been that for three years in succession foxhunters have been heard moaning that the ground has been far too hard for successful cubhunting, that it has been too hot and dry for hounds to run well—in short, that wet weather early in August would have been very much more welcome. Is that so? Perhaps it would have been welcome for those who only come out cubhunting in the hopes of having a gallop. But there must be few Masters of hounds who would not rather have the hot weather.

In a wet summer the harvest is bound to be late, dismal and expensive. All loyal foxhunters should be farmers (in sympathy) first and sportsmen second, so that that in itself is bound to be depressing. Then there are fields of corn standing all through September, if not in October. Cubhunting starts late, and probably the Master takes hounds long distances to kill cubs that have been doing damage, draws the local coverts blank, and then sees corn still uncut, from the security of which the cubs are doubtless making finger-fans. The coverts themselves are thick with weeds and brambles, and if the weather is stuffy, as well as wet, hounds tire quite as quickly as in hot sunshine. There may be a scent and it may be possible to gallop without laming horses, but the country is sure to be very blind, with the ditches almost invisible under the weeds. Wherever the hounds go, the talk is only of sprouting corn and discoloured barley—most disheartening.

But supposing that there is really hot weather all the summer or (as this year) in July and August. Then most of the corn is cut by the middle of August. Cubhunting, it is true, is hot work for the hounds; but it is possible to start a fortnight or three weeks earlier than usual and have a succession of short mornings, attacking one litter only and probably being back in kennel before the sun is really hot. The coverts are bare, like the pastures, and as for scent—well, admittedly, it is apt to be best on very wet ground, but very dry is certainly next best, with half-wet certainly worst. Of course, it would be foolish to gallop about the country on horses needed for the regular season, but the ponies used for hound exercise can canter round the coverts without suffering much damage. There may be a few hounds with sore feet, but only a few if the road exercise has been thorough. If they are lame in the shoulders, does the fault lie with the ground or the shoulders? But the greatest blessing is to be able to take the hounds anywhere and be sure of meeting smiling faces. A good, cheap harvest is the best of all preludes to a successful foxhunting season.

1934, one of the hottest and driest summers on record, was a wonderful cubhunting season for many packs. The Fitzwilliam (65 brace), for instance, and the Puckeridge (44 brace) both killed more cubs than ever before. This year hounds ran well while the sun blazed. Then at the end of August came the rain—welcomed by everyone, farmers included. The pastures recaptured their juvenile greenness and it was a pleasure to gallop on them again, but—there was no need to gallop, for there was no scent! The first few rainstorms after a drought seem to make the ground steamy, even before they destroy scent by making the ground "carry" on the foxes' as on the horses' feet. After a dry summer rain is needed for everything else, but really as far as catching cubs is concerned, it would be as well, or better, if the weather remained fine, and even hot, until the end of September.



BACK TO KENNELS

"But it is madness," people will say, "to talk as though hard ground were preferable to soft. Even if the servants are able to ride ponies with cast-iron legs, the subscribers will be riding their hunters, and laming them too. For whose benefit is foxhunting intended?" The answer is that after November 1st the subscriber pays the piper and may (within limits) call the tune. But until then cubhunting is conducted for the benefit of the hounds and of the fox preservers. Soft, steamy ground is all very well for those who refuse to hold up cubs in the coverts—saying magnanimously that they can catch them better outside. But if any Master really wants to thin out the cubs there is not the slightest doubt that he can do it best

THE GARTH MOVING OFF TO KEEP A SEPTEMBER FIXTURE

by holding them up, posting keen, reliable foot followers on both sides of each fence or ditch running away from the covert and having a horseman in the middle of each field, all standing 50yds. away from the covert, with instructions to turn back any cubs that show themselves. For some big woods, of course, an army of supporters would be needed, and many Masters may say that they do not have enough people out even for a moderate sized covert. The answer to that is that horsemen will not ride many miles in the dark on the modern slippery roads. But foot people will come almost any distance by car if they know that on arrival they will be noticed, welcomed, given some responsible work to do and later—oh! how fearfully important!—thanked for their help.

Of course, if the Master is in Scotland and the professional huntsman, perhaps a stranger in the land, has to go out alone, he is not likely to find much help waiting for him at the meet. He cannot post people all round the covert and tell them that, like good children, they must ask if they want to get down. But the Master can—that is to say some Masters can. Cubhunting is a heaven-sent opportunity to make friends with the foot people. After all, 50 per cent. of the covert owners, 90 per cent. of the farmers and 100 per cent. of the keepers watch hounds on foot if they watch them at all. They ought all to watch hounds and to be made to enjoy it. After November 1st they cannot hope to catch more than an occasional glimpse of hounds leaving a covert behind a fox. If that is to be their fate during cubhunting also, then when are they ever to have any return for those foxes which they—not the important subscribers—keep all through the summer?

The only aspect of foxhunting that keepers and farmers understand is the killing of foxes. If the Master does not do it, they will do it for him. Gallops mean little or nothing to them. To make their day a success post the foot people round the covert very carefully, even if it keeps hounds waiting for ten minutes. With luck every cub will be seen ten or a dozen times, and there will be plenty of thrills; but not, if you please, unlimited noise. The place will appear to be alive with foxes, and you may thank everyone wholesale for the wonderful show of cubs. Kill a brace or more out of each litter. Give brushes and pads to everyone in sight. Ask then all to come again when the hounds are near. Shake the farmers and keepers by the hand and thank them by name—by the right name. Make sure that the huntsman does not stand aloof—the fascination of a scarlet coat among the yokels is hard to over-estimate—and that the hounds are allowed to lick the faces of all the schoolchildren.

If you have not many cubs in the country then you cannot kill many. In that case make short mornings. But take the cubhunting very seriously, with the minimum of gallops and the maximum of attention to the wishes of the fox preservers. If the locals see that you are not merely playing at catching foxes, they will soon make sure that you have something to catch. Pray for a hot summer and a good, early harvest, and if anyone says that the ground is too hard for foxhunting, tell him to go to a place where it is alleged to be really hot, and where the ground presumably is really hard. M. F.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CATTISTOCK: THE REV. E. A. MILNE WITH HOUNDS ON POWERSTOCK COMMON

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN IRISH TURF HISTORY

*Leading in Sir Victor Sassoon's Museum (S. Donoghue up) after his victory in the Irish St. Leger. Museum also won the Irish Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, and this is the first time that the Irish Triple Crown has ever been won*

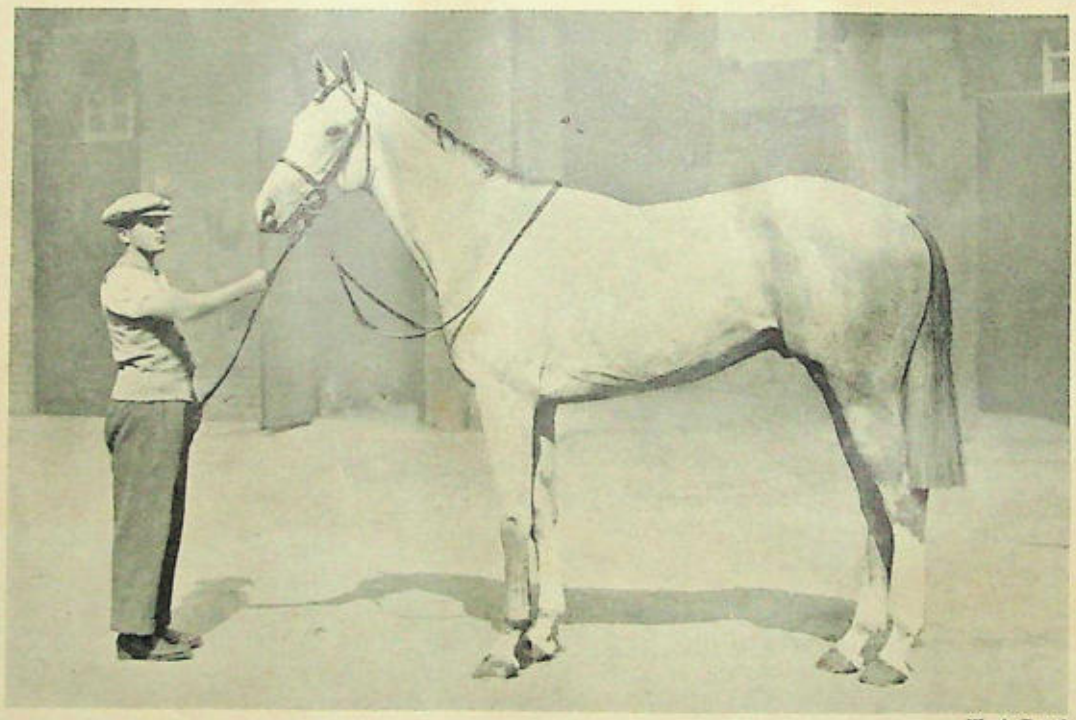
# RACING IN THE AUTUMN

## Testing the Merits of Two-Year-Old Form

ONE effect of the coming gathering at Newmarket will be to put the finishing touches on the two-year-old form. We shall be disappointed if these meetings do not bring to light some new youngsters of considerable promise. At present we have to accept Mahmoud as the smartest of his age; but it will be strange if he is not confronted with some formidable challengers for classic distinction before the close of the season.

A colt we are all anxious to see again is Sir George Bullough's Daytona, whose public activities have been confined to his appearance in the July Stakes. That race had one of the most remarkable results of the year, because the colt in question was believed to be so backward that he was saddled for the sake of opening his eyes rather than with any hope of his success. Thus his owner and trainer were agreeably astonished to see him win with something to spare.

Mr. Jack Jarvis at once advised Sir George to give the chesnut son of Fairway—Grand Vitesse plenty of time. It was manifest that this well-grown and still undeveloped youngster had genuine classic possibilities, and it was equally clear that he ought not be asked to do too much this year. His remaining engagements include the Middle Park Stakes, on October 17th. Whether he runs then or not, we think that if he steers clear of troubles Daytona will be a colt seriously to be reckoned with in some of the big three-year-old events of 1936.



*W. A. Rouch*

THE SEASON'S LEADING TWO-YEAR-OLD

*Mahmoud (Blenheim—Mah Mahal), which may win classic races for the Aga Khan next season*

Among the main attractions next week will be the Jockey Club Stakes, a race worth more than £4,000 to its winner. Both Bahram and Windsor Lad were among the original entries. It would have been the race of the year had they been trained for it, but last year's Derby and St. Leger winner has retired, and this season's classic champion is about to be withdrawn from training. Therefore, the Jockey Club Stakes will fall to a star of lesser magnitude.

It can well be imagined that this is a race which Lord Astor has been awaiting with special attention. The many entries for which he was responsible include Field Trial and Portfolio, both of whom have had ample time in which to recover from the effects of their spell of coughing in August. These notes are necessarily written before the publication of the final acceptances, but we expect to find both the Manton colts in the surviving entry. Field Trial was known to be backward in the St. Leger, and nobody was surprised when he collapsed about a quarter of a mile from the end. The Felstead colt should be in appreciably better condition next week—but is he capable of conceding no less than 14lb. to his stable companion?

We have a high opinion of Portfolio. Excuses were made for Bahram because he did not beat this Sansovino colt more easily at Ascot. The fact remains that Portfolio, receiving 7lb., ran his undefeated rival to a length, and Bahram had to be shaken up rather vigorously in order to achieve that success. Further, the other competitors for that race finished a long way behind Lord Astor's colt. Since then no risks have been run with Portfolio.

Tempting engagements have been allowed to pass when the ground has been hard. Obviously he is regarded at Manton as possessing a particularly bright future, and everything which might prejudice his prospects of winning big races has been avoided. From his breeding—his dam is that fine classic winner Short Story—the colt should stay, and if he runs next week he should win.

Another likely runner for the Jockey Club Stakes is Black Devil, who for a long time was a disappointment to his trainer and American owner. Indeed, it was not until the summer of his four-year-old career that he gained his maiden success. Since cantering away with the Newbury Summer Cup he has won the Doncaster Cup, and his advance can be estimated by the fact that he is handicapped at no less than 9st. 4lb. for the Cesarewitch. This son of Sir Gallahad III has speed as well as stamina, a combination which should stand him in good stead in the Jockey Club Stakes if the pick of the Manton colts fails to run up to expectations.

That section of the racing community often referred to as students of form—aren't we all?—are now endeavouring to solve the problems which Mr. Arthur Fawcett has set in the chief autumn handicaps. For the Cesarewitch there is a kind of dress rehearsal in the shape of the Newbury Autumn Cup this week-end. The winner of this race last year carried his penalty to victory in the Cesarewitch, while Nitsichin, second in the preceding season at Newbury, went on to win the more important Newmarket race. No wonder, then, that one race is expected to throw some instructive light on the prospects of the other.

There are, however, various Cesarewitch candidates who will not be seen at Newbury, including Near Relation and Lucky Patch, both winners of good races in Scotland last week for Sir Alfred Butt, who is well entitled to this turn of luck after a long quiet spell. Which of his horses has the better chance in the Cesarewitch is difficult to decide, though no doubt Mr. Frank Butters has already formed his views on the subject.

In Lucky Patch he has a well-seasoned gelding whose staying powers are well known. In a previous attempt to win the Cesarewitch the last quarter of a mile proved just too much for him, but we must allow for the possibility that the opposition may not be quite so strong this time. In Near Relation we have an example of a good staying three-year-old undoubtedly improving with age. The handicapper has not been unmindful of his merits, 7st. 9lb. being a substantial weight for a gelding of his age in the Cesarewitch. Still, Mr. A. Fawcett would probably have given him even more to do had his weights been compiled subsequent to Near Relation's smooth performance in the Edinburgh Gold Cup, which shows, at least, that the Son-in-Law gelding is still on the upgrade.

Our impression is that the selected of Sir Alfred Butt's entrants will be actively concerned in the finish on October 16th. When the first list of quotations on the Cesarewitch were issued from the Victoria Club, the headquarters of ante-post betting, it came as a surprise to many to find Chrysler II a clear favourite. What has Lord Ivor Churchill's French-bred four-year-old done to suggest that he will win under 7st. 11lb.? In the first place his staying ability has to be taken on trust. The Salisbury Cup, which he won some months ago when running for the second time in this country, is a twelve-furlong race. The colt's performances in France were not specially impressive.

It follows, therefore, that Chrysler II's position in the betting must be due to something he has accomplished away from the racecourse. We expect him to start at longer odds than those at which he was quoted last week. Other Cesarewitch horses at comparatively short odds are Tommaok and Shining Cloud, both of whom are in the Newbury Autumn Cup. Late last season the French-bred gelding Tommaok won a two-mile handicap at Manchester, while Shining Cloud beat all excepting Enfield in the Cesarewitch. Both, therefore, will get the course.

One of the best stayers in the Cesarewitch field will be Hoplite. To judge by his display in the Goodwood Stakes, the longer the journey the better he likes it, and though he has plenty of weight we suggest that he is one to be regarded with respect. Confidence in him will be strengthened if he is deputed to represent Mr. H. L. Cottrill's stable in preference to Doreen Jane, whose purchase out of a selling plate in the early weeks of the season was a great triumph for the judgment of her trainer. Although Doreen Jane and Shining Cloud are in different stables, both belong to Sir Abe Bailey, so it is questionable whether they will oppose each other in this handicap. We shall have a further opportunity of discussing Cesarewitch prospects. In the meantime it is evident that this popular handicap will not fall short of its traditional interest.

## SCAMPERDALE HORSE SHOW

ENTRIES were excellent and quality strong at the Scamperdale Hunter Show, arranged by Mr. Sam Marsh at Woolborough Farm, Outwood. One of the last shows in Surrey this year, it was well patronised by hunting folk drawn from a wide radius. Heavy-weight hunters made a good show, and were headed by Mrs. D. Wilson's well-known brown Mount William, who beat Mr. K. L. Urquhart's Hardy, though there was not much to choose between them.

In the light-weights, Mr. J. V. Rank's Lopgift decisively defeated Sir John Leigh's Majestic. This was a very strong class, as was that for hunters up to any weight who were required to jump two fences to qualify for judging. Would it not prove beneficial and give anyone a fairer chance to have one of these events at other shows? It was a meritorious performance for Miss Betty Rank to win on her well-made performer Sporting Chance.

The open hack class did not fill as well as expected, and there was quite a reversal of the season's show form when Miss M. Gibson won with Flying Queen.

In the class for children's ponies under 14.2 Miss V. Lush had a fairly easy victory with Pearl-stream. Two well-filled hunter trial classes, which took a considerable time to judge, ended a good sporting day.

W. F.

# A WELL-FOUGHT PASSAGE RACE

## Twelve Tons and Three Tons in a Thames Estuary Duel

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

BRITISH passage racing in 1935 ended much as it began—with hard winds and moderate entries. The last race of the season under the Royal Ocean Racing Club rules, the Thames Estuary Race, attracted only four starters, and of these only two finished. The course was a gruelling round of some 96 miles—from the Crouch out round the Longsand Head and the Kentish Knock and back to Burnham again by way of Prince's Channel and the Swin.

These are waters in which even a moderate breeze can swiftly knock up a short steep vicious sea on the weather-going stream—and the race started in a strong sou'wester blowing out of the sort of hard, clear sky which usually guarantees stronger wind later on.

MUSETTE PASSES BY

*Her crew, including Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Lang, must have "sailed" her to account for her fine performance*

Nomad, of 12 tons (Major C. E. Edwards), Musette, of 3 tons (Mr. H. R. Barrett), Coquette, of 9 tons (Miss M. Wiles), and Silver Fox, of 7 tons (Mr. J. S. Truscott), faced the starting gun. Nomad unreefed and gave almost 44 minutes time allowance to the little Musette, who seems to me to be hit very hard by R.O.R.C. rulings.

At the Whittaker Channel's end Miss Wiles's Coquette carried away the bobstay and retired, a piece of really hard luck, for it was a game start and many would like to see this regular passage race entrant and her lady owner skipper collect a prize. At the Longsand Head the Maurice-Griffiths-designed Silver Fox hauled out of the contest, and bore away for Pin Mill, thus leaving David and Goliath (Musette and Nomad) to continue the battle.

And they did. Musette had crossed the starting line ahead of Nomad, but Major Edwards set more canvas and at the Whittaker had taken the lead. Still under "all lowers" at the Longsand Head, she was three or four miles ahead of the well-reefed-down Musette, but, obliged to shorten canvas then for the close haul to the Kentish Knock, Nomad dropped her lead. At the Knock Musette, by a magnificent effort, had worked to windward, and was almost level again. From that point onwards, however, in hardening winds and increasing seas, Nomad's tonnage turned the scale; until abreast the Tongue she was again well in the lead.

In the smoother water which lay ahead, Nomad's reef came out, and a spinnaker was able to be set when opportunity offered, with the result that she finally finished rather more than two hours ahead of Musette. The performance of both craft was more than admirable in one of the hardest, if not the hardest, passage race of the season. Nomad amply demonstrated her easy speed power, no less than her ability to stand up to her canvas; Musette must have been "sailed" to have held on as she did under racing conditions in weather which kept many a much larger cruiser in the shelter of a weather shore with a couple of anchors down.

The Brightlingsea One Design class, designed and built by R. N. Stone, of Brightlingsea, are fine little 18-footers, fast, and very seaworthy. They competed last week for the Inter-Club Challenge Cup between the Westcliff and Colne Yacht Clubs.

The Cup is held by the Colne Yacht Club for another year, as, though both clubs were equal in points, Brightlingsea crews, both on the Colne and at Westcliff, brought in the first boat, so that the Westcliff Club sportingly insisted on the Colne Yacht Club retaining the Cup.

Comorant, with a Brightlingsea crew, and Peter Pennell at the helm, was over the line first, and never lost the lead. The six boats had a good full sail reaching wind for the full course of two rounds, so there was little chance of any other boat overtaking Comorant by manœuvres in tacking.

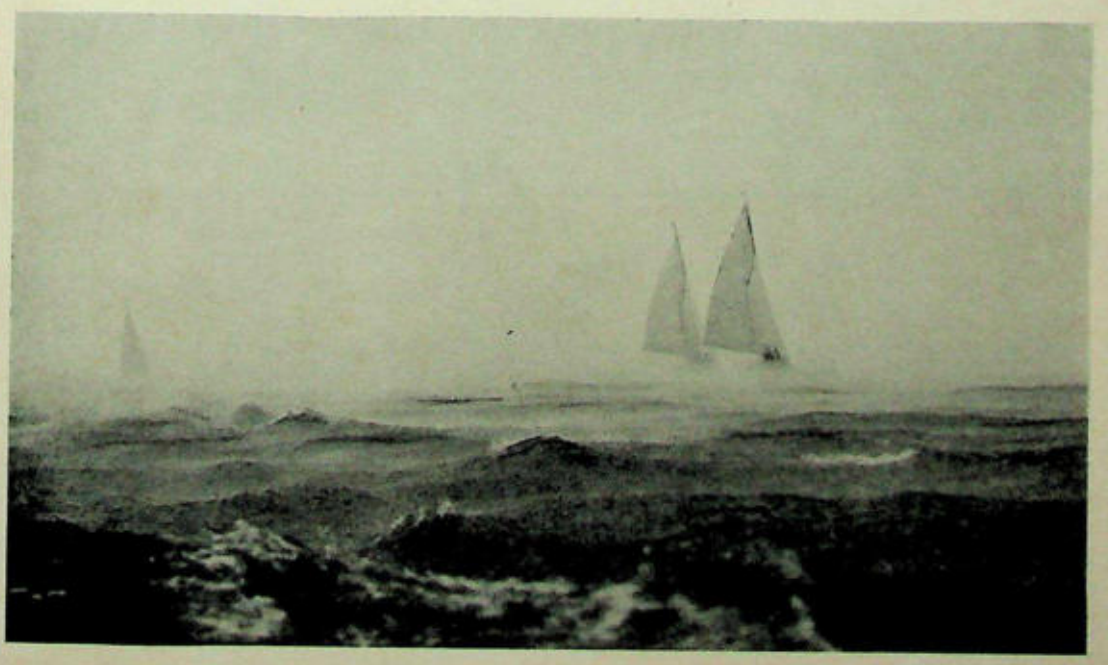
Near the Blackwater River buoy a sudden squall of wind and rain came up, and it was all the crews could do at first to manage the boats, and a nasty choppy sea arose at the mouth of the Blackwater. The rain came down so heavily that the waves calmed down as if oil had been poured on them.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

*Nomad, winner of the Thames Estuary Race, and Musette, the smallest and only other ship to complete the course*

START OF THE RACE BETWEEN THE WESTCLIFF AND COLNE YACHT CLUBS

*A nice full sail wind on the first round and—*



*—later a squall of heavy rain which almost obliterated the boats. "Tempesty weather I racken," in Essex parlance*

# HURLINGHAM'S DEFEAT IN AMERICA

## Our Ponies May Decide Next Year's Issue

R. E. STRAWBRIDGE TAKES A NEAR-SIDE BACKHANDER FOR THE HURRICANES, WITH CAPTAIN P. B. SANGER IN REAR

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to come to any definite conclusion as to the merits or otherwise of our Hurlingham representatives until we hear what eye witnesses and the players themselves have to say on the subject, the fact remains that they have been defeated in both their public engagements. This, in itself, is a great disappointment. A team with any pretensions to International class should be able to win the American Championship, which corresponds to our Champion Cup, in which the best players are scattered on different sides. It is doubtful whether any member of the Hurricanes, who were our conquerors and who, incidentally, were themselves defeated in the next round, will be selected to represent their country. It is only when America organise *now*. A start has been made, and in spite of defeat, it is by no means discouraging.

It must have been a real good game with the Hurricanes, and with the toss of a coin the result might well have been the other way. Invaluable lessons must have been learnt, these have now to be digested. The Selection Committee have gained a more practical knowledge both of their own resources and those of the Americans. They know what they are "up against" and will be able to make their plans accordingly. At the moment it looks long odds against England next summer. We believe, however, that ponies even more than players will be the key to the situation. Our representatives will at Hurlingham next June rise to the occasion, provided they can get to the ball before the other chap. With four super ponies apiece the betting on the day will be even money.

As the English Press has only given the barest details of the matches we append here the full account of the match supplied by Reuter.

"The Hurlingham Polo team were beaten in the first round of the American Open Championship by the Hurricanes, who won by nine goals to eight. Captain P. B. Sanger, the captain of the British side, played a great game in an effort to stave off defeat. He scored five of his side's eight goals. Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin scored twice and Captain H. P. Guinness once. Playing the Americans at their own game of riding hard, and combining excellently, Hurlingham lost a terrific battle in which the result was in doubt until the very end of the eighth chukker.

Captain Sanger, in discussing the match with a Reuter correspondent, said: 'It was a very good game. We had only ourselves to blame. We lost through sheer bad play. The Americans were

The Hurricanes lived up to their name, and went off with a rush. Within a minute of the start they were a goal up through Mr. R. L. Gerry, playing at No. 2. Following this Mr. Sandford (No. 1) took the ball down the field. His pass was neatly intercepted, however, and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, Hurlingham's No. 3, got away and equalised with a beautiful long shot after five minutes' play.

The Hurricanes were not to be denied, however, and within half a minute of the restart Mr. Sandford regained the lead for his side following a mêlée in the goalmouth. There was no further scoring in the first chukker in which the Hurricanes led by 2—1.

Hurlingham, well served by Captain Sanger at No. 2, pressed hard in the second chukker. Their efforts quickly met with reward when Captain Sanger scored with a long high shot from a free hit awarded for a foul. The scoring went on in turn. Almost from the restart Mr. Gerry, riding furiously, got through to regain the lead for the Americans. This success was short-lived, for Captain Sanger again equalised from a free shot from a foul by Mr. Gerry. The second chukker ended level at 3—3.

Mr. Sandford was soon prominent in the third chukker, a brilliant shot through his pony's legs regaining the lead for the Americans shortly after the start. Then Hurlingham made a spirited reply, and Captain Sanger, who was one of the outstanding players on the field, swept down the field and again levelled the scores. Mr. Sandford immediately scored again for the Hurricanes, but it was not long before Captain Sanger placed his side level with a splendid long rising shot. The score was 5—5 at the end of the third chukker.

The fourth chukker saw some brilliant combined work by the Englishmen, who took the lead for the first time, Captain Sanger once again being the scorer.

AT A PRACTICE GAME ON LONG ISLAND

*On the left, Mr. Hassel of a Long Island team is about to score; Captain H. C. Walford, the Hurlingham No. 1, is on his left. (Right) E. Tyrrell-Martin taking a near-side backhander on the boards*

mobilises her forces—both in men and ponies—as she will undoubtedly do next summer, that she becomes really formidable.

Even more disconcerting is the defeat by six goals by a Long Island team in the Monte Waterbury Cup. From the meagre account of this match it looks as if the ball was being continually hit up to and beyond our back, and that Mr. Balding then had the legs of Captain Guinness, and hit straight. It must, however, be remembered that this expedition has been merely a reconnaissance. The selected team had never had a game together before leaving England. Each individual was responsible for mounting himself, and with the help of friends and relations succeeded in doing so. This is all right as far as it goes, but it is not business. If we are to have any chance next year, we must mobilise and

quicker on the ball, while we were too deliberate. We must learn to be quicker. Our ponies tired towards the end, but throughout the game both ponies and men were slower than the Hurricanes. However, we are going to beat the Americans when they come to England. Our grounds are smaller, and the different conditions should help us.'

The experts at Meadowbrook did not agree with Captain Sanger's opinion that his side played badly. Indeed, they were loud in their praise for both men and ponies, and considered that the British team played their best game since their arrival in the United States.

Contrary to expectations there was only a small attendance. The 5,000 people present looked lost in the huge sea-green stands, which stretched almost the whole length of both sides of the field.

Hurlingham maintained the pressure and were unfortunate not to increase their lead. Mr. Tyrrell-Martin and Captain Guinness both missed scoring by inches. Then Mr. Gerry fouled Mr. Tyrrell-Martin, and from the free hit Captain Guinness struck the flanks of Mr. Gerry's pony, but a later free hit to Hurlingham brought a goal, Mr. Tyrrell-Martin scoring from 60yds. to give his side a 7—5 lead at the end of the chukker.

Mr. Gerry reduced the lead with a goal from 60yds. in the fifth chukker. Then Captain Guinness was conspicuous until Mr. Sandford, riding all out, covered three-quarters of the length of the field on his pony White Slave, which he purchased in England, and equalised at 7—7.

There was much long hitting in the sixth chukker, in which Captain Guinness once more put

SEA TROUT FISHING AT BRECHFA
*During the mid-September rains a good run of fish was reported in the Cothi*

Hurlingham ahead with a goal scored from a mêlée.

From the start of the seventh chukker, Hurlingham attacked hotly, but it was the Americans who scored, Strawbridge equalising with a splendid shot.

The eighth and last chukker provided a thrilling finish to a great struggle. The play was carried to both goalmouths in turn before Mr. Sandford snatched the winning goal after a long gallop. All the members of the Hurlingham team played an excellent game, but a little more speed and anticipation might have carried them to victory. Captain Walford several times had bad luck with close shots."

These were the teams :—Hurlingham : Captain H. C. Walford (17th/21st Lancers), No. 1 ; Captain P. B. Sanger (11th P. A. V. O. Cavalry), No. 2 ; Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, No. 3 ; and Captain H. P. Guinness (Royal Scots Greys), back.

Hurricanes :—Mr. S. Sandford, No 1 ; Mr. R. L. Gerry, No. 2 ; Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, No. 3 ; Mr. J. C. Rathborne, back.

In the Monte Waterbury Cup, Long Island, a strong combination of Mr. I. Balding, Mr. E. Harrison, Mr. T. G. Preece and Mr. J. R. Fell defeated Hurlingham, for whom Captain M. P. Ansell displaced Captain H. C. Walford at No. 1, by sixteen goals to ten. The British ponies were noticeably slower, and it was not till the seventh and eighth chukkers that the British side found their form, when they received an ovation. Captain Ansell, despite lack of practice, and Captain Sanger showed good form, but it was Mr. Balding who dominated the game.

Towards the end of their American visit the Hurlingham side appeared to have shown very considerable improvement, which proves that, as everybody hoped, the experience has been of great help. On Friday 20th, according to Reuter's account, they were able by combining together more impressively than at any time since their arrival, to hold Aurora, who were defeated by Greentree in the American Open Championship final by the barest margin, to a draw of six goals each. The match was decided over seven chukkers of six minutes each. Hurlingham had a splendid chance of winning when they led 6—3 at the beginning of the final chukker. From that point, however, Mr. E. T. Gerry, playing at No. 3, led Aurora in a series of brilliant rallies and saved the game.

Hurlingham led 2—1 at the end of the first chukker. This was increased to 3—1 in the second, and after a blank third chukker, Aurora reduced the lead to 3—2 in the fourth. The fifth period ended with Hurlingham holding a 4—3 lead, which was increased to 6—3 in the sixth. The Hurlingham team was the same as in the Monte Waterbury match. Aurora consisted of Mr. Seymour H. Knox, No. 1 ; Mr. James P. Mills, No. 2 ; Mr. E. T. Gerry, No. 3 ; Mr. William M. Post, back.

On Sunday 22nd, they took their revenge of the Hurricanes, and defeated them by eight goals to seven after a fast exciting game, the final result of which was doubtful up to the last moment.

# TIDAL SEA TROUT

## Fine Tackle Fishing on the Leven

By RICHARD CLAPHAM

TIDAL waters where sea trout run, make a happy hunting ground for the user of a thread-line spinning outfit. Such a river is the Leven, which flows out of Lake Windermere. From the foot of the lake to the estuary in Morecambe Bay, it follows a winding course of four-and-a-half miles. An average tide affects the river to a point about one-and-a-half miles above Greenodd. The latter was once a busy port, but it is long since ships were able to reach it, owing to the silting up of the channel.

In all the tidal area the banks of the river are sandy, and the various channels are consequently liable to change their positions owing to the washing away of the sand. Given a good channel washed out so as to expose its stony and gravelly bed, sport with sea trout is almost certain provided there is sufficient water in the river. An odd fish is always possible, even in low water, but a rise of some inches makes all the difference between a blank day and a good one.

In low water a breeze is helpful, especially if the wind is meeting the current. At a time of dead low water many fish are in the deeper pools and, although they frequently show themselves, jumping in a most exasperating manner, the minnow has little or no attraction for them. To spin over a pool properly you must get down to the fish, and this means using a much heavier lead than suffices for the channels. The latter are the angler's stand-by whenever there is sufficient water to make spinning worth while. The banks of the tidal reaches are for the most part quite open, so there is nothing to fear in the way of overhanging branches. Most of the channels, too, are free from obstructions, and it is not often that one gets hung up.

Salmon as well as sea trout enter the Leven, some of which are got by spinning. The sea trout generally begin to come early in May, and in July and August sea trout and whitling run. Clean fish are killed right up to the end of the season, which closes on October 31st. If the weather is stormy and rough out in the estuary, the sea trout do not make up-river till the disturbance settles. On a very rough day when fish are in the river, most of them will be found lying close to the side.

A relative of mine, who is an expert with the fixed-spool reel, avers that sea trout are more tender mouthed in tidal water than fresh water, for which reason the reel check should be set as light as possible. With fresh water in the river, and sand washing down, fish will be found where the water is clearest.

The most killing bait is a natural minnow enclosed in a celluloid scarab. The latter can be bound round the minnow with 5-amp. fuse wire, and the same wire serves to bind the nose of the minnow to the lead. A strip of silver paper laid along one side of the minnow generally, but not always, adds to its attractiveness. Should the water be very sandy, a small gold Devon often kills better than the natural minnow. The latter is the more deadly of the two, however, when the water has cleared sufficiently.

If fresh minnows cannot be obtained it is advisable to keep a supply in formalin, which will be found equally serviceable. The best times to fish are three hours before high tide and three hours after.

With regard to spinning lines, there is nothing to my mind to beat gut substitute, provided the material is of the best. I have tried silk lines and linen lines, both twisted and plaited, but found none of them the equal of gut substitute. This material varies in reliability, but I have no complaint to make concerning that sent out on Illingworth wooden spools. A line will last a long time if occasionally freshened up by immersion in glycerine. Gut is often used for traces but, personally, for sea trout I make them of substitute, the same thickness as the line.

There has recently been some correspondence regarding the difficulty of killing big fish on the fixed-spool reel and gut substitute line. One correspondent mentions taking over an hour-and-a-half to kill an 11¾lb. salmon. Using a sound line and with sufficient check on the reel, such a fish should come to hand in about 30 minutes. My brother-in-law killed a fresh-run 10lb. 1oz. sea trout in the tidal reaches of the Leven in 35 minutes, using a No. 3 Illingworth reel and a gut substitute line of 5lb. breaking strain. With the same outfit he landed a 9¾lb. salmon in 25 minutes, while a friend killed a 12¼lb. salmon in 35 minutes.

When one is using a sound gut substitute line of from 7lb. to 9lb. breaking strain, a salmon of 18lb. or 20lb. should be killed in very little over the above-mentioned times, provided the water is open and the angler is not afraid to put on sufficient pressure. When all is said and done, it takes a large salmon to pull 1lb. for 30 or 40 yards.

Many of the sea trout and salmon which come up the Leven continue their journey through Lake Windermere, eventually to enter the Troutbeck, on the upper reaches of which they spawn. Authorities tell us that in the 'seventies and before, very large numbers of migratory fish visited the Troutbeck for spawning purposes, but since then the supply has greatly fallen off. Doubt has even been expressed as to whether any sea trout or salmon even enter the beck at all now. I can, however, vouch for the fact that they do, although it is probable that the numbers which did so in former years dwarfed those of the present.

# OVER THE FOSS

## A Norwegian Salmon Epic

By COLONEL EBENEZER PIKE

DURING the last fortnight in July I was salmon fishing on the River Stryn which runs into the Nordfjord, Norway. The Stryn is a particularly rapid running river fed by snow water and about 80 to 100 yards wide. It is well known for holding fish of great size. I had already been there a week, by which time we had killed a number of fish, the largest being just over 41lb.

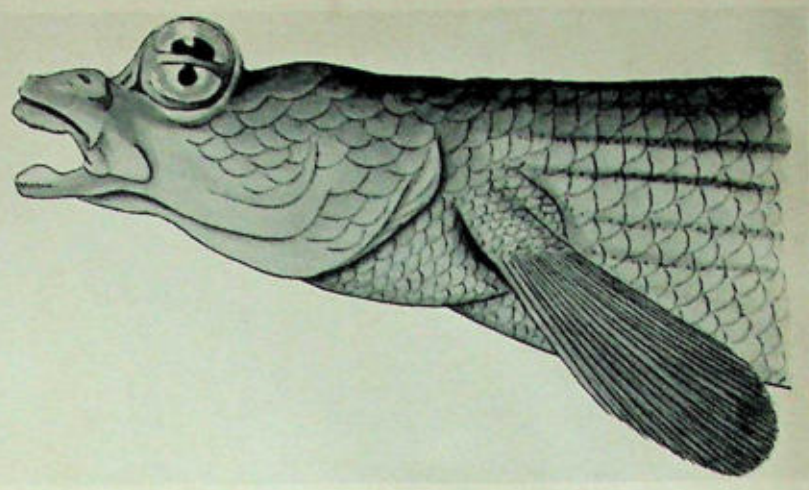
One evening, fishing out of a boat with a spoon in a pool called the Boat House Pool, I hooked a fish which ran out a big length of line and jumped. I saw I was in an exceptionally large fish. I landed from the boat and played the fish without any difficulty for about fifteen minutes. It then swam out into the middle of the river and down stream. About a 100 yards below me was a big "foss" (waterfall). An old tree had been caught at the top of this foss in a recent flood and thereby made it impossible to follow from the bank should a fish decide to go over the foss on the far side of the tree.

I knew the danger and put on all the strain possible. I was using a strong wire trace and an extra heavy line. One might as well have attempted to hold on to the Mauretania. Over the fish went. I ran down the bank to the foss with the reel screaming until all the line and all the backing had gone—200 yards. I was left with the rod and an empty reel. We had in the meantime seen the fish quite *plainly* twice since it originally jumped. My gaffer, a man of years of experience, named Tenden, and an expert at judging the weight of a fish in the water, as are many of these experienced Norwegian gaffers, said he had never seen anything like so big a fish. A salmon of over 61lb. was killed here a few years ago, and this year a spawned male fish, 4ft. 8in. long was picked up dead. I hesitate to say it, but he put this fish at anything from 70 to 80lb. weight.

We walked down the bank about 150 yards to the pool below the foss in the vague hope of finding the line or some part of it caught up in the rocks. We could see nothing. Tenden, however, fixed some prawn-tackle hooks on the end of another line with a heavy lead attached, and after three or four casts hooked something which he said felt like the line. He pulled in very slowly and gradually, becoming more and more excited. Eventually we saw my line come to the top of the water about 20 yards out. Tenden said "I think the fish is still on." The excitement was intense. Slowly he pulled the line nearer and nearer until eventually he caught it with his fingers. From where we stood the backing on the line was fast in the rocks up stream and the fish was still hooked down stream. Holding the line steady down stream, Tenden pulled and broke the backing up stream and pulled in the slack. As soon as I received the end of the broken backing I put it through the rings of my bait rod, starting at the top, and then on to the reel, and reeled up. I was in the fish again!

Only by seeing the river at this point, a roaring torrent 80 yards or more across, can one have any real conception of how infinitesimal was the chance of accomplishing such a feat. Had the fish moved while we were carrying out the operation, it would, of course, have been hopeless.

I played the fish more or less normally for about fifteen minutes. It then went off down stream again. But this time by running along the bank it was possible to keep on equal terms. After a run of about 400 yards it stopped and I was able to reel in. Alas! at that moment, when all was quiet, the hooks came out. By that time it was dark, or as dark as it gets at that time of the year in Norway. I have no doubt the fish rubbed loose the hooks of the spoon against a rock during the three-quarters of an hour it was connected to my line but not to myself. It felt to me to be well hooked originally. We didn't sleep much that night, and in the early hours it suddenly struck me that, possibly, if one had shone a bright light on the water, the fish, which was close in when lost, might have swum to the light and been gaffed. Nothing was impossible after what had already happened; but alas! we didn't think of it in time.

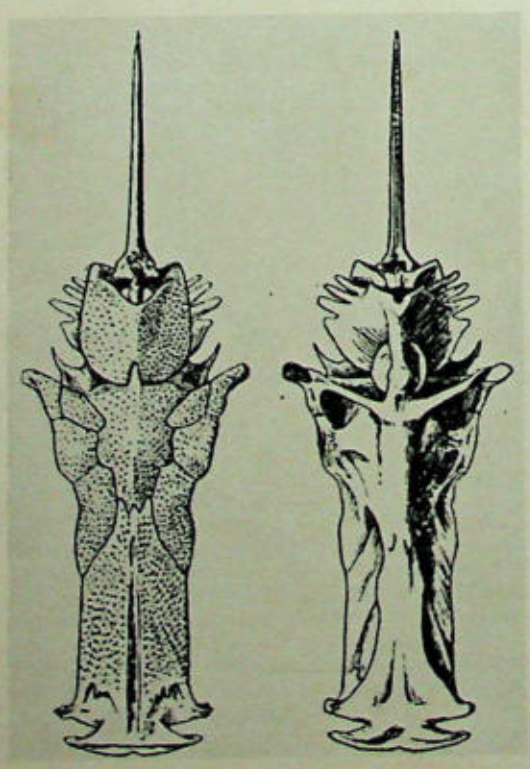


THE "FOUR-EYE," A FISH WHICH CAN SEE ABOVE AND BELOW WATER

has four eyes, each lens being divided horizontally by a band of tissue and modified so that the upper half is adapted for seeing in the air, the lower for vision in the water—thus presenting physiologists with a very pretty problem in optics. What does the fish actually see? That it does see, and see well, is proved by the difficulty in catching it.

All along the muddy coast of British Guiana the "four-eye" is to be found in shoals, lazily swimming on the surface of the sea with the upper half of each curiously modified eye above water, the lower submerged. And it has other points of interest. Already it is almost amphibious, for hundreds of them can be seen skipping over the mud-flats as actively as fiddler-crabs, but scuttling back to the sluggish waves at the least sign of danger. It is remarkable, too, in that it is viviparous, bringing forth its young alive instead of laying eggs as is the habit of the great majority of fishes.

Another curiosity of the Caribbean is the Crucifix Fish (*Arius proops*), though its chief interest does not appear until it is dead. The under surface of the skull bears an extraordinary resemblance to a crucifix; in fact, the pious see in the upper aspect the *effigies* of a cowled monk, and have recognised in the disarticulated bones all the Instruments of the Passion. Among the devout folk of the West Indies the Crucifix Fish is regarded with reverence, and the beautifully prepared skeletons of it command a ready sale among tourists.



THE CRUCIFIX FISH
*An object of reverence in the Caribbean*

# QUEER FISH

## Where Angling is Dangerous

DESPITE the proverbial rapacity of the pike, anglers in England can at least pursue their sport without danger from counter attack by the fish which forms, for the moment, their quarry. Not all parts of the world are equally blessed. The perai, piranhi, or caribi fish (*Serrasalmo*) of the Amazon and other rivers of tropical South America, for example, has been justly dubbed "the wickedest fish that swims." It is not a big fish. It measures perhaps a foot in length, with an average weight of two pounds; but it is stoutly built, and in shape rather like a small sea bream. But armed as it is with a mouthful of razor-sharp, conical teeth able to bite through anything softer than piano-wire, its viciousness can be appreciated only by those who have had experience of it at first hand.

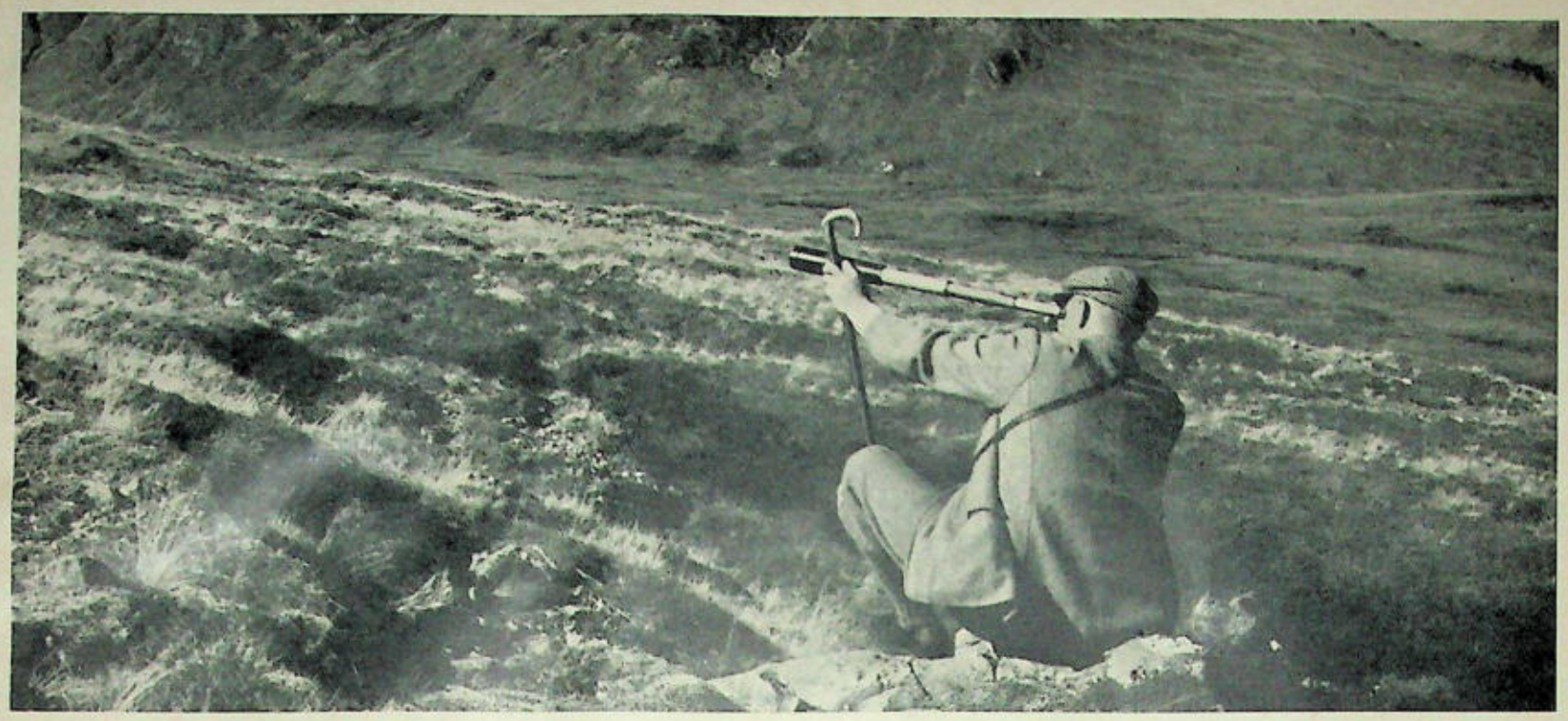
Many fish are voracious, and in that class the perai ranks A.1 *plus*; its appetite is insatiable, and its tenacity that of a bulldog; but it is its blind ferocity which is so devilish. In river reaches infested by perai—fortunately its distribution is local—nothing living is safe. Incautious bathers and rash swimmers have been torn to pieces by them, or at best have escaped with the most horrible of mutilations; of a drowned corpse they leave nothing but the cleaned bones. Even the thick hide of the tapir is no protection against their attacks. To fish where perai are about is a futile sport, for any catch is immediately snapped up by the little savages, which will even devour one of their own species if hooked.

The lower jaw of the perai is an indispensable part of the equipment of the "blow-pipe" Indians, the keen-edged teeth being used to cut the extremely fine points of their ourali-tipped poisoned darts.

For the first time in its history the Zoological Society of London is exhibiting perai in its Aquarium. The specimen here illustrated is in the National History Museum, London; and it will be noted that in drying it has developed the uncanny likeness of a human face, whose sardonic smile accords well with the sinister reputation of the fish.

But the strangest of all the queer fish of the west coast of South America is the "Four-eye" (*Anableps anableps*). It is unique in that it really

THE PIRANHI, TERROR OF THE AMAZON
*Note the uncanny likeness of a sardonic face on its snout*



"ON THE FURTHER SIDE OF THE BIG CORRIE DONALD SPIED A LARGE HERD OF DEER"

# BEGINNER'S LUCK

## And the Arts of a Great Stalker

A GOLDEN autumn morning found us, bright and early, driving up the glen to a starting point for the Old Deer Forest. Arrived at our destination, we commenced to climb our mountain. We skirted cautiously round several bunches of stagless hinds, crawled past a little flock of sheep, made a wide detour to avoid a brace of grouse, whose heads we could see above the heather on the sky-line—any of which might create a disturbance on the hillside if alarmed—and reached the summit at noon.

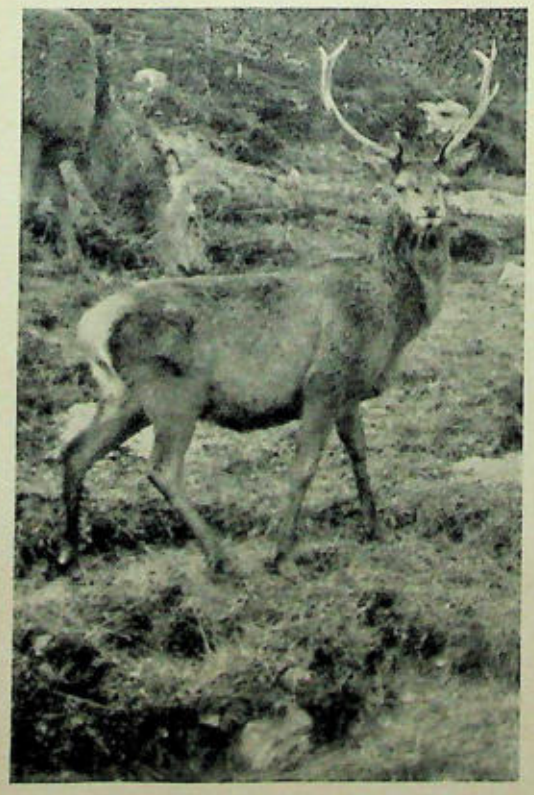
On the further side of a big corrie, some three miles away, Donald spied a large herd of deer, among them a stag with a fine head. Donald never credits any stag with more than ten points until it is shot, for fear of exciting the man with the rifle, but I suspected a better head; as it proved to be.

The intervening miles were covered by walking round the wide head of the corrie, on the reverse side of the summit ridge, and a cautious advance to the edge from which we could look down on the scattered herd. There we left the attendant gillie and began a three-hours' crawl which never contained a dull minute. Our stag was not in view. In fact, we had seen him, from the starting point, well below the main bunch, and had every reason to believe that he was still there, hidden from us now by the falling curve of the mountain side.

Then Donald put it to me. Would I be content with a comparatively easy stalk on one of several good ten-pointers in sight, or would I risk all for a shot at the big "beastie"? We should have to thread our way through the herd and might merely end by stampeding the lot without getting a shot. I was, of course, all for the big one, though I was assured that it would need much patience, great care, and, perhaps, disappointment.

Flattening ourselves, *ventre-a-terre*, we began the crawl, and there followed an exhibition of skilful tactics which it was a joy and an education to watch and take part in. Our first obstacle was a small stag with two hinds, grazing close below us. These had to be moved without alarming the general herd. It is marvellous to the lay mind how an experienced stalker can inculcate uneasiness in deer without stampeding them. How this bunch was moved I cannot say but, sure enough, after some ten minutes of waiting, up went their heads of a sudden and they trotted off, being joined by some half-dozen others whom they disturbed in their flight. They disappeared over a knoll and soon we saw them, far below, making slowly down the corrie. The big stag was not among them, and we resumed our advance till brought up by a bunch of four switch-horns, right in our path.

With infinite caution we attempted to pass them to leeward. Three attempts we made, but were in each case foiled by the proximity of other animals. For a long time we waited, watching them through the grass stems, 40yds. away, hoping they would soon move off of their own accord. After half an hour of this, they began to lie down, and Donald decided that they must be moved. The position was desperate. We were all amongst the herd. At any moment other deer might come upon us from the flank and give the alarm. Enjoining me to keep flat and absolutely still, Donald rolled a stone down the hill into their midst. They jumped to their feet, looked suspiciously in our direction for a few minutes, then moved away a



"THE YOUNG STAG'S HEAD IS UP AGAIN. KEEP STILL"

few paces and, to our relief, began quietly to feed. All was well, the way was once more open to us.

On we crawled and slid down the grassy, stone-strewn hillside—dry, thank goodness!—till Donald checked suddenly and motioned me to flatten out again. After a long pause, very slowly he raised his head and all the forest discipline that had been instilled into me could not prevent my following his example. A group of some twenty stags and hinds was spread round a small hollow. Some were lying, some quietly feeding. From behind a rock rose the superb head of a "Royal" stag of twelve points, not 80yds. away. Between us and him, barely 25yds. distant, stood a young stag, erect and alert, apparently looking straight at us!

"Don't move!" whispered Donald. "He's not seen us, but he's suspicious."

Slowly the young stag turned his head away, then lowered it to snatch nervously a mouthful or two of grass. Donald slid the rifle across to me. "If he takes alarm," he cautioned, "he'll put the whole lot up. Be ready to shoot at a moment's notice, and keep your eye on the royal." Presently he whispered again: "The young stag's head is up again. Keep still. He mustn't see the grass move."

For three-quarters of an hour that wretched stag stared at the spot where we lay, our only cover the grass stems through which we could observe him, while the big fellow lay comfortably behind his rock, his glorious head showing clear above it. Flies explored my ears, bugs bit me through my stockings. I got a crick in my neck from holding my head still. Grass tickled my face agonisingly. Cramp in first one leg, then in the other. Pins and needles in my left arm. But I dared not move even by the twitch of an ear.

All at once: "Look out!" warned Donald. "He's off. Get ready to shoot. Now! Now!"

The young stag had at last decided that something really was wrong. He whipped round and cantered off uncertainly towards the others. They were up in a moment and trotting away from us, to my bitter disappointment.

"They'll stand in a minute," said Donald quickly. "They've not seen us. Be ready; they'll not wait long."

He was right. After moving off some 20yds. they paused in a bunch, as if wondering why they had been so precipitate in taking alarm. One by one they turned their broadsides to us and looked in our direction. Last of all the royal showed his flank—and I pressed the trigger. My relief can be imagined when he fell to the shot with never another move.

Not till then did I realise to the full extent the skill of Donald's leadership. I had seen, during the whole crawl, perhaps 50 hinds and stags in all. At the shot, fully three times that number jumped up on all sides of us and fled into the distance. It was four o'clock, so for three hours we had been crawling through the herd, and not one animal had he moved without intent. My chief feeling was one of intense thankfulness that I had not let him down by missing or, almost worse, by shooting the wrong stag in the confusion of the scurry. Donald confessed that it was one of the best stalks of his life, and I can well believe it.

"Here's luck!" he toasted me, a few minutes later. "You've done well, the day!" And I could not wish for better praise from such a master of his craft.

W. M.

# BRER RABBIT

## And a Word for the Ferret

By PATRICK CHALMERS

HE is, almost to a certainty, the earliest game that falls to a boy's gun. It is incredible, but, I believe, true that the excellent Dr. Watts, in 1740 or so, wrote an improving poem for youth, to expound just how this initial rabbit should be shot :

> " Advance your gun
> Quickly to where you think they run ;
> Regard not grass nor bush nor briar
> Through each and all that instant fire.
> Bang ! It is well. You saw him not
> And yet you've killed him on the spot.

And this rule might equally well apply to shooting a beater. Famous for many things, the rabbit is chiefly famous for its fecundity. Pliny remarked upon that fecundity and, eighteen centuries afterwards, Mr. Pennant calculated that one pair of rabbits could, in four years, multiply themselves and make their total 1,247,840 rabbits. Criticisms which reduce this amazing family by a quarter of a million are beside the point. Next to fecundity the rabbit is famous for the damage he can do. Foresters, for instance, regard him as the most pestilent vermin alive. Strabo, before the Christian era, noticed the rabbit's destructive powers. And the people of the Balearics, in the days of Augustus, implored that Emperor to send a legion against the rabbits which ate them up. Earl Stanhope, a lifetime ago, declared that the English rabbit was " the best ally of the Radical," which was perhaps a plagiarism of that Royalist, of Charles I's day, who declared that " Rabbits and Roundheads got on well together." And, does one think of it, this unassuming little creature, the rabbit, has played no small part in the political and social history of England. He has sent hundreds of Englishmen to the jail and to the gallows. He has set class against class ; he has almost promoted a civil war between landlord and tenant farmer. In old days the word " rabbit " applied only to the little ones ; did one mention an adult " coney " was correct. Another old English name for the rabbit was "ryote." Whence, it is said, was derived the fox-hunter's " to run riot."

The rabbit's (reputed) native land is Spain. From that country it has spread, or been introduced, into all corners where it now exists as a nuisance. But, in 1000 B.C., the rabbit was, in feudal China, a well considered and noble little animal. Confucius, in the Chow Dynasty, named it among the few select creatures which the very highest gods were proud to accept in sacrifice. Folk (if there are any such) who to-day reject rabbit-pie, would do well to remember Confucius. But, though I am informed that to-day rabbit shooting may be had on Sinai, the Chosen People of old knew not the rabbit. The Biblical bunny, the coney, the " feeble folk " of the Proverbs, who yet " made their houses in the rocks," was the Syrian Hyrax, a vainglorious little creature, with the teeth of a hippopotamus, who claimed to be a relation of the elephant. And to talk of teeth, one wonders that the rabbit, whose teeth are chisel-edged and formidable, should make so little use of them in self-defence. I can recall no case of a man being rabbit-bitten, nor a dog, nor a fox, nor a stoat, nor a weasel even. And the last two light-weights might be the rabbit's easy meat. Gervase Markham, in 1623, mentions a variety of English wild rabbit called the " silver-grey." He says that they are commonly encouraged in many warrens, and that their skins are worth 2s. as against the ordinary rabbit's skin which was then worth 2d. But Baby Bunting goes wearing the latter to all eternity. The rabbit is said to have been introduced into England by the Romans who, at the same time, brought us the ferret (*furectus*).

It is said that Cæsar's smart centurions hunted the rabbit with several couple of ferrets, much as a modern command hunts the hare with a pack of beagles. The ferret, by the way, is nowhere found wild. It is a domestic breed of pole-cat. And ferrets are too frequently kept in disgusting hutches, full of damp straw and sour decaying food. And the ferret is by nature the most cleanly, and intelligent, of little animals and he delights in sunshine and a dry bed. Let us see that he gets both. He is of antiquity and honour in the chase. He was used by Ghengis Khan and, in the Holy Roman Empire, by Maxmilian. And, in 1390, a statute of Richard II, prohibited the keeping of ferrets by anyone who was not a landowner.

The American " rabbit " is a hare and no burrowing *cuniculus*. The Belgian " hare " is a rabbit. He was at one time believed to be a cross between a rabbit and a hare, but he is an all, outsize rabbit, hutch-bred in Belgium for exportation. And talking of cross-breeding and the credulous, I am reminded that a showman in Paris once advertised an exhibition at which might be seen the offspring of a squirrel and a carp. Visitors were told, with a thousand Gallic apologies, that the Emperor had just commanded the prodigy to the palace for his inspection. Consequently, would monsieur and madame, as loyal subjects, be content with a sight of the monster's *parents* ? And, by a large majority, monsieur and madame were charmed to be shown a pet squirrel and a somnolent carp in an aquarium. *Epatante !*

In Jamaica there used to be (they are now, I think, extinct) slate-and-white rabbits, descendant of those turned down long ago by sentimental sugar planters. But the tropics do not suit the rabbit. In the Falkland Islands there are rabbits (the offspring of " maroons " left there by mariners of old), which are black-and-white with symmetrical face markings. In the island of Porto Santo (as all men know who read their Darwin) are likewise fancy rabbits (grey and rufous), the descendants of a tame doe and her young who were liberated there by Gonzalez Zarco in 1418. They are smaller than the English rabbit and their ear-tips are grey, not black. About 40 years ago a pair were presented to the Zoo, and Mr. Bartlett (the curator of the time) has described them, poor little things, as the most " timid and untamable " animals he had ever known. In habits they were nocturnal, and they remained " as active as rats and as wild as hawks " to the, not too long delayed, last.

All men know what happened when rabbits were introduced into Australia. But, in most lands, the persecutions of enemy animals and mortality from disease have kept the Spanish peril within reasonable bounds. But the rabbit's worst enemy is man, who has decided that he is no game, but one of the vermin. The rabbit has, I think, proved himself to be both. He is hideously killed in steel traps, and almost as hideously in snares, of which I, personally, consider the " humane " article the more cruel of the noose's two varieties. So far, the perfect humane-killer trap has yet to be put on the market. I have, however, tested one or two models, and I am not without hopes that the inventors are now on the right track. The essential must, of course, be that the trap's design makes it " settable " in the average bury, where it cannot kill aught but its lawful game. The killer-trap must also be light to carry, easy to set and cheap to buy. And the man who invents it will not only make his personal fortune, but he will, into the bargain, win the thanks of humanity.

Old warreners (I wish I had space to discuss the rabbit warren and its possibilities) used to use a pitfall trap with a collapsible cover balanced on pins at either end. The cover could be fixed with a latch until the rabbit's suspicions were first lulled and then entirely disarmed. Then the latch was lifted and, in a single night, such numbers fell into the pit that half of them were suffocated before morning. Personally, I have never seen this " trap " in operation and I write of it from hearsay, but not without conviction. But I *have* seen, and often, several hundred rabbits taken in the long-net of a single evening.

Rabbit shooting has likewise many of the attractions. There are two opinions about the sport of shooting hares, especially in any quantity, but there can be no two opinions about shooting rabbits. And there is no doubt as to the emotion that a rabbit, by his sudden appearance at a shooting party, causes among beaters who would see, unmoved, " twice 20,000 cock pheasants a-wing." Yet to ferret him is cold and slow, and a real, big, thousand-count rabbit shoot would give me a headache. So I shall continue to shoot rabbits as they run, a flicker of grey and white across rides and opens, a terrier yapping at the scut of each, a terrier who shall be as full of thorns as a hedgehog when you get him home and who, once in the armchair, will be bad to put out of it before to-morrow.

THE AUTUMN WARRENER

# MARSH TIT AND WILLOW TIT

## How to Distinguish Them

By H. N. SOUTHERN and L. S. V. VENABLES

*The existence of "another sort of marsh tit" in this country was first made known to science in 1900, but the willow tit, as it was named, is still virtually unknown to the majority of observers. These photographs, which show clearly all the diagnostic features, and the concise and clear descriptions which accompany them, should make identification easy*

OWING to the fact that the marsh tit and the willow tit have only been distinguished in comparatively recent years, their ranges are far from being worked out completely. In addition many observers still find difficulty in recognising them from the rather scanty details which are given in the standard bird books. For this reason we believe that the accompanying illustrations, together with some field notes of our own, taken during a fairly intensive study of the two species during the last two years in Surrey, will be of interest and help to readers.

Perhaps the best field characteristic for distinguishing the two species is to be found in the wing: if the photographs on the left of the page are compared, the buff edges of the willow tit's secondaries are seen to form a distinct patch, when the wing is closed. In the marsh tit the edgings are pale grey and very narrow, so that no distinct patch is seen.

In the same pair of pictures the long nape of the willow tit contrasts strongly with the shorter one of the marsh tit; also the white cheek patch of the former is larger in area (this can be seen in the bottom right-hand picture as well) and is more suffused with pale brown, while the marsh tit shows a small area of a very much purer white. This distinction also applies to the underparts.

In the photographs on the right-hand side of the page the shape of the tail is shown well: the extreme outer feathers are shorter in the case of the willow tit, and so the tail has a rounded appearance, while that of the marsh tit is square.

The last of the plumage distinctions, and the one most often quoted, is the colour, or rather texture, of the feathers on the crown. It will be noticed that the head feathers of the marsh tit (top right) are almost as glossy as the cap of a great tit. In the willow tit, however (bottom right), the effect is generally duller and the surface more of a matt texture.

So much for the visible distinctions between the two species, which can be studied at leisure from the illustrations. Another very great help to the field naturalist is the difference in note. Both birds use a number of calls and song variations, and the general nature of all these provides the first basis for differentiation. In the willow tit there is always an element of sweetness and purity of tone, which makes the notes much more pleasing to the ear. The marsh tit on the other hand is much harsher in all its utterances and definitely lacks the tuneful quality of the other bird. With a little patience all the phrases and sub-songs can be recognised, but the best note to start with is the regular call-note.

Both birds, especially in the spring, are continually uttering these call-notes, and that of the willow tit can at once be recognised. We have noted it down as "Zip-chay-chay-chay" or "Zewip-chay-chay-chay," the repeated phrase being clear and ringing. In the marsh tit the formula is the same, but the whole sequence is correspondingly harsher, and may be best rendered as "Pitchoo - chree - chree - chree" or "Witer-chree-chree-chree," the "chree" syllable having a throaty sound as if it were uttered with a continental "r."

Of course, these call-notes are not quite so stereotyped as would appear from the above condensed description. The marsh tit sometimes calls simply "Pitchoo" or, again, "Pit-it-tee-tee-tee-tee," and such-like variations, but the main differences can usually be picked out without any trouble.

Concerning the differences of nesting site, material and habitat enough has already been written, but it seems worth while to subjoin a note which we made upon behaviour. In watching both these birds feeding young we were much struck by the excited conduct of the marsh tits, especially when both parents arrived at the nest together. There was much calling and wing-quivering, which rose to almost hysterical proportions when they were prevented from entering the nest by the presence of a human being. The willow tits, on the contrary, were much more stolid and businesslike; if prevented from feeding, the collecting routine soon reasserted itself, and the birds disappeared, returning after the appropriate interval with more food.

This difference in emotional make-up may only be the result of individual variation, and it will be interesting to compare the results of a wider series of observations to find out if this may be reckoned as a definite specific character.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MARSH TIT (ABOVE) AND THE WILLOW TIT (BELOW) WHICH CLEARLY SHOW THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE TWO SPECIES

*See accompanying article for a detailed description of the important points to be noted*

COLONEL THORNTON WITH HIS POINTERS PLUTO AND JUNO
*By courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, Ltd.*

# VERY QUEER FOLK

## Some Sporting Eccentrics of the Eighteenth Century

By ALAN FOX-HUTCHINSON

BEAU BRUMMELL

ENGLAND and eighteenth century England is rich in eccentrics, and they were generally sporting eccentrics. It is these extraordinary milor's who more than anybody established a Continental view of the English aristocrat which still persists. But it would be a mistake to regard them as merely figures of fun, for they were often men of culture and almost always men of marked individuality and strong character.

Whether sport or literature can boast the queerest array of "characters" will never be decided, but both can claim an equal share in Fighting Parson Bate, the first editor of the *Morning Post*. Before his death, as Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Prebendary of Ely and J.P. for eleven counties, he had been a Master of Foxhounds, both in England and Ireland.

As a boxer he had established a high reputation, and earned his nickname at the age of 27 by defeating a professional prize-fighter sent against him in disguise by the notorious Fighting Fitzgerald. That worthy, suffering already from the Parson's blows, had resolved that all future fighting with him should be done by proxy. Two years later, when he had induced Garrick to give Mrs. Siddons, who was his own "discovery," a trial at Drury Lane, he scored a further triumph by lowering the curtain, extinguishing the lights and launching a gang of his supporters among the macaronis who had gathered to hoot his play off the stage.

In November, 1772, in partnership with the founder of Tattersall's, the founder of Christie's and John Bell, the founder of *Bell's Life*, he established the *Morning Post*. With such proprietors it was inevitable that as much space as could be spared from auctioneers' advertisements should be devoted to sport and theatrical criticism. To these the reverend editor occasionally added libels, and one on the ninth Earl of Strathmore's widow brought him in contact with Andrew Stoney, another of the most curious sportsmen of his age.

Like all the best portion-stalkers, Andrew had come from Ireland as an ensign of Foot. At Newcastle he had married a coal merchant's daughter with £20,000. That to him meant £20,000 a year—for the first year—and when he and Bate met he was a widower seeking to restore his fortunes by marriage with the great Bowes heiress whose first husband, Lord Strathmore, had just died.

How far the suitor and the editor were in league will never be known. Some kind of duel certainly was fought to avenge the libel. A Captain Donellan, who three years later had the misfortune to be hanged on a charge of poisoning his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, "witnessed" it. Both Andrew and the Parson were "wounded," and four days later Lady Strathmore rewarded her champion by entering on ten years of wedded misery with him at St. James's, Piccadilly.

How during those years Andrew got himself elected to Parliament by decoying his opponent's voters upon a ship; how he kidnapped his step-daughter, Lady Anne Maria Lyon-Bowes; and how, when his wife tried to leave him, he carried her a prisoner to Streatlam Castle (where later her son the tenth Earl founded the celebrated stud) are well-known stories. What is not generally realised is that while at Streatlam and Gibside he showed excellent sport with what was perhaps the first pack of hounds ever entered solely to fox.

In 1745 his wife's father, George Bowes, had bought the famous hounds with which old Thomas Fownes had hunted on the Stepleton-Iwerne Estate. This estate he sold in the same year to Peter Beckford's father. Mr. Bowes kennelled them at Streatlam and almost certainly they were ancestors of Andrew's pack.

At the same time, both at Newmarket and in the North, Andrew was distinguishing himself upon the Turf. It was a fortunate circumstance for him, for on his arrest the old "Jockey," Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who had often raced with him, became his bail.

Familiar now from Gilray's caricatures and Thackeray's *Four Georges*, the Jockey was immensely popular; but not from "the propriety, refinement or discretion of his behaviour." Next to forfeiting his militia colonelcy and lord-lieutenancy by proposing the Republican toast, "Our Sovereign, the People," his most celebrated feat is endeavouring to help the Whig candidate at Hereford by riding into the town on a cask of cider. It was thought "very inconsistent with the conduct of a man of high birth."

THE JOCKEY OF NORFOLK

Contemporary with the Jockey and Andrew on Newmarket Heath was the latter's neighbour, Bobbie Shafto of Whitworth. Like his kinsman Jeneson Shafto, he was among the first to register racing colours, and his bets remain recorded at White's and in George Selwyn's letters, but it is on a ballad that his fame depends:

> "Bobbie Shafto's gone to sea,
> Silver buckles at his knee;
> When he comes back he'll marry me,
> Bonnie Bobbie Shafto."

When he came back, as a matter of fact, he did nothing of the sort. The song's heroine, a Bellasis heiress of Brancepeth Castle, pined and died, while he married Anne Duncombe with her hundred quarterings from Duncombe Park. Their son Robert Duncombe Shafto had the poem set to a catchy tune to help his Parliamentary candidature against Joseph Pease, the first Quaker M.P. (an event the hundred quarterings look on with some disfavour), and against John Bowes, owner of four Derby winners and son of Andrew Stoney's stepson Lord Strathmore. Bonny Bobbie's grandson, Robert Shafto of Whitworth, who once spent £300 on lemons for punch during a county election, had an interesting but unprofitable theory that he ought to lay the favourite of the Derby every year for a large portion of his not inconsiderable wealth. On one of these occasions it was found out rather too late that his only son was equally busily engaged in backing it!

Occasionally to settle his gambling debts to Bobbie Shafto, Selwyn had to borrow from the Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q," who, apart

*(Left) Bonnie Bobbie Shafto, from the picture by Reynolds, the property of Mrs. Duncombe Shafto of Whitworth; (centre) "The Fighting Parson," the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, first Editor of the "Morning Post," by Gainsborough; (right) Sir William Eden and J. McN. Whistler as the Butterfly and the Baronet, by Max Beerbohm*

*The cartoon of Sir William Eden is taken from "The Tribulations of a Baronet," by Sir Timothy Eden*

from his enormous income, was always well supplied with money, for he took good care never to lose a bet. Fifty years before he established himself as "the Star of Piccadilly" with his umbrella, his veal cutlets and his milk baths, he had been, as Earl of March, among the best athletes in England. In consequence he could safely back himself to run, jump or shoot; and in other bets he took the most elaborate trouble to win.

Another to win renown like Old Q in a chaise-match at Newmarket was Lady Lade. She had been a comrade of the highwayman Sixteen-String'd Jack, and after her marriage with Sir John it was no longer said in Royal circles of a man that he "swore like a trooper" but that he "cursed like Letty Lade."

For appearances at Newmarket Sir John had four bay horses to all his carriages and the footmen and postilions in harlequin livery. Coaching was his passion, but he would bet upon anything, and lost a thousand guineas when Old Q.'s candidate beat his champion eater by a pig and an apple-pie! Before his death at over eighty he was subsisting on a pension of £300, which, to her eternal credit, Queen Victoria refused to reduce on her accession.

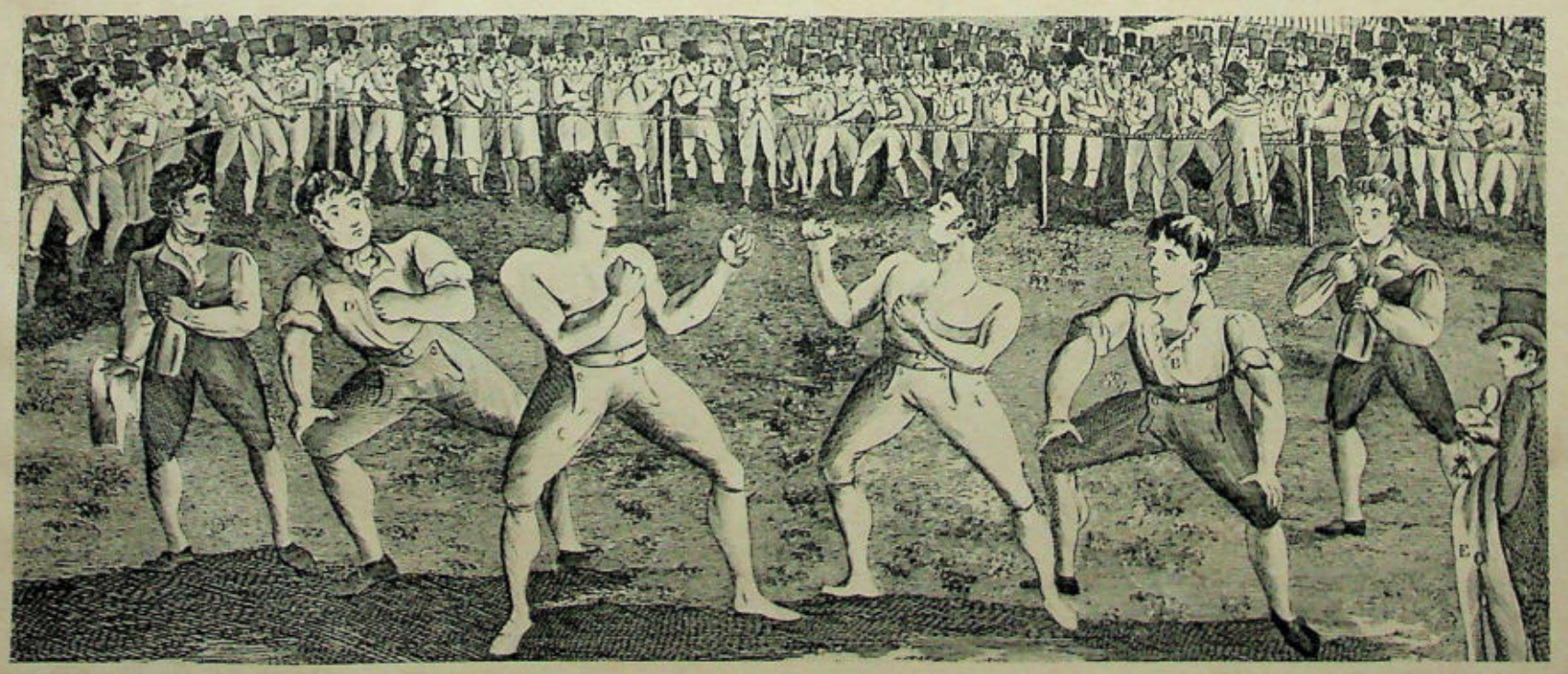
Rather curiously, considering his love of display, Beau Brummell was no loser from extravagance in horseflesh; indeed, as he could bring a horse quite as well as a man or a coat into fashion, he and Fryatt, his groom, together made considerable sums in horse-dealing. Owing to his poor reputation as a sportsman it is often forgotten that he, like the Duke of Rutland, was among the five to finish the great run in 1801 from Melton Spinney to Exton Park.

Determined to outshine not only Sir John Lade but also Lord Barrymore, who, modelling his establishment on Louis XIV's comic opera hunt, had his hounds accompanied by four negro musicians in scarlet, Colonel Thornton of Thornville Royal delighted to amaze the Yorkshire farmers with the cavalcade that preceded him to his hunting-box on the wolds. First went fourteen liveried servants with hawks upon their wrists, next came ten hunters, then a pack of staghounds, then a pack of toy beagles, then a brace of wolves, then two pointers, then six greyhounds with his crest emblazoned on their blue and buff sheets. After that there was the artillery, his sporting guns and the waggons with ammunition, including the plovers' head feathers with which he made his flies for fishing.

When, to escape his creditors, he and his wife, who had ridden races at York against Frank Buckle, went to France, their entourage was almost as impressive. For the sake of his reputation it is unfortunate that the Colonel's peculiarities have obscured the really valuable service he rendered to many sports, particularly hawking.

Much younger than the Colonel but partly contemporary with him in Yorkshire were the racing partners Ridsdale, who had been a boy in Ralph Lambton's stable, and died in even greater penury, and Gully, who laid the foundation of his fortunes as heavyweight champion of England, and before his death at Durham in his eightieth year had become owner of three Derby winners, M.P. for Pontefract and father of 24 children, twelve by each of two wives.

Linked also with Ralph Lambton is Mr. John Harvey. His claim to fame rests on his wonderful powers of endurance. To hunt with Mr. Lambton's Hounds he used to ride three days a week 25 miles from Newcastle to Sedgefield, hunt, and after a dinner at the Sedgefield Club ride home to Newcastle. He died in his ninetieth year in 1893, but long before that had been followed as Master of the South Durham by Sir William Eden, in whom the strong individuality that distinguished earlier sporting eccentrics was so well preserved. Surely the best picture of him is gazing out into pouring rain on the day arranged for his best shoot and exclaiming: "Oh, God! *How* like You!"



GULLY'S VICTORY OVER GREGSON, MAY 10TH, 1808

*Gully afterwards owned three Derby winners and became M.P. for Pontefract*

THE TALE OF THE CARD AT THE END OF THE ROUND

# GOLF'S CARD AND PENCIL BOGEY

## The Contrast in Match and Medal Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

THERE are very few golfers who like playing medal rounds. Some professionals do not mind them owing to their experience, but the average amateur heartily dislikes having to record every single stroke he has played during the round. At no club are score-play competitions popular. Most of us prefer to play against a human opponent.

Even if there is no difference between the correct way to indulge in these two forms of the game there is a great deal of difference in the outlook on them. Stand by the first tee on any ordinary day and watch the players strike off and you will hear much amusing chatter and see many a good drive accomplished seemingly without difficulty. Go to the same spot on a competition day and a striking contrast in behaviour will be observed. Conversation will be far from amusing and the atmosphere tense. Each player will tee up his ball very carefully, fidget about for some time and then sigh with relief as he gets under way, for he has begun at last and is away from the spectators. Watch the players putting and again you will notice the difference. On ordinary days putts will be missed without much anguish, but on medal days misses become disasters and competitors waste time in being ultra careful, and looking at the line of their putt from all angles.

In the club-house you will hear someone say: "Hopeless to-day. These medals are not good for me; I can't play in them." I have never heard a player say he could not play in matches and preferred a medal round.

In medal play temperament comes in and we all suffer accordingly. As Mr. H. G. Hutchinson wrote in the *Badminton*: "If we could but develop a creature with the requisite muscle and visual organs, and with no nervous system whatever, what a magnificent golfer he would be. And it must be our effort to annihilate our nervous system, so far as may be, if we are to meet with any success in golf, above all in scoring play."

A medal game can be a terrifying and humiliating ordeal. We are up against a standard which always remains constant; our enemy is not a mortal, like ourselves, who makes mistakes. As soon as we leave the first tee we know that one bad slip will ruin a card. The nightmare of an irretrievable slip dogs us hole by hole, so that we usually end up by doing exactly what we had hoped we would not do. The score for ten holes may be good, well below one's handicap, then comes a bad drive, and in trying to recover brilliantly we go from bad to worse, and gone is our card in little pieces, blown by the wind into the heather which marked the grave of our latest hopes! Such an experience is common, but not so usual as merely slipping a stroke here and a stroke there, until a handicap allowance is gone long before the turn is reached. Strokes are frittered away in a medal round through trying to be too careful.

In stroke play one bad hole ruins the card. Not so in a match. A seven means one lost hole and not a hopeless blot on our score. We know we can recover the loss—it is nothing—but a seven in a medal round spells the end for the average man. I am sure most amateurs would do better if they played in more stroke play competitions. Experience would rid them of timidity and lessen the strain. "Experience breeds contempt." On the other hand, if the individual does not wish to suffer more medal rounds than he has been used to then let him abandon hope of ever ridding himself of the card and pencil bogey.

On the greens the golfer feels the great difference between these two forms of golf. In a match he will go boldly for a one putt, thinking his opponent will sink his. If he misses he does not mind over-much because he feels he has at least attempted the shot and given a worthy display. But in a medal round he rarely plays boldly. His approach putts are, more often than not, very short and several of the next as well. Thus cards make "cowards of us all," and we know it only too well.

What is the solution? That I believe lies in each individual's own hands. I know one golfer who cured himself of this prevalent "card and pencil" business by setting out deliberately at each hole to play a match against the par or bogey figure. It was not easy at first and required both imagination and courage. For long enough he experienced the usual disasters but gradually overcame his nervous temperament, and although to-day he still does not like medal competitions, at least he does not spend a wretched afternoon on the links, followed by a long dismal conversation in the club-house.

This system, of course, is practised to-day in matches, thanks to the example set by Bobby Jones. The great American in all his matches disregarded his opponents and their play and concentrated upon getting the necessary par figures at each hole. And by beating "Colonel Bogey" or "Old Man Par"—which you will—he conquered his mortal opponents also.

Those who have adopted, or are considering adopting, this plan of campaign need to remember their opponents at times. For example, if your man puts his ball into a bunker, takes two to recover, and you are faced with a long testing second, it would be folly to attempt the carry, else you, too, find trouble and throw away your chance. A golfer has to be cautious as well as bold, yet to be over-cautious is just as fatal as to be foolhardy. Such an irritating game is golf. That wise old Scot, Allan Robertson, was fond of saying: "It's aye fechtin' against ye." Perhaps we would all do better if we tried to forget the differences between medal and match play and just concentrate upon hitting the ball—it is there to be hit anyway. That, at least, would be logical!

# FIELD TRIALS

## Pointers and Setters at Newlyn

BY kind permission of Mr. G. H. Johnstone and Captain N. R. Colville, the Devon and Cornwall Pointer and Setter Society held their thirteenth field trial meeting on September 11th and 12th at Newlyn East. The judges were Lord Vivian and Mr. A. Bishop. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—First, Mrs. Nagle's I. s. d. F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Baffle D'Or. Baffle is a most painstaking dog and was an easy winner, always under excellent control. Equal second, Mrs. Holt's p. b. F.T. Ch. Menaifron Bee and Captain Colville's p. b. Penheale Daffodil. Bee goes a great pace and quarters her ground well. She did exceptionally good work in her third round against Penheale Daffodil, and was always looking for game. Daffodil is a merry bitch who delights in her work and covers a lot of ground. In her third round down against Bee she had a nice point in grass. Fourth, Captain Colville's p. b. Bluff of the Boreen. This is a fast bitch who was running near first place at first, but in her final round was unlucky in flushing a single bird in roots. Reserve, Mr. William Humphrey's E. s. d. Horsford Count Gay. This great old dog goes as well as ever he did and has fine pace. Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. F. Miller's p. d. Tiverton Phil, Mrs. Bernard Yeoward's p. d. Brynmor Newsboy, Captain Colville's p. d. Stylish Reg, and Colonel Bowen's I. s. d. Rowen of Kilpeacon.

NOVICE STAKE.—First, Mr. F. Miller's p. d. Tiverton Kestrel, an eight months puppy with a great future. Second, same owner's p. d. Tiverton Phil, an older dog, a little lacking in style. Third, Captain Colville's p. b. Penheale Daphne, who in time will make a very good bitch. She goes a great pace, but ranges a little too far.

BRACE STAKE.—This was easily won by Mrs. Nagle's I. s. d. F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Baffle D'Or, and her I. s. b. Sulhamstead Valette D'Or, who beat their ground independently and systematically. Baffle's points were well backed up by Valette. Second, Mr. Miller's p. ds. Tiverton Harvester and Tiverton Phil. These two dogs worked very well separately but not as a brace.

The society is much indebted to Mr. George Johnstone as president for placing his ground at their disposal. There were plenty of birds to test the dogs, and it was a pleasure to see the interest taken by the farmers in the proceedings, some of them personally acting as stewards on their own ground. They were ably assisted by Benny, Mr. Johnstone's keeper. B. E. Y.

**A Heavy Stag.**—On September 14th, in Leny Forest, near Callander, Miss Evelyn Mordaunt killed a ten-pointer stag which weighed 26st. 4lbs.

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# Letters to the Editor

*Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Naturalist and Agriculturist. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.*

## EXPORT OF OLD HORSES

SIR,—I was interested to read Major Hume Pollock's letter in the *Field* of September 7th, headed "Sale of Old Horses."

In fairness to the efforts of the many societies that have been working to prevent cruelties connected with the exportation of horses for many years, I am very glad that Major Hume Pollock makes it clear that he had "no proof, from hoof markings, etc., that any of these debilitated, lame and otherwise decrepit horses were exported from the United Kingdom."

The letter also points out "the ever-recurring exhibition of what may happen to any old British horse," and for that matter, the danger that may befall fit horses when sent abroad.

Legislation in this country—although it would be most useful—will never alone be able to deal thoroughly with the problem of preventing cruelty to horses, whether valuable or not, which leave our shores. Only when really powerful foreign societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals exist in Europe and all parts of the world, influencing public opinion and the legislatures of their respective countries, shall we be able to be certain that exported horses do not endure the sufferings pointed out by Major Hume Pollock. The R.S.P.C.A. "Empire and Foreign Affairs Committee" is making special efforts to encourage and assist this work so that the standard of the treatment of horses may be raised to the level of that existing in Great Britain. Only then can our horses be sent abroad with peace of mind.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT GOWER.
(Chairman, R.S.P.C.A. Council.)

105, Jermyn Street,
London, S.W. 1.

## WEIGHTS OF BIG GAME

SIR,—The letter from Natal on the above is most interesting. I have never had the means of weighing game on my expeditions, and am surprised at the difference of 203lb. between a bull and a cow wildebeest. *Re* the weights of lions, I imagine 477lb. would be a good weight even for so fine a lion as 9ft. 4in. "straight." The lion quoted from a book as over 750lb. sounds an impossible weight.

I do, however, disagree with the statement that the 9ft. 4in. lion stood 4ft. 3in. at the shoulder. No lion exists of anything approaching that height, and it is very difficult to estimate the height of a dead lion. Perhaps some zoo or menagerie could ascertain the standing height of their largest lion, when I doubt if 3ft. 8in. would be exceeded. A 9ft. lion probably stands a trifle more than one-third of his length—say, 3ft. 2in. I have found this to be the case when making these approximate measurements. On this basis, the good Natal lion should have been between 11ft. and 12ft. "straight"!

Yours faithfully,

Ross-shire. MANNLICHER.

## A PLEA FOR THE QUAIL

SIR,—From records preserved it appears that the noticeable decrease in the number of quail in the British Islands occurred about the beginning of last century, and just about a hundred years ago they had greatly diminished in numbers in all districts, owing, no doubt, to the reclamation of rough waste-lands, the destruction of suitable nesting sites and the enormous quantities netted along the Mediterranean shores during migration. It is recorded that no fewer than 160,000 of these little game birds were captured on Capri in a single season. It is quite likely that we should find the quail returning to its nesting haunts in this country year after year if spared by sportsmen during September and October and afforded all the protection possible. They should, of course, be protected in every way throughout the nesting season, then there would be every reason to hope for their gradual and general increase in this country.

In certain years large numbers of quail have invaded our shores, and at such times their sudden increase has been noted in various districts such as was the case in 1870, when their range extended throughout the country from east to west, and again in 1884, when they appeared in numbers, especially along the Thames valley. In that year, I remember listening to the call of this little bird one evening on the slope of a chalk hill in Surrey; now, alas! a scene of bricks and mortar. At the end of the 'sixties, I well recollect the nesting of quails in mid-Norfolk.

It must be remembered that the quail is the farmer's friend as its food consists of small slugs, various injurious insects and noxious weeds. It has been stated that in the crop of a single quail no less then 3,500 seeds of chickweed were found.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

## GENETICS OF DOGS

SIR,—Recently the Genetical Society has appointed a small committee, of which I am chairman, to examine the possibility of co-operative research in the genetics of dogs. Within its own resources we think the Society, which is a scientific body with no considerable funds, but with a number of members willing to help, will be able to initiate some preliminary experiments, sufficient to get our bearings as to the main recognisable factors distinguishing the different breeds.

We certainly could not, at present, attempt any really extensive researches, such as would be needed to analyse these breed distinctions, either thoroughly or in respect of a large number of breeds. Our present ignorance of the genetics of dog breeding is, however, so remarkable that some of us think it is quite time that at least a preliminary scientific exploration was undertaken. Probably all we can attempt for some years is to interbreed two standardised varieties and obtain a fairly large second generation by interbreeding and back-crossing the offspring.

The large number of fancy and amateur dog-breeders among your readers prompts me to ask you to let this project be more widely known, since there may well be others, not at present associated with the Society, who would like to co-operate, either on the small scale on which we are working, or with a view to making the experiments more comprehensive, and therefore of wider application.

Yours faithfully,

University College, R. A. FISHER.
Gower Street, London, W.C. 1.

## RIFLES FOR DANGEROUS GAME

SIR,—I cannot, with your permission, allow the letter of "Senex," of August 12th, to pass unanswered. I take beginners out shooting every year and I know, human nature being what it is, that such people will continually take "unfair" shots. Of course, veterans like "Senex" and the great majority of experienced hunters like myself, will always endeavour to hit the vitals of any animal to the best of our ability.

There remains, however, the question of unprovoked attacks, which are bound to occur from time to time, by females, animals wounded by other people (natives very often), and naturally vicious individuals. Against them there is simply no comparison in power between the .470 group and the medium bores. Lastly, the question of weight and recoil. I am myself no Hercules, but I absolutely decline to admit that the handling of a 10lb. .470 is beyond the strength of any man approaching a reasonable standard of strength and fitness. The recoil on the range is unpleasant, but when actually fired at a dangerous target it is negligible.

Yours faithfully,

Bannu, India. VOLTIGEUR.

## HARVEST MITES

SIR,—I can sympathise with your correspondent, Mr. Horne, in his sufferings from the attacks of harvest mites. There is much difference between the susceptibilities of individuals to the irritation caused by these mites, and in many cases I have known immunity to be attained after some years. I have made many experiments with various applications and find that the best of all is cedar oil. This can be obtained from any chemist.

After the morning tub a little should be poured into the palm of the hand and rubbed well over the legs, forearms, neck, and in fact any part of the body liable to attack. The smell of cedar oil is not very powerful, and what little there is is pleasant. The oil has the advantage of not evaporating too quickly, so that its protection will last all day. If, in spite of every care, some part of the skin has been missed and bites occur, a drop of strong tincture of iodine applied to the bite will relieve the irritation at once, and, so far as my own experience goes, permanently.

Yours faithfully,

Woodhouse, HARRY ELTRINGHAM.
Stroud, Glos.

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SIR,—If your correspondent tries smearing his legs from just above the knee to the ankle with wet carbolic soap and lets the soap dry before putting on his stockings I do not think he will have further trouble. Probably the mites that have climbed tall herbage are attacking him from above the level of his shorts. The most vulnerable spot which requires most thorough soaping is at the back of the knee.

Yours faithfully,

Glentrool Lodge, TAVISTOCK.
Newton Stewart, Scotland.

## GRIT—FOR GROUSE

SIR,—May I say that there seems to be an obvious mistake in Mr. H. Ramsden-Jodrell's letter about "Grit—for Grouse," published in your issue of September 14th.

Mr. Jodrell puts the daily allowance of food for a grouse at ½oz., but I have constantly seen grouse which were shot after their evening meals with a bulk of heather in their crops weighing several ounces. As the heather eaten by a grouse at dusk is fed to the bird's gizzard in a constant thin stream during the hours of darkness, and the contents of the gizzard pass from it in a similiarly constant stream, it follows that the weight of food in a bird's gizzard must be multiplied by an indefinite number to give the weight of its daily ration.

Yours faithfully,

Ivergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

## ANTIRRHINUM RUST

SIR,—The following brief experience may be of general interest:

In 1934, my gardener raised about 800 antirrhinums, and the bulk of these were planted out in one single bed. Practically the whole of the plants in this bed suffered severely from this rust disease. Accordingly, the plants were taken up, if I remember rightly, during August, and burned.

During the winter the bed was thoroughly dug and limed, and this year about the same quantity of antirrhinum seedlings were again planted.

Unfortunately, the same disease appeared and the burning procedure has again been adopted.

I would add that on both occasions the seeds were purchased from one of the leading seed growers in this country.

The interesting point, however, is that the residue of these seedlings, both last year and this year, have been planted in odd places about the garden, and in no other instance has any sign of rust been encountered than in the one large bed of plants.

The question thus arises in my mind as to whether some treatment should not be explored for the soil after the rust has been experienced.

Yours faithfully,

Chantersluer House, HAROLD DIX.
Charlwood, Surrey.

## SNAKES SWALLOWING YOUNG

SIR,—I have just read in an old copy of *Blackwood's* an interesting article by Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Elliot, entitled "Adders." This calls to mind an occurrence on the Kakamega Goldfields of this colony, for the absolute truth of which I and several other eye-witnesses can vouch.

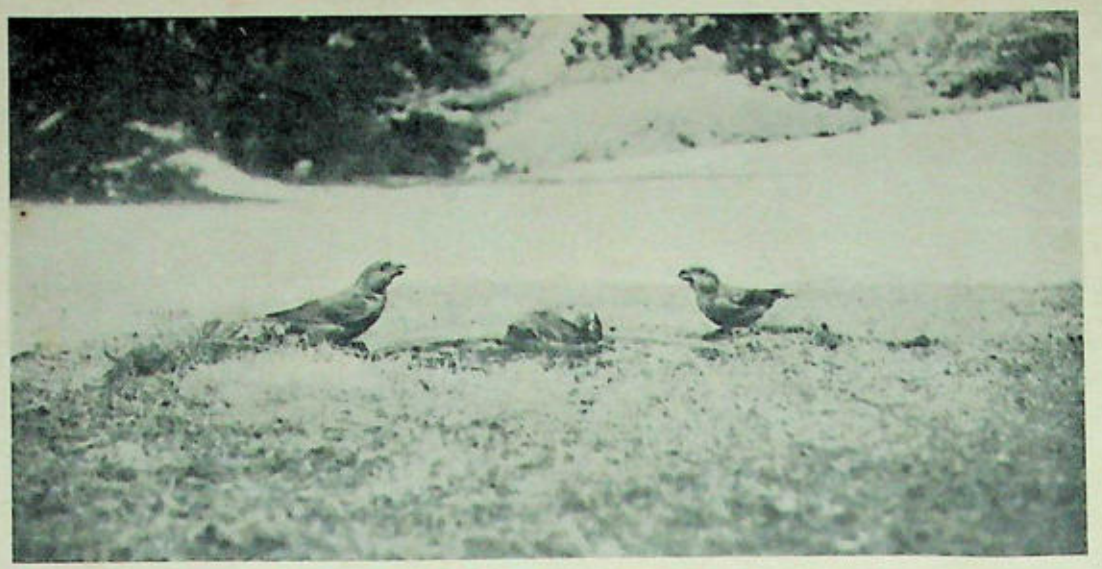
Kakamega is covered with thick bush, and there is a large and healthy snake population. On the occasion to which I refer, a native boy brought in a very large puff adder. We killed and opened her, and found her chock-a-block with young snakes, each from 8in. to 10in. long, about the thickness of a very large lead pencil and all full of fight. They filled a kerai or gold pan half full.

We killed them with boiling water and counted them. There were 24. I have met a man here who claims to have found as many as 30 under the same circumstances.

Yours faithfully,

Plateau Station, Kenya. W. L. JACKSON.

[We submitted the above to Dr. Burgess Barnett, Curator of Reptiles at the London Zoological Gardens, who kindly writes as follows: "Presumably Mr. Jackson suggests that the young snakes had been swallowed. After a recent broadcast, Mr. Seth-Smith received 20 or 30 letters from people claiming experience of snakes swallowing their young—many difficult not to credit. But many hundreds of adders have been born in the Zoo, in cages and in the comparative freedom of the reptiliary, and it has never been observed. Furthermore, although the story is told of many snakes in different parts of the world the species are always viviparous ones. No doubt in this case, and probably in most others, the young snakes were not in the stomach but were still unborn. Such youngsters born by 'Cæsarian section' are quite lively. One never hears of oviparous snakes swallowing their young."—ED.]



TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF THREE FEET WITH A MIDGET CAMERA
(*See Letter "Movements of Crossbills"*)

### MOVEMENTS OF CROSSBILLS

SIR,—This part of the country has been visited this summer by large flocks of crossbills, which during the dry days in August came to drink in the garden pools. This photograph was taken at a distance of three feet with a midget camera concealed under some bushes, and worked at a distance by a fishing line.

Yours faithfully,
C. W. P.

Hambledon,
Surrey.

SIR,—In your issue of August 17th, Mr. Percy F. Bunyard, under the above heading, states that the cones he examined had been obviously worked by crossbills, in spite of the fact that the work of the green and great spotted woodpeckers is almost identical.

This statement is misleading, for instead of the work on the cones being identical, it is decidedly dissimilar. The great spotted woodpecker splits the scales of the cone longitudinally from base to tip with powerful blows, but the crossbill prises open the various segments or scales with its wonderful bill, and both thus extract the seeds in a different manner, leaving the worked cones easily recognisable one from the other.

So possibly Mr. Bunyard was mistaken and blamed the crossbills for what in reality was the work of the woodpeckers.

Yours faithfully,
STANLEY LEWIS.

Cheddar.

### SHOOTING ON THE YANGTSE

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the accompanying photograph, taken recently near Kuikiang, China, of a Chinese hunter, armed with powder horn and pistol grip muzzle-loading gun, charged with home-made powder and shot. With him is a "Chinese wonk," and an excellent sporting dog it is.

Yours faithfully,
D. STEELE-PERKINS
(Surgeon-Lieutenant, R.N.).

H.M.S. Mantis,
Yangtse Flotilla, China.

### PIKE TAKING FLY

SIR,—I caught a pike weighing about ¾lb. on a 2 x cast with a green and teal fly. He took the fly like a trout and played in quite a lively fashion. I was fishing from the shore of Loch Gowan, Ross-shire. I have never caught a pike on a fly before, and would like to know if your readers have often done so, or if it is really a very unusual occurrence.

Yours faithfully,
HESTER LATYMER.

Ledgowan Lodge,
Achnasheen, Ross-shire.

[It is not very uncommon for pike to take a fly, particularly if the dressing resembles a minnow or fry, but it is probably more common in rivers than in lochs. They would, no doubt, do so oftener if they did not normally lie in deep water. This little chap was presumably in the shallows where the fly swam within easy reach.—ED.]

### WHO WAS STARLIGHT ?

SIR,—Mr. Fawcett asks who and what was "Starlight"? From accounts given to me personally in Australia some 40 years back, Starlight's real name was Scott, and he was "hanged" outside the Melbourne Jail of the early days.

I have actually met the late Mr. Cyril Keightley, whose mother's place was held up by "The Moran Gang" operating at and about the same time and place.

Yours faithfully,
R. J. SCOTT.

34, Croft Road,
North End, Portsmouth.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Fawcett's letter in the *Field* of August 31st, asking for information about Starlight and his horse. He was certainly a real character.

"Rolf Boldrewood," the writer of the book *Robbery under Arms*, was Mr. Browne, a magistrate in N.S.W. The author's son, Gerald M. Browne, was in business in Liverpool until about two years ago, and he several times came to Silverdale and told me several facts about Starlight, whom his father knew in the course of his duties.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT BRIGHT.

The Cove,
Silverdale, Carnforth, Lancs.

SIR,—Reference Mr. W. Fawcett's query in a recent issue of the *Field* as to who Starlight was in that charming book of Rolf Boldrewood's, *Robbery Under Arms*, my father met Rolf Boldrewood—T. A. Browne—in Australia in the early 'nineties; in fact both my parents stayed with T. A. Browne and his family.

I have a pretty good memory, and my father told me that T. A. Browne had told him that the original of Starlight was a man named Gardener or Galbraith, I forget which. The man was never killed as the other Starlight was—that Rolf Boldrewood made up! Gardener was taken *alive*, and owing to his wonderfully good behaviour as a bush ranger, his chivalry, etc., he was let off with a long sentence in jail. After serving a dozen years or so he was pardoned, and set free. He then went to America and ended his days as a peaceful and law-abiding member of society.

I never heard anything about "Rainbow." T. A. Browne also told my father that every character in that novel *Man and Beast* was authentic. The facts were true, but spread over a number of years.

Ned Kelly's gang had nothing to do with *Robbery Under Arms*. Their horses must indeed have been very well bred, probably like those that Cromwell's Ironsides were mounted on!

Yours faithfully,
G. H. S.

St. Andrews, Fife.

### SEROTINE BAT IN DEVON

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that on August 7th I captured a fine specimen of the serotine bat (*Eptesicus serotinus*) at Langleigh, Ilfracombe, in North Devon. This is the first record of this rather uncommon species for the county, and until now the nearest occurrences to Devon have been in Hampshire on the eastern side where it is rare, and in Cornwall on the western side of the county where it has been taken a few times. The specimen noted in Dobson's *Catalogue of the Chiroptera of the British Museum*, which was supposed to have been taken at Tintagel Castle in Cornwall was really a noctule. The skin is in the British Museum and bears the correction on the label, in the late Mr. Oldfield Thomas's writing.

When I captured my specimen it was flying with two others over a meadow, and I had noticed these three large bats for the past five consecutive seasons, but as they generally flew high I was never able to procure one. I do not use a shotgun and catch most of my specimens by means of a net. On managing to hit the bat it fell on the ground, uttered a loud squeak and died immediately. I should like to have had it alive in order to study its habits while in captivity.

A CHINESE HUNTER AND HIS DOG
(*See Letter "Shooting on the Yangtse"*)

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL BLACKMORE.

Torrs Park,
Ilfracombe.

### BIRD-BATH OR CAT-SCARE ?

SIR,—With reference to the letter under this heading in your issue of August 31st, is there not a third alternative—Church Font? I ask because, although a font seems rather unlikely at first sight, the carving of grotesque heads is a common ornamentation, often with symbolic meaning, on fonts of ancient origin, and there seems no point at all in it on a bird-bath, for neither birds nor cats would be likely to be scared by it after its novelty had worn off. Moreover, the fact that the dove is facing outwards is not in keeping with a bird-bath, because the bird figures, so often unnecessarily included in bird-bath designs, invariably face towards the water in my experience.

Yours faithfully,
C. NICHOLSON.

Tresillian,
Truro, Cornwall.

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BATSMAN AND BOWLERS IN A GAME SUPPOSED BY ITS ADHERENTS TO BE THE "FATHER OF CRICKET"
*(See Letter "Bat and Trap")*

### "BAT AND TRAP"

SIR,—During a visit to Kent I was much interested watching several matches of Bat and Trap. This game, which I understand is played only in the district round Canterbury, is supposed by its adherents to be the "father of cricket," though it bears little resemblance to its offspring.

The pitch is 21yds. long, with the "trap" at one end and two goal posts 12ft. 6in. apart at the other. The photograph shows the construction of the trap. It has a pivoted bar, and a depression at one end to hold the ball. The batsman places the ball in the depression and then strikes the end of the bar with his bat. This causes the ball to rise in the air, and the batsman then has to hit it between the goal posts at the other end of the pitch. In front of the trap is the flap. This is 5in. square, painted white with a black centre 2¼in. in diameter. The flap is hinged, and falls when struck by the ball.

A match is played with ten a side. Each member of the "in" team bats in turn. If he fails to send the ball between the goal posts he is out. He can also be caught out. The fielding side stand between the goal posts, and each man bowls in turn. If one succeeds in knocking down the flap the batsman who cannot defend his wicket is out.

THE KING CROW OR DRONGO
*(See Letter "An Indian Bird Bath")*

Each time a bowler fails to knock down the flap the batsman replaces the ball on the trap and strikes it down the pitch to the goal. Every time the batsman hits the ball between the posts and the bowler fails to "take a trap" the batsman scores one "run," though there is no actual running.

The bat is a solid block of wood, the blade of which must not be more than 8in. in length or 5½in. in width. The ball is of solid rubber, 2¼in. in diameter. The game consists of three innings to each side, and a match is the best of three games.

The game is under the auspices of the Kent Bat and Trap Association, to which all clubs are affiliated. Matches are played regularly between the clubs. Though one would have thought it essentially an old man's game, many of the most enthusiastic players are quite boys.

Yours faithfully,
GWYNETH PENNETHORNE.

The Hill House,
Lindfield,
Haywards Heath.

### CATCHING A GROUSE

SIR,—At the end of a recent drive on Birnie Moor, my loader was working a dog in front of my butt. Suddenly an old cock grouse rose about 30yds. off and flew straight at him, about 5ft. up. Seeing it coming, my loader made a wild grab at it as it passed, actually caught it with both hands in full flight, and proceeded to kill it. The incident, which was also witnessed by the gun on my right and several beaters, struck me as distinctly unusual. No doubt the bird was a pricked one, but it rose from the heather as if quite fresh and untouched, and was flying very hard. Much amusement was afforded to those who saw it, and it gave me the impression of a brilliant catch at cricket. Personally, I have never known such a thing happen before in 40 years' shooting experience.

Yours faithfully,
DOUGLAS H. COX.

Elgin.

### AN INDIAN BIRD BATH

Sir,—I enclose a photograph of the king crow or common Indian drongo, taken at the bird bath in my Indian garden. In India, needless to say, a bird bath is fully as much appreciated as in England.

Yours faithfully,
H. V. O'DONEL.

Southbourne,
Hants.

### FIFTY YEARS OF SHOOTING

SIR,—On reading your interesting account of Lord Huntingfield I was surprised to see no mention made of Fred. Corrance, another Suffolk shot who shared with Huntingfield the honour of being the two best shots in England during the '70's.

I remember hearing an old labourer talk of him. He said Mr. Corrance, or as he then was, Mr. White, was standing at a drive when he missed the first two birds with both barrels: he then threw off his cape and his gloves and proceeded to kill 25 partridges without a miss.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. DARLING.

The Old Rectory,
Trimley, Ipswich.

### HERON "DIVING"

SIR,—With reference to letters on this subject in recent issues of the *Field*, I have recently left a house near Windsor which was divided from its neighbour by a pond. On several occasions I have seen a heron walking about on the far bank of this pond. The bank consisted of a brick wall rising about 2ft. above the water level. On the top of the wall was a path.

On one occasion I watched the heron and twice saw it jump into the pond. The water is about 2ft. deep, and the bottom soft mud. There are many coarse fish in the pond. The heron seemed to flutter its wings whilst going in, but flew with full stroke as soon as it touched the surface.

On the second occasion I was able to see that its head and neck disappeared below the surface. I could not be certain whether it caught anything in its beak. On each occasion it got back on to the wall.

Yours faithfully,
D. C. BOLES
(Lieutenant-Colonel).

Beresford Cottage,
Hartington, Derbyshire.

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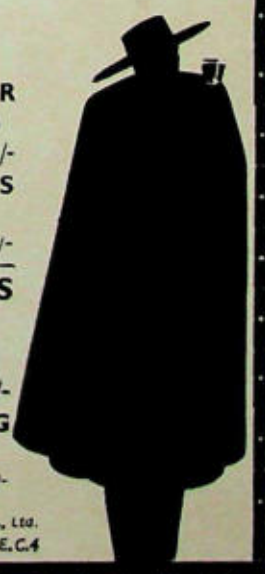

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### AN INDIAN GRASSHOPPER

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can tell me the name of the insect shown in the enclosed photograph? Its body is about 1¼in. in length, and it has a head similar to that of the grasshopper, with very long feelers and powerful jaws. The ends of its wings, when not in use, roll up into a ball at its tail, between two large spikes. There are several spikes on its legs, and each of its curiously-shaped feet has a single claw at its extremity.

The insect was caught a few evenings ago on the mess lawn, where it was attracted by the lights.

Yours faithfully,
39 (Bomber) Squadron, Risalpur, N.W.F.P., India. P. S. SALTER (Flying-Officer, R.A.F).

[The insect shown in the photograph is *Schizodactylus monstruosus*, one of the long-horn grasshoppers. It is moderately common in various parts of India, more especially near rivers, and lives in burrows in slightly damp, sandy soil. The eggs are laid in the burrow. It is considered to be mainly carnivorous, but possibly damages roots of plants by biting into them when burrowing.—ED.]

### BIRD LIFE IN WALES

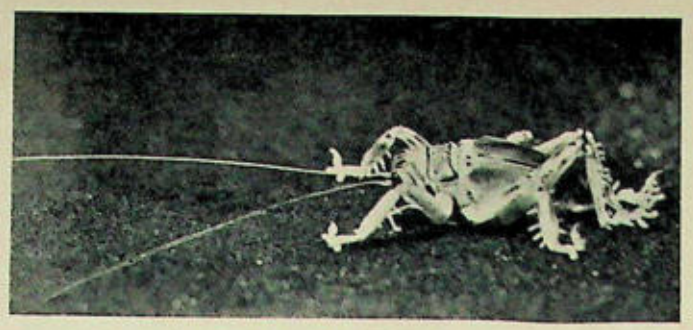
SIR,—In the *Field* of August 31st a letter appeared from Mr. J. W. Dew, headed "Bird Life in Wales," speaking of the scarcity of birds this year. I was likewise paying my usual visit in early June to Llandrindod Wells, Radnor, and was much struck by the paucity of birds. In all of my 20 years' visits I have never seen such a scarcity. Usually there are a number of the different warblers; this year, except for one chiffchaff, none were seen or heard. Swifts very few, martins none, and other birds scarce except for blackbirds and thrushes, which were fairly plentiful.

The weather was bleak and cold, and there were late severe frosts, which may account for the scarcity. As a rule, this locality is charming with its plethora of songsters.

Yours faithfully,
Sutton Coldfield. W. B.

## LETTERS IN BRIEF

**An Unknown Bird.**—The bird seen by Captain Croft-Cohen at Horley was evidently a pied flycatcher, probably on passage to Africa from



LIKE A KNIGHT IN ARMOUR
(*See Letter "An Indian Grasshopper"*)

Wales or the North. It is otherwise rare in S. England. It is not so skilful as the spotted flycatcher at catching insects on the wing, and, unlike that bird, often feeds on the ground, as noticed by your correspondent.—P. G. TILLARD, Eastbourne.

[Captain Croft-Cohen described his bird as bigger than a spotted flycatcher, which does not seem to fit the pied.—ED.]

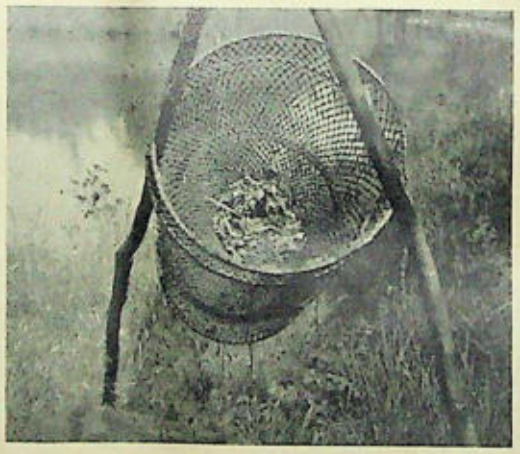
**An Old Earthstopper.**—This engraving, reproduced in your issue of August 31st, is by Valentine Green after N. Drake, and was published in 1767.—C. T. M., Berwickshire.

**Comma Butterflies.**—Some of your readers might be interested to know that I found a dead comma butterfly on my window here on August 17th.—C. F. TEBBUTT, Eynesbury, St. Neots, Hunts.

—— I saw to-day (September 7th), on some blackberries, a very perfect specimen of the comma butterfly; as far as I can find out the first ever seen in this immediate neighbourhood. Perhaps the species is becoming generally commoner?—Miss PAMELA OAKLEY, Lawrence End, near Luton, Beds.

**Bee-Eater in Essex.**—I saw a bee-eater when out shooting on September 9th. As it was the last thing I was expecting I did not immediately realise what it was, but later got a perfect view.—AUBREY BUXTON, Theydon Bois, Essex.

**Wren's Nest in Eel Net.**—Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a



AFTER THE BIRDS HAD FLOWN
(*See Letter "Wren's Nest in Eel Net"*)

wren's nest in the mouth of the pod of an eel net, hung up in a boathouse. After the birds had flown, the eel net was removed from the boathouse, for the purpose of photographing it in a good light.—MICHAEL R. BOARDMAN, How Hill, Ludham, Great Yarmouth.

**Tiger Climbing Tree.**—With reference to the note under "Tiger Climbing Tree" in your issue of August 3rd, Mr. Fooks may be interested to know that I have known of a case of two tigers (mating) climbing the same tree, the lowest branch of which was between 15ft. and 18ft. from the ground.—R. C. MORRIS, Mysore, S. India.

**The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1,** appeal for £6 to assist an elderly lady until she is eligible for her Old Age Pension in six months' time. Her income is only £20 yearly, and since her parents' death she has supported herself by taking posts as companion or housekeeper. Some relations have offered her a home, but they are poor and must have a small weekly payment. The Friends of the Poor will be very grateful for any donations, which will be acknowledged by post.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

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# IN THE CITY

## NATAL NAVIGATION COLLIERIES

AT the end of last February attention was drawn in these notes to the £1 shares of Natal Navigation Collieries, which were then obtainable at 17/–. Since that time the shares have changed hands at 19/9, but of late they have fallen back and can now be picked up at about 15/–. The writer understands that the fall in the price is simply due to a large line of shares offered for sale by executors and not to any intrinsic demerit nor fear that the 5 per cent. dividend paid in respect of the last two years may not be maintained.

It will be recalled that this concern produces nearly one-third of the total coal output of Natal Collieries, and all profits from its operations are available for distribution to holders of the 668,922 £1 shares, which constitute the sole outstanding capitalisation. The company has a comparatively good record, but it has of course suffered in the depression, and although profits in recent years have recovered they have been well below pre-depression levels. In respect of the year ended on June 30th, 1934, earnings were equivalent to 4.8 per cent., and shareholders received 5 per cent. Two dividends of 2½ per cent. each have been declared in respect of the year ended on June 30th last, but the accounts will not be available for about another month.

At present levels the shares of Natal Navigation Collieries yield 6⅔ per cent. with dividends at the rate of 5 per cent., but since tax is deducted at only half the normal rate this return is equivalent to over 7½ per cent. with tax deducted at 4/6 in the £1. The shares offer scope for appreciation in both capital and income, and the fall in their market price which has recently occurred for the technical reason explained above seems to provide an attractive opportunity for their purchase.

### SOUTH AFRICAN MINES

On a number of occasions in the past the writer has drawn attention to the shares of some of the smaller South African finance companies, expressing the view that since they could be bought at less than their liquidating value, such shares constituted a better medium for obtaining an interest in a diversified list of shares of South African mining concerns than the shares of the best known finance houses which were selling relatively at much higher levels. The shares of the smaller concerns still seem to offer good value, but attention might well be directed now to the securities of the leading companies in view of the much lower levels at which they have recently become obtainable.

For instance, the £1 ordinary shares of Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd., were changing hands earlier this year at 83/–, whereas they can now be bought at 60/–. The company is under able management, and through the operating subsidiary New Consolidated Gold Fields, Ltd., it has investments in a very diversified list of securities, including industrials, but consisting for the most part of gold mining undertakings both in the producing stage and those still being developed.

In respect of the year ended on June 30th, 1934, the parent company reported earnings equivalent to 20.1 per cent. and distributed dividends totalling 20 per cent. However, the parent company's accounts do not accurately reflect the position since they only include dividends actually paid by the subsidiary. As compared with dividend payments aggregating 20 per cent. the subsidiary earned 33⅓ per cent. These earnings included, as is customary with finance companies, profits on the sale of securities, and although profits from this latter source may not have been so large in respect of the year ended June 30th last, the margin over dividend payments for the previous period was so wide that it seems not unreasonable to anticipate that the final dividend to be declared in a few weeks' time will be maintained at last year's level.

At the offered price of 60/– the £1 ordinary shares of Consolidated Gold Fields yield over 6⅔ per cent. with dividends at the rate of 20 per cent., and after allowing for the expenses of purchase. South African mining shares as a whole have been depressed in price not only in sympathy with general market conditions in London, but owing to a bad technical position in South Africa arising from overspeculation earlier in the year. This technical position is reported to have been cleared up, and at present lower levels the £1 ordinary shares of Consolidated Gold Fields appear worthy of the consideration of investors wishing to obtain an interest in the goldmining industry and to invest a portion of their funds outside the direct influence of European politics. PACTOLUS.

## *New Books*

# REHEARSAL FOR DIPLOMACY

### Sir Esmé Howard Remembers

ALTHOUGH the first forty years considered in Lord Howard of Penrith's book deal with life in many parts of the Empire, only for a very few of those years was that very distinguished ambassador actually a member of the Diplomatic Corps. For early in his service he resigned to rejoin it much later in life. But in the interval he had just the sort of experience which would serve a diplomatist well, more especially in these modern times when diplomacy and economics know no dividing line, and which in particular would fit a diplomat for the post of Ambassador at Washington. These experiences included prospecting in Rhodesia, an examination of the rubber question in South America, life on a plantation in the West Indies, and service as a yeomanry trooper in the South African War.

One of Lord Howard's earliest diplomatic acquaintances was the great Lord Lyons. He writes of him: "There was nothing striking or brilliant about Lord Lyons, either in his conversation or in his appearance. . . . As to his conversation, I doubt if one single witty remark of his has ever been handed down, amongst his staff or in his family circle. He seemed to be, outwardly, at any rate, just a typical kindly commonplace old bachelor." But, "He was without prejudices, patient and very courteous, and endowed with what Americans call sound horse sense to an extraordinary degree. They were the qualities, together with what, to the brilliant of the world, might seem mediocrity, that gave him such an outstanding position among diplomatists of his day." Not the ordinary conception of Machiavelli-cum-Albion.

Not the least interesting of the author's reminiscences are those concerning the Crabbit Club, and that remarkable character, Wilfred Blunt. On having to make a speech in favour of his candidature for the club, Lord Howard pleaded respectable mediocrity. Up jumped George Curzon, and "in a voice trembling with righteous indignation said: 'I must really protest against this outrage, with all the vigour of which I am capable. We have had, hitherto, all sorts of people elected to the club, of whom the less said perhaps the better. But we have never yet had one who laid claim to the title of a Respectable Mediocrity. A mediocrity I might perhaps, *à la rigueur*, have put up with, but a respectable one would be past endurance.'" It is a pity that the general public are only just learning of this side to the "superior person's" character—he, incidentally, won the club poem competition with his work on "Sin"!

At the end of the book there is an interesting chapter on King Edward's visit to the Vatican, the first visit of an English sovereign to the Pope since the Reformation. It is amazing to read of the subterfuges that the British Government went to to avoid outraging militant Protestant opinion. It is interesting, too, to read earlier in the book that Lord Howard ranks Leo XVII with Bismarck and Rhodes as the most arresting personalities he has met.

This book, as its author says in a preface, aims at being good family history, but it is this and something more, and it will be read with interest and pleasure by many: with resentment by none.

R. M.

*Theatre of Life.* By Esmé Howard. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21/–.)

## WITH GUN AND DOG

WHEN early September brings one a highly illustrated sporting book with a more or less fancy title one pauses, if one has even the smallest experiences of such matters, and asks oneself whether this is not the early bird of the Christmas gift spate? But Major Kenneth Dawson's book is something more than this. It is a very useful and readable account of the many problems of the rough shooter. As such it naturally demands comparison with Sir John Goodwin's *Making a Shoot*, recently published. Sir John stuck more to the severe technicalities, Major Dawson keeps us informed through the medium of his own experiences. Well, you pays your money and you takes your choice. Personally, I should choose both.

The author deals with most forms of the ordinary rough shooting. There are chapters on Round the Hedgerows, Rabbits, Woodpigeons, Snipe, Wildfowling Inland, Summer Shooting (chiefly with a rifle), Vermin (a wrong expression, but one cannot think of a better: after all, where do vermin begin and where end?), The Food of Game and Wildfowl, Gundogs and Their Care, Advice on Buying a Gun, Cartridge Questions, and Shooting Kit and Preparations. The last three seem to me to be, perhaps, a little out of place. They seem inevitable to these books, and when all is said and done one generally harks back to personal predilection and Gerald Burrard. But one can turn to any of the other chapters both to learn and to refresh oneself. I liked the last chapter on odds and ends, and I cannot remember such a chapter in a shooting book, at any rate not so well done. It deals with the language of the chase. By the way, can Major Dawson give us the origin of Tally-ho?

Most of his information is imparted by telling us some story of his own doings. Here is an instance, a minor one, but it illustrates this useful method of imparting information. "Several shots were heard, and when we came out it was to find that one of the forward guns had killed two wigeon, a cock and a hen. He had stopped one with a long shot as they came past, and the other—as often happens when a pair of duck is shot—came back to look for its mate, and was also added to the bag." Now I suggest that there is a method of telling a beginner a useful bit of information which is better than any tabulated fact from a "shooters' field pocket book."

I particularly liked the chapter on the rabbit, which I thought was admirably common sense. And just at present we need all the common sense we can get on that subject. The rabbit fills many useful purposes,—"Compare the havoc a vixen with cubs will work amongst game where rabbits are scarce, with her depredations, where she can catch as many conies as she wants"—though in the last two years they have spread so widely owing to the dry summers as to be a menace. Their market value is not great, but they are definitely fit for venery, even if vermin.

This very opportune and interesting book is beautifully produced, and Winifred Austen's etchings are examples of her best work, and that is saying a lot.

R. M.

*Just an Ordinary Shoot.* By Kenneth Dawson. (*Country Life*: 10/6.)

## YACHTING BY THE FIRESIDE

IT always seems to me to be one of the more remarkable features of publishing that textbooks and manuals of yachtsmanship should be timed to appear in the reader's hands either during the height of the sailing season or else at or near its close. Within the past couple of months two manuals of "How to Cruise" have come into my hands. One is an old friend re-dressed for the seventh time—Captain du Boulay and B. Heckstall Smith's *Complete Yachtsman*; the other is the completing volume of Mr. Calahan's "learning-to" trilogy, *Learning to Cruise*. The title of this latter book is given without capitals on the cover of the book.

Except for the question of bulk these two books are very alike, for they tell much the same story, even if in different fashion. In the *Complete Yachtsman* the beginner will find very much indeed that will be useful to him whether he intends to become a slave to racing or to cruising—although there is much more of interest and value to the racing enthusiast. Everything is discussed, from the building of one's own ship and the sailing of it down to some of the niceties of seamanship and handling. Motors find a distinct place in this new edition—just as they have done in the modern yacht—but, considering the ubiquity of the engine and the fact that its presence aboard is now accepted instead of being glossed over, a seventeen-page comment is, perhaps, scarcely adequate. In general this new edition is as complete as its title suggests—even down to the lines of Enterprise and Shamrock V. The revision work might, perhaps, have been a little more thorough—in its cruising aspect particularly. Certain items of information are now considerably out of date, and the bibliography could do with some effective blue-pencilling. These defects are, however, of a trifling nature and do not detract in any material way from a book which has for so long been a friend to so many.

Mr. Calahan's instructions on cruising differ in character from those of Captain du Boulay. He seeks to dress up his information in everyday guise—and succeeds just as admirably as in his *Learning to Sail* and his *Learning to Race*. He runs through a gamut of cruising facets and tempers his hints and titbits of information with delightful philosophies—even if at times one finds it hard at first sight to follow the Americanisms. This is as delightful a volume as are his others, and will be read as much for its kindly practical wisdom as for its sound common sense.

J. I.

*Learning to Cruise.* By H. A. Calahan. (The Macmillan Company: New York; 10/6.)

*The Complete Yachtsman.* Seventh Edition. By B. Heckstall Smith and Captain E. du Boulay. (Methuen; 18/–.)

## A MOTORIST'S GUIDE

AS Sir Malcolm Campbell says in his foreword to *Regent Road Maps*, maps are fascinating things. A handy set for motorists covering England and Wales has been produced by Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd., controllers of Regent Super Petrol, at 7/6. The novel feature of this set is a central index system showing the whole of the area covered by which finger notches enable any section to be referred to in a second. This system also extends to the other useful data and an abridged version of the Highway Code, a useful list of foreign travel regulations, sketch maps of thoroughfares in the principal towns in this country, illustrations of the Ministry of Transport road signs, an explanation of road classification and international index marks can be seen at a glance.

The scale of the maps is ten miles to the inch and they give all the details required by the motorist.

Regent maps are obtainable from Serials and Sport Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

A welcome herald of a new Rugby football season is the publication of *The Rugby Football Annual* (Sporting Handbooks, Limited; price 2/–). This year's issue is the largest yet published, and it is interesting to see the continued increase in size of the section devoted to Public Schools.

For elementary instruction in one or another branch of angling no books have had a more consistent vogue than those of John Bickerdyke (the late C. H. Cook). A new edition of the sea-fishing volume, *Angling in Salt Water* (paper covers, 2/– net), has just been brought out by The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart, Ltd., brought up to date by Mr. Arthur F. Bell. It remains a standard work.

In fishing literature to achieve a third edition is rightly a matter for congratulation, since it means that anglers have accepted the tenets of the author as part of their creed. Mr. G. E. M. Skues's *The Way of a Trout with a Fly* (A. & C. Black; 7/6 net), is the sequel to his *Minor Tactics*, but we gladly note that he has recently attained this distinction.

*Government Problems in Wild Life Conservation* (Colombia University Press; $3.25) is a thoughtful contribution to the question of conservation in America, by Robert H. Connery, and we thoroughly recommend it to our readers.

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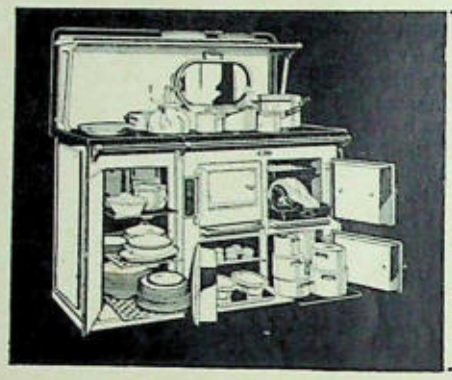

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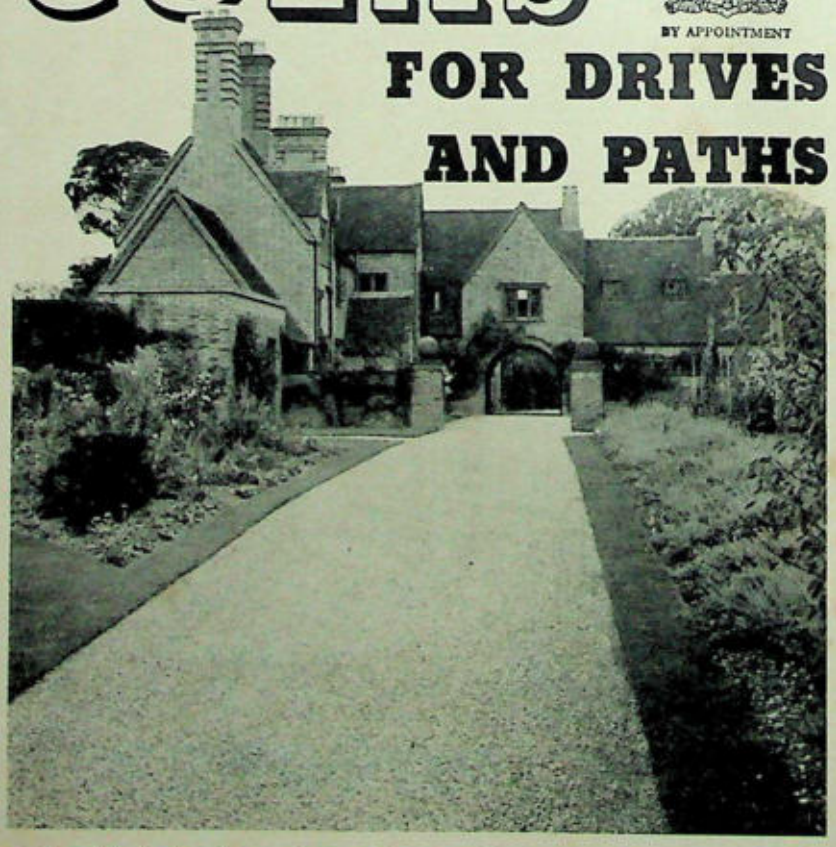

*Grimshaw Hill, Henley-in-Arden. Photograph by courtesy of W. L. Barber, Esq. Contractors: Messrs. Grosvenor Workman.*

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## HUTCHINSON

*The Country House*

# BULBS FOR BOWL CULTURE

## Hyacinths, Crocuses, Narcissi, and Tulips

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW catalogues give so much pleasure as the bulb catalogues, for they suggest colourful bowls of flowers during the bleakest months of the year and the joys of tending the bulbs through the autumn.

The earliest bulbs that come into flower (grown in bowls or pots) are Roman hyacinths, specially prepared miniature and large hyacinths, crocuses and early-flowering narcissi and early-flowering tulips. The ordinary Roman hyacinths have never been very popular, for though they flower so early (by Christmas as a rule and by the end of November with a little forcing), the white flowers are too chilly in appearance. But the new Primrose Queen is delightful. It flowers as early as the white, and the flowers are a pleasing shade of yellow. It is about double the price of white Roman hyacinths. In regard to the latter, it is never worth buying the cheaper bulbs as only the best produce several spikes from one bulb.

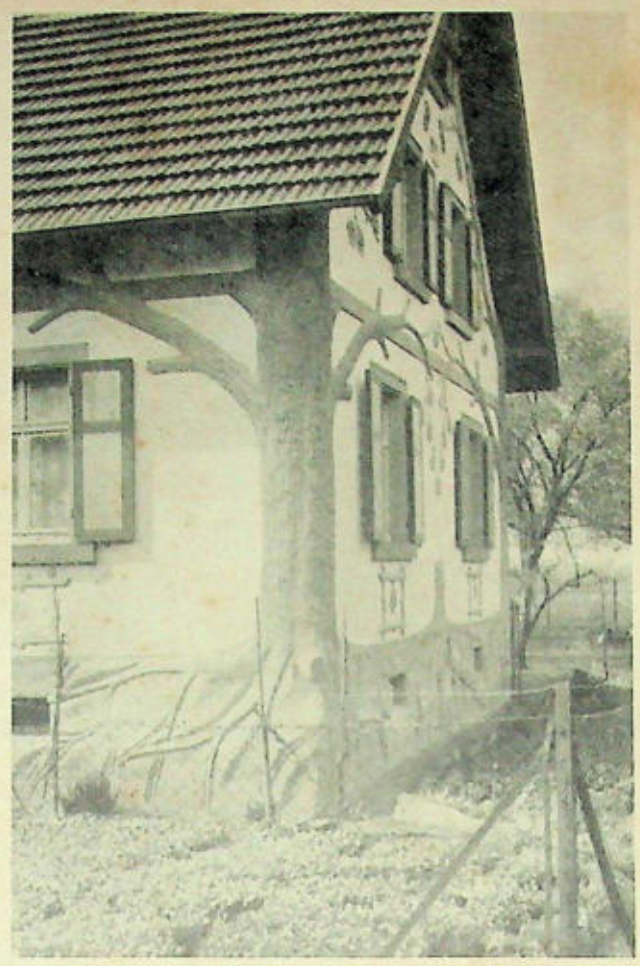
All the large-flowered crocuses can be grown in bowls or pots with the exception of the yellow. Like tulips, they are very susceptible to lack of water, and it is for this reason I think that crocuses are so satisfactory grown in bowls of pebbles and, at the bottom of the bowl, water with charcoal. When the roots first appear, the water should be close enough for the roots just to reach it. The most striking crocus to grow in a bowl is the comparatively new striped Beauty. The flowers are very large and beautifully striped and feathered a rich mauve. It associates well with Queen of the Blues and Bleu Celeste. The last-named has particularly striking orange stigmata. The best of the white crocuses for bowl culture are Kathleen Parlow and White Lady.

Yellow crocuses, though they cannot be grown in bowls, are perfectly easy to flower in pots with drainage, provided they have natural conditions to within a fortnight of blooming. The pots should be quite 4in. deep, good drainage put over the holes and the bulbs planted as thickly as possible in a compost of good fibrous loam, leaf mould and sand. Plunge the pots in ashes until February, when they begin to show bud. Then they can be lifted and put into a cold frame for about a fortnight. The frame must only be closed at night, unless the weather is quite exceptionally severe. Kept closed, they will almost certainly fail, for yellow crocuses cannot tolerate so much as a degree of forcing. When just opening they can be brought indoors. These crocuses are particularly decorative if grown in bowls nearly a foot wide. The golden flowers in mass fill a room with sunlight, for they catch and reflect every ray of light.

Many narcissi do not take kindly to bowl culture, but one of the most satisfactory of early-flowering daffodils for bowl or pot culture is King Alfred. This magnificent daffodil, with its large, rich golden flowers on 24-inch stems, and its striking blue-green foliage needs a bowl of adequate size and depth. Planted in bowls in peat fibre with charcoal, the bowls should be either put out of doors standing on ashes and covered with fibre to a depth of at least 2in., or they can be placed in any dark cellar. Placed in a cupboard or any close place, the bulbs will probably fail to flower.

Water should be given only very moderately indeed till the roots are well formed. Rain water is the best water to use, but it should have stood in the same temperature as the plants for 24 hours. Administering ice-cold water gives a severe set-back, and the bulbs flower late in consequence. When some top growth shows the bowls should be very gradually brought into full light and finally placed in the sunniest part of the greenhouse or on a sunny window-ledge. The atmosphere of a room where there is a gas fire is more injurious than where there is a coal fire, and all plants abhor being in a draughty spot.

If tulips specially prepared for early forcing are required in bloom by early February, they should be planted before the end of September. They are more satisfactory in pots than bowls, but with care can be grown in the latter. Fred Moore and Brilliant Star can be had in bloom as early as mid-January if brought into a temperature of 65 deg. by mid-December, the temperature being gradually increased to 75 deg. De Wet is a very satisfactory tulip for forcing. It can be had in bloom by early February. Murillo is one of the most satisfactory of the double tulips, also the far better coloured Peach Blossom. The little Duc Van Thol varieties are the easiest for bowl culture.



MODERN DECORATIONS IN AUSTRIAN FARMHOUSE ARCHITECTURE

*A brick house on the road between Salzburg and Linz plastered and decorated with a tree trunk at each of the two front corners. The tree trunks are realistically coloured on a pale yellow ground. The roof is of brown tiles*

# FARMERS' HOMES IN CENTRAL EUROPE

## National Characteristics Expressed in the Architecture of the Countryside

By LADY INGRAM

FARMHOUSES, perhaps more than any other dwelling places, reflect their owners disposition and taste, because farmers, the world over, are a self-supporting fraternity, not only on the land but in their homes, and can turn their hands to any kind of work from roofing to draining, so that their houses are nearly always kept in repair and beautified by their own effort. Very often farms have actually been built by their present owner's forefathers and stay in the same family generation after generation, till their owners love them so dearly that they lavish upon them far more attention and spare cash than they devote to their families.

Motoring across Central Europe, it is very noticeable how farms in the various countries seem to take unto themselves the national characteristics of their owners. In Northern France, for instance, the farms are comfortable and practical, farmhouses and buildings are in good weather-resisting repair, but their thrifty owners never spend time or money on beautifying anything, and the *tout ensemble* is, in consequence, drab and uninteresting.

The land, and especially the orchards, are always in splendid trim, every tree is pruned into perfect shape, sprayed and whitewashed, but there never seems to be enough of this sprucing liquid left for the house, and the latter is covered instead with hideous, disfiguring advertisements that not only hide it from view, for that would not really matter, but completely spoil the look of the country side.

In Germany, such advertisements are never seen. I do not know whether they are "verboten" by law, but certainly no self-respecting German would tolerate them, for men and women alike are very house-proud and bring whole-heartedly all their orderly habits of mind and love of beauty and comfort to bear on the task of making German farmhouses a real delight to the eye. The Schwartz Wald district abounds with splendid old farms, many of them hundreds of years old; in these, humans, cattle, pigs, poultry and farm produce are all housed under one vast roof, which is generally of the "fish-scale" variety and is liberally supplied with attic windows.

Being made of wood, there is alway a danger of fire, and many of the farms have little belfries containing fire-bells to call the neighbours in case of need, and when these are rung every man, woman and child for miles around rallies to the call. The houses are extremely comfortable inside, with spacious wood-panelled rooms, well furnished with good solid old furniture often made by the men of the household during the winter months. Each room has a vast porcelain stove and nearly every farm has electric light and a telephone.

In Bavaria and the Thuringer Wald districts lovely old half-timbered houses, reminiscent of English Elizabethan homesteads, are to be found. They have been meticulously preserved and often additionally beautified with gaily painted shutters and woodwork picked out in appropriate colours; this form of decoration being also used to make window-boxes, ornamental dove-cotes and even dog kennels; neighbours vying with each other to produce the most attractive models.

There is one special characteristic of Czecho-Slovakian farms, and that is their gateways, which alas! are too often shut and barred to tourists! Their owners are, by nature, extremely cautious and suspicious, and are difficult to make friends with unless one actually lives amongst them; it is, therefore, not surprising to find that the farms are always enclosed behind high walls, and that the gateways, generally built in line with the façade of the houses, and sometimes running through the house itself and having rooms built over them, are of quite imposing design, almost suitable for an institute or seminary. The farms themselves are of two distinct types, the first being of stone, plastered and colour-washed in a great variety of colours and giving the villages a very cheerful appearance, but sometimes of too virulent a hue to please English taste; the second, and older type of farms, of wood, often elaborately thatched and brightly decorated with conventional designs executed in highly varnished paints which run round the balconies, doorways and windows.

Nowhere can more "gemutlich" and welcoming farms be found than in the Austrian Tyrol. All round the houses run hand-carved wooden balconies. Shutters and window-boxes look as if their paint were hardly dry, and the roofs are topped by little gilded crosses sometimes, on saint days and for festivals, with little decorated Christmas trees. Even in mountainous districts gardens are attempted and sometimes, in the valleys, a whole village will be composed of half-timbered farmhouses and cottages with attractive gardens.

Modern architects in Austria are now trying their hand at designing farms, and one in particular, near Linz, has hit on a most original design incorporating a tree, while another I saw had little round thatched turrets with the plaster of the walls worked to represent round haystacks.

In Switzerland, the small mountain farms are often hard put to it to remain in existence at all, but thanks to their sturdy owners they do manage to snatch a precarious livelihood from the steep hillsides where they perch so bravely, covered throughout the winter with a blanket of thick snow. But however poor they may be, the Swiss farms are always scrupulously spick and span and their dairies are an example in cleanliness to the world, while the farmhouses are as unpretentious, strongly built and wholesome looking as their owners.

[*Pictures of various designs of Continental Farmhouses appear on page* 715.]

DESECRATION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE IN FRANCE

*An old stone-tiled barn disfigured by advertisement*

At a concert a fellow of Caius
Spoilt the Brahms with a thunderous snaius,
So the whole Philharmonic
Cried "Take some Schweppes Tonic"
And a don—more polite—added "plaius."

# Schweppes

## TONIC WATER

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Every member of the

# 1935 RYDER CUP TEAM

is equipped with a

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## STORMCLOTH

## GOLF COAT

and is a consistent user of Dunlop Golf Balls.

The British Ryder Cup Team, 1935, *left to right*, *Back Row:* W. J. Cox, E. W. Jarman, R. Burton, Commander Roe (*Manager*), R. Whitcombe, A. H. Padgham. *Front Row:* E. R. Whitcombe, P. Alliss, C. A. Whitcombe, A. Perry, J. J. Busson.

**DUNLOP STORMCLOTH** is a new fabric of an ultra close weave, which resists both wind and rain and yet is never 'stuffy' because the rubberless proofing does not in any way impede its natural ventilating qualities.

**DUNLOP GOLF COATS** made of this cloth, self-lined throughout, with roomy pockets, zipp fastener fronts, and an elastic web waist-band, are obtainable at

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Similar model, lined only on the shoulders and half-sleeves at . . . **30/-**

Ladies' Models with buttoned fronts, obtainable at the same prices. Stocked by Golf Pros. and Outfitters everywhere.

★ Sir Malcolm Campbell wore a suit of Dunlop Stormcloth when he broke the land speed record by achieving a speed of 301.1 m.p.h. He chose Stormcloth on account of its resistance to wind and the comfort it affords in all temperatures.

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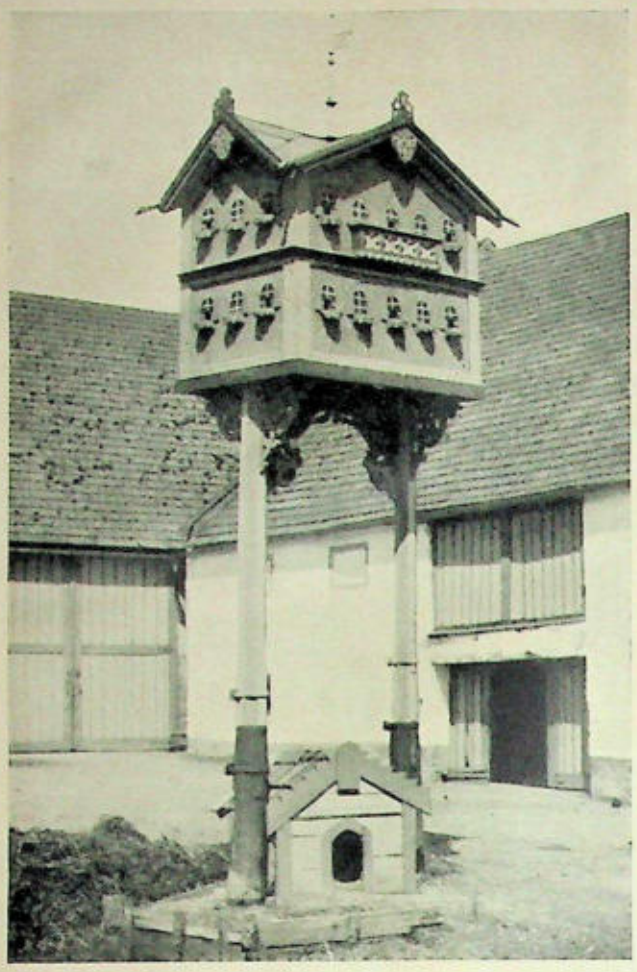
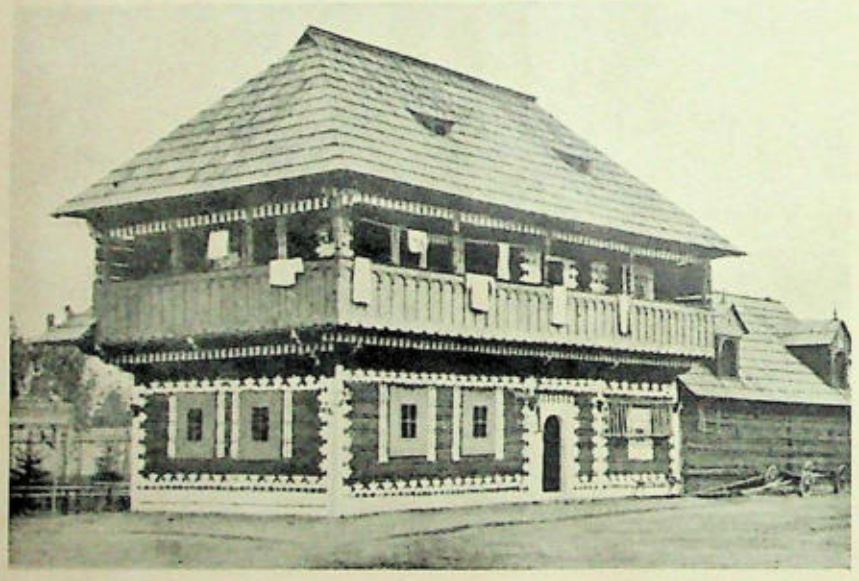
5G1/34 C.F.H.

# FARMSTEADS ORNAMENTAL AND PRACTICAL

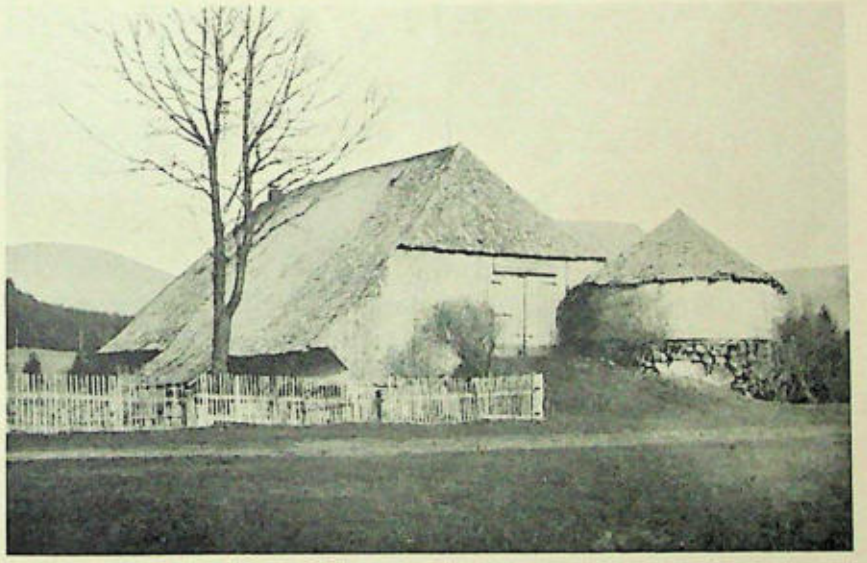


DOVECOTE AND DOG KENNEL
*An elaborately carved design, painted bright blue and green, near Straubing, Bavaria*

THE PRACTICAL NOTE IN NORTHERN FRANCE, NEAR CALAIS
*The house, of two stories, has a red tiled roof and is whitewashed, but not even the shutters are painted an attractive colour*

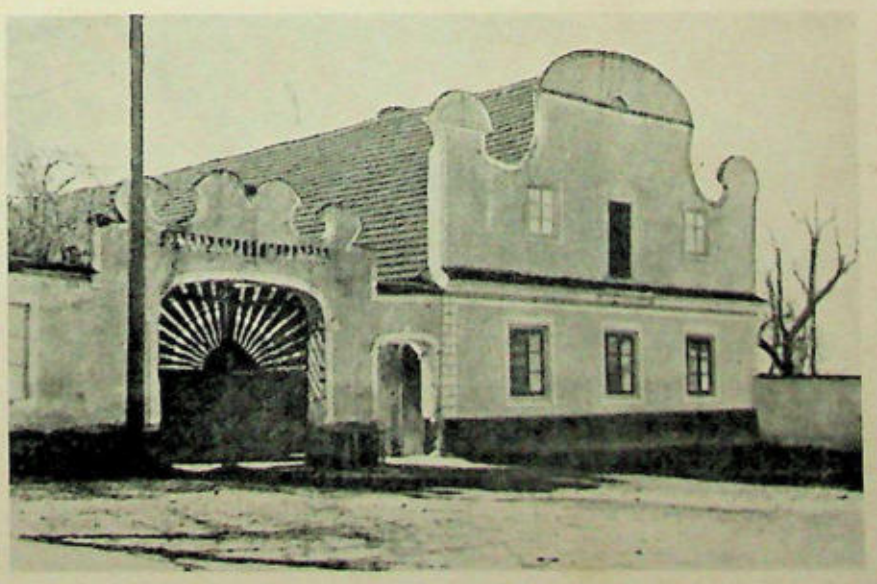


ORNAMENTAL WOODWORK IN SLOVAKIA
*A small farmhouse at Cicmany, with its patterns picked out in gay colours, and a balcony running the length of two sides of the first floor*



A SHINGLE-ROOFED BUILDING OF THE BLACK FOREST
*The round tower, somewhat similar to the Kentish Oast houses, is used for threshing. The dwelling-house lies behind the barn on the far side of the building*

LIVESTOCK AND FAMILY UNDER ONE ROOF
*About 200 years old, this farm at Freiburg-in-Breisgau combines homestead, cowsheds and cattle stalls. A communicating door leads from the kitchen to the milking sheds*



"MODERNISM" IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
*The stone plaster of these farms is painted in various colours, pink, green or mauve, or all combined. The buildings form three sides of a square yard*

# THE GOOD FARMER

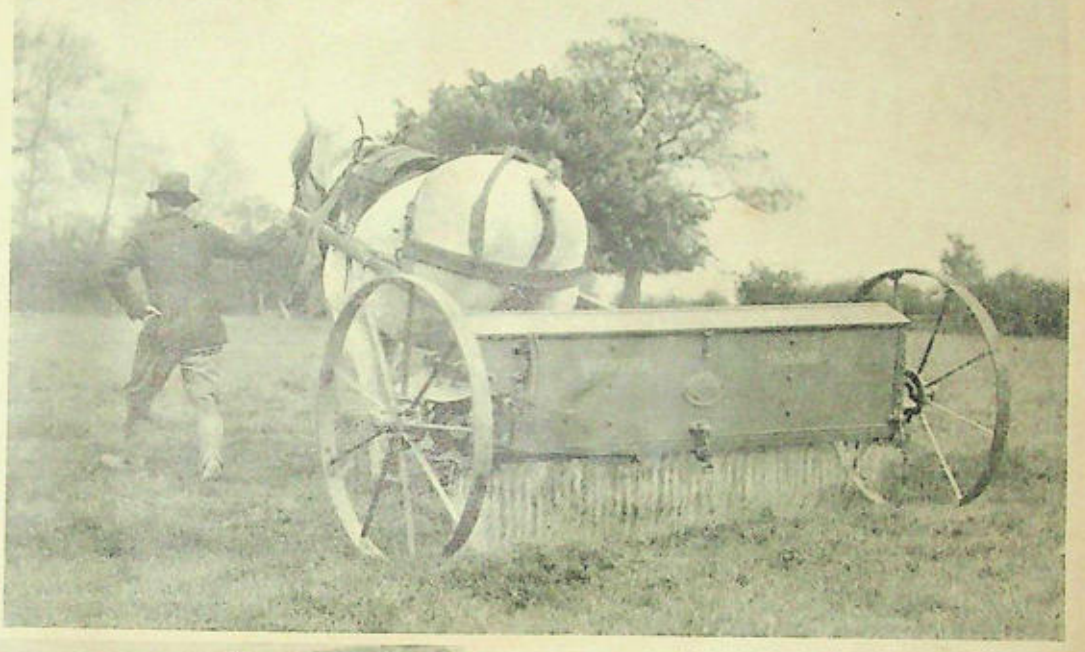
## Bewildering Changes Afoot

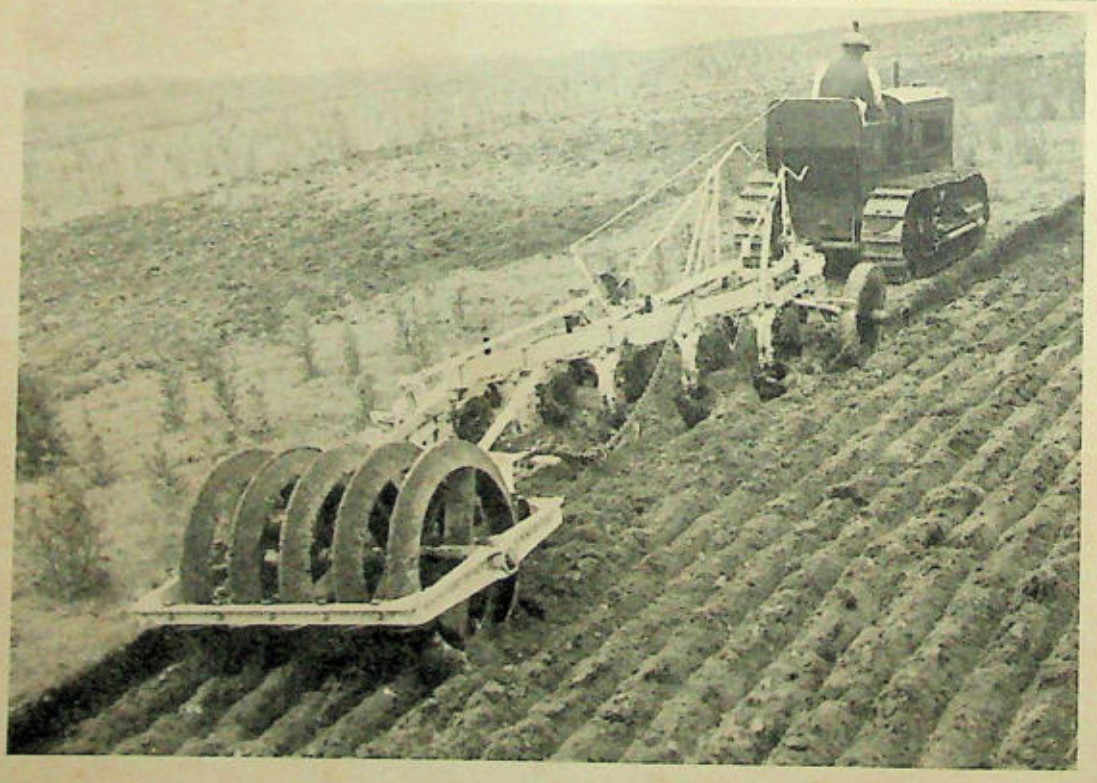
By W. GAVIN, C.B.E.

FARMERS are often criticised for reluctance to leave the road their fathers have trod, but not improbably this reluctance on the whole has stood them in good stead. Too many of the so-called reforms that have been held out have been immature or limited in their application to certain conditions—limitations not always appreciated by those who enthusiastically introduce them. It may be true that constant contact with Nature tends to make men conservative and cautious, but it is equally true that it makes them stable, patient and courageous, and ancient as well as modern agricultural history shows that the British farmer once convinced, albeit slowly, that a new course is sound and practical will turn to follow it with resolution and real ability.

At no period within the last hundred years have there been more bewildering changes afoot than to-day. In every aspect of farming we are called upon to adopt new practices, acquire new knowledge and face new problems. Let us reflect on some of the ways in which the make-up of a "good farmer" to-day is in course of being modified.

The most obvious change has, of course, been the introduction of machinery. Until the last ten years it has been a sort of excrescence on an industry that fundamentally disliked it. Steam ploughs, however, have always been popular. They came for a week or two—did their job thoroughly well and quickly—brought their own special staff, strange beings in overalls who understood their peculiar and uninteresting task of tending lifeless and unresponsive "horse-powers" instead of the noble animals from which the term is derived. But tractors when they came remained for long more of an imposition than a substitution. Then the machine invaded the milking shed and the dairy, and for the first time occupied a real niche in the farm organisation. Farmers began to understand the internal combustion engine—some of their men had motor cycles; and gradually the use of machinery indicated the importance of machinery control—records of fuel consumption—





MASTER AND MAN HAVE BECOME MACHINE MINDED

*An autumn dressing of fertiliser for the pastures. (Below) An Allis Chalmers tractor drawing a Ransome Quintrac plough and an Edmonds press*

the need to decrease overheads by increased utilisation—the economy of skilled attention. Master and man began to be machine-minded. Old cars are pressed into service as hay sweeps. The combine-harvester is spreading and leading to drying kilns on many farms. It looks as if we shall soon be drying our summer grass for use as concentrated feed in winter.

But these developments are as nothing compared to the new knowledge that those who are feeding stock are being called upon to acquire. First came the proper balancing of rations. For many years those of us who had mastered the necessary data regarding proteins, carbohydrates and fats thought we knew all that was necessary. Now we hear of little except mineral deficiencies, vitamins, and even still more mysterious accessory food factors. We can but comfort ourselves with the thought that the really good stockman, who is born and not made, somehow supplies his stock with all that is wanted for its well being, though probably a lot more too to the detriment of our pocket.

Even the growing of crops has its new aspects. Virus and other diseases and parasites have to be guarded against by new methods: seed has to be disinfected: the margin of profit is too small now to allow of preventable losses. New fertilisers are available, and knowledge of their proper use is wider. But even now comparatively few realise that the four-course rotation removes in the crops alone no less than:

3 cwt. Nitrogen per acre,
1 ,, Phosphoric acid per acre,
3½ ,, Potash per acre,

and that if these quantities of essential plant food are not returned to the land either in the form of dung or of artificials, then we are definitely living on our capital. To make good the above loss requires some 9cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 4cwt. superphosphate and 4cwt. of muriate of potash, or the corresponding quantities of compound fertilisers. Moreover, these figures include only the quantities actually removed by the crop: in addition, we have to make good the losses in the soil caused by drainage, etc., and in many cases we have also to consider the building up of the fertility of the land.

Perhaps the most sweeping and fundamental change has been in the direction of marketing, and it must necessarily be some time before the main body of farmers or the general public appreciate to the full the fundamental issues involved in these steps towards organisation and reform. The Boards themselves have to feel their way through a vast entanglement of new problems, bearing in mind that, although they are elected by their producers, they can only ultimately succeed in serving them if they enlist the support and good will of the large body of general consumers.

These developments involve a change in the farmer's equipment respecting what is usually termed "commercial judgment"—a point which, I think, has not yet been widely appreciated. In pre-war days success in farming was achieved by two characteristics usually in combination, namely:

(1) Skill in cultivation of the land and/or management of livestock.

(2) Skill in judging the time and place to dispose of the products of the farm and to purchase its requirements.

Now although the first qualification, as we have shown, is more than ever necessary, the position as regards the second is very different. One of the major improvements of organisation is greater stability of prices throughout the season, and as this is achieved to an increasing extent, so it will be a matter of less importance whether we sell our wheat or our potatoes on Thursday or Thursday week—whether we send out fat bullocks to Shrewsbury or Crewe—whether we buy our stores in September or October. Moreover, price changes are more likely to arise through political action, or through the activity of Marketing Boards than, as in the past, through meteorological changes and other "Acts of God." One is as difficult to forecast as the other.

Increased transport facilities have also made unexpected changes in the same direction, particularly for the grower of market garden crops. The experienced man on a London market could often foretell reasonably accurately after a walk round the market on his arrival what prices were likely to be for the day. Now this is almost impossible. If an Essex grower thinks that supplies are likely to be short he can telephone to his farm thirty miles away and have another lorry loaded up within a couple of hours, but twenty other growers may have taken the same step, with the result that a market that opened "short" may be glutted before its close.

Amid all these and other changes, the land and the seasons go on. The farmer has to plan ahead for at least one or two years, and in many cases even longer. He has long-term commitments and is now hoping for a little more long-term security that what he sows will be reaped without loss to himself—looking not for "change and decay" which for long he has seen around him, but for "change and progress."

# TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

JOHN COBB'S NAPIER-RAILTON PASSING THE FRENCH HOTCHKISS (NO. 26) DRIVEN BY ALBERT DIVO IN THE 500 MILES RACE LAST SATURDAY

## BRITAIN'S FASTEST MOTOR RACE

### Five Hundred Miles of Flat-Out Racing for the *Field* Team Trophy

By MAJOR W. WHITTALL

AMONG the year's motor racing events the Five Hundred Miles race, promoted by the British Racing Drivers' Club at Brooklands, is beyond all question the most gruelling test to which motor cars are subjected in competition. Not even the great Continental road races impose such strains on mechanism and tyres as the bucketing they receive in 500 miles of flat-out racing on the rough, bumpy surface of Brooklands.

The astonishing thing about it is not that some 50 per cent. of the starters fall by the wayside but that any of them survive the test at all. Told in a few words the story of this year's race, which was run last Saturday, is that, of 34 cars which started away at noon, no more than nineteen remained on the track at the end, while only seven finished within the regulation quarter-of-an-hour after the winner passed the post, the remaining twelve being flagged off the course.

The weather was almost ideal for the race—cool and dry, with fitful bursts of sunshine and not enough wind to make driving tricky. As a matter of fact, it was just this ideal weather that caused most of the trouble in the early stages of the race. Everybody had anticipated rain and a slippery track, so most of the entrants had fitted road-racing tyres to be on the safe side, and this proved an almost endless source of trouble for the first hour. Cars kept coming in to the pits with the treads stripped completely off, a curious feature being that in most cases it was the off-side front tyre which had gone, though in more than one case tyres had gone in two's or even all round. After changing over to another type of tyre, however, this kind of trouble vanished and, so far as I saw, there were no cases of tyre failure during the remainder of the race.

By the time the race had been in progress for an hour it became evident that, barring accidents, the winner would be one of the cars starting from the back marks. At the end of the first hour Captain Barnato's Hassan Special had taken the lead on handicap, with John Cobb's big Napier-Railton second, and Lord Howe's Bugatti third. Halfway through the order was still the same, with one of the works' team of Rileys driven by Von der Becke and McClure in fourth place.

Shortly after, however, the Barnato entry was forced out of the race with a split petrol tank, letting Cobb—who, by the way, drove right through until within a few laps of the finish, when he had to call on his spare driver through his face being badly cut by a flying stone—up into the lead. Lord Howe's Bugatti came up to second place, and one of Freddie Dixon's Riley team became third and the Von der Becke Riley fourth.

At 3 o'clock there was another change in the placings. Cobb still led, with the Bugatti second, but third place had been taken by Major Gardiner's M.G. Magnette, with one of the Rileys still lying fourth. Half an hour later the handicap positions showed Cobb leading, with the Von der Becke Riley in second place, while the Bugatti, now being driven by the Hon. Brian Lewis, third. By this time it had become a practical certainty that Cobb must win unless his car broke down, a contingency which seemed extremely unlikely, and the main interest became centred on the fight for second and third places.

DRIVERS OF THE VICTORIOUS NAPIER-RAILTON

*John Cobb and his co-driver, T. E. Rose-Richards (right) photographed immediately after the race*

The question seemed to be whether Lewis could close up the handicap gap between his car and the Riley, when suddenly it was seen that Freddie Dixon was still very much in the picture. Travelling at terrific speed—he was unofficially timed to do a lap at over 131 m.p.h.—he gradually overhauled and finally passed the Bugatti, but with only about nine more laps to go trouble with oil circulation compelled the withdrawal of the car—very bad luck for last year's winner of the race.

Lewis was driving splendidly, straining every nerve to overhaul the Riley, which at 4 o'clock still had a lead of over a lap from the Bugatti, with Cobb well in front with a four laps lead over the second car. Hamilton's Alfa-Romeo had taken fourth place, and it was in this order they finished, Lewis failing to run into second place by the narrow margin of seven seconds. The final placings were as follows: 1st, Winner of the Wakefield Trophy and £250, Mr. J. Cobb's Napier-Railton, 4hr. 28min. 52sec., speed 121.28 m.p.h. 2nd, Winner of Dunlop Trophy and £100, Mr. V. Riley's Riley, 4hr. 36min. 9⅗sec., speed 112.45 m.p.h. 3rd, Winner of Humphrey Cook Trophy and £50, Earl Howe's Bugatti, 4hr. 36min. 17sec., speed 115.03 m.p.h. 4th, Mr. A. Hamilton's Alfa-Romeo, 4hr. 42min. 32sec., 112.36 m.p.h.

The Napier-Railton also won the prize of £100 given by Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., for the first British car to finish and the cups presented by the B.R.D.C. for the car completing the course in the shortest time.

Seven teams of three cars each were entered for the *Field* Team Trophy, which goes to the entrant of the team of cars of the same make recording the lowest time aggregate on formula. Of the seven teams not one came in with a clean sheet. In fact five of them had only a single car running when the race was called off, the exceptions being Lord Howe's Bugatti team and Dixon's Rileys, which each showed two survivors. After working out the somewhat complicated formula employed the judges awarded the trophy, which is held for one year, to the Riley team entered by Mr. F. Dixon. The drivers of the cars constituting the winning team also receive medals presented by the proprietors of the *Field*.

# THE PROGRESS OF GLIDING

## British Pilots Show They are Equal to Dealing With any Kind of Weather

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

IT is generally believed that motorless flight is on the eve of a great step forward, and for this reason the nine-day meeting of the British gliding and soaring organisations at Sutton Bank, which ended on September 1st, promised to be specially interesting this year. Since this event was held last year, Government assistance has been granted to the gliding movement, and when the meeting started there were high hopes that it would prove a memorable occasion.

An unprecedented number of entries, drawn not only from England, but from Northern Ireland, was expected, and several new types of machines were to take part. Attempts were to be made on the existing British records, and there were to be competitions of various kinds—including out-and-home point-to-point events, duration flights, and altitude contests—for all of which attractive prizes were offered.

On the very first day, however, the weather took a hand; and right through the meeting the competitors had to face conditions that were, in the main, really deplorable. In view of this, the success attained is at once remarkable and praiseworthy, reflecting very great credit on the skill and enthusiasm of the pilots, who were always ready to get their machines out whenever there was the slightest possibility of making an ascent.

Three days passed, in fact, before conditions became at all favourable for soaring; and when this is borne in mind it is a very high tribute to the competitors to be able to record that, in the whole nine days, more than 133 hours' flying were accomplished—more than half as much again as was logged last year.

As was only to be expected under such depressing conditions, no records were broken, but for all that some very meritorious flights were accomplished. A height of 5,600ft. was attained by Mr. P. A. Wills, on the new Hjordis machine, and a distance of 61 miles was covered by Mr. J. C. Neilan, on another newcomer, the Kirby Kite. Both flights, though outstanding taking into consideration the adverse circumstances that had to be overcome, fall short of the records by a considerable margin. These, it will be remembered, stand at 8,323ft. and 95 miles respectively.

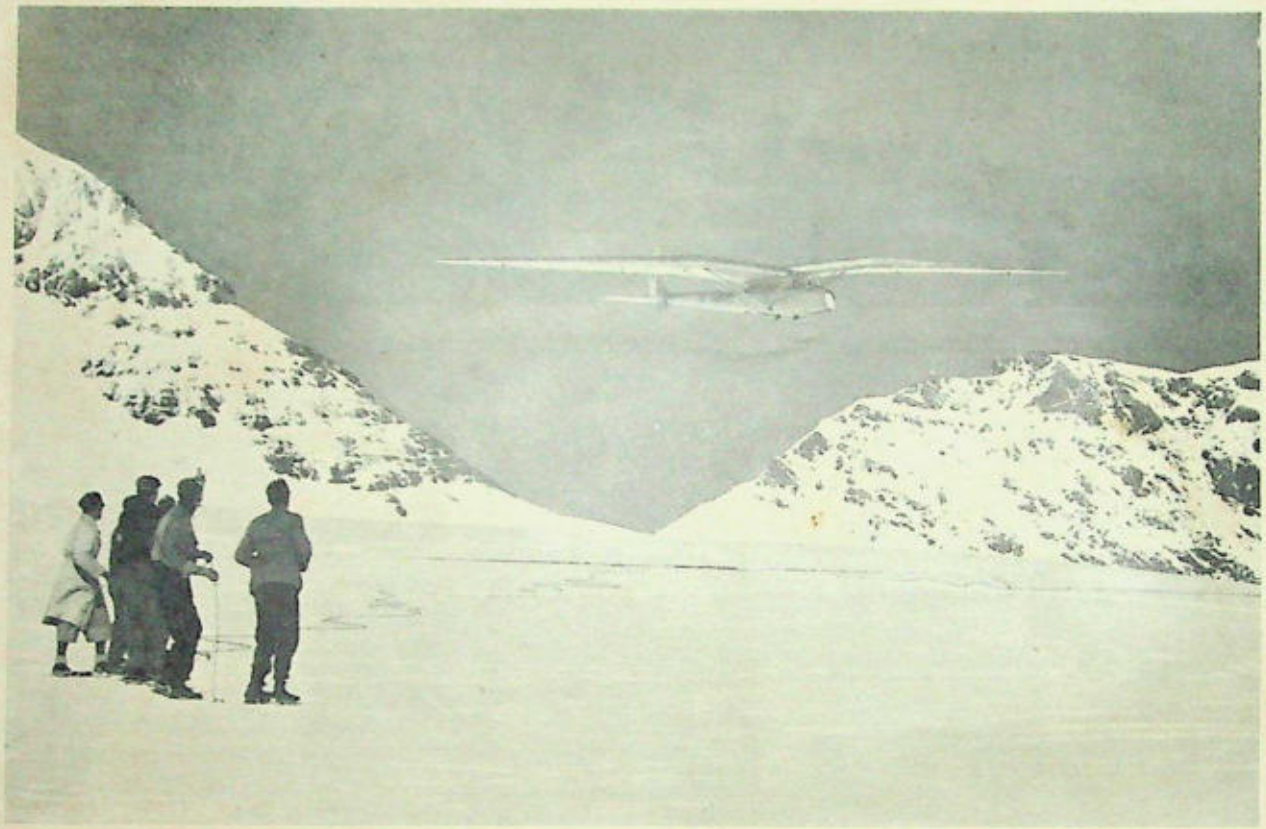
In the absence of anything sensational in the way of performances, interest in the new machines was naturally accentuated; and there was much in this connection that augured well for the progress of British motorless flight. The Hjordis flown by Mr. Wills was one of the most interesting of the newcomers, and amply demonstrated its practical qualities during the meeting. This machine has a very flat gliding angle, and, given good soaring conditions, should render a very fine account of itself.

A notable feature of this machine was that it had been equipped with instruments for blind flying, thus enabling the pilot to soar through clouds. This represents a considerable advance, for hitherto the bottom of the cloud layer has represented, for all practical purposes, the ceiling for soaring machines. During the meeting, the Hjordis was successfully flown through cloud banks. Another new machine that distinguished itself was the Kirby Kite, a sailplane of interesting and advanced design, and very ably handled by Mr. Neilan, the present holder of the duration record. This machine is of the gull-wing type.

Though it took little part in the competitions owing to its late arrival, the Penrose Special was a centre of great interest. This machine is one of the smallest sailplanes in the country, being considerably less in wing area than the types to which we have become accustomed. In design, however, it shows no striking departures from what has come to be accepted practice; indeed, its designer claims that it is, in effect, a scaled-down version of the ordinary machines. It weighs only 133lb., and its further progress will be keenly watched.

To those who hoped that sensational performances would be made, and that new records would be set up, therefore, the 1935 B.G.A. meeting may be said to have been disappointing. But actually there is no reason to take any but a most hopeful and encouraging view. At this meeting British glider and sailplane pilots showed that they are equal to dealing with any weather in which flight is possible at all; and they revealed, too, a keenness and enthusiasm of a kind that shows the whole movement to be very firmly based.

There seems every ground for supposing, then, that with the increased security now afforded the movement through the subsidy, and the growing public interest that was clearly manifested by the large numbers of spectators who gathered in spite of the weather, British motorless flying will march forward from success to success. Indeed, evidence of the gathering momentum of the movement was forthcoming even before the meeting started, for the official organ of the B.G.A. announced that the membership of the chief clubs had more than doubled in the past two years; and immediately after the conclusion of the meeting, the pending formation of a new club with Hereford as its centre was indicated. Thus it would appear that British gliding and soaring will become more firmly established in the next year or two, and the confidence of its supporters be finally and practically justified.



*(Above) A glider just after taking the air at the International Gliding Meeting in Switzerland. The rope used in launching is seen falling to the ground*

*(Below) Hauling a glider to the starting line at Jungfraujoch (11,500ft.), the highest point at which a gliding contest has been held*

*Photographs, Charles E. Brown*

TYPICAL OF IRAQ—VILLAGE DONKEYS NEAR SINBAD'S TOMB

# PIGSTICKING IN IRAQ

## A New Scheme of Interest to all Sportsmen

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. BROMILOW, D.S.O.

FEW people realise the wonderful opportunities offered by Iraq for this great sport, so I am writing this article to tell what I know about hunting the boar there in hopes of encouraging sportsmen to go out and try it for themselves.

The Iraqis are very keen sportsmen, and have offered to help in every possible way any scheme of mine for the furtherance of sport in general and pigsticking in particular. I hope, therefore, to organise a hunting caravan this winter with that object. The climate in the winter months is ideal and the best time for pigsticking, and even April is still pleasant. Arab horses can be bought in Baghdad for an average price of £25, and if all are mounted on them they are hard to beat as hog-hunters. Between 1916 and 1927 I visited most places in Iraq, killing many boar.

I and my friends have killed pig in all the following places with the exception of Adhaim River. It will be seen that they extend over hundreds of miles of country. In the Zamar Valley, 70 miles up the Tigris from

THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS

Mosul, a country of grassy islands, thistles, blackberry thickets and hills. Round Sheikh Ibrahim, 50 miles west of Mosul on the desert edge, in the Fathah Gorge, where the Tigris flows through the Jabal Hamrin, which chiefly consists of grassy islands with thistles and tamarisk scrub (*jhow*), hills and caves. In the Adhaim River, about 150 miles above Baghdad, where the tamarisk scrub was full of pig during the war and has never been hunted.

Another part of the country available is the Diyala River canal system between Baqubah and Jabal Hamrin, consisting of marshes and palm gardens. There is also the Jabal Hamrin, difficult hills, but not impossible, which is always a sanctuary for wild pig. I have killed several boar in them with officers of Iraq cavalry and artillery.

There should be good sport in the Ithah Sandhills, which are about fifteen miles long, between Shahraban and Mandali. These are grassy sandhills which are at times fine pig country, and I have had some wonderful hunts there after boar and hyena. The Beled Ruz estate, between Baqubah and Mandali, was a certain find for wandering hill boar, and is a most sporting country of palm gardens, marsh, mud walls and canal cuts.

Hilla and Babylon on the Euphrates will also be hunted, and here many boar have been seen and killed.

Finally Tursak, near Badra, between Kut and Mandali, will complete our country, a land of grass and thorny scrub, and one of the best meets of the Baghdad Boar Hunt, which always holds boar.

From Badra southwards to Amara along the foothills is a new country, which is similar to Tursak, and has never been touched. I have always wanted to hunt this stretch of country some 150 miles long, and also the Adhaim River as far up as the Jabal Hamrin, and am sure there will be much sport there. I also want to reconnoitre all the district of Amara, where there must be rideable country visited by some of the countless sounders of pig which inhabit the great marshes north of the Garden of Eden.

When I was stationed in Baghdad I could never get away so far, and since I left others have found the same. A friend of mine who has lately passed through London from Iraq en route to South America was stationed in Basra, and twice visited a place south of Amara in May and June and killed nine or ten boar by himself on one horse.

The Baghdad Boar Hunt has fixed the boundaries of their hunt at 100 miles radius from Baghdad. The rest of Iraq has been given to me to hunt. This includes roughly all country from Kut to the Persian Gulf and from Diltawa to the Turkish frontier; quite a good extent of country in which to form a Tigris Vale Boar Hunt and, incidentally, one with marvellous possibilities. The Baghdad Boar Hunt will welcome visitors in limited numbers in their country. In addition to all Iraq, I hope to get permission from the Iran Government to hunt in South Iran in the spring of 1936. I want to make Shush Castle, about 70 miles north of Awaz, my headquarters for that area.

Having mentioned the more important areas where boar are found, I will now pass on to what I want to do during the coming winter. As I said before, distances are the great difficulty. The most likely places are over 100 miles from Baghdad. There are no hotels out in the country and few good camping sites on the spot with good water, which is essential. After careful consideration I have decided that the only really efficient way to overcome the difficulties is to have a highly mobile "Hunting Caravan," consisting of caravan-trailers and horsebox-trailers, motor drawn. This would be capable of forming a comfortable camp in a decent spot on the river or some canal or spring and of rapid changes of place as necessary. With the aid of horsebox-trailers horses could be run up from camp 25 to 30 miles to the pigsticking grounds and back, thus saving several days' marching and waste of time. A good touring car can go almost anywhere in Iraq and could get within reach of all places I wish to hunt.

I next had to overcome almost as great a difficulty as distance, which was the initial cost of putting a "hunting caravan" fully equipped into the field capable of comfortably housing and moving about ten sportsmen with horses. For me it was prohibitive, and the prospect of forming the Tigris Vale Boar Hunt seemed remote until I approached World Field Sports, of 22, St. James's Street, London, an English organisation designed to provide the best of sport anywhere. On hearing of the treasure-trove of sport waiting to be uncovered they gave the matter serious consideration and have now agreed to help by running the hunting caravan as soon as sufficient support is forthcoming from November onwards.

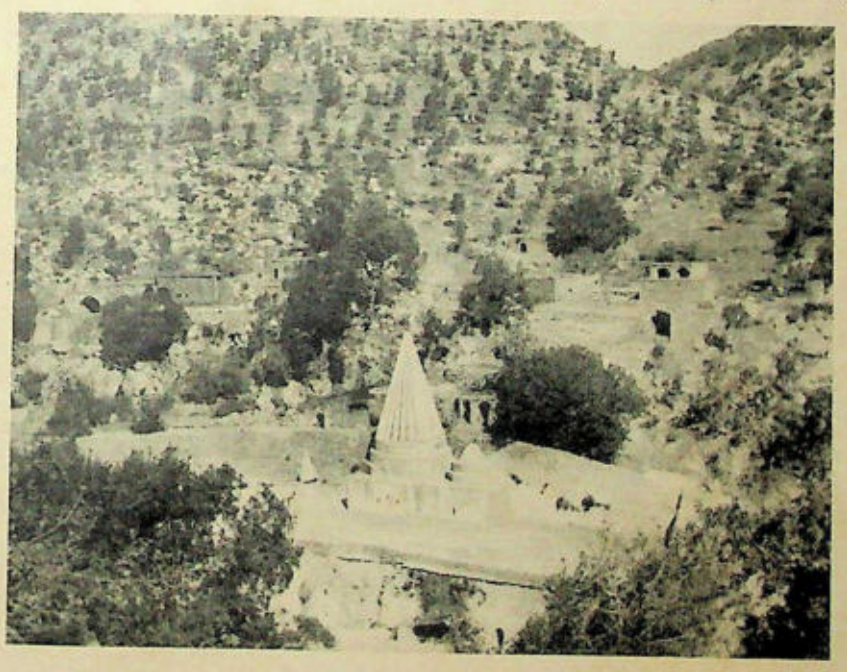
As will be seen by those who read the brochure issued by them on the subject, the cost will not work out at an unreasonable figure per head if an average of at least six people definitely decide to attend for several trips. Meanwhile they are financing an advance party to get the whole scheme ready as regards coverts, game, camps and servants, and to be in a position to produce the horses when sportsmen arrive either for them to buy themselves or hire as desired, and to help them to resell when they wish to.

There must be many sportsmen and sportswomen in these days of ever-increasing interest in horsemanship who would like to try pigsticking if they knew how to set about it. The opportunity is now at hand! Iraq is not far. Arab horses easy to ride. There are many experienced pig-stickers in Iraq to assist. Instruction will be given to beginners before they are initiated. Ladies will be allowed to hunt if they pass the test with a spear. As there will be only room for a limited number of spears at one time, intending visitors should apply early so that all can be fitted in and sport found for everybody. World Field Sports naturally want to know also how the scheme will be supported before launching out into large expenditure on caravans, trailers and camp equipment.

If all goes well the Tigris Vale Boar Hunt will be inaugurated in November, 1935—(Insha' allah!). The first hunting caravan will camp near Amara in November and move slowly northwards up the Tigris, reaching Baghdad about Christmas. There will be magnificent shooting during this period. Small game obtainable includes geese, duck, snipe, sandgrouse, black partridge, chikor, sisi (rock partridge), woodcock and bustard.

During December and January the country of the Baghdad Boar Hunt will be hunted in conjunction with that hunt. We will move late in January, probably to the Adhaim River. But it is impossible to give an exact programme long ahead, as it naturally depends on information received as to the whereabouts of boar at the time. In March it is hoped that permission for the Shush Castle meet will have been obtained.

[Nobody could be better qualified to exploit this marvellous opportunity for pigsticking only four days from London than Colonel Bromilow, who is a former winner of the Kadir Cup and a hog-hunter of great experience.—ED.]



THE TEMPLE COURT OF SHEIK ADI

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## "MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE COFFEE ROOM IN WHITE HORSE, ROMSEY

VISITORS to Romsey to-day will find the White Horse Inn a splendid specimen of the builder's craft in the time of the Tudor sovereigns. The outside of featureless Georgian brick might fail to attract some travellers, but once inside the inn you seem to have stepped from the twentieth century back through the ages to the days when Henry VII ruled England with a stern and careful hand.

It seems not improbable that an earlier building was demolished to make way for the strongly-built and elaborately decorated White Horse Inn which greets the traveller to-day. Everywhere are signs of Tudor handiwork. You can go from the lounge where painted on a huge beam is the remnant of a graceful decorative design which includes the repetition of a Tudor dragon to the bar and still find equally quaint and interesting panels.

The inn is long and narrow, as is so often the case with the old-world hostels which Trust Houses have acquired and preserve so admirably. The bedrooms lead off what were once galleries open to the courtyard beneath but which are now protected from the weather by windows. In No. 2 bedroom the Elizabethan oak panelling has an unusual cable moulding; while an adjoining room shows signs of a later age in eighteenth-century panelling, and boasts a graceful fireplace of the same period. But it is the cellars which will arouse the interest of the antiquarian. They are mostly in stone, patched and altered with Tudor brick work. On one side, now beneath ground level, is the bottom part of a Gothic window with saddlebars still in place. There are queer niches in the walls, and leading from the cellars a bricked-up passage which goes towards the abbey. In this passage, now with an oblong bricked head, is a well or shaft giving access to fresh water. If walls had tongues as well as ears what tales these cellar walls could tell

In the coaching days the White Horse shared with the now extinct Bell the posting trade of the district, for though Romsey stands on no big main road travellers from the West of England to the South passed through it, and a regular coach from London to Poole served the place a hundred odd years ago.

When the Mayflower set sail from the nearby port of Southampton many tongues must have wagged at the White Horse Inn anent the Mayflower and its consort, the Speedwell, which latter vessel was destined to make Plymouth, England, but never Plymouth in the new world. The landlord, too, of that day would doubtless be overjoyed to know how carefully the old building he once loved is preserved to-day. There are old chests, a couple of coaching clocks—now getting so scarce—an oak bacon chair in the entrance, a spinning wheel, tables and sideboards, all worthy of notice by the visitor of to-day.

Romsey, off the beaten track, is an excellent centre for the New Forest, and the New Forest is worth a visit at any time of the year, especially by those in search of peace and quiet. Tradition claims that only ten miles away William Rufus was killed, but to-day there are no arrows to render the forest solitude the least bit dangerous. Near as they are to this fascinating forest the special pride of the inhabitants of Romsey is naturally the wonderful Norman Abbey Church. Here was originally a nunnery founded in the early tenth century and presided over by St. Marewynna, as Abbess, in 967. The present church dates from the early part of the twelfth century, but remains of the Saxon building are still to be seen.


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