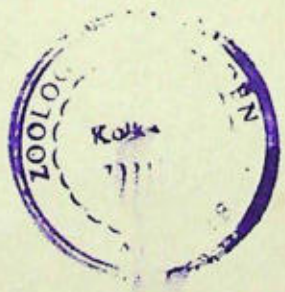
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ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN Kolkata 700027 ALIPORE
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BOOK NO. 536

AT A SPORTING POINT-TO-POINT

Taking the second fence in the race for the "Jim Morgan" Challenge Cup, at the South Herefordshire and Ross Harriers meeting held near Fawley

(acting Master) and his daughters, Mr. Beresford Pierce, Miss and Master Beresford Pierce, Miss Lambert, Miss E. Tate, Mr. Geoffrey Coxon, Mrs. Collingwood Thorp, Mrs. Crawley-Broome Paix, Mr. Burrell, Miss Milvain, and Mr. and Mrs. Maling.

"Owing to the thick mist our huntsman, Mr. Hall-Watt, had to leave the high ground on the moors and go to Rugley, where there was a brace of foxes. One ran a ring for Snipe House, leaving Rugley Whin on the right, recrossed the railway to Greensfield, turned left-handed here over the Alnwick—Rothbury Road to Freeman's Gap, and turning back leaving Rugley Whin on the right, ran hounds out of scent, after a nice gallop of 40 minutes."

In the West Country

"THERE WAS a good day's sport with the Duke of Beaufort's," writes a correspondent, "in the Dauntsey Vale after hounds met at Tockenham Wick. Whilst other parts of the country are really too hard for horse and hound, the vale rides well, and no damage can be done, so the drought has extended the season on this side beyond its usual limits. Newman was hunting the Duke's dog-hounds, and they went first to Great Wood, where a fox was soon on the move. After hunting for some time in this big woodland hounds quitted it on the Grittenham side and ran to Grittenham Village, after a check, which enabled those left in covert to nick in, proceeding over the brook into Cricklade domains. Having crossed the G.W.R. to the right of Callow Hill, hounds bore up the hill to the Folly, by the Swindon Road.

BEAUFORT PACK BEAT THEIR FIELD

"Hounds turned back, with Wootton Bassett on their left, and checked by the Grittenham Road. Two foxes were evidently in question, as the foot-people stoutly asserted that the hunted one had not crossed the road, but had gone back on the Folly side. However, hounds took up a strong line and set off, over not only the road, but the two converging lines of railway just beyond! This awkward corner of country necessitated detours for the staff and field, with the result that hounds had it to themselves till recovered nearer Hooker's Gate, having taken a right-handed course. They recrossed the Fishguard line, but were run out of scent by the Shrub, after an hour and 20 minutes.

"Besides the joint-Masters, those out included the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, Col. the Hon. Denis Bingham, Capt and Lady Avice Spicer, Sir Philip Hunloke, Col. W. T. Miles, Comdr. and Mrs. Whitelock, Capt. Vigors, and Major Malcolm Thompson."

When the V.W.H. (Cricklade) met at the White Hart Hotel, Cricklade, the day was remarkable for a series of accidents. Both Capt. R. A. Levinge and Miss Ursula Worthington were victims of the slippery surface of the modern macadam road. Fred Brown was riding across a field when his horse stumbled, threw him, and walked over him. Although able to carry on for a short time, he was later obliged to go home.

Miss Lorna Dennis was rolled on when her horse fell at a fence. Probably the most remarkable of this chapter of accidents was the one which befell Mr. C. B. Fry, who was about to cross the ford at Kempsford when a branch of an overhanging tree knocked him off his horse into the river, from which he emerged little the worse for the unexpected wetting.

As to the day's sport, scent was much better than for some time past, and hounds were able to run nicely with a fox from Eisey to beyond

CHESHIRE AND NORTH CHESHIRE POINT-TO-POINT.
APRIL 23rd. AT BRINDLEY LEA.
FIVE RACES

CHESHIRE HUNT PONY CLUB HUNTER TRIALS.
APRIL 27th, AT BULKELEY HALL FARM.
Hon. Secretary for both of above,
Capt. I. B. JARMAY, Bulkeley Hall, Malpas.

TYNEDALE HUNT POINT-TO POINT STEEPLE CHASES
At THE STELLING (NEAR CORBRIDGE), SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH.
FIVE RACES, including:
WILLIAM BELL MEMORIAL GOLD CHALLENGE CUP (value 250 sovs.) NOMINATION (Open) SWEEPSTAKES.
ADJACENT HUNTS FARMERS' RACE, and
ADJACENT HUNTS MAIDEN SWEEPSTAKES.
Entries close April 4th, to T. D. STEAKER-SMITH, Howden Dene, Corbridge.

THE EAST SUSSEX BONA-FIDE HUNT MEETING
will take place on
SATURDAY, APRIL 16th, 1932,
at the
BROAD FARM, HELLINGLY.
Course all grass.
OPEN NOMINATION RACE.
ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 5th.
For full particulars and entry forms apply JOHN GOSDEN, Esq., M.F.H., Michelham, Pevensey, Sussex.

THE NEW FOREST HUNTS POINT-TO-POINT RACES
Will be held on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH, 1932 (first race 12.30 p.m.),
at Mr. ABBOT'S FARM, NEACROFT, NEAR CHRISTCHURCH.
NEW FOREST HUNT CUP RACE.
NEW FOREST FARMERS' RACE.
ADJACENT HUNTS MEMBERS' RACE (20 sovs. to winner if five starters).
NOMINATION RACE (20 sovs. to winner if five starters).
ADJACENT HUNTS FARMERS' RACE. (20 sovs. to winner if five starters).
Entries close 8 p.m. Friday, April 8th.
Full particulars and entry forms, apply Capt. W. H. TRINDER, Latchmoor, Brockenhurst, Hants. Telephone: Brockenhurst 205.
This meeting is to be subject to the rules and regulations of the M.F.H. Association, and to National Hunt Rules 5 and 164 and 168 (disqualification of persons and corrupt practices).

Cats Lodge, where they were beaten. They then had a fast hunt from Burytown Brakes into the big wood; swinging right-handed they came over the best of the vale to Jubilee, and so on nearly to Warneford Place, short of which the day ended.

Days in the Home Counties

ON THEIR BLETCHINGTON DAY Bicester followers had a couple of nice gallops. Very little could be made of a fox from Busby's Spinney, but another from Caudle was hunted well through the Peat-Pits and Black Leys to Bletchington, thence to Kirtlington Village and back across the park, through the Roundabouts to Middleton Home Wood and lost. A fox found in Bignell Park was then hunted twice round the park before going away to Grunthill Copse, where hounds caught him.

With scent good on the grass but poor on the ploughs, the East Essex brought off a real good hunting run of two hours, making a point of five miles after meeting at Great Totham, the bitches working beautifully throughout. Captain's Wood and Eastland's failed, but finding in Likely hounds ran back to Eastland's and away by Sparkey to Moot Wood. Then turning down to the Blackwater they followed the river, and crossing the Witham Road they returned to Eastland's, going on through Captain's and South Woods, across the bottom to Staines Farm. Working up to their fox here they went over Spickets Brook, leaving Little Totham Hall on their left, across Little London Farm to Brand's Farm, where the fox beat them.

OLD SURREY'S LEASH OF MASKS

Adding a leash of masks to their tally the Old Surrey showed excellent sport from their Bletchingley appointment. Starting with a ringing hunt from Crookedfield Shaw, hounds ran slowly to Tilburstow Plantation, where they dispatched their fox and went away on another to North Park. Having killed their second fox on Tilburstow Hill, they found again in Tanglewood and ran by Birchen Copse and Hawk's-nest Ghyll to Tilburstow Hill. Pushing their fox away over the common down to West Lagham, they had a narrow escape from a passing train when crossing the railway. Doubling back to Stanstead they hunted diligently over Hart's Lane by Wanham and Stow Copse over Gibb's Brook to Old Park, where they were at fault, but recovering the line beyond Jackass Lane, they rolled their third fox over in the open after a meritorious hound-hunt of an hour and 20 minutes, covering about nine miles of country.

When the Whaddon Chase kept their Linford appointment, the cunning old customer who had given several good gallops into the Oakley country on previous occasions was waiting in the neighbouring wood. Being on the alert, he stood not upon the order of his going, but made off at once as if for Shirley's Roughs, but bent to the left over the Newport Pagnell Road, leaving Willen Village on his right, and crossed the river to Boughton, where an open earth in Oakley country made him one of the untouchables.



ONE OF INDIA'S SPORTING COURSES: PALI HILL, WHICH, IN SPITE OF ITS MANY DRAWBACKS, PROVIDES FAR MORE INTERESTING PLAY THAN THE ROYAL BOMBAY COURSE

WEIRD AND WONDERFUL GOLF COURSES OF INDIA

Balls in Play Seized by Kites—Removable Canvas Barriers as Bunkers—Cactus Bush and Fishing Net Hazards—"Brown" which Swarms with Centipedes

By BERNARD MOORE

IT IS PERHAPS not to be expected that devotees of the Royal and Ancient game, as they drive blithely on the close cropped fairways of English golf courses, should think of their less fortunate brethren in sport on the weird and wonderful links of India. Apart from the hazards provided by the perverted genius of their committees, Indian courses abound with natural obstacles that add considerable excitement to the game, and go far to increase the already extensive vocabularies of the players.

Bombay boasts of three courses, the Sewri course (18 holes); the Royal Bombay (9 holes), run under the auspices of the Bombay Gymkhana; and the Pali Hill (9 holes), in a suburb about fifteen miles from the city. Of the Royal Bombay much could and has been said in language far stronger than would be permitted in these pages. Those enthusiasts who, in khaki shorts and tennis shirts, the regulation golfing kit in India, have lined up on Sunday mornings before breakfast to drive off at two minute intervals by a time sheet, will remember with mixed feelings the alarm clock which used to signal their departure.

SMASHING THE ALARM CLOCK

The tyros, waiting apprehensively before the assembled throng for their turn to drive, listened to the discordant whirr of its bell with the air of condemned criminals awaiting their summons to the scaffold, and their relief when, on one occasion, a sliced drive struck a tree and, rebounding, smashed the clock may be readily imagined.

The course itself is practically bare of trees and bushes, and runs over the public maidans on which the followers of Gandhi last year made many demonstrations, most of which ended in violence and bloodshed. As these maidans are required for public recreation, such as cricket and hockey after 11 a.m., the erection of earth bunkers is, of course, impossible. Eight of the nine holes are perfectly straight with no natural obstacles at all, the remaining hole being a "dog's leg," but with the green practically always in sight.

In fact, golf on the Royal Bombay is something in the nature of golf in an English recreation ground, except that it is not usual to find in the latter large and voracious kites which, seizing the ball (always from a magnificent lie) do their best to confirm the manufacturers' description of Kroflite balls; nor is it usual for one's ball, even in the wettest weather, to sink entirely out of sight in the soft mud.

As earthen bunkers cannot be constructed on the cricket and football pitches of the maidan, canvas barriers of varying heights are erected in their place, and removed after the morning's play. Many are the complicated rules connected with them.

When the ball hits one of these barriers the resounding "whack" can be heard over four or five holes, and serves to attract the attention of all the neighbouring players at a moment when the average golfer desires nothing more than absolute privacy. The ball, of course, drops dead against the canvas and, as it is impossible to play it from that lie, it is placed one club length from the canvas and played from that position. The sticks and rope supports of these artificial bunkers introduce complications which cannot be dealt with here.

The greens are, on the whole, well kept, although the occasional journeys of sacred cows across them tend, during the monsoon, to make putting a feat of great dexterity. India is a country of unquenchable thirsts, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find a supplement to the nineteenth hole anywhere on the course. This supplement takes the form of a coconut seller, who dexterously cuts off the top of his luscious "all milky" wares to the immediate relief of the perspiring golfer.



THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE NINETEENTH HOLE—THE COCONUT SELLER

The heat, of course, makes it impossible for Europeans to carry their own clubs, and a horde of caddies—all small boys aged from eight to fourteen years—swarms around players on their arrival. Such a menace do their importunities sometimes become that it is necessary to employ a fierce bearded Pathan as caddy master, who rules his charges with a rod of bamboo. The futile efforts of this warrior to administer corporal punishment to small boys elusive as eels do much to relieve the boredom of waiting to tee up.

A HOME FOR LOST BALLS

Pali Hill is the antithesis of the Royal Bombay. Wandering over and around a picturesque but rocky hill by the sea, it is a home for lost balls and a wrecking place for clubs; indeed, in most places mashie shots are almost impossible and highly dangerous owing to the rocky surface of the course.

The first hole is the Punch Bowl and is not visible



THE SEVENTH TEE ON THE BEAUTIFUL GOLF COURSE AT NUWARA ELIYA, CEYLON

from the tee, the drive being played over a rock wall. Those who are fortunate or skilful enough to get over the wall with their first find themselves on a fairway like a slag heap, where the "chink chink" of mashies resembles nothing more than the noise of a road under repair. The green is not a green but a brown, for it is a circle of fine sand bearing usually the deep imprints of the previous players' shoes, and it is the privilege of the winner of the hole to ascertain on removing his ball from the cup whether it contains a white ants' nest; should this be the case the winning of the hole usually coincides with the losing of a temper, for the white ant has a vicious bite.

The second hole, the Quarry, is played from a tee on top of a quarry to a brown about 450yds. distant; stretching along the bottom of the quarry is a thick cactus hedge, while beyond that is a stretch of open fairway which would in ordinary circumstances provide some tolerable shots. Unfortunately, this land is used by the local native fishermen to dry their nets, so that the long low drive, which should mean in the ordinary way a run up of about 50yds. at least, finishes its meteoric career in the meshes of a particularly coarse and offensive fishing net. Having extracted his ball, together with several inch-long spikes from the cactus hedge, or hacked his way out of the fishing net, the player, passing a Hindu temple with tom-toms drumming and conch shells braying, proceeds to the third tee.

This tee is immediately before a slimy green pond in which ponderous and equally slimy water buffaloes wallow; by the side of the pond sit numerous small boys in various stages of undress who represent what must be the staple industry of the fishing village below the quarry. Whether the water buffaloes with their bovine placidity exercise a peculiar fascination over the unhappy golfer has not yet been decided, but the tariff for retrieving lost balls from the pond is two annas, and the number of two annas expended at this hole is astonishing.

AMONG THE WATER BUFFALOES

There is a click, a splash, out scrambles a buffalo and in jump half-a-dozen small boys feeling with their toes in the mud, which must be inches deep. As these small boys have always a large supply of lost, or rather found, balls, they are always able to produce a ball of some kind and look for the other later. In spite of its many drawbacks, however, Pali Hill provides far more interesting play than the Royal Bombay.

Of other remarkable courses that at Karachi is perhaps outstanding. In the heart of the European residential quarter, it consists practically entirely of mud and sand, with no grass or foliage to be seen, while tram lines running by its side are an additional hardship for the slicer.

Ajmere, which has browns like those at Pali Hill, has one brown which is frequently swarming with centipedes from 12in. to 18in. in length, so that here again the first on the green does not always fully appreciate the glory of his achievement.

In justice to Indian golf, however, some mention should be made of the beautiful course of Nuwara Eliya. A hill station in Ceylon, 7,000ft. above sea level and 110 miles from Colombo, Nuwara Eliya is the station in which thousands of Europeans from India and Colombo spend their leave, while many travellers to and from Australia break their journey to visit this famous beauty spot. Surrounded by tea plantations through which splash pleasant waterfalls, it has much of the charm of Switzerland, and it is not surprising therefore that it should possess the "finest golf course east of Suez." A well-stocked trout stream meanders by its well-kept fairway—gorse and wild rose trees reminiscent of the English countryside are some of its other attractions.

It is perhaps only those who have played over such courses as those first described who can fully appreciate the joy and charm of playing over English links.





TWO VIEWS OF THE PALI HILL COURSE. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT SHOWS THE EIGHTH "BROWN" WITH A PLAYER IN REGULATION KIT, KHAKI SHORTS AND TENNIS SHIRT

STEWARDS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB AND A VITAL TURF CASE

How the Decision Affects Racing

THROUGHOUT THE RACING WORLD for the past week interest has centred in that most unlikely place, from a racing man's point of view, the Court of Appeal, for here has been fought with all the nicety of legal argument the question as to whether the announcement of the Jockey Club Stewards regarding the warning off Newmarket Heath of the trainer of Don Pat bore a defamatory meaning.

At the end of a case which has given ample opportunity of expressing every point of view the action of the Stewards has been vindicated, and it has been held, and we think rightly so too, that the actual meaning of the words complained of by Mr. Chapman was that the trainer was solely responsible for the safe custody of the horse, and that *ipso facto* by accepting a licence from the Stewards of the Jockey Club to train racehorses to run under their rules, Mr. Chapman automatically bound himself to adhere to the Rules of Racing, which are, after all, clearly cut and well defined.

If a stimulant, narcotic, "dope"—call it what you will—had been administered to Don Pat by any person, the trainer of the horse still remained responsible for its well being and for seeing that it ran its race as well and as fairly as possible. The Stewards of the Jockey Club bore no animosity to Mr. Chapman. There was no question at any time of personal feeling. The position was this, Stewards repudiated that intention and meaning. They said that they had no feeling of any kind against Mr. Chapman; that they had not thought that he had administered the drug; and that they had used the words 'the trainer of the horse' to show that their decision related to him as trainer and responsible as such—no less and no more.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE TURF

"In saying that the words complained of were not true in their natural meaning it was obvious that the jury regarded the statement that the trainer was warned off Newmarket Heath, which was literally true, as involving an innuendo that he had been a party to the actual doping of Don Pat. In that meaning the words were confessedly untrue, for no one of the defendants had ever intended to use words which could carry such an interpretation."

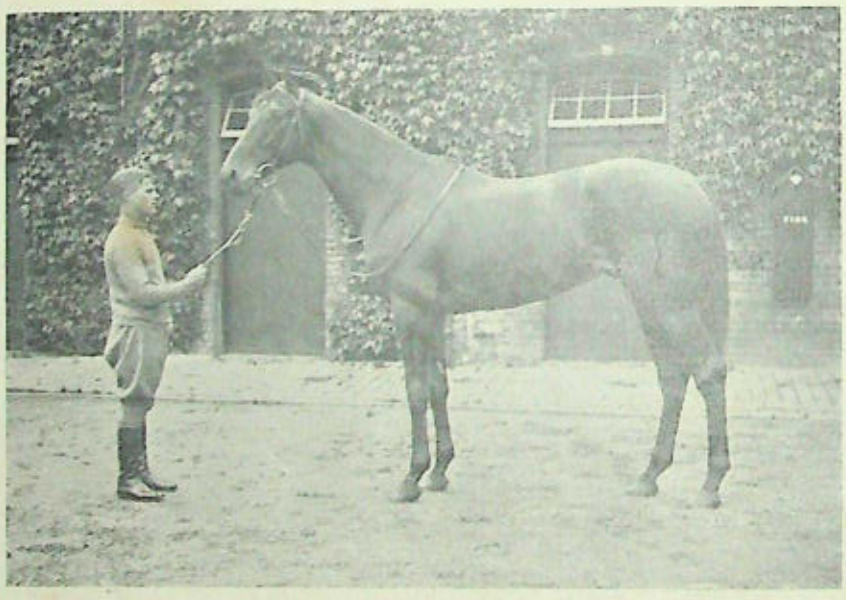
This case, of course, is of vital importance to the Turf, because if doping is allowed to regain the vogue which it attained during the "American invasion" then the character and conformation of the British thoroughbred will be speedily ruined. How many people realise that if drugs are systematically administered to a horse or a mare the reproductive organs are eventually destroyed? The crux of the whole case is that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have done their duty, just as a committee of a club or as the Lawn Tennis Association would do theirs if some person under their jurisdiction were to become responsible for a breach of the rules. The ramifications of racing in this country are so enormous, and the amount of money at stake on both racecourse and at stud farm so gigantic, that a firm grip on the reins of control is absolutely essential.

Those who transgress know the penalty, for is it not laid down in the Rules? And if you run horses, or train horses, or ride horses, you are bound by those rules; while even if you merely go on to a racecourse you know full well that your conduct and behaviour are subject to those rules.

LORD HANWORTH'S JUDGMENT

The Stewards of the Jockey Club are appointed for this purpose and for the purpose of seeing that racing is conducted according to the rules and in a fair and sportsmanlike manner. Lord Hanworth, in a well-considered judgment, is reported to have said that:

"It would be noticed that no suggestion was made of contesting the decision of the Stewards. That remained unchallenged. Rule 17 of the Rules of Racing, which gave the Stewards power, at their discretion, to withdraw licences from trainers, and the conditions under which Mr. Chapman held his licence, rendered the Stewards' decision beyond challenge, it having been given judicially on a matter of grave importance to racing after Mr. Chapman had had a fair and patient hearing. No charge of improper conduct was made against the Stewards. The charge was as to the terms in which their decision was framed which, it was claimed, left it open for an innuendo to be placed on it and a deduction to be drawn that it intended to convey a charge that Mr. Chapman had himself administered the drug or "dope" to the horse. Complaint was also made that it was not expressly stated that no personal charge was made against Mr. Chapman. At the trial all the three





W. A. Rouch

PROBABLE EARLY WINNERS ON THE FLAT

Inglesant (Gay Crusader—Polite), who is expected to retain his promise as a three-year-old, and Pricket (Twelve Pointer—Picardel), likely to resume winning form early in the season for Mrs. A. James

SOME LIKELY EARLY WINNERS

Orwell and Cockpen Duel

AN INTERESTING PHASE of the racing season is at hand. Three-year-olds are now being sharpened up for their classic engagements, and several will appear at Newbury next week-end and at the Craven Meeting at Newmarket a few days later. According to present arrangements we are to see Orwell in the Column Produce Stakes, and great curiosity will centre in his first three-year-old performance. There is a chance that Cockpen will oppose him. In that case the race will be one which no keen racegoer will care to miss.

Among horses which were out prior to Easter, Heronslea is one which should win before long. Unfortunately there are not many races in the early spring suitable for a horse of his great speed, and we shall not be surprised if Mr. D. Peacock concentrates on an endeavour to win another prize at Ascot with him. We may see him in the field for the Royal Hunt Cup. There are still many who doubt Heronslea's ability to stay a mile, but his trainer is not among them, and the horse's brilliant victory in the Wokingham Stakes is likely to be followed by an attempt to carry off the longer race.

When we saw the Beckhampton team at work recently we were impressed with the good progress made by Erase, and we mark him down as a colt which will score in the spring. He is the property of his trainer, and no doubt will serve a useful purpose in the classic trial gallops at home. Erase is in the Derby, and though he will probably fall below the quality required for that race, he is one to bear in mind for events like the Esher Cup at Sandown Park.

In short-distance events Perfect Night should be a winner this month. Sir Alfred Butt's filly had a stiff weight-carrying task at Lincoln and was beaten by only a slender margin. She is a daughter of Knight of the Garter, a horse which won at Ascot for His Majesty and is doing well at the stud in Ireland. Perfect Night has gameness as well as speed, and Frank Butters will be disappointed if he does not get some good race out of her in the course of the season.

SMART STANLEY HOUSE FILLY

Nobody who saw Dorigen win at Lincoln could fail to be impressed with her performance, and she is entitled to be followed consistently until she is beaten. As a two-year-old she had rather a chequered career. After running once in the spring she met with an accident which caused her to be idle for two or three months. As soon as she was sound again, the filly became a victim of the coughing epidemic which so severely affected the fortunes of the Stanley House two-year-olds in the autumn. At last she was in trim to run for a maiden plate at Lincoln in November.

Mr. George Lambton, her owner-trainer, galloped her before the race with results which were surprisingly good. "I thought the trial much too good to be true," said Mr. Lambton afterwards. But at Lincoln Dorigen fairly ran away from her field, and she repeated the achievement at Liverpool last month. It has been feared all along that she will not stay, but after riding her at Liverpool Weston said he thought this was a wrong impression. Considering that she is a daughter of Franklin from a mare who is of the same family as Trimdon, there is no real reason to suppose that Dorigen will be merely a short-distance performer, and she seems to be in for a successful season.

One of the Manton four-year-olds which may win the Kempton Jubilee or another race of that sort is Inglesant. Just as he was being prepared for his spring engagements last year he sustained a mishap which threw him back, so he did not run until Goodwood, where he brilliantly won the Sussex Stakes. The St. Leger was too far for him, but he scored in a canter over the Cambridgeshire course. When we saw him at Manton some weeks ago we were satisfied that this son of Gay Crusader has made good progress, and we believe he is destined appreciably to enhance his reputation.

Pricket did excellent service for Stanley House last season and is likely to resume winning form in the next few weeks. Another Newmarket colt which should make his mark fairly early in the year is Philae. The fact that he won the Craven Stakes last April suggests that he is a spring horse, and training reports suggest that he is being prepared for the Newbury Spring Cup.



MR. KAYE DON

MY ATTACKS ON THE WATER SPEED RECORDS

Building a New Miss England with which to Challenge the World

By KAYE DON

IN THE WORLD OF SPEED we are only just beginning to realise our destiny. Our supremacy on land and in the air is unchallenged, but on the water we are newcomers, and have still to fight—and fight hard—to maintain the position we have won.

Until the appearance of Miss England II., America had the field almost to herself. It is thanks to Lord Wakefield that we first entered the lists, and it is thanks to Sir Henry Segrave that we immediately came to the front.

Miss England II. was built by Lord Wakefield with the avowed object of vindicating our ability to beat the world on the water as we had already beaten the world on land and in the air. Although her career was marred by tragedy and many disappointments, it was still a brilliant career; and she has been the means of winning new honours for this country. Her day is done, but she has made history.

After the tragedy at Lake Windermere, Miss England II. lay almost forgotten until late in 1930, when Lord Wakefield decided to recondition her in readiness for a new bid for world honours at Buenos Aires during the British Empire Exhibition there.

TRYING OUT NEW IDEAS

I have always counted it one of the highest honours ever paid me that I was chosen to be Miss England's pilot, and I am glad indeed that I have had a chance of pushing still farther forward along the way first marked out by Sir Henry Segrave.

Miss England II., till the very last, was an experiment. Reconditioning her in readiness for last year's racing almost meant rebuilding her, and all through the summer we were constantly trying out new ideas. Many changes were introduced. For example, as a safety precaution the "step" was sheathed in stainless steel, the cost of the nuts and bolts alone for this small portion of the hull amounting, roughly, to the total price of a light car.

Miss England II. was fitted with two Rolls-Royce twelve-cylinder super-charged racing aero-engines, of the same type as that in the S6 seaplane which won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain in 1929, and these were further modified so that each developed almost 2,000 b.h.p.

Some idea of the excellence of the workmanship may be obtained from the fact that the building and reconditioning of Miss England II. cost over £40,000.

The first trials in what I might perhaps call the new Miss England II. were at Lough Neagh, in Ireland, when we succeeded in establishing an unofficial record of 100 m.p.h. We left nothing to chance, and before shipping the boat to Buenos Aires had her minutely examined again at the Rolls-Royce works in Derby.

Two memories I will always have of Buenos Aires, the warm hospitality of the people and the difficulties—and dangers even—of the course. The River Parana, where we made the attempt, was in full flood, and floating débris made navigation extraordinarily difficult. We had to contend, too, with a number of other minor difficulties, but Miss England rose to the occasion splendidly, and by regaining the record (which had recently been taken by America), at a speed of 103.49 m.p.h., gave further convincing proof of the supremacy of British engineering.

We had won, so to speak, the first round; but we aimed higher, and at Lake Garda, in Italy, many tests were carried out in the late spring and early summer in preparation for our coming duel with the American "ace," Commodore Gar Wood, at Detroit, for the British International Trophy, the blue riband of water sport.

Then came the race for the d'Annunzio Cup on Lake Garda. No one was successful, but Gabriele d'Annunzio himself was so delighted with Miss England II. that he paid this country the compliment of sending the cup to be held in safe keeping by the British Marine Motoring Association until it was contested again this year.

In order to test Miss England II.'s capabilities to the full, we decided to make a second attempt on the water speed record. Before this could be done, however, we had to have a number of fresh parts brought by aeroplane from England.

OVER THE 110 M.P.H. MARK

Owing to delays these arrived late, and the mechanics had to work in shifts throughout the night in order to get the boat ready in time for the record attempt on the following morning. Fortunately, our attempt was successful, and we raised the record to 110.28 m.p.h. This record does not stand, for Gar Wood's recent claim that he had broken it has now received official recognition.

And then came the race for the British International Trophy, presented by the late Lord Northcliffe in 1903, and held continuously by America since 1920. To win the trophy, a boat must be successful in two of three races over a course of about 30 miles. No restrictions are placed on the engine size, but the length of the boats is limited to 40ft.

In the first race all was well. Miss England II. broke the record for the course. She was, however, not destined to win the trophy. The unforeseen happened. At the start of the second race, Gar Wood and I crossed the line more than 5sec. before time, and, of course, we were, therefore, both disqualified. Neither of us knew of the disqualification at the time, however, and the race was continued, but when making a turn half a mile from the starting-point, Miss England II. overturned at practically the same spot where Miss Carstairs' boat overturned in 1928.

THE FASTEST BOAT OF ALL

Miss England II. has completed her part. This year sees the appearance of her successor, Miss England III. Lord Wakefield has set his heart on winning back the British International Trophy, which left these shores so many years ago. In his new Miss England we shall compete again at Detroit at the end of the summer.

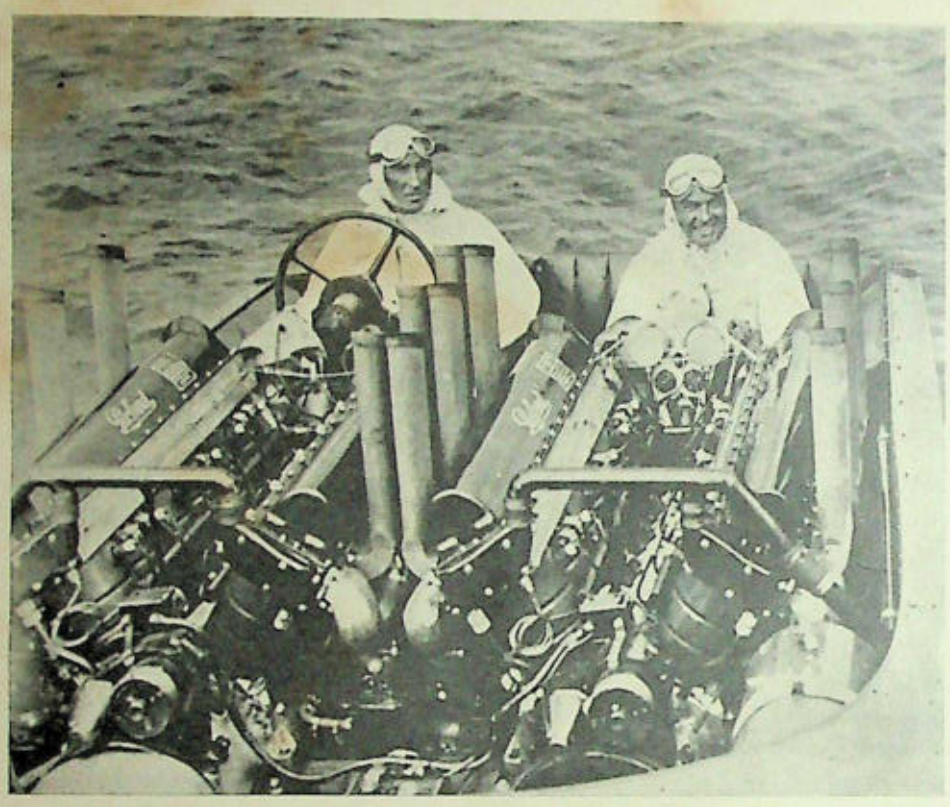
I make no boasts—I scarcely sometimes dare hope for success; but at least I can with confidence say that neither money nor skill are being spared to render the new craft the fastest and the finest boat in the world.

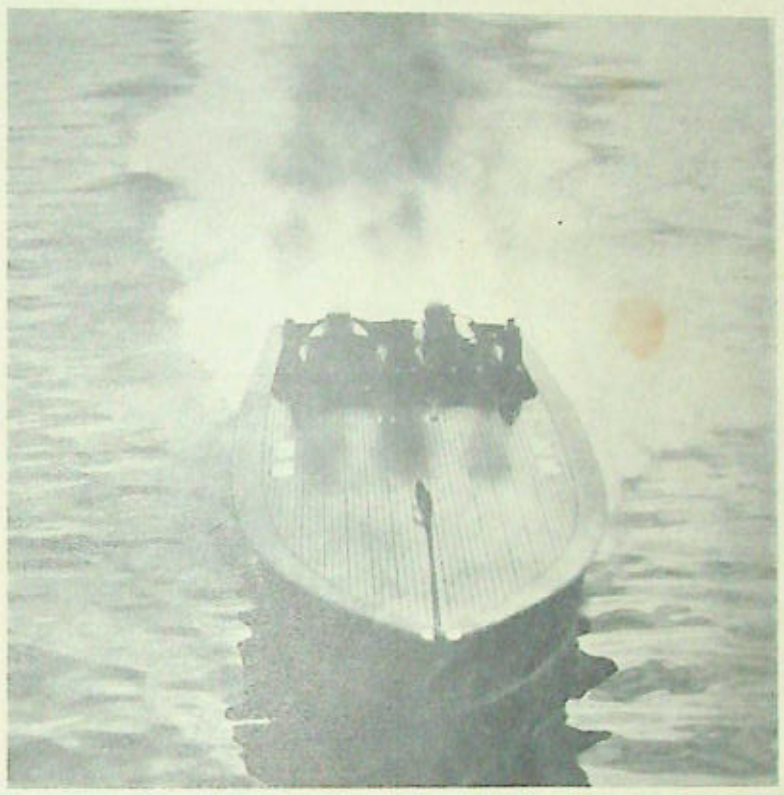
Miss England III. is being built at Hampton, on the Thames, and is due for delivery early in April. I cannot yet reveal details in her design. We have experimented endlessly in water tanks and in the Thames itself with model craft, many of them driven by rockets. We have taken slow-motion films of their behaviour, particularly on the turns. Every detail has been the subject of careful study, and we believe that we are building a boat capable of speeds undreamt of in marine practice—but that time alone can tell!

MAKING BRITAIN SUPREME

Once again we are fitting two twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce aero engines, and each will deliver even more power than those of Miss England II. So soon as the new craft is ready we are going straight to Lake Garda, where we shall compete for the d'Annunzio Trophy, and shall probably make a new attempt upon the world's speed record.

These events are preliminaries to the race with Gar Wood for the British International Trophy. If we can but bring this trophy back to Great Britain, its original home, our supremacy on the water will at long last be beyond all shadow of doubt.





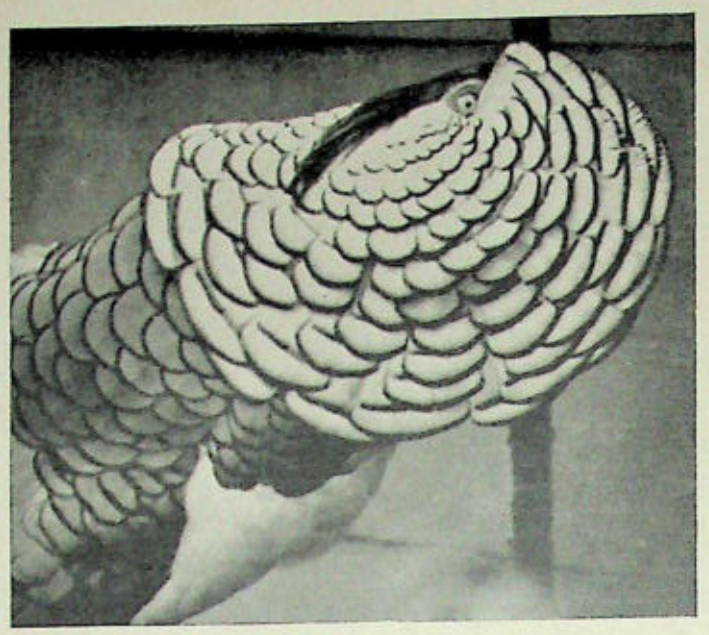
COMMODORE GAR WOOD, MR. KAYE DON'S AMERICAN RIVAL, AND TWO OF HIS SPEED CRAFT

1. *The mass of machinery a speed-boat has to carry as exemplified in Miss America VIII. Mr. Gar Wood is seen on the right with his mechanic, Orlin Johnson, at the wheel.*
2. *Miss America IX "all out" at Miami. With this boat Mr. Gar Wood made a record average speed of* 111.328 *miles per hour in two runs over the measured mile*

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THE AMHERST PHEASANT'S "FAN"
A close-up of the cock bird's extended "fan" as displayed to the hen

HOW THE JEWELLED PHEASANTS OF THE EAST "SHOW OFF"

Courtship Displays that Rival the Peacock's in Magnificence

By D. SETH-SMITH, M.B.O.U.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that the "displaying" or "showing-off" of the cock bird to his mate at the approach of the breeding season is of immense importance to the species, or Nature would not have evolved such a variety of extravagant decoration in the plumage of the male birds of so many different species. For much of this ornamentation is only exhibited to perfection during the actual nuptial display, and it must be an actual disadvantage to the bird that carries it at other times.

This decoration is carried to extremes in the birds of paradise, the whydah birds, and the pheasants, to take only three groups of birds, and each species or small group of species differs from the others in the way of decoration and in the method adopted to display these decorations so as to produce the desired impression upon the hen bird.

HIGH DECORATION

Taking the case of the pheasant tribe, the most familiar instance of high decoration occurs in the peafowl, in which the cock bird has been provided with a marvellous train, produced by the excessive development of the upper tail-coverts, which, during display, are thrown up into a highly decorated fan, supported by the true tail. But others of the pheasants possess equally wonderful decorations situated in various regions of the body, such as on the head, neck, wings or tail.

So we find that the cock Amherst pheasant, together with his first cousin the golden pheasant, has various brilliant hues in his plumage, all of which he does his best to make use of during his display. The most striking special development is, however, found in the hood or tippet growing from the nape, composed, in the Amherst, of rounded white feathers edged with black, which, when he wishes to display, is opened like a fan on the side nearest to the hen, so that the face is hidden except for the eye. At the same time he spreads his tail and flattens out, as it were, the plumage of his body so as to make as striking a display as possible.

PEACOCK PHEASANTS

The peacock pheasant of Burma is a lovely little bird, his grey plumage studded with metallic blue and green "eyes." He is beautiful at all times, but an especially lovely object when he throws himself into the attitude of full display to his mate, both wings and tail being spread into the form of a bejewelled screen.

The display of the Argus pheasant is perhaps the most wonderful of all. His chief peculiarity lies in the enormous development of the secondary wing feathers, which are twice the length and breadth of the primaries. These are ornamented with rows of beautifully graduated spots or "eyes" which look as though they had been hand-painted to represent metal balls within their sockets, the light spot being at the top when the feathers are erected as in the display. The two centre tail-feathers are very long and broad, and twisted at the ends.

HIDING HIS HEAD

When about to display the cock bird runs round the hen several times, often dragging one wing along the ground as he does so, at the same time stamping on the ground as if to attract her attention; then, facing her, he throws up his wings into the form of a huge screen, his head, which is nearly featherless and anything but ornamental, being kept out of sight behind one wing, while he obtains a view of the lady of his attention through a small opening at the bend of the carpal joint.

He never thrusts his head between the feathers in order to obtain a view, as Bartlett suspected him of doing and subsequent writers have stated that he does.

Bartlett found worn feathers on the wing after death, and assumed this to have been caused by the bird's head being thrust between the feathers, but the worn condition is accounted for by the rubbing of the half-closed wing on the ground as the bird runs round the hen preparatory to the display.

D. Seth-Smith

AMHERST PHEASANT COCK DISPLAYING
It will be noticed that he extends his "fan" on the side nearest to his lady

In all birds which are adorned in the male only, he contrives in his display to bring into prominence those parts of his person which are specially decorated. In the tragopan pheasants, which are large, short-tailed birds, the males are brilliant creatures—the one I have specially in mind, the crimson horned tragopan, being dressed in bright orange carmine, with the head mostly black. The whole plumage is covered with white spots with black edgings.

In addition to the brilliant colour of his plumage he carries on his throat a wattle or bib, but normally this is so contracted as to be invisible. Also growing from the top of his head are two fleshy horns, which at ordinary times are contracted and hidden by his plumage.

He has two types of display, which may be termed the lateral display, in which he walks round the hen and flattens his body with the object of showing off his gay dress to the best advantage; and also the frontal display, which is far more impressive, though seldom seen by lookers-on.

For my part, I have only witnessed this particular display on two or three occasions, though I have been intimately acquainted with these birds for many years.

A GAILY-DRESSED CLOWN

On a fine morning in April the hen tragopan may be walking unconcernedly in the open, while her mate is practically hidden in the shade of some nearby bush. Suddenly he rushes out, transformed into the semblance of a gaily-dressed clown, his body erect, with the white-spotted carmine feathers of his breast and flanks spread out like a skirt. His black face is surmounted by two erect horns of vivid blue, while from his throat is spread a large bib of intense blue, barred with brilliant red. Thus he stands before the object of his attentions, a brilliant and extraordinary object.

She appears to take little notice of him, and after a few seconds he shakes his head, the horns and bib contract and disappear, and he becomes a normal bird once more.

THE FIRST CHIFF-CHAFFS

News of Summer Birds from Many Quarters

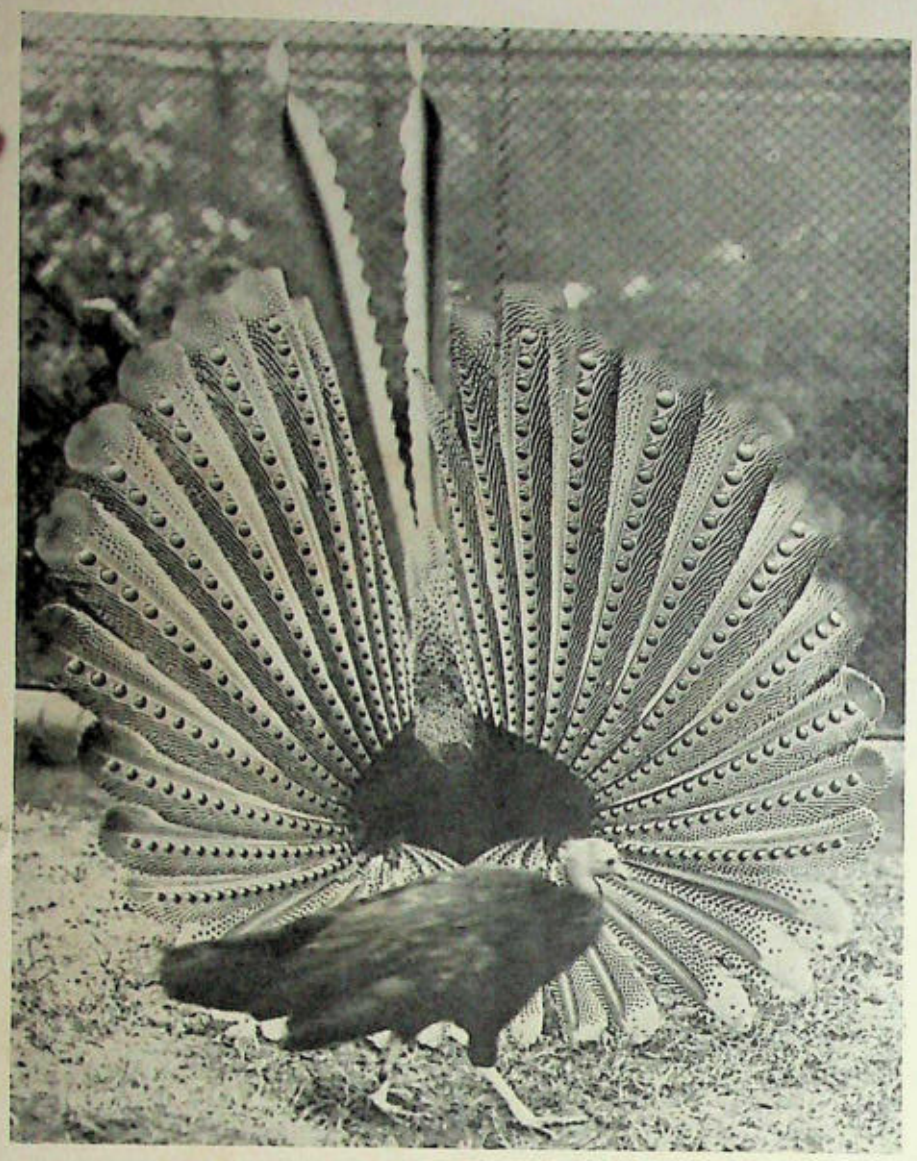
THAT the wheatear had beaten the chiff-chaff in this year's Spring Handicap of migrant birds was proved fairly conclusively by the number of records of the former that had been received at the *Field* offices before the Easter holiday, by which time only one report of the chiff-chaff had come to hand.

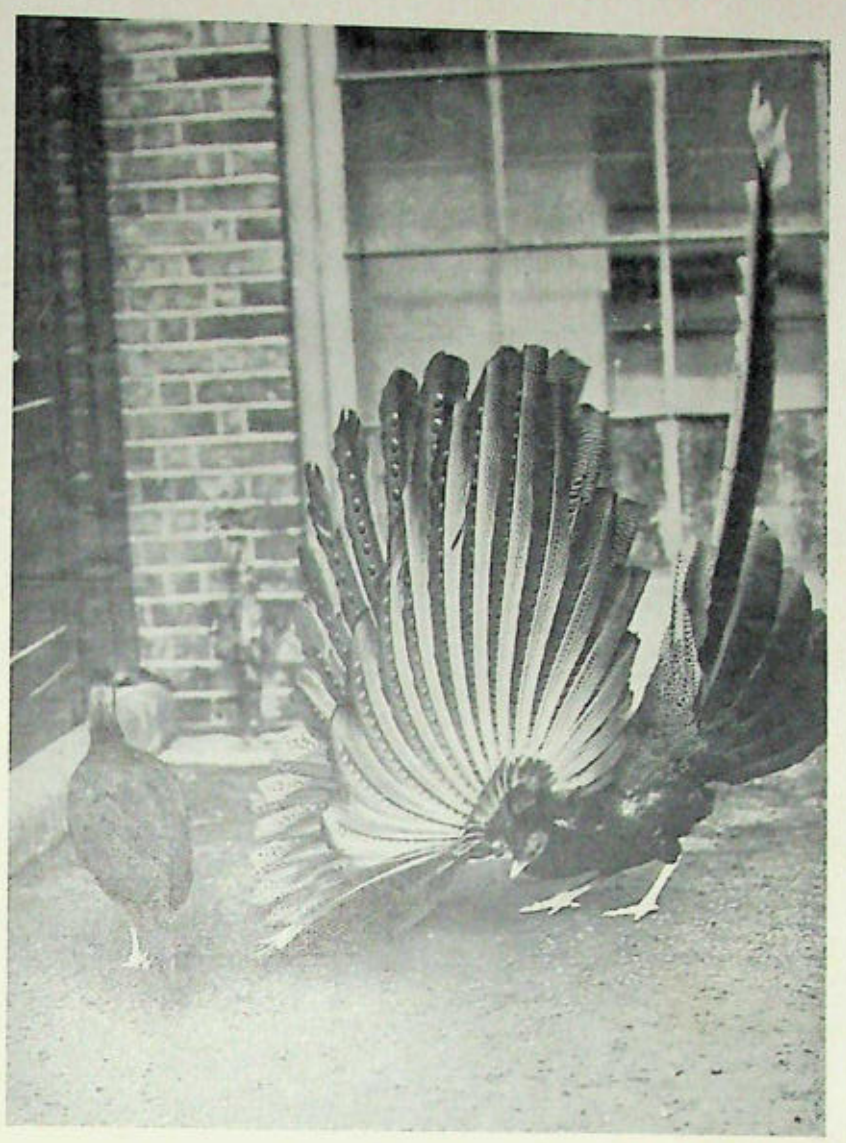
This first chiff-chaff record came from North Cornwall, where Mr. R. P. Williams noted their arrival at Trevose on March 23rd. Previous to that date he had seen wheatears on the 20th in the same locality.

Other early records of the arrival of the wheatear, in addition to those already published in these columns, came from Westward Ho! where Paymaster-Com. F. C. Pidcock saw several on the Northam Burrows on March 16th, and successive days; and from Wigtownshire—the first Scottish record—where Mr. A. Walmsley saw one on March 17th. On the same day (the 17th), Mr. Robert G. Baird saw three at Land's End, in Cornwall, showing that by that date the wheatear was very widely distributed over the country. In Wiltshire, Mr. R. H. Artindale saw his first wheatear on Imber Down on the 19th.

The same observer records the first stone curlew on Imber Down on the 21st, and adds the interesting note that the dates of both wheatear and stone curlew are the same as last year. A more unusual record is that of a redstart seen on March 19th at Mullion, and on the 20th at Gunwalloe by Mr. Robert G. Baird, who remarks that these may have been the same bird. We venture to suggest the possibility of confusion with a hen black redstart, wintering examples of which might still be present in Cornwall.

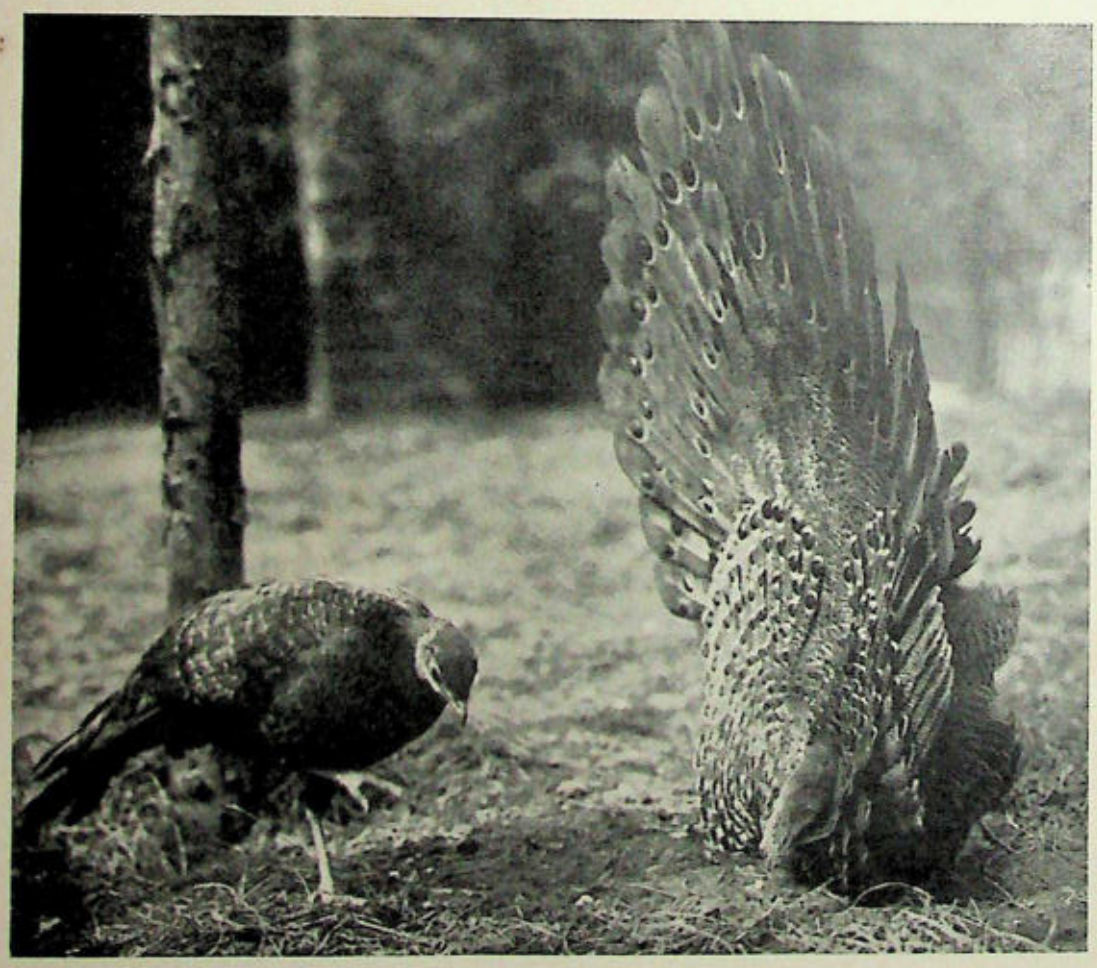
ECCENTRICITY AND BEAUTY IN PHEASANT COURTSHIP

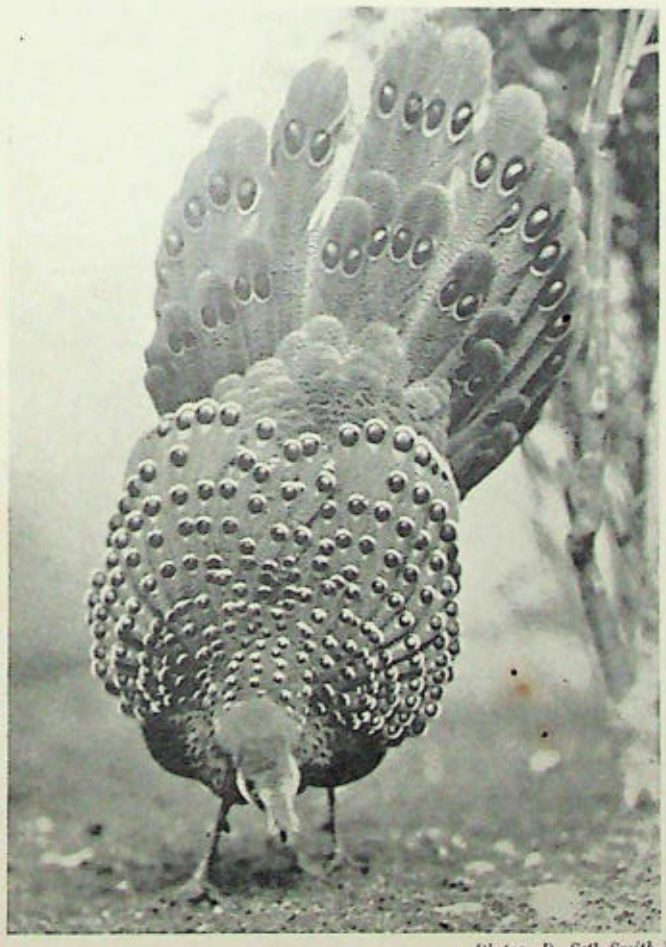




THE DISPLAY OF THE ARGUS PHEASANT—PERHAPS THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL

The cock bird's head is kept out of sight during the display, hidden behind one of the wings. This is well shown above, and the right-hand photograph also illustrates the apparent indifference of the hen Argus to her mate's splendour





Photos, D. Seth-Smith

THE PEACOCK PHEASANT OF BURMA, A LOVELY LITTLE CREATURE AT ALL TIMES, IS MARVELLOUSLY BEAUTIFUL WHEN HE DISPLAYS

On left, the male bird is displaying to his mate, who pretends to be exceedingly interested in the ground. Right, the cock bird calling the hen before beginning to display



ON A HERTFORDSHIRE STREAM
An example of a reach where the cover is mainly low rushes

WHAT THE TROUT SEES

The First of Two Articles Describing Some Experiments with Under-water Vision

By Col. E. W. HARDING

(Author of *The Flyfisher from the Trout's Point of View.*)

I SHALL BE TOLD that we can never see things as the trout sees them, and that we shall only deceive ourselves if we try. While it is true that we can never know what the trout *thinks* it sees, we can certainly look at things from under water more or less from its viewpoint, and so learn a little more about its environment.

Some three or four years ago I had built for me a small observation tank, a simple affair of wood lined with tinplate. Fig. 1 is a rough sketch of the tank.

To minimise the effects of the refraction of light passing from water through glass into air, the sloping side, in which is set a glass panel about 3in. wide and 20in. long, is inclined at an angle of 48½ degrees from the vertical. To exclude light entering the water through the glass panel, a cardboard

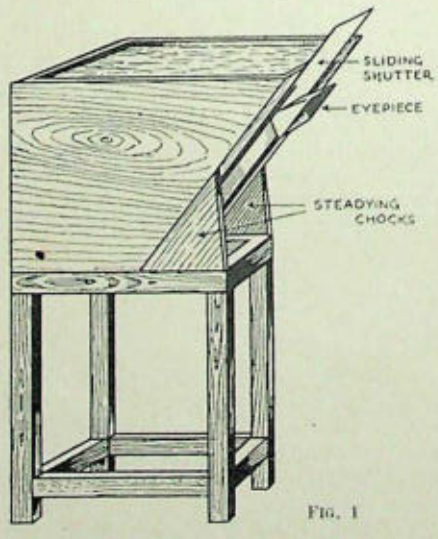


Fig. 1

THE OBSERVATION TANK

shutter, considerably longer than the sloping side of the tank, slides in grooves fitted on each side of the glass panel. In the middle of the shutter is a horizontal slit, about ½in. wide, fitted with an eyepiece.

The value of one's observations seem to me to depend very largely upon what one expects to see in undertaking them and upon the meaning of them to the practical angler. Well, there is "the window" (that part of the surface through which alone the trout can see the outer world), and complementary to and inseparable from "the window" is that astonishing phenomenon, the "area of total reflection." Fig. 2 shows "the window" and the "area of total reflection," both of which are caused by the refraction of light entering and leaving the water.

In Fig. 2 the trout at E can only see the outer landscape through the circular window O, and everything in the landscape appears on or above the line EOF. The bushes at B, for instance, appear much dwarfed at *b*, where also would appear an angler as a drab little streak of humanity, mostly distorted head and shoulders.

THE TROUT'S LOOKING GLASS

But far more wonderful than the open window is the area FWO, the area of total reflection. FWO is an exact replica of the water, and of everything in that water, in the area LOW. So exact is the reflection that in some conditions it is extremely difficult to distinguish it from the real water.

At first I concentrated on the window. It was not till much later that I began to realise that the water beyond and the area of total reflection was vastly more important to the trout than was his window.

Somebody has likened the trout's window to a port-hole, but the effect of refraction makes it much more than that. Refraction flattens all things low down in the landscape and fringes their upper borders with piercingly brilliant red, yellow, green and purple bands. The edge of the window is not the clean-cut definite line which one might infer it to be from the diagram; it is indeterminate, and the area near the edge is exceedingly bright, the brightest part of the trout's "landscape." Looking more nearly vertically upwards, the brightness diminishes and the sky overhead is more like the sky we see in the air. The distribution of light in the window is, in fact, not uniform, a fact which may explain partly some fishing puzzles and other curious effects under water.

Looking more or less horizontally through the water, it seems to be a dimly lighted, uniformly coloured mass; just coloured water. But it has the peculiarity that objects placed in it always appear in an unexpected place. It was some time before the reason for this became clear, and I realised that the upper part of this mass, extending up to the outer landscape, was not water at all; it was the reflection of the water beneath the surface.

DOES A FISH NOTICE THE SURFACE?

Previous observers have, of course, duly called attention to this fact, but what they have left unemphasised is any reference to the surface itself. Where, then, is the surface? What has happened to it? With all the emphasis laid on "the window," I had entirely neglected the importance of the surface, until one day when studying the reflection of a floating leaf, some little distance from the window of the tank, I saw the leaf and its reflection low down in my field of view in the midst of what seemed to be nothing but water.

Like most of the observers before me, I had taken it for granted that the surface of the water, as seen by the trout, formed the dividing line between the outer landscape and the water itself. To the trout it is nothing of the sort. The surface to it appears to hang down like a shimmering curtain in the midst of the water.

Once this fact was realised, the problem of appearances under water took on a new aspect, and I began to study the veil of the surface, as I have called it, in varying conditions of light and movement. Every ripple made it sparkle and flash, raindrops pitted it with tiny lights and floating insects made strange patterns of light upon it; it was a panorama of flowing lights and elusive shadows, all seemingly in the midst of the water.

The study of this "landscape" opens up a wide field of research, wherein direct observation may replace random speculation. Rightly interpreted

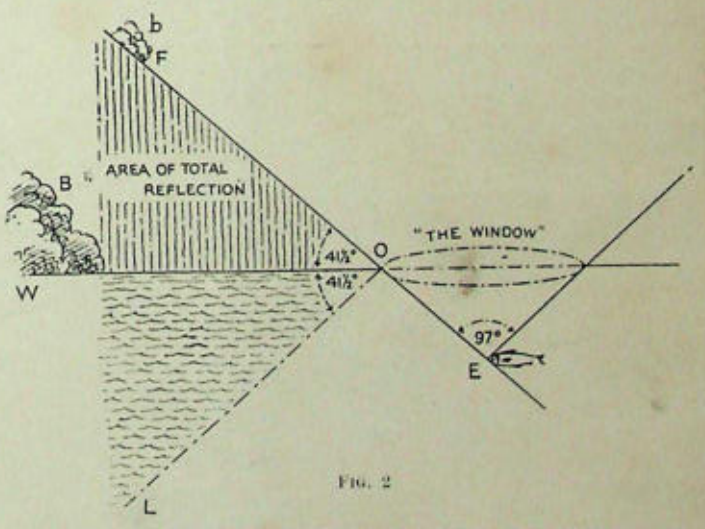


Fig. 2

THE TROUT'S WINDOW AND THE AREA OF TOTAL REFLECTION

observation will give much more exact ideas of how the angler's flies appear to the trout, of how the trout looks out for and gets his food, and of the possible effects of ripples and waves on the surface. The area of total reflection must clearly play a large part in the economy of the trout's life. Observation upon these points opens up a field of research as yet almost unworked and one which may have far-reaching effects upon fly fishing thought and practice.

In his second article, which will appear in next week's issue, Col. Harding deals with the appearance of an angler on the bank as seen by the trout under water, and the effect of the "window" on the floating fly.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xii. and xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xi.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., iv. and vi.; "Pisciculture," page xii.



THE MASTER EYE IN SHOOTING

A Subject Which Cannot Be Dismissed as of No Consequence

AS ONE WHO SUFFERED for years from the disability of having the left eye the master eye in shooting without knowing it, I feel urged in the interests of other shooters in like case to protest against Mr. Green's assertion in a letter to the *Field* of March 19th, that "the talk about the master eye is the most perfect piffle." Surely this is a very dogmatic assertion, and one at variance with the experience of gunmakers generally, and of hundreds of shooters.

The analogy of the cricketer is not a happy one, if one gives the subject a moment's thought. Of course, the cricketer does not look at his bat, nor the squash player at his racket. But neither are they looking along a tube in order to strike the approaching ball, and it is just this that makes all the difference. Apart from this, it is at least possible that a cricketer whose left eye is the master eye may often miss or mishit a ball, which he would have got in the centre of the bat but for this disability.

All this is hardly susceptible of proof one way or the other, and is outside the question of shooting. But that the master eye does definitely affect shooting in very many cases is so common an experience as hardly to admit of doubt.

A FUTILE REMEDY

My own experience is a case in point. Although a fair rifle shot, I was for years a shockingly bad shot with a gun. I could occasionally hit birds crossing from right to left, but very seldom any other kind of shot. Shooting schools were in their infancy then; moreover, service abroad prevented my availing myself of the few in existence, so, since I got worse rather than better, I gave up the shot-gun entirely for some years.

Later, while on long leave at home, I decided to try again, and made a round of the gunmakers. The first two or three I went to were unable to diagnose the trouble at all. Another recommended a cross-eyed stock, and for some time I shot, and shot badly, with this horrible contraption.

Then I tried a normal stock and closing my left eye. The result was an improvement, but I found it made me slow and apt to dwell on my bird. Obviously this was wrong, so off I went to another gunmaker with a great reputation as a fitter. Here I struck oil at once. He put me through a test very much on the lines mentioned by Sir Wyndham Childs in his recent article in the *Field*, and discovered at once that my gun was pointing from 9in. to 1ft. to the left of the mark aimed at.

Fortunately I am slightly short-sighted and shoot through glasses, so the remedy was simple. He pasted small pieces of stamp paper over the upper portion of my left glass at the required angle, piece by piece, testing me after each bit of paper had been stuck on, until I threw up the gun with both eyes open dead on the mark, and was able to keep on the mark (his finger on his chin) as he walked sideways to the right and to the left.

"Now," he said, "take your glasses to an optician and get the left glass frosted over to the exact extent of the stamp paper." The cure was complete, and practice did the rest.

EFFECT WHEN WALKING UP

This was many years ago, and since then I have been able to shoot decently, and as easily to one side as the other. I do not find that my sight has altered to any appreciable extent with advancing years, and the slight blocking out of vision on the top left side of the left lens does not bother me at all when shooting at driven birds. The only disadvantage, which is so slight as to be almost negligible, is when walking up, and a partridge or snipe rises behind me on my left, and flies straight forward. Then, unless I have heard it and turned round, I do not see it until it has flown past the "blind spot." But since a partridge always rises with a whir, the sound brings one round in plenty of time. A snipe, however, often rises silently, and its "scape scape" is frequently not uttered until it has flown a hundred yards. But it comes into vision the moment it has passed, and there is often time to throw up the gun and down it before it has flown 30yds.

Mr. Green in his letter says, "Of course, if a man uses a gun as if it were a rifle, and looks along his barrels, the question of the master eye is important, but then he will never become a good, quick, or indeed a safe shot."

Perfectly true. But who except an absolute tyro, does look along his barrels, at least consciously? Nine men in ten shoot with both eyes open and do not bother about their barrels at all. And the man who closes the left eye—and a few quite good shots do so—will hit precious little if he aims at his bird as one would with a rifle.

The chief drawback to closing the left eye is that there is a tendency to draw a bead; in other words, to "poke," and it is in order to eliminate this tendency, as well as to see all round one at the moment of firing, that both eyes are kept open.

SURE PROOF OF ERROR

One sometimes hears it advanced, or rather conjectured, that a constant use of the right eye (the vision of the left being blocked either wholly or partially) may in time induce the right eye to take charge, and so obviate the need for blocking the left.

I can only say that I have not found it so, and that when without my shooting glasses I throw up my gun at a mark with both eyes open, as I occasionally do by way of experiment, I invariably find my gun pointing a foot to the left of the mark on closing the left eye, although I had previously imagined that I was dead on the object. The remedy is just as necessary in my case to-day as it was 20 years ago when first applied.

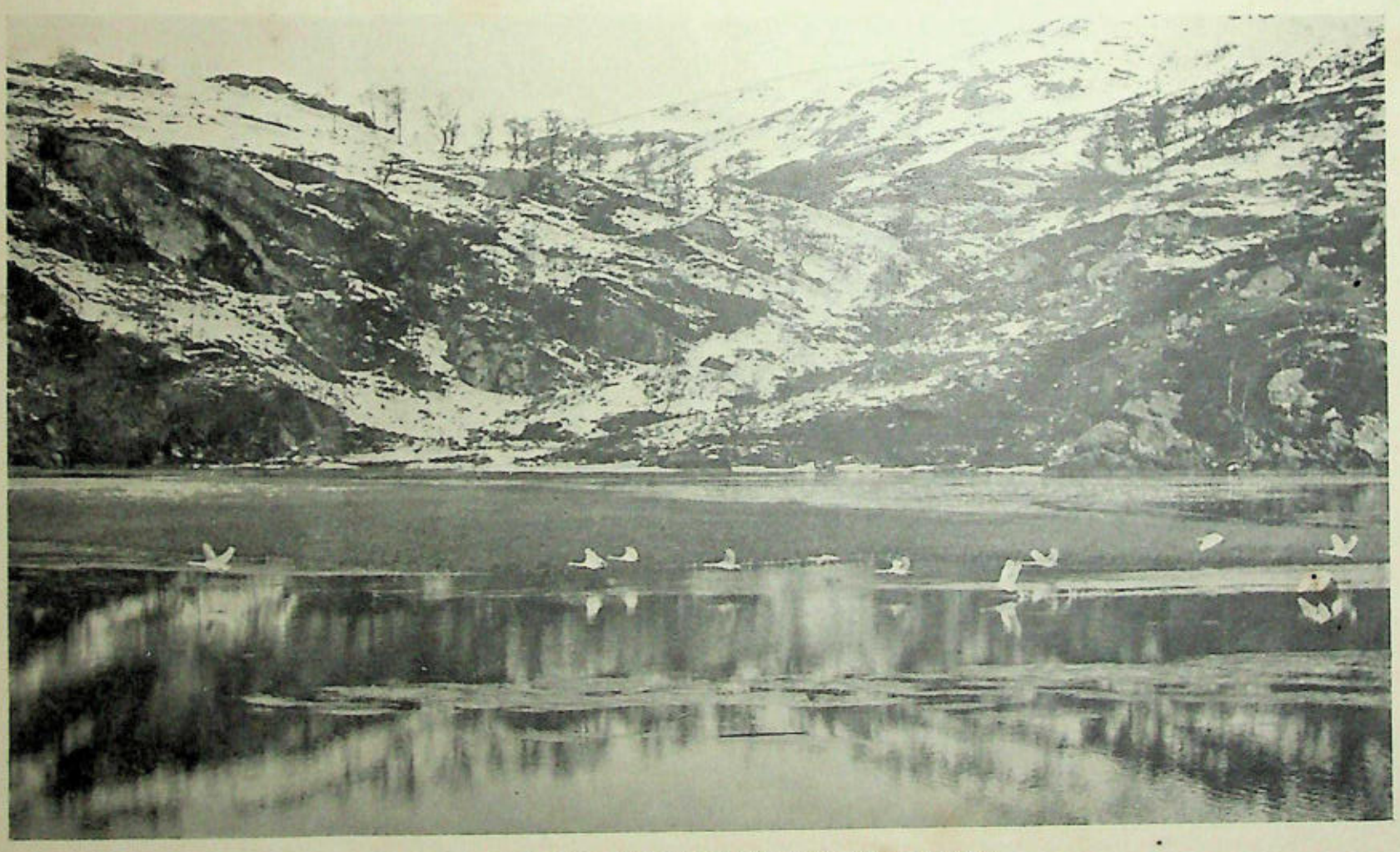
Sir Wyndham Childs's article is most instructive, and should help many left-eyed shooters to a solution of their difficulty. Whether the small "blind spot" would be sufficient in the case of high birds I do not know. It is a matter for personal experiment.

One would imagine that on looking up at a high bird one would be looking under the "blind spot," and so pointing the gun unconsciously to the left. But this is pure conjecture. In any case, the principle is undoubtedly sound, namely, to obstruct the vision of the left eye just sufficiently to allow the right eye to "take charge."

BLIND SPOT.

Field Trial Derby Stakes.—The Kennel Club Field Trial Spring Meeting will be held, by kind permission of Mr. George Pretyman, over his estate at Orwell Park, Ipswich, on Tuesday, April 12th and following days. The judges will be Lord Vivian and Mr. D. Black, with Capt. W. S. Medlicott as referee.

The (54th) Field Trial Derby Stakes, for pointer and setter puppies born in 1931, will be run first. These will be followed by the Brace Stakes, for pointers and setters, dogs and bitches; and the All-aged Stakes, for pointers and setters, any age.



WHERE WILD SWANS STILL LINGER IN THEIR WINTER HAUNTS

A photograph taken at the end of March on a Perthshire loch

HATCHING EARLY PHEASANT EGGS

Essential Rules for Successful Incubation

SO MANY FERTILE PHEASANT EGGS annually are spoilt through lack of care or common sense during the period of incubation, that I think a note emphasising the essential rules cannot come amiss.

By far the greater number of these losses come through keeping the hen off her eggs too long, and thus allowing the eggs to become chilled. Somehow or other—how, I cannot say—a system of keeping a hen off her eggs for 20 minutes seems to have become the fashion. Now, there is no correct time that can be laid down for a broody hen. Each day's weather is your only guide. And yet you will see this 20 minutes fetish being followed just the same, whether the day is sunless with a bitter east wind, or sunny with a warm west wind.

The dangerous period in incubation is the first ten days. During this period a hen setting during April should not be allowed to remain off her eggs for more than ten minutes, whatever the weather may be. Thus it will be seen that working single-handed it would be extremely unwise to take off more than 20 broodies at a time. If more are taken off the eggs under the first hen will be beginning to chill.

CAUSES OF LOSS

After the first ten days the time the hen should be allowed off must depend upon the weather. If the weather is mild and sunny, 15 minutes or 20 minutes may safely be allowed. For several seasons prior to last season, if my memory serves me, we were vouchsafed mild weather in April and May. This 20 minutes, I take it, arose out of these mild seasons. Then came last spring with its bitter cold, and I say without hesitation that more fertile eggs were lost by being chilled during incubation than failed to hatch through infertility.

I have heard it argued that this putting of hens back quickly tends to dirty nests. But this is an absurd argument. No bird should be put back before she has evacuated. But it is perfectly simple to make her do so. Gently move and push her about for a minute or so, and the desired result will be achieved. The hen is as keen to get back on her eggs as you are to get her there. She only needs to understand what is required of her.

Another cause of loss is the placing of too many eggs under a hen. No more than seventeen should ever be placed under a hen. If a hen is large enough to take more than seventeen she is too big and heavy for pheasants, and she will trample them when in the setting box, and later on in the coop. A broody hen, it may not be realised, is constantly turning her eggs, pushing the eggs from the middle of her clutch to the outside, and bringing in those from the outside into the middle. If she has more eggs than she can manage those on the outside become chilled, and the constant turning results in the whole clutch being addled.

POULTRY INFANTICIDE

Another point. All who have done any rearing will know of the hen that brains her chicks as fast as they hatch. You can often prevent this. The evening before your chicks are due to hatch, spend half-an-hour listening among the setting boxes. If you hear any tapping locate it and remove the hen at once, putting in one of your spare broodies in its place. This type of hen, directly she feels the movement under her of the hatching chick, will pick it up and brain it against the side of the nest box. This half-hour spent in listening may save these chicks for you.

Two spare hens per 100 eggs down is the ideal proportion. Never be without a spare broody. It is well worth the extra cost. And, finally, above all, be kind to your broodies. Try not to be rough or impatient with them. Remember your success depends on them. They will repay you a hundredfold for kind treatment and good management.

All very elementary, no doubt, but if only followed carefully how many bad hatches would we be saved from.

H. B. MOSER.

The Kennel Club Stud Book.—The 59th volume of the Kennel Club Stud Book, which has recently been published from 84, Piccadilly, is as informative and useful as any of its predecessors. Breeders, exhibitors and competitors at field trials, will find in it a mass of valuable information, especially as regards the pedigrees of prominent dogs. In the prefatory remarks, the editor mentions that 88 meetings of the general committee and sub-committees were held during last year. It will thus be seen that members of the committee devote considerable time to the administration of affairs of the kennel world. To some extent, industrial conditions in 1931 were reflected in the dog world as the number of shows was somewhat less than in the previous year, but the greatest falling off was in connection with those local events known as sanction shows, which are confined to members of the promoting bodies and are usually held in the evening or on Saturday afternoons. As these shows are largely kept alive by the industrial classes, it is not surprising that some of them had to suspend operations until better times. The experience of the first three months of the present year is more encouraging, as entries have increased considerably and many new exhibitors have appeared.

AN IMPROVING BRITISH BOXER

And a Middle-Weight Deficiency

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IT MUST BE BECOMING OBVIOUS, even to the most ardent Harvey supporter, that the middle-weight champion was never the world beater he was said to be. Harvey had a very uncomfortable time when he fought Casey: he was very lucky to get the decision in his recent championship battle with McAvoy. I did not see the fight, but I have been told by one of Harvey's most enthusiastic admirers, who did watch, that in his opinion the Lancashire man had won well. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Harvey cannot deal with fighters of the strong, rushing variety. He is at his best against a fighter of the stamp of Hood, and even at his best it is doubtful whether he is the superior of Hood.

The Birmingham man is out of the running for the World's Championship, and judging Harvey's chances on his recent showing the champion would have no chance of lasting the distance with Marcel Thil. We must find another middle-weight. And in the meantime let us hope that Hood will, if he can still make the weight, confine his attention to the welters.

CARNERA'S REAL WORTH

It is pleasant to record progress on the part of an English fighter in the same week that Harvey showed us his true abilities. Eddie Phillips, whom I have already spoken of in the *Field*, continues to improve with every fight. In his most recent fight he showed most gratifying form. Carvill is no champion, but he is a competent fighter with considerable experience. He lost to Phillips by a wide margin. He was completely outboxed and out-fought.

Phillips suffers from being a contemporary of Petersen, and so does not receive his due from the Press. This is perhaps as well, but in talking of future championships it would be as well to remember the Stadium cruiser-weight, who seems to me quite as likely to reach the highest honours. I should like to see Phillips matched with foreign fighters in his next half-dozen fights. He is now at the stage when this sort of experience would be invaluable to him.

We have now seen Carnera in action again. We are no nearer to deciding his real worth. The Carnera-Cook match was a bad one. Cook is a wonderful man, and still capable of holding his own with the average first-class heavy-weight, but he is not capable of conceding every physical advantage to a giant many years younger. Moreover, though this was carefully not made public before the fight, he had had a taste of Carnera before. Two years ago in America he was knocked out by the Italian in two rounds.

Carnera should be matched only with young and skilful men. There is no doubt that this Italian can box; but his record against first-class men is far from impressive. We should learn a great deal more about Carnera were he to fight McCorkindale. I am more than ever of the opinion that a heavy-weight of the stamp of Jack Dempsey would make short work of him.

CHOOSING OUR LAWN TENNIS INTERNATIONALS

The Forthcoming Trials at Queen's Club

THE LISTS for the international trials at Queen's Club from April 11th to 16th, as may have been expected, are not to everyone's satisfaction. It is well to repeat them.

The men chosen are H. W. Austin, E. R. Avory, H. G. N. Cooper, H. F. David, G. P. Hughes, C. H. Kingsley, H. G. N. Lee, H. K. Lester, J. S. Olliff, F. J. Perry, R. J. Ritchie, and R. K. Tinkler. The women are Mrs. B. C. Covell, Mrs. L. A. Godfree, Mrs. P. Holcroft-Watson, Mrs. L. R. C. Michell, Mrs. J. B. Pittman, Mrs. D. C. Shepherd-Barron, Mrs. E. F. Whittingstall, Miss P. E. Mudford, Miss B. Nuthall, Miss J. C. Ridley, Miss D. E. Round, and Miss G. R. Sterry. Mrs. Pittman, having broken her leg while skating, will not be available.

Many have been disposed to consider that better choices might have been made from among the juniors than Ritchie and Tinkler, but both have big lawn tennis in them; Tinkler especially can be supposed legitimately to have the "larger manner" latent, though at present he is given to lapses that look perilously lackadaisical. Ritchie has a whimsical view of things that threatened in his more youthful days to disturb seriously his will-to-win, but he is now more under control.

Apart from these two, the men's list was what might have been foretold, presuming that Dr. J. C. Gregory and I. G. Collins are preoccupied with profession and business.

The foreshadowed scheme for four days of an eliminating competition of which the finalists would each play Perry and Austin the best of five sets during the Friday and Saturday, provides no doubt a certain gate-money show for the end of the trials and removes the possibility of the collapse of a draw seeded to bring about a Perry-Austin final. The failure of either or both players in transit would set up a situation calculated to provide publicists with copy and to annoy in consequence the innocent prejudices of the selection committee, who had, as a matter of fact, a chance of a fairer deal under the old rather hole-and-corner all against all matches on the hard courts at Wimbledon, most of which however, they did not bother to watch.

TWO STRANGE OMISSIONS

The women's list is peculiar for the absence of the names of Miss M. C. Scriven and Miss M. Heeley. The former played in phenomenal fashion at the Wimbledon Championships last year, beating in succession Mlle. J. Sigart, Miss E. H. Harvey, Miss M. Heeley, Miss J. C. Ridley, and only succumbing in the fifth round to Mme. Mathieu by 6/1, 2/6, 5/7. Miss Heeley was in the final of last year's trials at Queen's, and later put up a remarkably plucky show in the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth, and, before being knocked out by Miss Scriven, beat Mrs. Shepherd-Barron at Wimbledon.

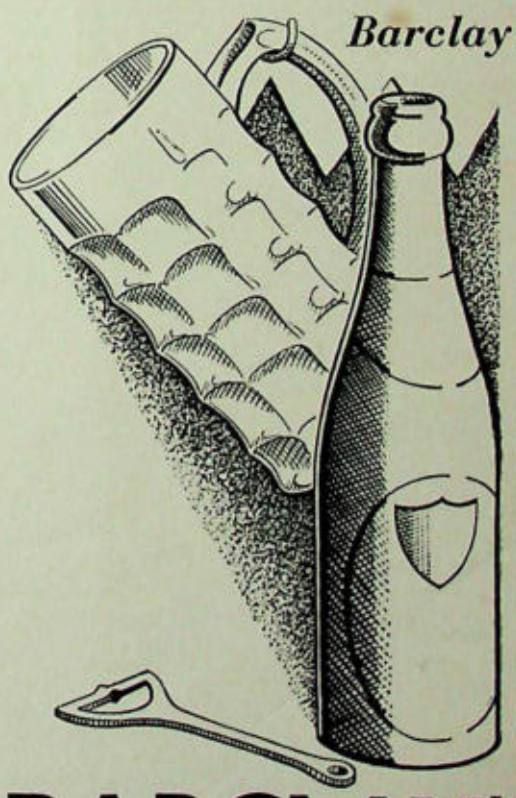
Places have been found for some ladies who are on the semi-retired list, but these two girls, it is understood, were not even invited. Perhaps the accident to Mrs. Pittman will provide room for a happy afterthought.

On account of the importance attached to the Wimbledon Championships by other countries, the meteoric character of Miss Scriven's career has led to much critical curiosity abroad, as well as at home, and this will be relieved conveniently by the publication of definite news.

J. E. C.

A CORRECTION.—Owing to an accident a photograph of Mr. D. Haig-Thomas was substituted for that of Mr. L. Luxton, the Cambridge stroke, on page 448 of last week's issue of the *Field*.

DRINK BRITISH
LAGER — *that means*
Barclay's



BARCLAY'S
LAGER SAY 'BARCLAY'S' AND BUY BRITISH

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

LEAVES FOR POPPY WREATHS

SIR,—Please would you help us to obtain British leaves for the making of wreaths. Last year we had great difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies. I feel sure that the insertion of the following paragraph would enable us to obtain sufficient quantities.

Please save your cherry laurel prunings and send the leaves to the British Legion Poppy Factory, where large quantities are required now to be preserved for wreath making.

All the employees of this factory, numbering 270, are War-disabled ex-Service men, and they make poppies and wreaths for sale at Armistice time. Please send your leaves to the British Legion Poppy Factory, Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Yours sincerely,
G. HOWSON, Chairman.
(British Legion Poppy Factory, Ltd.)
Petersham Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

THE WHITE CITY ROBOT RUNNER

SIR,—It is interesting to note that a robot runner has been installed at the White City to aid human runners in their training for distance races. The fact seems to have been overlooked, however, that it was your special correspondent, Capt. F. A. M. Webster, who first suggested the employment of this method.

In his book, *Athletics of To-day*, which was fully reviewed in the *Field* on June 22nd, 1929, Capt. Webster wrote: "The time may well come, in America at all events, and probably in Germany, when we shall find training tracks fitted with electric wires, along which will travel little figures which may be set to go at any constant speed, so that runners will be trained to produce a constantly increasing even pace, until each man's personal 'optimum' is discovered. Something on the lines of the electric hare, will no doubt eventuate in time."

It is interesting to see the prophecy of your Special Correspondent fulfilled so soon, by the adoption of his suggestion at the White City, and even more satisfactory to feel that, for once, Great Britain is ahead of America and Germany in some athletic connection.

Yours faithfully,
Glen Lyn, EDWARD LESLIE.
Station Rise, Marlow.

ROAD AND RAIL

SIR,—In an editorial in the March 12th issue of the *Field* reference is made to the expenditure on roads, which it is suggested is mainly paid for out of rates. The following figures show the present position in regard to road finance and motor taxation:

Estimated total annual road costs	£60,000,000
Road costs in 1900 before motor era	12,000,000
Increased cost, which is not, however, wholly due to motor traffic, but also to the general movement in wages and prices since 1900 ..	£48,000,000
Motor vehicle taxation yield = ...	£28,000,000
Petrol duty yield at 8d. per gallon =	31,000,000
Total motor taxation	£59,000,000

Therefore the annual road costs which can be partly attributed to motor traffic are now exceeded by the proceeds of motor taxation to the extent of £11,000,000 per annum. Motor taxation revenue is practically sufficient to pay the total road costs.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
F. G. BRISTOW,
50, Pall Mall, S.W. 1, General Secretary The Commercial Motor Users' Association (Incorporated).

CURLY-COATED RETRIEVERS

SIR,—Is it to be wondered at that nowadays one sees so few of these fine type of sporting dogs either on the bench or in the field. At Cruft's last show, one curly dog was criticised as follows: "Is a useful working sort, but is not a show specimen." I fully endorse all "A Lover of Curlies" said in *Our Dogs* of February 26th about this criticism. Nearly all sportsmen I have come across give the same reply when asked about Curlies. I am not going into details why the Curly went out of fashion, chiefly because "anything" goes out of fashion if the opposition are better advertisers, but it is quite apparent that as long as the Curlies are looked upon as being two distinct classes, one "workers" and the other "show specimens" that there is little hope for the breed. However, surely a dog coming under the title of "Retriever" should be first and foremost a *worker*. I think the Curlies that are taking prizes to-day on the bench are lovely dogs, but till something is done to give the man with the gun confidence, that all Curlies are looked on as workers, I can see no hope for an increase of the Curly either on the bench or in the field.

Yours faithfully,
"ANOTHER GREAT LOVER OF CURLIES."
Ross-shire.

DOUBLE RETRIEVES

SIR,—As a result of the letter "A Double Retrieve" in your issue of March 12th, you will probably be inundated with similar examples of a retriever bringing back more than one bird, etc., at once—here is another instance!

About fifteen months ago I dropped a pheasant and a woodcock in a young plantation during a covert shoot here, and on sending my Golden retriever for them, she reappeared with them both in her mouth.

The plantation was too thick for me to see what had happened, and I supposed that by some coincidence the woodcock and pheasant had fallen on top of each other.

At a covert shoot this year, however, I sent her off to where I had three or four pheasants down in an open field. She picked up one of the farthest birds first, and on her way back deliberately dropped it by a second one, and, picking them both up together, returned with pride.

Yours faithfully,
Stirlingshire. E. S. A.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS

SIR,—I have a print of Dr. Crisp who, on September 21st, 1802, walked one mile in 7min. 50sec. On July 16th, 1817, he did 280 miles walking backwards, covering 40 miles a day for seven successive days and having fourteen hours to spare. On October 6th, 1817, he did 63 miles in 13hrs. 10min.

On October 18th, 1817, he did 1,134 miles from Oxford to London, being 54 miles daily to and fro, which he accomplished 20 minutes before eleven at night, being 1hr. 20min. within the given time. Considering the extensive hills and the uncommonly bad roads for nineteen miles, and no footpaths, he had to encounter with difficulties which no other pedestrian ever had to surmount, and the performance stands almost, if not quite, unequalled in the annals of pedestrianism.

Yours truly,
Warmington, Oundle. JOHN CRISP.

STRANGE DIET OF CARNIVORA

SIR,—There is probably nothing [illegible] fish-eating porcupines and fish, as recorded by correspondents in the *Field* of February 6th. Mr. Inverarity recorded in the Journal of the Bombay Natural Society that in Somaliland lions are as fond of porcupines as are tigers and leopards, "eating quills, paws and all."

I have shot many tigers and leopards with porcupine quills sticking in their paws, and one tiger with suppurating wounds containing quills in the back of the neck, which looked as though he had rolled on the porcupine, although my native shikaris declared that the quills had been shot by the porcupine like arrows from a bow! It is related in the same Journal that a tiger was found dead beside a porcupine of which he had bitten a mouthful; five quills were stuck in his chest and his liver was in rags. Leopards have been found dead with many quills sticking in the gullet; a porcupine was seen to attack and put to flight a leopard at a pool of water where both animals were drinking, and one attacked a leopard that had been shot, filling him with more than five dozen quills both before and behind. A goat which I had picketed out as bait for a leopard was killed by a porcupine, several quills being imbedded in the heart. The porcupine no doubt attacks by backing on to its victim, as has been experienced by both men and dogs.

Tigers, like lions, sometimes indulge in queer diet. I found in a pool of water a large python bitten in half and partly eaten by a tiger. Mr. Inverarity extracted over two feet of snake from the stomach of a tiger. Tigers will eat crabs, so why not fish? They will eat the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater, called *ban rohu*, the forest fish, by the natives, whose armour plating must be difficult to tackle; but the tiger's claws are sharp, and I have seen a thick brass dish through which claws were driven by a powerful blow, it was on a man's back. Tigers kill and eat bears, so do Russians who, however, unlike the tiger, strip the hair off before eating. But Bruin will retaliate, and I have known one put up a good fight with a tiger, and then get away to be finished off by villagers with stones and other weapons; a tiger just shot dead in a beat was attacked by a bear with tooth and claw.

I have found unmistakable evidence of a tiger having eaten another of his kind. He was going lame, and was probably injured in an encounter with his enemy, whom he then devoured. But cannibalism is not uncommon among tigers, who will eat their cubs and, like human cannibals, their enemies slain in battle. They will also eat leopards, and leopards will eat each other, although I have more than once driven a tiger and a leopard out of the same cover. No doubt the leopard would eat the tiger if he had the chance.

Leopards eat scorpions and other insects. Snakes eat frogs, and frogs eat snakes. I have found in a fish (a murrell) a snake about two feet long, and a murrell took in front of my eyes a shot snipe that fell on the water, just as a pike will seize ducklings. We may perhaps not swallow Hartwig's statement that a boa-constrictor has been known to swallow a horse and its rider, but no doubt instances of strange diet of carnivora could be multiplied, as anyone will understand who has cut open crocodiles and found several pounds of pebbles, swallowed as an aid to digestion, with an assortment of cats, ducks, silver bangles, and other articles in the stomach.

Yours truly,
Bafford Grange, Charlton Kings. R. G. BURTON (Brig.-Gen.).

A TANGANYIKA LION

SIR,—On a recent big game hunting expedition of mine in Central Africa I shot a lion: the beast was a very fine specimen, measuring 8ft. from head to tail. I have had it stuffed, and it now resides in my hall. I shot it in Tanganyika, in a district where the natives were being troubled by man-eating lions.

No lion in this district that has been shot has been known to measure as much as mine. A friend of mine in Dar-es-Salaam once told me he shot a lion not very far away that measured 8ft. 2in., but he was unable to produce any proof. I was very inclined to disbelieve him, because he does not often shoot lions. He prefers smaller game nearer the coast, and being a bad shot he would be very unlikely to shoot a lion.

Yours truly,
Frenze, Diss, Norfolk. C. I. SPINKS (Major).

THE BLACK-HEADED GULL

SIR,—Mr. T. A. Coward's references to the black-headed gull in the *Field* of February 20th are illuminating. He mentioned their enormous increase, and said that, through their abundance, the protected herring gull and black-headed gull "have become serious egg thieves, and even destroyers of grain."

Field readers will be interested in the results of investigation, during the winter of 1930 and 1931, by members of Devon Bird Watching and Preservation Society, into the roosting places and daily movements of the black-headed gull. This showed that the gulls had a preference for roosting on salt water, even when there was a fresh water lagoon, as at Slapton, available; and that they had acquired the habit of benefitting by the food which humans discard (*i.e.*, on refuse tips).

Study of the map of Devon shows that the eighteen largest centres of human population are well favoured with wintering gulls, yet Mid-Devon and Dartmoor, where the human population is low, are neglected by these birds. It was revealed that the gulls have three main types of feeding grounds, to and from which they move *daily*.

1. The mud flats of the tidal estuaries.
2. Refuse tips, etc.
3. Cultivated land (*i.e.*, grassland or ploughed fields).

If unsatisfied with the refuse from the towns near the estuaries, the gulls make expeditions up the valleys to towns far inland, even to Launceston, from which they have been seen returning to Plymouth—a distance of some 25 miles.

So far as could be ascertained, the gulls do not roost inland, but spend the night resting on the open sea, or on islands.

Concerning Mr. Coward's point about the black heads snapping up insects and stripping grain, the only evidence available was of their hawking, on hot days, for flying insects, though they were observed to imitate the skuas in chasing a jackdaw, or other bird carrying food, and forcing it to relinquish its prospective meal.

All the facts of the investigation were compiled by Mr. H. G. Hurrell, a well-known West Country ornithologist, and published in the *Western Morning News*, in detail, last October.

Yours faithfully,
Plymouth. J. L. P.

AN HISTORIC STAG

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of interest to your readers. It is a photograph of a head which was known in the Taymouth Castle district as "The Piper's Head." It was amongst a number of other heads which I purchased at the Taymouth Castle sale a few years ago. The "Inscription" on it is as follows:

"This is the Head of a Deer that attacked John McKenzie, Piper to the Marquess of Breadalbane in the year 1848. McKenzie was severely stabbed and had a struggle to escape with his life."



"THE PIPER'S HEAD"
(See Letter "An Historic Stag")

I was told at the time that the history of the head was as follows:

A change of blood was wanted, and a young buck was introduced from the North. He was only quite a calf, and was kept round about Taymouth Castle so long that he became quite tame and eventually was allowed to remain and grew up there. One evening the piper of the then Marquess of Breadalbane, having done his duties at the Castle, was going back to his cottage on the side of the River Tay when he was attacked by this stag. The struggle was naturally a terrible one, and the piper (McKenzie) eventually was the victor, but only because he managed to get his skein 'dhu out and inflicted so many wounds on the stag that it eventually weakened and McKenzie was able to escape.

I wonder if this is the correct version of what happened? Yours truly,

Manor Cottage, Harrogate. J. E. A. TITLEY.

AN INEXPENSIVE CATTLE GATE

SIR,—The letter in the *Field* of February 20th, from Mr. Hughes, of Buenos Aires, headed "An Inexpensive Cattle Gate," is interesting to me as the patentee of the special car tracks which hundreds of people have put in all over the country.

As a matter of fact, previous to getting out my own arrangement, the more obvious and simple method of Mr. Hughes had occurred to me, but I consider that in this country it would be very dangerous. We still have horses and hounds, and farmers coming home from market in their traps in the dark. The bars stretching right across the road are nothing like visible enough, whereas my separate tracks can easily be seen, with the dark pit in the centre and at the side.

I have never known a single accident of any kind owing to animals trying to cross. Loose horses have often galloped up to the tracks in my own park, and have stopped immediately. If they went on over Mr. Hughes's arrangement they would break their legs. I think his photograph shows the danger quite clearly. Besides, there is nothing like the difference in cost that is suggested, and my own tracks, being of wrought iron, are practically permanent. Yours faithfully,

Combermere Abbey, Whitchurch, Salop. KENNETH CROSSLEY.

DESTROYING MINNOWS

SIR,—In reply to "Roecliff's" letter of February 27th, I think I can ease him of his difficulty. You obtain a long-bodied jar, preferably a stewed-fruit jar, with some bread paste in it. Over the top a piece of rag with a hole, about the size of a half-crown, is fixed on with an elastic band. String is tied to the jar, and it is taken to the place where the minnows inhabit most, let down, and left. You often get over a hundred at a time. Yours truly,

Lynwood, Marlow, Bucks. C. A. BUCKMASTER.

THE OLDEST RACING COLOURS IN THE COUNTRY?

SIR,—It may interest you to know that the steeplechaser Peter Simple was bred at Horkstow, near Barton-on-Humber, Lincs. This horse is referred to several times in Collins's *History of the Brocklesby Hounds*, which book also contains an illustration of the same picture as is published in your issue of March 12th.

It may also be of interest to your readers to know that I am in possession of the identical racing jacket which is pictured in the illustration. These colours, now nearly 100 years old, are "tartan plaid rose sleeves," and in a good state of preservation.

In fact, they have been carried with some measure of success during the last twelve years by my own horses, and will probably appear again on one of my horses in the local Hunt races at Brocklesby Steeple chases in April. They are probably the oldest racing colours in use at the present time.

Wootton Grange, Ulceby, Lincolnshire. Yours faithfully, D. DALE.

WHAT WAS A TUMBLER?

SIR,—In your issue of the *Field* of February 6th the writer of the interesting article on the Records of the Manor of Merton asks: "Does anybody know what sort of a dog a tumbler was?"

A tumbler was a small sort of greyhound used for catching rabbits and tumbled about in its efforts to get round its quarry. To-day I think such would be called a lurcher. It is referred to by Pennant as: "The Vertagus or Tumbler . . . took its prey by mere subtility."

In Sir William Jardine's series of *The Naturalists' Library*, Vol. X., "Dogs," edited by Lieut.-Col. Charles Hamilton Smith, the lurcher is described as "Canis Vertagus."

There is a somewhat interesting account "Of the Dogge called a Tumbler" in the book:

"Of Englishe Dogges, by John Caius Doctor of Phisicke in the Universitie of Cambridge, 1576. Newly drawne into Englishe by Abraham Fleming Student."

"Johannes Caius, a profound clerke and a rauennous devourer of learning, was requested by Conradus Gesnerus to write a treatise on the dogges of England,"

which includes this paragraph:

"A man that shall marke the forme and fashion of their bodyes, may well call them mungrell Grehoundes if they were somwhat bigger."

The account seems to have been copied without acknowledgment by Nicholas Cox in *The Gentleman's Recreation*, first published in 1674; and also with due acknowledgment by George R. Jesse in his work on: *Researches into the History of the British Dog*.

Nicholas Cox, who appears to have taken much of his matter from other authors—as pointed out by Ray in the preface to Willoughby's *Ornithology*, 1678—however, states:

"The word 'tumbler' undoubtedly had its derivation from the French word 'tumbier,' which signifies to tumble; to which the Latin name agrees, *vertagus*, from *vertere* to turn; and so they do. . . ."

Yours truly,

London. G. N. CARTER.

TAME PARROTS AT LARGE

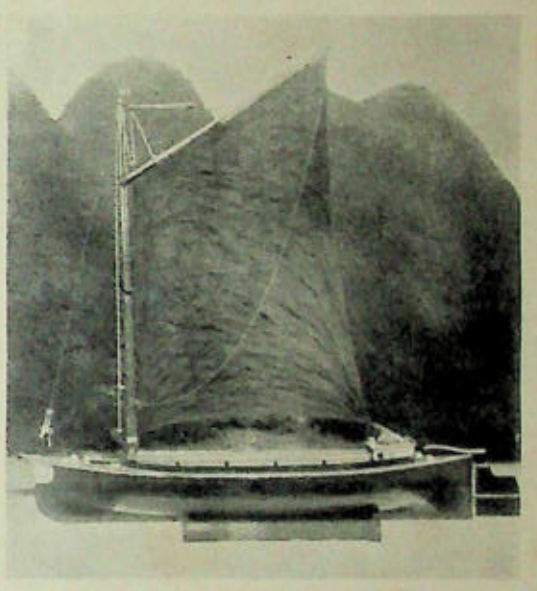
SIR,—With reference to the letters of "Reader" and F. E. Bolton in your issues of January 30th and March 5th concerning "Tame Parrots at Large," I know of an instance where a parrot belonging to some friends of mine in North Wales was allowed out of its cage from time to time to wander at will in the garden. After a while it forsook the cage altogether and took up its abode in the roof of the house. There it made friends with some jackdaws.

Yours faithfully,

Holland Park, W. 11. C. R. BRUTEY.

A MODEL NORFOLK WHERRY

SIR,—The model of which I enclose a photograph was built about 1890 by four brothers who were together at Eton. Later it came to be regarded as something of a white elephant, and was eventually kept at Lowestoft by the brother who happened to have the largest house. From 1905–1926 the model lay untouched in its box. When in 1926 the owner moved into a smaller house, he gave the model to my brother and me. When we received it, it was in rather a bad state. By careful work and adjustment we soon had it seaworthy. We called the wherry "Janck, of Brundall." "Janck" being a composite of Jack and Frank, my own and my brother's names, while Brundall is a place where we lived on the Norfolk Broads. The length of the wherry is about 4ft. 6in.; her hull is painted green, with red, white, and black as her colours.



"JANCK, OF BRUNDALL"
(See Letter "A Model Norfolk Wherry")

Yours truly,

Berks. J. J. D. P.

BUZZARDS IN KENT

SIR,—During the past fortnight I have been interested to observe two pairs of buzzards visiting this part of Kent. Unfortunately, the first pair only survived four days, one being trapped, the second shot by a keeper.

The second pair I noticed this morning. Having obtained a pair of field glasses I was fortunate enough to approach within 50yds. of the birds while they were on the ground.

The male bird had already nearly met with disaster, a small circular trap being attached to its right leg. Apparently it had been able to tear the trap from off a pole, no doubt set for smaller victims.

Other uncommon visitors to these parts are a pair of peregrines that have been about this district for the last two months.

These birds are becoming comparatively common in the North of Scotland. When out with a party shooting rock pigeons from a motor boat we saw four pairs over a distance of twelve miles.

Yours faithfully,

J. A. BOTLEY.

[We withhold our correspondent's address for obvious reasons.—ED.]

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THE COUNTRY CLUB, SHANGHAI



AT THE SPRING RACE MEETING, SHANGHAI

(See Letter "Sport in Shanghai")

SPORT IN SHANGHAI

SIR,—Now that every-day life in Shanghai is returning to normal, sport, for which there are such abundant facilities in the International Settlement, will doubtless be resumed on its former scale. The accompanying photographs may therefore be of interest to your readers.

It may be news to many that situated a mile and a half from the town on the Bubbling Well Road in the western district of the International Settlement, there is a country club (British) with eighteen lawn tennis courts, squash rackets courts, nine billiard tables, ballroom, swimming bath, etc. The racecourse at Shanghai is also a very popular rendezvous, and has figured in the news lately.

Yours truly,
Hants. R. J. S.

WANDERING WATER-RAILS

SIR,—I can quite confirm the remark in your number of February 27th with regard to water-rails turning up in all sorts of unlikely places, as about two months ago I found one in my drawing room. It had apparently got there through an open french window from the garden, across which a small stream runs. It was not unduly frightened when I caught it, and on being released flew away in the direction of the stream.

I may say that this house is quite in the country and well away from other houses.

Yours faithfully,
Musbury House, (Mrs.) M. M. STEWART.
Axmouth, Seaton, Devon.

A MALFORMED STARLING

SIR,—You may be interested to know that an albino wood pigeon was shot in this county a few days ago. I believe albinism in wood pigeons is very rare.

Lately you have had a correspondence about malformation in birds. I enclose a photograph of a starling that was shot some little time ago at Stratford-upon-Avon, in which the upper mandible was entirely missing. There was no sign of injury, so the bird may have been hatched in these conditions. It was quite fat when shot, but its tongue was dry and shrivelled. The problem was, how did it feed? Yours faithfully,
Hereford. F. C. MORGAN,
Librarian and Curator,
Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery.



HOW DID THIS BIRD FEED?
(See Letter "A Malformed Starling")

SHOULD A BATSMAN SIGNAL HE IS OUT?

SIR,—It has always been regarded as the duty of a fielder who knows that he has not made a fair catch, to indicate by some appropriate gesture that the batsman is not out. Frequently he is the only one who can state definitely what has happened, and the umpire rather looks to him for assistance in what is often a very difficult decision.

Why should it not be just as much a duty for a batsman who knows that he has been caught at the wicket, to make some sort of effort to suggest that he ought to be given out? In most cases he is conscious of the slightest touch, whereas the umpire may be completely at sea and can only decide in the batsman's favour.

The argument generally brought forward is that the batsman is sometimes given out when in fact he is not out, and that a case like this gives him an opportunity of striking an average. Yet by deliberately pretending that he has not touched the ball, or by remaining stationary and hoping for the best, he would appear to be just as unsportsmanlike as the fielder who fails to make the catch and leaves the matter in the hands of the unfortunate umpire. A bad adverse decision, from which we have all suffered in our time, is annoying, but surely every cricketer feels most uncomfortable when he takes advantage of a situation which he could by some eloquent action have made perfectly clear. Yours faithfully,
Aldenham School, G. H. VASEY.
Elstree.

GEESE IN SOUTH-WEST SCOTLAND

SIR,—Now that another wildfowling season is over, it may be worth recording the following:—

(1) A white goose was observed on the Solway Firth in October, 1931. I saw this bird myself, as did another fowler with me, flying with a gaggle of about 20 Pink-feet, and it was seen a week later by a third fowler. None of us could see any trace of black primaries, and I am pretty sure that it must have been an albino Pink-foot.

(2) A Pink-foot shot in October, 1931, weighed exactly 8lb. I did not see the bird myself, but my informant knows the Pink-foot well.

(3) A White-fronted goose was shot in Galloway in February, 1932. This is very rare in the South-west of Scotland.

(4) The general goose population of the South-west of Scotland appears to be increasing both in numbers and in range. This opinion is concurred in by two very experienced professional fowlers. Bags, of course, have been very light, owing to the butterfly weather. Yours faithfully,
Gourock, B. D. COURT TREATT
Renfrewshire. (Major).

"WORST MISSES"

SIR,—The photograph in your issue of February 27th of the baby bongo reminds me of the "worst miss" I ever made, and I am wondering if it would not be very interesting to hear accounts of other people's misfortunes of the same kind.

I was camping in 1913 on the slopes of Mount Kipipiri, about two days' march from where the bongo of the photograph was caught.

In the cool of the evening I wandered up the mountain side on the chance of getting something for the pot, taking as a weapon a ·350 Mauser, because the country thereabouts was the haunt of many rhino, amongst other things. I was pushing through some very tall grass, a good deal higher than myself, and was about to walk out on to the bare side of a small valley when suddenly I spotted, not 15yds. away in a small clearing on the other side, a magnificent bongo buck standing broadside to me.

My undoing was a sudden gust of wind. Without a sound I had raised my rifle and was taking careful aim—I could not possibly miss. I was pressing the trigger when, "swish," a piece of grass was blown into my open eye, and with the sudden pain I flinched, pulled, and *missed*!

It was the only bongo I saw alive during the six years I was in that part of the country, and my feelings are best left to the imagination!

3, Ossington Street, Yours faithfully,
London, W. 2. JOHN B. LLEWELLYN.

K·L·G
PLUGS
Too Good To "Miss"!

NESTS MADE OF WIRE

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Patterson's letter in the *Field* of February 27th, I am able to quote another example of a nest made of wire.

Last spring a storm made a turtle dove's (*Turtur Risorius L.*) nest fall from a tree in my garden. Picking it up, I discovered it to be made chiefly of galvanised wire, or, to be more precise, of short refuse bits left in the garden after a wire netting was put there during the previous autumn. It must either have been built in a very primitive manner, or have severely suffered from the shock against the pavement stones, because it fell to pieces when I tried to put it into a box.

In the same spring my attention had been caught by another bird of the same species sitting in a nest built in a most inadequate position, between the front wall of a neighbouring house and a telephone insulator, although the gardens of this street offer many suitable places for nesting.

Yours faithfully,

Belgrade. A. RISTITCH.

PERCHING PARTRIDGES

SIR,—Mr. F. W. Frohawk has written of his experiences regarding partridges perching, and his letter was published in the *Field* of January 9th.

This is not an unusual occurrence, and I have often seen it in Palestine where the red legged partridge is plentiful. I have on several occasions seen a whole covey of 20 to 30 birds fly out of old olive trees. The shooting season in that country opens on September 1st, and at that time of the year it is pretty hot. The impression I got was that the birds perched in the trees to get shade and to avoid the heat off the ground. I think this must be the explanation, as I have never seen partridges perched in trees later on in the season when the weather was cooler.

Yours faithfully,

A. S. MAVROGORDATO (Col.),
Inspector-General of Constabulary.

St. James Barracks,
Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

SIR,—I have noticed recently several letters in your paper *re* the above, and I do not consider it to be very uncommon for partridges to perch on boughs of trees up to 12ft. or 15ft. from the ground.

I have known them do this on several occasions, and not many years ago I have an occasion in my mind where a whole covey of twelve or thirteen birds, during a hot September day, ran into a Sussex "rue" adjoining a stubble field, and I should say all the birds then rose and perched in the branches.

My friend and I approached this fence from different directions, having given orders to the keeper to walk in the centre of the rue, the guns being at either side. Only one bird came out, which was shot.

I then put my retriever into the fence, both guns walking back at either side of the rue, but with no better result, not one bird did we see.

Accordingly, not being satisfied, as we knew the birds were still there, I walked up the centre of the rue and discovered the whole covey, minus one, perched on the branches of a low oak tree; but before I could get outside and collect my gun from the keeper, all the birds took to wing simultaneously.

Yours truly,

London. L. COOKSON.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Cobra Swallowing Cobra.—On the morning of February 3rd, a cobra while in the process of swallowing another snake was killed in my compound. I took the enclosed snapshots before and after the partially swallowed snake was withdrawn, and much to my surprise found the partially swallowed snake to be one of the same species. Is this common? The length of the big snake was 4ft. 9in.; that of the small snake 3ft. 6in.—A. D. HICKIE, South Indian Railway Co., Ltd., Trichinopoly.



COBRA BEFORE AND AFTER ANOTHER PARTIALLY SWALLOWED COBRA WAS WITHDRAWN
(See Letter "Cobra Swallowing Cobra")

Ringed Gull. — Enclosed ring was found on the leg of a small gull by a ploughman here recently. The gull was following the plough, and was found injured by tilth falling over on it. The ring is marked P. Skovgaard, Viborg, Danmark. D. 1758.—KENNETH WALKER, Boulston, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Shot at a Rabbit, Killed a Woodcock.—I was interested in A. M. Darling's letter on this subject, for exactly the same thing happened to me when shooting at my home in North Dorset some 50 years ago in some high bracken.—FRANK GORDON, Long Mead, Wyke Regis, Weymouth.

Hen Brooding Pups.—No wonder the "retriever" fled from the sight of her mongrel progeny as depicted in the photograph published in your issue of March 12th. They must have been indeed a shock to her! Incidentally, the hen also looks somewhat of the same ilk, so perhaps it was a case of "birds of a feather," etc.—M. F. REYNARD, Yorks.

What is a Cord of Wood?—The cord of wood is, I think, always, but certainly in Hampshire, 16ft. in length, 4ft. in width, and 2ft. in height. The "top and lop" of an oak has, therefore, to be cross-cut or axed into 4ft. long pieces. The old woodmen drive in four stakes to mark out the corners of the 16ft, and hit them in until projecting 2ft. from the ground, and then build the cord along to level of stake tops.—M. P., Hants.

The Twelve Nights of Christmas.—It may interest your correspondent to know that an old manuscript has recently been found giving the following as the opening lines of the song "The Twelve Nights of Christmas":

"On the first night of Christmas
My true love sent to me
A part of a juniper tree."

"A partridge in a pear tree" is an easily understood corruption if the words are sung instead of being spoken.—O. BOULT, Salisbury.

IN THE CITY

THE WAR LOAN PROBLEM—I.

NO CATEGORICAL ADVICE can be offered to holders of War Loan 5 per cent. stock as regards the advisability of an immediate exchange of their investment, but it may be of interest to put down a few facts and ideas on this subject, with a view to assisting some of my readers to make up their own minds as to the course of action that would best suit the particular purpose they have in view.

War Loan 5 per cent. stock is redeemable at par at any time on three months' notice from the Government, but must be redeemed by June 1st, 1947. That some scheme of conversion will be brought forward during the next few months is more than probable, and it is thought in most quarters that holders will be given the choice of exchanging their holding into a long dated stock on a yield basis of about 4½ per cent., or a Treasury Bond on a yield basis of about 4 per cent., with the only alternative of being repaid in cash at par, plus accrued interest. Further, it is expected that when a successful conversion scheme has been accomplished, the longer-dated British Government stocks will rise in price to about a 4 per cent. yield basis.

On the assumption that events will follow this course it is suggested that holders of War Loan would be well advised to secure as soon as possible the premium at which the stock can at present be sold, and exchange into some longer-dated security while this can still be bought to yield slightly more than 4½ per cent., and further, that those who wait to be repaid in cash will not then be able to obtain another British Government stock in its place to yield more than 4 per cent.

THE UNEXPECTED?

Times, however, are very out of joint, and some quite unforeseen circumstance—such as a currency crisis on the Continent—which would once again shift the yield basis of all fixed interest-bearing securities to a much higher basis, is, unhappily, not beyond the realm of possibility.

Theoretically, British Government stocks could fall to about a 5 per cent. yield basis before the price of War Loan would be materially affected, although the longer-dated stocks would then lose approximately one-sixth of their current realisable value, and thus it will be seen that those who follow the course of action suggested above are assuming that no untoward incident will occur between now and the time that the conversion of War Loan has been duly completed. There is no particular reason to expect anything of this nature to occur, but in order to view the problem from as many sides as possible, it is worth pointing out that should the unexpected happen, the price of War Loan would fall by a much smaller percentage of its current value than that of the longer-dated stocks.

At the present time there is £2,086,977,258 of 5 per cent. War Loan remaining in issue, which compares with £769,883,325 of Conversion 3½ per cent., the next largest Government issue, and it seems doubtful, therefore, whether—in the near future—the Chancellor will be in a position to hold the proverbial pistol to the heads of the stockholders and inform them that if they do not convert their holding into a lower yielding stock they will be immediately repaid in cash. It seems impossible that the Chancellor could hope to have sufficient funds in hand to carry out this threat should the stockholders decline to accept the offer of conversion.

Is it not reasonable to suppose, therefore, that stockholders will be offered such tempting terms of conversion as will ensure that only a very small number will elect to be repaid in cash, or alternatively that they will be allowed to retain their holding in its present form should they not wish to exchange it for a longer-dated stock?

It is hoped to pursue this subject further in a subsequent note.

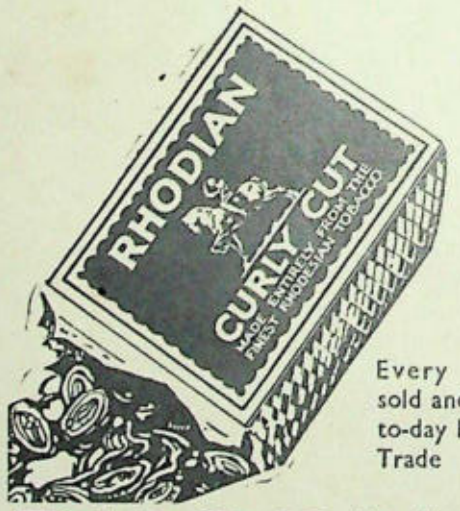
"SHELLS"

A few weeks ago it was suggested in these notes that holders of the £1 Ordinary shares of Shell Transport and Trading Co. should consider a temporary sale of their shares with a view to effecting a repurchase at a lower level. Readers who followed this advice have the opportunity of buying back their original holdings at a price level which will enable them to keep a very satisfactory sum of cash in their pockets, and in view of the strong position of the company, and the certainty that sooner or later it will regain its former prosperity, a repurchase would now seem advisable.

PACTOLUS.

Economy in Game Rearing.—Prefaced to their price list of game, poultry and dog foods, and appliances for game rearing and preservation, the well-known firm of Gilbertson & Page, Ltd., have this year included an appeal to gamekeepers for economy, with suggestions as to the ways in which it may be obtained, such as "watch the supplies of natural feed as it becomes available, and induce your pheasants to feed upon it."

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Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord: at the presence of the God of Jacob;
Who turned the hard rock into a standing water: and the flintstone into a springing well."

How many of us have sung Psalm cxiv. with the knowledge that it was the description by a wondering man of an actual cataclysm of Nature?

EXTERMINATING PIKE

In a few days now, particularly if April rains have warmed up the water, pike may be expected to be taking up their spawning quarters, and in trout fisheries where they are rightly regarded as vermin the keeper who is "on to his job" will be having a little private sport with a pole and wire noose. It is work which most keepers tackle with some enthusiasm, for there is an undeniable fascination in an early morning stalk up the quiet feeders, the sudden recognition of that long and evil-looking form which blends so happily with the green-brown weed, the anxious moment as the noose moves slowly down stream over the fish's head, and the sudden wild throbbing of the heavy pole as a struggling fish is swung sideways on to the bank and another of the trout-fisher's enemies can be entered in the log among the slain.

Where small ditches form part of a fishery it is no bad scheme to clean them out just after the pike have spawned. Thus may the best part of a season's brood be baulked of its development, but in times of money shortage the work is one not to be undertaken without counting the cost.

INVASIONS OF BULLFINCHES

This has been a year in which more than the usual damage has been done to fruit trees and blossom by bullfinches. There are orchards in which the plum trees have been stripped and gardens in which not a bud has been left on the almond trees or the Forsythias. How are we to account for these periodical visitations? The suggestion is made that the birds are thirsty, and that if water is supplied the attacks on the green buds will cease. This may be the experience of some gardeners; others, unfortunately, have failed to discover any remedy against their horde of enemies.

Perhaps the strangest problem in regard to bullfinches is their numbers. You will find few bullfinches' nests in spring, and through the summer may not see or hear a single bird. But as soon as the buds begin to swell in January the bullfinches descend on the countryside in thousands. A gardener may shoot and shoot—and hate the task—without visibly reducing the incredible numbers of the invading flocks.

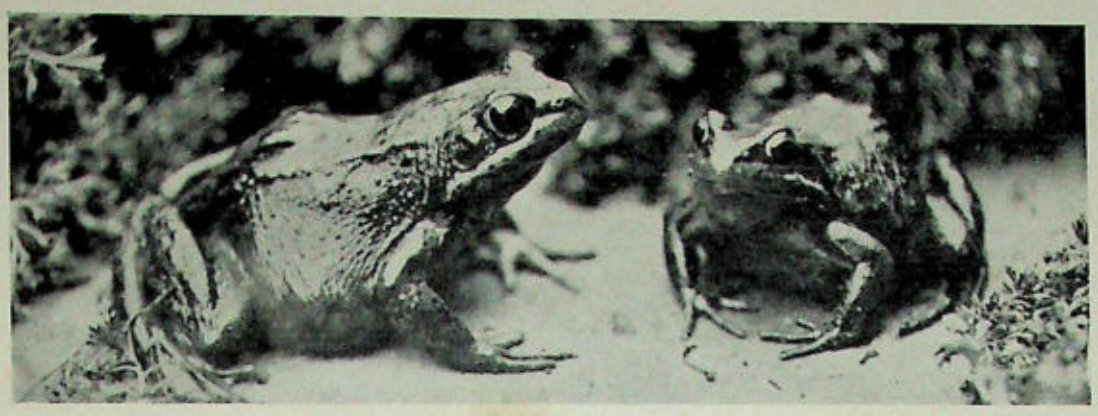
A GARDEN DILEMMA

If bullfinches were migratory birds coming to England for the winter, it would be possible to understand these sudden descents of multitudes of birds which we do not see at any other time of the year. The bullfinch invasion would then be comparable to that of the foreign woodpigeons. But so far as is known the species is strictly resident. Eagle Clarke in his writings of migrants does not mention the bird. And another point is that bullfinches apparently are not hungry. They do not eat the buds which they destroy; they merely nip them and let them drop. There is no worse dilemma set by any bird than that which the bullfinch presents to the naturalist who is also fond of flowers.

ELIZABETHAN APRIL

If Shakespeare himself belongs to every age, there are customs and meanings of words which after the centuries lose their old significance. Who, to-day, listens to the cuckoo as did the Elizabethans, hearing the spring song in "Love's Labour's Lost"?

"When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight . . .
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for this sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!"



TRUTH IN NATURAL HISTORY

A Question of Fact—How Do Frogs Hibernate?

By ERIC PARKER

THOMAS BELL, who lived from 1792 to 1880, in his *History of British Reptiles and Amphibians*, published in 1849, states that:

"Frogs retire on the approach of winter to their hibernating retreats, where they pass the dreary season in a state of absolute torpidity. This is generally in the mud at the bottom of the water, where they are not only preserved, though at low degree, but also secured from external injury. Here they congregate in multitudes, embracing each other so closely as to appear almost as one continuous mass. On the return of spring they separate from each other, emerge from their places of retirement, and recommence their active life by exercising the important function of reproducing their species."

That, I think, may have been the first passage I read many years ago, about hibernating frogs, and when I read Bell's statement it did not occur to me to question it. Nor, apparently, has it occurred to other writers to do so. But is it true?

CROAKING IN WINTER

Some years ago I made a rock garden, with watercourses running through it connecting a string of pools. There are altogether seven pools of different sizes, but all constructed on the same principle—of concrete faced with cement, and with the sides built up with pieces of Bargate stone from a neighbouring quarry. Between the cement sides of the ponds and these pieces of stone, therefore, there are a large number of cavities and crevices.

One mild winter day, when I was working in this rock garden, I found myself half-consciously puzzling over a sound. I listened, and there was no mistake about it, there was a frog croaking close by me. The sound came from behind the piled Bargate at the side of a pond. And since that day, during winter after winter, on mild days I have listened to frogs croaking, and have been able to satisfy myself that the frogs were in crevices among the walls of the ponds, above the water line. In the ponds, by the way, although there are waterlilies packed in turves, there is no mud.

A few days ago it fell to my lot to broadcast a talk to children about frogs and toads. Before doing so I thought I would see whether any other writer had shared my experience in listening to frogs croaking in the winter.

WHAT OF THE BOOKS?

I could find none. Lyddekker, in the *Royal Natural History*, quotes Bell. Beach Thomas and Collett, in *The English Year*, write of frogs on the edge of a pond, "which had died in the mud, from which they should have been resurgent in the early spring." Edward Step, in *Animal Life of the British Isles*, says that "the winter is spent embedded in mud at the pond-bottom, or in damp holes in the earth." Thomas W. Hoare, in *How to Teach Nature Study*, writes that "the frog hibernates in the mud at the bottom of the pool." Theodore Wood, in *Dwellers in the Pond*, says nothing about hibernation, but remarks that "frogs hardly ever enter the water on their own account, except for the purpose of laying their eggs." Finally, "R. I. P.," in the article on Hibernation in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, states that "frogs bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of tanks and ponds, often congregating in numbers in the same spot"; but he goes on to quote G. A. Boulenger to the effect that "European frogs and toads do not pass the winter in profound torpor, but merely in a state of sluggish quiescence."

So much for the books. I thought of another line of enquiry. Near my home a neighbour has been cleaning out a very large pond during the winter. I went down to watch the operations, and talked to the foreman in charge. He told me that he had not seen a single frog during the whole process of removing the mud.

Then I gave my broadcast, and spoke of my own personal experience as regards the hibernating of frogs. And the next few posts brought me letters. One was from a friend, Mrs. Charles Cornish, as keen and careful a field naturalist as her late talented husband, who wrote to tell me how in January last she had "watched a weasel pulling frogs out of a rockery wall" in her garden.

A HUNTING WEASEL

"I got my field glasses, and made sure that the hunter was a large weasel (and not a small stoat as I had thought at first). . . . It bit its prey, played with it like a cat, and then scraped with its forepaws as if it were going to bury it. . . . When I had been watching for a few minutes the weasel left the half-dead frog and went into the wall, and came out with another in his mouth. . . . When he'd fetched out four or five more frogs I thought it was time to stop him, as I didn't want all the frogs hurt or killed, so I opened my window and clapped my hands."

I wish I had space to quote more. Other correspondents wrote to tell me of frogs they had found hibernating in the brushwood at the bottom of ricks being threshed; of frogs hibernating in the straw of mangold clamps; of frogs found in winter in a cavity under a bed of thyme; of a frog living through the winter in a greenhouse. No one wrote to tell me of frogs found hibernating in mud. But one of my correspondents took the trouble to write to the Director of the Aquarium at the Zoo on the subject, and received a reply stating that "frogs hibernate in the mud at the bottom of a pond, while toads do so in burrows above the water. The submerged frogs are able, during this period, to breathe through the skin."

REPLIES FROM AUTHORITY

And I myself, in reply to an enquiry, have received a most courteous reply from the Department of Zoology at the Natural History Museum to the effect that "there is no doubt that the English grass frog (*Rana temporaria*) does sometimes hibernate at the bottom of ponds and ditches, but this habit is by no means universal. I am afraid that, off hand, I cannot cite any published account of the actual finding of individuals in such a situation in England, but here is the translation of a German account of such an event (Levy, *Zoologische Garten*, XL., 1899, p. 147):

"During the winter these frogs always stay at the bottom of the waters and, as I have frequently convinced myself, slowly move about hither and thither on the bottom. This observation can best be made when the surface of the streams is covered over with a layer of ice."

My correspondent also tells me of a colleague who "found a living frog among the debris of mud and leaves which he had raked up from the bottom of a pond near Reigate in mid-winter."

So to what conclusion do we come? That frog A and frog B, both belonging to the same species, differ totally in habits? Or that possibly the frogs observed by Levy and at Reigate had just slipped into the water temporarily? And that all the natural history writers (except Theodore Wood) since Bell have copied Bell without verifying facts for themselves, and that Bell was wrong?



FANFARE OF THE RALLYE BONNELLES

A FAMOUS FRENCH LADY MASTER

The Rallye Bonnelles and Its Tally of Over 2,000 Stags—Hunting in a Historic Country—A Battle to the Death

By J. M. GRIERSON

THE RALLYE BONNELLES has always been one of the most celebrated French packs of staghounds. To its brilliant history of 60 years of consistent good sport must be added the distinction of enjoying the capable and devoted leadership of the *doyenne* of French hunting, the Duchesse d'Uzès.

Although the pack takes its name from the château of the Master, the kennels are situated in the old Manor House of the village of Celle-les-Bordes, some four miles from Bonnelles and six from Rambouillet. In this pleasant backwater of modern civilisation abides the huntsman, Lefort, with his staff and their 35 couple of hounds, and eight hunt horses.

The composition of the pack has undergone considerable modification during the last three or four years, in the replacement of the hitherto dominant Saintonge breed by English foxhounds. The reason for the change lies in the increasing lack of stamina in the Saintonge hound, an excellent breed that has never properly recovered from the War.

Not enough of the best representatives of the race were preserved, and nowadays they have a great tendency to go lame and to feed delicately after hard work. At the present moment the pack contains three or four thoroughly reliable hounds, who can be counted on to be really non-change. It is interesting to note in this respect that many French Masters and huntsmen believe that this valuable characteristic can be more readily developed in the Welsh hound than in the average foxhound.

WIRE-JUMPING STAGS

The hunt horses are of a stamp that speaks of handiness and endurance rather than speed. This is a necessary combination in the Rambouillet country, where there is much unjumpable wire-netting, and where, unfortunately, the rides are very much cut up into deep ruts by the logging teams, who, in these years of grace, are with difficulty persuaded to repair their damages.

The country hunted over is contained roughly within an area of fifteen miles around Rambouillet, on either side of the Versailles—Chartres Road, the whole being known as the Forest of Rambouillet. It is a country of broken-up woodland and, while hunting, there occur frequent *debuchés*, or "breaks-out" across country, from one patch of woods to another.

The chief difficulty of the country is the prevalence of wired-in areas, enclosing past and present privately-rented shoots and game reservations. These stretches of netting are easily jumped by a stag, but are quite impracticable for horses if the wire is properly kept up. Furthermore, much time is lost by the huntsman and his whips in dismounting and helping hounds over; not all of which will face the necessary scramble, and of those who do, a good many get hung up.



Portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings

THE DUCHESSE D'UZES, MASTER OF THE BONNELLES-RAMBOUILLET STAGHOUNDS

Deer are plentiful to the extent that a certain number of hinds (which are not hunted), have to be destroyed periodically to satisfy the neighbouring farmers. And, of course, this abundance of deer adds greatly to the difficulties of hunting; it takes the best of hounds to hold the line of a stag who can run from one herd to another.

The pack hunts twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and the fields are usually composed of from 30 to 40 riders, plus a goodly contingent from the cavalry garrison at Rambouillet.

Altogether, the Rallye Bonnelles has so far accounted for some 2,015 stags. An interesting feature of the kennels is the preservation of all the heads in the former dining room, library and drawing room of the old *manoir*. The three rooms have been thrown together, and the walls and ceilings are literally covered by a forest of antlers.

16-POINTERS WITH LOCKED HORNS

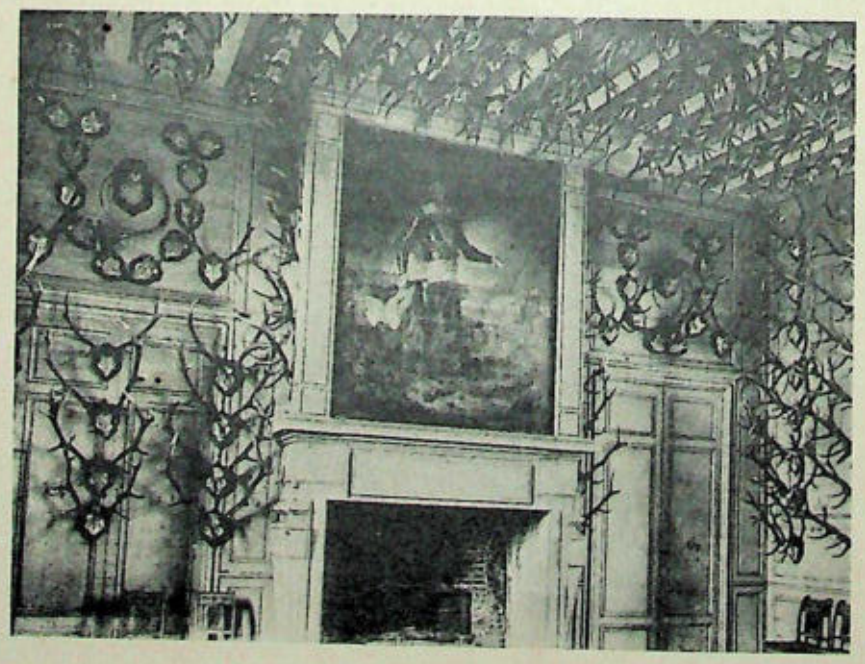
In the centre of one wall are the mounted heads of two splendid stags, both sixteen-pointers, with locked horns.

These were found in an unusual way during a hunt towards the close of the rutting season. (Hunting in France begins at the end of September.) Hounds had just been laid on, and had not run more than five minutes when they bayed in the midst of a thicket. The huntsman, thinking that he had to do with some savage stag which was holding without having run, dashed in to find his hounds baying two stags which were stretched out on the ground, their horns inextricably locked—a tragic end to what had no doubt been a long and epic battle, for the ground for an acre around was churned into a wilderness.

One was dead, and the other in the last stages of exhaustion. After the heads had been severed from the bodies for mounting, many tried to separate them, but no amount of strength or dexterous turning and twisting was able to undo what those plunging heads had accomplished.

The present huntsman of the Rallye Bonnelles is Lefort, who has been with the pack for nine years. He is aided by his son Hubert, and Debuché as first and second whips. Another important member of the staff is Lefort *père*, who hunted hounds for 45 years, and is still quite active.

The hunt uniform is red with blue collar and facings, and the button represents a stag's head, with the word "Bonnelles" inscribed thereon. Horses can be hired in Rambouillet. The usual price for a day's hunting is 200 to 250 francs per horse. There is no capping.

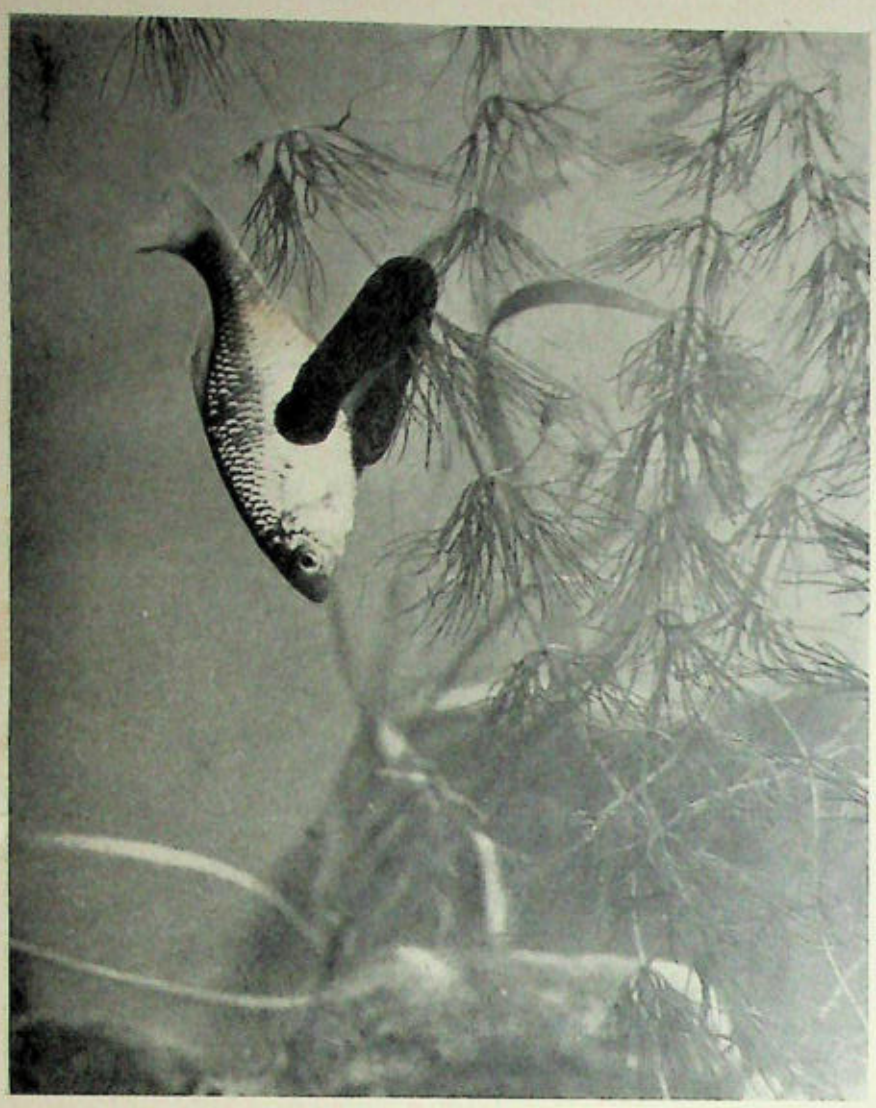


"LITERALLY A FOREST OF ANTLERS"
Some of the heads which may be seen in the old manor house at Celle-les-Bordes



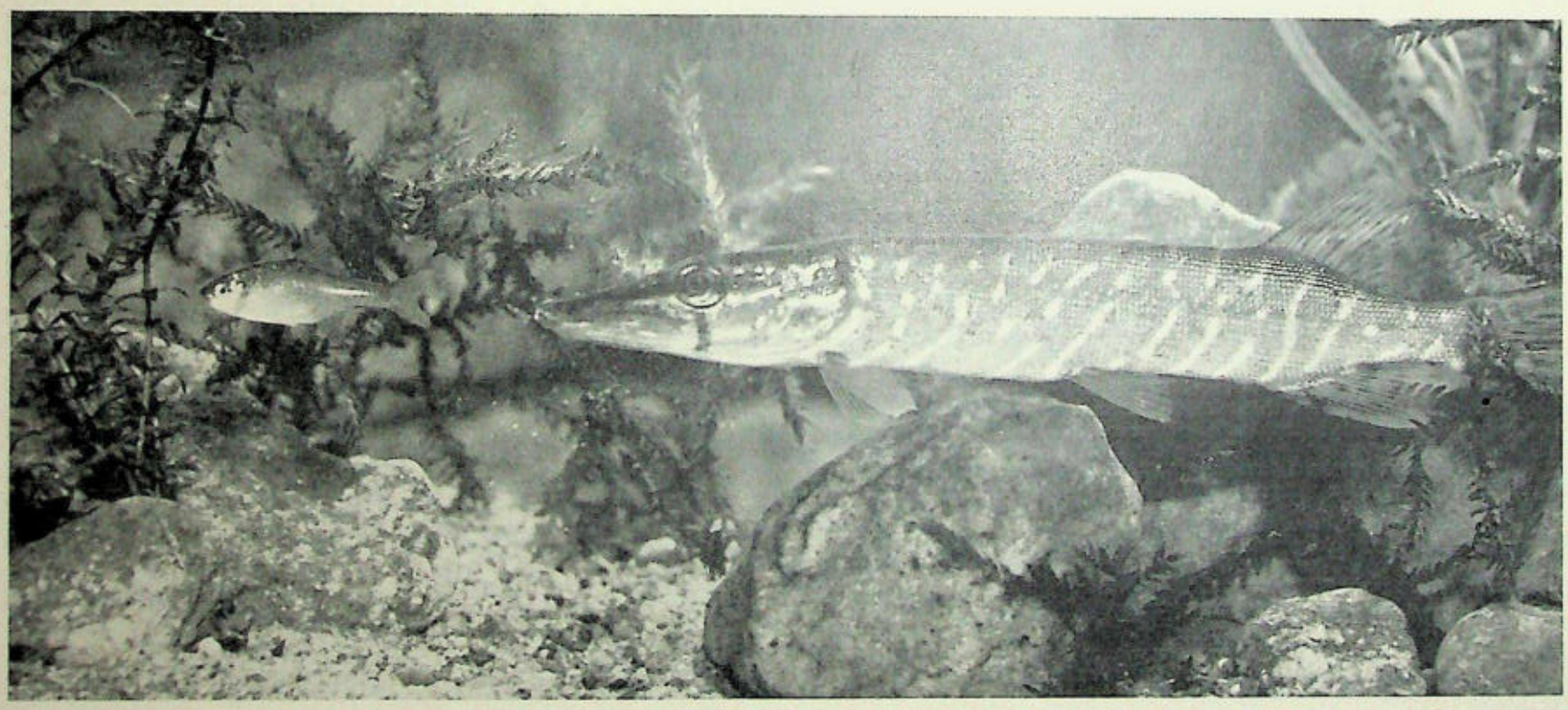
BENEDICTION OF THE HOUNDS
The Bonnelles-Rambouillet pack being blessed on the feast-day of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunting

SOME PERILS OF THE POND: ENEMIES OF FISH AT WORK





LEECH SUCKING BLOOD FROM A STRICKEN ROACH AND (RIGHT) TWO DYTISCUS BEETLES ATTACKING THEIR PREY



A PIKE—THE "SHARK" OF INLAND WATERS—AND A POSSIBLE VICTIM

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS were taken in an aquarium, but they serve to illustrate some of the many perils with which the smaller fish found in ponds and streams are faced.

The medicinal leech, once commonly used in blood-letting, is, fortunately for the smaller denizens of our ponds and streams, uncommon in this country, but where found, will clear a pond of fish. Its sucking mouth contains three semi-circular "jaws," each with 80 or 90 minute teeth, by the saw-like action of which it bites. Then, clinging to the fish or other creature it has attacked, it sucks blood until gorged, when it falls off. The horse-leech, which is much more common in this country, is larger—about 4½in. in length—but has blunt teeth and preys chiefly upon worms.

Clad from head to feet in hard, horny armour and with powerful biting jaws, the carnivorous water beetle (*Dytiscus*) is more than a match for any but the largest fish, and a far greater terror to the weaker inhabitants of British inland waters than is crocodile or alligator to larger game in other countries. Swift in pursuit and capture, and relentless of grip, this "water tiger," which is one of the largest beetles found in Britain, devours small fish, newts, tadpoles and larval insects, and will even attack water snails, biting savagely through the shells and tearing away fragments. It is equally voracious in its larval and adult forms.

The pike, well named the "shark" of British inland waters, lurks in the cover of water weeds, then suddenly rushes out upon its prey, which consists not only of fish, but ducklings, rats and any other creature small enough to swallow. It is one of the banes of trout water.



THE KEEPER'S COTTAGE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF "FISHERMAN'S COUNTRY" BY DR. E. A. BARTON

PROSPECTS FOR THE TROUT SEASON

A Warm and Wet April Wanted

BELOW WILL BE FOUND a series of reports from correspondents in different parts of the kingdom on the trout-fishing prospects for the season just opened. The three main factors affecting the country as a whole are the high water of last season with its attendant ample food supply, the very mild mid-winter which followed, and the recent spring drought.

That such a sequence of conditions will not affect all streams in the same way goes without saying. It is likely that it has been beneficial on the quieter streams where fly seems to have been in fair supply during the winter, and where shrimp and snail in all probability went on breeding later than usual. The absence of fungus on the fish noted by "Middle Test" is a good sign. Fungus only attacks fish in poor condition (unless injured) and its absence means that trout have made good and early recovery from spawning.

Moorland streams in the West and elsewhere have probably lost more from the drought than they gained from the mildness of the winter, but such streams seem to have a marvellous power of recovery when the rain comes. At the moment a warm and rather wet April seems to be the specific. If we get that there is every hope that the 1932 trout season may be memorable in its pleasantest sense.

ON HAMPSHIRE CHALK STREAMS AND IN THE WEST

It has been a very mild and dry winter, but the spring has been much colder, and the Hampshire rivers are lower than I have seen them for many years. I am afraid we shall be very short of water this season, as the springs are very low and wells are giving out around this district.

There has not been much fly during the winter, but there are fair rises for a short time on most days now, chiefly winter dun, olives and smut. The fish are looking quite healthy and there has been very little fungus this year, but I think it will be a late season.

The low water has been favourable for netting out pike and coarse fish which will give more chance to the trout, though perhaps the effect will not be so noticeable this season as in future years. What is of more immediate importance is the great reduction in the grayling stock due to the good fishing before Christmas and recent netting.

The Eastertide rains have helped the South-country rivers, and if we get more now for a while the season should be very fair. MIDDLE TEST.

It is impossible at present to be very optimistic about the prospects for trout fishing during the season which has just started in West-country rivers. Until Easter we had no rain of any account and little of any kind at all, since mid-January, with the result that all streams are at lowest summer level. This will naturally handicap anglers, but the effects go further than this.

February and the first half of March were mostly cold with a good deal of hard frost and much bitter wind from between north and east. This must have still further reduced the already meagre food supplies of these moorland streams in early spring. Also the complete absence of floods will have resulted in an additional cutting down of the trouts' fare, because each spate brings considerable quantities of worms and grubs which augment the supply of insect food; and the fish will be longer than usual in regaining condition.

The trouble of so long a drought (nearly ten weeks) is that it will take a prolonged wet spell, or else a very heavy downpour, to set the springs and bogs running again.

A wet April would change everything for the better, but if the rivers continue low it will be what we call a "dry-fly" season—not a good one for West-country streams. WEST COUNTRY.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE MIDLANDS

So far as it is possible to estimate so early in the season, the trout-fishing prospects for the Midlands are entirely satisfactory. As a consequence of the long period of winter drought, during February and March the flow of all waters fell to abnormally low levels and these conditions were in evidence at the legal date of the opening of the season on March 16th. Since then some rain has come, and with a change in the direction of the wind from the north-east to a westerly quarter more rain may be hoped for.

Already some sport with fly has been obtained in such of the Derbyshire and Staffordshire waters as the Dove, Wye, and Derwent, on all of which on sunny days occasional hatches of duns such as early dark olives and the iron blues have been observed.

Some fears are expressed that the heavy flooding of the northern rivers last September, which affected the Derbyshire streams, Wye and Derwent, more seriously than any other of the tributaries of the Trent, may have had the effect of depleting the stock of some of the more valuable upper waters, but against this there is cause for gratification in the remedial measures which have been secured for preventing a continuance of the pollution of some of these streams from the rural milk-product factories on their banks.

The present condition of such lowland waters as the Greet and Dover Beck of Notts and the Sence of Leicestershire also justifies the hope of a successful season. All are well stocked and in good order, the only menace to their purity being the occasional pollution which reaches them at certain points from tar-dressed roads. J. O'T.

WELL-STOCKED STREAMS IN THE NORTH

Throughout, at any rate, northern England, from Trent to Tweed, the extraordinary December-January mildness of the winter produced such a lavish abundance of insect activity, including the appearance of precocious mayflies, that recuperating trout regained condition at an almost miraculous rate. This was followed by something of a set-back in the shape of the bitter barrenness of February's chilled, attenuated streams. But that could not entirely undo the progress that had been made, and on the Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lake District and Northumbrian waters the trout season opens with fish well up to the average condition generally, and in many instances exceeding it.

Moreover, trout are numerous, due to the sensible preservation of the fisheries, and methodical stocking. As examples of what is being done throughout the area mentioned, it might be stated that the Yorkshire Fishery Board have given hostages to fortune in the shape of distributing 3,600 yearlings and 2,130 two-year-olds, including 1,020 of from 8in. to 10in. The Derwent Anglers' Club (Yorkshire) have turned in 2,000 two-year-olds, have 2,600 yearlings in the rearing ponds, and are hatching out 18,000 ova.

On the Yorkshire Esk the Esk Fishery Association, besides stocking generously with trout, have for some years past obtained special salmon ova from the north of Scotland, and hatched them out in their own hatchery.

On the Aire, the Aire Fishing Club, running their own hatchery, have for many years turned out an average of 5,000 yearlings and 15,000 fry. Last, but by no means least, I would mention the newly-formed Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater Club, with its thousands of acres of lake fishing and upwards of 20 miles of salmon and sea trout stream on the (Cumberland) Derwent and Cocker. This organisation, established to develop a big section of the best of the Lakeland fisheries, is this spring stocking with 50,000 trout fry.

On all the waters mentioned above the financial crisis has left a few vacancies for rods, applications in respect of which should be sent to the addresses given in *Where to Fish*. BO'SUN.

(*Concluded on page* 537)

The New "ALTEX" STATIONARY DRUM Casting Reel with Automatic Pick-up.—HARDY'S LATEST

The reel every angler who spins has been hoping for.

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Casting with the "Altex" is simplicity itself. The instant you turn the handle to wind in, the automatic pick-up carried by the flyer, engages the line and winds it back on to the drum. Especially designed level wind and instantly adjustable tension clutch.

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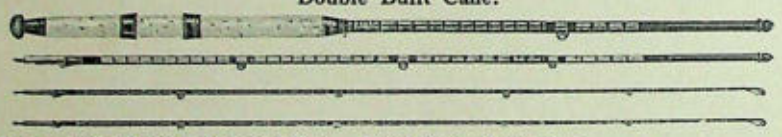
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THE LIP OF THE POOL
Low water on a Welsh stream—when dry fly is useful

THE FLY ON THE WATER

How the Fisherman's Flies May be Identified—Duns and Spinners

By MARTIN E. MOSELY

"WHAT IS THE FLY ON THE WATER?" This is generally the first question asked when a trout fisherman arrives at the riverside. Fairly often the answer he receives is: "It's a sort of blue dun." This is rather vague, the more particularly as no one has yet been able to place the blue dun as a definite fly with a definite scientific name. Nevertheless, it is something to the good that his informant is able to tell him that it is a dun and not a sedge, or a stone-fly, or a midge, or a beetle, or a member of any other order in the insect world which may, from time to time, occupy a place on the watery shelf of the trout's larder.

How are we to tell in a rough-and-ready way what the fly is that we see the trout taking? It is not always easy, and most of us are satisfied to place it in its correct group; to be able to say with certainty that it is the dun or the sedge, or one of the other types of insect suggested above.

Let us consider these groups, and see if there are any peculiarities that may help us, dispensing, as we must at the riverside, with microscopes, reference libraries and the rest of the paraphernalia of the entomologist.

Of the greatest importance by far to the trout fisherman are the *Ephemeridæ*, or Mayflies. In describing these flies, we will disregard sex and deal simply with the winged stages in the development of these invaluable insects. We have the dun, and we have the spinner. The dun is the first stage that the fly assumes after the nymph has swum up to the surface. We may recognise it by its wings, which are always rather opaque and in colour sometimes a smoky olive grey, sometimes dark blue, sometimes a mottled brown and even a bright yellow.

The setæ or whisks in this stage are always short. It may be seen floating down the stream with its wings set up like miniature sails, and often it may be found in company with numerous fellows floating high and dry around some eddy, until the spirit moves it to spread its wings and fly off to the safe refuge of the vegetation on the adjacent banks.

What of the spinner? The dancing clouds of fairy-like flies, rising and sinking with tails outspread, wings glistening in the afternoon sunlight, are nearly always spinners. In any sheltered spot away from the wind may they be found, and the only insects with which they could be confused are the gnats and midges. A brief glance will separate our spinners, as they have tails, and the midges and gnats have none.

As the sun sinks the female spinners come down over the water, and may be seen, almost like shadows, flying backwards and forwards, but generally moving upstream the while, dipping now here, now there, as they select what they consider the most favourable spot for the dropping of their eggs. Then, when the eggs are all voided, the spinners fall flat on the water with outspread wings, and often the only evidence of their presence is the quiet rise of some trout.

Sometimes, perhaps, on a late evening in July or August, all the trout in the river are plunging madly about, coming up occasionally to the surface or rushing from one side of the river to the other. We may assume under these conditions that they are bulging to some ephemerid nymph, probably that of the blue-winged olive as it comes up to the surface.

AN INIMITABLE FLY

On another occasion we may find every trout in the water quietly rising and taking apparently nothing at all, particularly towards the early summer. Then we may suspect the presence of the smallest of the *Ephemeridæ*, the *Cœnis*, a fly which has no popular name, perhaps by reason of its unpopularity. No fly can be dressed small enough to imitate it, but there are some who say that the Jenny spinner will kill under these conditions.

In the second part of this article which will appear in an early issue, Mr. Mosely deals with stone flies, midges and ants, among other insects which interest the fisherman.

PROSPECTS FOR THE TROUT SEASON

(*Continued from page* 536)

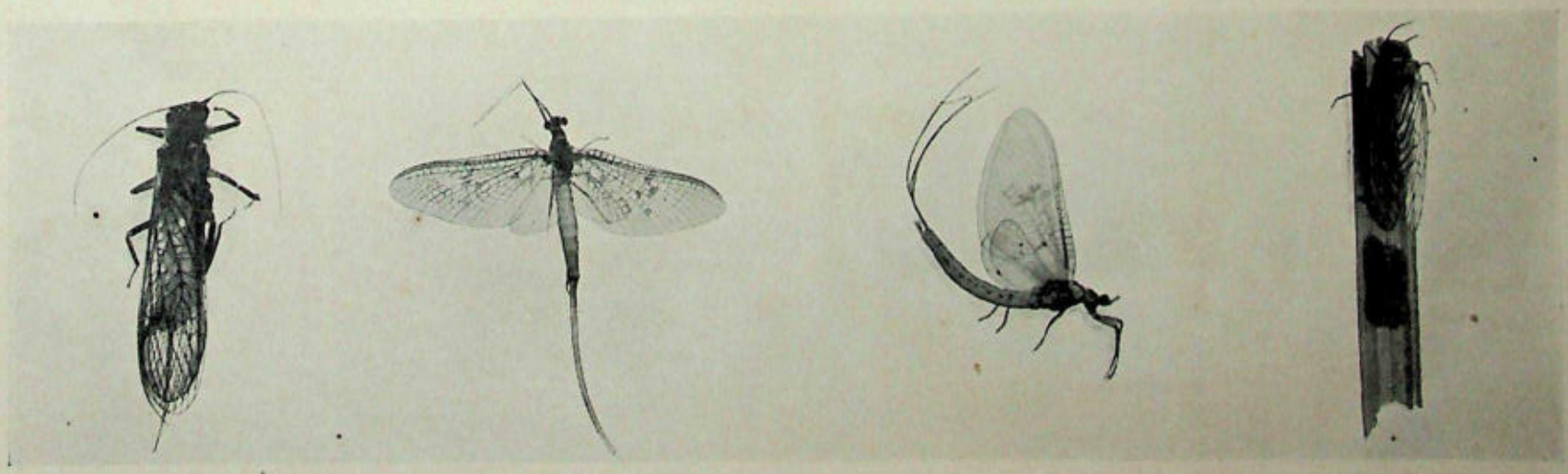
A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM WALES

Since the break up of the prolonged drought the rivers have been in much better condition for trout fishing. The Dee from Corwen to below Llangollen should give good results to fly-fishers in the three association lengths from April till mid-summer, the water being well stocked. The upper reaches of the Wye at Doldowlod can now be fished by tickets obtainable in Llandrindod, and this part of the river gave excellent baskets to fly-fishers last spring.

One of the best of the Wye tributaries is the Ithon, where the local angling association and the Llanerch Hotel control several miles of trout water. The Irfon at Llangammarch and Llanwrtyd is an early river with free-rising trout. Prospects are good in the Teifi and tributaries, where the grannom fly will soon be hatching, and there are various club and hotel lengths from Tregaron to below Newcastle Emlyn.

Among the lakes, Vyrnwy still maintains its repute. The big newly-constructed reservoir at Trawsffynyd, near Festiniog, holds trout up to 3lb., or more, in weight. Talyllyn Lake is a notable spring-fishing water. In Anglesey, Lake Gerian is noted for its big trout, which take the fly. Near Cerrig-y-Druidion there is now trout fishing in a large reservoir and in a lake, formerly private.

W. M. G.



LARGE STONE FLY
Perla maxima

SPENT GNAT
Ephemera danica

MAYFLY
Ephemera danica

ALDER FLY (WITH EGGS)
Sialis lutaria

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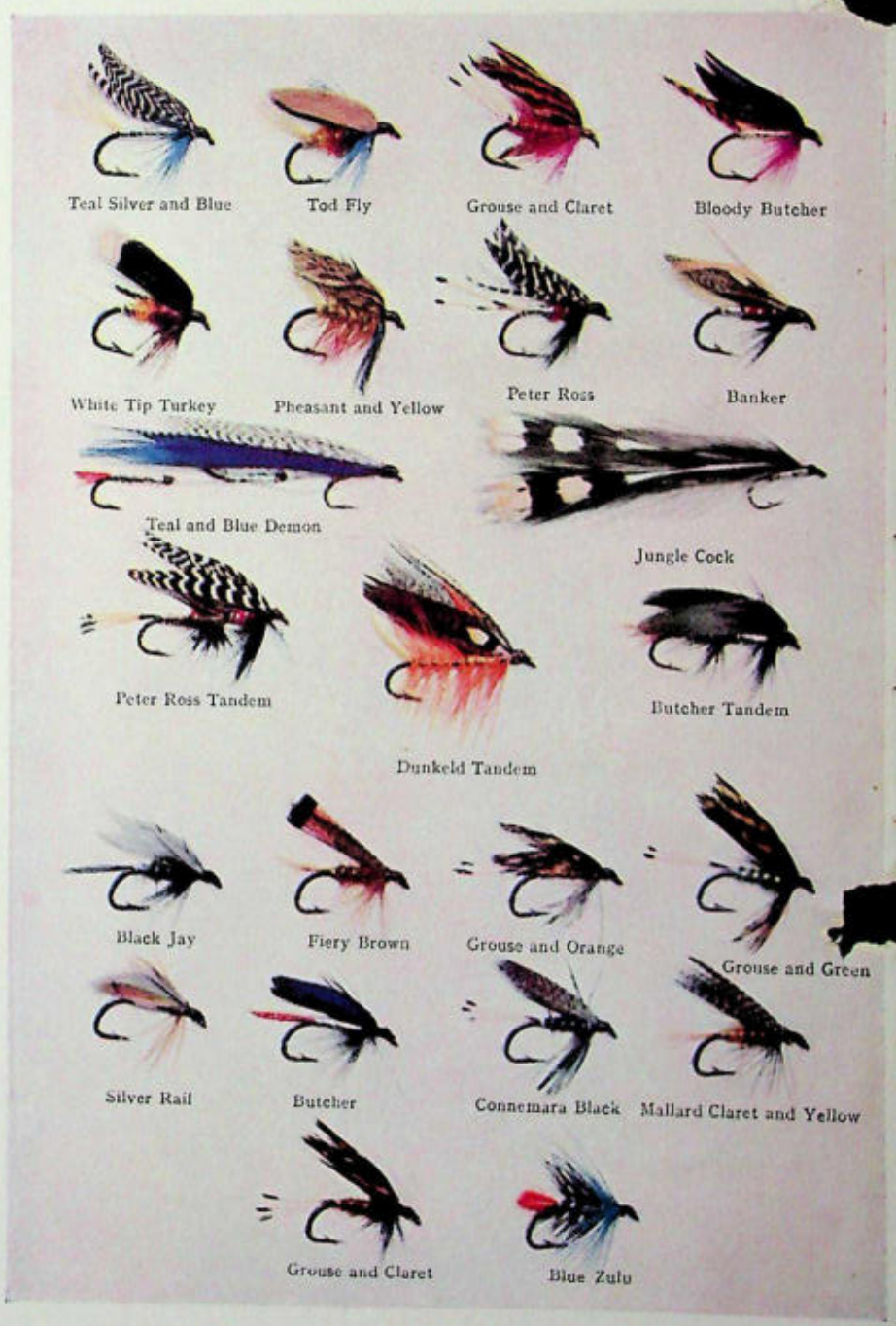
MAY FLIES
Plate V.

THE SET OF FOUR COLOUR PLATES published on this page are a continuation of the series which we began in our issue of August 22nd last year. It is as well perhaps to repeat what we said then, that no special superiority is claimed for the selections we give, which are intended simply as a stand-by for anglers who are going to visit a new neighbourhood, or who want to be suitably equipped for this or that style of fly fishing, should it, for example, come their way on a holiday, but who do not wish to encumber themselves with the multitudinous patterns which will be found in most books on fishing, and in all tackle catalogues.

PLATE V.—Shows a selection of Mayflies. It is curious perhaps that though the natural fly varies very little, except in darker or lighter tone, in different parts of the country, there is probably no fly whose artificial imitation has so many different dressings—and nearly all of them will take fish. The nymph stage of the fly is usually taken to be represented by the "straddle-bug" (though better nymphs are now sometimes obtainable), and flies to represent the other stages of its metamorphosis (including the "spent gnat" stage) will be seen in the illustration. Patterns by J. P. Moreton & Co.

THE SELECTIO

Last August we published a four-p of salmon flies for Scotland and I flies, and a set of standard spinning with sea-trout flies for Scotland and for rapi



SEA-TROUT FLIES
Plate VI.

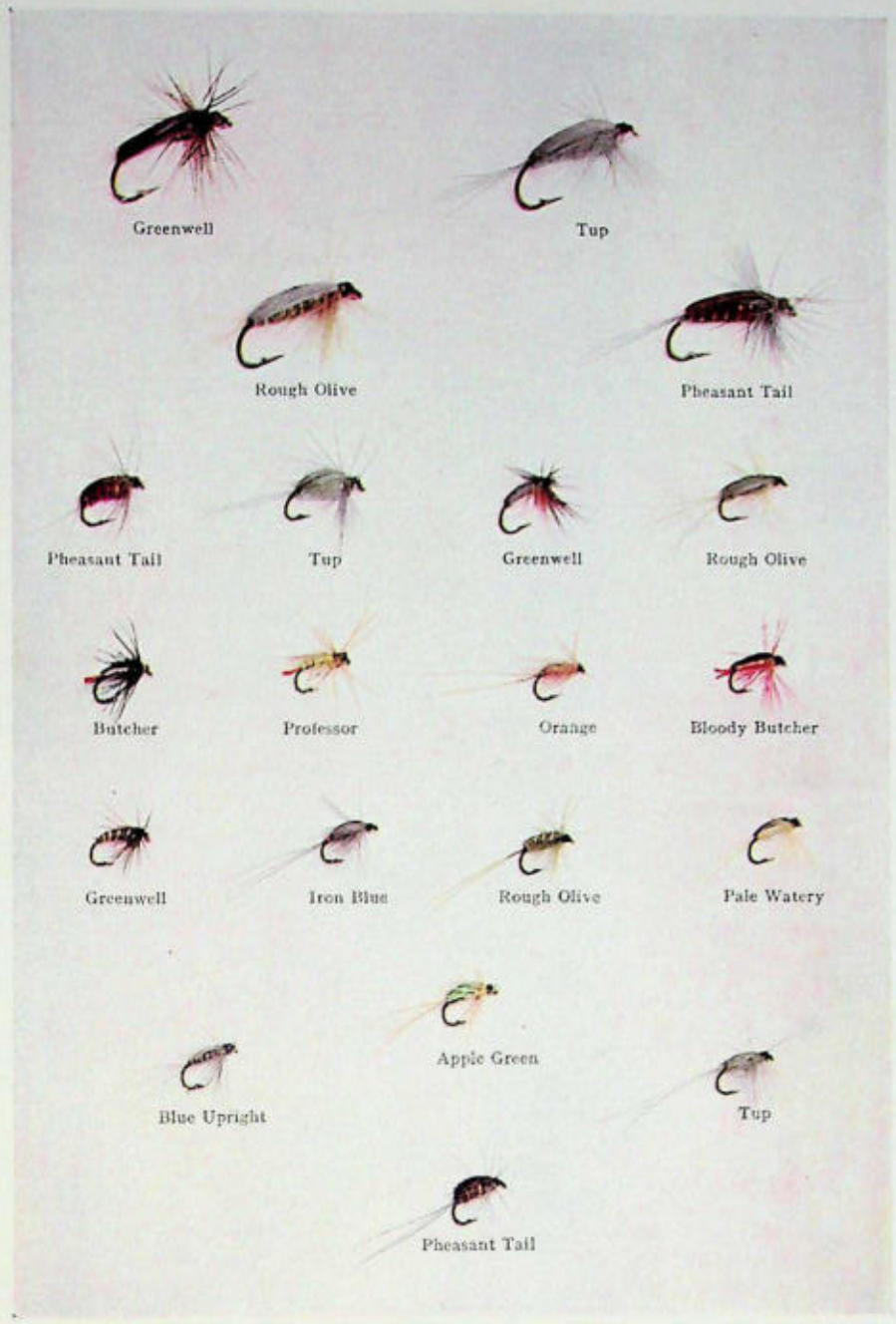
"LD"

OF FLIES

ıel colour plate showing a selection
'ıand, a selection of south country
aits. To-day we continue this series
Ireland and brown-trout flies mostly
streams.



NORTH AND WEST COUNTRY FLIES
Plate VII.



NYMPHS
Plate VIII.

PLATE VI.—Sea-trout flies for Scotland (four upper rows) and for Ireland (three lower rows). The selection has been made largely from a comparison of recommendations made in recent books bearing on sea-trout fishing. Scottish patterns by Alex. Martin ; Irish patterns by Westley Richards.

PLATE VII.—Flies for the North (three upper rows) and West (three lower rows). Selections which should prove useful for an angler fishing the upland streams of the North or West. Patterns for the northern streams by Cummins ; patterns for the west by Cogswell & Harrison, Exeter.

PLATE VIII.—This plate shows nymphs, the last stage through which water-bred flies pass before their emergence from the water as a winged insect. Incidentally, it must be the stage in which they are best known to the fish and in which they are most commonly taken as food. As a logical (though perhaps unnatural) corollary to the imitation of the nymph, some anglers have evolved nymphs of "fancy" flies also. We give a few illustrations of such fancies among the imitations of the natural nymph. Patterns by Carters.



Ties cut from English silk squares, 6s. 6d.



Collar-attached all-wool Riviera sports shirt, 18s. Tweed sports tie, 2s. 6d.



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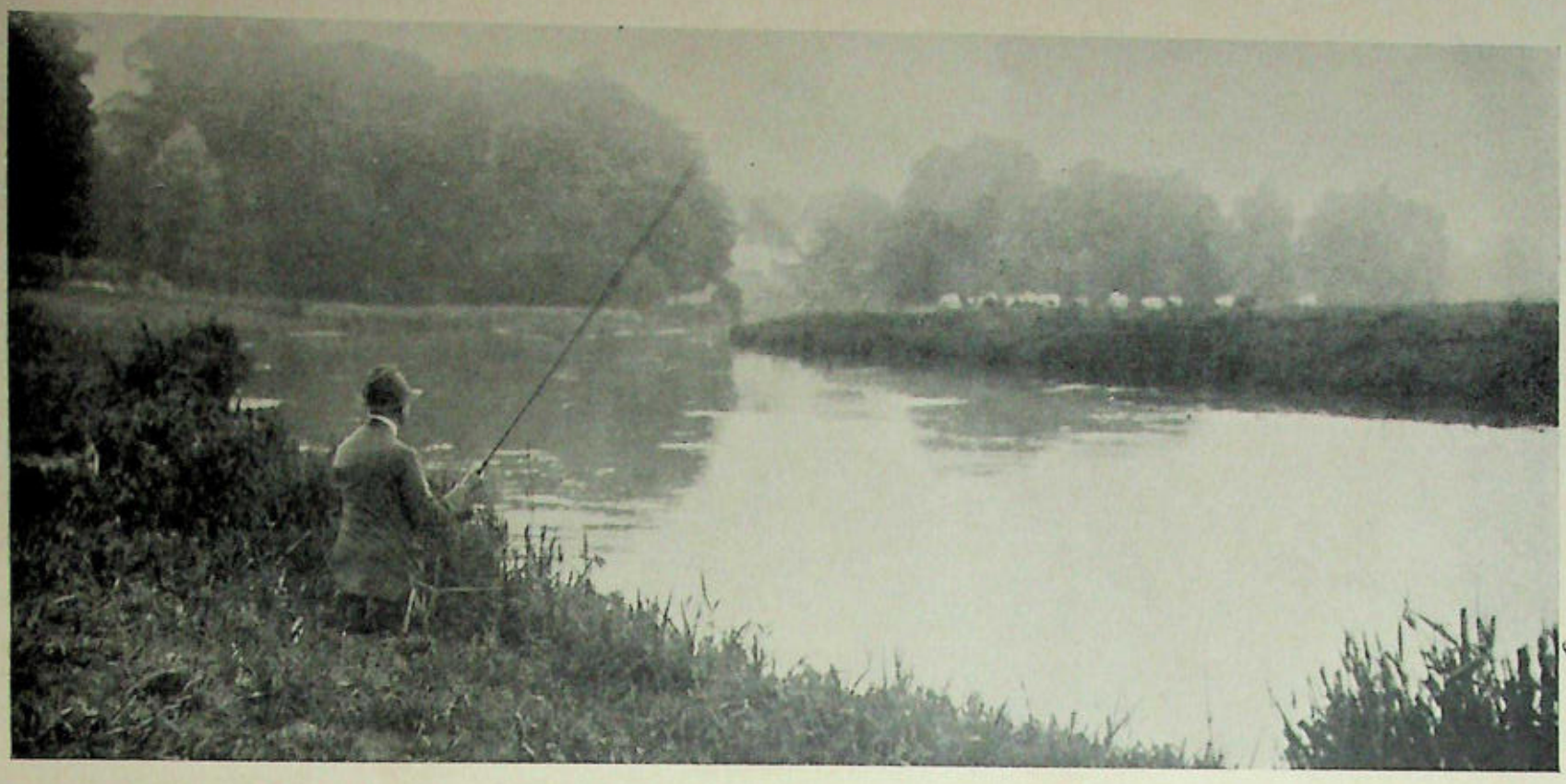
Sleeveless fancy-stitch pullover, 10s. 6d.

Roll-collar pullover, 21s.

Fawn woollie, 22s. 6d.

Quorn sleeveless pullover, 10s. 6d

V-neck pullover, 21s.



AFTER THE BIG TROUT OF HAMPSHIRE
Mr. Arthur Gilbey fishing the famous Houghton Club's waters on the Test

HOW TO USE THE NYMPH IN TROUT FISHING

Description of a Profitable Lure

By G. E. M. SKUES

(Author of "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream" and "The Way of a Trout with a Fly")

ON THE ROUGH RIVERS OF SCOTLAND and the North and West of England and Wales it must occur to most beginners to wonder how it was ever discovered that trout may be taken with an artificial fly, seeing how seldom they are observed to break the surface in feeding. The truth is that in such rivers a fly, once it has hatched out of its underwater form, has reached a stage which affords it good chance of escape from the maw of a trout, being probably protected more or less by the broken surface of the water. It follows, therefore, that in such rivers the main insect food of the trout must be subaqueous, and, indeed, autopsies will in general prove that during what is called "the time of the take," the main food of the trout will consist of that earlier stage of the upwinged dun which is known as the nymph.

It is during the nymphal stages that the upwinged dun does its feeding and growth, and these stages correspond to the stages of the caterpillar and the pupa or chrysalis on their way to be moth or butterfly. Only in the pupal stage the nymph is not inert like a chrysalis. But when the time has arrived for it to assume its winged form, it will be driven by its nature to ascend to the surface, there to split its envelope and emerge as a winged fly. On the way to the surface, therefore, it is specially exposed to the ravages of the trout.

THE DISCOVERY OF NYMPH FISHING

It is only comparatively lately in the history of trout fishing that it has been discovered, or more probably rediscovered, that trout are to be taken with a representation of a nymph as well as, if not better than, with a winged or hackled artificial fly. The discovery naturally originated in the slower waters of the southern chalk streams, where observations are essentially easier than on rough rivers, but it was no doubt long delayed by the discovery that trout may there often be taken with floating representations of the hatched out and floating fly, what is known as the dry fly.

It was, however, discovered that in such rises the main food of the trout was nymphs, and from these rivers the practice of nymph fishing spread to the rough rivers, and on some—the Usk is a prominent example—it has obtained a strong hold. Whether the novice is to fish smooth streams or rough, he will find the nymph on its proper occasions a most attractive lure.

If some books, newspapers, articles and tackle dealers' catalogues be trusted, a very false idea of what a nymph is like may be obtained by the novice. One sees them represented as having long staring hackles, and either long tails or no tails. The natural nymph is a short-legged insect, and its representation should, therefore, have short legs. It has also a very short tail consisting generally of three fibres. The simplest tie, but quite an effective one, has a couple of turns (at the outside) of a very tiny hackle to represent the legs, a small bunch of appropriate coloured fur behind it to represent the thorax with the wing cases containing the wings, and a thinner body of various materials (quill fur or herl), with, in some cases, gold or silver wire ribbing to suggest the segmentation of the insect and to prevent the body material being torn by the teeth of the trout. Then three very short soft strands of an appropriate coloured hackle complete the tie.

HOW THE TROUT ACTS

Whether in a fast stream or a slow the trout will at the time of the take be lying in wait in a position where it can maintain itself with the minimum of effort, and can with most ease come up or out to absorb its prey and return to position. The surface from a small distance in front of it (beyond the small window through which it can see into the air) acting as a mirror will call attention to everything approaching from upstream.

In fast water the nymph will generally come too rapidly to reach the surface after the trout has seen it. So it will be intercepted more or less in mid-water. To rise to the surface to catch a nymph which is actually in the film of the surface and about to hatch involves a strong effort to turn down again, probably using up more energy than the food secured would replace. So the fish lets it go by.

The larger insects, of course, repay more effort than the smaller, with the exception of the Iron Blue dun, which trout appear to find exceptionally tasty. In slow water in such a case the trout merely adjusts its fins to plane itself up to the surface, sucks in the nymph and goes down again with much less effort. If the nymph comes on a lower plane it merely intercepts it with or without a small upward movement. Thus it comes that in waters like chalk streams the nymph is often taken with what looks more or less like a rise to the floating fly.

Now, as our artificial nymphs are taken under water, the novice will want to know how to cast them so as to sink, and how to detect when they are taken.

The artificial nymph is built to sink, and it is only necessary in casting to see that it be not delivered so dry as to delay its sinking. On the other hand it is an advantage to have the gut within, say, 2ft. or 3ft. of the nymph floating, as very often when the nymph is taken under water without the movement of the trout being otherwise detected, the accelerated sinking of the gut cast (what is called "the draw") will betray the fish. Sometimes, especially on chalk or slow streams as I have shown, the taking will be quite obvious like an ordinary rise to a floating fly, but at other times when the taking is deeper one only sees a sort of humping of the surface about the size of a soup plate with a tiny dip in the middle, or if the trout be taking deeper still there may be nothing but the flash of the fish as it turns or some even more subtle indication.

One fishes the nymph upstream or up and across. On chalk or slow streams there must be no drag, but on fast rivers the angler will be aided by the fact that he must keep a taut line, which will often lead to the trout hooking itself. I wish that space was available to let me elaborate these hints further.

WHAT THE TROUT SEES.—II.

In the Window and Beyond

By COL. E. W. HARDING

TWO THINGS about the trout's window interest the fly-fisher in practice; first, what he himself looks like to the trout; and, secondly, whether his floating flies appear to the trout anything like the real thing.

His own appearance, could he see it, would be a fearful shock to his vanity. At ordinary fishing distances he appears as a gnome-like dwarf, like a Toby jug on the top of a cabinet. Five yards from the trout, a man whose head is six feet above the level of the surface appears fractionally taller than a page of the *Field* and about three times its width. He is nearly all head and shoulders, since the rest of him, below the bottom button of his waistcoat, is indeterminate. At ten yards, though his breadth remains very much the same, his height is just over half the height of this page.

THE ANGLER'S PORTRAIT

Were his apparent height the only thing that mattered, the angler would have little difficulty in escaping the notice of the fish, but unfortunately, unless he is in shadow or close up against a background, his head and shoulders and arms are fringed with a nimbus of radiant prismatic colours, which at his every slightest movement betrays him, and the duller the day the brighter the nimbus.

This is where so many of our fishing troubles begin. As we all know in theory, the light, its intensity, character and direction and our background are almost the most important and difficult matters with which we have to deal in the fishing day. The sketch shows roughly how the angler is distorted, though it shows more detail than can usually be seen. The farther away he is, the more

absurdly dwarfed he appears, though I doubt whether the trout ever sees him as more than a queer shaped prismatic halo.

The appearance of the floating fly is much more varied. Despite the general belief that the trout sees the floating fly only when it is in its window, there is no doubt that it also sees it before ever it arrives in the window. It then sees it as a group of sparkling lights in the surface which slopes down before him, that surface which appears like a veil in the midst of the water.

Although beyond the area of the window the surface is optically opaque, in the sense that objects above it are invisible, it is also elastic, so that the legs and bodies of floating insects make little dimples in it. These dimples form tiny secondary "windows" and, because of the distribution of light in every water window, they show as flashes.

Each sort of insect forms its own characteristic group of dimples, so that within certain limits, the trout can identify a fly by the size and character of the pattern of flashes it makes in the surface. These I call "light-patterns," and it seems probable that the initial stimulus for the rise to the floating fly is usually given by the light-pattern.

As an up-winged fly approaches the edge of the window, its wings begin to show as tiny shadows which are seemingly dissociated from the light-pattern—a striking example of the curious optics of the under-water world—and then, as the fly reaches the edge of the window, the wings leap to their full height and join the body of the fly with startling abruptness. And now in the strongly-lit area near the edge of the window the fly shows in more or less the form we see it in the air, though it is a blaze of sparkling lights in which it is almost impossible to distinguish colour.

THE FLY IN THE WINDOW AND OUT OF IT

The colours that we can see only show as the fly arrives near the centre of the window. These remarks apply to flies *on* and not *in* the surface film. When a fly is floating *in* the surface, shape and colour show up extremely clearly long before it arrives inside the window, and this may account in some measure for the difficulty the fly-fisher usually finds in inducing the trout to take his imitation of the spent spinner.

So, to the trout, the floating fly is not necessarily just the fly in the window; it may be a succession of at least three different appearances, only one of which is in the least like the fly we see in the air.

This fact seems to me suggestive and rightly interpreted may throw fresh light on various controversial points in dry-fly fishing.

To cite but a few points: The idea of the light-pattern explains the necessity for a really high quality, sparsley wound cock's hackle for the dry fly. It explains—though other factors enter into that problem—the success of the wingless hackle fly. It explains why patterns which differ so widely in appearance as the Halford and the Dunne series are both successful in practice. It may explain the success of men who use habitually a single or very few patterns of flies, and it suggests why it is so difficult to represent the spent spinner in the form of an artificial fly.

WHO KNOWS MID-IRELAND?

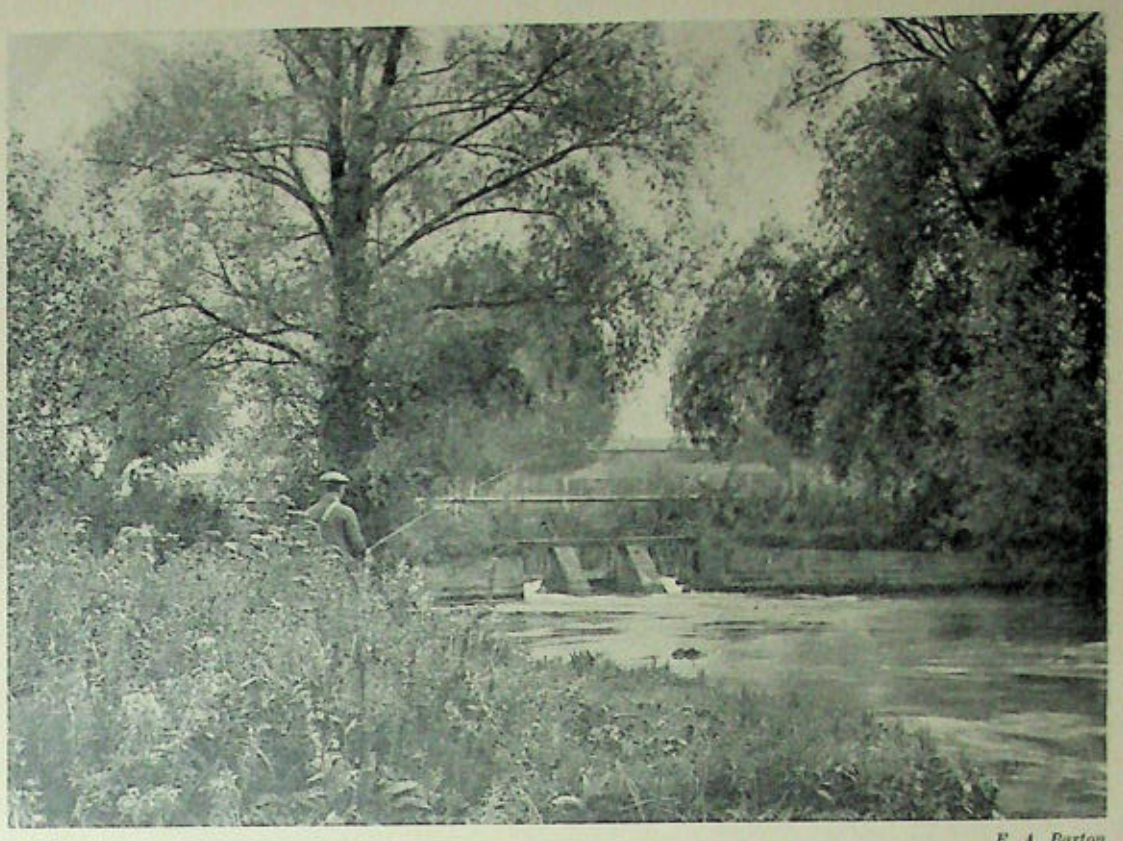
An Undiscovered Country

THE MAP OF IRELAND, in the *Field* book, *Where to Fish*, is well covered with reference marks, except in one large district—the centre. Through this district, the Shannon, the lordliest river of them all, with its great lakes and hundreds of tributaries, flows southwards; the upper Erne, river and island-studded loughs alternating, creeps sluggishly towards the North.

Killaloe, on the Shannon, is well known, and Lough Derg, but what of Lough Allen and those Siamese twin loughs, Boderg and Bofin? Lakes beside which Blagdon is a mere puddle. Lough Ree is fished, but I have passed Lough Allen in the height of the Mayfly and seen never a boat on that huge expanse of water. Are there great trout in Allen waiting to be caught? No one seems to know. Lough Arrow is known and near. I have seen eight boats in sight of one another on Arrow; why bother with Allen when one *knows* where to go?

And what of the Shannon tributaries? The Brosna, a river rather longer than the Test, flows out of Lough Owel, through Lough Belvedere (Ennell) and into the Shannon; both these loughs are Mayfly lakes, and I have heard that there are good trout in the Brosna, but details are lacking. The Little Brosna (not so little, either), some miles to the south, seems to be quite unknown except locally.

The Suck, another Shannon tributary, is about the size of the Hampshire Avon. "Grilse, good trout, and plenty of pike," says *Where to Fish* succinctly under the heading "Ballinasloe." I wonder *how* good some of those trout are. I have heard second-hand stories, but just where to go for the best fishing, and where to stay, remain mysteries to the occasional visitor. Vague rumours there are of Test conditions and big trout, but those who do know guard their secrets well.



E. A. Barton

WHERE THE BIG ONES HIDE

A weir pool on a Test tributary—the Anton

Once I crossed the Feorish, another Shannon tributary, and we stopped the car. Either a big cruiser or several big trout, I never found out which, was, or were, taking mayflies. My friend had a business appointment 100 miles away, and we only had half an hour. As we drove off there was another great boil under the bank. What of the Feorish?

The only Shannon tributary which is really well known as a trout stream is the Maigue, which flows into the estuary. It happens to have a notably good hotel at Adare, the Dunraven Arms, where English and other people stay for the hunting; also it is near Limerick, thus it has become celebrated.

THE PERFECT RIVER?

Personally, however, I am not nearly so curious about the Maigue as I am about the Inny, another tributary, about 90 miles upstream (what are 90 miles on the Shannon anyway?). I suspect that the Inny is the perfect river, the Irish Test. By this I mean that I am sick and tired of hysterical rivers which are unfishably low one week and in a tearing brown flood the next. I want a clear, deep stream, with an even flow, a river which does not change its level with every shower of rain, where there are big trout and regular hatches of fly; chalk-stream conditions, in fact, but bigger trout, and none of that chalk-stream over-civilisation.

"But," says someone, "there is no chalk in Ireland."

"Maybe not," says I, in the vernacular, "But what's wrong with a lough-fed stream—especially one which rises in Sheelin, flows from there through Derravaragh, and finishes up in the Shannon?" Sheelin and Derravaragh are both great trout lakes.

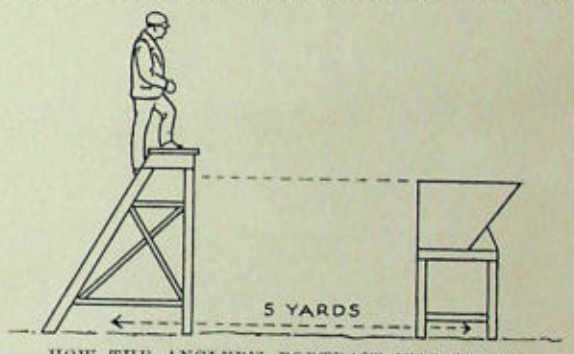


AN ANGLER'S PORTRAIT

As seen by the trout

I want to know about the Inny. Once I met a man who said he knew a man who dapped for Inny trout with salmon tackle, the salmon tackle being necessary for the extraction of the said trout from the weeds, into which they retired when hooked. That one statement is the sum total of my knowledge.

A few miles north of Sheelin is Lough Gowna, the source of the Erne. It is rumoured that the River Erne between Gowna and Lough Oughter is boggy and pikey, but I have never met anyone who has fished it. At Belturbet, between Lough Oughter and Upper Lough Erne, the river flows



HOW THE ANGLER'S PORTRAIT WAS TAKEN

over an outcrop of rock; here there is first-class trout fishing, but only a mile or so; above and below the stream is canal-like.

Many other such places there may be. I stumbled on Belturbet when staying with friends, but in parts of Ireland where there are no salmon people do not take fishing very seriously, and such spots remain unknown.

It is an anomalous fact that the dry fly is most fished in Ireland in those rivers least suited to it. Where there are salmon there are visitors, and a professional fisherman class who are intelligent and quick to learn.

Thus, the dry fly was commonly fished in Tyrone years before the War, yet the far more accessible River Fane, in County Louth, was "discovered" as a dry-fly stream quite recently. Salmon rivers are not usually good dry-fly trout streams, yet the dry-fly men of Ireland are concentrated on them.

I have only touched the fringe of a subject about which a whole book could be written. What I want is information; I want to find my dream river—blue mountains in the distance, red bog, grasslands, and woods near by, and a clear stream flowing out of a lough over a clean, gravelly bottom. What if there *are* weeds and pike? Surely we can form a club to cut the one and shoot the other?

JAMES DICKIE.

Other articles announced last week will appear in an early issue.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xii. and xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see pages xii., xiii., xvii., and xx.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xv.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., v., and vi.; "Pisciculture," page xii.

THE REARING OF WILD DUCK

How to Breed and Keep Them on a Shoot

IT IS BELIEVED generally that it is necessary to have a large stretch of water to maintain a head of wild duck. This is quite a fallacy, as on large lakes it is often difficult to get at the birds. A good number of duck may be reared and kept where there are small ponds, each about a quarter of an acre, or a tiny stream, but some cover close at hand such as whin, broom or rushes is almost essential. If there is little cover by the water itself, there should, at any rate, be some within two or three hundred yards where the duck may shelter and rest by day.

Even though there are tempting places for duck close at hand, they will not leave their home if fed and not harried. They are easy and inexpensive to rear, and with management it is possible to shoot a higher percentage of those reared than is the case with pheasants.

The raising of stock is simple—one can buy eggs from a game farm or get stock birds. The price of the latter runs from 5/- to 7/6 a bird. If the latter scheme is adopted, and say it is desired to set 100 eggs, enclose a piece of ground by a stream. A 50yd. roll of 3½ft. high netting of 2in. mesh will enclose as much ground as is required, and the stream may flow through it, or a portion of the pen may project into the stream. If there is no cover, some cut fir branches may be put down for shelter and nesting. Leaves which will gather and the growth of grass and weeds will help greatly.

METHOD OF FEEDING

Take care that your stock birds are of a wild strain and the drake unrelated to the duck. Although duck pair in the wild state, in captivity the drake may be given four or even up to six wives. Grit should always be available in the pen, and at all times of their life duck appreciate sand. Food may consist of a mash of thirds, or grain such as oats or Indian corn. If the grain is scattered in water there will be less likelihood of waste by other birds or animals eating it.

If the birds are not already pinioned this can be done temporarily by cutting off the flight feathers of one wing, or permanently by cutting off the last joint of one wing. The birds should be put into their pens by the beginning of February, as eggs may come that month, but good results may be achieved even if this is delayed till late in March. It is early enough to commence collecting eggs for setting during the last week in March.

Eggs laid previously may be used as baits for vermin traps or put to some use. The first three eggs laid in each nest should be replaced by a dummy and the eggs collected daily afterwards. Frost at night might damage any left out. A large shallow box containing sawdust is useful for keeping the eggs. Each egg should be dated and laid on its side on the sawdust, and to ensure that each egg is turned daily, it is suggested that the date side may be up on odd numbered dates in the month and down on the even number dates. It is advisable to set the eggs within three weeks of being laid.

WHEN THE HEN IS BROODY

As a duck lays her clutch she lays later in the day, and just before she becomes broody she puts a quantity of down in the nest and may be found laying in the evening. When she is found to be broody it is as well to take away the dummy and break up the nest, and then in ten days or so she may commence laying again. Forty eggs or more may be laid by each duck, and then when she is turned out of the pen, there is a chance of her laying again and bringing up a brood. The blue-tinged eggs are preferred as a colour, but many a good flier has come out of a white-shaded egg.

Incubation, which takes 28 days, is usually done by hens, who can cover from 14 to 21 eggs, according to their size. A liberal sprinkling of water should be administered to the eggs daily just as the hen is returning to the nest. If sufficient eggs have been obtained from the pen, a duck may be allowed to hatch a sitting, and when hatched she may be put in a small run (3yds. or 4yds. square) with the brood, and so save a hen.

Rats must be kept away, as they like nothing better than ducklings.

When hatched and removed to a coop with a hen, good brooding is required for a couple of days, and a small run should be placed in front of the coop. A few branches should be placed over the run to give shade. Messrs. Gilbertson & Page's Wild Duck Meal No. 1 may be given moistened and scattered on a slate or board. Water, preferably from a pond or stream and not from a tap, should be placed in a shallow tin with stones in it to keep the ducklings from swimming or immersing themselves. Sand is much appreciated and no doubt assists digestion.

After a few days the hen and her brood may be removed to the rearing field, or, of course she may have been put in it straight from the nest with a small run put in front of the coop. The rearing field for 100 ducks may consist of a piece of grass 50yds. square enclosed with 3ft. high netting of 1½in. mesh. In this should be placed some small heaps of sand, and three or four frames, of a size 6ft. by 3ft. approximately, standing on legs 1ft. high; fir branches should be placed on these so that they may give shelter from the sun, as ducklings are liable to a form of sunstroke. A good supply of water is essential; it is preferable to use pond or stream water, and it should be placed in vessels which prevent the ducklings from swimming or immersing themselves. Gilbertson & Page's self-filling water pans are excellent, but these require constant filling.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SHADE

As the ducklings grow they will require more room in the coops, and they lose any use for their foster-mothers, so the hens may be removed gradually after the ducklings are a fortnight to three weeks old. All this time shade is most important and a certain amount of shelter from cold winds.

After they are three weeks old, No. 2 Wild Duck Meal may be given. At five weeks, thirds or some such cheaper feeding material may be mixed with the duck meal till by the end of the sixth week the food may consist entirely of thirds in a mash.

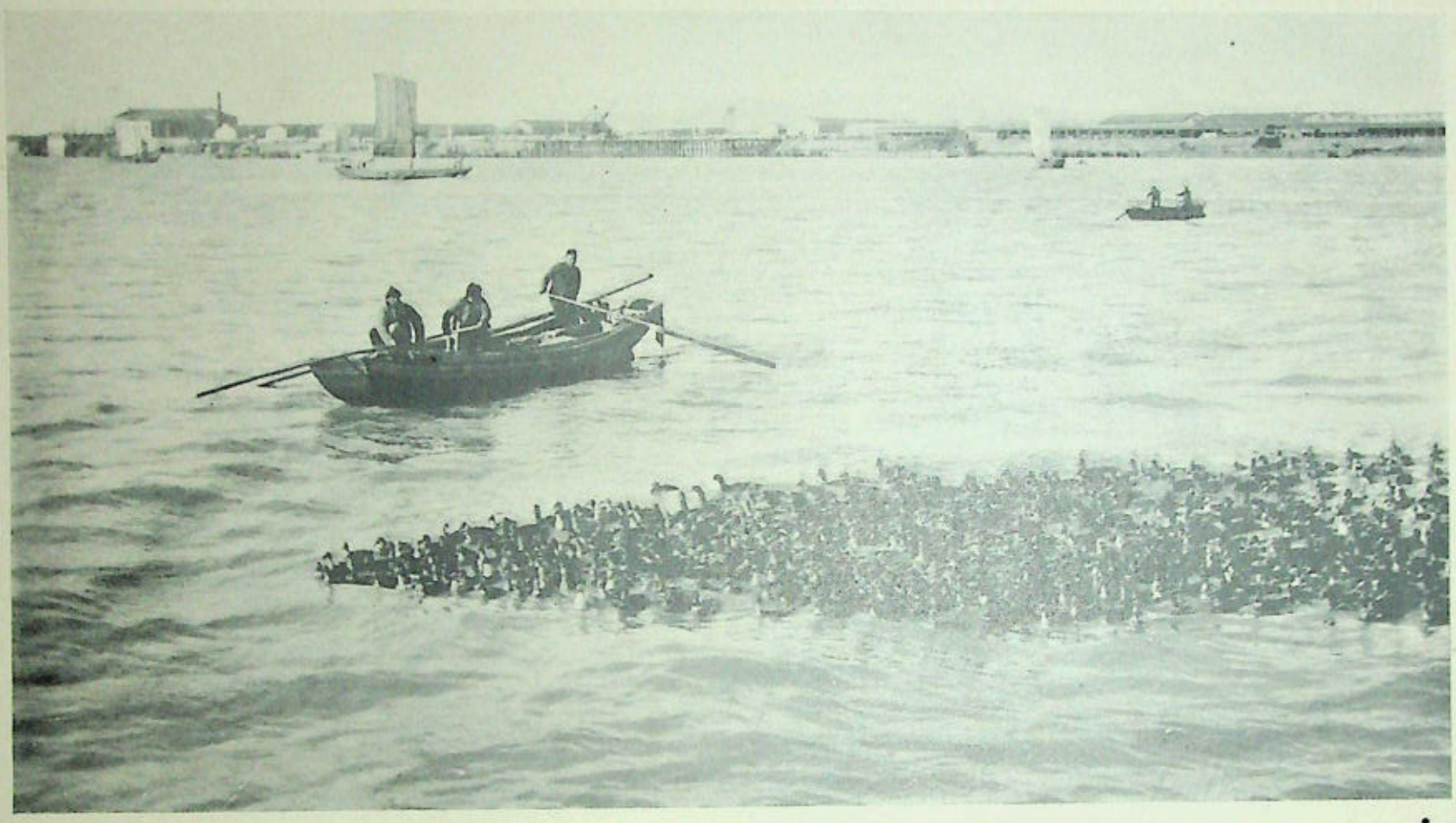
When eight weeks old the duck are fit to go to water and their permanent home. A small piece of the stream may be netted in and the duck kept enclosed for two or three days till they get used to their new surroundings. Pike are dangerous, and should have been exterminated. It is useful if the keeper from the beginning has blown a horn when bringing the food, so that when at liberty in their permanent home they can be summoned to a meal.

REMOVING THE FLOCK TO WATER

If the pond or stream is not far from the rearing field the flock of duck may be driven slowly with the help of an assistant. It is a slow business, as on the way the duck will stop to seize dainty morsels. On arrival at the water it may take a few minutes before the duck enter it, but soon they will be revelling in it. Three meals may be given at first, and when the duck can fly (about thirteen weeks old) two meals, and then one, will be sufficient.

When able to fly, the birds will flight to the neighbouring fields to feed by night, though if fed heavily at home they will stay and grow fat. It is a wise plan for the one meal to be given just before dusk, as that will delay the flight, and perhaps save the loss of a few duck.

The worst thing that can be done is to overfeed, as when you wish to shoot it will be discovered that the duck will not fly. A streak of domestic blood



HOW THE CHINESE DRIVE DUCK

This interesting photograph sent by a correspondent shows what the Chinese term "Walky, Walky Duck" on the Yangtse River. The appellation no doubt arises from the habit of driving the duck as described by our correspondent. He says the picture was taken at Nanking, 200 miles up the Yangtse, showing a pack of duck floating down the river with the current. The duck are attracted by tame decoy duck and killed. The decoys in which they are killed belong to the Chinese seen in the boat, who follow the duck downstream

may be blamed, but it is not that, as, though domestic blood should be avoided at all costs, many a duck with more than a dash of Indian Runner has flown with the best. Of course, if one underfeeds one loses a few.

It is a great help if there are several ponds or suitable places for duck on an estate. Pinioned birds (ducks but no drakes) may be kept at each end, and though the daily food is put down at one place only some rotten potatoes and a small stack of grain may be placed at these. So when duck are disturbed at one place they may go to others.

VARIED SHOOTING

The shooting may take various forms. For the first shoot, the duck may be flushed at their home and shot from butts as they circle round, but this is too artificial. Luckily this cannot be done frequently as the birds soon become wise to it and fly away or fly high out of shot.

When the birds have become like their wild cousins it is a good plan on a windy afternoon to flush them from their pond, then to place a gun in a hide. A gun or keepers can then walk round the other duck haunts on the estate, and on being disturbed the duck will return to their home. Any that have gone elsewhere will return at dusk, provided they expect to find food.

If there is a pond or shelter in a wood near a flushing point for pheasants variety may be produced by a few duck.

In studying the chance of duck flighting to or from a pond at dawn or dusk, many people do not reason whether the pond is used to rest, or feed, or both. If undisturbed, and there is food, duck will stay by day and night, and others may also come in at dusk. If there is no food but the pond is quiet duck will flight in from the fields at dawn and flight out to feed at dusk.

The most certain way of scaring duck is to creep up to where they are resting and fire as they rise. All are thoroughly frightened, and few shots obtained. Better put them up quietly and shoot as they return in small numbers. Shoot the majority of the hand-reared birds by the end of October; it is not easy to get them afterwards; and maintaining a large stock increases the food bill. Some people say that hand-reared duck act as a decoy to the truly wild. This may be so, but anyone who does hand-rear must be prepared for the chance of losing any wild duck that visited his ponds previously.

INEXPENSIVE FEEDING

Compared to pheasants, duck can be fed cheaply as, though they are greedy, the type of food is inexpensive and they can get so much on their own. After six weeks, thirds, sweepings from mills or bakeries, discarded breadcrusts, soaked or damaged grain, may be given, also rabbits' entrails chopped up and mixed with other food. Gilbertson & Page have been mentioned as they specialise in food for young duck and good results have been obtained, though the writer has also used excellent food from Armitage Bros. and Spillers. For the first month one should run no risks, and use the best prepared food. Young duck do not suffer from so many diseases as pheasants, and thrive as long as one takes ordinary care.

To keep duck on a shoot the essentials are water (not necessarily a large stretch), food, cover and quiet. With these, they will provide a shoot once a month throughout the season. D. G.

THE GUN AND ITS CHARGE

The Last Volume of "The Modern Shotgun"

REVIEWED BY LORD COTTESLOE

THE THIRD AND FINAL VOLUME of Major Burrard's great work on *The Modern Shotgun* has now been published. A notable volume it is, with its 500 pages full of matter, and a most useful work of reference it will prove to be to many a sportsman. It deals specially with the gun and the cartridge in combination, each of those subjects having already had a volume to itself.

Limitations of size, weight, and recoil make the gun a compromise and limit its power. By judicious boring of the barrel and loading of the cartridge, precise results are obtained, and a proper balance between the spread of the shot pellets and their striking force is produced.

Major Burrard deals quantitatively with the matter, and we are led to the rather unexpected conclusion that the best special load for long ranges is one with a reduced charge of powder, but having an increased charge of shot of a larger size than normal. This will give at long distances a pattern not too open; the shot will have good penetration, and the recoil will not be increased. Even so, the addition to the killing range is not great. And, after all, the shots fired at a range greater than 45 yards are but a very small proportion of the whole.

A number of diagrams are given to show the spread of the shot at different ranges with various borings, from cylinder to full choke; these are now well standardised. The form which the cloud of shot assumes after leaving the muzzle is fully dealt with. Inevitably some pellets, probably those most deformed in passing up the barrel, travel at a slower speed than the bulk of the charge, but they are so few in number as not to affect the results materially.

There has been ample experiment on the point. The conclusions of Griffiths, who in 1887 fired at revolving screens, and of Quayle, who a few years ago actually photographed the shot cloud, were confirmed by Major Burrard himself, who, in conjunction with Mr. Allen, fired at iron plates on a motor car travelling at speeds of 30 and 40 miles an hour.

An interesting section of the book describes the causes of burst barrels and other accidents to the gun. The most usual cause is some obstruction which sets up high wave pressures as the shot travels up the barrel towards it. Sportsmen generally are aware of the danger which arises from snow or dirt being allowed to enter the muzzle, and how certain a burst becomes if a 20-bore cartridge is by accident slipped into a 12-bore barrel unnoticed. The barrels should be looked through as a matter of routine before the first shot is fired, to make sure that no cleaning material has remained in the bore.

WISDOM OF BUYING THE BEST

It is well that it should be generally known how dangerous are the effects which improper heat treatment may have on the strength of the action, or which an undiscovered flaw may have on that of the barrel. There have been frequent causes of bursts, and they are due to the incompetence or the carelessness of gunmakers.

The somewhat brutal method of proof by firing in a gun a much larger charge than is to be actually used in it has amply proved its value in protecting the public from avoidable accidents, but sometimes an unsound gun will pass proof and fail suddenly from the cumulative effects of a large number of rounds. This possibility confirms the wisdom of the shooter who buys the best gun that he can afford.

Many will be interested in Major Burrard's remarks as to the optimum length of barrel. Here it is difficult for any man who has on him the habits of years to be completely unbiassed. There are in fact no very important ballistic advantages to be lost or gained in the five inches which cover the difference between 30in. and 25in. The decision should rest perhaps rather on good proportion and balance, and on personal fancy. Whatever helps a man's confidence will help his skill.

There is much more in this volume than merely technical matter; it is full of practical points for the user of a gun. There is, for instance, a complete table of loads for cartridges of all sizes, with sound advice on the selection of suitable loads. Full particulars are given of the allowances necessary in shooting at moving game; many will be surprised to find how great these are at 40 or 50 yards, especially in a strong wind, which may go near to doubling them.

DISTINGUISHING GUNS OF BRITISH ORIGIN

There is a chapter on guns for special purposes, and one on gun fitting. The proving of guns is described, and proof marks, both British and foreign, are illustrated; it is now of more importance than ever to distinguish guns of British origin from others. Two final chapters, "Odds and Ends" and "Thoughts on Shooting" are of value.

Major Burrard deserves the congratulations as well as the thanks of all interested in the shotgun. So complete a work could only have been written by a practical sportsman adequately equipped with scientific knowledge and having full access to trade knowledge and methods, as well as a very wide experience of gun problems. One thing more was needed, the enthusiasm which has made the subject the study of a lifetime, and has inspired perseverance to carry to completion a work so extensive.

Those familiar with books on shooting, from Col. Hawker's delightful book of 120 years ago onwards will recognise *The Modern Shotgun* as being in its sphere unique; it will long remain the most authoritative source on which the shooting man may draw for knowledge.

Scottish Field Trials Association. — The Spaniel Trials of this Association have been altered from November 15th and 16th to November 8th and 9th.

Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society.—These retriever trials have been fixed for November 1st and 2nd at Weston Park, Shifnal, by kind permission of the Earl of Bradford.

Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club.—These trials will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 1st and 2nd, at Sandbeck Park, Rotherham. The judges will be Lieut.-Col. J. Downes-Powell, and Lieut.-Col. C. D. Horsley.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Simultaneous Appearance of the First Willow Wrens and Swallows

THIRD PLACE in the arrival list of summer birds can be awarded to no one kind in particular. Of the commoner migrants the wheatear, taking an average from the records received, was definitely first, the chiffchaff second, with swallow and willow wren third in a dead-heat.

Neither was seen, according to the records received, earlier than Good Friday (March 25th), on which day Sir W. L. Parker, Bart., saw two swallows flying over the Usk at Crickhowell, Breconshire, and Mr. Lionel R. Woolner heard and saw the willow wren at Mawgan in Cornwall. On the 30th Mr. F. J. C. Holdsworth saw a swallow while hunting on Dartmoor, near Buckfastleigh, and on the 31st Mr. R. W. Hayman noted the willow wren at Barnes, in south-west London. On April 3rd Mr. Robert G. Baird saw a swallow near Newbury in Berkshire.

An unusually early record of the house martin comes from Wyesham, Monmouthshire, where one was seen on March 26th by the River Wye (V. M. Eyre). Curiously enough, no records of the sand martin, which usually precedes the other swallow birds by a week or more, are yet to hand.

Another interesting record is that of a pied flycatcher seen near Parkend, Gloucestershire, on March 19th, by Mr. W. L. Taylor, dep. surveyor of the Forest of Dean. A green sandpiper was seen on March 31st by the Kennet Canal in Berkshire, by Mr. Robert G. Baird—a normal date for this bird on passage.

The following additional dates of the chiffchaff have been received: March 23rd, Ashprington, near Totnes, Devon (M. P. Williams); March 24th, Bideford, Devon (E. C. Hope Hall); March 25th, Exe Valley, Devon (E. S. Cardell); Minehead, Somerset (R. W. Hayman); Wyesham, Monmouth (V. M. Eyre); March 27th, Lamorna, Cornwall (L. R. Woolner), Bookham, Surrey (W. H. Spreadbury); April 1st, Wimborne, Dorset (J. Bartlett); April 3rd, Barford St. Martin, Wilts (Mrs. Forester).

Additional records of the wheatear are as follows: March 25th, Porthleven, Cornwall (L. R. Woolner); March 27th, Porlock, Somerset (R. W. Hayman); March 28th, Bushy Park, Middlesex (W. Kay Robinson).



It's the first time you've ever seen me angry but really—! When *are* they going to reduce the beer duty so that I can reduce the price to you of

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale
BUY BRITISH BEER

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough and Belfast.

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

FLYING LOW OVER BIG GAME

SIR,—I have just read your article on the practice of flying low over big game by so-called sportsmen and must admit that I was amazed at Herr Walter Mittelholzer having any desire to publish to the world the facts of these particular aerial exploits of his, and am certain that you will have the full force of public opinion behind you in condemning this unsporting practice.

It is hardly conceivable that anyone flying from Europe to East Africa can avoid at some time flying over "game reserves" and as you point out here, there is no defence. The law states that you may not "hunt, kill or capture" any animal in these reserves. The word "hunt" here also means "molest," and surely it would be the height of molestation to fly at the height of ten metres over a herd of wild animals.

I myself have noticed that while flying in this country even at a height of 1,000ft. the noise of the engine terrifies and invariably stampedes the game. Further, I cannot imagine how this can be called a sport or what "thrill" can be obtained by flying low, probably at close on 100 m.p.h. over some poor terrified animals and taking photographs of their stampede. After all, it is easy to sit in a machine and take these photographs; anyone can do it. Let those who want a "thrill" *walk up* to within ten metres of their big game and then take their photographs; I can assure them they will find this a much greater and more satisfying effort.

Yours truly,
ERROL.

Oserian,
Naivasha Lake,
Kenya Colony.

OUR PRESENT STANDARD OF RIDING

SIR,—This year's "National" was run under perfect weather conditions. The take-off and the land were ideal, the fences perfectly fair. The field was of reasonable size, and every horse was a jumper of proved capacity, and yet only eight finished out of 33 starters, and many fell in the early part of the race.

In the past week or two of steeple chasing, no less than 100 horses have fallen, and seventeen horses have been killed, to say nothing of the jockeys that have been injured. Surely these facts are startling, and lamentable enough to make the racing world realise that something is radically wrong.

Yours truly,
M. F. MCTAGGART (Lieut.-Col.).

London.

SPEED LIMITS ON ROADS

SIR,—The Minister of Transport made an amusing speech on March 10th at a luncheon held on the occasion of the opening of the new motor coach station at Victoria. In response to the toast of his health the Minister of Transport alluded to the criticisms which had been made as to recent road regulations, and said:

"With the return of Dick Turpin, the legislation that was necessary in those days again became necessary. The whole of history was clear proof that the knight of the road needed watching very carefully. (Laughter.) As far back as the time of Alfred the Great there was an ordinance which said that if a stranger or a far-going man travelling on the highway failed either to shout or to blow his horn, he should be either slain or redeemed (held to ransom)."

Mr. Pybus is quite right in indicating that motor traffic needed careful watching, as the deaths due to road accidents are in excess of the deaths from all notifiable contagious diseases, on combating which millions of pounds are expended. Now the Home Secretary has pointed out that the best remedy is the reduction of excessive speed. I therefore suggest that in villages where there is a dangerous road, a resolution should be passed by the parish meeting (which is the legal representative of the parish in "rural districts") asking the county council to take steps under sect. 46 of the Roads Act 1930, to obtain a speed limit for motors on the most dangerous part of the road. The resolution should be sent to the members representing the parish in Parliament and in the county council, and to the Press. Any further information required will be given by the Hon. Secretary, Pedestrians' Association, 134, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.

Of course, in the case of urban districts or county boroughs, the councils should apply to the Minister direct, but it is open to any body of inhabitants to pass resolutions urging them to take this step, and such body should utilise its resolution as suggested above. There will be many meetings in towns at Easter, and they would be wise to exert themselves in this way.

Yours faithfully,
J. THEODORE DODD, J.P.,
Barrister-at-Law.

48, Marina,
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

THE BROOD MARE SCHEME

SIR,—As president of the Hunters' Improvement and Light Horse Breeding Society, may I appeal through your paper for further help to be given to the Brood Mare Scheme, which was initiated by this society some years ago.

At present there are some 201 mares dealt with under this head. These numbers I should like to see largely increased, and this can only be done by: (*a*) An increased membership of the society, which would add to the funds available for the purchase of suitable mares; and (*b*) by the gift to the society by hunting men and women of suitable mares, which, owing to various causes, are incapacitated from further service as hunters. I make this appeal, as I feel so very few hunting men and women have any knowledge of the activities of this society or realise that a large proportion of the horses they hunt are the direct result of this society's work.

In the present depressed state of agriculture there are many farmers who are not prepared to buy a brood mare, but who are only too keen to keep, and keep well, a suitable mare for breeding purposes. I shall be deeply grateful to anyone who hunts if they will help to enlarge the Brood Mare Scheme on the lines suggested. Any communication should be addressed to the secretary, Mr. F. H. Badge, 12, Hanover Square, London W. 1.

Yours faithfully,
GORDON B. FOSTER, President.

The Hunters' Improvement and
National Light Horse Breeding
Society.
12, Hanover Square, London, W. 1.

HOW MALFORMED BIRDS FEED

SIR,—On page 122 of your issue of January 23rd, you mention and illustrate a sparrow with a greatly prolonged lower mandible. In the editorial note on this it is presumed that the bird could only feed by using this as a scoop.

It may interest you to hear that there is another and really much more likely solution. All the bird had to do was to turn its head sideways, and it could then pick up anything off the ground in the ordinary way.

Some years ago when I was in Belgaum (Southern India) I used to sleep in the verandah, and my "chota hazri" was shared every morning by eight or ten crows, who became very tame and used to catch the pieces of toast I threw to them in the air. One of these crows had an exactly similar malformation of beak and he was the tamest of the lot and a splendid "catch." As I got out of bed the remainder would hop away a few yards, but this particular bird would remain close to the bed and pick up all the crumbs off the floor in the manner already indicated, while his friends were too nervous to take the risk of coming right up to where I was sitting.

Yours truly,
W. LEITH-ROSS
(Lieut.-Col.),
5/13 Frontier Force Rifles.

Mir Ali,
Waziristan.

DAYS WITH THE LINTON BEAGLES

SIR,—I have hunted with many different packs of beagles and harriers the last 35 years, and very regularly too, except during the period of the Great War, when I was employed elsewhere. I opened my London evening paper recently and read that the Linton pack of beagles in this country is going to stop hunting.

To my mind this will be a blow to us all, and perhaps more especially to the hundreds of farmers and small hotel keepers that all love Lord Cornwallis and his family in the Weald of Kent. I think that perhaps his pack were a little large in the true sense of beagles, although Lord Cornwallis studied this to such an extent that his hounds always seemed to be able to own to a very stale scent as well as any 11in. beagle hound could.

They were a pack of miniature foxhounds—much smaller than harriers and a little larger than the true beagle. One could put a handkerchief over them when casting! His pack were always a very level one, and hounds that were too fast, too big or too slow were always cast.

I must recall an experience I had with this pack about six years ago. We found a hare, and scent was very patchy and very weak. For two hours and a half we hunted this hare at an average rate of five miles an hour and noone had seen her. I luckily could keep up at this pace! No one was allowed within 50 yards of hounds except Lord Cornwallis and Tom Peach, the kennel huntsman. Towards the end of this hunt Tom was looking up a dried ditch and saw pussy's footsteps. We killed this hare three minutes afterwards, five miles away from where we found!

Yours truly,
D. C. R.

London.

GAME IN PENNSYLVANIA

SIR,—I have just received the report to date of big game legally killed in the State of Pennsylvania, which may be of interest to you, as it shows how big game can increase under favourable circumstances.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there were practically no big game in the state. If a man killed a deer he was apt to have his picture in the local paper, while it was doubtful if there were any black bear left. At this time a Game Commission of men of the highest class was appointed by the Governor with the object of restocking much of the forest land belonging to the state.

The kill for last year was 24,396 bucks; 70,255 does; 501 bear; and 1 wapiti. The deer had increased to such an extent that an open season was declared on does. The state of Pennsylvania has 45,000 square miles and 10,000,000 people. This might be compared to Scotland with 30,400 square miles and 5,000,000 people.

The record of the Game Commission shows that if fair and sane laws are made, they will be obeyed by the greater majority. Although the country is wild, there is very little poaching.

Yours truly,
GEORGE L. HARRISON.

1520 Locust Street,
Philadelphia.

RESCUING A DITCHED HORSE

SIR,—A picture appeared recently in an evening paper of five men pulling a horse out of a ditch with a rope looped round its neck and wind pipe, a method both cruel and inefficient.

As a number of hunting men were watching the proceedings apparently satisfied with the method used, may I explain the only humane and satisfactory way of pulling a horse out of a bog or ditch?

Place the centre of a rope round the horse's poll behind the ears, and tie a single knot into its mouth of the consistent tightness as if bitted with a snaffle, bring the two ends of the rope forward, and they can, if necessary, be attached to a team of horses and the animal pulled out without injury as easily as a cork out of a bottle.

This method was shown to me by the late Mr. C. B. E. Wright, when Master of the Old Berkshire Hounds over 30 years ago, and I have proved its efficiency.

The simplest way to demonstrate this is to put a pocket handkerchief round the back of one's own head, a single knot into the mouth and give the ends of the handkerchief to a friend to pull.

Yours truly,
W. MACD. DUNCAN.

Crossways,
Hildenborough, Kent.

THE MASTER EYE IN SHOOTING

SIR,—I am interested in your correspondent's letter in your issue of March 19th, and I feel impelled to send you what might be considered quite a practicable suggestion for training either eye to become the "master" eye in preference to the other by the effort of a little "will power."

A very simple method of determining which is the "master" eye is as follows:

Hold up one's first finger at arm's length to cover a perpendicular line such as a tree in the distance or against the line of a blindcord, standing 5yds. or 6yds. from it, then by covering each eye separately one notices at once whether the left is the "master," and it will be found that with a little practice and concentration it is quite simple to make the right eye the "master" as I did many years ago.

Yours faithfully,
T. H. I. JERVOISE
(Major).

Herriard Park,
Basingstoke.

SIR,—I do agree with Mr. Herbert W. H. Green's letter in your issue of March 19th.

Have a gun that fits you, look at the bird, and your brain, feet and hands will do the rest.

Once you have picked your bird you should never see your gun.

Yours truly,
T. A. SUTTON.

Westlecott Manor,
Swindon, Wilts.



AUDACITY OF A YOUNG HERRING GULL
(See Letter "Herring Gull and Peregrine Falcon")

HERRING GULL AND PEREGRINE FALCON

SIR,—In your issue of March 19th you published a letter concerning a strange friendship between a herring gull and a cat.

I think the enclosed photograph will be of interest. This herring gull fell out of the nest at Birling Gap, and was taken home and kept as a pet. It has also made a friendship with a cat, and they have great games together. The latter usually bolts up a tree when the gull starts biting its tail.

The most amazing part about this strange pet is its brazen cheek. It thinks nothing of stealing food from the mouth of a peregrine falcon, as the photograph clearly shows! Before this habit was suspected, the peregrine became very thin and nearly died. It was only just in time that the gull's thieving propensities were discovered, and the peregrine was nursed back to health out of the reach of this attractive scoundrel.

Yours faithfully,
Purley, Surrey. D. N. DALTON.

STORMY PETREL INLAND

SIR,—It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that on Thursday, February 25th, I saw near here a stormy petrel. It was close to me when I first saw it as I was walking along the side of a small brook which runs into the River Nene. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and as it circled once round me I had a good view of it.

I believe it is occasionally seen in places near the coast, but I think it must be a very rare visitant so far inland. Yours faithfully,
Cotterstock Hall, ETHEL WICKHAM.
Oundle, Northamptonshire.

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Those readers of the *Field* who have taken an interest in Mr. Coward's recent article on bird protection have doubtless read the published reports of the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. It was amply shown that that body has assuredly done (and is still doing) good work in the cause, and their formation of sanctuaries in the London parks has met with the most gratifying results.

The most important remarks, however, were made by Lord Grey of Fallodon, who has the ear of all bird lovers, and every one will agree with him when he drew attention to the increasing interest taken generally in natural history and especially in bird life. Again, large numbers of people will also agree with him when he gave it as his opinion that the number of common birds was greater to-day than it had ever been, but unfortunately he was equally accurate when he asserted that our rare birds were in more danger than ever.

This is an old evil, and though some steps have been taken to ameliorate it, Lord Grey was correct when he said that in regard to rare birds the law was now far too weak. People still shoot birds on sight, and the egg collector does not always ask questions, and therefore many bird lovers will be of opinion "that the penalties should be greatly increased in the case of rare birds (and their eggs) and that a conviction should be made much easier."

The law requires simplification as well, and if the committee Mr. Coward has suggested could be formed and seriously get to work the preservation of rare birds and their eggs should be one of the first problems with which the members should be called upon to deal.

Yours truly,
Middlesex. BIRD LOVER.

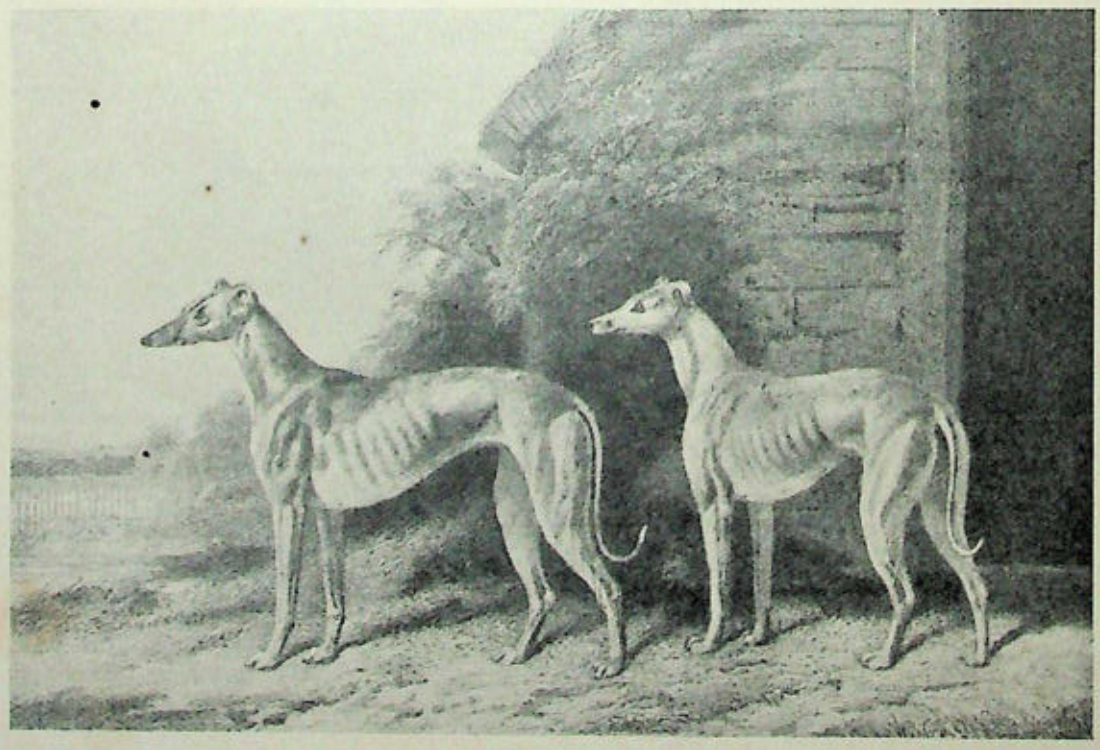
ENGRAVING WANTED

SIR,—I should be grateful if any reader of the *Field* could tell me where I might procure an engraving of the two greyhounds, Sarah Bate and Sedlitz. A reproduction from an engraving by E. Hacker appeared in the *Field* of September 30th, 1911.

I shall be very grateful for any assistance in my quest.

5, Altham Terrace, Yours truly,
Lincoln. W. H. ANSELL.

[We reproduce herewith the engraving to which reference is made.—ED.]



SARAH BATE AND SEDLITZ. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY E. HACKER
(See Letter "Engraving Wanted")

ORIGIN OF THE T.V. BEAGLES

SIR,—I was most interested to see in the issue of the *Field* for March 26th the excellent photographs of the T.V. Beagles at Gibraltar.

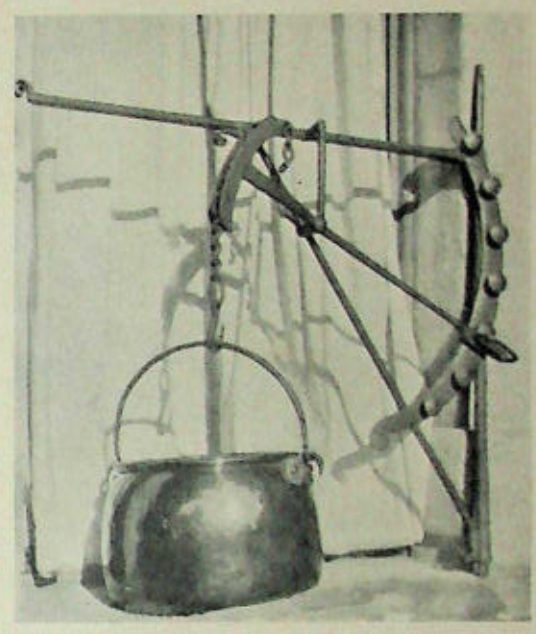
These beagles were not, however, started by either of the present Masters this season. The Conde del Rincon gave my stepbrother, Mr. F. Larios, of Monte de la Torre, Algeciras, two-and-a-half couple of beagles about three seasons ago. I think Comdr. Vivian presented a few more beagles to Mr. Larios, and the latter hunted the pack from Monte de la Torre until the Spanish crisis, when he handed over the Mastership to the present Masters, for economical reasons.

I shall be grateful if you will publish this letter and settle for all time the origin of this pack, and give the Conde del Rincon and Mr. Larios the credit which I feel is due to them.

Yours truly,
Redlands Court, GERALD H. WILSON.
Highworth, Wiltshire.

ANOTHER OLD FIRE-CRANE

SIR,—Mr. R. A. Morris Marsham and readers who saw his letter and photograph entitled, "What is this?" may be interested to know that the "curious implement" is a particularly nice example of an old pot-hook. I enclose a photograph of one I have, showing how it would be used. The ends of the upright bar on the right would fit into holes in the floor and roof of an open fireplace, and hinged in this way the pot could be swung on to or



THE POT-HOOK IN ACTION
(See Letter "Another Old Fire-crane")

clear of the fire, and at the same time raised or lowered by moving the handle between the knobs.

Yours truly,
London, W.C. 2. C. M. SCRUTTON.

[We have also to thank Mr. J. L. Luddington, Wallington Hall, King's Lynn, and Major D. Coles, Court House, Pewsey, Wilts, for similar information. The latter correspondent adds: "I myself managed to pick up one of these pot-hooks on March 19th off a scrap-iron heap!—before I had seen your paper of the week before. It is much more ornate, and really beautiful work. In this part of the world it is called, 'The flower never blooms'—I cannot imagine why!"—ED.]

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

SIR,—In your issue of January 16th, Lieut.-Col. Foley in his article on the Alpine Club disposes of the story that General Pelissier was the French officer who remarked of the charge of the Light Brigade, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

I have seen it ascribed to Canrobert, but, unfortunately, cannot verify the quotation.

Sir Evelyn Wood, in *The Crimea in 1854 and 1894*, says that General Bosquet made use of the expression. In his work on the Victoria Cross, *Britain's Roll of Glory*, D. H. Parry gives a detailed account of the manner in which the phrase was first used.

The Light Brigade rallied behind the Heavies, and Parry states that the French General Morris rode up to Troop Sergeant-Major Berryman, 17th Lancers, who had brought a wounded officer out of action and was then in rear of the Greys, and that it was then that Morris used the expression.

The 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique were the French regiment engaged at Balaclava, and Morris is presumably the man who commanded the regiment in Algeria some years previously.

Yours truly,
P.O., Commirsie Poort, O,F.S. G. TYLDEN.
South Africa.

EARLY SALADS AND VEGETABLES

SIR,—I have just returned from Portugal, where I have been enjoying a plentiful supply and variety of spring salads and vegetables. In the springtime these foods are valuable to all, and for securing a complete freedom from all scorbutic symptoms, are essential. During winter all our foods (even including milk, since the cows are not then pasture fed) are lacking in vitamins A, C and D.

In olden times our ancestors had so learned the value of spring leaves and shoots that their prescription for spring anæmias and skin eruptions consisted of herb teas, dandelion leaves, nettle tops, watercress, robin run-i'-th'-edge, etc., either cooked or raw.

It is not, however, necessary to import salads. We have nurserymen and market gardeners as skilled in England as in any land. By the use of glass and heat we can compete with the summer climates.

The 10 per cent. tax on these imports will neither increase their price nor diminish their availability for everyone. It will stimulate employment. It should cause acres of glasshouses to be erected and watercress beds to be laid down, and will increase the most valuable of all occupations—village and countryside employment. Fresh home-grown salads are always superior in value to those that have staled by days of transport from abroad. The call should be: "Eat more salads in spring and grow them at home."

Doddington Kent. Yours truly,
JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

SHOOTING WITH A LIGHT LOAD

SIR,—Mr. H. Barlow in your issue for January 23rd speaks of the poor killing power of the ordinary gun and its load. I quite agree that the modern gun is no better than those of 30 to 40 years ago. I wonder what was the secret of the boring of the Joe Manton guns used by Col. Hawker. In his diary he speaks of wonderfully long shots killing dead time after time. Now Manton's guns of his best flintlock period were nearly all in the neighbourhood of 20-bores. I have handled at least a dozen, and the largest was a fourteen. Was the secret 2 drams to 2¼ drams of black powder with 1oz. to 1¼oz. of shot?

If you look at any collection of powder and shot flasks you will notice that the powder tops commence at 2 and run up by half-dram to about 3 to 3¼, and practically the shot top was 1oz. to 1¼oz., there being seldom more than two shots for the cut off. Personally, I have killed dead at good distances more often with a 20 than with a twelve bore, even allowing for the difference of strength of youth and age, for I am now using my 55th certificate.

One thing about a flintlock—and I have shot rabbits with one fairly often—is the extraordinary comfort of the shooting. I suppose the touch hole most *convenient* weapon with which I have shot, but, out of sentiment and because I like the feel, I still occasionally take out the old 14 and I still can kill with it, having managed to down snipe and partridge at very full distances. What I do notice is that we seemed to kill dead more often in old days than the younger generation does now. I fancy we didn't shoot "at large" then, and kept to fair range and did not try "experimental" long shots so often.

Yours faithfully,
The Well House, Appledore, Kent. F. WILLIAM LOCK, M.D.

JUMPING WITH SADDLE OUT OF POSITION

SIR,—The enclosed remarkable photograph clearly shows the saddle (and rider) out of position owing to a loose girth. No fall, however, succeeded the jump, though three sharp bucks on landing showed the horse was hardly comfortable. A remarkable thing was that neither the rider nor an onlooker knew that the saddle had slipped. The photographer, of course, did not notice, as he was looking through the view-finder; hence the reason for the bucking was only found out on developing the film.

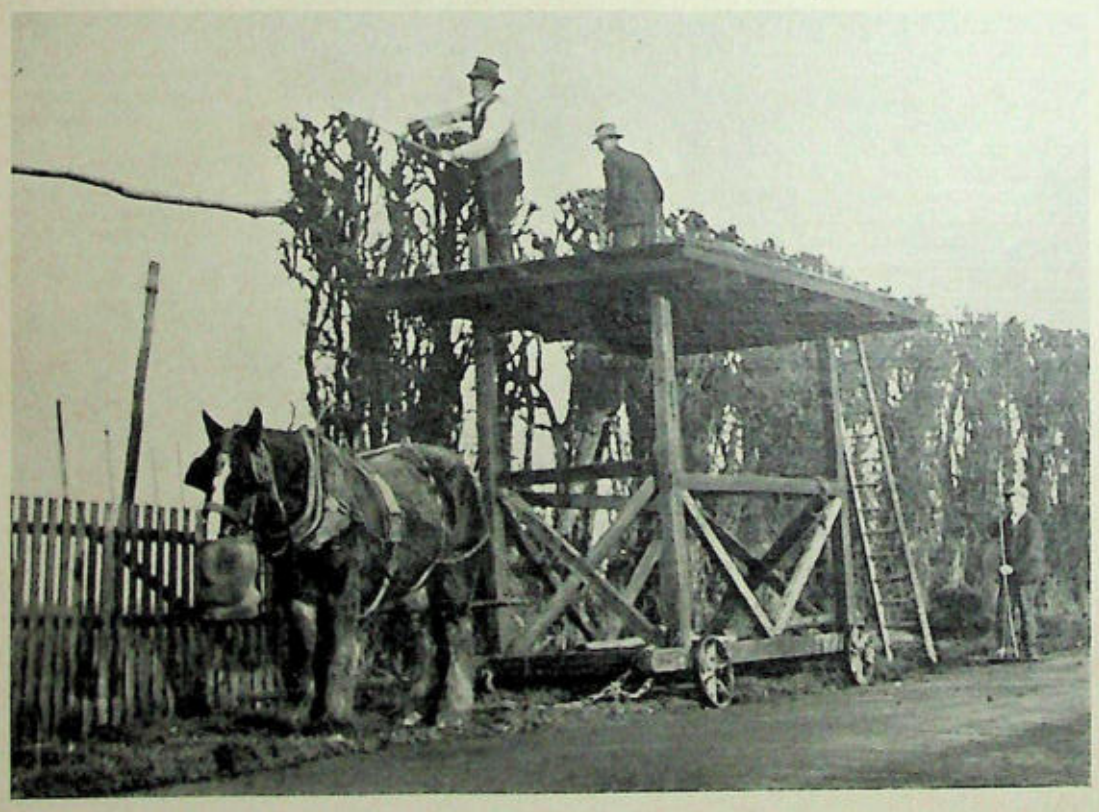


THE RIDER DID NOT KNOW HIS SADDLE HAD SLIPPED
(See Letter "Jumping with Saddle Out of Position")

Yours truly,
Burghwallis, Rotherham. P. H. COLLINSON.

WINTER WORK IN THE HOP YARDS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows one phase of winter work in the Herefordshire hop yards. The "stage" is a large platform, adjustable as to height and drawn by a very patient horse, from which to clip the high hedges grown to protect the hops. The man on the left is a remarkable worker; although he has lost his right hand and wears a hook in its place, he can do practically all the usual farm work, is a capable ploughman, and is here seen wielding the long hedging hook with perfect ease.



ON THE STAGE IN HEREFORDSHIRE
(See Letter "Winter Work in the Hop Yards")

Yours truly,
Hereford. M. W.

TREE FROGS IN WINTER

SIR,—Winter food for tree-frogs can be obtained by buying gentles, which soon hatch into flies if kept in a warm place. The flies should be kept in an insect breeding cage and fed on honey and water. A considerable number of flies of different species enter country houses for hibernation, and may be found in greatest numbers in spare bedrooms. Friends owning such houses can often come to the rescue in an emergency.

Baby tree frogs bred in confinement can be brought through the winter on fruit flies which are very useful also for baby chameleons, etc. These small flies can be obtained by exposing over-ripe fruit in a shady place during the months of August and September. If kept in suitable cages in a warm place, each cage containing a dish of banana, they will go on breeding steadily until the return of spring.

During the winter tree frogs should be supplied with moist turf on the floor of their cage into which they will retire and hibernate for long periods at a stretch, and at such times will neither feed much nor lose condition. Spiders, caterpillars and moths are eaten as well as flies.

If kept in a greenhouse, very young frogs must be protected from ants, which will attack and devour them while they are hibernating.

The Place House, Peasmarsh, Sussex. Yours truly,
TAVISTOCK.

A GRAND NATIONAL CANDIDATE OF THE 'FORTIES

SIR,—Mr. Gilbert H. Parsons's letter interested me. Cureall was bred, trained and ridden in the Grand National by my great-uncle, Mr. William George Loft, of Healing, Lincolnshire.

I have a coloured print of the horse with the owner up and the old groom, Crispe, standing near. The inscription at the foot is:

"Cureall"

Winner of the Grand National Liverpool Steeplechase 1845 ridden by the owner Mr. W. G. Loft of Healing near Grimsby Lincolnshire To whom this Print is most respectfully inscribed by his very obedient servant Rudolph Ackerman.

I have often heard Lincolnshire people talk about Peter Simple and what a wonderful horse he was. I believe he was the favourite for the National in 1845.

Yours truly,
The Heath, Stourport. A. D. CAPEL LOFT.

HOW DID HURDLE RACING ORIGINATE?

SIR,—Can any reader of the *Field* tell me how hurdle racing originated? According to Blaine in his *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*, the practice came into vogue about 1810, he himself being present at the "original frolic," which, however, soon became popular.

According to the authority just mentioned, the Prince Regent was beagling one day on Brighton Downs, when sport was bad. H.R.H. "wanted excitement," so proposed jumping matches over hurdles used for night folding the South Down sheep. Blaine himself took part in the fun, riding a three-quarter-bred mare, which performed so well that the Prince wished to buy her.

Our author candidly confesses he does not assert that "hurdle leaping" as an organised sport had not been practised before, but he adds that if it had he had never heard of it. Be that as it may, he wrote in his book. "This novel species of trying the nerves of riders and the power of their horses has since extended itself to many localities besides Brighton."

The *Sporting Magazine* for 1833 mentions a hurdle sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses not thoroughbred, that had never won any stakes or plate, to carry 12st. each, and to be the bona fide property of and ridden by gentlemen only. The course was one-and-three-quarter miles, and there were three leaps going out and three coming home, any horse following through a gap that a leading horse had made to be considered distanced.

The hurdles were stout black wattles which would bend but not break, and were placed as follows: the first near the distance post, the second 80 yards farther down in the flat, and the third another 80 yards lower down.

Is there any information about hurdle racing prior to Blaine's time? Yours faithfully,

London. E. P.

RARE BIRDS AND GUN LICENCES

SIR,—It is fairly safe to say that a large proportion of cases in which rare birds are shot is due to ignorance; that the delinquent regrets his action afterwards and would desist with a mild deterrent. For this purpose I suggest that every gun and game licence should have printed on it, in sufficiently bold letters, something as follows:

"It is a punishable offence to shoot a Rare Bird, large hawks included. Inability to see of what species a bird is will not be taken as an excuse, and is a good reason for not shooting it."

Surely this would be more appropriate as showing the limitations of the licence and more in the interests of the whole community, than the advertising of some commercial company, even if the latter does bring in a little money.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. BURROWES.

A CURE FOR CHICKEN-CHASING

SIR,—In reply to the question of curing a dog of hen-killing, in your issue of February 27th, I should like to give my experience in that line.

Some years ago I was given a bitch pup—a wire-haired foxterrier—eight weeks old. She was pure bred, super-intelligent and quickly became my constant companion.

At about three years of age she—Judy—took up hen-killing on a large scale and received similar treatment as described by your correspondent, and with equally negative results.

In despair my wife and I constantly discussed the problem and tried to find a home for the dog with friends.

We wrote letters and read the replies aloud to each other. All this in front of Judy, who listened in with downcast air. The more we talked of "finding the dog another home" the more downcast and miserable she became.

Of course, none of our friends wanted a chicken-chasing bitch, and she remained with us.

She never killed another hen nor did she ever attempt to do so.

Why she reformed I know not, but though I firmly believe she heard and understood what we said I do not expect anyone else to believe this theory.

Yours faithfully,

The Drove House, T. S. RENDALL.
Cranborne, Salisbury.

SIR,—Before your correspondent resorts to "Senex's" drastic suggestion, the owner of the Sealyham might try the following plan, which is said to be a certain cure for a dog that chases sheep, and therefore might be helpful in this case.

Tie the dog's legs together, so that he cannot free himself, and lie him down in the poultry yard. Leave him there, but the owner must be within sight, though concealed from dog and hens. Hens are very curious by nature, and they will probably, in a short time, come to investigate.

The dog, being helpless, will be thoroughly scared. It is necessary for some person to be at hand to prevent the possibility of the hens pecking at his eyes. A few well-placed pecks elsewhere on his anatomy would drive the lesson home. (Using this method to cure a dog of sheep running, great care has to be taken by the owner that the sheep, crowding round the dog, do not stamp on him.)

I note the Sealyham's owner has tried tying a dead hen round the dog's neck, but with no success. I wonder how long he left the corpse there? We used to leave the bird tied round the dog's neck literally for days, and I cannot remember the punishment ever having to be repeated.

Cossington Rectory, Yours truly,
Bridgwater. P. R. PRICKARD.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A Tame Snake Eagle.—I enclose a photograph of a Ceylon Snake Eagle, which may interest some of your readers. The bird was brought to us, when young by a coolie, and was kept for about



A NATIVE OF CEYLON
(See Letter "A Tame Snake Eagle")

ten days until it could fly. We then let it go. It grew quite tame during the short time we had it.—R. P. WALLACE TARRY, Craig Estate, Bandarawela, Ceylon.

Little Owls.—In regard to Mr. E. N. Lane's letter on little owls as pets, I should very much like one. Perhaps he, or another reader of the *Field*, would tell me where I could buy one, fairly young, and at a moderate cost.—PHILIP C. T. WILDASH.

White Lapwing.—A white "Green Plover" was shot by a farmer in this district at the end of March and given to me. Have you heard of another case, or is it a common occurrence?—C. P. PYMAN, Raithwaite Hall, Whitby, Yorkshire.

[White and cream-coloured lapwing have been occasionally met with.—ED.]

Escaped Deer.—Can any of your readers oblige with the address of an expert with a lasso? A Japanese deer, which escaped out of this park some two years ago, has lived ever since with a herd of cows, but defies all efforts at capture, and a lasso appears to be the only likely means of securing it.—THE EARL OF BRADFORD, Weston Park, Shifnal, Salop.

A March Hoopoe.—It may interest you to know that a fine specimen of the common European hoopoe has been regularly in my garden for the last five days (since March 25th). I believe it is a very rare visitor to Cornwall.—Wing-Commander T. O'B. HUBBARD, R.A.F. (Ret.).

[The date is unusually early, but readers will remember that a hoopoe was recorded from Cornwall on March 17th last year by Mr. C. J. Pike. The bird is a regular spring visitor and, if allowed, would remain to nest far more frequently than it does. —ED.]

Colliding Pheasants.—With reference to "Craster's" letter in your issue of March 26th, I remember that more than 30 years ago, at a covert shoot in Somerset, I was posted at the end of a small valley with high trees behind and on my right and left front. In the middle of a beat a cock pheasant, coming fairly high and fast, struck a tree on my right front and fell dead within a short distance, just as I was putting up my gun. He had not been fired at during the beat. He was trying to gain more elevation to clear the tall trees behind me and I suppose miscalculated.—Major L. ORDE (Retired), Twyford House, Alnmouth, Northumberland.

IN THE CITY

THE WAR LOAN PROBLEM—II.

BEFORE A HOLDER of War Loan 5 per cent. stock can arrive at any conclusion as to the advisability of an exchange of his holding, it is, of course, necessary to consider the possibility of finding suitable alternative investments to return about the same percentage of income.

War Loan could at present be sold at £102¼, which price includes accrued interest from December 1st last, or £1 6s. 9d. net. The yield at the above price is £4 19s., and an exchange into any other British Government stock not standing at a very high premium over its redemption figure would necessitate the accepting of an income return reduced by about three-quarters of 1 per cent.

For those holders of War Loan who are confined, either by trust deed or otherwise, to investment in full trustee securities there is much to be said in favour of retaining their holding and awaiting events. Reasons were given last week for suggesting that when the offer of conversion is actually made, holders of War Loan will in all probability be offered a substantial inducement to convert in the form of a price concession. Allowing for this bonus on conversion, and the expenses of buying and selling, it seems doubtful whether stockholders would acquire their longer dated British Government stock materially cheaper by selling their War Loan now and reinvesting the proceeds in, say, Consolidated 4 per cent. stock at the current price of about £94½, than by awaiting the conversion offer.

EXPRESSIONS OF OPINION

It should always be borne in mind that should some unforeseen catastrophe occur, which would have the effect of rendering a conversion scheme impossible for the time being, War Loan would fall in price by a much smaller percentage of its current value than that of the longer dated stocks.

It would almost seem, therefore, that there is not sufficient to gain by the exchange of War Loan into another British Government stock to render such an exchange worth while on the basis of current price levels.

Still considering the case of those who are limited to investment in trustee securities, there is, of course, always the alternative of an exchange into a home railway debenture stock, which can still be bought to yield about the same return as War Loan. On several occasions in the past the view has been expressed in these notes that whatever the future may hold for the ordinary stockholders of British railways, the debenture stocks are most unlikely to cause any anxiety to their holders. This view is based partly on the very substantial margin with which the interest on the debenture stocks was earned in such a year as 1931, and partly on the national importance of the railways. (See the *Field* of March 12th.)

An exchange of War Loan into Indian Government securities could hardly be advised in view of the probability that disturbances of one kind or another will occur in that country from time to time, which may cause the holders of Indian stocks a certain amount of anxiety, and still less could an exchange into an Australian, New Zealand or South African Government stock be advised in view of the less satisfactory security.

THE CONCLUSION

In attempting to offer any very definite advice to holders of War Loan, one is forcibly reminded of the gentleman who was sent to a distant land in order to offer advice to his firm as to the probable market course of a certain commodity. Having studied the subject as closely as possible for some considerable time, he pencilled a wire: "Whatever you do will be wrong; act at once."

It would seem, however, that investors who are limited to investment in trustee securities would at least be following a well-considered course of action if they decided either to retain their holding of War Loan, or to exchange all or some part of it for, say, the 4 per cent. debenture stock of either the Southern or London Midland & Scottish Railway, provided such an exchange would not result in an unduly large proportion of their capital being invested in railway securities.

Those holders of War Loan who are not handicapped by an out-of-date investment clause—such as the Trustee Act of 1925—and who wish to be rid of further worry, would probably be well advised to accept every opportunity of exchanging their holding for a long dated debenture stock of a British industrial or public utility company of the very highest class, whenever such an exchange can be effected without material loss of income.

PACTOLUS.



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SUCCESS

EVERY keen angler knows that there are days when success eludes him. How often one hears the remark, "Somehow everything went wrong. For one thing, I wasn't feeling very fit . . ." That is the secret—one must be in perfect physical trim if hand and brain are to give their best at the critical moment. Let ENO be your aid to good fishing. Just a "dash" of the famous saline in a glass of water every morning will do much to ensure a full measure of pleasure from your sport.

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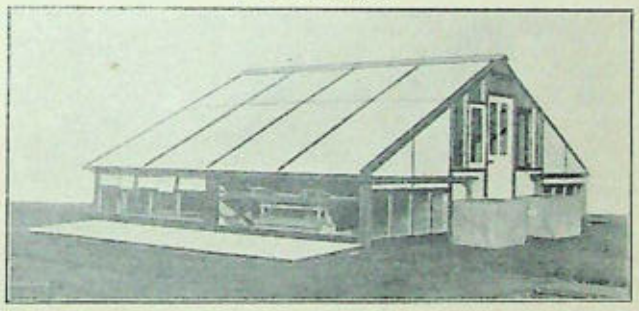
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THREAD LINE SALMON FLIES

Some examples of the special fly-like lures which Mr. Wanless suggests for use with light spinning tackle instead of the usual revolving baits.

From "The Angler and the Thread Line." By Alexander Wanless. (Herbert Jenkins)

THE USE OF TACKLE AND FLIES

Three New Books for Anglers

WHY IS IT that lake fishing is "nothing accounted of" in this country? Jock Scott, who has produced an excellent little volume devoted exclusively to this branch of the sport, suggests that it is "unfashionable"; but that suggestion implies that at one time lake fishing was in vogue, whereas now the swing of the pendulum has carried it out of public favour. It is difficult to believe from a study of angling literature, that lake fishing has ever been popular in this country south of the Border; and even north of it, or in Ireland, it is probably only the presence of salmon and trout which has brought the lochs into favour.

Perhaps the weariness of that apparently aimless casting into a waste of waters when the fish are not feeding has impressed fishermen with the belief that the skill required is small, and to most anglers their own dexterity in handling the rod is at least a measurable part of their pleasure in the sport.

TRAINING FOR LAKE FISHING

But the belief is not really well founded. Admittedly the manual skill required on a lake is less than that on a river, but the need for knowledge of the fishes' habits and probable feeding grounds, and the tactics to be employed, are just as important in lake as in river fishing. Jock Scott has done a real service to anglers in producing his little book. He has covered the ground thoroughly—tackle and methods and boats (with some very useful suggestions on the best way to manage a boat by oneself), fly fishing, spinning, trolling and the rest, and incidentally, of course, gives many pointers on where to find the fish in a lake—always the most difficult problem which confronts the still-water fisherman.

Among the "methods" he makes a suggestion, not altogether novel, perhaps, for it has been touched upon by writers before, but sufficiently unusual to be worth a mention, and incidentally a word of support—it is that would-be anglers should train for their sport. Nearly all tackle manipulation, even the swing out of a float, requires delicate muscular control if it is to be performed neatly and efficiently—and do we know how often a prospective fish is lost by some apparently trivial blundering?—which practice away from the water (and its inevitable enticement for the fisherman's mind) would improve, as often as not, almost out of recognition. Jock Scott's suggestion is one we can heartily commend.

SPINNING FROM A BOAT

Another, also rather unusual, method, with which he deals is the short rod for spinning from a boat. There is no more attractive implement for boat fishing (and one might add also for wading) than these 5ft. or 6ft. overhead casting rods, which will flick a light spinning bait into a hand's breadth of bay and make a longer cast than can be used effectively in fishing. Jock Scott, we notice, seems to assume that some form of multiplying reel must be used with these rods. They are quite unnecessary. A 2½in. to 3in. light Nottingham type reel, which can be used under the rod, not only gives a better balance for casting, but avoids that annoying loss of delicacy in playing a fish which is an apparently unavoidable defect of the multiplier.

ARTIFICIAL FLIES

A book on fly tying by a professional is sure to have appreciative readers. There is a feeling that a man in the tackle business will have trade secrets to give away, and that one will find "tips" of which the ordinary amateur is ignorant. The feeling is quite unreasonable, and Mr. Bernard does not give away any secrets for the simple reason that there are none to give away—none, at all events, which would be of any service to the amateur fly tier—but he does give some very practical instructions in fly tying which should enable anyone who knows, roughly, how flies are constructed to make his own flies.

That they will not be the finished product turned out by the professional tier goes without saying—artistry in fly tying, like anything else, comes only with long practice—but that counts for little in the capture of fish; a very roughly tied specimen is often more successful than a highly perfect fly.

The feature of the book is the detailed list of dressings. Mr. Bernard gives standard dressings for over 500 flies. This will be a great boon. One so often remembers that the dressing of some particular fly was given *somewhere*, and the subsequent hunt through bookshelves and files is a part of angling which many of us would fain do without. Mr. Bernard's hundred and forty odd pages of dressings will make his a useful volume for reference.

THE ATTRACTION OF LIGHT TACKLE

Mr. Alexander Wanless has established himself as the particular prophet of what he has happily termed "thread line fishing"—fishing, that is to say, with the very fine silk lines or gut substitute which have been brought to a high state of perfection within the last few years.

This is his third volume on the subject, the two former ones, *The Science of Spinning for Salmon and Trout* and *The Modern Practical Angler*, have already been noticed in our columns; this new one, *The Angler and the Thread Line*, follows along much the same lines. The underlying idea of all these books is that our methods are becoming stereotyped, and that it is time anglers broke away more from convention and used methods which would bring them better results in the way of captures—they are based, in fact, on the perfectly sound principle that anglers go fishing to catch fish.

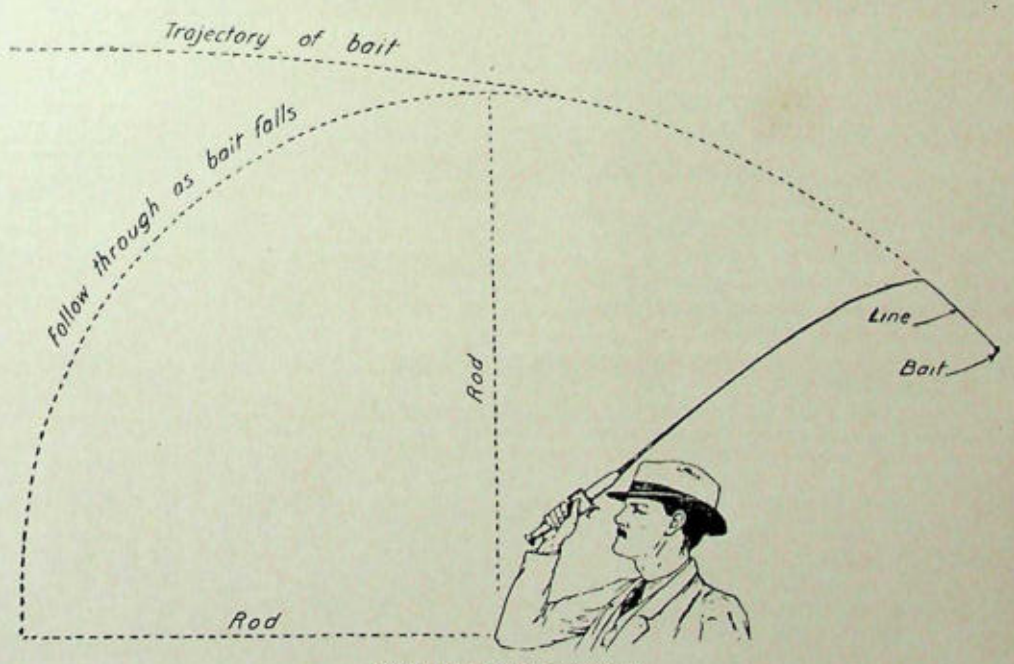
Mr. Wanless has been accused of being a revolutionary, but most of his suggestions are not in themselves new; he is simply applying methods of fishing well known among coarse fishermen in the South, and applying them to the capture of salmon and trout. There is no great harm in that—what is sauce for the perch may very well be sauce for the sea trout.

"FIXED SPOOL" V. REVOLVING DRUM

But we wish he would not ride his particular hobby horse so very hard. Some years ago he discovered how easy it was to cast with a "fixed spool" reel—a reel that casts "from the coil" instead of from a revolving drum—and he finds this ease of casting so advantageous that he proclaims reels of this type to be the only ones worth consideration. No doubt if you throw enough virtues at a reel some of them will stick, but a better balanced view of the tackle would be much more persuasive.

Three-quarters of the casting virtues of light tackle lies in the line. With a "fixed drum" type of reel a very light line *must* be used, but there is nothing to prevent these light lines being used with the more ordinary type of revolving reel, and when so used there is nothing in the way of casting which one reel can do which the other cannot.

The particular reel which Mr. Wanless himself favours has been on the market for a great many years—fifteen, or not far short of it—and both its virtues and defects are certainly well enough known to one generation of anglers. Had it been the perfect instrument which his fancy paints, it would have ousted all other reels a decade ago.



OVERHEAD BAIT CASTING

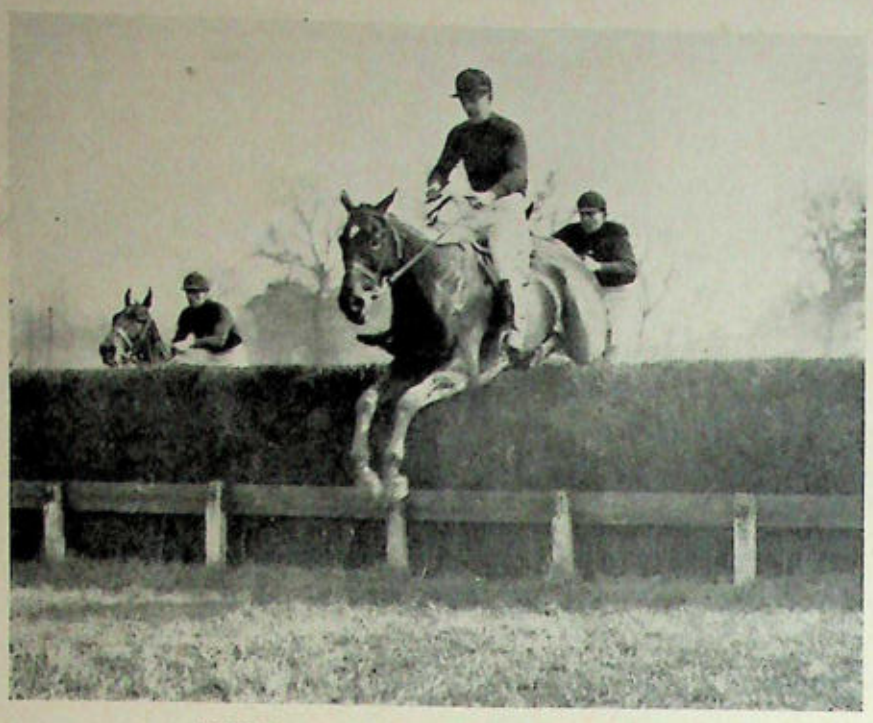
Diagram from Jock Scott's "Lake Fishing" in which he recommends the overhead cast for lakes.

Lake Fishing: For Salmon, Trout and Pike. By Jock Scott. (Routledge, 7/6 net.)

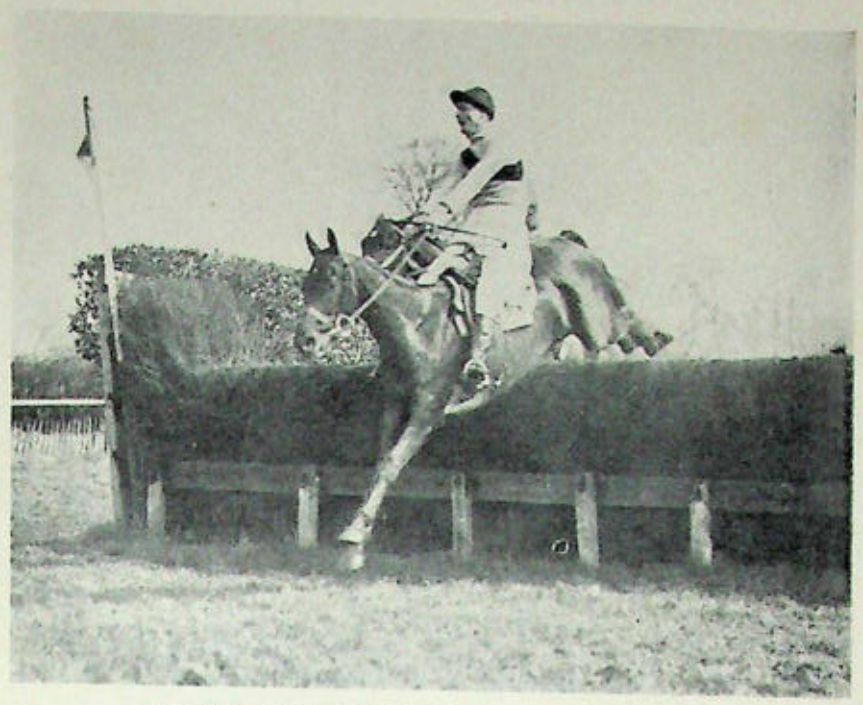
Fly Dressing. By J. Bernard. Illustrated in colour and line. (Herbert Jenkins, 7/6 net.)

The Angler and the Thread Line. By Alexander Wanless. (Herbert Jenkins, 7/6 net.)

RIVALRY IN THE SADDLE AT HAWTHORN HILL



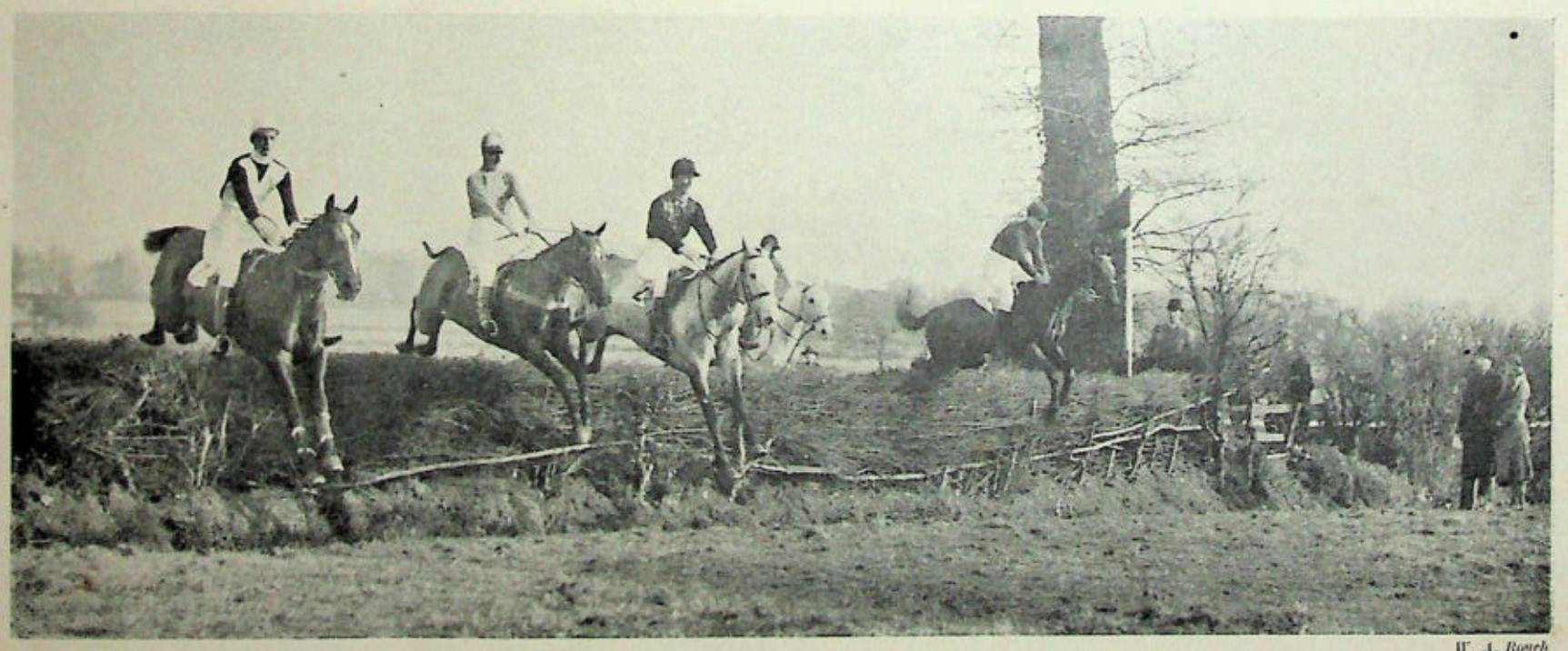
WINNING THE LIFE GUARDS CHALLENGE CUP
Major E. J. L. Speed and Argoman drawing away to win from Young William and Mephistopheles



A NARROW VICTORY IN THE COLDSTREAM PLATE
Mr. J. Anstruther-Gray and Upper Deck leading Mistletoe Bough over the last fence

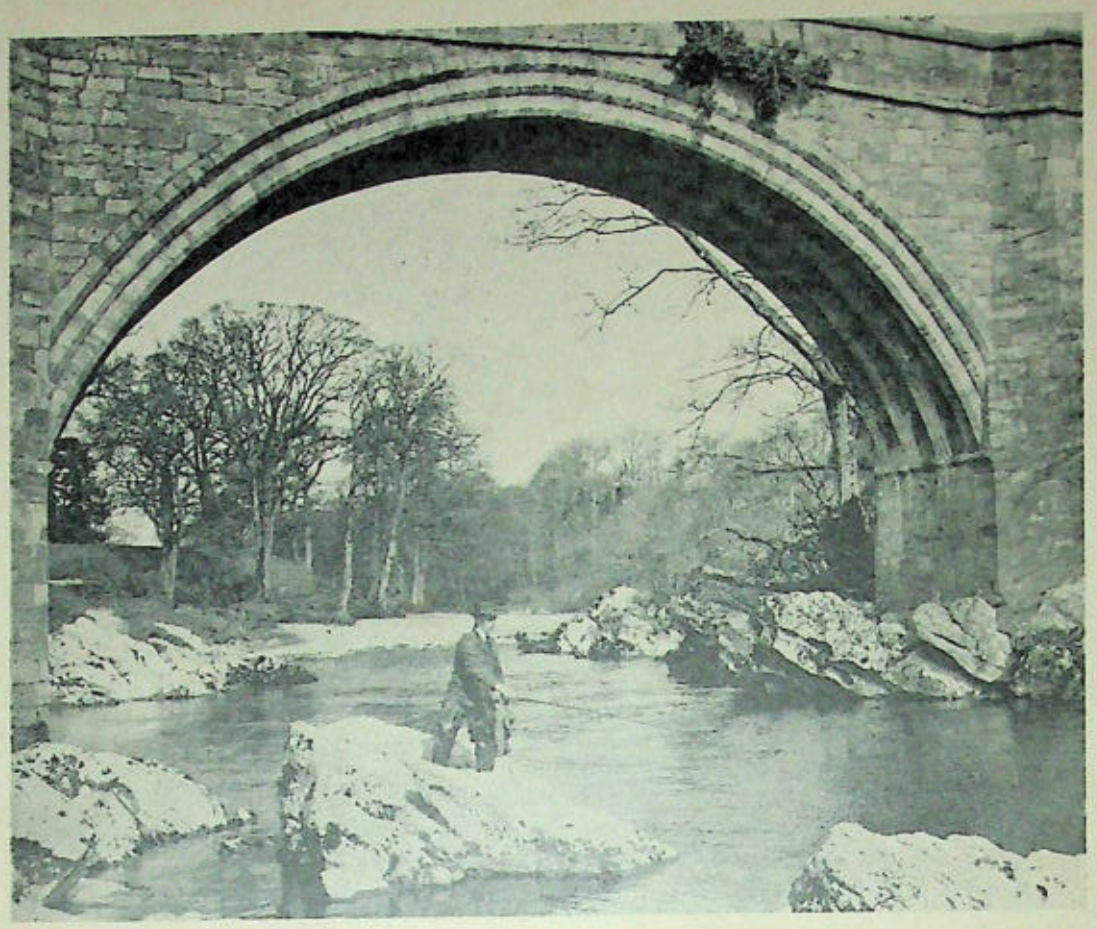


NOTHING TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM
On the right is seen Marycourt, ridden by her owner, Mr. E. J. H. Merry, winning the Royal Horse Guards Regimental Cup from Contemplation and Ciren II.



W. A. Rouch

THE FIRST FENCE—WHERE POSITIONS ARE SCHEMED FOR
Hector IX. well placed from Armistice II. and Snowflake V. Ridden by Major J. R. Aird, Hector IX. won the Grenadier Guards Challenge Cup by six lengths



TROUTING IN WESTMORLAND
On a reach of the Lune near Kirkby Lonsdale. There is a two-mile ticket water here

THE FLY ON THE WATER—II.

Caddis and Moths—The Importance of Diptera

By MARTIN E. MOSELY

ENOUGH OF THE DUNS AND SPINNERS; we will pass on to the next important group, the sedges or caddis flies. There are only two kinds of insect with which a caddis fly can be confused—the one is the moth and the other the alder. The moth is only an occasional and accidental visitor to the water, and may be disregarded as furnishing a pattern for an artificial fly. It is distinguished from the caddis fly by its powdery coating of scales, which come away so easily from the wings. The wings of the caddis fly, instead of being covered with scales, are sometimes clothed with fine hairs, not readily detached, or else they may have an oiled paper, parchmenty (if I may use such a word) appearance, with more or less of a brownish pattern. As examples of the hairy-winged caddis fly I would instance the Black and the Brown Silverhorns, which are also easily recognisable by their immensely long antennæ, and the oily-winged group is well represented by the Cinnamon Sedge.

THE WELSHMAN'S BUTTON

Sometimes a caddis fly appears in enormous numbers on the water as, for instance, the grannom, which is a small yellowish-grey fly of more use to the fish than to the fisherman, as the trout generally bulge to the nymph as it is coming up to the surface and are soon too gorged to take any notice of the artificial. The female of this fly is frequently seen carrying a bunch of green eggs at the extremity of its abdomen and is, in consequence, often known as the green tail. Another well-known caddis fly is the Welshman's button, whose name in all probability originally was applied to some beetle.

I have pointed out how these flies may be distinguished from moths, and it remains to describe the alder, with which they are often confused. The alder is a brown fly with a humped-back appearance. It is usually seen motionless on the grasses or sedge bordering rivers and lakes, sometimes busy laying eggs in broad brown patches. Its wings are semi-transparent, with very strongly-marked veins. They do not bear scales, nor are the hairs on them conspicuous. Its colour is a dark rich brown, and it has not the oily appearance of the clear-winged caddis fly.

Other flies with which we may concern ourselves are the stone flies, or needle flies, which include the big stone fly, whose nymph is the creeper, the yellow sally (but not the little yellow May dun), the willow fly, the February red and numerous small flies termed indiscriminately needle flies.

All this group may be distinguished by the long narrow wings (except in a few species in which the wings of the males are abbreviated), folded flat or rather curled over the back and generally extending beyond the end of the abdomen. In the case of the yellow sally, the wings are yellowish and there are two other stone flies of the same colour, but much smaller. All the others are browns of various shades, some darkening to almost black.

Sometimes the air is full of these little insects, and Mr. Eric Taverner has aptly likened their appearance in flight to miniature Handley Pages.

It is unnecessary for me to give a description of the beetle family, which provides on certain lakes and reservoirs at certain times the bulk of the trout's floating food. They are so well known to everybody that they require merely a passing reference.

Certain of the diptera or two-winged flies are of much importance. Many are water-bred and deserve a welcome recognition. Chief of these are the *Chironomidæ*, or midges. There is a mistaken idea that they bite. It is a fallacy. It is a false accusation, and they have not the wherewithal for such evil practices. They must not be confused with the gnats, which do possess a complete set of swords, stilettos, etc. No, the midges neither bite nor sting. They often appear in great numbers on lakes and other still waters and may be recognised by their very short wings in comparison with their sometimes very bulky bodies (as, for instance, *Chironomus tentans*).

A HATCH OF HAWTHORN FLIES

They are generally of three colours, black, greyish olive or a vivid emerald green. The males carry feathered antennæ, and the thorax is rather humped. Diptera which again need no description, are the daddy-long-legs, some of which are water-bred; but if the fisherman should one day observe swarms of a fly resembling a miniature daddy crawling about on the sand or gravel by the edges of a stream, he will probably be regarding the gravel bed. Again, if in April he sees numbers of a large black fly slowly flying round the branches of the trees and bushes with long legs stretched stiffly out beneath, in all probability he is witnessing a hatch of hawthorn flies.

Lastly must be mentioned the winged ants, which are chiefly noticeable on lakes and reservoirs. They belong to the order of the *Hymenoptera*, and need no further mention. Many other members of this order are found from time to time on the surface of the waters.

Enough has been written here to give a slight idea of the types of fly the trout fisherman may see, and careful observation should enable him to make a judicious selection from his fly-box, a selection which need not be too far from the "fly on the water." The modern selections, given us by the fly-dresser, cover not only all flies that are likely to be found, but many which could, under no circumstances occur on the water, and some even, to which the slow process of evolution has not yet arrived.

THE TAILER'S DUMMY

How the General Lost the First Fish of the Season

A GRAND DAY, and the water just as it should be, so C. and his father, the General, started off complete with rods, tackle, a tailer (for gaffs were "verboten") and adequate lunch arrangements, to have a shot for a salmon.

After due preparations and preamble and a certain amount of hard language all was ready, and they separated to their respective fancied stretches of water. The fishing followed much the usual course—alarms and excursions of all kinds, both pleasant and otherwise—until a yell from the General made C. drop everything and nip downstream for a couple of hundred yards as hard as he could leg it. Sure enough, there was the General into quite a good fish, so C. got ready with the tailer and prepared to be a dutiful son; in due time the fish was carefully brought to the edge of a shelving shingle beach and C. mustered all his skill, slipped the tailer into position and the trick was done.

But was the trick done? Not a bit of it! Without any warning or fuss the tailer stopped tailing, having snapped at the loop!

C., being what the daily papers humorously call a "professional soldier," was game for all dangers, fishy and otherwise, so he promptly hurled himself flat on the still very active salmon. No luck; just when he did the hurling part the fish "sold him the dummy" and went elsewhere, the elsewhere being six inches of river water.

C., stout fellow, heaved himself up and, with a cry of (more or less) "Death before dishonour!" fell with a splash that could be seen for miles into the water and on to the salmon, which last he clasped in a loving embrace. As fish, however, are by nature slippery and streamlined, capture did not follow on this heroic measure, and the last that was seen of the precious fish was a shapely form lying for an hour or so, probably somewhat out of breath, under the far bank.

A FAIR MEASURE OF PRAISE

A very wet and disconsolate C. rose out of the shallows spluttering regrets and sympathy and expecting a fair measure of praise. Again—not a bit of it! The General poured over his dripping head a stream of abuse of a variety hitherto undreamed of, and finished up by condemning him as a half-witted goat.

"But," yelled C., "why, if you didn't want me to try to land your accursed fish for you after your doubly accursed tailer broke, did you roar encouraging cries at me while I struggled with situations that would have stumped Hercules?"

"I didn't" bellowed the General. "What I was trying to knock into your fat head was, that until you fell on the fish the second time it was still firmly attached to my line!"

A BIG NILE PERCH

Six-and-a-half Hours' Excitement

A FISH WAS HOOKED at 2.45, and was still going strong at sunset (6 p.m.). It had travelled just over a kilometre downstream and back to where it was hooked during that time. After sunset it went off steadily downstream and we stumbled along after it in the dark till we managed to get hold of a Petromax lantern, which saved the situation. A good many natives were watching by now, and speculation ensued as to what we had got. General opinion seemed to favour a crocodile. At 7.45 we had the first sight of it when the boy missed it with the gaff, and we saw that it was an enormous Nile perch. One hour and 25 minutes later, at 9.10 p.m., we had the fish in, completely played out, leapt upon it, and lugged it out, over 3 kilos downstream. Not a bad effort—six hours 25 minutes. Three hours later it weighed 106lb.; length, 4ft. 9½in.; girth, 3ft. 3in. It was caught on a 16ft. salmon rod, using fairly light tackle.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xii. and xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xv.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., iv. and vi.; "Pisciculture," pages xii. and xiii.

WHAT ARE THE MOVEMENTS OF GROUSE?

Every Prospect of a Good Season

ON SOME ROSS-SHIRE MOORS a considerable number of birds left before the end of last August and failed to return. In one case accidental over-stocking of sheep may have caused this, but not in other cases, where possibly the birds moved off higher into forests. These birds should have returned before December.

In order to try and ascertain whether there was ever any common increase of birds in August to early September, a number of keepers were written to widely separated in area and extending south as far as Fifeshire. Replies were interesting on many points, and especially so as many headkeepers had been on the same place for twenty or more years.

One stated that last season he had no increase in August, but in some seasons he *had* a very considerable increase which he could never account for, and this took place quite at the beginning of the season. In his area if storm packs of grouse passed in large numbers making south, on their later return they were then split up into very numerous small lots and passed flying north.

INFLUENCE OF FEED CONDITIONS

Another reported that a great many of his own birds moved in early August and went up into the forest and stopped there until October, when they came back, bringing the forest-bred birds with them.

One reported that although large packs up to 1,000 normally pass over his moors in late November, he has never yet seen them on return flight. Movement on his moors is not entirely guided by feed conditions, as his birds always move away while there still exists plenty of feed, and good feed too.

Another observed that last-season birds moved up early on to higher ground and that many moved right off his moors on to higher ground still, while a headkeeper wrote that in early August many very strong coveys appeared on high forest ground, remaining there unshot at owing to the deer, and vanishing in November. The same happened in 1930, but whence they came or where they went he has no idea. They were not from his lower moors and never came down to them; and he further points out that it is rare to see a grouse in the forest during the rest of the year.

LARGEST STOCK ON HIGHEST BEAT

One noted that the high portion had a very considerable increase in early September, but he had no diminution on his lower ground, and he already had a large number of his own on the high beats.

One mentions that a high beat, which was driven twice a week, never showed any diminution in birds seen on it up to the end. It was not a question of feed, as the lower ground had an abundance of feed, and a good aspect, with already a fair number of birds on it.

A headkeeper who has a large area running from 800ft. to a very considerable height (ptarmigan ground) mentions that it is nearly always unsafe to count on birds existing at the 800ft. level the last week of July to the first week of August, being there on the 12th, as they so frequently move up to mid-high beats for no adequate reason that he can see. The highest beat of all, in a good year, always has most birds on it, though feed conditions are not so good there as on lower ground below it.

RINGED BIRDS

Most of those who replied have been ringing young grouse under Professor Ritchie's (Aberdeen University) scheme, and his report should throw very interesting light on the movements of grouse. It is clear that a bird of the year moves considerable distances even by September 20th, as young birds were shot fifteen and eighteen miles away from where they were bred. Considering the very minute percentage ringed compared to those hatched and the law of average against those that are ringed being shot, it appears possible or probable that there exists far greater movement or quasi semi-migration of birds in the early part of a season than is presumed, and that this movement is in no way influenced by food conditions at that period or by wild wintry weather.

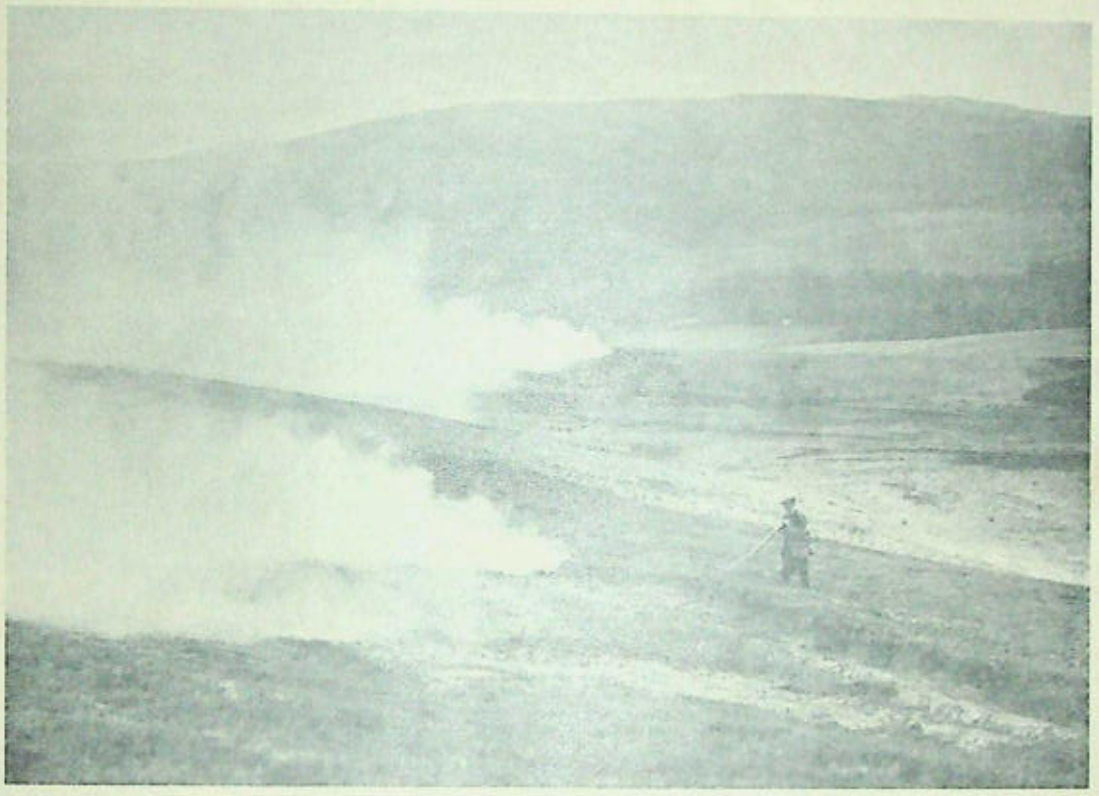
All replies comment on the exceptionally mild winter of 1932, with lack of deep snow. Birds are reported feeding right up to the tops, and there has been no invasion of lower moors by great packs of storm-driven birds, which so often spells disease to come. Grouse were reported as widely spread out everywhere, and the only risk appears to be that of too early nesting, often fatal when a late fall of snow comes in early May. The stock existing is spoken of as ample, in one case as excessive, but *if* there is no disease and all goes well with the weather, the season of 1932 has every prospect of being an exceptional one. If that turns out to be the case, it will be necessary to shoot moors very hard in order to reduce numbers to safer limits.

One cannot expect to have two mild open winters in succession; there is only one ending to a long hard winter, with generally speaking, a greatly excessive number of birds left on, say, October 12th. Any limit to a bag should be very elastic in such a case from a self-preservation point of view, as it is humanly impossible seriously to reduce grouse in late October to November, when birds are packed and moving about. X.

WOODCOCK SEASONS

Some Experiences in Southern Ireland

LENGTHY OBSERVATION of woodcock has left little doubt in my mind that a big percentage of these birds remain all the year round in any district where conditions are suitable to their needs.



BURNING HEATHER ON BOWHILL, SELKIRK, THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S ESTATE

Grouse depend for health on the constant supply of the young shoots of their staple food, heather or ling (Erica vulgaris). To ensure this supply, heather is periodically burned, and the season for this operation has just closed

These conditions may be summed up as follows:

(1) Ample feeding grounds near their summer and winter haunts.

(2) Mild climate.

(3) Attractively planted coverts with plenty of open spaces and swamps for shelter in cold and stormy weather in winter, and for nesting around in spring, surrounded by mountains and moorlands with high bracken and heather. Here woodcock can lie out in mild weather, and find that security and solitude necessary for them while moulting and rearing their young families in summer and autumn.

The past shooting season was not a very satisfactory one in some southern Irish districts because, owing to the mild weather, many woodcock remained out in the open country away from the coverts and, for the same reason, the influx of migrant woodcock from the north and colder districts was more uncertain and not so large.

In my own district (Kilkenny) few migratory woodcock arrived until December, and from then onwards only in small and scattered flights. I shot one wood, for example, early in November, and we got seven couple. Five nests were known to be in this small wood the previous spring, and all the shot birds were, in my opinion, home-bred. They were of the rufous type of plumage and some of them were undoubtedly young birds. Careful study over many years of this wood has shown me that the all-the-year-round woodcock population does not exceed twenty birds. Few migrants came to replace the shot birds, and when the wood was shot again before Christmas only three woodcock were obtained, one of which was of the grey and smaller type and which, I think, is a foreigner.

In January I shot over a mountain and in coverts in Tipperary. A fair number of 'cock were found lying out in the heather, but very few in the woods. The proportion of rufous to grey type of plumage among these birds was about four-one. Usually at this time of the year it is about equal except in hard weather, when the smaller, grey migrants may greatly outnumber the home-breds.

PREDOMINATING PLUMAGE

With restless birds like woodcock a certain amount of inter-breeding must occur in all districts; also migrants must replace the casualties among the home-bred population, but, in any Irish district where I have watched woodcock throughout the year, I am satisfied that the rufous type of plumage predominates among the home-breds, and that, as a rule, these birds are heavier than the foreigners.

I do not think it would be possible to draw any sharp distinction between home-bred and foreign woodcock in counties like Sussex or Hampshire. As the woodcock population is continually shifting, and shooting is much more intense than in Ireland, interbreeding must therefore frequently occur, and such districts do not provide the necessary conditions for all-the-year-round residence.

J. W. SEIGNE.

SCOLOPAX RUSTICOLA

Where the enchanter's nightshade grows unseen,
Deep in the forest, in a twilight green,
Broods the wise woodcock, where no footstep stirs,
Safe and serene among the junipers.

Two round black eyes, solemn and large and bright,
As with the secrets, veiled from us by night—
What are the mysteries you are pondering
In the wood's silent heart where no birds sing?

Good luck attend your lovely secret nest
And those four eggs you hide beneath your breast—
Good luck attend your long migration flight,
And grant fair passage, and a moon-lit night!

M. D. CAMERON.

North-Western Counties Field Trial Association.—We are informed that Mr. E. A. Walker, after many years valuable work as hon. secretary to this association, has resigned his position, and that Mr. H. Ogden, of "Sunnyside," Reedley, Burnley, has accepted the invitation of the committee to fill the position of hon. secretary and treasurer, and along with Mr. Walker has been elected as the society's delegate to the Field Trial Council.

WHEN THE LEFT EYE IS MASTER IN SHOOTING

Some Readers' Methods of Dealing With Their Difficulties

A PLEA FOR THE RISING GENERATION

I HAVE READ THE ARTICLE by "Blind Spot" in your issue of April 2nd with the greatest possible interest, and should like fully to endorse his opinion that the left-eyed shooter, using the ordinary slightly "cast-off" gun, cannot become anything but a poor performer. My experience of years ago was precisely similar to that of the writer of this article. The art of gunfitting in those days had not reached its present standard, and I could get no practical help from anyone; it was purely by chance that I found out that my left eye *was* master, and season followed season in, more or less, futile experiment to correct the trouble by means of covering, or shutting, the right eye, and every other dodge of which I could think.

The use of a "cross-eyed" gun has been the only way I have heard of hitherto to make even a moderate showing—and this, as "Blind Spot" suggests, is a clumsy and inconvenient makeshift. I should suppose that, in the case of one who does not wear glasses, a more or less satisfactory result might be obtained by wearing a plain-glass pair with the left eye treated as suggested? For the sake of the rising generation I should very much like your opinion. HALSALL.

Athenæum, Liverpool.

[One of the simplest remedies in the case of the left eye being the master is to block the vision of the left eye by a circular disc fastened to a leather sheath, which is slipped on to the left barrel of the gun near the breech.—ED.]

SHOOTING WITH THE HEAD ERECT

From my own experience, which covers 50 years, this trouble is an undeniable one with some sportsmen. Frosting a part of the glasses, or blotting out by some means the direct aiming power of the wrong eye is the best way of getting over the difficulty. But it is rather a nuisance to wear glasses if you do not need them, and shutting an eye has a tendency to make one slow and poke, besides limiting the vision.

I got over the difficulty, the left eye being the master, by changing over and shooting from the left shoulder, and I can assure others, and certainly if in their younger days, that the awkwardness felt at first is soon got over. A few minutes' daily practice in one's room in handling the gun will make one quite proficient, and to be able to shoot from either shoulder on occasions is useful, especially with a rifle.

I am not agreed with Mr. Green's statement that the right system is to shoot with the head erect, by which I infer that the face is kept well above the stock; I believe the exact contrary, and that the cheek should be brought well down; nor does this involve any apparent aiming along the barrels, or sighting on the game, as with a rifle at a standing object. In actual shooting one is quite unconscious of the gun barrels or the sight.

Egton Bridge, York. SWING THROUGH.

A SUCCESSFUL CHANGE-OVER

I have been very interested in the question of the left master eye at shooting which has been raised in your columns. I have a solution to offer which I do not think has been mentioned as yet, but which has proved completely successful in my own case.

When I first bought a gun the gunmaker, finding I had a left master eye, recommended me to shut it when shooting. I found this very difficult to do, though accustomed to rifle shooting, and I always shot extremely badly. As others have pointed out, to use one eye only causes evils which would account for the lack of improvement.

One day I was out shooting with a friend who, having defective vision in his right eye, shot from his left shoulder. He suggested I should change over as in his case, though not left-handed, he had found no difficulty in doing so. I took his advice and found that I immediately began to kill birds. Since then I have always shot from my left shoulder with both eyes open. I did so at first with a gun of which the stock had the usual small cast for normal right-shoulder shooting. This has now been changed. A gun used from the left shoulder of course comes to the same thing as one used from the right shoulder with a very bent stock. It brings the left eye looking along the line of the gun barrels which, as a result, follow the eye.

The first remark always made to me when I tell this story is, "I couldn't possibly shoot off my left shoulder." This I do not always believe. People who lose their right arm become expert with the left hand, often very quickly. In my own case I have absolutely no ambidextrous or left-handed tendencies whatever, yet I found the change over to the left shoulder absurdly easy. In half an hour I had forgotten I had ever used my right shoulder at all.

The only alteration required in the gun is a change of cast in the stock which is, of course, an easy matter; I have never found any difficulty in reloading, using the left thumb to open the lever.

I should consider that to have to wear spectacles for shooting only, with their annoying habits of getting mislaid and broken, a more serious objection than to learn to shoot off the left shoulder. Further, if the master eye alters it is quite easy to change over to the right again, either temporarily or permanently.

I therefore seriously recommend this solution of the difficulty which, though possibly not applicable to one who has shot a vast amount, I feel is the most suitable one for the moderate shot and particularly for the novice. SAPPER.

Staff College, Camberley.

HOW DO THE GREAT MASTERS AIM?

I am much obliged to "Blind Spot" for his reply to my letter, and I must freely confess that when I spoke of this discussion as "perfect piffle" I spoke too hastily. What I meant was that the discussion seemed to me quite unnecessary, as the difficulty of a left master eye could be cured by a different and more correct method of aiming, without the trouble of special spectacles.

"Blind Spot" objects to my analogies drawn from cricket and squash, because he says the players are not "looking along a tube" in order to strike the ball. But the whole point of my letter was that a shooter ought not to look along a tube.

I suppose we are all accustomed to speak from our personal experiences. When I began shooting, now seventy years ago, I used to look along the tubes, and, as all shooting then consisted of dogging or walking up, I got along pretty well; but when driving began I found myself quite out of it, and soon commenced to shoot by the feel of the hands alone.

Will not some of the great masters of the art of shooting—men who can fire four, or even six, effective barrels at a covey—tell us how they aim?

Bidford House, Leamington. HERBERT W. H. GREEN.

AN ACCIDENTAL SOLUTION

As a regular reader of your paper, I notice many discussions of late in regard to the master eye in shooting. Shooting has always been my favourite sport, and I have done a good deal of it, both with gun and rifle, at home and abroad, since I took out my first game licence in 1875, and friends have been good enough to say that I hold straighter than the average even now.

About 1886 I began to find my shooting going off, especially at birds going straight away or crossing to the right, and as the gun came up, I was seeing along the whole left side of the barrel and, of course, shooting to the left of everything shot at. I had become strongly left-eyed.

I have always shot with both eyes open. I tried many schemes, but they were all unsatisfactory as making one slow, and rabbits crossing a narrow ride, or twisting woodcock and snipe do not give much time for alignment of a gun.

Then by accident came the solution, and a very simple one it was—just tilting the peak of one's cap to the left, so as to *slightly shade the left eye*. This at once restores the mastery of the right eye when shooting with both eyes open. There are no gadgets in this method, and one can at once adjust one's cap to suit the day and light by throwing up the gun to get alignment, and the right eye then guides this.

I am afraid that I cannot agree with Mr. Green's rather didactic letter in your issue of March 19th. A gun is not a cricket bat, nor a racket, to my mind, and yet I played cricket a good deal in my younger days, and was in my school rackets pair for Princes till illness intervened at the last moment.

If the whole art of shooting is in "looking at the bird, swinging with it, and following on," how beautifully simple. Why is a bird ever missed? I should have thought that alignment of barrels, and footwork had a good deal also to do with success, or why does one so often miss snipe in soft tussocky ground?

As I am a believer in the importance of the master eye, and do look along my barrels when there is time to do so, such as in the case of grouse coming in low about the level of one's head, or a pigeon sitting in a tree, I ought, according to Mr. Green's theory, never to have become "either a good, quick or safe shot." But in 1878 while still at school, I killed 34 snipe with 35 cartridges, missing the first bird with my first barrel, but killing him with my second; and in 1902, in a shoot in England, I got 75 pheasants with 93 cartridges, as my host told me afterwards (I did not count the cartridges myself); I was standing back, and the birds were breaking back downhill. I had a loader and two Winchester repeating guns, and the rise lasted about ten minutes.

About five years ago in the November migration of pigeons here, I bagged 171 and a sparrow hawk with 250 cartridges over decoys on a stubble. This was my biggest day at pigeons, and I knew the number of cartridges, as I ran out of them, or might have had a larger bag. I merely quote these occasions as contrary to Mr. Green's doctrine.

It is quite true that one cannot handle a shot gun like one does a rifle, and shoot quickly and decently, but I feel sure that where the right eye is the master eye, whether naturally or made so by some expedient, it truly controls the alignment of the barrel, whether one is conscious, or unconscious of looking along the barrel, and using the front sight or not, with both eyes open. Y.

Queen's Co.

HOW A LEFT-HANDER BECAME RIGHT-HANDED

I read with interest the controversy with regard to the master eye. Without venturing an opinion where experts disagree, perhaps my experience may be of some comfort to those who do not wish to be bothered with artificial aids.

My left eye is the master eye. From my first airgun as a child up to about eighteen years old I shot from my left shoulder, but, finding that at shooting parties other guns looked askance at the apparent clumsy left-handed way of handling a gun, I decided to teach myself to be right-handed.

I could not afford a new gun, so taught myself, during a close season, with the same gun and clay pigeons. I shoot with both eyes open and head upright. I think if one concentrates on the bird and does not worry about whether one is holding far enough ahead or swinging correctly, but has the "will to hit," one manages to shoot well enough to hold one's own in most places.

Furzetor, Horrabridge, S. Devon. Col. M. C. COLLIER.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

Early Dates Despite Cold Winds

NO ONE who has kept a record of the arrival of migrant birds in spring can have failed to notice the remarkable fidelity of most species to their accustomed dates of appearance, no matter whether the season be early or late.

Thus Mr. R. L. Vernon writes that at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, the first influx of willow wrens must have arrived during the night of April 9th, for on the 10th the garden was full of them, and there had not been a sign of one the day before. There had been a strong S.W. gale, with driving rain, all night on the 9th. Last year, Mr. Vernon continues, they arrived on April 9th with the wind S.W. In 1930 they also arrived on April 9th, but with wind W.

This, however, was not the first record of the willow wren. Earlier reports were published in last week's *Field*, and another is now to hand from Bideford, North Devon, where Mr. E. C. Hope Hall noted their arrival on April 5th.

The sand martin, usually the first of the swallow-birds to arrive, was first reported by Mr. W. Turvill, who saw one flying over the River Isle at Ilminster, Somerset, on March 28th. On April 4th, Mr. W. L. Addison saw several, in company with swallows, while fishing on the Taw, near Eggesford; on the 5th, Mr. L. G. Collett saw one at Whitney-on-Wye, Herefordshire; and on the 7th, Mr. C. G. O. Bond noted them at Frensham Ponds, in Surrey.

Only one record of the cuckoo is yet to hand; from Mr. R. W. Hayman, who saw and heard one on April 11th, on Wimbledon Common, Surrey.

The following are additional records of the swallow: April 1st, Whitchurch, Hants (Fredk. J. Waydelin—"the earliest date I have record of here in twelve years"); April 4th, Eggesford, Devon (W. L. Addison); April 10th, Beccles, Suffolk (R. Morton, jun.); April 11th, Wiveliscombe, Somerset (Col. S. Capper).

Additional records of the chiffchaff are: March 25th, Ravenglass, Cumberland (Walter Marchant); March 29th, Mallow, Co. Cork (C. A. Webb).



Charles Brown

THE ULLSWATER HOUNDS AND SOME OF THE FIELD NEAR HOW TOWN IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Here hunting is pursued on foot on the rugged fells and moors. The Lakeland foxes are strong and hardy, and it is a curious fact that fell hounds will not break a fox up

"Here is the pack from their benches torn
Long ever the cocks had crowed,"

"To follow the hint of the Master's horn
Through the mist of the moorland road."

MUSCLE TENSION AND BREATHING IN GOLF

The Secret of Long Driving

By SIR ERNEST HOLDERNESS, Bart.

THE QUESTION OF MUSCLE TENSION at golf is exceedingly important. One is sometimes asked as to how firmly a club should be gripped, and whether the grip should tighten as the club is swung. Clearly the club must be gripped tightly enough to prevent it turning in the hands and, in the case of an iron club particularly, with enough power to secure that the club head is not deflected when it meets the turf.

But more mistakes are made through gripping the club too rigidly than too loosely. One of the most difficult problems which a beginner has to master is to grip the club without making the muscles of the arms rigid. Relaxed muscles are a secret of length. There is an obvious reason for this. Muscles are like elastic bands, and they work by being tightened and released. If they are kept at full stretch they can exert no power.

But it is not only the muscles of the arms which must be considered. The muscles of the shoulders, back and legs are equally important. In the address they should be relaxed. They should not be so completely relaxed as to be limp; they should be under just sufficient tension to give a sense of control.

It is legitimate to compare a golfer addressing a ball to a cat crouching for a spring, except that a golfer must not crouch literally, because otherwise he would be bound to alter the elevation of his head in the course of his swing. A cat crouching for a spring is a magnificent study in the art of concentrated relaxation. If one were not aware of the electric light in its eyes and did not see its claws gently feeling for a firm foothold, one might imagine that it was merely sitting down at its ease, instead of waiting intently for its self-given command to spring with the whole of its feline power and speed.

ANALOGY OF THE CAT

Contrast this position with that of many golfers seen upon the links, who, when they address the ball, proceed to work themselves up feverishly into a state of extreme tension, or else settle themselves into a stone-like posture from which they can only arouse themselves with a violent jerk.

The expert, on the other hand, more closely resembles the cat, in the quiet and unassuming manner in which his feet work themselves into the ground and the general repose of his address. But for him there is this difference. The beginning of his swing is not the first pounce of the cat. What corresponds to the pounce of the cat is the act of hitting the ball. He keeps his relaxed position until the club is about to meet the ball. If he stiffens his muscles a moment too soon the stroke is likely to be spoiled, and its power seriously weakened. The secret of long driving is to keep the muscles relaxed right up to the moment of hitting.

KEEPING BACK THE FINAL KICK

All this has been said a hundred times before. It has been embodied in the familiar maxims, "Don't press," and "Don't hurry the swing," but the confusing thing for the beginner is that when he sees experts play they all appear to swing exceedingly fast from start to finish. What he has got to realise is that they swing fast because they swing with relaxed muscles under an easy tension, and all the time they are keeping back the final kick for the blow itself.

In this connection the subject of breathing deserves attention, although it is seldom referred to in golf. That is possibly because breathing is only regarded as important in athletic sports, and golf is regarded as not being one of them.

Long driving at golf is unquestionably an athletic feat. Any output of energy must be accompanied by deep breathing, but the more normal the breathing before the energy is used the better the heart functions. One of the greatest mistakes, productive of much damage to the heart in feats of endurance is to hold the breath at the wrong moment.

A TIP FROM BOBBY JONES

In golf the breathing should be normal in the address: as the club is taken back, the breath is drawn in and it is exhaled on the down swing just before and when the ball is hit. The breath should not be held at any time. Normal breathing in the address helps to keep the muscles relaxed.

Mr. R. T. Jones is one of the few golfers who has stressed the importance of breathing. He has said that if he is out of breath when reaching a green he idles about studying the line of his putt until he has regained it. A useful tip which can be adapted to all shots. Breathing and the maintenance of a correct rhythm are closely connected, and the two can be profitably studied together.

A certain lady golfer is said to have earned for herself the nickname of "Oom-Pah." When she swings her club up she sucks in her breath (Oom), and when she hits the ball she exhales it vigorously (Pah). It is not suggested that golfers should make their breathing audible in this manner, unless they are fearless of ridicule, but this is the right way to breathe and is worth practising until it becomes natural.



ONE OF OUR YOUNG HOPES

Mr. Eric McRuvie, who has been chosen for the Walker Cup Team. He is here shown being enthusiastically chaired when he won the Irish Open Amateur Championship last year

NEW PLAYERS FOR THE WALKER CUP

Sound and Adventurous Choices

OF THE EIGHT GOLFERS nominated by the Royal and Ancient for the quest of the Walker Cup, only one, Mr. T. A. Torrance, has ever won a singles match from the Americans. But as not much better could be said of any team of old choices who might be able to make the journey next September, the Royal and Ancient are to be congratulated on their enterprise in putting in five new men.

Of these we find Mr. Eric McRuvie the most interesting, because he was so recently a boy champion and has so rapidly improved. But the choice of Mr. J. Burke, the Irishman, is no less sound and adventurous. Both these golfers have won their laurels in Ireland. But, like Mr. John Bookless, of Inverness, they are known by the experience of all British golfers who have played against them to be accomplished and determined match players.

That also is pre-eminently provable about Mr. Leonard Crawley, who has played better and better since he won the English Native Championship last year. Of the others, the brothers Mr. Rex and Mr. Lister Hartley come into the team not merely as individuals, but as a foursome combination. Of Mr. J. A. Stout, a most powerful golfer, we can truly say that his name does not belie him; and of the team as a whole, that it is an insurance for the present and a good investment for the future.

CLASHES IN THE CLOSE CHAMPIONSHIP

Prospects of Exciting Matches

IT MAY BE that the record entry of 160 for the English Close Championship, little more than a week away, denotes a desire on the part of some left out of the Walker Cup team to make another effort to catch the selectors' eye.

But if it is merely eloquent of the growing popularity of this championship, it will serve the purpose of providing some very good matches, and, we hope, further evidence of the advance of the younger school, most of whom have entered.

In one of the first matches struck off, Leonard Crawley, the holder, meets E. R. Tipple, who was one of last year's favourites. W. Sutton, of Timperley, whom the holder beat in the final, is farther removed from him, and A. J. Evans, another recent and doughty opponent, farther off still. But there are here prospects of three exciting matches.

Of others of last year's hopes, we miss only Martin Smith, though his runner-up, J. G. de Forest, is there, in a fairly tough quarter of the draw. Not far from him is Eric Fiddian, who ought some day to add a major championship to his already high reputation.

THE PROFESSIONAL RALLY

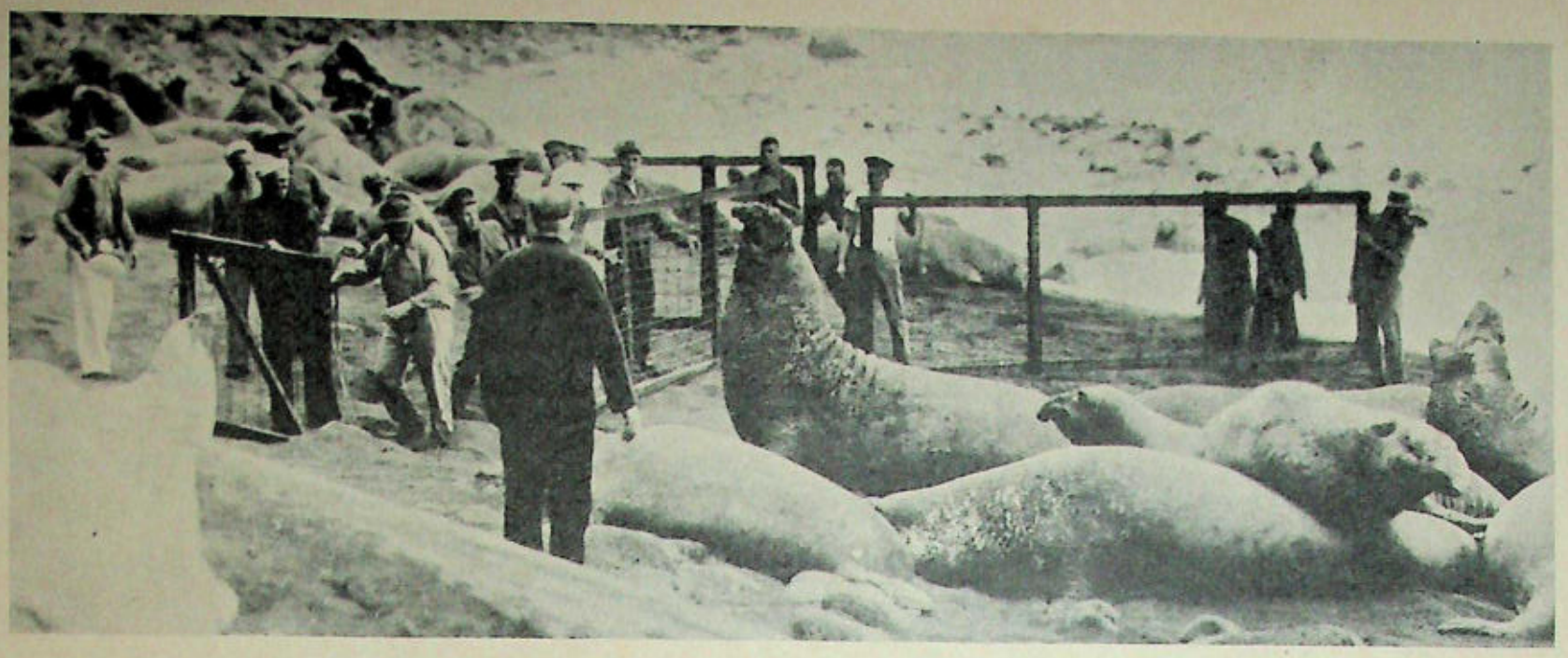
More important from the point of the immediate future of British professional golf than the success of the winner of the Roehampton Tournament is the fact that so many of the young professionals who were thought promising last year have begun this year so well.

Last October the names mostly quoted as those of oncomers with something more than promise in their golf were Easterbrook, Lacey, Kenyon, who had won the Irish Open Championship in a big field, Padgham, and perhaps Perry. All these qualified for the Match Play Tournament of the Professional Golfers' Association, which Padgham won.

Of these Easterbrook, Kenyon and Padgham were in the last eight at Roehampton. Some were bound to knock one another out, but Perry and Padgham joined Havers—our only winner of an Open Championship from the Americans since 1920—and Mark Seymour, in the semi-finals; while in the final Padgham went down to Seymour by 4 and 2. It was Seymour who contested the final of the P.G.A. Tournament last October with Padgham, when Padgham won.

THE LADIES

Very rough going was experienced by the ladies in their determined efforts to stand up against last week's weather, and the gales blew away more than one high reputation. But we note that Miss Jean McCulloch, a candidate for the last place in the Ladies' international team, beat Mr. Willis Mackenzie in the Ladies v. Men match at Gullane by 7 and 6, a slashing victory.



A "ROUND-UP" OF SEA ELEPHANTS

The northern race of the elephant seal or sea elephant is very nearly extinct and the last remaining herd, on the island of Guadalupe, is strictly preserved. Zoological gardens can only obtain specimens by permission of the Mexican Government, and in this photograph selected animals are being segregated for this purpose

"CUCKOO!"

A Word to Those Who Hear Summer Birds Too Soon

By T. A. COWARD

APRIL IS A JOYOUS MONTH for the naturalist. If the stock of wildfowl on the lake has thinned down to a mere handful of residents, or belated birds of passage, through the departure of the wintering flocks; if he hears the babbling chorus of the redwings roosting in the evergreens before they leave for other lands, or the loud rasping "cree" of some cock brambling, very smart in spring dress, practising his nuptial call, he knows that many birds will soon fill up the gaps.

Indeed, an overlap began in March, and in April summer birds swarm in before the winterers have departed, whilst passage birds come for a few hours, days, or even weeks, and then continue their journey. The more experienced naturalist watches for, and makes a note of, each species as it appears, and with interest looks up his records for previous years to see if it is early or late; with interest, too, he watches the reports of arrival in the reliable papers and compares the experience of others with his own.

THE FIRST "SWALLOWS"

But in addition to these who do know by sight or sound each visitor as it arrives, there is a large public which imagines that it is interested, and thinks that it certainly knows three species, at any rate—the swallow, cuckoo, and nightingale. All three, unless the weather is exceptionally unfavourable, may be taken as typical April birds. They are not the only typical April immigrants; most of our summer birds might claim that distinction; but they are the birds which command most attention, the species catered by the popular Press for public consumption.

In the southern counties a few swallows usually arrive in the van of the army which takes weeks to reach us, and many weeks in passing to more northern lands. Usually, too, the first "swallows" seen by many people are martins, the little sand-martins which, when they first reach us, seek a living over the larger sheets of water, lakes or quiet river reaches.

The chimney or barn swallows, the real swallows, join them in the hunt, and later the first house-martins find over the water the greatest certainty of a meal. One is almost sorry for those aquatic flies or other insects whose impulse is, like that of other animals, to propagate their species in the most suitable situation for the welfare of their young, for they must risk their lives by dancing above the water.

Whilst they dance in delirious courtship by day, the swallows and martins, and later the swifts, decimate them in rapid dashes; and when they avoid the birds by nocturnal exercise the bats are equally destructive; and by day or after dusk, if they try to deposit eggs on the surface, steely-eyed fish rise to devour them.

Even when the sand-martins are burrowing tunnels in the sand, and the swallows are hawking round the barns and shippens where they will nest and where the farmyard is a profitable refectory, the would-be bird observer still makes slips; he tells of the swallows which have come back to nest under his house eaves, unaware that these are house-martins.

These first visits are very interesting to the real naturalist, for the martins come, half-a-dozen or more at once, and twitter conversationally as they swoop again and again up to the spot where a little dry mud remains, relics of last year's activities. A bird flies up, settles, clinging to brick or stone, turns its head, as if to show its white throat to its companions, watches one pass, and darts off to utter amatory remarks.

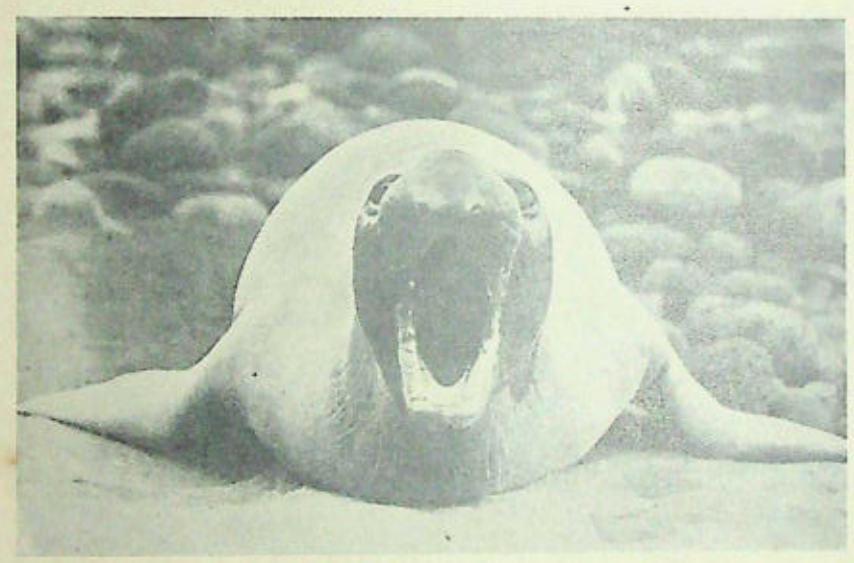
Whilst it clings upright, maybe, another will join it, and we cannot but believe that they understand one another's twitter; it is a mateship conversation, a discussion about the future, a prelude.

Long before March began, let alone ended, some enthusiasts were sure they had seen or heard the cuckoo, and those journalists who annually compete in record-breaking accepted and recorded their errors. Most of us wait contentedly until the second or third week of April, and wait until we are sure.

The man in the street is certain that he knows the cuckoo's call, and wants to believe he has heard it when a distant terrier yaps, or the milk boy, stirred by a sunny spring morning, repeats the too-easily imitated sound. He looks towards the spot and sees some passing bird—a mistle-thrush perhaps, or some much less cuckoo-like bird; he is satisfied: he saw and heard it!

Unfortunately, our credulous friend is no more accurate about the nightingale. In the early morning, or when the dusk is gathering, he hears some early or late thrush or blackbird—birds which sing overtime in April; or when night has sent all to roost, some sudden sound startles a sleeping hedge-sparrow or robin, and from the evergreens comes a little burst of nocturnal music.

Tell him he is mistaken, and with indignation he asserts that he does know the song, he heard it on the wireless! Those who know the nightingale and want to hear its song once more will listen for it in daylight, for in April the nightingale has quite as much song to give us by day as by night.



A SEA ELEPHANT ANNOYED

SEA ELEPHANTS

Saving the Biggest of All Seals from Extinction

By R. I. POCOCK, F.R.S.

TIME WAS when sea elephants existed in countless numbers in the southern oceans and up the Pacific coasts of America as far as Mexico. But like many other marine animals of commercial value, they were, until recently, threatened with extermination. Of the larger kind inhabiting the southern seas, comparatively few remain.

Fortunately, however, the American and Mexican Governments have taken steps to preserve the rather smaller northern kind by converting the island of Guadalupe, off the coast of California, into a sanctuary where they can breed unmolested.

EASY PREY ASHORE

Like all seals, they come ashore to breed during the summer months. During that time they go without food and occupy themselves with family affairs, the males fighting with rivals for the possession of as many females as each can secure for himself.

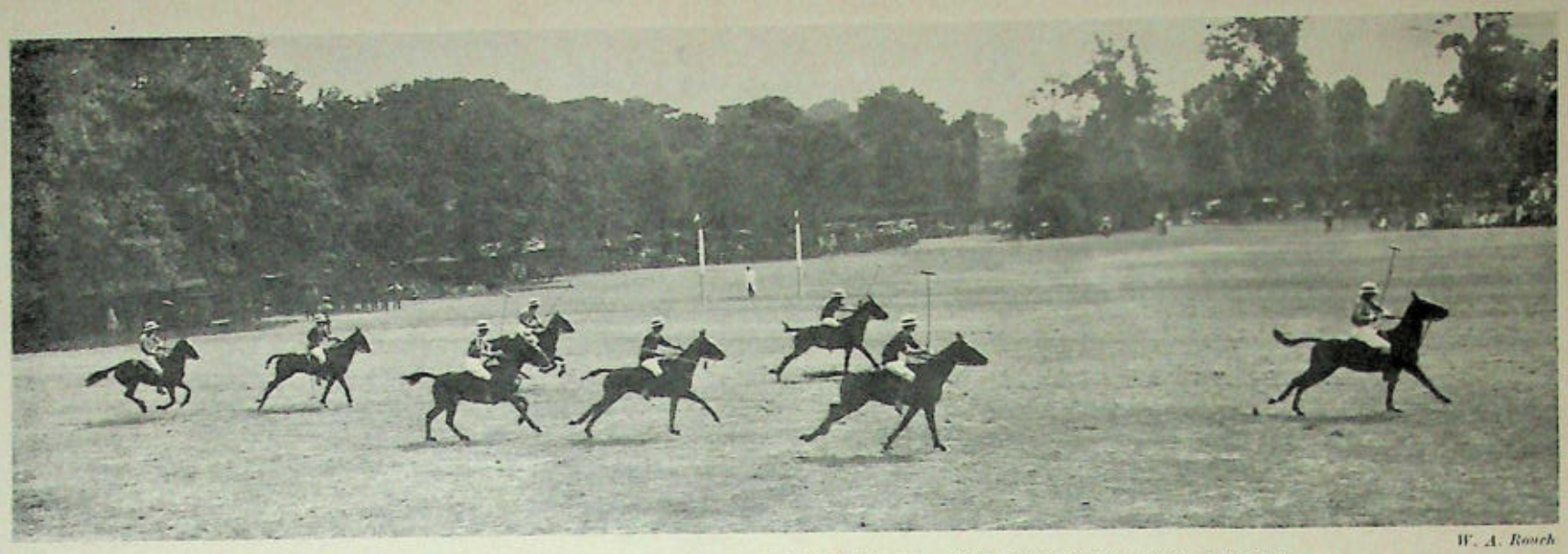
Their only weapons are the canine teeth, the rest of the teeth being small, peg-like, and fitted merely for the capture of cuttle-fishes, upon which these seals mainly feed, swallowing them whole without mastication.

On land, sea elephants are comparatively defenceless owing to their inactivity. Hence they fell an easy prey to sailors, armed with clubs, harpoons or other handy weapons, and were slaughtered systematically, year after year, for the valuable oil they carry. A yield of as much as 200 gallons of oil might be expected from a big male measuring some 20ft. in length, with a shoulder-girth of another 16ft. Females are only about half that length, and correspondingly less bulky all over.

Apart from its size, in which it surpasses all members of the seal tribe, including even the walrus, a peculiarity of the sea elephant is the gradual development in the male as it approaches maturity of a trunk, the precise use of which is unknown.

When the animal is in repose there is nothing particularly remarkable about the snout, except a certain looseness of the skin, indicated by wrinkles, on its upper side. But when excited or on the defence the animal inflates the loose skin with air so that it swells into a prominent proboscis and hangs down over the mouth exactly like a tapir's trunk.

No doubt this feature, coupled with the colossal bulk of this seal, inspired its popular name.



W. A. Rouch

AN INTER-REGIMENTAL FINAL AT HURLINGHAM BETWEEN THE 11/20TH HUSSARS AND THE 17/21ST LANCERS

ARMY POLO IN INDIA

Will British Regiments Regain Their Lost Laurels?

By COLONEL T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

ANYONE who like myself went to the War from India and returned some ten or twelve years later cannot fail to have been struck with the difference between the polo then and now.

Before the War British Cavalry practically monopolised the inter-Regimental; and in all the open tournaments one or other of their teams would be almost certain to be in the finals, probably with one of the Indian States. To-day they have almost ceased to be seriously taken into the reckoning. Indian cavalry regiments who formerly very seldom even entered for, much less won, these coveted trophies, now reign in their stead.

It has interested me very much to try and understand why this should be the case.

There used to be nine British cavalry regiments in India; there are five to-day, moreover they now only remain five or six years, a very short time to get a first-class team going, instead of nine which used to be the normal "Indian tour."



LADY WILLINGDON PRESENTING POLO CUPS AT DELHI

Major A. H. Williams is seen receiving the Cup for the recent winners of the Prince of Wales's tournament, the Central India Horse team, which he captained

TROOP HORSES AS POLO PONIES

Height measurements were formerly in force, and very few horses out of the ranks found their place in tournament or even station game polo. Consequently almost all ponies were privately owned. To-day I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that 50 per cent. or even more animals playing polo are owned by King George, whether they belong to British or Indian regiments. This simply means that troop horses which have had the ordinary riding school education and show natural aptitude for the game are preferred to young raw ponies which cost a good deal in the first place to purchase, and which take much time and patience before being sufficiently trained to play in a tournament. Remounts issued to Indian cavalry regiments are smaller, and consequently far more likely polo prospects than those issued to British cavalry regiments. Probyn's Horse are particularly fortunate in this respect.

In the days of Silladar cavalry many Indian regiments had their own stud farms. These have now all been taken over by Government with the sole exception of Probyn's Horse, who by the Indian Land Laws, and in face of much opposition, were clearly entitled to retain their own. They are in the fortunate position, financially, of being able to buy first-class stallions, and are really beautifully mounted. Ninety per cent. of the horses in their ranks are prospective polo ponies. Troop horses cannot be sold, and this is a tremendously important point—there are very few players, rich or poor, who can withstand the temptation of an offer of three, four or even five times as much as what they originally gave for a pony.

In the olden days one could see 20, 30 or even more ponies for sale in the everyday advertisement columns of the *Pioneer*; to-day it is unusual to find more than four or five. I very much doubt if at the beginning of the season (October) there is a single genuine tournament pony for sale in the whole of India. This sounds almost ridiculous. I believe it to be very nearly true.

It is possible to find some after the inter-Regimental at Meerut in March, or at the Imperial Horse Show at Delhi in February, but any outstanding pony is invariably snapped up at a fancy price by some Maharajah or wealthy Indian.

Comparatively few privately-owned ponies are being made every year. The Indian cavalry officer who before the War trained his pony, and incidentally sold him to his contemporary in a British regiment, now puts the finishing touches to some animal out of the ranks which his orderly has already brought up to a certain stage of perfection, and sticks to him.

There are no dealers in made polo ponies in India, which is very remarkable when one thinks of the numbers there are in England, in America and everywhere else where the game is played. Consequently many cope to play, whilst others play to cope—two very different propositions.

Very few British regiments have had up to date the necessary middle piece—the fellows with pre-War experience to instruct and encourage the young officers. They had far heavier casualties than their brothers in the Indian cavalry, and the gaps between C.O.'s, and even Second-in-Commands, have been quite remarkable.

EXPERIENCE THAT COUNTS

This, however, is now beginning to right itself automatically. During the last four seasons the following regiments have been outstanding in the polo world—the Central India Horse, led by Bill Williams; the 15th Lancers, with Joey Atkinson; and the P.A.V.O., with their famous captain, the late Jack Dening.

It is players like these which the British cavalry have lacked—they are what I call middle pieces—not senior enough to be commanding, but with pre-War experience not only as regards polo, but *esprit de corps* as well.

The 17/21st Lancers—my own regiment—have been far, far luckier than any other British regiment in this respect. Their victorious team before the War remained intact when the "cease fire" sounded; now they have been replaced by a younger generation, trained by them, and it will be very interesting to see how they fare in India.

"Soldiering" is now a very much more serious business than it was, and in the all too short cold weather every conceivable form of training, culminating in manœuvres, leaves remarkably little time for polo. This, however, applies equally to British and Indian regiments.

HANDICAPPED REGIMENTS

Some regiments prefer pig sticking, and the name of the 4th Hussars will be writ large in the annals of the Kadir—Scott Cockburn and Bunny Head, ideal *middle pieces*, both every bit as famous in the world of sport as any polo player; but in my endeavour to try and explain why British regiments have not done better in the Indian polo world I think it only fair to point out that during the last four years, during which period I have personally had an opportunity of forming an opinion, one out of the five preferred the pig, and did not take polo seriously; one was, and is, stationed at Secunderabad—a good place, but out of the world of open tournaments, although the 8th Cavalry recently put up an extraordinarily good performance from there, and no one will ever forget the 4th Hussars' victory in the Inter-Regimental at Meerut many years ago, from Bangalore. Nevertheless, it may be definitely stated that regiments from Madras are under a great disadvantage, the expenses of railing ponies when making these expeditions to compete at Delhi or Meerut being well-nigh prohibitive.

This left only three regiments to uphold the reputation of British cavalry, and of these, two have only been in the country two or three years. Nobody wants to see a return to pre-War conditions, when British regiments "farmed" all the big tournaments. Nor, I venture to say, in the best interests of the game does anyone want to see a continuance of what is happening to-day.

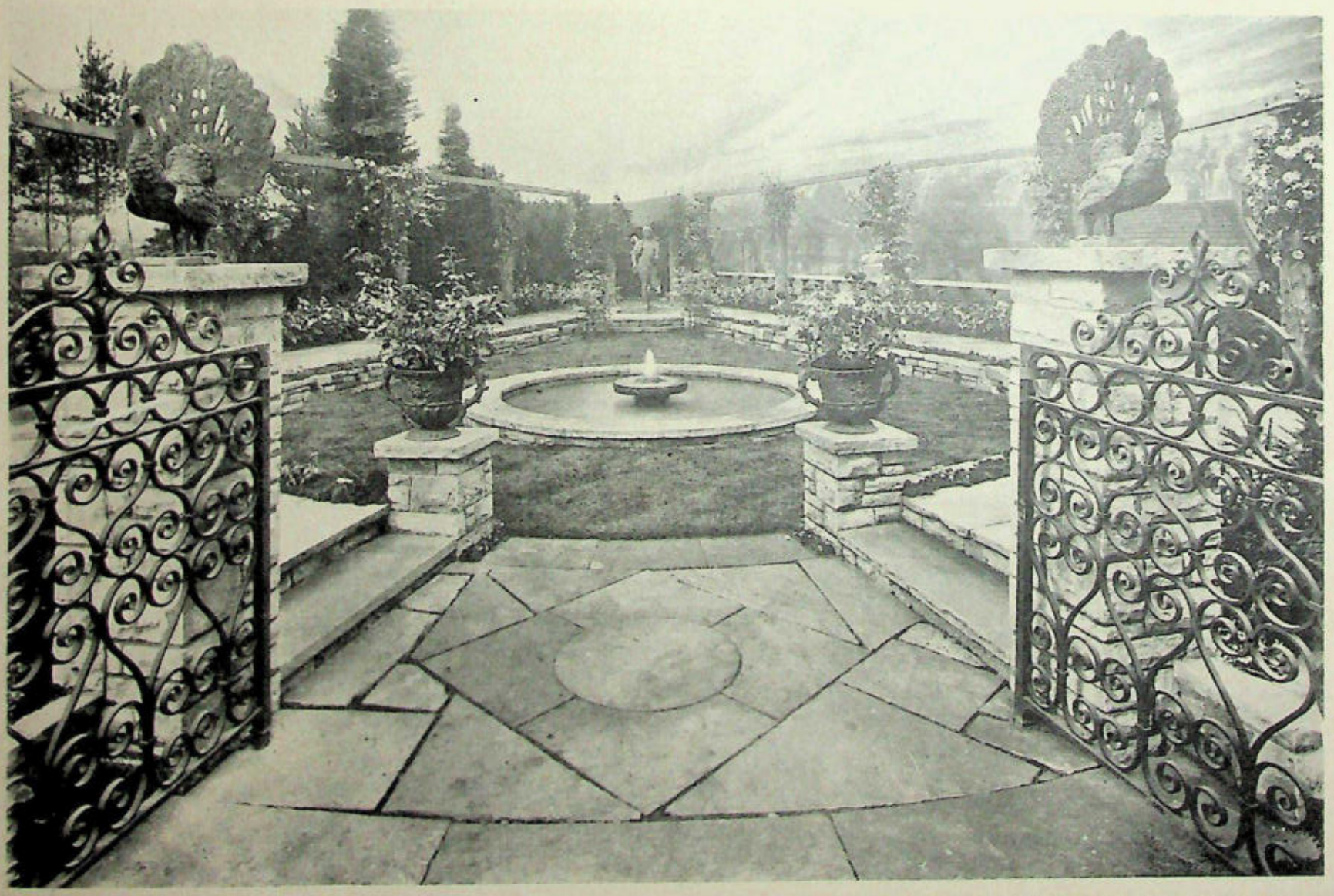
The ideal, and I believe it is very near attainment, will be a struggle between all the regiments in India. I have purposely erased the word "horse."

(*Continued on page 580*)

GARDEN IDEAS FROM OLYMPIA



POOL AND ROCK GARDEN IN WELSH GRANITE SHOWN BY MESSRS. GAVIN JONES AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION



THIS UNUSUAL FORMAL PLAN HAS BEEN DESIGNED FOR A ROOF OF A TOWN HOUSE BY MR. HERBERT BROOK, BUT WITH ITS IMPRESSIVE GATEWAY IS WELL ADAPTED FOR A SUNKEN GARDEN

(Continued from page 578)

because, in spite of the wellnigh insurmountable difficulties, there is no reason why another "De Lisle" should not one day arise, and if he does, his regiment will win the Inter-Regimental as sure as eggs is eggs, be it, say, the 2nd Gurkhas or the Black Watch.

The last British regiment to win the Inter-Regimental was the 17th Lancers in March, 1914.

This year (1932) the 10th Hussars beat the favourites—the Central India Horse—in the first round. The 15th Lancers won the tournament, defeating the 15th/19th Hussars by one goal in the final. Either the 10th or the 15th/19th—both regiments with splendid polo records—might quite easily win next year.

DOUBLE FAULTS THAT LOSE THE MATCH

The Importance of Service in Lawn Tennis

By J. E. COLLETT

EARLY SEASON SUCCESS in lawn tennis is not always maintained, but there may be less reason for reticence of opinion in the case of Miss K. E. Stammers, the new Surrey hard court champion, than there has been in some previous instances.

Though still definitely a junior in point of age, Miss Stammers has been making steady progress for several years. She was none too strong physically when she began to play, and she has battled with that cramping handicap to sensitive production with such determination that she has developed an attacking game with a fixed will behind it. But she is a confirmed dealer of double faults.

She must now be admitted as a player within the charmed circle which contains past, present and future internationals, so a match between her and Miss Nuthall may be visualised for serious consideration. What it might mean to the conscientious spectator who counted double faults is a sad thought.

MISS NUTHALL'S DIFFICULTIES

This double faulting is not necessary, and can be corrected if traced to origin. With regard to Miss Nuthall, observation shows that her errors are mainly due to the erratic way in which she throws up the ball. The reason cannot be that she does not know how, but may well be that the effect of the pitiless publicity to which she was subjected, when she changed over from her underhand delivery and courageously carried on, is represented still by a nervous hesitancy at the commencement of the series of movements which constitute the service. The left hand, called upon to do an unwonted action, would be the more affected. Miss Nuthall still separates this action instead of co-ordinating it.

With regard to Miss Stammers, when she began to serve overhead she was probably not physically strong enough to compass the work her brain dictated. The sense of effort was therefore implanted firmly. Increased strength and habit of success would overlay this inherent weakness, but it would tend to emerge at moments of extra stress.

Both in her final against Miss S. K. Hewitt in the junior championships last September, which she lost, and in the final against Miss Round last Saturday at Roehampton, which she won, Miss Stammers would appear to have been similarly disturbed.

A LESSON FROM MLLE. LENGLEN

The remedy for service defects of this character probably lies in concentration on the ball and the direction in which it is to go rather than on any item of the preliminary motions which produce the direction. The mind should centre on the line of flight and not on the localisation in relation to the stance or the actual blow given to the ball, which is (and this is important) a falling, but non-working ball which has been thrown up, not struck. Looked at from this angle, only in a minor degree is the service relative to the smash, which is a blow delivered to a working ball previously struck by a racket.

Inherent weaknesses are common to all, and it may encourage many to know that it was not till quite late in her career that Mlle. Lenglen corrected a tendency to slew out her backhand stroke down the line. This was a remainder from her early training. She was, like Miss Stammers, a frail and rather weakly child. She learnt the backhand stroke with long toil and literally with pain. A slight nervous hesitancy lay dormant. She was liable to be thrown back off the ball to the elements of production at the moment of a difficult expression of it.

The international trials at Queen's Club this week have been interesting, but at the moment of writing the play is not sufficiently far advanced for criticism. It may be said, however, that the elastic nature of the final arrangements for the men's doubles and the increased number of participants in the ladies' doubles were evidence that the heart of the L.T.A. is softer towards aspiration than their earliest announcements might have led crabbed critics to suppose.

CARNERA'S CAPABILITIES

Heavy-weight Fights Now Worth Watching

By BRIAN VESEY FITZGERALD

HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING in this country has undergone an amazing transformation. But a short time ago it was a certain waste of money to watch heavy-weights. Now we get our money's worth every week. Larry Gains, Carnera, McCorkindale, Jack Petersen and Tom Toner are all colourful fighters well worth watching. All are strangers to the horizontal position, and in addition they all fight. Such a state of affairs is without parallel in the history of English heavy-weights, and should do the sport an immense amount of good.

The McCorkindale-Carnera fight was excellent. The South African was well beaten on points, but he made a great fight of it. The Italian is a clever boxer, and a very fair one. He is speedy, and at in-fighting he is really first-class. At long range he has a useful left hand, but no right hand punch worth mentioning. McCorkindale was at least as clever as the giant at long range; when it came to close-quarter work, it was all Carnera.

NO MATCH FOR A DEMPSEY

The fight only strengthened the opinion that I have already expressed in the *Field*: Carnera would stand no chance with a boxer of the type of Dempsey. The big Italian cannot punch his weight. He does not use his body at all when he punches, and McCorkindale was never in danger of being knocked out. Gains, if he can keep away, should win.

On the same programme we had Jack Pettifer and another giant named Murphy. Neither are boxers, but they provide some pleasant comic relief. The most interesting man to watch—though the fight was very short—was Neusel, the most recent German heavy-weight discovery. Like all Germans, he was magnificently trained, and he should go a long way. I should like to see Neusel in action against Phillips. It would be an interesting fight. The time is not far distant when Germany, and not America, will produce the world's best heavy-weights.

Charlie Hickman's career as a "White Hope" is, I trust, finished. Tommy Tucker defeated him so decisively in their second fight that there can now be no doubt that the booth boxer is not capable of holding his own with even third-class heavy-weights. Tucker is crude in the extreme, but there is no doubt that he is the master of Hickman in every way. On the same night we had a glimpse of Jack Doyle, a huge young Irishman, who has been loudly acclaimed by one of our leading "dailies." It was only a glimpse, but sufficient to show that Doyle can punch and has a fighting temperament. I look forward with interest to his next contest.

LESSONS OF THE RUGBY SEASON

England's Young Players Point a Moral

THE 1931-32 RUGBY SEASON deserves almost to be remembered, in England at any rate, as essentially a young players' season. Up and down the country young players have been asserting themselves with vigour and skill, and it really seems that we have at last come to the end of the post-War idea—which grew into a fashion—that experience counted more than the exuberance of youth in the Rugby game.

We have certainly not for many years had such youthful England teams as this season's, and, what is perhaps more, the Selection Committee had the courage to adhere to most of its first choices when the team was not shaping very well.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

After years of chopping and changing, this policy was very welcome. That it bore fruit beyond expectation, in the brilliant form of the team against Scotland, encourages the hope that England may be on the threshold of a new era of international triumphs; but for confirmation of that we must wait till next season, for optimism is tempered by the knowledge that too often in recent years our young swans have turned out to be geese.

Only last season England seemed to have found two particularly promising three-quarters in J. A. Tallent and A. C. Harrison; yet this season they have hardly been in the running for places in the side.

Like England, Ireland can look forward at least with confident hopes to its prospects next season, for here again several young players have justified their abilities this season. Wales built up an easy-running machine of a team last season and reaped the benefit this season until it was knocked out of gear by the dashing Irishmen; and that defeat has given the Welsh selectors a lot to think about next season.

To Scotland, two things have been demonstrated—that some of their older players are not as good as they used to be and that it rarely pays to change horses in the middle of a stream. Eight changes had been made in the team which met England, and a more disorganised fifteen has seldom represented Scotland.

Very little was learned from the tour of the South African team, but the side certainly showed that eight strong forwards who know how to shove in the scrummages can still dominate a game, and also that kicking can be made a larger match-winning factor than it generally is in English Rugby.

PLAYING TO WIN

The South Africans themselves knew well enough that their constant use of touch-kicking to gain ground was not the most interesting kind of Rugby. But touring sides are not sent overseas to play to the gallery.

Carrying the prestige of the game in their country on their shoulders, they are out to utilise what to them seems the best means of winning matches fairly and squarely. And in the case of the South Africans the end undoubtedly justified the means.

None the less, we may hope that English players will not now take it for granted that kicking pays better than passing or dribbling. What is good for a touring team is not necessarily good for the general body of players, among whom kicking is already overdone.

F. I. W.

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

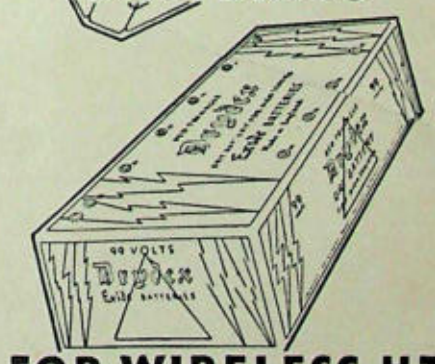
Among the polo ponies which were submitted at Knightsbridge last Monday was the stud of the late Capt. G. B. Horne, which realised the following prices: Southern Cross, a grey, by Sahara, 92gs.; Bridget, a brown, 85gs.; Memory, a grey, by Sahara, 78gs.; and Sahara, a grey by Sahara, 50gs. Capt. M. P. Benton, of the Folly Farm, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, who is not playing polo this season, sold two ponies that had played in tournaments at the Beaufort and Cheltenham Clubs, getting 110gs. for King's Goodness, a bay by King's Cross; and 70gs. for Oso, a bay by Pickering Phaeton (1922), a chesnut gelding by Skyrocket—Galatée that had been hunted, was sold to dissolve a partnership, making 110gs.



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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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS BOXING

SIR,—I was very interested in Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's article in the *Field*, particularly in the portion in which he refers to the coaching of Public School boys in boxing. He says that there is too much of the "let's fight, don't worry about science" in the style inculcated by Army or ex-Army instructors.

I am *not* an ex-Army sergeant, and for some years I coached in a well-known Public School at boxing, and I would, after my experience, go a step further than Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald and say that the "don't worry about science" view has percolated through the Army as represented by the judges who officiate at Public School and inter-school matches.

I endeavoured to pass on the methods of Wells—to teach boxing as a science, and not a mere brawl—and it was terribly disappointing to see several boys after a good scientific display of footwork and ring-craft losing the decisions to mere two-handed sloggers, most of whose blows were received on the shoulders and gloves.

A young subaltern of my acquaintance told me that he was a "fully qualified Army judge." I remarked that I was not aware that he had ever had the gloves on. His reply was "I haven't, but I've been on a course!" I think that confession speaks for itself. In three rounds a slogger is bound to make a spectacular appeal to an inexperienced judge, who entirely fails to differentiate between scoring and non-scoring blows, and who is utterly incapable of appreciating the niceties of footwork, ducking, the sway-back from the hips, etc.

It will be very sad if boxing dies out or fades into a back place in Public Schools, but if boys are shown slogging matches by Army men there is nothing much to attract them. Every Public School boy is supposed to possess pluck and endurance; one does not wish to see how long he can stand up to a rain of blows: science is necessary, and if science gives way to brute strength, the "Noble Art" will become a "lost art."

Clay Hill; Yours truly,
Lyndhurst. C. R. ACTON.

AN EARLY GROUSE EGG

SIR,—The following extract from a letter from my stalker, Mr. Walter Mackay, Loch Merkland, Lairg, Sutherland, may be of interest:

"On March 9th we had a good deal of snow, and I was tracking a fox and got a grouse egg laid on the snow.

"The fox's tracks led me to it. The marks showed where the grouse had been resting. The fox had eaten the yolk of the egg, but it was perfectly fresh. I never heard of grouse laying so early, but I put it down to the exceptionally mild winter."

Wood Lodge, Yours faithfully,
Burgh Heath, A. S. GARTON.
Tadworth, Surrey.

[Such cases of early laying are recorded from time to time. The classic instance of early grouse is recorded by Daniel in *Rural Sports*—a brood of grouse, seemingly about ten days old and able to fly a few yards, discovered near Pendle Hill, on March 5th, 1794, by the gamekeeper of Mr. Lister, afterwards Lord Ribblesdale.—ED.]

MISSEL THRUSHES ON LAWNS

SIR,—We think by now it may be no news to your correspondent that the damage done to his lawn is doubtless due to the thrushes searching for leather-jacket grubs. As is well known, this grub is the larva of the familiar daddy-long-legs or crane fly, the eggs of which are laid during early autumn. The grubs feed on the roots of turf, their presence often being demonstrated by the withered and discoloured appearance of the grass. Frequently very great harm is done by birds searching for the grubs. In fact, trouble in this respect is often more pronounced than direct damage caused by the larvæ.

Leather-jacket grubs attack all kinds of crops and garden plants, but it is on pastures and lawns that they do most mischief. It is recorded by the Ministry of Agriculture that hundreds of acres of grass were entirely destroyed by this pest in 1813, and again in 1842 much harm was caused, notably to the famous marsh pastures of Kent. From the same cause, Lord's Cricket Ground was seriously damaged in 1884.

The grubs are to be found in many lawns every winter, and it is only when they are present in overwhelming numbers or the turf is ill-nourished that serious damage is caused. No doubt the prevalence of this pest is due in some measure to mild weather conditions and absence of severe frost during late autumn and early winter; the parent flies, too, may have been more abundant last summer owing to the small numbers of their natural enemy, the wasp.

Unfortunately, there is no practical method of preventing the flies from laying eggs in lawns, and some of the remedies for dealing with the grubs are highly poisonous. The safest plan is to use one of the non-poisonous preparations on the market, which bring the grubs to the surface, when they must be swept up and removed. Such a preparation requires to be spread at the rate of about 2oz. per square yard in rainy weather, or watered in. But the most vital matter, and the one usually lost sight of, is the necessity for feeding the grass well so as to maintain growth and enable it to make rapid recovery from the ravages of the grubs. In this connection light dressings of specially stimulating manures during February and March are extremely helpful, followed in April by a good complete lawn fertiliser.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
For SUTTON & SONS, LTD.,
MARTIN A. F. SUTTON,
The Royal Seed Establishment, Director.
Reading.

[We have also to thank Mr. E. H. Pope, of Boreham, Warminster, Wilts, for similar information.—ED.]

AN ENORMOUS KELT

SIR,—I am studying the scales of salmon and sea trout of the Rivers Towy and Cothy, and have received scales of a certain number of salmon that have died after spawning.

Among them, scales of a salmon kelt 57in. long and 48lb. in weight. This was a female fish that had finished spawning.

This fish, in good condition, should have weighed between 70lb. and 80lb., and would be the largest female fish of which there is any record. It had been observed spawning in the River Towy by a water bailiff. He subsequently found it dead, measured it, and weighed it in his house.

I have also had scales from a grilse of 13lb., a male fish that had died in the River Cothy after spawning. This also seems exceptionally large for a kelt grilse. Yours truly,
Wales. CYRIL JOYNSON.

THIRTEEN BREEDS OF PIG

SIR,—Lord Radnor is to be congratulated on the stimulating paper he read before the Farmers' Club. To many, myself included, he made clear for the first time the implications of the Government's livestock policy, and the urgent need for re-organising the bacon industry to secure more favoured treatment in the home market.

But, in contrasting the thirteen different pure breeds in this country with Denmark's two breeds, is there justification for suggesting that the multiplicity of our breeds is perpetuated by undue consideration to the export trade in pedigree pigs?

Actually, last year 585 Large White pigs were exported, which is more than the total of all other breeds exported, and it is the Large White breed which the Pig Industry Council recommends for the bacon trade. So far as the export trade influences breeders, the effect is, then, surely in the right direction. The type of pig which foreign buyers prefer is the type of pig we need to capture the bacon trade. Yours truly,
Cambridge. R. F.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

SIR,—I wish to thank Mr. Lehmann for his letter in the March 19th issue, as also your correspondent "P." for his in the March 12th issue, in which they kindly point out my stupid error in multiplying 91 by three instead of 81, thus bringing the total number of contestants who can be accommodated in five days to 273 instead of the proper 243. If this question of numbers is vital to the problem, may I point out that in six days, Monday to Saturday inclusive, 729 players could play off in triples, whereas in couples only 64 could so do. This would, of course, necessitate the use of three courses on the first day, a rather questionable procedure, however.

Mr. Lehmann's criticism of the possibility of objection to some players having a bye on the first round always holds true of any Bagnall-Wide tournament, familiarly known as a knockout tournament, but as yet the human mind unfortunately has not been able to devise a method of dividing any number evenly by three, nor even two, much less 64 or 128. When this has been accomplished successfully by the human mind, it will have been so transcendentally developed that it will no longer be interested in such a picayune sport as golf, and will not even be interested in the "Letters to the Editor" which mean so much to our little minds, except as a source of information to the student of psychology, to whom even morons are of interest. Yours truly,
Biarritz. JOSHUA CRANE.

MIGRATING WOODCOCK

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. G. Pennefather Evans's letter on the scarcity of woodcock in northern Ireland last winter.

There has been an unusual abundance of woodcock around Constantinople and throughout western Turkey this past season, and the rather severe cold experienced in January and February brought a great many birds down to the Ægean seaboard. Farther north and around Constantinople good bags were made in November, which is usually a sign of a good migration. Moreover, 'cock were shot around Constantinople right up to the end of February, which indicates that the birds found excellent conditions in Turkey throughout the winter.

The movement of woodcock has for more than thirty years been of some interest to me, and I have noticed time upon time that when birds do not visit Turkey in large numbers, they nearly always migrate extensively in a more westerly direction, and a poor season in Turkey has often coincided with an unusually good season in Greece, or on the Adriatic coast, or even in Italy, as was notoriously the case, I believe, two years ago, when the abundance of 'cock west of the Apennines was the subject of remark in a section of the European Press.

It is not natural that woodcock should migrate extensively very far east of western Turkey, as highlands and hard winter conditions might prove unfavourable. But I believe these birds follow the line of least resistance, consistent with their very highly refined instincts, in any direction from the north to the south-east around to north-west and into the Gulf Stream.

I ask myself whether countries as far removed as the north of Ireland from the coasts of Turkey do not offer to woodcock in their annual migration from their breeding ground fewer frontiers than confront human beings, when all that divides the Irishman at one end and the Turk at the other end is taken into consideration.

Yours faithfully,
Smyrna, Turkey. EDMUND H. GIRAUD.

RECIPE FOR GINGER ALE

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's query in the *Field* of April 2nd, *re* a recipe for ginger ale, he might try the following: 6 drachms of Jamaica ginger, 1 drachm of capsicum, 1 oz. tartaric acid, 2½lb. lump sugar, 3 pints boiling water. Get the first three ingredients made up at a chemist's.

Put the sugar in a basin with the ginger essence and tartaric acid. Pour three pints of boiling water over this, and stir until dissolved. Bottle when cold. Use about two tablespoonsfuls for a tumbler and add water.

Yours truly,
Oxford. E. P.

FOX AND RABBIT

SIR,—The following may be of interest to your readers.

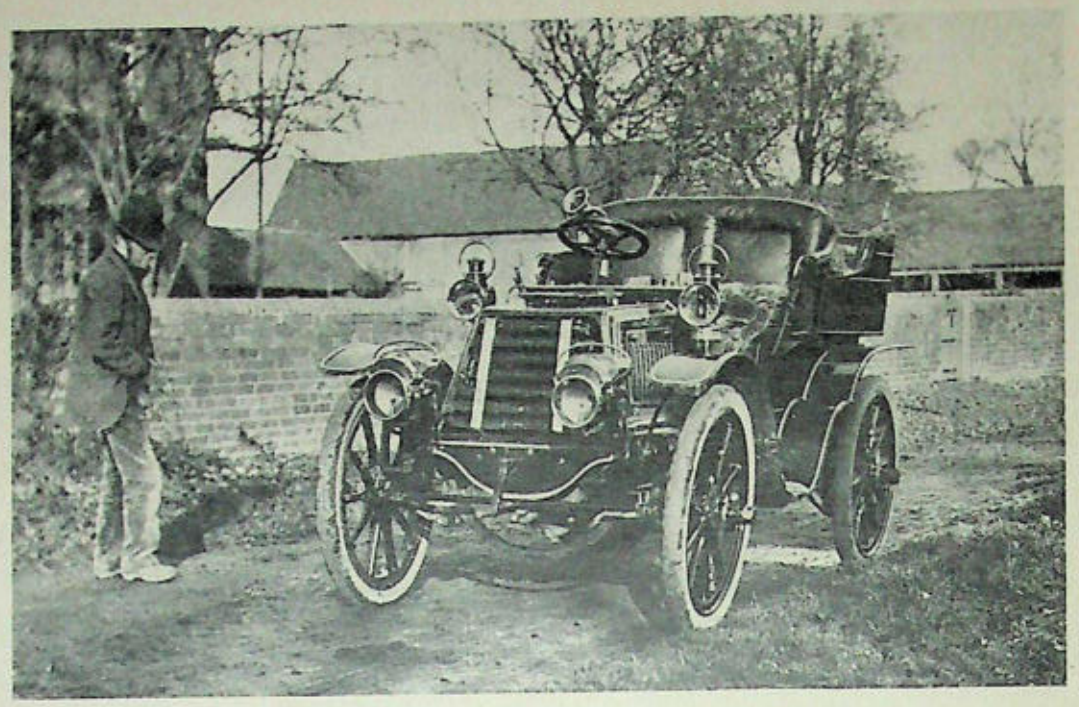
Recently while motoring, about nine o'clock, a rabbit ran across the road, about 25ft. in front of the car, as hard as he could go, chased by a fox. When across the road he suddenly jinked and ran back again. The fox, instead of over-running the rabbit, as a dog would have done, jinked just as quickly as the rabbit and caught it in the road practically alongside the car. I was going fairly slowly uphill at the time, otherwise I should probably have run over one or both.

Yours faithfully,
Hedgebarton, W. K. KITSON (Capt.).
Widecombe, Newton Abbot.

ELEPHANTS AND RHINOCEROS

SIR,—In your issue of March 26th your correspondent, Mr. Denis D. Lyell, refers to my letter of March 5th as "a pretty story of elephantine sentiment, but is quite incredible." My friend who wrote the letter, extracts from which I gave, has lived and hunted elephants in Kenya for nearly twenty years, and is hardly likely to mistake their work and spoor for that of hyenas.

Yours truly,
Harrogate. J. B.



ONE OF THE FIRST MOTOR CARS TO TAKE AN M.F.H. TO THE MEET
(See Letter "A Pioneer Hunting Motorist")

INCREASING THE FOOD SUPPLY IN A RIVER

SIR,—I should be glad to know if any of your readers have had any experience of augmenting the natural food supply of a river by artificial means.

This association leases five miles of waters on the Lune in South Westmorland (the middle reaches), in which there is an ample stock of trout. Some of our members are of the opinion that there is too big a stock for the amount of natural food available, and though the fish caught do not appear to be ill-fed, the stock, on the whole, might be improved in size.

I should like to point out that there are few places on the waters where the breeding of snails, shrimps, etc., could be carried out successfully, owing to the swift flow of the river during a spate and the rapidity with which it rises.

The size limit is 8in., and members are debarred from taking more than sixteen fish in any one day. When conditions are favourable some of our local fly fishermen have little difficulty in reaching the "limit."

Yours faithfully,
WM. ADAIR, Hon. Sec.,
The Kirkby Lonsdale and District A.A.
Kirkby Lonsdale.

[In the case of swift streams recourse must be had, as a rule, to natural or artificial "feed ponds" close to the banks which can be stocked with snails (if the water is suitable) or other forms of fish food. *Trout Streams, Their Management and Improvement*, by W. Carter Platts, deals with this among other problems. Perhaps some of our readers can supply additional information.—ED.]

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A SEALYHAM'S SAGACITY

SIR,—You may think the following instances of canine sagacity worthy of publication.

My wife's Sealyham at the sound of the time signal given on the wireless at 9 p.m. immediately gets up, whether he is sleeping or awake, goes straight to the door and asks to be let out for his evening walk. He never moves before the signal, and never misses it.

He has a detestation of small children singing Christmas carols, and invariably growls and barks if they come to the door and sing. One evening a carol service was being broadcast. The first carol was comparatively unknown and certainly never sung by the village children, but the second was "Hark, the herald angels sing." The Sealyham was roused to instant wrath, and rushed to and fro, growling and barking furiously.

Has any other instance of a dog's ear for music been recorded? Yours truly,
Chalfont St. Giles, R. E. FIELD (Capt.).
Bucks.

NYMPHS AND PARTRIDGE HACKLES

SIR,—Your correspondent Capt. Jas. Dickie has very courteously supplemented his letter (in your issue of February 27th) by sending me samples of his hackled Greenwell's Glory nymph and of his pattern of the orange partridge tied on a 00 hook with a hackle from the head of a partridge. The former may well be taken for a nymph. The latter, however, though quite insect-like in appearance, is not to my mind like any chalk stream nymph within my experience, and the hackle is tied to radiate from the head in such a way as to have plenty of "kick." So I suspect its attraction lies in that rather than in its resemblance to a nymph.

Whatever, however, its virtues, it is not what is commonly, indeed universally, known as partridge and orange, which is tied with partridge rump hackle, a feather seldom small enough to dress a hook smaller than No. 2. That, of course, is the pattern which I had in mind when I denied the resemblance of partridge and orange to a nymph.

I have already assured Capt. Dickie in my reply to his private letter that he has misunderstood my letters of November, 1931 and January, 1932, as imputing to him that he did not know what a nymph was like.

Yours faithfully,
34, Essex Street, G. E. M. SKUES.
Strand, London, W.C. 2.

A PIONEER HUNTING MOTORIST

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, taken somewhere about the beginning of the century, when the Earl of Dudley was Master of the Worcestershire Hounds, may interest your readers.

The car had brought him to a meet, no doubt the only person to arrive in that way, and, hounds having moved off, it was left for the admiration of a rustic, who is seen inspecting it with great suspicion. Perhaps it was his first opportunity of seeing one at close quarters!

Yours truly,
Worcs. W. M.

GAME COLLIDING WITH CAR

SIR,—A friend and I were motoring to a dance some distance away. We encountered a hare when we had gone a short distance, and, being attracted by our bright headlights, it ran straight into the car and we picked it up.

A little farther on, passing through Thursford woods, we knocked down a mallard duck in the same accidental manner, and within a few minutes a partridge on the side of the road, just as we got abreast of it, flew into our windscreen.

If by any chance one of the sundry "arms of the law" had accosted us and searched the car it would clearly have been a case of "poaching," and it would have been interesting to see whether our defence that we could not very well poach in dancing pumps and evening dress would be accepted.

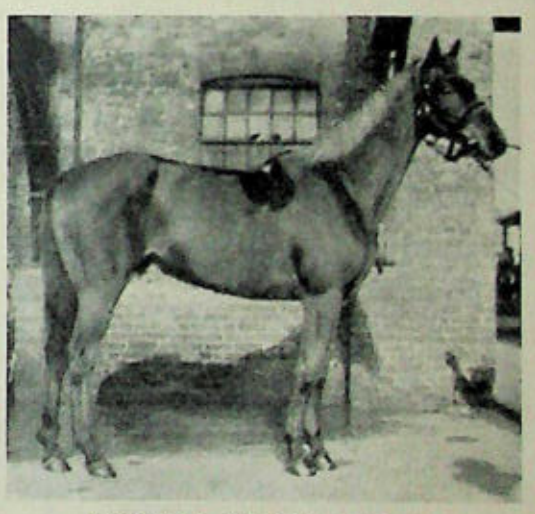
I should be very much interested to know if any brother sportsman has had a more varied "bag" in 80 miles by car.

Yours truly,
Peterson's House, JOHN L. CASE.
Aylsham, Norfolk.

HORSE TURNING WHITE THROUGH FRIGHT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a bay horse by Mount William, aged nine years. Till the age of six years, he had a jet black mane and tail; but, as you can see by the picture, his mane is now almost white and the tail is also quite grey.

This was caused by a severe fright he got whilst turned out to grass. He was in a very long field, and an aviator, endeavouring to land, chased the horse from one end of the field to the other, and very nearly landed on him! I cannot exactly say how long his mane took to change colour, as nobody saw him for three days, but within that short space of time his mane became the colour it is now.



RESULT OF AN AERIAL FRIGHT
(See Letter "Horse Turning White Through Fright")

I should like to know if any of your readers have heard of similar cases.

Yours truly,
Marchwiel Hall, J. MCALPINE (Miss).
Near Wrexham, N. Wales.

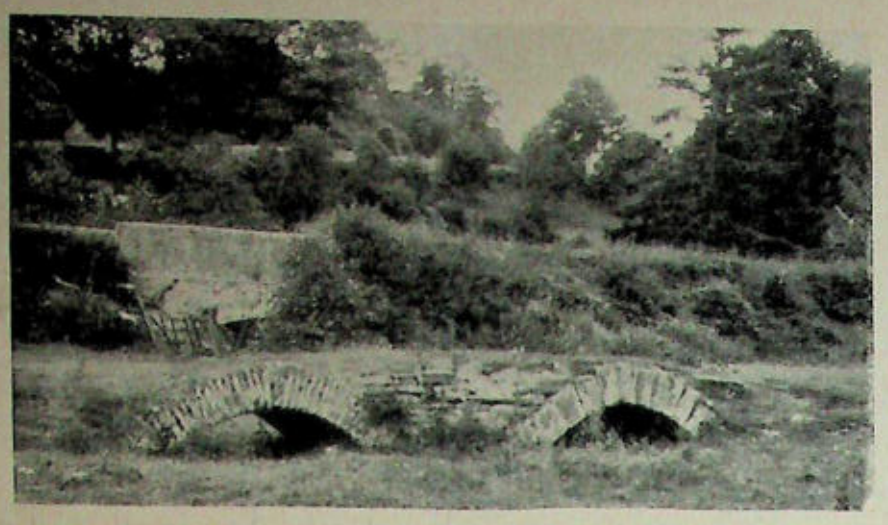
WHY GET RID OF GRAYLING?

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent Mr. Philip P. Graves, the answer to the question is that in rivers favourable to their development, grayling will multiply to such an extent as to drive out the trout.

A trout of 1lb. weight deposits approximately 1,000 ova to 3,000 of the grayling of similar size. Trout ova hatch out in approximately ten to thirteen weeks, grayling ova in three weeks. As grayling have three times the number of ova, and as these ova are vulnerable for only one-fourth of the time during which trout ova are subject to destruction, it is not surprising that in some rivers the grayling eventually crowds out the trout.

I cannot agree that in Austria and Bavaria the grayling is considered a better class fish than the trout. My experience in those countries is that the reverse is the case, from the viewpoint both of sport and the table.

Lenton Abbey, Yours faithfully,
Nottingham. DOUGLAS MCCRAITH.



RISBURY'S OLD PACK HORSE BRIDGE, WITH THE MODERN ROAD BRIDGE JUST ABOVE



PACK MULES ON THE BRECON-ABERGAVENNY ROAD CARRYING LIME FROM LLANHAMLACH

(See Letter "An Old Pack Horse Bridge")

AN OLD PACK HORSE BRIDGE

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photographs. One shows an old pack horse bridge at Risbury, near Leominster. The two arches that remain are apparently part of the causeway leading to the actual brook. The modern road bridge now crosses the brook just above, as will be seen.

The other, taken only a year or so ago, shows pack mules actually at work still on the road from Brecon to Abergavenny. They were carrying lime from Llanhamlach in that district.

In view of the fact that so much of the trade of the Middle Ages was carried in this way, this print may form an interesting footnote to history.

Yours truly,
Hereford. M. W.

NATURE'S REPAIRS

SIR,—A few weeks ago you sent me for inspection the head of a leopard with a healed fracture of the lower jaw. I am happy to tell you that Capt. H. M. Alleyne has presented the specimen to the Odontological Section of the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum. Fractures of the lower jaw are not rare amongst animals in the wild state and union often occurs, but the repair is seldom so good as that seen in Capt. Alleyne's specimen.

In fractures of the lower jaw about the position of the last molar, the anterior fragment tends to be drawn across to the injured side, while the posterior fragment has a tendency to be drawn upwards. The upward movement of the posterior fragment is, in the majority of animals, prevented by the opposing action of the broad surfaces of the molar teeth. In the Felidæ (cat tribe) the upper and lower molar teeth slide over one another, with the result that the posterior fragment is drawn up until it meets with the resistance of the soft tissues of the palate, and this resistance seems to be sufficient to keep the fragment at rest and in contact with anterior fragment for healing to occur. The anterior fragment is kept from deviating to the injured side by the interlocking action of the long canines. A radiograph of Capt. Alleyne's specimen shows that the union between the broken ends of the bone is practically perfect.

Yours truly,
Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. J. F. COLYER, F.R.C.S.

COLOUR SENSE IN ANIMALS

SIR,—On the question of colour blindness or the reverse, our goldens never take much notice of strange dogs, but if they see a golden hundreds of yards away they must go and "pass the time of day," at once. I have seen them rush off to speak to a chow, and return with distinctly annoyed expressions on their faces! This looks as if they could discriminate.

Yours truly,
Orchards, West Hatch, Taunton. W. M. CHARLESWORTH.

ENDURANCE OF HOUNDS AND GUNDOGS

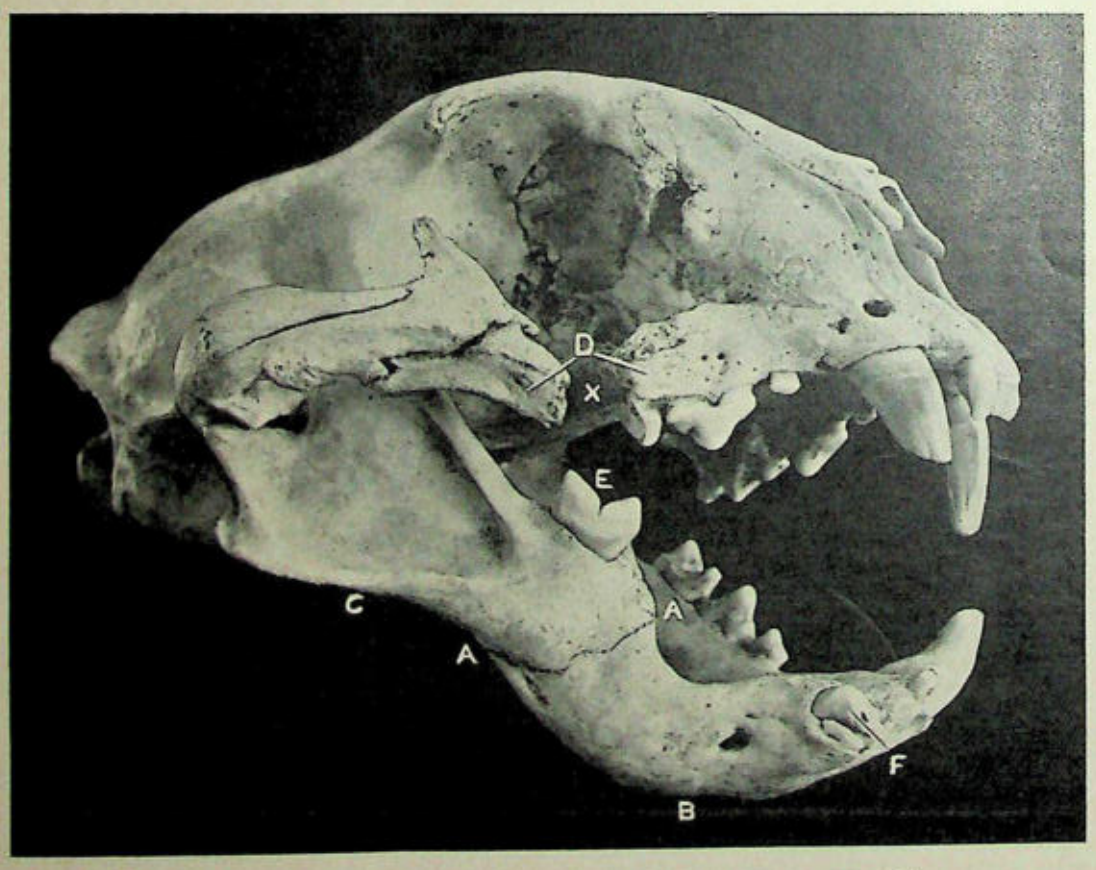
SIR,—I see that Mr. W. Shore-Baily has replied to my previous letter *re* respective endurance of foxhounds and setters. I repeat that from my experience of both breeds I consider the hound much the stouter. As an instance, in January, 1914, the Muskerry Hounds, of which I was then Master, ran over 30 miles in 3hr. 45min. They then had a 23 mile jog back to kennels. This country is decidedly hilly, and the enclosures very small, which means that hounds were continually jumping. The huntsman and first whip exhausted their own two (each) horses and ended the hunt on borrowed ones. Next day hounds were quite fit.

I think it probable that hounds have an advantage owing to the fact that they hunt as a pack and not individually. I think very few people not really conversant with hunting have any idea of the long hours necessary for both hounds and hunt servants. After working all day, and often at top speed, it is quite common to have a seventeen-mile ride home in the dark, and the morning is quite likely to start with the meet being at least twelve miles away—a very moderate estimate.

One more point. Hounds have to go out in any kind of weather, unless, of course, the going be too hard. But they do their long distances and work in any and every kind of weather, and often on days when no man would think of shooting.

Finally, if I had a setter which ranged "quite half a mile" from the gun, I would speedily get rid of it.

Yours truly,
Carham Hall, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland. IAN BULLOUGH.



HEAD OF LEOPARD WITH HEALED FRACTURE OF THE LOWER JAW

A A, line of fracture. B, anterior fragment. C, posterior fragment. D, broken zygoma (cheek bone). E, carnassial tooth. F, remains of right canine tooth. X, palate destroyed in this region

(See Letter "Nature's Repairs")



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ACCIDENTAL BAGS

SIR,—In your issue of January 9th, Mr. Disney Barlow writes of the occasion when he killed a woodcock and a goldfinch with one shot.

The following may be of interest in that the two species similarly killed by me were so very different.

I was out shooting snipe in Cyprus, and a snipe rose practically at my feet and flew very low. I shot it when it had gone perhaps 10yds., and on going to pick it up I noticed a lot of movement in some reeds a little further on.

Investigation disclosed a fox which had been taking cover in the reeds and which had received practically the whole of the charge (No. 8 shot) in the head and neck. As a combination of bringing down fur and feather with one shot this must be fairly unique. Yours faithfully,

Col. A. S. MAVROGORDATO, O.B.E.
(Inspector General of Constabulary).

St. James's Barracks,
Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

SWISS WOODCOCK MYSTERY

SIR,—The very unusual attachment of string to a woodcock's legs is most interesting, and I hope that an explanation will be forthcoming. It is likely that noosing at feeding places and netting at flight is still practised in eastern Europe, and that in this way birds would often be captured quite unhurt.

On the other hand, anyone who would tether a woodcock would probably have caught the bird unexpectedly, and would not be a regular hunter who was catching for market.

Woodcock are from time to time caught alive and unhurt most unexpectedly, and an example is that of a Cornish M.F.H. who, in the recent drought, saw a woodcock in his wire raspberry pen, and easily caught it. A few days afterwards he found three in the same place which he caught and released. These birds had entered by a hole in the netting, probably being attracted by the prospect of worms in the rotten manure around the canes. The door of the pen had been kept shut, and they had not been able to find their way out.

"SCOLOPAX."

BEE-KEEPING ON THE FRONTIER

SIR,—My poor photograph will puzzle you I am afraid, but it has caused much amusement in messes on the frontier.

Any relief from "plum and apple" is welcome up there and, finding bees swarming one spring in the more fertile valleys, an officer who had kept bees at home induced a swarm to settle in a hive made from two empty ammunition boxes. A good supply of excellent honey was obtained before the section was due to move to another spot.

The fame of this honey spread far, until another section who, unfortunately for them, did not possess a bee expert, tried to emulate our feat. This time the bees were not so obliging and chose to settle on the gun, instead of in the improvised hive. As this caused the gun to be put out of action for some hours, and the gun crew, in their misdirected efforts to dislodge the bees, to be considerably "swollen-headed" for some days, this was not encouraged in future.

Yours faithfully,

Beechmont,
New Barnet.

CHARLES W. REED
(Capt. R.A.).

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Costs of Pheasant Shooting.—In regard to "Iolair's" "All in" Game Account in your issue of March 26th. Although I am not a "pheasant shooting accountant," I cannot believe that it is honest book-keeping to take credit for eggs, *and* for the birds that come out of them!—V. B-B., Dalskairth, Dumfries.

A Quaint Norfolk Inn Sign.—Regarding the letter under this heading in your issue of March 26th, it may be of interest to your correspondent to learn that a similar sign hangs above the door of an



A STRANGE BEEHIVE
(See Letter "Bee-keeping on the Frontier")

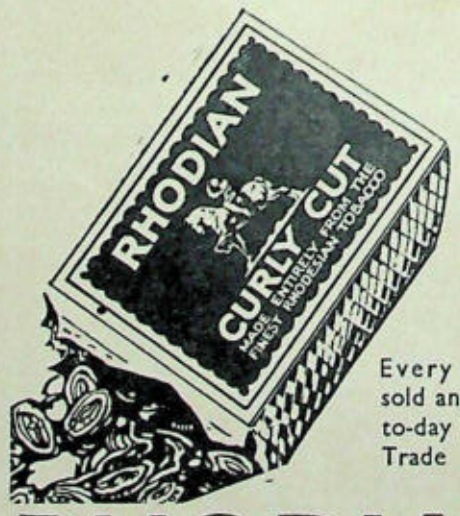
inn at Over, near Winsford, Cheshire. If my memory serves me, the verse is identical with the one quoted except that "hinders" and "hangs" are both spelt correctly.—L. N. S. SMITH, Mosley Hill, Liverpool.

Buzzard in Hampshire.—A few days ago my attention was attracted by some rooks which were obviously mobbing something, and on investigating, a large bird, which, from its size, flight and characteristic blotchy coloration, was evidently a buzzard, rose a few yards away and flew off chased by the rooks. Its occurrence in this part of the country is, I think, unusual, but as the woods are strictly preserved for game birds I am afraid it will not survive for long.—A. E. H. VALON, Hants. [In the hope that it *will* survive we omit precise locality.—ED.]

Double Retrieves.—I notice in the *Field* of March 12th that Baron Lejeune asks if a double retrieve is a rarity. Some years ago I had a bull mastiff bitch, Slioch of Ronald, which I had trained myself as a retriever. When out shooting in Glen Devon, Perthshire, I had a right and left at rabbits. Slioch went out, picked up the first, dropped it by the second, and retrieved both together perfectly. She was a most perfect retriever, rock steady, and the most sensible dog I have ever had. I can thoroughly recommend these dogs for their common sense and usefulness as a tough pal. —RONALD S. WHITSUN, Hooton Hey, Great Sutton, Cheshire.

The White-tailed Eagle.—I think there is little doubt that the white-tailed eagle shot near Dover was the same one that since January had taken up its quarters about the Yaverland and Bembridge Marshes in the Isle of Wight, and lived on snared rabbits and carrion, etc. Several people reported having seen what they thought was a golden eagle. I do not think it ever came the Needles side of Brook, or I and a watcher looking after some nesting birds on the coast must have seen it. It is a pity it did not remain on the island, where it was never molested.—D. J. W. EDWARDES, Hon. Local Sec. and Watcher, Isle of Wight, R.S.P.B.

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HARRODS LIMITED

AT ONE TIME LAST YEAR, when it was feared that, owing to the decreased spending power of the public, the net profit earned by Harrods Limited in respect of the year ended January 31st, 1932, would compare very unfavourably with those earned during recent years, the £1 ordinary shares of that company changed hands as low as 42/6.

The report which was issued early in February showed that such fears had been largely without justification, and the comparatively small reduction in net profits in a very difficult year would seem to emphasise the investment merit of these shares. The price recovered to about 53/– shortly after the publication of the report, and has since remained steady about this level, at which the yield is a little over 6¼ per cent. on the basis of a dividend of 17½ per cent.

The results for the last seven years compare as under:—

Year ended January 31st.	Net Profit.	Ordinary Capital. Available Earnings. (per cent.)	Dividend Paid. (per cent.)	Amount Issued.
1926 ..	£683,571 ..	21.0 ..	16 ..	£1,915,000
1927 ..	696,623 ..	21.3 ..	18½ ..	1,915,000
1928 ..	716,751 ..	22.2 ..	20 ..	1,915,000
1929 ..	767,656 ..	21.4 ..	20 ..	2,213,396
1930 ..	826,688 ..	24.7 ..	20 ..	2,214,848
1931 ..	742,482 ..	20.0 ..	20 ..	2,215,194
1932 ..	697,069 ..	18.1 ..	17½ ..	2,215,194

During the above period the price of the shares has fluctuated between 42/6 in September last year and a high level of 79/– reached in the spring of 1929.

The company was registered in 1889, and like most other successful enterprises the business has been built up from small beginnings. The original business cost £90,000, whereas assets now total more than £10,000,000. In addition to its West End store, the company owns Kendal Milne & Co. of Manchester; 54,000 deferred shares of 1/– each in Harrods (Buenos Aires) Limited (which are at present quoted around 22/6); all the share capital of Harrods (Continental) Limited; over 95 per cent. of the ordinary shares of Dickens & Jones; all the share capital of Walter Carter Limited of Southport; and 300,194 ordinary shares of £1 each of D. H. Evans & Co. In March, 1931, the company also acquired the stock and goodwill of James Shoolbred and Co., and in October, 1931, the stock and goodwill of the Civil Service Co-operative Society. The control of Swan & Edgar, which was acquired for £678,680 in 1920 was disposed of to the Charterhouse Investment Trust in 1926 for £1,000,000.

A large retail store such as Harrods, sells, of course, both necessities and luxuries, but, contrary to the general belief, the latter class of goods represents a relatively unimportant proportion of the total sales. The management of Harrods has time and again given ample proof of its exceptional capability, and the ordinary shares should appeal to those investors whose aim is to obtain a holding of real investment merit, giving a satisfactory return on the money, and with the probability of gradual capital appreciation when trading conditions in general regain some degree of normality.

BRITISH MATCH

Investors should be on the lookout for any opportunity which may occur for purchasing the £1 ordinary shares of the British Match Corporation around their par value. These shares have been a weak market recently owing to the fear that the Swedish Match Company will endeavour to sell its holding of 1,856,250 of the Corporation's ordinary shares. Any idea that these shares will be sold in the open market would, however, appear to border on the ridiculous, more especially to those who have any knowledge of current market conditions. It is much more probable that if these shares are to be sold they will be placed among investment trust companies outside the market, or alternatively that they will be taken over by the Corporation itself and issued to shareholders on bonus terms.

British Match Corporation was registered in 1927 for the purpose of acquiring the ordinary shares of Bryant & May, Ltd., and J. Masters & Co. It holds no shares in Kreuger & Toll or the Swedish Match Company, nor has it made any loans to those companies, or entered into any financial guarantees. A dividend of 6 per cent. free of tax (equivalent to 8 per cent. gross) has been paid to ordinary shareholders since the company's inception, and the shares can be regarded as a sound holding.

PACTOLUS.

Royal Exchange Assurance.—This company announces that it has been decided to recommend the General Court to be held on the 27th instant, to declare a further dividend of 17 per cent., less income tax, making 27 per cent., less income tax, for the year 1931.

ACROSS UNKNOWN NEW GUINEA

The Story of a Gallant Expedition

NEW GUINEA, to most of us, is an island inhabited by birds of paradise and fuzzy-headed humans who eat each other, live in houses on stilts, and collect heads—European heads for preference—by way of a hobby.

It would appear, from the experiences of Mr. Champion and his companion Mr. Karius, as related in *Across New Guinea*, that this last impression is somewhat exaggerated, for they crossed the island almost at its widest point and, during their months of exploration, never fired a shot in anger: the total casualties, in two expeditions (the first a glorious failure), were one carrier dead of disease and two dogs lost. Only twice, during their second trip, did they even trouble to mount a guard!



A NATIVE OF THE FLY RIVER, NEW GUINEA
From "Across New Guinea" (Constable)

At the first attempt they failed to cross the mountain barrier, but the friends they made on that occasion, notably at Bolivip, helped them at a critical time during their second attempt.

Tamsimara, chieftain of Bolivip, with his wheedling ways, dog-like devotion to Mr. Champion and eye to the main chance, is one of the most interesting characters in the book: he it was who guided them at last, from the source of the Fly River to the source of the Sepik, across a waste of fissured limestone.

MURDERER WHO WAS A SOCIAL SUCCESS

Another striking character is Simodi, who "came from Goabari Island where the missionaries, Chalmers and Tomkins, had been killed and eaten some 25 years ago. Simodi . . . had a happy laughing disposition and was always to the fore in making friendly overtures when strange natives were encountered. Incidentally, this social success was a convict serving a sentence for murder!

Sir Herbert Murray, in his introduction, says "I doubt if exploration of the like difficulty and importance has ever been carried out with such slender resources." Slender resources indeed: a handful of heroic native police who feared nothing except the loss of their rifles—rifles which were never once misused, though, on many occasions, one frightened man might, by firing, have caused the failure of the expedition, if not the massacre of the entire party.

These police, some native carriers of the d'Entrecastaux group, and volunteer convicts from Port Moresby comprised the expedition, led by Karius and Champion. The island carriers behaved magnificently: and towards the end of the second (successful) expedition when it was necessary to be sparing with the sago rations, some of them were pitiable objects. Their bones showed out through a covering of skin and, only little men at any time, some were so light that they could be lifted off the ground with one hand. But they still smiled. One feels that, without such leaders, they would have stopped smiling weeks before then.

The Germans, before the War, had explored or mapped much of their territory on the Sepik river: the British hinterland was, however, unmapped and almost entirely unexplored, and the Champion—Karius expedition was an epic of endurance. On the limestone barrier there was neither water nor soil, but just sharp, porous rock. On reaching the top of a ridge the party would find they had to crawl down again on the other side into a basin and round it, like ants in a sugar-bowl, seeking a way out again. Gradually they were being forced away from the river. Again: "Worse and worse it grew: limestone rocks with razor-like edges to clamber over: chasms 20ft. to 30ft. deep to cross by rotten tree trunks, by thin saplings or the roots of trees . . . a false step would have meant falling into an abyss or impalement on needle-pointed pinnacles of limestone." The cold, too, was intense.

In the swamps: "Night and day there is the incessant shriek of hundreds of insects and the smell of putrifying vegetation."

One point is not explained. Throughout nearly the whole of both journeys the explorers followed rivers, and were often short of food, yet there is no mention of them fishing.

Across New Guinea, from the Fly River to the Sepik. By Ivan F. Champion. (Constable; 15/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A Sportsman's Sketches. By Ivan Turgenev (J. M. Dent & Sons; 3/6 net.) Another volume in the Open-Air Library Series from the pleasant pen of the well-known Russian writer Turgenev, giving a sincere insight into Russian life off the beaten track. A charming book.

Gay Gardening. A Book of Tips for Amateur Gardeners. By Dorothy Easton. (William Heinemann; 2/6 net.) In spite of the almost irritatingly "gay" style in which this book is written, it will find a niche on the garden bookshelf, for it contains many useful suggestions both for the amateur and the experienced gardener. It is a pity, however, that the writer indulges in slang expressions.

The Green Bag, by Adele Leaman. (Skeffington and Son, Ltd.; 7/6 net.) The publishers of this book can well claim that they have discovered a new "star" in detective fiction authorship. *The Green Bag* is one of the best detective stories that has appeared for a long time.



A SERGEANT OF THE NEW GUINEA NATIVE POLICE
From "Across New Guinea" (Constable)

Flax, Police Dog. By Svend Fleuron. Illustrations by Cecil Aldin (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 8/6 net).—Excellently translated from the Danish by E. G. Nash, this vividly written record of a police dog's life is a delightful study in dog character, besides giving much information as to the training and employment of police dogs in general.

The Irish Wolfhound. By Phyllis Gardner (Dundalgan Press, Dundalk; 7/6 net).—An extremely comprehensive historical account of the Irish wolfhound from the earliest days up to the present time.

Murder Game. By John Stephen Strange. (Collins: 7/6 net).—A really first-rate detective story.

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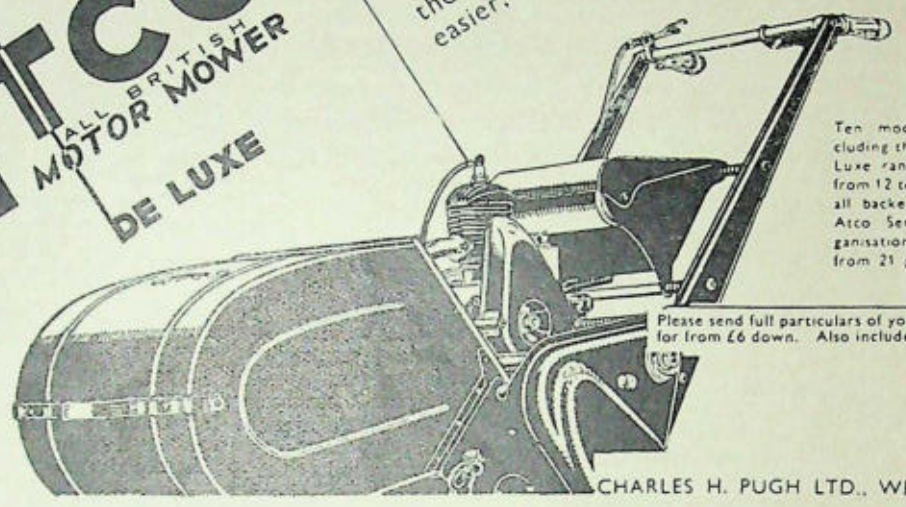
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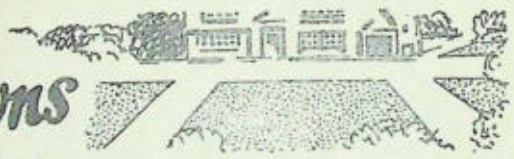


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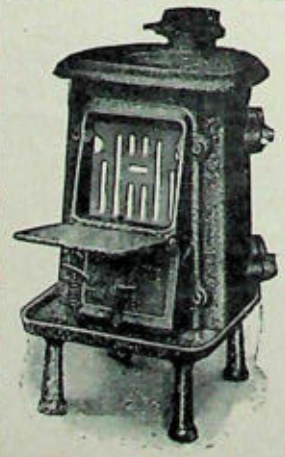
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THE PATH THROUGH THE ROCK GARDEN

Annuals such as Iceland poppies look better at the side of a pathway through the rockery than in a border

The COUNTRY HOUSE

ANNUALS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN

Flowers That are Too Seldom Seen and May Be Planted Now

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AT THIS TIME of year bare patches in the rock garden begin to look conspicuous, and the least costly way of rectifying matters is to sow annuals. Apart from the commonly grown sorts—sweet alyssum (which is a perennial on sandy warm soil), the pale blue flax, Iceland poppies (strictly perennials, but usually treated as annuals), and the dwarf nasturtiums—there are charming annuals of easy culture for the rock garden which might be more commonly grown.

Ionopsidium acaule, for instance, sows itself like a weed if it likes the soil. It is a native of Portugal, an old favourite not so often seen now. If seeds are planted this month the plants will be in bloom by the end of June and may flower again in autumn. The dense growth (about 2in. high) and violet flowers are very attractive. It likes narrow crevices, and unless it has plenty of moisture at its roots it shrivels.

Sanvitalia procumbens, in both the single and double sorts, comes into bloom slightly later—usually mid-July. It is usually sown in autumn for early spring flowering, but does admirably if sown now.

For a patch of blue the half-hardy annual *Convolvulus tricolor*, or *C. minor* as it is usually listed, can be planted any time now or next month to flower in late summer and autumn. There are numerous varieties, but the type with its clear rich blue flowers with white centres is still the best. *C. tricolor* likes a good warm soil, but dislikes a very dry soil as much as one that is too wet.

SOME EFFECTIVE PHACELIAS

Phacelia campanularia, with its deep-coloured flowers—one of the most beautiful of cultivated blue flowers—is very effective with its showy white anthers. The less commonly grown *P. Parryi* is even more striking. *P. congesta* has lavender blue flowers in tight heads rather like heliotrope. The phacelias are beloved by bees.

The vivid scarlet portulacas are suitable alike for the rock garden and for the interstices in crazy pavings. They like a sunny dry position and should not be sown till May. *P. Thellusonii* is the lovely semi-double variety.

The alpine poppies are always delightful and flourish in most soils. Although perennial they are best treated as annuals. The white with the yellow centre is the commonest, and there are also the crimson and yellow forms. In a rock garden they look far more effective than in a herbaceous border.

The Coonara hybrids of Iceland poppies raised, as their name indicates, in Western Australia, will soon presumably be established favourites for their lovely colourings ranging from salmon pink to old gold; but it will be a pity if they oust the old Iceland poppies. There is already an improved (dreadful word!) Coonara of a giant type with immense flowers and seed which will be obtainable after July this year.

Silene pendula compacta is another useful old favourite. Its purplish foliage and deep crimson flowers are dainty. Sown now, it blooms in summer, and the autumn sowing flowers in spring. Of the Eutocas *E. viscida* (about 12in.) is the most attractive, but their flowering season is very short.

Eschscholtzia tenuifolia is still too seldom seen, especially in rock gardens in small gardens, for it is of the easiest culture. This tiny eschscholtzia is very bushy in habit and in summer it is smothered with its primrose yellow flowers. Dotted about on a rockery it is very gay. The lovely little *E. caespitosa* blooms earlier and is therefore even more valuable. It grows about 5in. high.

FOR PATCHES OF COLOUR

For brilliant patches of colour there is the old tassel flower (*Cacalia coccinea*) with its brilliant orange red flowers. For an even more vivid scarlet orange there is *Alonsoa Warscewiczii* (12in.). This was introduced as long ago as 1790, but it is still far from common in gardens. As a pot plant it is in flower all through late spring, summer and early autumn.

Collinsia bicolor (12in.), with its reddish flowers is useful for cutting as well as being decorative in the rock garden. The seed can be planted now where the plants are to flower, and when the seedlings are up, thinned to 3in. apart.

The common valerian is too large for the rock garden, but *Centranthus macrosiphon* is very dainty, with its pink and white flowers. It can be sown now and the seedlings should be thinned to quite a foot apart.

Bartonia aurea (1ft. to 2ft.) is very showy. It is a native of California and likes a sunny well-drained position. Seeds should be sown now where the plants are to flower and thinned to a foot apart. *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca* is now very popular, not only the type which is a fine orange with a dark centre, but the various hybrids. They like a dryish spot.

Abronia umbellata (sand verbena), with its trailing growth and slightly scented purplish flowers, is always pleasing.

THE COUNTRYMAN AT OLYMPIA

Why the Ideal Home Exhibition is Worth Visiting

EVEN IF HIS VISIT be made from a purely practical point of view, the countryman will find much to interest him in the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. Almost all that modern ingenuity can offer to enable the country to enjoy the conveniences of the town, and to assist in the economical running of a country house, will be found somewhere among the long rows of stands.

There are sections for heating and lighting, where one can compare in price and performance the various methods of generating and using electricity. There are exhibits showing the modern applications of gas; and there is a display of open fires and grates.

An entire section has been devoted to refrigeration, which, as it comes nearer to perfection, grows annually more important in the country house. Building and garden equipment are well represented, as are decoration and sanitation. And the high reputation which has in the past been acquired by the garden annexe of the Ideal Home Exhibition, is fully maintained by this year's show.

A GUIDE TO MODERN TASTE

Apart from its practical and useful appeal, the exhibition is worth studying as a guide to the movements of present-day taste. In past years there has been a great amount of copying of the Tudor decorative styles, but this year reveals a healthy tendency to abandon imitations of "ye olde Englishe" for modern and living designs.

There are still a few instances of the "Baronial Halls for £15" which have proved so popular among the smaller suburban houses; but on the whole the preference is for simple unpretentious furniture of chaste lines and purely functional design.

The Ideal Home Exhibition probably has more effect on the appearance of the English countryside than is generally realised. What is now to be seen at Olympia will find its way, during the course of the year, into countless new houses in the outer suburbs of our industrial cities, and into the bungaloid growths that continue to spread around our coasts and along our arterial roads.

Now the furniture and decoration that a man puts in the inside of his home affects the type of architecture that he will choose for the outside; and it is the architecture of small houses that decides the good or bad appearance of the country in which they stand. That is why the tendencies at Olympia are of such active interest to the countryman.

G. G. W.



THE JAVELIN THROWER

One of the delightful bronze and ivory statuettes to be seen at Messrs. Phillips & MacConnal's stand at Olympia

MODERN DESIGNS IN GAS FIRES

Ideas for Those Who Are Making Spring Renovations

By SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E.

THOUGH GAS HAS BEEN USED to light the streets for a century and a quarter, gas fires have only been in use for 50 years. The first patent for a gas fire was granted in 1849, but it was not until 1877 that a really practicable gas fire was invented. It worked; but it was hideous, and 30 years passed before anyone perceived its artistic possibilities and attempted to treat it on its merits.

Gas, the liberated "spirit of coal," can do all that solid fuel can do, but more simply, more flexibly, more cleanly; and the gas fire needs neither the fire clay basket or grating, nor the fire-proof hearth, that are associated with the coal fire. It needs only a small and simple flue for perfect ventilation. In short, it is an individual development and calls for original treatment.

Yet the early designers, with a kind of protective mimicry, tried to make their gas fires as much like coal fires as possible. Their excursions into decorative art were often disastrous. I remember one cast-iron model which "wore a wreath of roses," a floral pattern which, in such a setting, was peculiarly unconvincing.

IMITATIONS OF OLD GRATES

For many years the gas fire was fated to stand in front of a coal grate, obviously as an afterthought, instead of being incorporated in the original design of the house.

Yet it was not entirely the fault of the gas industry that the early fires were exposed to the charge of unsightliness, but those of us in the gas industry who cared for art in industrial design had to overcome many obstacles. The vogue for "period" fires (passable imitations of Tudor, Jacobean and other styles which had flourished when no one dreamed of gas fires) marked some advance, but they were anachronisms for all that.

When at last we persuaded a handful of creative artists to use their skill in the design of gas fires which were not mere copies, they found a fresh and challenging virtue in the simplicity of style and perfection of line to which their subject lent itself. There was unbounded scope for originality in the handling of this new medium.

For gas fires may be set flush with the wall, or in canopied interiors; in surrounds of sheet copper, or armour-bright steel or fluted asbestone; or without any surround at all. I have seen a gas fire set 10in. above the floor, with hand-beaten bronze doors to be closed on summer days.

Gas needs so small a flue to ventilate effectively that a fire may be fixed on a straight wall, or across a corner, or even in the centre of a large room with a flue beneath the floor, and if necessary in the latter case with two or four fires backing toward each other, to radiate heat to all parts of the room.



A GAS FIRE IN DISGUISE

The grate has been fitted with a gas fire which resembles a brightly burning log fire



A MODERN GAS FIRE IN A COUNTRY HOUSE

The lustre pendant is also lit by gas

GAS IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE

Its Advantages Over Other Fuels

UNTIL a few years ago the country house owner was forced to rely on solid fuel for heating and cooking, and, unless he went to the expense of installing a private acetylene plant, or oil for lighting.

To-day town comforts and modern labour-saving fuels are within the reach of many country districts. Gas undertakings in particular are extending their areas of supply still farther out into the remote country. The South Yorkshire Gas Grid Scheme, which will cover 73 miles of the county, is one example of what is being done.

The following description, therefore, of the modernisation of an old house in the south of England may be of interest to owners who are contemplating the installation of labour-saving equipment in their own homes.

In the work of remodelling old property the problem is twofold: the new methods of heating and lighting must be economical and labour-saving, and the conversion must be carried out without destroying the old characteristics of the house or losing any existing advantages in the design of the rooms. In the example illustrated every effort was made to retain all the existing features of the house as originally designed, such as the mantelpieces, the carved and panelled doors with their beautiful brass hinges, and the carved wood decorations on the ceilings.

With one exception all fireplaces have been fitted with modern gas fires. Owing to the great advance in gas fire design during recent years it was possible to choose designs which would harmonise with their surroundings.

In the bedrooms, including those of the domestic staff, fires of the standard type with upright radiants have been installed. In the living rooms the fireplaces were equipped with gas fires closely resembling glowing coke or a blazing log fire. The hall and passages of old houses are often draughty and cold in winter, and to counteract this, gas-fired radiators were installed in the hall and on the landings.

With most modern gas fires, as the accompanying illustrations show, the connection to the supply pipe can be completely hidden. The supply to the fire is brought under the hearth and the connection is made behind the fire.

THE HOT WATER SUPPLY

The kitchen of this house is equipped on up-to-date lines. The cooking is done on a modern gas-cooker, and there are both gas and coke water-heaters, the former for summer use, the latter for winter use; also a gas operated refrigerator.

Where there is a coke boiler for domestic hot water supplies it is possible to heat one or two hot water radiators from the same source. Where more than this number of radiators are required it is more practicable to instal a second coke boiler or a gas-fired central heating boiler. In large houses in winter some form of central heating is advisable, supplemented by open radiant fires in the living rooms.

The central heating ensures the maintenance of general warmth throughout the house and keeps unused rooms free from damp; the gas or smokeless solid fuel fires provide what extra warmth is needed, and a cheerful environment and thorough ventilation as well.

C. B.

THE ESTATE MARKET

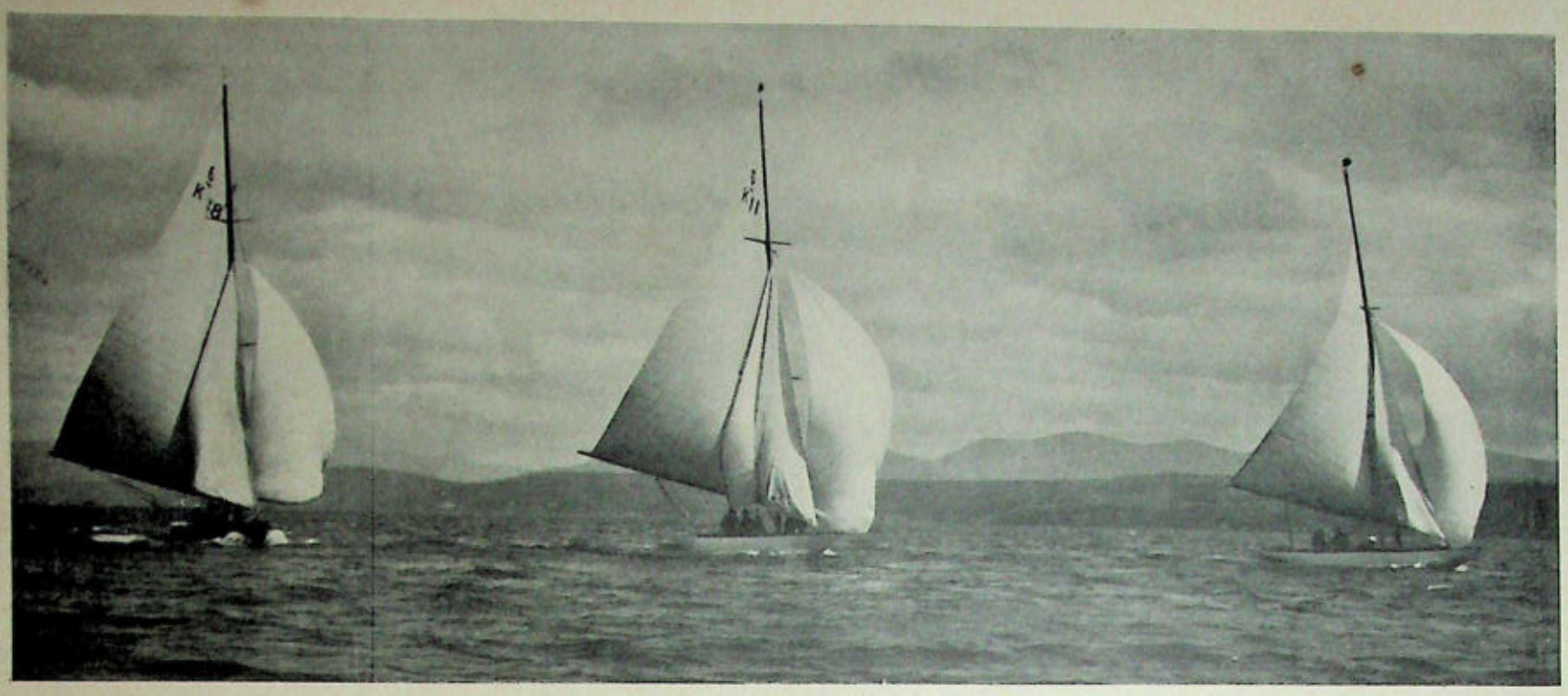
One of the Few Remaining Private Broads

A BOATHOUSE on one of the few remaining private broads is a notable attraction of Catfield Hall, Norfolk, which is to be sold by Messrs. John D. Wood & Co. The Georgian house stands in eighteen acres of parkland, and there are 80 acres of arable land and about 150 acres of reedland and marshes. The marshes offer good rough shooting and are of particular interest to naturalists.

The Elizabethan manor of Wroughton, near Swindon, is to be let or sold by the same agents. The house contains several examples of old oak panelling, oak beams and open fireplaces, and is conveniently situated for hunting with the V.W.H., the Duke of Beaufort's and the Craven. It has, moreover, such modern advantages as electric light.

Green Farm, on Mr. Lloyd George's Churt estate, is to be let by Messrs. Hampton & Sons. Constructed from an old farmhouse and the adjoining barn, linked together over a paved loggia, the house is of rather unusual character, and has the convenience of electric light and power.

On the Marsden Manor estate about 450 acres of the land has been sold, leaving approximately 466 acres with the house itself. Messrs. Jackson Stops & Staff are the agents.



"SIXES" ON THE CLYDE: THE MYLNE-DESIGNED VENGLA AND TWO FIFE BOATS, SAGA AND FINTRA

NEW BOATS ON THE CLYDE

This Season's Additions to the Eight and Six Metre Classes

IT IS A MATTER for lively satisfaction on the Clyde that many of the leading owners are giving their usual active support to yachting. Sir Thomas Dunlop, Bart., Vice-Commodore of the Royal Clyde Y.C. and Commodore of the Clyde Cruising Club, is fitting out his s.y. Ariana; Mr. F. J. Stephen, Commodore of the Royal Northern Y.C., his s.y. Medea; Mr. George F. Paisley, Commodore of the Royal West of Scotland Y.C., his s.y. Merlin; Mr. James Napier, Rear-Commodore of the Royal Northern Y.C., his s.y. Majesta; and the Misses Coats their s.y. Gael. Another well-known Clyde yachtsman, Mr. Archibald Watson, who has been elected Commodore of the Clyde Corinthian Y.C. in succession to the late Mr. R. S. Allan, LL.D., is having a large auxiliary yawl built by Messrs. Fife & Son at Fairlie.

As to the racing craft, the newly constituted Clyde Y.C.'s conference with a view to encouraging the less successful owners to fit out their boats have instituted a second division in each of the 8-metre and 6-metre classes, in which the yachts will compete on a limited handicap.

AMERICAN CHALLENGERS

Fresh interest will be imparted to the racing of the "eights" by the introduction of a Mylne boat, which is now being completed at the Bute Slip Dock Co.'s yard at Port Bannatyne. This boat is for Mr. William Wordie, Commodore of the Holy Loch Sailing Club and owner of the little "Scottish Islander" Fidra and the auxiliary ketch Fedoa. We hope to see the newcomer putting up a fine show against Mr. A. S. L. Young's Saskia, Mr. W. F. Robertson's Caryl and the other cracks of the class.

The large yachts of the "J" class are for the second year in succession not coming North for the series of Clyde Fortnight regattas, which begin on June 24th. In their absence the chief item of interest during the season will again centre in the contest for the Seawanhaka Cup. The matches between the American challenger and the Clyde defender will be sailed in August over the Royal Northern Y.C. waters in the open Firth outside Rothesay Bay. Last year the contest between the 8-metres Saskia and Priscilla III. attracted widespread attention, and although the competitors this season will be two little 6-metre boats, it may be taken for granted, so dearly does the Clyde love an international contest, that by the time August comes round the interest will be as great as it was last summer.

The Americans have selected Mr. Briggs Cunningham's Lucie, Mr. R. B. Meyer's Bob Kat II., Mr. Seward Johnson's Jill, and a new boat built by a syndicate and named Nancy as their team of 6-metres to meet the British team in the races for the British-American Cup in the Solent in July. From these four the challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup will be chosen. Lucie visited the Clyde last summer, and was remarkably successful in competition against the Clyde "sixes." Bob Kat and Jill are said to be fully equal to Lucie, and as Nancy, which was launched two or three weeks ago, has been specially designed with a view to racing in British waters, it will be seen that the Americans have a very strong hand from which to pick a challenger.

Fortunately, three new 6-metres may be available on the Clyde. A Mylne-designed "six" was completed at Port Bannatyne at the end of last season, a Fife-designed boat is nearing completion at Fairlie, and a Stephen-designed boat is being built at Linthouse, Glasgow, for Mr. John G. Stephen. Particular interest attaches to the last-mentioned boat, as Mr. Fred J. Stephen's Linthouse-built 6-metre Coila III. was the first European yacht to win the Seawanhaka Cup and bring it across the Atlantic. On that occasion Mr. John Stephen sailed his father's famous little crack, and he was a member of the British crews in all the subsequent races in which Coila III., Caryl and Saskia competed.

An innovation on the Clyde this season will be a start with a class for the popular 14 feet international dinghies. The yachting season officially opens on Friday, May 20th, when the yachts owned by members of the two premier clubs, the Royal Clyde Y.C. and the Royal Northern Y.C., engage in cruising races over courses from Hunter's Quay to Rothesay Bay.

AN AMAZING OUTBOARD RACE

How a Trophy Remained in America

FOR OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATING the Blue Ribbon is generally conceded to be the Colonel Green Trophy Race, held each year at Miami Beach, Florida, U.S.A. During the occasion of Mr. J. W. Shillan's visit to America in January last, a number of the leading American motor-boating sportsmen urged him to send one of his "Rytecraft" boats to compete in this important race, and so he sent Non Sequitur XI., which is a 12ft. "Rytecraft" hydroplane powered with an Elto Racing Quad, developing 59 b.h.p. at 5,800 r.p.m., and to pilot this outfit went Mr. Chas. Harrison, who put up a magnificent performance.

The race is held on three consecutive days over a course of four-and-a-half miles. After the first two heats Non Sequitur XI. was leading on points, and it seems that the eight American drivers who were left in the race banded together to urge Mr. Harrison to go over the line before the starting gun, and so secure his disqualification.

From evidence received it seems that a bomb was dropped ten seconds before the starting gun by somebody near the line, and Mr. Harrison, thinking it was the starting gun, went over the line, and thus brought about his disqualification.

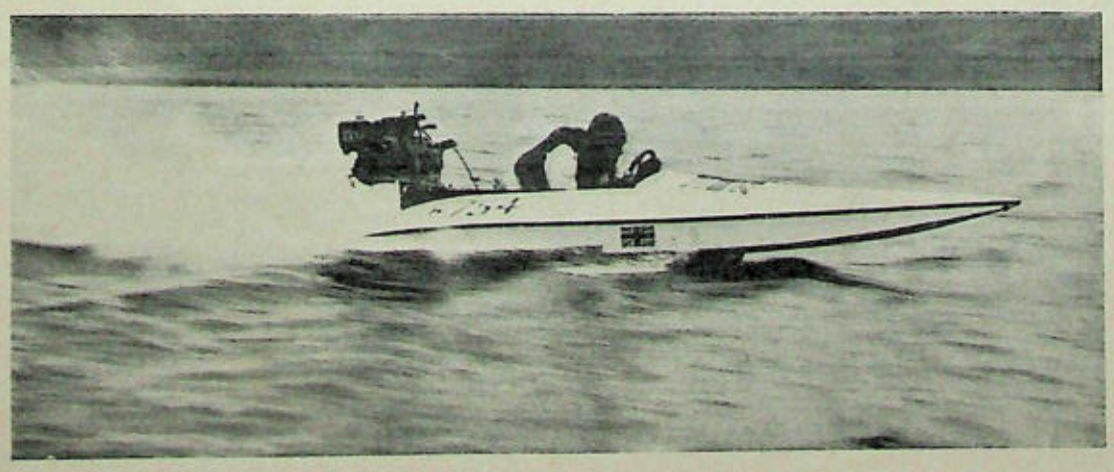
UNRIVALLED SUPERIORITY

An inquiry has now been instituted presided over by Mr. Chas. Chapman, Judge of the American Power Boat Association, and Mr. George Townsend, President of the same association, and a cable has been received from America which states that the eight American professional drivers have been disqualified from all outboard racing until such time as they can prove themselves innocent in every way of trickery.

It is particularly annoying when it is considered that in the third heat Mr. Harrison need only have finished third, to have won the Colonel Green Trophy. As it was, he finished first, outstripping all the American and foreign competitors, and so the Trophy remains in America instead of passing to a foreign country—Great Britain—for the first time in its history.

A number of eminent American motor boating sportsmen banded together and requested Mrs. James Walker—Mayoress of New York—to present Mr. Chas. Harrison with a "Best Performance" Trophy to commemorate his wonderful feat in the race.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Harrison was not awarded any points for the last day's racing, he was still entitled to the second prize on the points he earned in the previous two days' laps. This second prize and "Best Performance" Cup he has brought back with him to England.



MR. CHARLES HARRISON PILOTING NON-SEQUITUR XI.

With this Elto-driven outboard Mr. Harrison, but for extraordinary circumstances, would have won the coveted Colonel Green Trophy

A RACING YACHT FOR FORTY-FIVE POUNDS

The New Royal Corinthian Sharpie Class

WITH A VIEW to providing racing at the minimum cost the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club early this year adopted a type of racing boat which is very popular on the Continent, and known as the " 12 sq. metre Sharpie class."

These boats are similar in appearance to the " Star class "—flat bottomed, with a fine bow and Bermudian sloop rigged.

The committee of the Royal Corinthian decided to make a club class of these boats, and an order was placed with Messrs. King, boat builders of Burnham-on-Crouch, for six boats, which were to be ready at Easter. The cost of the boats, complete on the water, is £45 per boat.

The committee have made arrangements to facilitate the class being taken up by junior members and those unable to run an expensive type of boat.

For those who wish to purchase the boats payment can be made over an extended period without any additional charge for interest, the price under all conditions being £45.

The annual upkeep, fitting out, and other expenses have also been summed up and put on a fixed basis by arrangement with Messrs. Pettierew, of Burnham, so that the annual expenditure for a season's racing is also known beforehand.

UPKEEP REDUCED TO A MINIMUM

This service includes the following in its schedule, as expressed in the language of the estimates: Complete fit-out, clean and varnish compo bottom, bend sails and launch; clean, rub down and varnish throughout on deck and topsides once during season, and to lay ashore, scrub and lay off as required during season. Also renew all gear, standing and running, throughout the season as required, subject to fair wear and tear; to find moorings during summer, and house during winter, and to haul out, dismantle and put away in store.

The charge for this complete service, including the renewal of sails, is £16 per annum.

In Germany, Holland, Belgium and other countries the class has become very popular, and international races will take place during Burnham Week.

As an international class the Sharpies are easily the cheapest in existence, and with two or three sharing a boat no sport could be indulged in for such a moderate sum. The class is open to members of affiliated clubs, including cadets or lady members, and the boats can either be purchased outright or hired for an annual charge of £16.

A cup is being presented for the best aggregate of the season.

BERMUDIAN OR GAFF RIG FOR CRUISERS?

When Seaworthiness Decides the Issue

By L. LUARD

BERMUDIAN RIG is gaining in popularity every year and is now universal in class racing. Certain disadvantages, however, inherent in the rig militate against its adoption in many cruising yachts.

Sometimes cruiser design follows too fast upon the heels of racing design, especially in the matter of rig, for in pure cruising maximum aero-dynamical efficiency is not so essential as are freedom from worry and constant attention, and reduction in expense of upkeep.

In small cruisers up to ten, fifteen, or even twenty tons a Bermudian mainsail possesses several advantages. It is easily handled provided that track and slides are of the right design and of ample strength; the staying of the mast, which can well be solid, is not too complicated; and greater efficiency is developed, especially to windward. But when this tonnage is exceeded a different problem must be faced. As soon as mast height increases staying at once becomes more complicated, and once a certain height is reached the solid spar must give way to a hollow one.

Double cross-trees, a multitude of shrouds, inaccessible girder stays, lower and masthead runners, and masthead backstays—all kept carefully tensioned—are not always the best of shipmates. Furthermore, as soon as the sail reaches a certain height a good many battens are necessary to keep the leech in shape—and battens often break in heavy weather, tear out the inboard ends of their pockets, besides being difficult to deal with when reefing. These disadvantages are not so serious when coastal cruising only is contemplated, but in offshore work they are very real and apparent, and often a source of danger, for as yet a Bermudian mainsail—preferably loose-footed—so cut that no battens are necessary has not found favour.

Probably the difficulties of making this type of sail stand are hard to overcome, but no doubt experiment in this direction is already taking place.

But the chief disadvantage of a Bermudian mainsail—too little known—becomes evident when really bad weather is encountered, though it applies less to ketches and yawls than to cutters. Once a Bermudian-rigged boat is reefed, the centre of effort of her sail plan shifts forward a disproportionate amount. The more she is snugged down the more this centre moves from its correct position, till when hove-to under close-reefed sail great difficulty is often experienced in holding a cutter up to the wind.

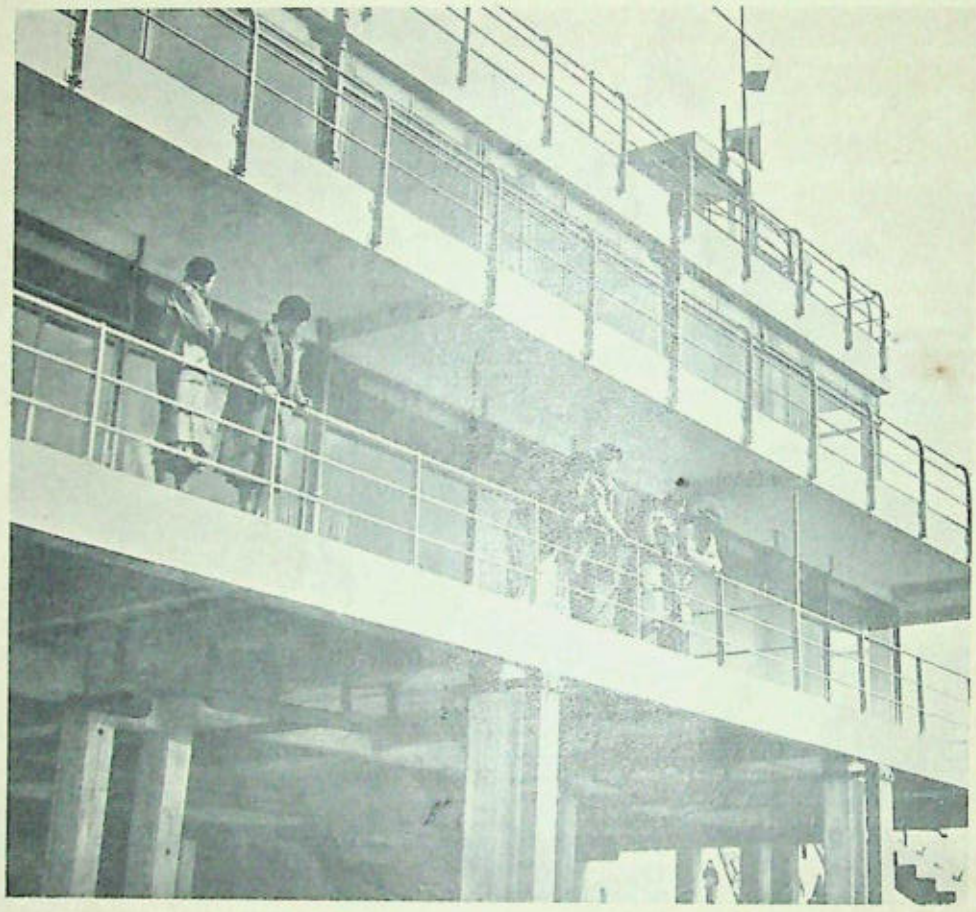
This is bad enough in deep water, but in the shallows round the English coasts where steep breaking seas prevail, ability successfully to heave-to in emergency is often essential. Much, of course, depends upon the type of hull and upon the seamanship displayed, but a cutter with little grip in the water forward might well be made to heave-to in a fashion under gaff rig, yet prove unmanageable with a Bermudian sail.

WHEN THE GAFF RIG SCORES

This alone is a great point in favour of the gaff rig for serious cruising, and a further one is in the improvement that can be effected in ease of handling and in efficiency by the use of a vang, which is simply a rope or wire guy secured to the outboard end of the gaff and led to a tackle on the weather quarter. Properly handled a vang steadies the gaff in heavy weather, thus preventing chafe, and lets the sail draw better on all points of sailing by holding up the gaff. It keeps the gaff clear of the rigging when running before the wind, and makes the rather difficult operation of lowering the mainsail before a heavy wind, without rounding to, much easier.

Owning a vessel equipped with vangs, untroubled by the vagaries of a high mast and its complex rigging, able to get aloft without difficulty, and having easily worked jib-headed topsails that can be handed instead of taking in a first reef, and set, when necessary, above a reefed mainsail, a true seaman would rarely hesitate in his choice of rig for cruising.

But there is more in it than that. Seaworthiness and speed are always opposed. It is purely a matter of personal experience and knowledge of the prevailing conditions in which the two rigs are to be used that allows one to decide " where ends the virtue or begins the vice."



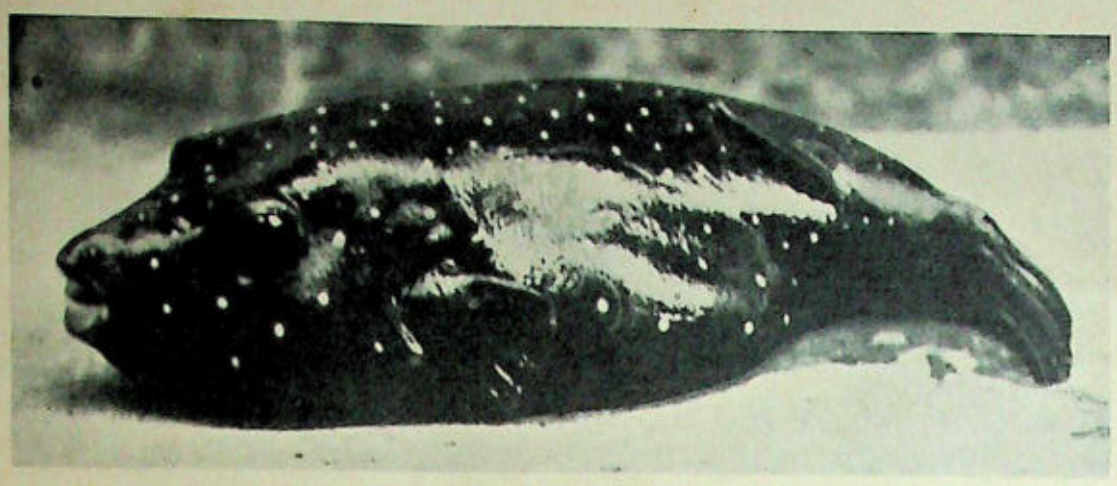


1. WATCHING THE RACING AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH FROM A BALCONY OF THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB'S FINE HEADQUARTERS. 2. ONE OF THE NEW ROYAL CORINTHIAN SHARPIE CLASS

Sale of Yachts.—Messrs. Marvin & Sons, Ltd., are holding their annual Spring Sale by Auction, of yachts, on the 27th inst., at the Hotel Metropole, London, W.C. A number of interesting vessels are to be submitted, including the fine steam yacht Mavis, 260 tons, in excellent condition and fully found and classed at Lloyd's; two powerful motor yachts, Vergemere II. and Shalimar, fitted with heavy oil machinery, each 114 tons; the expensively constructed steam yacht Goshawk, 58 tons; the fast cruising cutter June, 56 tons, well known in handicap racing; the sea-going auxiliary yawl Fearless, 33 tons, a deep-water cruiser with first-class sailing qualities; and the auxiliary boeier yacht St. Michel, 31 tons, well maintained and extremely suitable for living aboard.

THE FISH THAT BLOWS UP AND TURNS TURTLE

A Temperamental Inmate of the Zoo



THE PUFFER FISH BEFORE INFLATION

MANY CURIOUS FISH are included in the regular monthly consignments from the coast of Madeira which the Zoo Aquarium has been receiving for some time past. The fish are procured by the Zoological Society's agent and kept in a reservoir until the arrival of one of the two Union Castle liners which have on board specially constructed and heated tanks, with a circulatory sea-water system similar to that employed in the London Aquarium.

Perhaps the most curious of the many brilliantly coloured creatures obtained in this way are the puffer or balloon fishes (*Tetrodon*). Abounding in most tropic and semi-tropic seas and estuaries, these strange creatures remind one of the ill-fated frog in Æsop's fables. Puffers, however, do not burst.

BLOWING AND SPITTING

Very ordinary in normal appearance, like some apparently insignificant people, they are "capable of great things." When angry, or even sometimes for their own amusement, they will inflate themselves with air and so distend the undersurface as to become almost spherical in shape, and consequently forced to "turn turtle" and float upside down on the surface of the water. When they "let themselves down" the air rushes out with such force that a loud hissing sound is audible for some distance.

By blowing into the mouth of a dead fish it can be inflated, and is thus sometimes used by youthful footballers in the Far East. By inserting a finger down the throat it is readily deflated again.

A pair of these fish in the London Aquarium developed the habit of filling their mouths with water and then spitting it out at their keepers. Since they do not feed, as do some fish, by taking mouthfuls of water in order to obtain the smaller inhabitants of the deep, there appears to be no reasonable excuse for this lapse of manners.

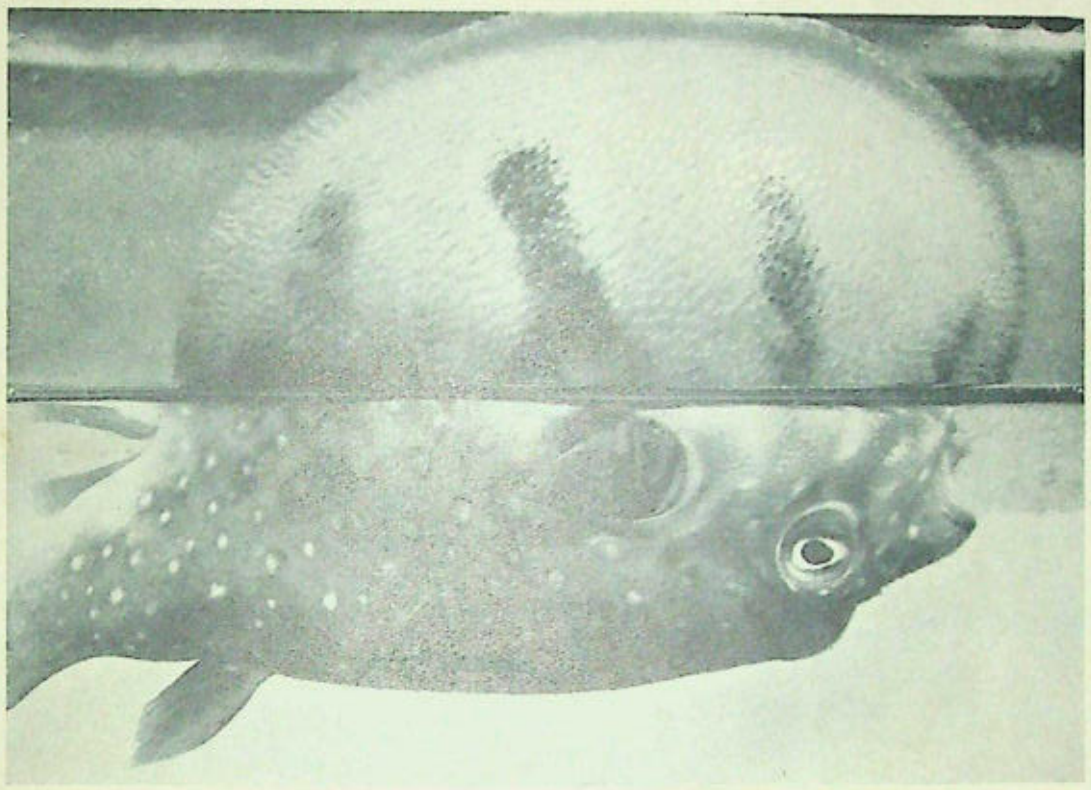
Puffer fish are of little economic value, though there is a considerable trade as curios. Their flesh is generally regarded as poisonous. A species from Japan is occasionally used for purposes of suicide, and at one time a law existed in that country precluding a soldier's son from entering the army if his father had put an abrupt conclusion to his days by feeding on this animal.

Some species, however, appear to be edible, since a large yellow form found in the rivers of Burma is considered excellent eating, and Andaman Islanders also count it as a delicacy. Native doctors in Malabar used to prescribe these fish as medicine.

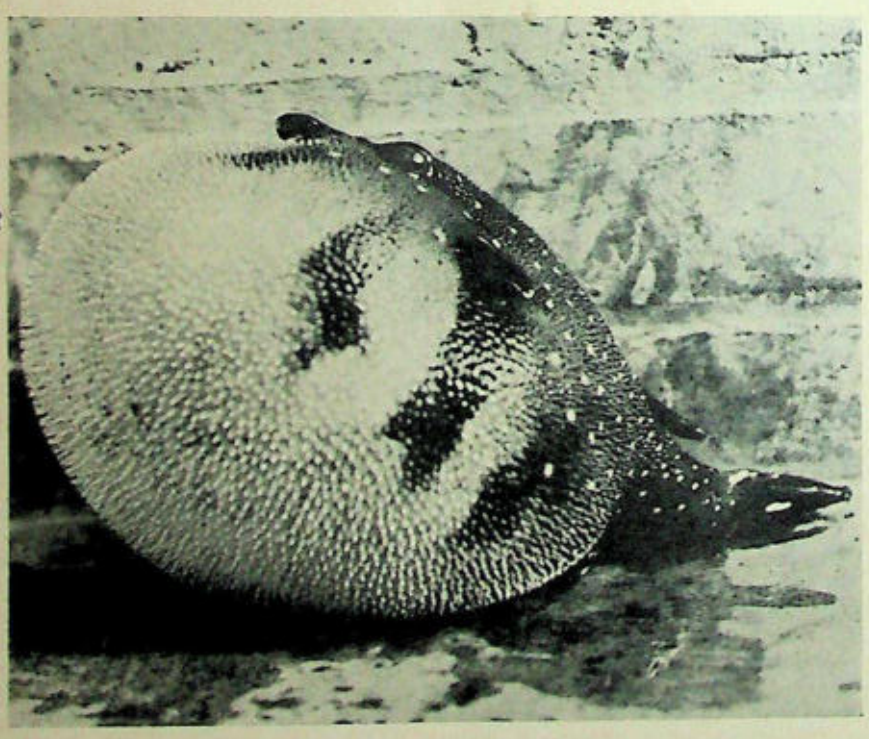
Another name sometimes given to these creatures is "Four-toothed Fishes," inasmuch as both jaws are divided in the middle, giving the appearance of possessing four large teeth, two above and two below. With the aid of these they browse on living coral, barnacles and bivalves.

They vary considerably in length. A species inhabiting the rivers of Amboyna and Celebes never attains more than two and a half inches in length, whereas the largest form, which is widely distributed throughout the Indian Ocean and Polynesia, reaches a length of 27in.

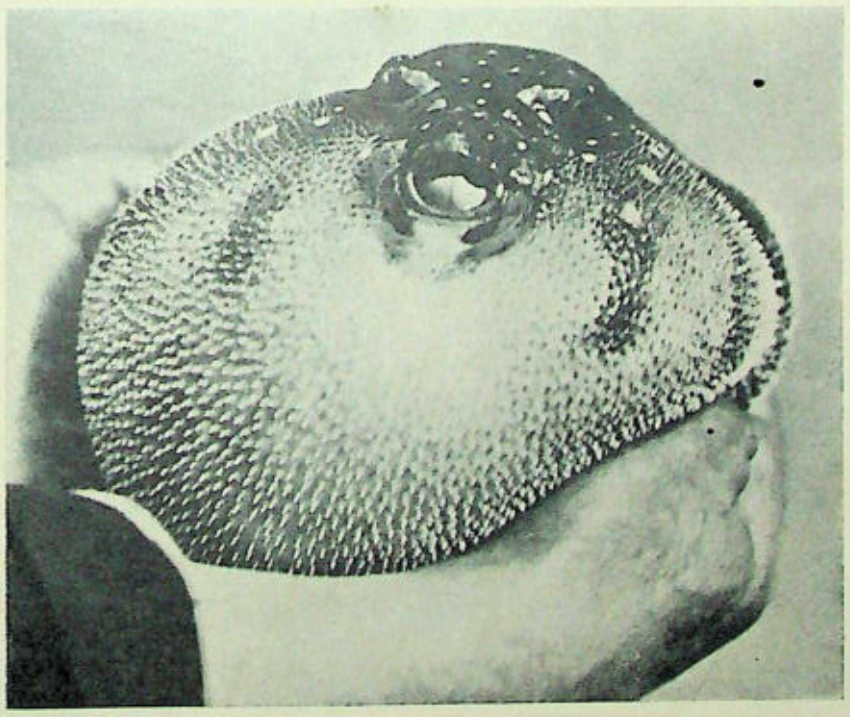
The one British species, which is also found on the south and east coasts of Africa, seldom measures more than 20in. It is strikingly coloured, having brilliant ultramarine blue on the back, the sides and undersurface silvery white, with the fins and tail brown. It has been caught off the coasts of Cornwall and Ireland.



FULLY DISTENDED AND FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER



SWELLING WITH INDIGNATION



THOROUGHLY ANNOYED WITH THE KEEPER

STOCKING A STREAM

Should We Decide on Fry or Sizeable Trout?—Some Figures from the Britford Club's Fishery

By MAJOR F. ST. MAUR-SHIEL

FOR SOME CONSIDERABLE TIME articles and letters in sporting papers have left the impression that to stock trout rivers with anything but ova or fry is to court disaster. Is there any reason why there should be such a wave of enthusiasm for so stocking, and would not in many cases better results be obtained with larger fish? The object of all stocking is to provide sport, and, unless a wait of two or three years is of no importance, the water must be stocked with fish that will produce sport within a reasonably short time.

The argument against stocking with large fish is that, weakened by starvation prior to travelling, and perhaps by the journey itself, having been placed in the river they are liable to drop down stream. The state of the river has a great bearing on this point. The date of delivery, once fixed, cannot easily be altered, and the stream, that shortly before might be flowing quietly, by the settled date may have risen considerably, if it be not actually in flood.

Realising this difficulty certain experiments have been conducted by the Britford Club, at Salisbury, for two seasons. Side streams were chosen which would not be affected if a rise of water occurred in the main river; nets were placed across the mouth of these streams, and the fish on arrival were placed above the nets and so under control.

Stocking takes place at a time when river food is scarce. The food to which the fish have been accustomed travels with them and they are fed within two hours of being stocked. The average size of the fish when placed in the water is 1lb.–1lb. 2oz. Within three weeks some gained 4oz.

The nets can be safely removed at the end of a week, and the fish, strengthened by the food supply, be allowed to drop back to the main river. Feeding is, however, continued throughout the summer, slackening off as fly appears. As the hatches of fly on this water are heavy, little food suffices.

The results were:

		1lb.–1lb. 8oz.	1lb. 8oz.–2lb.	2lb.–3lb.
Trout killed	1930	540	162	63
,, ,,	1931	478	303	124

This seems to show clearly enough: (1) that by increase in the bag and the large number of big fish spawning they have not gone down stream; (2) the amount of food given, which is very small, keeps them in condition and does not prevent them from feeding on fly; (3) that, to produce certain results, with proper care, it is perfectly safe to stock with larger fish than fry.



THE KYLE OF DURNESS
A noted Scottish trout water in beautiful scenery

THE EFFECT OF THUNDER ON TROUT

An Experience on an Irish Lough

THAT FAVOURABLE WEATHER CONDITIONS are generally all-important to success in angling no experienced fisherman would deny. Too often, however, does one hear it said "The conditions were hopeless, so I chucked it."

That it is folly to lose heart at the most unfavourable prospects the following experience may serve to show. Who has not viewed a sultry morning and prospects of thunder with disgust? Such a day, however, once provided me with an hour of exceptional sport with sea trout and brown trout on an Irish lough.

At the time I was fishing as a member of a syndicate, which rented a string of three loughs in Mayo and a stretch of river running from the lowest of them to Killary Bay. The day broke dull and sultry but, being then young and very keen, I was well away before evidence of a thunderstorm had become fully apparent. By the time that my gillie and I had reached the lough, however, it was clear that there would be a bad storm and the appearance of the water, a glass calm, offered little encouragement. But for the presence of a shepherd's hut not far away, which offered hope of shelter, I might have decided to return to the lodge, at any rate till the storm had passed.

THE RESULT OF THE STORM

For a couple of hours or so we chased the elusive catspaws which often appear on such a day, always it seems on some other part of the lough, or waited disconsolately for a puff to bring a ripple to us. Not a fish showed which might be cast over.

The storm then gathered and broke with such suddenness and violence right over our heads that we were caught without time to reach the hut, and accompanying the first crashes of thunder a terrific downpour of hail commenced. The almost immediate effect on the fish, however, quickly banished all thoughts of danger and discomfort for, where not a fish had shown before, the water now suddenly appeared as if boiling with the innumerable rises.

The fish seemed to be rising at the hailstones as they struck the water. A cast or two soon showed that they would now take the fly and for the hour or so that the storm lasted there was not a dull moment, while the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder added to the excitement. At almost every cast I hooked a fish, and very often two at once.

By the time that the storm had passed I had netted some 20 good sea trout besides several brown trout, including a fine specimen of the latter for that water of 3¼lb., which took the tail fly at the same time as a sea trout of 1¾lb. laid hold of the bob.

With the cessation of the storm the fish seemed to have had enough excitement for I was only able to add a few more to bring the total of sea trout for the day up to 23. R. D.

SOME TIPS FOR LOCH FISHERS

Fishing Without a Gillie

HIGHLAND LOCHS are pleasant to fish from a boat, and a gillie is only a necessity of the ease-loving. Two "rods" who are good boatmen can manage for themselves.

Sometimes, on a breezy day, when there was more than a ripple on the water, I have been sorry for an angling party in another boat. Their craft drifted so fast that the trout had no time to rise to their flies, while ours, riding broadside to a sea-anchor, or "drogue," drifted as fast—and no faster—than we wished.

A "sea-anchor," as used by gillies, is a longish stone at the end of a rope which is tied at its other end to the centre thwart of the boat. A bend of the rope is put round a windward rowlock, and the rowlock securely tied or pinned, in case it jumps out. The sea-anchor is then cast to windward, and dragging on the bottom in heavy gales, or just touching it occasionally in more moderate breezes, ensures a slow drift directly down wind, enabling both anglers to have equal opportunities of casting.

FISHING THE LEE SHORE

Drift fishing is of course only one way of loch fishing from a boat, for the rough side of a loch where the waves are breaking is a good place to try on a rough day. There is no danger of being washed ashore, for what "loch-boys" know as "back-wash" keeps the boat dodging just outside the breakers, with little effort to the boatman.

I have fished such a stormy lee shore single-handed in a boat quite often, using the oar on the windward side only, the back-wash, or "lash," acting the part of the other. One angler is enough in a boat when it is essayed to fish on a loch's stormy side, and a good gillie can so manipulate his boat as to make his solitary patron's flies move temptingly.

Not all loch fishers know or practice a method of using the bob fly as in dapping, which brings up the dourest of large trout in rough water. The expert at this game stands in the stern of a gillie-manipulated boat which is allowed to back slowly to leeward. He uses a uniform length of line, and casts at an angle against the wind; then, raising his rod point, he allows the wind to catch his line, forming a bend on it. His bob fly just skims the water in a uniform course, the other flies acting merely as drags on it. It is the wind which is the sole motive power of the tempting "bob."

MANAGING THE SLACK LINE

There is slack line to be got rid of each cast when fishing in this way, and the best way to manage is to draw what line is needed to be taken in through the rings by hand, and allow its coils to lie loosely at one's feet. The same length of line must be out every cast, so as to get the same bend on the line, but, as the flies come nearer, in the last stages of each cast, a shorter line is needed.

There is always slack line when a fish plunges, but not more than can be taken out as it goes down with the fly in its mouth. The great secret of success in this kind of fishing is coolness, and those who strike at sight had better try other less exciting methods. Fish come right out of the water to the ploughing "bob," which must be visible to them from a long way on either flank as many rises are "cross" ones.

DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xii. and xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xv.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv., v. and vi.; "Pisciculture," page xii.



TRAINING PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS TO BE YACHTSMEN

Boys being taught to handle a boat at a Norfolk Broads holiday camp. Yachting has enthusiastic followers at many public schools, and Harrow boys recently sailed a boat to Holland for a voyage on the canals

CRUISING IN COMPANY

A Pleasant Pastime for Motor Craft — Some of Its Difficulties and a Few Rules to Observe

By H. WINCKLER

APART FROM ITS ASPECT of convenience and safety, there is something in this latest feature of yachting that is reminiscent of the romantic voyagings of other days.

It recalls the tales of old Hakluyt, of Columbus with his Pinta, Nina and Santa Maria; and Hawkins with his Minion, Jesus of Lubeck and "foure other shippes," sailing to the ports of Darien. One can well imagine it to have been a matter of some delicacy of handling in the ships they used, calling also for a uniformity of design in the vessels themselves which they certainly did not possess. Such an approach to the ideal was only to be touched later in the tea clippers, and especially those that took part in that epic race wherein three perfect ships—there is no other word to describe them—left Foo Chow on the same day and appeared in the shops of the Channel abreast after a passage of 99 days.

This matter of cruising in company recalls also to the mind days more recent but happily now dead and done with, when ships of every sort and size, tramps, liners and even sailing ships, did for the safety of their own red-streaked, rusty skins, sail in motley companies upon the high seas.

And a sad mess, let me tell you, they often made of it. For cruising in company is not always the simple matter it seems. I can scarcely remember an instance when one of those argosies arrived at its destination intact, though usually they did arrive, after many adventures and side excursions, at intervals which nowadays would have surprising effects on the reinsurance market.

"THE SEA IS A LARGE PLACE"

Those were the days of oak and hemp, but even in these later days of oil and steam it is the easiest thing in the world to lose a ship in whose company you are sailing. You do not lose each other in daytime unless you run into a patch of thick weather, and that is the most likely cause of such separation. But by night many things may happen, a light may go out, and unless it is speedily relit, the chances are that you will never see your companion again till you arrive at a predetermined port. There was once a little boy who was told to write an essay on the sea. "The sea is a large place," he began, and could get no farther; but those few words were full of meaning. How full you can scarcely realise until you go looking for another ship out of sight of land, even in an appointed position with latitude and longitude all complete.

In the Navy, of course, ships never lose each other, but with them convoy work is a habit, and they have many wonderful contraptions of which we know nothing, to aid them in this important branch of their seamanship.

If you have the time and inclination, and the necessary hands, you can practise their forte of station keeping. It is an interesting pastime, and always a pretty sight to see ships steaming so perfectly in line, either ahead or abreast and turning together as though some secret springs of control actuated all their movements.

There are many ways of keeping station. By day the most handy is by means of a sextant and a little table of masthead angles, in which you have for data the height of the other fellow's mast and the angle it subtends at a given distance. Compass bearings are also useful, and there are other means that will suggest themselves to the ingenious navigator. But the most difficult matter is the adjustment of your revolutions. Ask your engineer, if you have one, for a few more turns and you will sure to go hauling ahead of your quarry; take them off and there you are, dropping astern. It seems as if exactness of speed is as unattainable as perfection in this mortal life.

RISKS OF FOG

The risk of collision is almost negligible, but it does exist. It may seem unnecessary to stress the point, but it is better to be sure than sorry.

Then there is the matter of fog. I remember once sailing in a convoy across the North Atlantic that upon an evening was quickly and completely overwhelmed with such fog as you could cut with a knife. There was a ship ahead and a ship astern which appeared and disappeared alternately till finally both were lost. We dared not open out for fear of striking the first vessel's stern nor ease up lest we should ourselves be struck. So we continued on throughout the night, and when the morning broke we were alone in the centre of a clear and placid sea—yet not quite alone, for presently little wisps of smoke began to appear on the horizon as far as the eye could see. There were a great many ships in that convoy, and a whole day was spent in re-forming it, but three of those ships I have not seen yet.

There is no remedy for this state of things, but the nearest approach to one is the use of the fog-buoy. You take some floating object, a small barrel is the recognised thing, and paint it all the gaudy colours you can think of, and tow it astern at a distance which for the sake of your own safety should be as far as you have rope enough to reach. Its drag will do no harm, but rather help you to keep to the letter of the law as regards the speed of vessels in fog. A vessel following will keep this mark in sight easier than the leader's stern and with less danger of collision.

Where several vessels are cruising together it is usual to appoint one of them leader or guide, and to give to her skipper the temporary acting rank of commodore. Or the position of honour may be given to the slowest vessel, which cuts out all possibility of stragglers holding up the fleet. The guide takes up the forward central position, and it is a good plan to put the most expert navigator of the fleet aboard her and let him have the last word in all matters concerning his trade. To make a cruise a success, someone must obviously be in a position of command.

It is a great game of unlimited possibilities, this cruising in company. It gives opportunities to beginners that otherwise would never come their way. It is interesting and sociable, giving courage to the timid and a sense of security to all. It should become popular.

CHOOSING OUR OLYMPIC CREWS

Winners at Henley *versus* Any N.A.R.A. Challengers

WITH THE CONSENT of the Olympic Committee, the Amateur and National Amateur Rowing Associations have decided to send an eight, a four and a sculler to compete at the Olympic Games.

For the selection of these, it was first thought that eliminating races would have to be rowed in the middle of June, in view of the fact that the representative British teams might have to sail before Henley Regatta. However, it has since been found possible for the crews to go to Henley in the usual way, and the winners of the Grand, Stewards, and Diamonds Challenge Cups will, to all intents and purposes, represent Britain at the 1932 Olympiad, providing that they beat any crews which the N.A.R.A. have the right to put forward as challengers.

It will be remembered that in 1928, Thames Rowing Club, after winning the "Grand" at Henley, rowed against the Metropolitan Police, representing the N.A.R.A., over a course from Putney to Hammersmith, and beat them easily.

RIVALS IN THE GRAND

It is early, as yet, to say anything as to the prospects of clubs and scullers who are "thinking Olympic," but the chief contestants in the "Grand" will be Thames and London Rowing Clubs, and Cambridge, who are intending to row under Leander colours. The latter are undertaking no mean feat of practising in both college and Leander crews—in other words, they will have occasional outings during the week as Leander, in order that they may get together quickly after the May Races.

Greater interest will be added if the Berlin Club once more comes over to do battle, although it is most likely that the Mannheim Club will represent Germany at Los Angeles.

There are three scullers who rank in a class by themselves, and these are Brocklebank, the old Cambridge stroke, and ex-President; Guye, the Wingfield champion; and Southwood, of Thames Rowing Club, each of whom would give a good account of himself.

A MYSTERIOUS GUN ACCIDENT

Was the Agent a Retriever Dog?

IN THE OLD BAILEY last week I spent two very interesting days. Never before had I seen a man tried for murder as the result of an accident with a gun, and as from what I had read of the case I confidently expected him to be acquitted, I took my seat in court with much the same sense of anticipation that I feel in watching the unfolding of a plot on the stage.

The facts as outlined by counsel for the Crown were these: On December 4th last, James Kitchen, a farm labourer, died as the result of a gunshot. On that morning he and his father, George Kitchen, also a farm labourer, were working in the same farmyard at Brook House Farm, Gedney Marsh, in Lincolnshire. Three men were riddling potatoes in a field near. About 20 minutes past eight George Kitchen came running towards them calling out "Come on, Jimmie's shot!" They found James Kitchen lying on his back near the mealhouse door in the farmyard, with a gun lying near him. He was carried into a barn and died. George Kitchen, later, made a statement to the police in which he said that he had placed the gun against the mealhouse wall with both hammers cocked in case some geese came over. He himself was forking at manure, and his son was cleaning a shovel, when he heard the gun go off and he saw his son roll over. "There was only me and Jimmie in the yard," he added, "and his black retriever dog which was running about."

"AN EXTRAORDINARY PULL"

This, said counsel, suggested that the gun fell or was knocked down. With regard to that, he had two points to which he wished to direct attention. One was that the gun had an extraordinary pull, and that it required tremendous pressure to discharge it with either trigger. The other point was the nature of the wound. The shot had entered the left side of the body about 6in. below the armpit, taking a downward and forward course. When the shot was fired the gun must have been pointing downwards. Sir Bernard Spilsbury, said counsel, was of opinion that the gun must have been in the hands of some other person at the time, and the only other person there was the prisoner.

It was at this point that I reflected that Mr. Robert Churchill, the well-known gunmaker, had stated at the magistrates' court at Holbeach, when the accused was first put on trial, that the heavy pull of the triggers would render the gun less liable to accidental discharge.

And so witnesses were called by the prosecuting counsel. One of them spoke to a threat made by the accused in a public-house at night some fourteen months before the son was shot. Another, William Kitchen, son of the accused, said that he had seen his father run after James Kitchen with a gun; but he was 400yds. away at the time, it was four years ago, and it was the last serious quarrel there had been between them.

DOG AND COLLAR

Here was the only suggestion we had had of motive for the supposed crime, and much of the opening day was taken up with prolonged examination of photographs of the scene of the supposed crime. But another witness was called who added much to the interest of the case. This was Prince, a big wavy-coated black retriever, who was with James Kitchen at the moment of his death, and who was brought into court at the request of the defending counsel, Mr. Linden Thorp, K.C.

Prince, waving his tail, was led into court by a constable. "Let us have him up on the table," said the judge, "so that everyone can have a look at him." So Prince was lifted up on to the table, under the eyes of all, and good humouredly surveyed the court. And the prisoner, with the dog on the table below the dock, did a strange thing. Apparently forgetful of his own position, accused as he was of murder, he seemed to be interested at the moment in nothing but this retriever dog. He rose from his chair, stood up, and leant over the rail of the dock, intently regarding the dog. I found myself guessing at what went through that countryman's mind. "To think of that! My boy Jimmie's retriever dog standing on a table here in London! Well, if ever I thought I should see a thing like that!"

Prince was led out, and questions were asked and answered about his collar and its fastening. There was a split ring, for instance. Could that possibly catch on a trigger if the dog passed by a standing gun? It could; and there was another split ring, which ought to have been attached to the collar but was missing. That was larger, and might have caught on the trigger even more easily.

Further questions as to the collar arose next morning, when the judge directed the collar to be fastened so as to see whether the projecting tongue of leather could catch between the trigger of the gun. It was found that it could.

IN THE OWNER'S HANDS

And then, on the second moment, came the truly dramatic point in the trial. Police officers had given evidence that when the gun was picked up from the spot where it lay near the body of James Kitchen, the left barrel had been fired and the right barrel was clean. This gun had been lent to George Kitchen in the autumn of last year by its owner, who was in court. The owner went into the witness box, identified his gun, said he believed it to be in perfect condition, just as he had bought it only two years ago. He was asked by the defending counsel to take the gun in his hands. And then



PRINCE, THE BIG RETRIEVER BELONGING TO JAMES KITCHEN, WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE KNOCKED DOWN THE GUN WHICH CAUSED KITCHEN'S DEATH.

ensued the following requests, each obeyed in turn:

"Will you please break the gun? And now close it? Will you please cock the hammer of the right barrel? And now the hammer of the left barrel? Now will you please let the right hammer down to half-cock? And the left hammer? Now will you please press down the right hammer?"

The owner does so, looking rather puzzled. The gun remains at half-cock.

"Now please press down the left hammer?"

The left hammer descends full on the striker.

There was obviously something wrong with the lock. When a hammer gun can be fired by a mere push on the hammer when the gun is at half-cock, obviously it is about as unsafe as a gun could be. Naturally it could be jarred off by a mere knock, let alone a big heavy dog just loose from the chain and rushing about in delight at its freedom.

"NOT GUILTY"

But how the gun exactly was exploded the defence was never required to explain. After hearing a few observations from Sir Bernard Spilsbury, expert for the Crown, the judge turned to him with a searching question: "Isn't this all a ghastly speculation?" He turned to the jury. It had been clearly demonstrated that the father had put the gun against the wall and had gone about his ordinary work. The deceased came out with his shovel and his dog and began cleaning the shovel within two or three feet of the gun. The gun went off. How could they possibly convict the father of wilful murder?

So the jury without leaving the box stopped the case, brought in a verdict of Not Guilty, and George Kitchen was discharged. And since the defence was never even opened, we may never know how the gun was discharged, or why the charge entered the body at that particular angle. That remains a mystery. It is almost equally mysterious that any person having access to all the facts should ever have supposed it possible that Kitchen could be guilty—a possibility which obviously never entered the head of Kitchen himself. "There was only me and Jimmie in the yard."

CHEVIOT.

PANTHER AND JACKAL AS ALLIES

A Remarkable Instance of Intelligence and Co-operation

SOME WHILE AGO, at a place about 110 miles south of Belgaum, India—I came across an interesting example of a panther hunting with the assistance of a jackal. We had been back for some time from the day's shoot, and were sitting in front of the camp fire when we heard a jackal, apparently quite close, screaming in the most heartrending way. It sounded as if it were caught in a trap and in acute pain. Soon after the noise started, one of my host's servants, a local man, came up and said that it was a "Pagal" (mad) jackal and, as there was every chance of a panther being in the vicinity, he suggested we should go out and investigate.

Accordingly, my host and myself, both feeling a trifle sceptical, got our rifles and torches and set out to see if we could find the jackal. The night was very dark, and we could only see the small area lit up by our torches, so that all we could do was to make for the direction of the screams.

It soon became evident that we would be unlikely to come across the jackal. First the cries would sound quite close, then much farther off, then close again. It was obvious that the jackal was on the move, and it seemed to be going round in circles. As we appeared to be wasting our time and it was round about dinner time we decided to go back.

SHARING THE SPOILS

We had not got far, however, before a lot of shouting and yelling from the natives of a village about a quarter to half a mile away made us suspect that there really was a panther about, and that he had killed. At the same time the jackal's screams ceased as suddenly as they had begun. When we reached the village we found the herds had just returned from grazing and that, sure enough, a panther had seized and carried off a young buffalo calf. No one knew where the calf had been taken to, and in the darkness it was, of course, impossible to do anything further. Unfortunately, we had to leave early the next morning, so there was no chance of sitting up over the kill.

My host's servant said he had known of several similar incidents when a jackal had roamed round screaming its head off, thereby distracting the villagers' attention, while the panther pounced on its victim. Presumably the jackal's reward for his share in the proceedings is a good meal from the panther's leavings.

It would be interesting to know how far such experiences are usual. The whole episode shows a remarkable degree of intelligence and co-operation.

A. A. PITCAIRN.

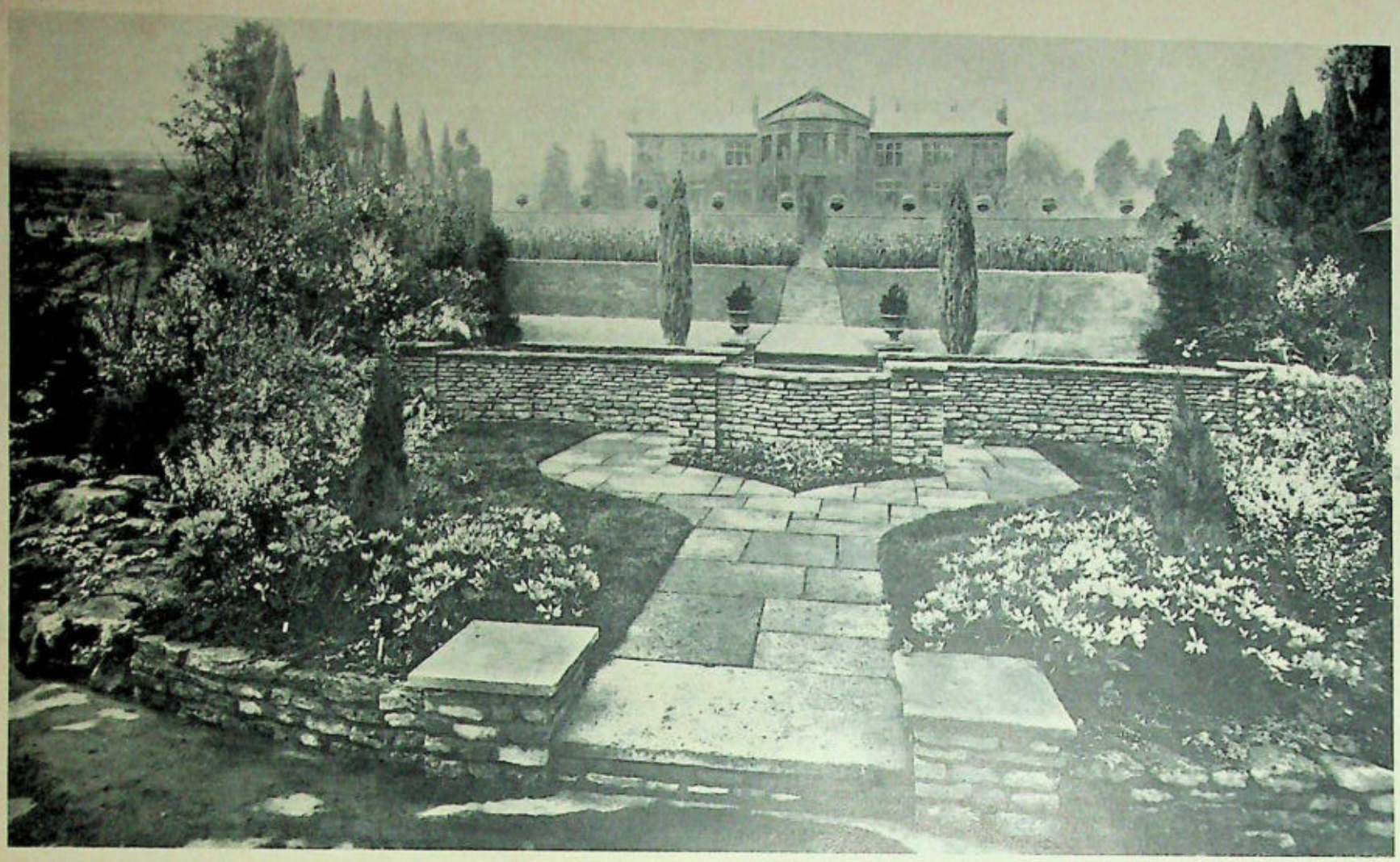
Snipe Shooting in India.—A new and enlarged edition has been published of *Notes on Snipe Shooting in India and Ceylon*, by Lieut.-Col. F. O. Bowen, D.S.O. This is a useful little pamphlet, which may be recommended to subaltern officers and others wishing for the advice of an experienced shot. The price is 1/6, or 1 rupee, and copies can be obtained from Messrs. Newman, 3, Old Court House Street, Calcutta, Messrs. Rose, Elphinstone Street, Karachi, or Messrs. Higginbothams, Madras.

Gamekeepers' National Association.—At the annual general meeting of The Gamekeepers' National Association held at Carlisle, on April 2nd, it was stated that the total of 271 members was made up of 93 honorary and 178 ordinary members. During the year 28 new members were elected. Appropriate reference was made to the irreparable loss sustained by the field trial world in the death of the late Mr. C. Alington, whose interest in the Association had been of the most practical character over a long period of years.

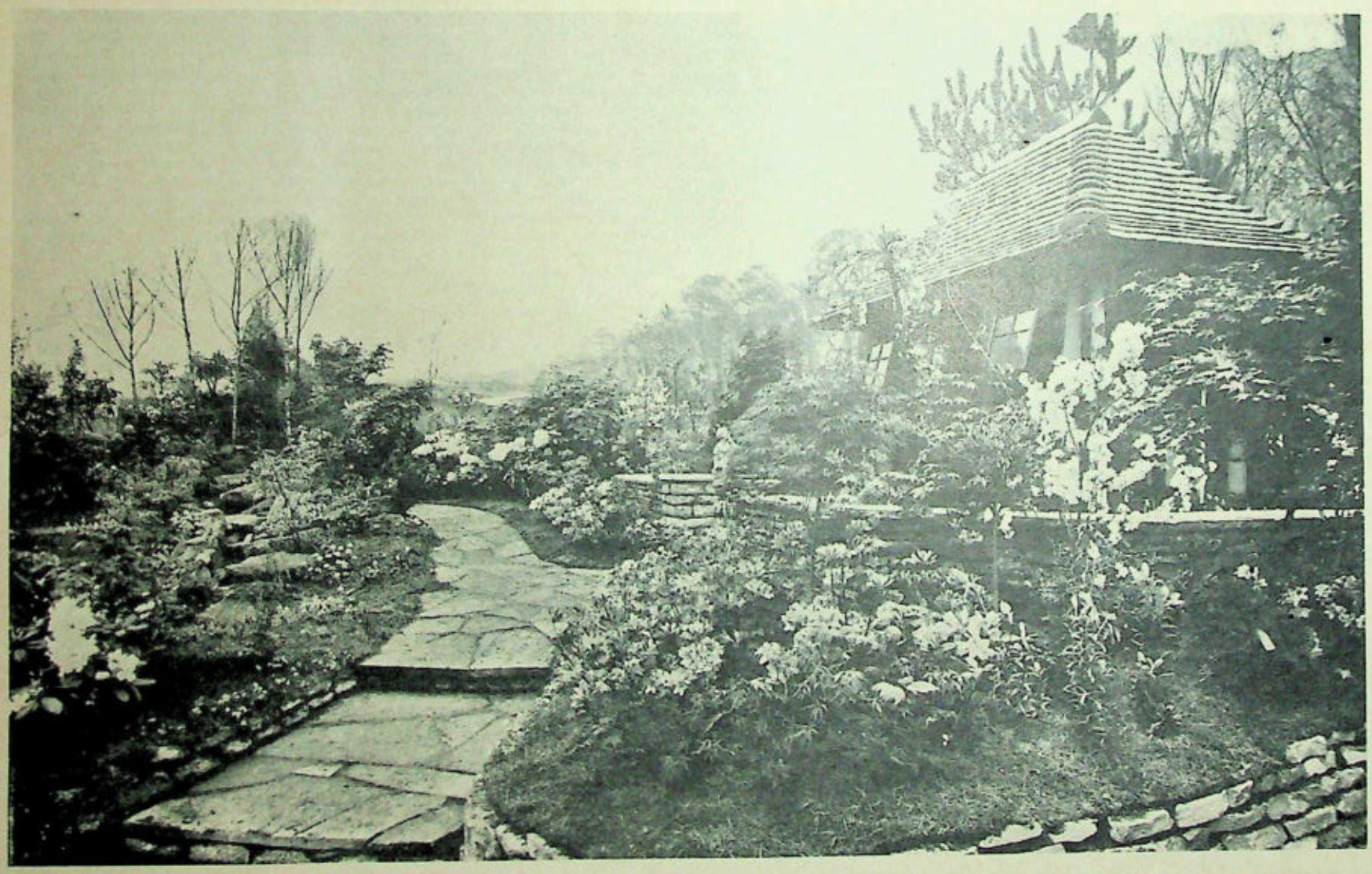
The report with balance sheet, showing a credit balance of £90 18s. 2d. was adopted, and Sir John W. Buchanan Jardine, Bart., was re-elected President of the Association.

MODERN IDEAS IN GARDEN DESIGN

Two of the Gardens at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia



TERRACES LEADING UP TO THE HOUSE—AN EXAMPLE OF THE USE OF STONE BY RONALD SKELTON



THE PATHWAY INTO THE WILD GARDEN—A DESIGN BY MESSRS. R. WALLACE & CO., LTD.

TRAINING POLO PLAYERS OF THE FUTURE

Some Lessons for The Novice

By J. A. TRAILL



PRACTISING WITH THE LEFT HAND
Mr. J. A. Traill schooling a pony to stick and ball

QUITE A LOT can be learned how to play polo, if one starts young with a short stick knocking a ball about on foot.

My two boys started doing this at the age of three, and at that age I kept an eye on them to see that they played the shots in what I consider the right way. At the age of six or seven they started playing on bicycles, and they have learnt quite a lot like this, and got a lot of fun out of it. At the age of twelve or so one ought, if possible to start knocking a ball about on a quiet pony, and start playing in slow games at the age of fourteen.

The four principal shots are: The forward drives on off and near side; the back-handers on off and near side. As at any other game, the chief things to remember are to keep one's head down, one's eye on the ball, and to follow through with a taut wrist and a stiff straight arm, taking care not to crook the elbow. To avoid the latter, which is a bad fault, take care not to use too long a stick.

PLAYING THE FORWARD STROKE

I am a great believer in as short a stick as one can use with comfort. To start the forward stroke on the off side, get well up in your stirrups and lean well out, with your chest almost square to the ground; take your stick back as far as possible straight behind you, then as you make the stroke pivot with the body, bringing the right shoulder round and forward.

For the near side forward stroke, lean out to near side with chest almost square to the ground, taking the stick back as far as possible across the body (the grip on the handle should be altered from the forward stroke, twisting the stick slightly round as one does a tennis racquet from a forward to a backhand shot). Put the thumb down the flat side of the handle, and make the stroke, pivoting the body and following through, so that your wrist passes by the near side of the pony's head. When making this shot the tendency is to let the head of the stick follow through under the pony's jaw, in which case the ball will come across to the off side of the pony, and if an opponent is riding you off, he will be in the better position to get the next hit at the ball.

THE MOST DIFFICULT SHOT

I consider this the most difficult shot at polo; when getting into position to start the stroke, the seat should be well out of the saddle and the left leg between the hip and the knee is the part that is resting on the seat of the saddle, with the left knee and foot pointing outwards at a right angle to the pony and the right knee turned in towards the saddle as much as possible. It is as well to take up the position and lean out and down before you actually start to make the strokes.

If you ride to the ball in an upright position and drop the body too far in the act of striking, you will probably hit the ground. Again, if the head and body are raised too soon, an air shot will probably follow.

For the backhander on the off side, start the stroke with the right hand close to the left ear, then follow through hard, allowing the hand to make a complete circle, at the finish of this stroke the right wrist should be about the level of your head and close to the right ear. If the follow through is not carried out correctly at every stroke, the stick is slowing down on the ball and a lot of distance is lost. For the near side backhander the position in the saddle should be much the same as for the forward stroke on the near side; start the stroke with the wrist close to the right ear and let it make a complete circle and finish with the wrist close to the left ear. The forward strokes should be made with the ball well forward and the backhanders with the ball as far back as you can comfortably reach it.

STICKS AND GRIPS

I play with a 49in. stick on my small ponies, 50in. for the medium size, and 51in. on the largest, standing about 15.1 to 15.2. The grip on the handle of the stick should be the same for the forward stroke on the off side and the backhand on the near side, and should be altered so as to get the thumb down the flat side of handle for the near side forward and the off side backhander. Before starting to play in games a player should, by having practised alone, learnt how to hit the ball fairly well. It is not fair on yourself or the rest of the team to try to learn the strokes during a game. You can learn more about the actual striking of the ball in one hour's practising by yourself than you can during five or six games. Start knocking a ball about at a slow pace, and now and again try coming at it fairly fast.

A very natural fault with beginners is to pull the pony up and make him stop or slow down as they hit the ball, and this spoils a pony very quickly. It is a good idea to have several balls strewn about the ground, and if you miss one you ride on and have a shot at another, or else get a good player to ride behind and, if you miss, canter straight on and he will pass the ball to you to have another try.

RIDING WITH A LOOSE REIN

This will save your pony a lot of pulling about in turning for the ball you have missed. Try to loose your reins when practising and playing. A pony cannot be expected to retain (if he has one at the start) a nice sensitive mouth, if one holds on to it tight to balance oneself in one's stirrups whilst making the different strokes. Always try and ride with a loose rein. If the pony wants checking, pull him in, then drop your hand again to loosen the reins. If you keep a steady pull on him the bar of the mouth will harden, and he will lean on the bit more and more.

A good idea until you learn to balance for the strokes is to take hold of the martingale with the left hand, which helps to hold you in position and saves the pony's mouth. If you are not a good striker when you start to play in games and matches, you will often be told by better players to leave the ball and ride your pony—a thing which you must willingly do, or try to do, as if you can prevent an opponent from getting the ball, you have done something towards winning the match. At polo during the game you should always be trying to do something for the good of the team. If you cannot hit the ball yourself, try your utmost to prevent the nearest opponent from hitting it, and when told to leave the ball, do so with a good will, and remember that some day when your game improves you will probably be the one who is telling someone else to leave it.

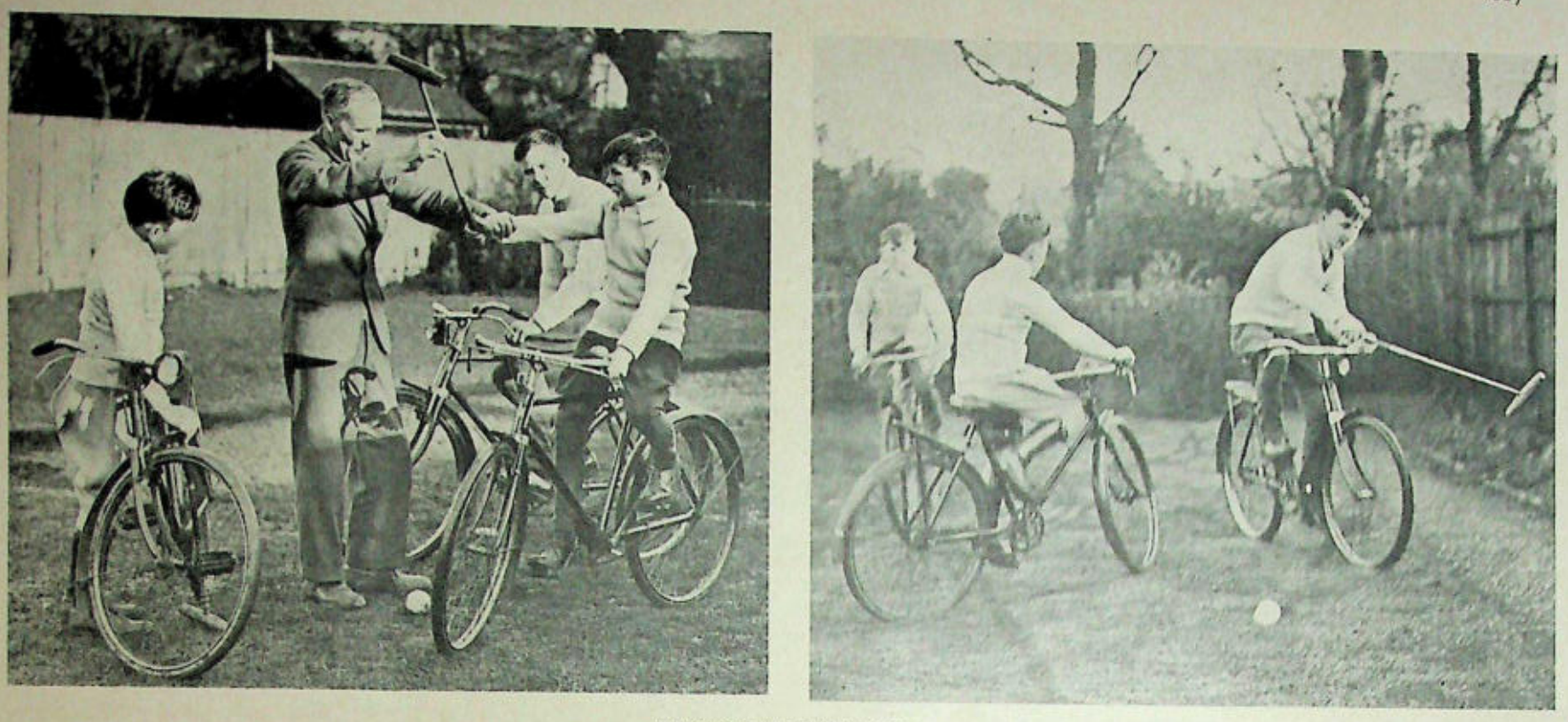


ON THE WOODEN HORSE AT ROEHAMPTON
How to make a back-handed shot on the near side

If a player riding at a better angle to the ball considers that he has an easier shot than one of his own side in front of him, he should always ask him to leave it. The player who is asked to leave it should immediately stop any chance of an opponent getting to the ball, and then dash forward to get into a good position for the next shot. If one player is being ridden off hard, and another is loose behind him, the one who is loose is more likely to get a good hit at the ball, while the one in front ought to continue to work hard and keep the opponent out. Polo is not a difficult game to learn once you know how to ride and have a strong seat on a pony. The great thing is to start off by learning how to ride well. Then start knocking the ball about. To try and learn both at the same time makes it very difficult.



EXPLAINING A DIFFICULT SHOT ON FOOT
Showing an interested group the exact grip for a forward shot on the near side



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA

Mr. Traill's two sons and a friend learning the correct method of gripping the stick for action, and (right) the lesson being carried out on bicycles on the lawn at home

I do not think beginners go out and practise half enough. I used to spend an hour or two every day practising and schooling ponies until I learnt to control the ball and hit it to a certain spot from any angle. Once you have learnt the four shots I have mentioned you then get on to more ambitious and advanced ones, such as hitting round under the pony's neck on either side and round under your pony's tail, and a cut shot forward and backhander on either side of the pony, and even a shot under the pony's stomach.

PRACTISING WITH A GOLF BALL

At one time I practised quite a lot using a golf ball instead of a polo ball. When you come back to a polo ball you feel that you cannot miss it. It is difficult to say how far away from the pony the ball should be when you make the stroke. Several good players have told me that they get as close to it as they can. I like to take it a good way away.

Always try to hit the ball with a definite object in view, either to place it where one of your own side can get it, or where you can follow it up and get it yourself. Some players seem to hit it in any direction so long as they hit it. Do not waste your chances having long wild shots at goal. Before shooting at goal take your line at some distance from the ball, then keep your eye on the ball and make your shot. There is a great temptation to look up at the goal just as you take the shot. This takes your eye off the ball; then you probably miss it altogether. It is very difficult to explain the strokes in writing, but if there are a few boys really keen who will have a chance of playing polo later, I will be pleased to help them to learn on the wooden horse, etc., if they will communicate with me on the subject.

PLAYERS AND TEAMS FOR THE LONDON POLO SEASON

Limiting Play in the Leading Tournaments

POLO has already begun at some of the county clubs, and weather permitting it will be started as usual in London at the beginning of May. If we have a fine summer there seems every reason to expect a very good season.

A notable absentee this year will be Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, who has been a regular polo visitor from the United States since 1921. His Hurricanes have had many successes over here; indeed, that side and the Spanish Duke of Peñaranda's El Gordo team, which dropped out of polo last year, between them practically won all the open cup tournaments for several seasons.

Capt. C. T. I. Roark, our only ten points player, who has been largely responsible for the fine record of Mr. Sanford's Hurricanes, had a bad polo accident in California this winter, but fortunately it proved to be less serious than was at first feared, and he has now, I understand, practically recovered. In the absence of the Hurricanes Capt. "Pat" Roark has transferred to Sir Ian Walker's Osmaston team, which with the inclusion of that experienced back Major J. F. Harrison, who at one time was also a member of the Hurricanes side, and Capt. G. E. Prior-Palmer, of the 9th Lancers, ought to figure prominently in the principal tournaments.

Major P. Magor had every reason to be satisfied with the performance of his Panthers last year, which culminated in the winning of the King's Coronation Cup at Ranelagh. Instead of running his own Los Piratas team this season, the Marquis of Portago will this time play with the Panthers, which will again include that very promising young player Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, and a newcomer in Capt. B. G. Dalrymple-Hay, who in India is a member of the team of that famous polo regiment the Central India Horse.

Col. Sir Harold Wernher will again have his Someries House team, in which he will have the assistance of Capt. R. B. B. Cooke and Capt. H. C. Walford, both of the 17th/21st Lancers, with either Mr. Desmond Miller, who is temporarily attached to the Royal Air Force, and Mr. P. W. Dollar, of the 4th Hussars. Col. V. N. Lockett is also getting together a side, which will include Mr. H. B. Scott, of the Royals, and possibly Wing-Commander P. K. Wise.

STUDS BELOW AVERAGE SIZE

As players' studs are likely to be rather below the average size this season, it has been decided as a temporary measure to limit ties in the Champion Cup tournament at Hurlingham and the Roehampton Open Challenge tournament to six chukkers' duration, instead of the usual seven. This limitation will also apply to the final tie of the Hurlingham Guest Cup tournament. The first important competition of the London season, the joint Hurlingham and Roehampton Whitney Cup tournament, will be begun on May 7th, and will last till May 21st, when the final will be played at Hurlingham.

Tournament play in the provinces starts next Monday (April 25th), when the Beaufort Polo Club's annual spring tournament, which lasts for a fortnight, will be begun. The Fleet Polo Club, near Aldershot, are also holding their Crowthorne Cup tournament next week. OLD WESTMINSTER.



A TALK ON STICK AND BALL CONTROL

Mr. Traill explaining the correct sort of stick to use, its weight and length, which may make or mar a polo player

COACHING CLUB MEETS

TO ARRANGE THEIR PROGRAMME for the coming season the Coaching Club held their annual general meeting at the Ritz recently.

It was decided to hold the annual dinner of the Club at the Savoy as usual on Tuesday, June 7th, and the first meet of coaches at the Magazine in Hyde Park at 11.30 on the following day, the parade starting at midday for a drive to the Ranelagh Club for luncheon and to visit the Horse Show afterwards. The customary drive to the Richmond Royal Horse Show in the Old Deer Park will take place on Thursday, June 9th, when in place of the usual competition among the members for prizes a souvenir of the occasion will be presented to each of the members taking part in the drive by Mrs. George Lockett, whose husband, the late Mr. George Lockett, was for many years a prominent driving member of the Club.



THICKLY POPULATED AREAS IN CORNWALL'S ROOKERIES

An Insignis pine at St. Austell which was found to contain 46 occupied nests, and a Scotch fir at Pengreep, near Redruth, in which 23 nests were counted

FINDING CORNWALL'S LARGEST ROOKERY

A Rooks' Nests Competition

AN INTERESTING COMPETITION organised by the *Western Morning News* for the greatest number of rooks' nests reported in any four trees within any Cornish rookery, has been won by Mr. G. Sweet, a gardener at "Penrice," the seat of the late Sir Charles Graves-Sawle, which overlooks the lovely St. Austell Bay. Mr. Sweet reported a rookery of 79 nests, with 46 occupied nests in one tree, and his entry was unique in that his nests were in four different species of trees—an Insignis pine, a Scotch fir, a "Cornish" elm and a horse chestnut.

The second prize fell to Miss Sheila Ford, of Pengreep, near Redruth, for her entry of a rookery of 74 nests. In her case two old Scotch firs harboured 23 and 18 nests respectively, an insignis 18 nests and a beech tree 15 nests. The competition was judged by Col. B. H. Ryves, joint hon. secretary of the Cornwall Bird Watching and Preservation Society.

ELASTIC BOXING RULES

Why Penalise Al Foreman?

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AL FOREMAN, light-weight champion of the British Empire, has been deposed by the British Boxing Board of Control. The reason given is that he has failed to defend his title within six months. This, despite the fact that he has signed to meet Cuthbert in defence of his title.

One of the rules of the Board of Control is that a champion must defend his title at least once in six months against a qualified contender. In this case the rule is being rigidly enforced. A casual observer is forced to the conclusion that Foreman and his manager are not liked by the Board of Control.

Many other champions have failed to observe this rule, and have held their titles. To mention two—Crossley and Jack Hood, both champions to-day. Crossley, the cruiser-weight champion, has not defended his title for over two years. True, he has now signed to meet Petersen, but he should legally have been deposed eighteen months ago. Hood, the welter-weight champion, has not fought at the welter-weight poundage for over a year. Why are they still champions? Is it because there are no qualified challengers? This is hard to believe when one remembers that Gipsy Daniels and Alf Howard are fighting regularly. Moreover, the Board of Control have just selected George Rose and Fred Webster as challengers to Hood.

The rules of championship boxing should be enforced, but they should be enforced consistently. As Foreman has been deposed, Crossley and Hood should be deposed also.

A QUEER DECISION

Tarleton and Cuthbert have been chosen to fight for the light-weight title. Tarleton is a feather-weight. Have we no light-weights capable of fighting Cuthbert? What of Volante and Selwyn Davies? Tarleton has already beaten both Cuthbert and Foreman—the latter in a catch-weight contest over a short distance. But Volante has gone the full distance with Cuthbert, and Davies the full distance with Foreman. Some sort of eliminating contest suggests itself.

Similarly in the welter-weight division. George Rose has been recognised as a challenger. He has been knocked out twice recently by Alf Howard, but no mention is made of the latter. Fred Webster, who has been fighting without any marked distinction, is also chosen to the exclusion of Hadyn Williams and several other distinguished welter-weights.

We point to America as the country of muddled championships and many contenders. Our own seems little better. We hear a lot about "graft" in American boxing. There seems to be just a hint of favouritism in the recent actions of the British Boxing Board of Control.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION AMATEUR CUP

Dulwich Hamlet's Easy Victory Over Marine (Liverpool)

EDGAR KAIL was one of the outstanding figures when Dulwich Hamlet won the Amateur Cup from Tufnell Park at Millwall in 1919-20, and he was the most skilful player on the field on April 16th at Upton Park, when he and his comrades defeated the Liverpool Marine Club by seven goals to one in the Amateur Cup Final.

The Northerners were not quite so bad as the result suggests. They would not have defeated such sides as Leyton and Northern Nomads on their way to the final if they had been; but they were the inferior team in all departments of the game, except in goal. The conditions were extremely bad, but the Hamlet were unaffected by the mud.

Drury played magnificently in goal for the losers, and but for his almost eerie sense of anticipation and alert agility the score against his side must have broken into double figures.

An obvious weakness in the Liverpool side was at half-back, and it was the superiority exercised in this department by the winners which went a long way towards determining the result.

Sir Charles Clegg, the President of the Football Association, gave the cup to the winners and medals to both elevens after the match. ROBIN BAILEY.

CRICKET HOPES AND PORTENTS

(Continued from page 606)

YORKSHIRE'S STRONG HAND

Doubtless we shall see Yorkshire's well-balanced team again strongly in the running for the County Championship. Indeed, no side will find it easy to displace them from their leadership, for with the exception of Oldroyd and Robinson, they will have last year's players available to demonstrate again their high efficiency all round.

Yorkshire's methods have often been criticised deservedly because of their dourness, but last season's team was always worth watching, if only for the batting of Sutcliffe, the bowling of Verity and Bowes, who improved wonderfully as a fast bowler, and the beautiful fielding of the whole side.

Notts should reap the benefit this year of their policy in bringing on young players, for they have a particularly impressive group of them in Harris, Keeton, G. V. Gunn, J. Hardstaff, and an amateur, S. D. Rhodes. Gunn shows every sign of following in the footsteps of his famous father, George Gunn, who at the age of 52 returned to the Notts team last season and was headed in batting average only by Harris.

Lancashire, it seems, must suffer from the loss of Macdonald and R. Tyldesley, and Gloucestershire are likely to be rather dependent again on whether Parker, at the age of 47, retains his wonderful form with the ball. The same is true of Kent in relation to Freeman, for although they have several young players of ability in the offing, none of them has shown many signs of becoming a great bowler.

Sussex have so many fine all-rounders to choose from and withal several young players coming on, that they ought to be very difficult to beat, and it will be particularly interesting to see whether Tate after a winter's rest, can regain that "devil" and accuracy in his bowling which he sometimes lost last season. If he does, he will certainly have to be seriously considered for another trip to Australia.

F. I. W.

PARIS

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RATES IN ACCORDANCE WITH PRESENT - DAY CONDITIONS

WRITE TO THE MANAGER FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Under the personal supervision of F. SCHWENTER

Manager: A. CERVELLI (Late Manager of the Grand Hotel, Rome)

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

RED CROSS DAY

SIR,—May 12th, the anniversary of Florence Nightingale's birthday, is to be celebrated all over the Empire as Red Cross Day. May I appeal for the co-operation of all in making it a really national event?

The purpose of Red Cross Day is to bring afresh before the people both of this country and the Dominions and Colonies overseas the story of the work the Red Cross has done in peace time, in war time, and again in peace time, to carry out the ideals for which Florence Nightingale gave her life. Public memory is short, and the extent of the work the Red Cross is now doing is by no means fully realised.

As a charitable body, depending on voluntary subscriptions, we have not the organisation to canvass separately the many associations and private individuals who are in a position to help us in making Red Cross Day known. To them, therefore, I make this general appeal. I address it through you to clubs, to advertisers, to shop-keepers, to motorists, and to the man-in-the-street and his wife. Each and all of them in their own way can assist.

Those who have windows can help by displaying Florence Nightingale posters or show-cards in them. Those who have cars can carry on them, on Red Cross Day, the Florence Nightingale symbol. Advertisers can include in their advertisements a reference to Red Cross Day, or reproduce the symbol in miniature. And there are other ways which will occur to your readers in which they can help.

All offers of help will be gratefully acknowledged. They should be sent in each case to the nearest County Branch of the British Red Cross Society. The address of the County of London Branch, which is responsible for the whole of the London area, is 9, Chesham Street, S.W. 1.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR STANLEY
(Chairman, British Red Cross Society).
14, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W. 1.

RECORD BAGS OF GROUSE

SIR,—From what I have read in print, and from correspondence with which I have been favoured, I understand that the largest bag of grouse ever shot on one moor, in one season, was obtained at Glen Dye, in 1931, when 17,780 grouse were killed off 25,400 acres.

The late Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, in his *Diversions of a Naturalist* (Third Edition; N.D. 1919, p. 47), states: "Only a few years ago one moor-owner was able to boast . . . that in one season he and his guests had killed 18,321 head of grouse on one moor."

I wrote to Sir Edwin regarding his statement, and he referred me to the *Field* newspaper. If such a bag was ever obtained I shall be glad to have details concerning it.

I may add, incidentally, that in 1931, a bag of 7,127 grouse was made at Broomhead Moor, of which the total acreage is just under 3,900 acres.

Yours truly,
Capenoch, HUGH GLADSTONE.
Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

[Perhaps some owner or tenant of a grouse moor may be able to give the reference required by our correspondent.—ED.]

SETTER CATCHING FLYING MOORHEN

SIR,—I was out in the fields with my friend recently with two dogs, an Irish setter and a spaniel puppy. At the end of the field there was a stream, and as we walked along about 200 yards from it we suddenly saw the setter, Kerry, dashing down the hill the other side of the stream, chasing a flying moorhen, which was making full speed for the stream.

The setter was running faster, I think, than I have ever seen him run before, and about five yards from the stream gave an extra leap and caught the bird in his mouth. It was flying very low, but to catch a moorhen on the wing is, I think, rather a feat for a dog of under two years of age.

The spaniel then ran up and tried to get the bird from Kerry's mouth, and after snapping at him for some time, succeeded. We caught the spaniel and tried to make him drop the bird, which was still alive, but did not move, probably being paralysed with fright. We tied Kerry up and eventually got the bird from the other dog. We then let the bird go, after finding that it was quite unhurt; it swam off down the stream and seemed to be quite recovered from its fright.

Yours faithfully,
Red House, PATRICIA ABERCROMBIE (Miss).
Prestbury, nr. Macclesfield.

PROFIT FROM DUCKS

SIR,—Anyone who has land that is damp or low-lying should keep a few ducks. A good profit can be made out of ducks for egg production if the right breed is kept. A great opportunity is being missed by many people. The Khaki Campbell or White Runner Duck is an excellent layer of white eggs, for which there is a great demand. These eggs make such lovely cakes and custards and, of course, are very good poached or fried, and being larger than hen eggs they are in demand when once the housewife has tried them.

Khaki Campbells and White Runners are not big eaters and can be fed on ordinary hen mash, moistened to a crumbly consistency, and fed twice a day. These egg-producing ducks do not require swimming water—a large pig trough kept filled with fresh water is quite suitable.

There is nothing on a farm that pays so well as ducks, and anyone who has room would be wise to hatch a few—which would begin laying in the autumn.

Yours faithfully,
Welwyn, Herts. IRENE HARRISON BELL.

PERCENTAGES OF SEX IN FALLOW DEER

SIR,—In the course of a discussion on *Wild* fallow deer, the question arose as to the percentage of buck and doe fawns produced each year.

A statement was made that the percentage was, roughly, 40 per cent. buck fawns and 60 per cent. doe fawns.

This statement was questioned, as it was said that in Park fallow deer the percentage was about 20 per cent. buck fawns and 80 per cent. doe fawns.

I have been making enquiries, but have been unable to find out anything bearing on this matter, neither does there appear to be any authority giving these figures. I would be grateful if any reader could help me in ascertaining the facts.

Meadcrest, Yours faithfully,
Brockenhurst, Hants. T. H. KINO.

SNAKES SWIMMING

SIR,—I was amazed, during the last rainy season, to find a snake swimming for pleasure.

A brother officer and I were making a journey by boat down the Dhasan river near Nowgong, Central India, with a view to finding new ground for goose shooting. The river was at least a mile wide.

As we were in the middle of the river I saw a large Russel viper calmly swimming upstream. We watched for some time and eventually shot it. It was about 5ft. long and in very fine condition.

This is the first occasion on which I have seen what I imagined to be a land snake, pure and simple, in the water.

Yours truly,
Nowgong, C.I. J. M.

THE TOUCH DOWN RULE IN RUGBY

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence on this subject and Mr. E. E. Hopewell's recollection that "touch-downs" used to be reckoned in the score in the Midland Cup competition, may I add that for nearly twenty years touch downs figured in the scores in the Hospitals Cup competition. Several times the final was decided on touch-downs alone—thus, in 1877, Guy's beat St. Thomas's by six touch-downs to one touch-down.

It is curious that this practice lasted so long, for the laws formulated by the Rugby Union on its foundation in 1871 did not, I believe, recognise touch-downs as scores, and they have never been reckoned in international matches.

On the question raised by Mr. Grundy in your issue of March 12th as to whether the present law as to touch-downs is fair to the attacking side, there is certainly something in his contention that the drop-out from the 25-yard line after a touch-down often enables the defenders to gain ground which they have not deserved. But I do not think that is wholly an argument for altering the rule.

When a touch-down occurs it generally means that the attacking side have for the moment given away or been deprived of an advantage they held, either by their own mistake or by the better play of their opponents. They should, therefore, forfeit their attacking position, and they would be in a more favourable situation than they deserved if the drop-out were taken from behind the goal line instead of the 25-yard line. In many cases, indeed, they might reap definite advantage from forcing their opponents to touch down, and any possible exploitation of that circumstance would not improve the game.

Yours faithfully,
Cheam, Surrey. F. I. WATSON.

A SMOKER'S LAMENT

SIR,—For many years I enjoyed the solace of a pipe, especially when out shooting or fishing. However, I have, under medical advice, had to discontinue pipe smoking, owing to an inflamed condition of the palate and mucous membrane.

I have always smoked a good quality mild tobacco, averaging about 1oz. per day, in a shell briar pipe, which was replaced after three or four months' use. Cigarettes and cigars have not been debarred me, and since I have abandoned smoking a pipe the palate trouble has ceased.

I shall be much interested to hear if anyone has had a similar experience or can suggest any reason and cure.

To me a pipe is more companionable, whether in the field or by the fireside, than any other form of smoking, and I feel the loss of an old friend.

Yours truly,
Hants. PIPELESS.

RED SQUIRRELS

SIR,—Since I wrote to you a few weeks back about the mortality among red squirrels, many people have been kind enough to write on the subject, their letters pointing to the prevalence of epidemics amongst these little beasts. I have since learnt, and I am sure that many of your readers will be glad to know, that Mr. A. D. Middleton, of the Bureau of Animal Population, Oxford University, is at the present time making a scientific investigation into the squirrel question and the prevalence of diseases among both kinds of squirrel, and further, that he would be very pleased if people would send him the result of their observations on the subject, accompanied, if possible, by the fresh bodies of victims.

It is, of course, only by the collation of evidence from many sources that reliable conclusions can be arrived at. Mr. Middleton would indeed welcome any items of information on the general subject of the diseases prevalent among our British fauna.

Yours faithfully,
Rogate, Petersfield. R. L. KENNION.

IS THE FERRET DERIVED FROM THE POLECAT?

SIR,—Herodotus iv. 193 says there are "weasels" γαλαῖ found in the silphium (in the Nomad's country—inland of the present Carthage) which are very like the weasels of Tartessus in the south western corner of Spain.

Strabo (Geog. iii. 2, 6 or iii. C. 145) tells us, about the beginning of the Christian era, say, 150 years after Herodotus, that Spain and as far north as Marseilles was overrun with rabbits and that the inhabitants made a point of breeding ferrets (?)—the wild weasels γαλαῖ ἀγρίαι which Africa produces. These they muzzle and send into their holes. The "ferrets" with their claws drag outside all the rabbits they catch, or else force them to flee into the open.

This proves that some kind of ferret was to be found wild in North Africa at the time stated, but there is no certainty that it was not a feral variety that had been introduced there five or six centuries previously.

Before the cat became a common household pet the ancients tamed the smaller carnivores, genets, martens and the like, to keep down the ever-swarming hosts of rats and mice.

Barwicke Lodge, Yours truly,
Disley, Cheshire. GEO. JENNISON, F.Z.S.

HEAVY HORSE BREEDING

SIR,—Will you allow me space in your esteemed paper to add a word in appreciation of Mr. Neville Smith-Carington's article, which appeared in your issue of March 26th, on the future of heavy horse breeding? It is gratifying to read that the stud book entries for 1931 record an increase in this class over the preceding year, the more so when it is realised that mechanical progress in the present age has considerably circumscribed the economic use of the horse for road work.

On the other hand I am not one who imagines that this type of horse is likely to be supplanted by mechanical power in the countryside—by which I mean the realm of agriculture—to anything like the same proportion as has occurred, and must continue to occur, in important cities, and it is in this particular sphere that I believe the future of the Shire horse principally lies.

Yours faithfully,
Chorley Wood, A. HAYWOOD.
Hertfordshire.

CATS OF SIZE AND WEIGHT

SIR,—When turning over the pages of an old *Illustrated London News* of 1850, I discovered an excellent wood-cut of a Cyprus cat of great size and weight. There was very little description—briefly stating that "it was very docile, but at first sight of the cutting enclosed (reproduced herewith) it conveyed a contrary impression." Its measurements were 27in. round the body, 36½in. from tail-tip to nose-end; and it was 25¾lb. in weight. It was stated that this "noble cat is domesticated at No. 175, Oxford Street; he is seven years old, and was born in a building known as the old Palace, at Chelsea." The quaint Victorian bonnet, according to the print, would just about fit the animal's head.

In early March this year I received an interesting communication from a gentleman of Marazion, Cornwall, respecting a feline still larger than the "Palace" example. To quote from the letter briefly: "Finn Machumhaill — the cat — (pronounced McCool) was born in July, 1921 (neuter). It was smallest of the litter of eight kittens; mother aged eighteen months, and had had a previous litter of six; the mother refused to feed him, so he was fed with a pen-filler. He has only been fed since on fish, a ½lb. per day; milk, ½ pint daily; and twice a week with a little underdone mutton. Has free access to grass, of which he eats some blades daily. Has had no treatment of any kind. Has gradually grown to 34lb. In June, 1928, it was entered in the *Daily Express* competition for heavyweights, taking 2nd prize. Cats from all over Britain, and some from the Continent, were entered. One other animal—Tinker, of Goodmayes—nine years old, scaled 34lb. 6oz."

It is possible, maybe, that this weight has been exceeded, but I have no knowledge of it.

Yours truly,
Yarmouth. A. H. PATTERSON.

AFFECTIONATE RAVENS

SIR,—Although it is a matter of common knowledge that nesting ravens are often demonstrative one to the other, it may perhaps be of interest to record the following observations which were made a recently by myself and a member of my family.

We paid a visit to an eyrie of many years' standing situated on a sea cliff, on which a good view of the nest can be obtained from a high upstanding rock opposite, about 60ft. from the base of the precipice. We ensconced ourselves in a slight depression on this rock and at once found the occupied nest, from which a large piece of sheep's wool was blowing in the wind. The parent birds flew close round and above us, sometimes coming as near as about 20ft. Once one of them settled on what was evidently a favourite stance, and "cur-rucked" loudly at the nest, with what was almost impossible not to imagine was a warning to the young birds in it.

Below us and to the right stretched a small shingle beach on which, about 25yds. away, lay a piece of fresh carrion. After a few minutes one of the ravens, which we took for the cock bird, flew down to this and began eating it. Then his mate followed him, and standing in front of her he fed her with pieces of the flesh. Then she fluffed up her feathers and expanded her wings. He ran his beak up and down her primaries and preened them, then put it into the ruffled-up feathers at the back of her neck and breast and seemed to be cleaning them. The two birds then stood breast to breast and the hen did the same to the cock bird, the only difference being that he did not spread out his wings. They then both drank together from a little stream of fresh water which runs through the shingle to the sea.

What was a striking fact was that while the ravens remained *below* us, they showed no signs at all of perturbation, but remained quite natural and unalarmed, although we and our field glasses must have been clearly visible to them.

They then again began their flying round and about us, and, not wanting to keep them too long away from the nest, we moved, breaking up and throwing down some egg sandwiches, the remains of our lunch. We crossed the little shingle bank, and no sooner were we well on the move than both birds swooped down on the sandwiches and began eating them eagerly. One bird seized a big crust and carried it off to an adjacent rock, leaving the smaller pieces to its mate.

Yours faithfully,
Bangor, N. Wales. A. P. ORTON.

SPANIEL AND MOLE

SIR,—Whilst out the other day I noticed my Springer Spaniel bitch nosing about in some lush grass in a shallow ditch bottom. On going up to see what she was after, she came out in a bit of a flutter with a mole hanging on to her upper lip. Finding that shaking her head was no good, she tried to rid herself by using her feet as a lever, but Mr. Mouldy Warp stuck tenaciously to his hold. The spaniel, finding no outside help forthcoming, then trotted off to a nearby gate and smashed the mole several times against the gate post, killing him and so freeing herself. I have never before seen or heard of a mole attacking a dog. On examining her lip, which was bleeding, I found that the mole's teeth had gone right in and left a very sore place.

Warkworth. Yours truly,
Northumberland. PERLUTO.

MORE ABOUT PETER SIMPLE

SIR,—I missed some of the earlier correspondence about Peter Simple; but I can add a little to the information given by Mr. Dale about this horse recently in the *Field*.

There were many horses of this name running in the early '40's, but the one referred to is undoubtedly the famous grey by Arbutus out of Maligigi's dam.

"The Druid" tells us that Peter Simple was "A light-fleshed varmint-looking horse, not very big, but all muscle and wire . . . such light action as his has rarely been seen. He could go up to his knees in dirt, but his mouth was not first-rate, and he was far too impetuous at his fences."

Peter Simple ran in the Grand National from 1841 to 1846 without a break, and was placed third upon the occasion of his first two attempts. In 1843 the Grand National was first run as a handicap, and Peter Simple, with his 5lb. penalty, carried the terrific impost of 13st. 1lb., and the horse completed the course without mishap. In 1844 he fell, when carrying 3lb. less.

Though described as a gelding in Corbet's *Steeple Chasing Calendar*, the horse was an entire, and for many a day it could safely be guessed of any good-looking grey that carried his rider in the van throughout a fast run in the Lincolnshire country that it was one of his stock.

Yours faithfully,
Hampstead, N.W. 3. H. S. HODSON.

A FAMOUS LEFT-HAND BOWLER

SIR,—I was interested to see a reference in your issue of February 13th by Mr. Alfred Cochrane to the late W. E. W. Collins.

In my book of cuttings for 1894 I still preserve some cricket reminiscences contributed to the Isle of Wight paper by the late Rev. A. Watson who, at the Grange, Cowes, successfully flogged so many boys into the Britannia and was himself a prominent cricketer.

"Northwood v. Freshwater, played on Northwood ground, August, 1874: Freshwater, 103; Northwood, 530 for 8 wickets; W. E. W. Collins, 333 not out, comprising a 9, 2 for 7 each, 6 for 6, 21 for 4, and 16 for 3, etc. Four of the eight batsmen had only a cipher attached to their names, the others coming as follows: Rev. A. Watson 27, H. White 10, W. R. Hepburn 26, Temple Cooke 62, F. R. Ransome (not out) 25, extras 47."

On referring to some old cricket notes, I find that Mr. W. E. W. Collins made his very remarkable score of 333 in the space of three hours, which the *Field* commented on as being the most wonderful performance on record. Mr. Collins was undoubtedly the best cricketer the island has seen, for besides being a most powerful bat, he was a very effective and dangerous bowler, with a high delivery. Though he bowled left-handed, he could also bowl very fairly with the right, and I remember him attempting to bowl alternately with the left and right on the Northwood ground, when the batsman, reasonably enough, objected."

Yours faithfully,
Calicut, Malabar, South India. W. K. M. LANGLEY.

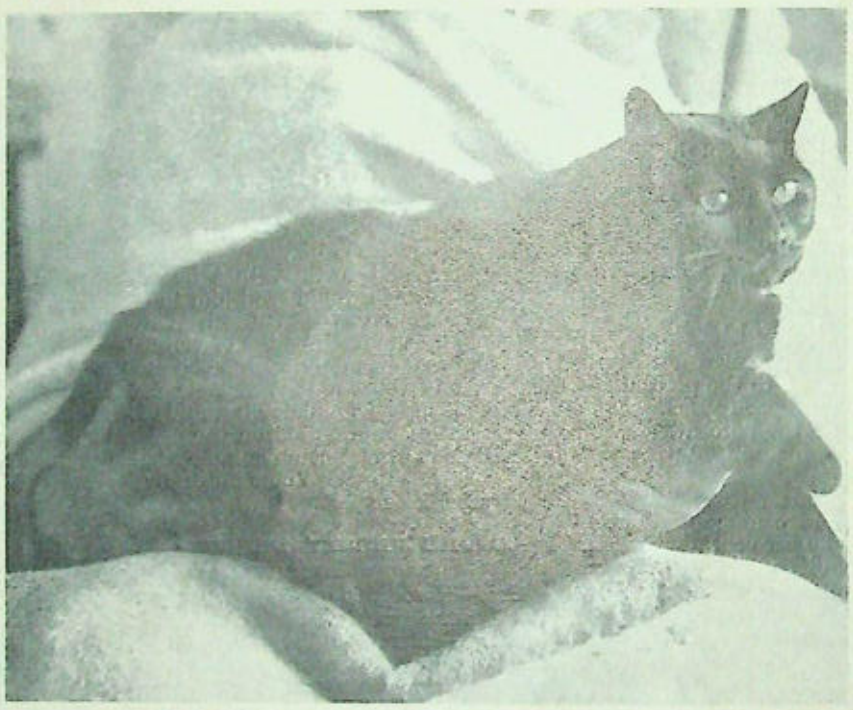
LEATHERS FOR HUNTING

SIR,—Sir Alfred Pease's recommendation of leathers for hunting is much to the point. As regards warmth and comfort, nothing can touch them, and they last a lifetime.

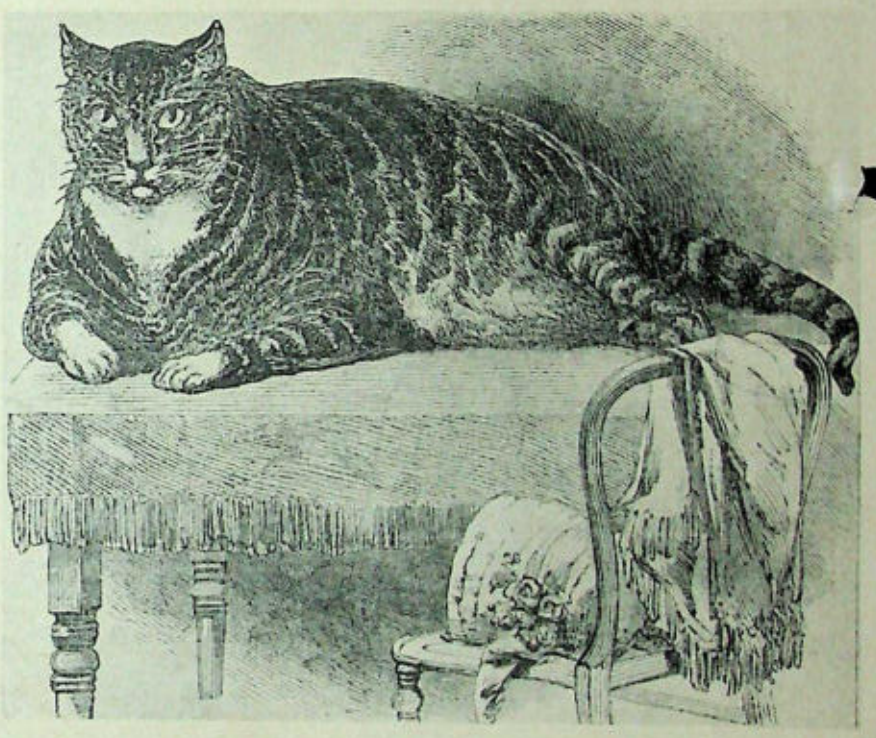
I remember, in 1881, in the Atherstone country (Mr. Edward Oakeley, Master; George Castleman, huntsman) there was a delightful old farmer, Mr. Dastar, of Leckington, who, one day, pointed out his leathers to me at the meet, and told me he had worn them, I think, about 50 years. He got them in this way.

When a youth, he was riding home from hunting across Gapsall Park with Lord Howe, the owner. It was dusk, when a pure white buck dashed across the ride close to them. Lord Howe said: "If you can shoot that buck you can have him and get yourself a pair of buckskin breeches." A few days later Destar killed the buck, and thus secured his breeches, of which he was very proud. He always wore a very neat black hunting coat, butcher boots and a tall hat, all beautifully clean—the nicest turn-out for a farmer I ever saw.

Taplow, Bucks. Yours truly,
H. S. CHARRINGTON.

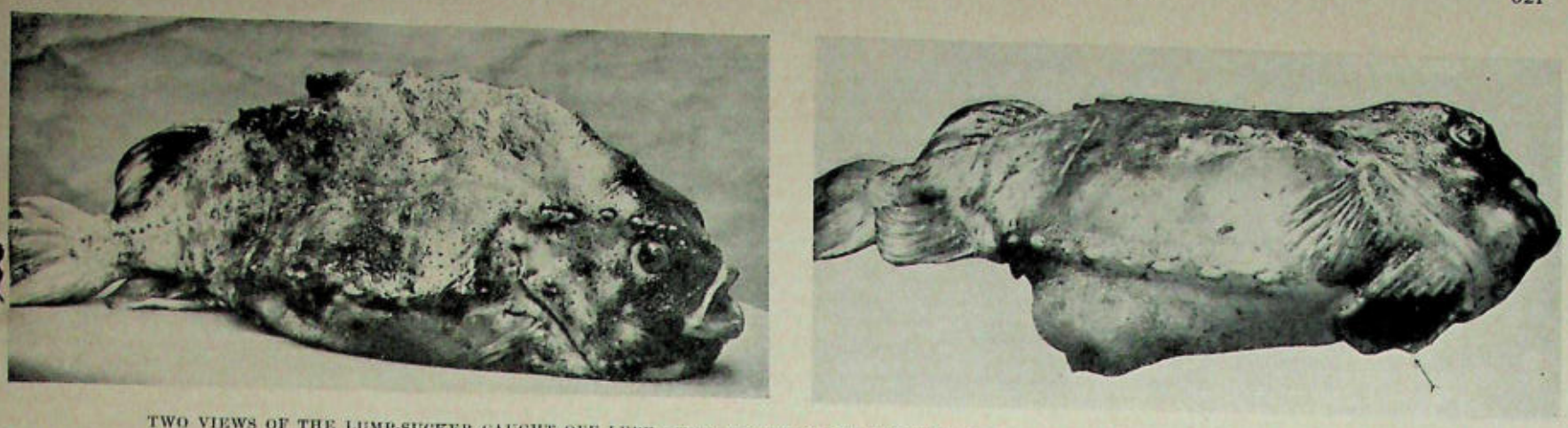


FINN MACHUMHAILL, A 34lb. CAT FROM CORNWALL



A CYPRUS CAT OF THE 'FIFTIES WEIGHING 25¾lbs.

(See Letter "Cats of Size and Weight")



TWO VIEWS OF THE LUMP-SUCKER CAUGHT OFF LEPE. THE ARROW IN THE RIGHT-HAND PICTURE INDICATES THE ADHESIVE DISC, FROM WHICH THE FISH DERIVES ITS NAME
(*See Letter "Lump-sucker from the Solent"*)

LUMP-SUCKER FROM THE SOLENT

SIR,—The enclosed photographs of the lump-sucker (*cyclopterus lumpus*) show two views of one of the largest specimens seen in the Solent for many years. These fish are, of course, often seen further north, and occasionally one or two small ones are brought to the surface, but it is uncommon along the South Coast. This one was brought up in the trawl by two local fishermen, Messrs. Sheath and Legg, while trawling off Lepe. It measured 1ft. 9in. in length, and 2ft. 2in. in circumference, and turned the scale at 12lb. 5oz.

This fish is not much eaten in the British Isles, being flabby and insipid to the taste, but it appears frequently in Continental markets. In Holstein, for example, smoked lump-sucker is considered a delicacy. Only the male is eaten, his flesh being firmer than that of the female.

The foreign fishermen go along the shore armed with a stick with a strong hook at the end, and capture the male as it is guarding the eggs. It is also taken by stake-nets and by inshore trawlers. Normally it grows to a length of about 2ft. and reaches, when fully grown, about 16lb., so this specimen has nearly reached full size.

The name "lump-sucker" refers to the adhesive disc on the lower surface of the body, by means of which the fish is able to cling to rocks and stones.

East Cowes, Isle of Wight. Yours truly, W. WHITE & SON.

A FINE EXMOOR HEAD

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of the head of the "King of the Forest," the famous stag taken by the Devon and Somerset Staghounds last October. It has just been received back at Exford mounted, and measurements have been taken for the first time. It is a wonderfully big and strong head, and possesses fifteen points, viz.: Brow, bay and trey, end 4 atop with an offer on the near antler; and brow, trey, and 6 atop on the off. On the latter horn is an offer, in the position of the bay point, which indicates that the stag had passed his prime. The measurements are as follows: Spread, 37¼in.; span, 28½in.; both beams, 6½in.; length of off antler, 34in.; ditto near antler, 35¼in.; length of both brow points, 15in.; ditto the bay point, 7½in.; length of trey point off antler, 9½in.; ditto near antler, 12in.; longest point atop (off antler), 15in.

Minehead, Somerset. Yours faithfully, ALFRED VOWLES.



HEAD OF THE "KING OF THE FOREST"
(*See Letter "A Fine Exmoor Head"*)

TETHERED WOODCOCK

SIR,—I am sending you an extract from a letter received from Professor Mathey-Dupraz, of Colombier, Switzerland, in reply to the one in which I asked his opinion on the strings which the woodcock (photographs published in the *Field*, March 26th) wore tied to its legs.

"From 1887 to 1894 I lived in Turkey. In the villages of the region of the forest of Belgrade and of the River of the Sweet Waters of Europe (Kiathané Sou), live many Bulgarians, all market gardeners, coming to sell their vegetables in Pera. They also brought birds caught in nets, either dead or alive. Before the migration of the woodcocks in the spring and the autumn, they would catch one, preferably a female. The bird was fettered on both legs to prevent its hurting itself in its efforts to fly away. It was placed in a damp place in a clearing. The two strings, 4 or 5 metres long, left it a certain liberty. It could come and go, and even root for worms. The other ends of the strings which clogged it was fixed in a piece of wood stuck into the earth, and the woodcock served as a decoy-bird. The Bulgarian hunters lay in ambush and fired on the birds that were attracted."

Is this letter a commencement of the explanation of the woodcock mystery?

Meyrin, near Geneva, Switzerland. Yours truly, ED. JEAN LAFOND.

PROTECTING LAWN SEED

SIR,—An article appeared in a recent issue of the *Field* recommending our seed dressing "Corvusine" as being excellent for the protection of lawn grass seed.

We feel sure you will not mind our pointing out that, although it is possible to dress seeds of the garden variety with "Corvusine," we do not recommend this practice, as this preparation is designed particularly for the treatment of cereals and seed corn. For the seeds of the garden variety, *i.e.*, grass seed, peas, beans, etc., we have compounded a preparation known as "Horticol," and this is marketed in handy sizes at prices which commend themselves to the amateur gardener.

Wolsey Works, Carpenters Road, Stratford, London, E. 15. Yours faithfully, HAWKER & BOTWOOD, LTD.

THE SIZE OF EELS

SIR,—I have been reading Mr. A. H. Patterson's article on the size of eels in the *Field* of March 26th.

This reminds me of a very large eel which I found washed up dead on the shore of the Solway Firth some years ago. It was quite 6ft. in length and thicker than a man's thigh.

I have no experience of the weight of eels, but by comparison with a large salmon, I should think this eel must have weighed between 50lb. and 60lb. at least.

Is this an unusually large eel, and are not big eels somewhat rare in the Solway Firth?

Surrey. Yours faithfully, W. B.

[Probably it was a conger.—ED.]

SIR,—In *The Norfolk and Norwich Remembrancer*, under date March 30th, 1808, is the following:

"A silver eel was caught a mile below Yarmouth Bridge, 6ft. 1in. long, 21in. in girth, and weighed 42lb. It was exhibited at the Lobster Inn, Norwich."

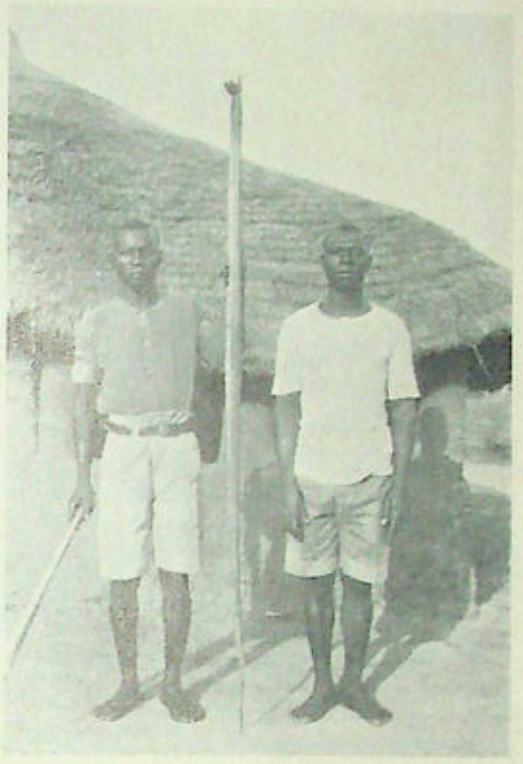
Coltishall Hall, Norwich. Yours truly, H. ROGERS.

WHAT IS A RECORD MAMBA?

SIR,—In the hope that it may be of interest to some of your readers I am enclosing a photograph of a black mamba snake, which I am given to understand is of record length.

Measured accurately, it was 7ft. 3¼in. I should very much like to know if this is a record.

I have made inquiries among my brother officers and political officials out here, and find that the biggest black mamba known of was 6ft. 5in.



A 7ft. 3¼in. BLACK MAMBA FROM NIGERIA
(*See Letter "What is a Record Mamba?"*)

My orderly, seen holding the snake up in the photograph, killed it on my veranda. I may add he showed courage in tackling it, with only the light of a hurricane lamp to guide him, and a stick in his hand. It was 8 p.m. one night early in January last. The stick broke in two during the mêlée, but the orderly finished it off with the stump. The mamba, as is its custom, spat at his eyes, but fortunately missed.

D/Nigeria Regiment, R.W.A.F.F., Zaria, Northern Provinces, Nigeria, W. Africa. Yours faithfully, W. H. O'DONALD.

UPTURNED HOOKS FOR FLY-FISHING

SIR,—I was reading Mr. Skues' book, *The Way of a Trout with a Fly*, when it occurred to me to wonder why (so far as I know) no one has yet attempted to use flies with the hook turned up, instead of down.

In the case of very thinly dressed flies, of course this might upset the balance, but not so, surely, in the case of thickly hackled and wet flies.

The advantages I see are that the caudal setae would obscure the hook and that fish would no longer be hooked in the tongue, thus causing bleeding and death thereby and preventing return to the water in cases where this was desirable.

Still wondering, I remain,

Yours very truly,
B. H. SYMNS,
Dominion Fishery Service.
Tofino V.I., B.C., Canada.

COLLIDING PHEASANTS

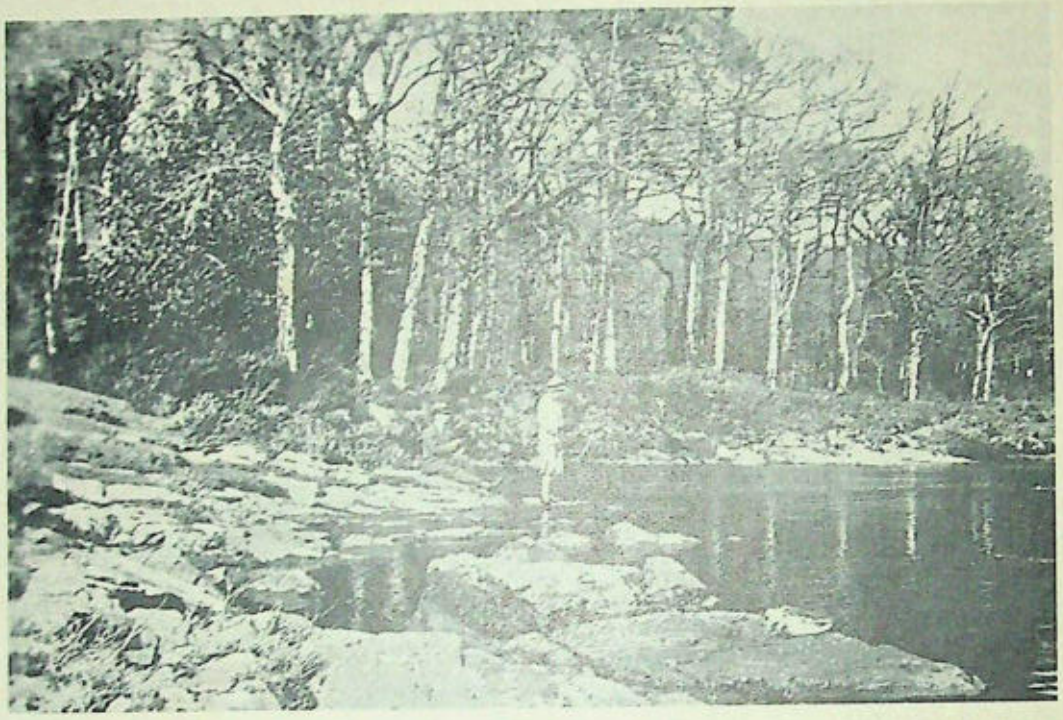
SIR,—I read with great interest "Craster's" letter in a recent *Field*. I also have had some experience of pheasants colliding with objects. Once I saw a pheasant fly from a cover straight into some railings and break its neck—it was a hen—at about this time of the year. I think that quite definitely this bird had been unaware of our presence, and had not thought of its line of flight for a moment, with the result that it flew into the railings.

Yours truly,

9, The Ride, Brentford, Middlesex. P. C. T. WILDASH.

KENT CRICKET

SIR,—In Lord Harris's obituary in the *Times* it was said that in the early days of his captaincy of this county it was not usual for amateurs to play for Kent, except in the Canterbury Week.



THE SCENE OF AN OTTER'S FEAST—NOTE SALMON'S HEAD IN FOREGROUND
(See Letter "An Otter's Meal")

When at school at Southborough as a small boy (about 1874–5) I remember going to see Kent v. Sussex, and v. Derbyshire, on the Upper Common at Tunbridge Wells (it looks smaller now), and amateurs playing then were Lord Harris, W. Yardley, F. and A. Penn, Ford Kelcey, and C. A. Absalon. I cannot remember the professionals, but there probably was a Hearne or two.

For Sussex, I think Lillywhite and Humphrey were the stars.

Yours faithfully,

Weybridge. HUGH D. CARROLL.

ANGLERS' RODS AS BIRD PERCHES

SIR,—I do not know whether it is a frequent occurrence for birds to perch on a fisherman's rod, but two instances of this have occurred in the last four years.

In the summer of 1928 a friend of mine, fishing out a cast (for salmon) on the Buckland beat of the River Dart, was considerably surprised by a kingfisher perching on his rod, which was at that moment more or less horizontal over the water. I did not see the incident myself, but my friend's integrity is above reproach. On Saturday last, March 12th, I was fishing for trout in a beat near here and a robin perched on my rod under similar conditions.

Yours truly,

Bovey Tracey, S. Devon. J. C. LEACH, Comdr., R.N.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Danish Snipe in Ireland.—I have just heard that one of four snipe I sent (from Co. Tyrone) to a friend in January last had been ringed in Denmark. The ring is lost, and the only interesting point is that all the snipe I shot that day were exceptionally large: two boxes, each containing four, weighed over 1½lb. each.—JAMES DICKIE, Bath Club, W. 1.

Redstart in March.—I think that your suggestion that the redstart seen by me in Cornwall on March 19th and 20th was probably a black redstart is correct. I knew that black redstarts came to this country in winter, but I had no idea that they wintered here, and, as I was away from home, I did not have a book on birds to refer to.—ROBERT G. BAIRD, Newbury.

A Spotted Blackbird.—In my garden, on the banks of the Yore, there is a pied blackbird. He is rather shy and retiring and seldom appears except in the early morning or towards sunset. Both his wings are half white, and ditto his tail, whilst his breast is flecked all over with white feathers, giving it almost a spotted appearance. His beak is a very vivid orange.—Mrs. M. F. REYNARD, Tanfield, nr. Ripon.

"Flower that Never Blooms."—I remember being asked when a child the conundrum, "What is that which hangs and bears but never blooms?" the answer being "A pot hook." Perhaps this is an explanation of the "Flower that never blooms" to which Major Coles refers in your issue of April 9th.—C. H. BYWATERS, Hyde House, Newbury.

An Otter's Meal.—In case it is of interest, I enclose a snapshot taken on Easter Monday just below New Bridge, on the River Dart, showing in the right foreground the remains of a fine salmon an otter had feasted on an hour or two previously. The head was that of a large male fish of 20lb. or more, and had an enormous "kip."—BASIL E. AIDNEY, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent.

Early Appearance of Mayfly.—It may be of interest to record such an early appearance of *Ephemera vulgata* as March 12th, after a night frost of 12 degrees too. There could be no possibility of mistaking it for anything but a Mayfly, as it flew across the river within a few feet of me while fishing a pool. Is it possible it could have hibernated in the sub-imago state?—R. WINDSOR RICKARDS, Usk Priory, Monmouthshire.

A White Woodpigeon.—There is a white woodpigeon about here at present. It is quite white except that it has just the faintest tinge of pale blue on its wings and the usual bar across the tail. It is no cross, but a typical woodpigeon in shape, flight and everything except colour. I saw it nearly every day about a month ago, but till yesterday (April 5th) had not seen it lately. But as it is here now it will stay.—CAPT. B. GOSSELIN, Lissen Grove, Omagh, Northern Ireland.

Curing Dogs of Hen Killing.—I am much interested in the method of curing terriers from running and killing hens. I always found prevention better than cure, and used to take puppies on the lead in amongst the chickens, and in that way accustomed them to the birds from the very first. I do not think we ever had trouble with the dogs after that. I can perfectly well believe that "Judy" heard the talk about sending her away and so gave up killing hens on that account.—KATE E. SCRIVEN, 13, Craven Hill, W. 2.

Albino Wagtail.—Your illustrations of albinos at the Zoo, published in your issue of January 16th, prompt me to describe to you an African pied wagtail (*Motacilla a. vidua*) which I collected quite recently. The normal bird has a black head with a white streak through the eye; back, black; mandibles and feet, black—the predominating colour, in fact, being black. The bird I shot was a female, in breeding condition, almost entirely white except for faint grey streaking on the back, wings and some tail feathers. The mandibles and feet were pink. Iris, normal. Her mate was, of course, of normal colouring.—EDMOND R. WRIGHT, Mlanjo, Nyasaland, B.C.A.

IN THE CITY

A RETROSPECT

IT MAY BE OF INTEREST to review as concisely as possible the views that have been expressed in these notes since this country's departure from the gold standard about seven months ago. Such a revision may serve to indicate the writer's opinion of a prudent and up-to-date investment policy on a rather wider basis than would otherwise be possible.

At the beginning of October last the view was expressed in these notes that the holders of the common stocks or shares of American industrial or public utility concerns would be well advised to consider a sale of such securities, and to take advantage of the favourable rate of exchange to bring the money realised to this country. Since then, however, the "Dow Jones" average price of American industrial shares has fallen from 105.6 to 61.2, and the realisable value of public utility shares has fallen to a similar extent. The industrial situation in America to-day is probably even worse than is generally realised, and the political situation has recently been well described by Mr. Walter Lippmann when he said, "No one is responsible who has power, and no one has power who is responsible." Even so it would seem that the sale of common shares of sound American companies is no longer advisable at to-day's price levels. It should be remembered that, unlike European countries, America could return to a moderate degree of prosperity on internal trade alone. The normal percentage of American manufactured goods sold for export is about 9 per cent. of the total, and if only some sort of political unity could be achieved on the lines of our own National Government the problems which face America could probably be solved more rapidly than those of any other country in the world.

When the corner is turned the improvement in trading conditions in that country and market prices on Wall Street will probably be described as amazing, and to those who still hold the common shares of sound American companies the advice might now be offered to retain their holdings.

THE LAGGARDS

Of the 39 securities that have been recommended for investment purposes in these notes since the suspension of the gold standard, 28 are at present standing at higher prices than when mentioned, six at about the same price, and five at a lower price. Since it is not the writer's intention to recommend the taking of a profit on any of the securities that have risen in price (with the exception of the Treasury bonds to which reference has already been made in former notes) no useful purpose would be served in alluding to these investments again, nor to those which have not altered in price to any material extent. A brief note might, however, be included here relative to the £2 ordinary shares (£1 paid) of Alexanders Discount Company, the price of which has risen to about 63/- since the shares were last recommended in these notes at 46/3 on January 9th, with the object of dissuading holders from selling their shares even at the current price. Admittedly, the yield on the 15 per cent. dividend paid for 1931 is now under 5 per cent., but should the 5 per cent. tax free bonus paid for each of the nine years 1922 to 1930 inclusive, be resumed in respect of the current year the yield would be only a few shillings under 7 per cent. There is every indication that at least some part of the former cash bonus will be forthcoming, and the shares still appear "better to buy than to sell."

The five securities that have fallen to lower price levels may repay examination in greater detail, with a view to ascertaining whether current quotations do not afford the opportunity of a bargain purchase. The particulars are as under:-

Description.	Date Recommended.	Offered price. Then.	Now.
Pinchin Johnson 10/- Ordinary Shares	Oct. 17th	26/6	24/6
Enfield Cable £1 Ordinary Shares	Oct. 24th	80/-	69/
Underground Elec. Railways £1 Ordinary	Dec. 26th	20/-	18/
Dorman Long 5½% Debenture Stock	Jan. 30th	£63	£53
Distillers £1 Ordinary Shares	March 19th	50/-	46/3

The writer has no reason to alter any of the opinions that were originally expressed on the dates mentioned above concerning these securities, and hopes to refer to the companies individually again in a subsequent note. PACTOLUS.

The South American Handbook.—In the revised and enlarged edition of this indispensable annual guide and book of reference to the countries, products, trade and resources of Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, it is claimed that over 4,000 changes have been made since the issue of the 1931 edition. This makes it even more comprehensive than heretofore, and at 2/6 represents really remarkable value.

POINTERS AND SETTERS AT ORWELL

The Kennel Club's Field Trial Derby Stakes



MR. ISAAC SHARPE'S STYLISH SHEEN
Winner of the Kennel Club Derby Stakes

OWING TO THE CONTINUED KINDNESS of Mr. George Pretyman the Kennel Club are still fortunate in being able to run their trials at Orwell. The weather on April 12th was wild and blustery and not calculated to allow puppies to show their true form.

We began with Stylish Painter, an English, and Menaifron Patsy, an Irish setter. Painter was a bit inclined to chase—he is only just twelve months old—but he made a nice point in good style, and backed Patsy when she poked up a bird which she should have found. Menaifron Fleet (pointer) and Carrie d'Or (Irish setter) came next. The latter found nicely and was backed by Fleet, who seemed a bit inclined to be gun-shy and to hang too much to his handler. He is very young, however.

The next brace were Lingfield Lemon (pointer) and Beorcham Radiant (Irish setter). Lemon made three nice points; he goes fast and has good style. Radiant also has nice style, but is not so well under control.

GOOD YOUNGSTERS

Next, two pointers, Stylish Sheen and Bright Light, gave us the best trial so far. The former had a long draw on a hare and on birds; he goes a fair pace and has beautiful style on point. Bright Light perhaps was the faster of the two and made two most attractive points when going down-wind; a very good trial for an eleven months old puppy.

Then came Vineyard of Otham (setter) and Bosco of the Boreen (pointer). Vineyard is a bit spanielly in his action, but found birds nicely. Bosco was a little unsteady when birds rose; he, however, found nicely and also backed Vineyard well.

The last brace were Vintage and West Down Whig, both English setters. Vintage was steady to a pheasant, and then Whig had a nice point with good style.

We then had a fresh draw, all being left in. Neither Bosco nor Patsy did much good, while Painter seemed inclined to false point, although, with so many running pheasants about, one hesitates to condemn a puppy. Vineyard had a good point; Sheen did other useful work; while Radiant was none too confident on her point. Bright Light had the better of Carrie, with one very good point. Fleet and Whig had a short trial, as the latter could not resist a hare. Lemon, who had run well in the first round, went to pieces and finished up with a chase. This was unfortunate, as this young puppy may show himself, when more trained, as good as anything in the stake.

A CLOSE SECOND

Eventually the judges placed Mr. Isaac Sharpe's Sheen first, Mr. A. Bishop's Bright Light second, and Major J. D. Lloyd's Vineyard third. There must have been very little indeed between first and second. Mrs. Nagle's Carrie and Brig.-Gen. R. M. Foot's Radiant were placed equal fourth, and Major J. D. Lloyd's and Mr. G. S. Lowe's Vintage and Miss Ada Prior's Bosco received certificates of merit.

Next day the All-Aged Stake was taken under much more pleasant conditions of weather, with apparently a better scent. The first brace were two English setters, Beorcham Ptarmigan and Stylish Print, who made a very pretty point when going down-wind and was well backed by Ptarmigan. Print goes with proper setter action, and Ptarmigan showed good game-finding qualities in a quiet sort of way.

Rock o'Moy, an Irish setter, ran against Bratton Venus of Thornycroft. The former went in really good style; he made two really good points and gave one the impression of being a good stayer. Venus did not seem to go in her usual form, and she did not appear very willing to back.

Wendy and Scuttle d'Or were a bit disappointing. They quartered their ground well. Scuttle refusing to back. Seal d'Or then met West Down Gond. Seal quarters her ground, as does Gond, and the handlers of these two braces deserve credit for this, which is often enough neglected. Seal was a bit unlucky in not finding birds.

Then came Bing of the Boreen against West Down Wary. Bing got a beautiful point, which was admirably backed by Wary. Bing flushed going down-wind, but dropped well; he then should certainly have backed Wary, who had birds. The trial ended with a good point by Bing, again perfectly backed by Wary.

Beorcham Daphne when put down with Briton of the Boreen was at first a bit shy at going out, but when she did get galloping, unfortunately a hare got up under her nose and she chased it.

Fresco Firebrand ran his bye with Seal; the former flushed and then pointed with no result, while Seal backed him nicely. She then did some good quartering and found, being backed well by Firebrand.

AN UNLUCKY LAPSE

The second round began with Wendy and Ptarmigan, who pointed where birds had gone; he then backed Wendy well, the latter running a very much better trial than before. Bing, put down with Scuttle, had a point, which came to nothing, Scuttle refusing to back. She then found birds, while Bing's backing was very doubtful. Gond then easily beat Venus with a nice point, while Venus flushed. Firebrand ran with Briton, who pegged birds that Firebrand was uncertain about, Firebrand eventually finding another brace. Wary, down with Seal, after some clever work, eventually puzzled out birds that had evidently run, while Seal would only back when ordered. Print and Rock o'Moy were then down in a bad field, when there was a good deal of flushing by both.

In the third round Bing met Ptarmigan, who did the same quiet, useful work as earlier; while Bing first flushed, but finished up with a good find of a pheasant. Wendy did not show her form with Briton, who had a nice find, then a flush. They were running a bit jealous. Wary then met Bing, who got birds all right, superbly backed by Wary, who also found birds well, but then, sad to relate, chased a hare for 50yds. and put himself out of the stake—a real misfortune, as up to then he had done everything of the best in his previous trials.

The judges, Lord Vivian and Mr. D. Black, placed Miss Ada Prior's Bing of the Boreen first, Brig.-Gen. R. M. Foot's Beorcham Ptarmigan equal second with Miss Prior's Briton of the Boreen, and Capt. Blaine's Bratton Wendy reserve, while Mrs. Holt's Rock o'Moy, Mrs. Nagle's Scuttle d'Or and Capt. Blaine's West Down Gond were given certificates.

HUBERT WILSON.

ENGLISH SETTER CLUB

Puppies Tempted by Hares

THESE ANNUAL TRIALS were held at Woolverstone Park by kind permission of Major Berners, on April 6th and 7th.

On the first day everything was favourable except the weather, a blustering wind not being conducive to good work by puppies. Birds were wild, although cover, considering the long drought, was better than for many years.

The judges were Lady Wigan and Mr. J. B. Littledale, the former taking the place of Capt. Johnstone, who met with a very serious accident in the hunting field four months ago. We were delighted to hear that he is making good progress and wish him a speedy recovery. Mr. B. J. Warwick acted as referee.

THE SETTER PUPPY STAKE

Five out of the eight puppies put themselves out of court by chasing hares—the stake was aptly described by a wag as "Harringay in Rus." The three who did not fall to the temptation of hares were placed as follows:—

1st, Mr. Isaac Sharpe's Stylish Wager.
2nd, Major Lloyd's and Mr. G. Lowe's Vintage.
3rd, Capt. Blaine's West Down Wanton.

Mr. Isaac Sharpe's puppy ran a very good heat the first time down, making good his ground and pegging several brace of birds. Subsequently he was inclined to ride cold scents down his beats.

Vintage, a daughter of the famous bitch Vine, ran the winner very close. She showed herself to be a great game finder with good pace and pretty style.

Capt. Blaine's Wanton made a very good impression and with a little more experience will no doubt do some winning.

POINTER PUPPY STAKE

The entry in the Pointer Puppy Stake was disappointing, only four figuring on the card. The awards were:—

1st, Miss Prior's Bosco of the Boreen.
2nd, Mr. G. Dobson's Bryn Mor Spring.
3rd, Mr. Arch Bishop's Bright Light.

Here again "blood" scored, the winner claiming as his sire that famous dog, Bing of the Boreen; he won the stake with a good deal to spare. He has beautiful action, great pace and nice style. His owner may be justly proud of him.

Everyone was sorry for Mr. Dobson, whose two puppies had recently been victims of the modern scourge, hysteria. Spring, who was placed second, still looked under the weather, and will no doubt do better in the future.

Ken Bishop, a younger son of the popular and efficient secretary of the club, secured the third prize with his dog Bright Light, who will, with a little more experience, make an excellent dog to shoot over.

It was very gratifying to the veterans to see sons of such old supporters of pointers and setters as Mr. George Lowe, son of the late Mr. F. C. Lowe, and Mr. Ken Bishop, son of Arch Bishop, in the winning list.

Nearly everyone thought it was odds on Miss Prior's smart pointer puppy winning Major Berners's special for the best winning puppy in the two stakes, but he succumbed to a tempting hare, and practically gave Mr. Isaac Sharpe's setter a walk-over.

ALL-AGED STAKE

Weather conditions on the second day of the meeting were even worse than on Wednesday. As the results appended show, it was not a favourable day for pointers, only one out of the four runners of the breed being in the award list, which was as follows:—

1st, Mr. Herbert Mitchell's Bratton Venus.
2nd, Capt. Blaine's West Down Wary.
3rd, Capt. Blaine's Bratton Wendy.
4th, Gen. Foot's Beorcham Ptarmigan.

Certificates of Merit, Miss Prior's Bryn of the Boreen, Mr. Nagle's Baffle d'Or, and the same owner's Scuttle d'Or.

The judges' task in making the awards of first and second in this stake must have been a difficult one.

The first time down Wary showed to advantage as regards quartering compared with Venus, who went out too far. Wary perhaps erred in this respect in the last round, but he did not lack in stamina as Venus did, and showed a better nose, some of his points being at a long distance.

Bratton Wendy, placed third, was not as consistent in her work as the two placed over her. She is a very fast and stylish bitch, but perhaps a bit too fast for her nose.

The work of Gen. Foot's smart little setter, Ptarmigan, appealed to many shooting men as one to make a bag over—with a bit more luck he might have been a peg higher.

All the specials followed the awards, except that given by Capt. Blaine for the best English setter puppy showing the best natural qualities, including nose, style and action, combined with true English setter character. The judges' decision in awarding this special to Vintage was a most popular one.

Major Berners entertained a large company to lunch on both days. On the proposal of Gen. Foot, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him for his kind hospitality and for the use of his ground. Mr. B. J. Warwick proposed a vote of thanks to the judges, to which Mr. Littledale replied in a humorous speech.

LEWIS D. WIGAN.

Compulsory Control of Greyhounds.—Following upon representations made by the Tail-Waggers' Club, who submitted a list of outrages upon small dogs committed by greyhounds at exercise, the London County Council has informed the club that a rule has now been made whereby all greyhounds taken into any park, garden or open space over which the Council has control, must be either muzzled or kept on a lead.

Facts and Figures about Skating.—The Official Handbook for 1931–32 of the National Skating Association is a model of what such things should be, for it contains a complete and comprehensive record of the various activities of the association in all its branches—ice and roller skating—and also particulars of the constitution and rules of the International Skating Union. It includes the rules and schedules for all N.S.A. Tests, and complete tables of winners, and speed records.

FINDING OUR BEST LAWN TENNIS TALENT

A Davis Cup Doubles Problem and Its Possible Solution

By J. E. COLLETT

NEXT WEEK the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth will be with us again, and it is to be hoped will bring better weather than that which thoroughly upset the international trials last week at the Queen's Club. The handfuls of spectators who braved the bitter blast and damping drizzle day by day were dubbed the "Pneumoniacs."

As to the players, they were called for the most part a sorry lot—a sort of Saturday afternoon set. They were not, of course, anything of the kind. They were doing their best, and that not badly with wind, weather and an uncertain and sometimes dangerous pitch combining automatically to reduce the level of the play. This, however, brings out latent weaknesses, and enhances strength, and is a salutary trial for temperament.

ARMY CHAMPION'S POTENTIALITIES

In the inclement circumstances the lessons to be learnt from the trials did not do a great deal to lighten the labours or to increase the knowledge of the Selection Committee, who nobly achieved a quorum every day. The person probably they learnt most about was C. R. D. Tuckey, the Army champion.

He has to blame the weather for losing a public trial as a potential member of the Davis Cup team in doubles. He is better in doubles than singles, because his hearty thwacks at all costs are more suited to that department. If he is to be among the highest in singles he will have to learn a lot more about when not to hit and what to do with his feet. He has weight and can put it into his stroke.

An absolutely epic match of fair Great Britain against dark Spain can be imagined if both Tuckey and H. G. Maier were to reach the "world-beater" class and meet to try conclusions at Wimbledon. We want in lawn tennis more of the blows which draw an "Oh!" from the crowd before the hand-claps come. We like to see a Patterson knock a Borotra down with a smash, as happened once at Wimbledon; and this is only to evince proper human delight in the strength of the Australian and the courage of the Frenchman who has not turned his back on the forlorn hope of a return in order to save his skin.

PERRY'S PROGRESS

Two things were clear from the trials. One was that F. J. Perry has gone forward rather than back in his singles play, and if H. W. Austin reproduces his form we shall have reasonable hope of rendering our account in the challenge round. The other point was that if Mrs. Whittingstall and Miss Nuthall continue as the pair they are now, they need not fear any American combination in the Wightman Cup. But we must not sacrifice our chance of success to any consideration for the claims of past members of successful teams.

In the case of the Davis Cup we must remodel our doubles team, not forgetting that G. P. Hughes is better in a double than Perry. With regard to our problems in this connection it is understood that Dr. J. C. Gregory and I. G. Collins, if asked, will be able to make themselves available as a pair after our first Davis Cup tie against Rumania.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION

The Hard Court Championships this week will give an opportunity for observing the play of a number of pairs which will doubtless be taken advantage of. In the past the singles have not proved very indicative of the form to be expected later in the season on grass, but they will be a reasonable test for several players.

A final note about the trials is called for, and may be put in the form of a question. If the concluding matches were, as advertised, under Davis Cup conditions, why was each umpire allowed (apparently) to choose the number of linesmen employed? The answer will not appear in our next. The question may remain on the table for who wishes or who is responsible to take up.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS

Harrow's Pair Retain the Cup

HARROW (R. Pulbrook and J. H. Pawle) beat Rugby (R. A. Gray and R. F. Lumb) by four games to two (15—18, 15—12, 15—6, 11—15, 15—9, 15—12) when the final tie in the Public Schools Rackets Championship was decided on Saturday last at Queen's Club.

Apart from the Eton and Harrow contest, which produced a great struggle before the Harrow pair won by four games to three, the series of matches throughout the four days failed to reach the high and exciting standard of play so confidently anticipated in this annual competition.

Even in the final tie the battle for supremacy consisted for the most part of service, and only in two or three of the games were those brilliant and dashing rallies seen which characterised the finals of former days. The great pace of the court at Queen's may be unjustly adverse to any player below a certain standard, but, as the four boys in Saturday's match will be available for their respective schools next year, there may be a welcome return to the high achievement and excitement of the play of old.

The feature of last Saturday's match was the splendid work of J. H. Pawle, Harrow's second string. His service was severe, he took service remarkably well, and his strokes in the rallies were delightful to watch. He seemed incapable of making a mistake, and well deserved the remark "a future champion," expressed by Lord Somers in presenting the cup to the winners.

Slight indisposition overnight affected R. Pulbrook's play, but he may become a very dangerous left-handed player. His service is effective, he hits hard and his skill in volleying was reminiscent of the Wellington and Oxford player, H. Brougham.

Rugby's first string, R. A. Gray—the bearer of a name well known in the rackets world—made a great effort for the losers, and was creditably supported by R. F. Lumb. C. E. G. W.

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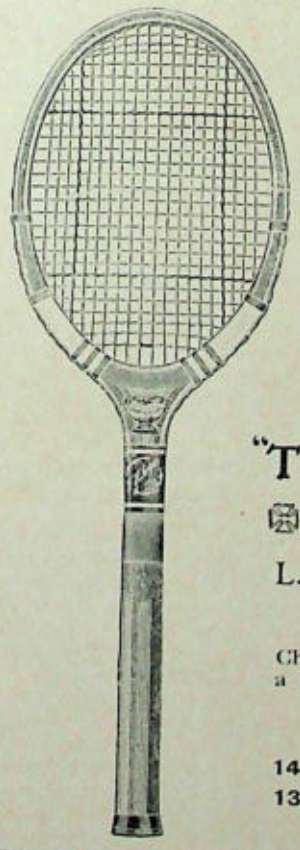
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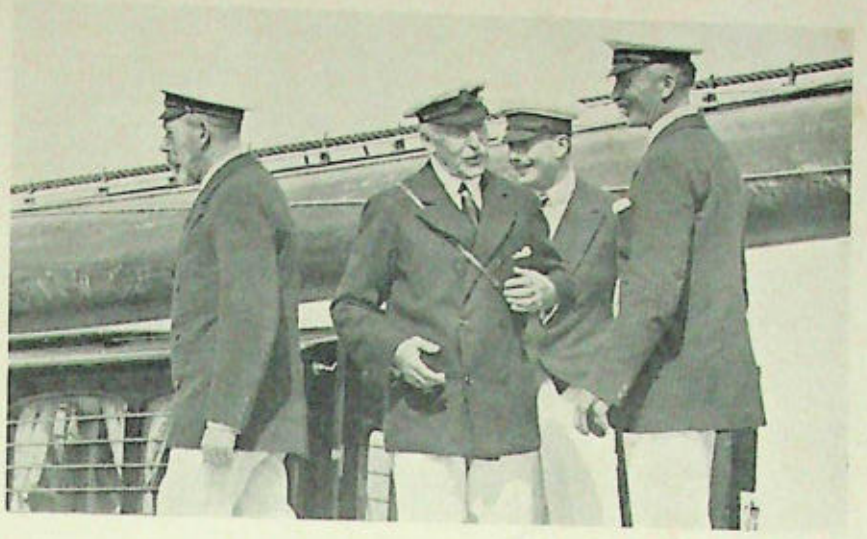
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A GREAT PATRON OF SPORT

The Duke of Connaught Celebrates His 82nd Birthday To-morrow



A SUPPORTER OF POLO
The Duke of Connaught presenting the cup after a final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham



A KEEN YACHTSMAN
On board the Britannia at Cowes, with the King, the Duke of Gloucester and the Marquess d'Hautpoul



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S WINTER HOME ON THE RIVIERA—LES BRUYERES, ST. JEAN CAP-FERRAT
A view from the verandah of the grounds, which have profited greatly by the Duke's love of gardening





A GOOD JUDGE OF HORSES—AT AN IMBER COURT TOURNAMENT
Presenting a cup to the late Mr. W. A. Barron for his famous team of chesnuts; and (right) watching one of the events with Brig.-Gen. Horwood

DISAPPEARING WOODCOCK

Fewer Birds in Western Ireland

TWO INTERESTING ARTICLES appeared in the issues of the *Field* of February 27th and March 5th, dealing with some of the causes which may account for the greatly reduced number of woodcock which have appeared in certain parts of the west and the north-west of Ireland in recent years.

Those of us who have our being in the south-west of the country have marked a definite reduction in the number of birds to be found both in cover and on the hills during the past five years or so, and have been much concerned thereat. On the other hand, there are numerous instances of very considerable bags in other parts of the country, and also on the east coast of England, where in former years the woodcock was a *rara avis*.

During the period immediately before Christmas 1931, the weather in County Kerry and West Cork was very open, and birds even in the best covers were few and far between; January 1932 was a month of continuous rain, but a little frost and hard wind during February gave prospects of better results. Notwithstanding these conditions, however, the bags obtained were disappointing, and on the hills there appeared to be no birds whatsoever.

SHORTENED JOURNEYS

It is impossible to be definite to any extent in regard to the habits and the migration of woodcock, but it would appear that such woodcock as did migrate did not travel the full extent of their possible journey, in the first instance owing to the fact that they found good feeding grounds in mild weather farther to the east, and because the continuation of the mild weather which accompanied the first migration made a further journey unnecessary.

Until there is again a marked change in the nature of our winters, the comparative scarcity of woodcock in the south-west of Ireland will continue.

Apart from conditions of climate, there are other reasons which may account for the reduced number of birds and which are not generally known; some of the most important of these are as under:

1. Prior to 1914 vast tracts of the breeding grounds in Central Europe were held by large proprietors, and the number of sporting guns was infinitesimal. The political convulsions due to the Great War have, however, had the effect of dividing many estates into smaller holdings, and each small proprietor now has a gun of his own; it is doubtful whether he spares the woodcock for our advantage at any time of the year.

2. One of the most popular sports on the Riviera during the returning migration to Albania is the "tir de bécasse," and numbers of rowing boats lying off the small promontories make it possible for a heavy toll to be taken of the tired birds flighting along the coast line.

3. In Poland many of the male birds are shot during their daily flight in search of the necessary food to support the sitting hen, and the wastage in the matter of reproduction from this cause must be large.

As the years go on the effect of this continuous destruction must have a more and more serious effect, and, even given the most favourable climatic conditions, the prospect of a return of the good old times is not a very hopeful one.

In view of the possibility of conflicting statements from other districts, I wish in conclusion once again to stress the fact that it is not possible to give more than a local aspect of the problem of woodcock migration.

WESTERN IRELAND.



JOURNEY'S END

From the painting by Philip Rickman, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Messrs. Arthur Greatorex, 14, Grafton Street, London, W.1

FAIR AND FOUL WITH THE GUN

Thrills that Shooting Lacks

THERE USED TO BE A SONG sung by the burnt-cork troubadours of a Margate of long ago that, beginning, sounded in this wise:

"A starry night for a rambel
Over the 'ill and dale
I 'itched my foot in a brambel,"

I forget what then happened, but it was something disagreeable. And conjecture to-day would be futile. But only this afternoon I hitched my own foot in a bramble and remembered the ditty of other days that I have quoted. And it set me thinking of the ever alternating agreeables and disagreeables of the sportsman who goes out shooting.

Shooting (stalking apart) seems to me to have none of the possibilities of greatness in triumph and all the possibilities of the merely disagreeable. Out hunting, if you are bored and cold and wretched, you can go home. If you are a-cold out fishing, it is comforting to think that you can stop. Only, of course, you never do.

But hunting and fishing are lone hand ploys. Shooting is, as a rule, team work, and the individual must stay out and do as disagreeably as does the team. Even when all is very well, the air blue and bracing, the grouse packs streaming, simply streaming, over and both guns in the deadliest practice, can you with the twelve-bore get the thrill that the conquering of a great salmon in a great water can supply? Or the thrill that (I should say) killing a fox must be when you yours carry the horn throughout the 90 minutes of great hunting run? The nearest approach such moments of uplift that shooting can give for my part, when a young dog that I have b broken, and am handling does something really brilliant about a runner.

And the next best thing to this retrieve of his would be, I think, to manage a difficult day's partridge driving so that covey after covey goes right, and your progress, in the centre of your lieutenants and flag-lieutenants, proceeds to the almost continuous popping of guns. I suppose that partridges are more difficult to show than pheasants are, and grouse the most difficult of all game? And that to drive is entirely the wrong word to use in the context? I will plagiarise Mr. Walter Winans and say that instead of being called partridge driving it ought to be called (coining a word in the German manner) deceiving-partridges-into-going-where-you-want-them-to-go. And in so saying I am coining another "disagreeable" of the gun. Fancy having to suggest, "Let's practise our last deceit out of Fifty Acres and over Cowpat I before it gets dark!"

A FOX BEFORE BREAKFAST

Now, the triumphs of actual saltpetre are, as I hope that I have shown, non-existent. Saltpetre can never give the greater moments of field sport. These belong to the amateur huntsman and the angler. This, for example, of what I mean. I have heard (I tell the tale as it was told to me) that Lord Chaplin, when a young man, was, upon a March evening, visited by a fox-hunting farmer in the Blankney country. The farmer complained that a particular fox nightly killed a lamb on his farm. Would not the squire come and catch the robber? The season drew to an end, the last meets were irrevocable. "But," said Squire Harry, "I don't meet till 11.30 to-morrow; I'll be with you at 6 a.m."

With three couple of hounds and a lad to turn them to him, the squire kept his word. But this morning the fox was not to be found. Indeed, it was after 8 o'clock when he jumped up in a hedgerow. And at 8.50, and eleven miles away, the three couple raced into him in the middle of a grass field. The squire left his horse and his hounds at a neighbouring farm, borrowed a hack, and, with the brush and pads in his pocket and the mask a-dangle at his saddle bow, he galloped home to his bath and his breakfast. And before starting for his advertised appointment he despatched the trophies by a mounted messenger to his friend the farmer. And a proud and happy man must our Master have been.

But though the shooter can have nothing quite like this, his agreeables are very agreeable. Let me say what in my own shooting days they have been and are: A fine day, pleasant company, straight powder and a becoming dog. And when it's a host that you are, let's add hospitality and the joyful arts of successful management. And for host and guest and little Tommy Tucker who "stops" in the strip there is, of course, the final agreeable of a friendly home-coming—the fireside, the wind in the chimney—and when there, for the disagreeables of shooting I have, as here, no room.

P. R. C.



SHAMROCK V.
Her new owner is Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, and her skipper Capt. Williams

WITH THE BIG BOATS THIS YEAR

Allowances for the Older Vessels—A Strong Six-Metre Challenge from America

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

IN spite of any feeling of pessimism that may exist in the yacht racing world, there is a promise in the International classes of some excellent sport. There were fears at one time that the big class would not be as well represented as in 1931—fears which have happily proved to be without foundation.

His Majesty the King is again bringing out Britannia, which made such an excellent impression last season, under the Bermudian rig designed for her by Mr. Charles Nicholson. Shamrock V., in the hands of her new owner, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, with Mr. H. A. Andreae's Candida and Mr. Hugh Paul's Astra complete the class as far as the "single-stickers" are concerned, but Mr. T. B. F. Davis's 323-ton Herreshoff schooner Westward will probably take part in the racing after the regattas on the East Coast are over.

RATING CONCESSIONS

For the coming season a concession has been made to Candida and Astra in the matter of rating. Neither yacht was built to the present rule of measurement for the big classes, and, although both were altered last year, in so far as it was possible, to conform to the new conditions, it was obvious that they were sailing at a disadvantage as compared with Shamrock V. It is very seldom that a yacht which has been designed to one formula can be so altered as to have a chance of competing successfully under another, and the "conversions" in the case of Candida and Astra have proved to be no exception to the rule. Both yachts were definitely faster, and particularly so after an addition of ballast which was made half-way through the season, but the improvement in their form was not sufficiently marked to counterbalance the disadvantage of having to sail under a rule to which they were not designed.

The Yacht Racing Association has dealt with the situation in the following manner. A fixed allowance—or handicap—based on probable inferiority on actual performance during last season's racing, has been given to the older vessels. This concession takes the form of a 2½ per cent. reduction in rating, which represents on the Y.R.A. time scale 3⅗sec. per nautical mile, or 2min. 24sec. over a 40-mile course. This allowance has, I understand, been fixed for the season, and, of course, it has yet to be tried out in practice, but in view of the fact that Astra and Candida are about 2½ and 5 per cent. shorter on the load water line than Shamrock V., with approximately the same sail area, it is probable that this estimate of the relative capabilities of the three vessels is not far out.

A VERY DIFFERENT SHAMROCK?

It must be remembered, however, that Shamrock V., in the hands of her new owner, Mr. Sopwith, and her new skipper, Capt. Williams, may be a quite different proposition from the Shamrock V. of 1931, and that the yacht may show an advance on her known form, and again upset the calculations of the experts. Their extraordinary success with the Nicholson "twelve," Mouette, points to the probability that her new owner and skipper may get more out of Shamrock V. than has yet been found possible.

Right at the other end of the scale—in the International 6-metre class—there is also promise of excellent sport. This is largely due to the fact that we are to have a visit from the American team of "sixes" which is to take part in the series of races on the Solent at Midsummer for the British-American Cup. The American team, as constituted at present, is made up of Mr. Briggs Cunningham's Lucie, Mr. Seward Johnson's Jill, Mr. R. B. Meyer's Bob Kat II., and Nancy, a new craft specially designed by Olin Stephens to suit the conditions which are likely to be met with on the Solent.

Mr. Stephens was over here last year with his yacht Dorade—the winner of the Transatlantic and Fastnet Cup races—and he had an opportunity of studying local requirements. I think it may be taken for granted, therefore, that his latest design will take some beating, especially if either her designer or Mr. Sherman Hoyt is at the helm. The composition of the British team has not as yet been decided upon, but, as already announced in the *Field*, it looks as if the Clinton Crane-Olin Stephens designed team will be met by a Scottish combination.



MR. OLIN STEPHENS (LEFT), WHO HAS DESIGNED AN AMERICAN "SIX" FOR SOLENT WATERS
He is here seen being welcomed by Lt.-Commander E. G. Martin, when his boat Dorade arrived at Plymouth in the Transatlantic race last year

"SIXES" FOR LIGHT AND STRONG BREEZES

The "six" designed by Mr. Alfred Mylne and built late last season at Port Bannatyne, and owned by Mr. Maurice Clark; the new Fife designed boat being built at Fairlie; Finetta—late Felma, and also a Fife boat—now owned by J. S. Bacon; and another new boat which is being built for Mr. John Stephen to a design by his father, Mr. F. J. Stephen, appear to be the most promising craft to make up the British team.

The Mylne boat is said to be of the light weather type. Finetta is at her best in from moderate to strong breezes, and Mr. Stephen's boats are usually good hard weather boats, while the new craft—judging by the normal Fairlie standard—may be counted on as being good all round. With two such teams, the series of races this season for the British-American Cup should be well worth going a long way to see.

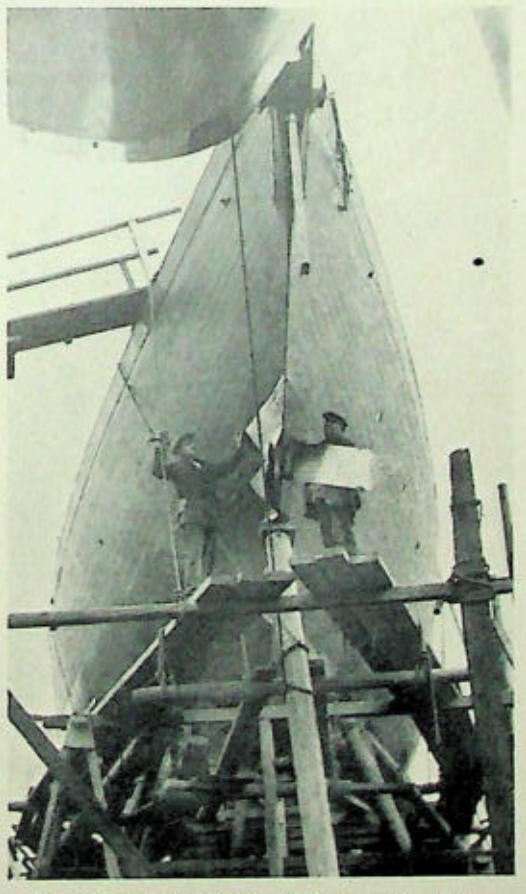
It should be noted by yachtsmen intending to take part in the Haaks and Maas races, that entries must be received by the Hon. Secretary of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, 35, Albemarle Street, W. 1, not later than Monday, May 2nd. The Maas race is open to yachts having a designed load water line length of 27ft. but not exceeding 35ft., and the Haaks race to yachts of more than 35ft. but not more than 60ft. These races are due to start on Friday, May 13th, but yachts which have not been measured must be at Burnham-on-Crouch, ready for measurement, not later than noon of Wednesday, May 11th.

A YOUNG MAN'S CRAFT

Transforming a Bargain into a Miniature Cruiser

HOW OFTEN has many a youngster longed to own a boat, but had little or no money with which to obtain his heart's desire. At the age of nineteen I had such a longing, and managing to scrape together a few pounds, bought my secondhand boat for £12.

At first glance she looked nothing more than a



GETTING BRITANNIA READY FOR THE REGATTAS
Workmen busy completing her copper sheathing

derelict, but my knife had told me she was pretty sound and oak built. She was a 16ft. cabined sailing boat with rather attractive lines, but her mast and spars were black with wet; what little gear there was was useless, and the cabin smelt damp and musty. However, considering nobody had been near her for two years she was not so bad.

My first job was to burn her all off down to the wood, during which process her colour changed from white to grey, and from grey to green. The spars when scraped were found to be in quite good condition, and the boom was shortened to allow a small mizzen mast to be stepped in a tabernacle on the stern board, as I favour the yawl rig for single-handed work. There were many other alterations I wished to make, but they had to wait until the following season. By the spring my craft was ready for launching, and really did look rather smart. Her top sides were kingfisher blue, and her hull red with a narrow white line between the two. The name Spindrift was painted in white letters on her stern.

A FULLY-RIGGED 16 FT. YACHT

By the time her spars and rigging were in place she looked a perfect miniature cruiser, and far exceeded my wildest hopes. As I had to get new halliards, shrouds, and sails at the same time, the cost of refitting was rather heavy, and came to just £6, making my boat stand at £18, but for my £18 I had a jolly smart little craft which was sound from truck to keelson.

Spindrift is 16ft. long, with a beam of 5ft., and a draft of just under 3ft. She is clincher-built of oak, with a straight stem and transom stern, and her ten-inch iron keel from end to end makes her a good boat to windward. The main mast is 18ft. in length and is stepped in a tabernacle with its heel above the deck, and can be lowered single-handed. The mizzen mast is a 10ft. spar, setting a jib-headed sail which can be quickly furled alongside the mast by means of a double topping lift. The fore sail is hoisted in the correct manner on a stay running from the cross trees to the stem head. The spinnaker boom when not in use is hooked in an eye on the end of the bowsprit and lashed to one of the bowsprit shrouds, an oar is also carried in a similar manner on the other shroud, leaving the deck space perfectly clear.

COST OF ANNUAL OVERHAUL

I am fortunate in the yard where I winter Spindrift. It is small and run by an elderly man and his son-in-law, with one paid hand. At first they were very careful about letting me use their tools, and seemed surprised to find them put back in their proper places. But now, however, I am allowed the use of all their tools and benches, and doing the work myself my annual overhaul, which is very thorough, never costs me more than £4. This includes winter storage under cover. I make a point of buying all paint and varnish at the yard. The great disadvantage of a small yard where the work is done by hand is this: If one wants them to do a job it is always, "Well I might get on with that to-morrow," but when they do do it the work is usually well done, and the bill exceedingly reasonable.

There is not, of course, a great deal of head room in Spindrift's cabin, but one can sit up quite comfortably on the bunks, and it is amazing how soon one gets used to so confined a space. During one summer a friend and I lived on board for five consecutive weeks, sailing up and down the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. In a small way we enjoyed all the freedom of the owner of a seven-tonner, sailing day or night on sea or river.

The idea of sailing in a 16ft. boat rigged with a big sail did not fire me, but a fully rigged yacht in miniature was a very different proposition.

P. N. 'Drift.

POLO-PONY SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

The principal property submitted at Knightsbridge last Monday was the entire stud of polo ponies of the officers of the King's Dragoon Guards, sold as the regiment is ordered abroad. Pedro, a chestnut pony belonging to Lieut.-Col. S. Howes, and Major R. L. Greenshield's chestnut pony Lazarus, each realised 160gs., the top price of the day.

Polo ponies, property of the officers of the King's Dragoon Guards. Property of Lieut.-Col. S. Howes: Pedro, ch, 160gs.; Pinto, br, 78gs. Property of Major E. W. H. Sprot: Prudence, br, by St. Lucien, 94gs. Property of Major T. H. Gladstone: Sherry, b, 70gs.; Bronco, ch, 80gs. Property of Mr. D. McCorquodale: Victor, b, 55gs. Property of Mr. A. J. L. Hopkins: Jiggs, ch, 52gs. Property of Mr. J. W. Wilder: Taupe, br, 96gs.; Ragmah, b, 70gs. Property of Mr. W. B. Radford: Angelica, ch, 52gs. Property of Mr. P. C. Drabble: Gimkin, gr, 50gs.; The Sheik, gr, 81gs. Property of Mr. M. J. Lindsay: Nugget, br, 59gs. Property of Mr. W. E. S. Whetherley: Bridget, b, 70gs.; Tango, ch, 65gs. Property of Major R. L. Greenshields: Lazarus, ch, 160gs.

Property of Capt. J. F. Sanderson: Florent, b, by Embry, 92gs.

Property of Mr. A. Abel Smith (10th Royal Hussars): Silver Top, gr, 63gs. Property of Capt. R. L. Agnew (15th 19th Hussars): Nancy, b, 65gs.; Princess, br, by Prince Friarstown, 56gs.

A Booklet for Fruit Growers.—The catalogue issued by Messrs. Walker's Fruit Tree Protectors, Ltd., is not only useful as a guide to the prices and applications of their net protectors for fruit, but contains also valuable advice on fruit growing in general, with a table of work in the orchard through the year. It can be obtained on application to the firm at Brecon, South Wales.

THEATRICALITIES OF LAWN TENNIS

Where a Little Readjustment of Values is Needed

By J. E. COLLETT

THE YOUNG IDEA is to teach us how to shoot. The average age of the Middlesex team which won the Inter-County Hard Court Championship, the finals of which were held at that admirable venue the West Hants Club, Bournemouth, was 22 years and four months. Two, F. J. Perry and H. G. N. Lee, were past Davis Cup men; three, E. R. Avory, R. J. Ritchie and R. K. Tinkler, were in the international trials this year; and the other, F. H. D. Wilde, was tried in 1931.

During the two days of these county semi-finals and finals, Middlesex beat Surrey, Yorkshire beat Leicestershire, and then Middlesex beat Yorkshire and retained the title. There was some excellent play which was inadequately reported. What is to be done about the game when the meeting of two young women of some promise at a local tournament in London is considered of greater news value than the best endeavours of a gathering of some of our best young men? The question is asked without acerbity and in all seriousness. The cult of the skirt (if one may be pardoned an apposite vulgarity of phrase) was inaugurated by Mlle. Lenglen, and apparently we have not had since a strong enough male personality to re-establish in the public mind (for which the newspaper press must cater) the masculine character of the game. Say what you will, it remains in its theatrical aspect, the leading lady's play. Miss Nuthall succeeded Mlle. Lenglen; presumably Miss Stammers is booked in advance to succeed Miss Nuthall, whose vogue is not quite what it was.

A TRAGEDY OF PREJUDICE

It is matter less as news perhaps that we have in Austin and Perry two men whom few in the world may hope for certain to beat, and that there are others coming on; that Perry on the eve of the Hard Court Championships of Great Britain is being hard put to it, and being beaten and nearly beaten in preliminary bouts.

Emphatically it is not matterless. The reason of non-recognition of the value of these county matches was merely that it has been decided that inter-county lawn tennis is tosh and taboo, and tournament lawn tennis is talent and topical.

This touching tragedy of prejudice reached its climax on Friday and Saturday last when the inter-county winter competition hatched out unobtrusively into the real thing. On the Friday John Olliff (Surrey), playing the stuff world stadia applaud, beat Fred Perry almost to the point of peevishness, and followed up by nearly beating H. G. N. Lee, whose driving and passing were superlative.

On Saturday Dr. J. C. Gregory, coming fresh to the field for Yorkshire and hitting like a whirlwind, conquered a tiring Lee, and then whacked form back into a previously waning Perry in two close sets of utterly masculine exchanges. Thus some of Great Britain's best men—but two young women were playing at Ealing, where the photographers were!

THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE

Again, this is not exacerbation, but emphasis of example. Coincidence (or clashing) of diary dates has shown us with useful clarity one reason why the players and the "powers that be" are antipathetic to the attitude adopted by Press criticism as a whole. They are accused, jointly and severally, of lack of ability and deficiency of vision. They have been amply avenged by an accident of the calendar. Neither side bears any malice; each is the victim of its own circumstances, of which neither is truly conscious.

Passing at the risk of a *non sequitur* to the general issue, what the game of lawn tennis requires is a thorough readjustment of perspective from the International Federation down to the minor club committee, from the world-beater to the rabbit; and a ruthless reassessment of values. If necessary, let us go off the gold standard of commercialisation which is affecting our credit, and even put an impost on the foreign imports which we value, as a seeming matter of course, above our own products. Incidentally, we are overdoing the international idea. At one time, it was a missionary; it is in danger of becoming a mess!

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THE HEAVY-WEIGHT OUTLOOK

A Few of Our Possibles

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

McCORKINDALE BEAT MULLER very easily indeed. So easily that it is doubtful if the German champion won a single round. Muller looked really good against Meen, and a world champion of the near future; against McCorkindale, he looked an ordinary second-class heavy-weight. It was an uninspiring fight. No one could call McCorkindale a scientific boxer, despite his wonderful defence; yet he outboxed Muller as easily as the latter had outboxed Meen. All of which shows up British heavy-weight boxing in a most unfavourable light. Meen, instead of figuring at the top of the bill in championship fights, should be boxing in preliminaries. And if this is so, what of our other heavy-weights?

The British Boxing Board of Control have not yet sanctioned the matches arranged by Petersen with Crossley and Meen as being for the titles involved. They have given no reason for this, but it seems that Petersen, like Casey, is not considered good enough to engage in a championship contest at present. But both of these matches will be at weight, and so the champions if they lose will automatically lose their titles. What then? Petersen will be no farther forward. True, he will be champion of England, but that means but little nowadays. He will have gained but little in experience. He will then have to box—and he will want to box—foreign and Dominion heavy-weights.

PETERSEN TOO AMBITIOUS

Each defeat will cost Petersen more as champion of England than it would do as plain Jack Petersen. Of course, he may be able to beat everyone set up before him. But I think he is far too inexperienced to meet men like Cook, McCorkindale and Muller. Moreover, he has before his contests with Crossley and Meen to meet Tom Toner, of Ireland, at the Crystal Palace—a place notorious for upsets. I, for one, am not at all certain that he has the beating of Toner. The Irishman is a very tough specimen. I wish that Petersen had waited a while before fixing up such an ambitious programme.

There remain two other British heavy-weights of promise—Eddie Phillips and Eddie Steele. Of these two, Phillips has all the makings of a champion. He came a cropper against Bill Partridge recently—he was knocked out in the second round—but he is obviously far superior to Partridge in every way. And in future, he will keep his hands up when in distance. The knock-out was due entirely to his own carelessness. Phillips is another rod-in-pickle for Petersen.

We shall know more of Steele after his fight with Neusel—another very promising German heavy-weight. At present he must be ranked as a possibility. If he can beat Neusel—and it is a very big if—he will have to be considered seriously as an opponent for Petersen, Toner and Phillips. If Neusel wins, I should like to see him matched with one of them. All need experience of foreign fighters.

English heavy-weight boxing has had a great boom in the last few months. And though we are no nearer a world championship than we were last year, we have approached appreciably nearer producing first-class heavy-weights. The fog appears to be lifting for the first time since the days of Charlie Mitchell.

Richmond Royal Horse Show.—Over 30 cups and other challenge trophies, including four challenge cups presented by members of the Royal Family and a gold challenge cup for the Coaching Marathon, are offered in the schedule of the Richmond Royal Horse Show.

Another new feature in the Children's Classes has been made possible by the presentation of two silver cups by the Mayor of Richmond (Alderman J. T. Mears, J.P.) for the most suitably dressed girl and boy riders in the three Children's riding classes.

One of the new awards is a challenge cup for novice hunters, which has been presented by the president of the Society, the Right Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., in the Novice Hunters' class those horses which, when ridden at any horse show, have never won a prize for hunters above the value of £5 prior to the date of the closing of entries on May 7th.

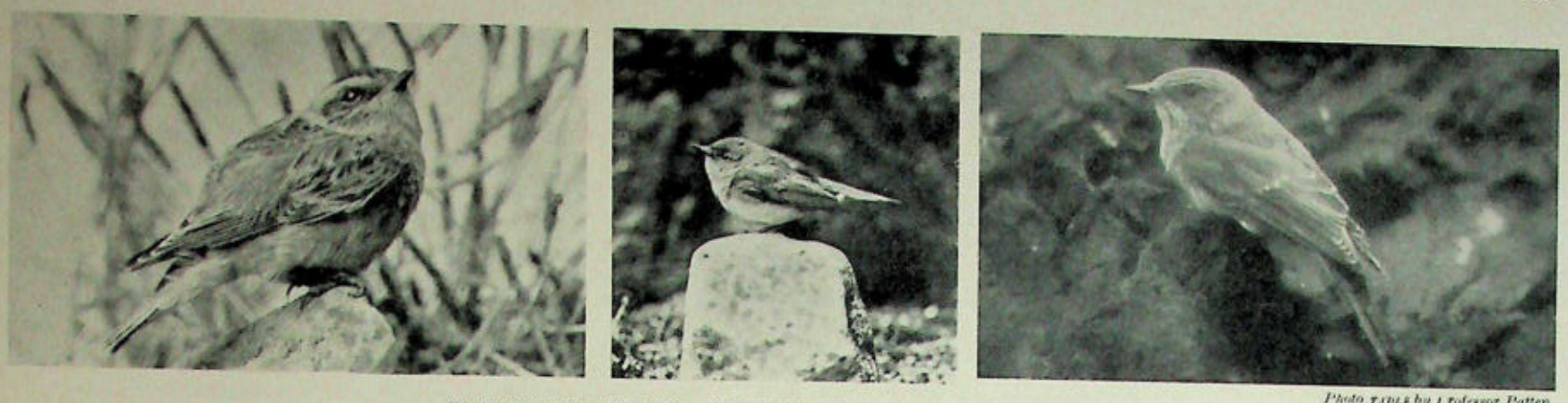


Photo. reproduced by Professor Patten

TOO TIRED TO PROCEED: MAROONED TRAVELLERS AT A LIGHTHOUSE

Close-up photographs of three familiar migrants held up by fatigue on surf-lashed light-stations. The bird on left is a whinchat, that on right a spotted flycatcher, in the centre, a chiffchaff

THE MYSTERY OF BIRD MIGRATION

How Do the Travellers Find their Way?

By PROFESSOR C. J. PATTEN

Whose researches on bird-migration at Irish light-stations are well known

BIRD MIGRATION has attracted close attention from remote times, yet in many aspects it is still veiled in mystery. The writing of poets and philosophers of old abound with romance, while not a few ornithologists of the modern school are content to indulge in highly speculative ideas rather than to tackle boldly the solution of knotty problems by direct observations in the field.

Weird notions regarding hibernation, transmutation, and submergence, were formerly in vogue to account for the seasonal disappearances of birds. In winter the turtle-dove became as torpid as a hibernating bat; the cuckoo turned into a hawk, the redstart into a robin; while swallows descended to the bottom of ponds, where they became agglutinated into batches so as to resemble lumps of mud!

Myths, proverbs and superstitions continued to spread; and so the mysteries of migration continue to sway the imaginative intellect. Credulous minds cling to tradition, especially when the dramatic element plays a part.

The idea still holds the field that emigrating birds disappear from certain districts all of a sudden in vast flocks at night, and that they manage to reach the far-off goal, post haste and with unvarying promptitude, even though their rush through space may happen to occur under a canopy so inky black that the horizon is completely obliterated.

SENSE OF DIRECTION

In order to accomplish this hazardous journey it is believed by many ornithologists that birds are endowed with "a special sense of direction." But how this "special sense" acts, and whether it is controlled by any bodily mechanism, remains a problem still shrouded in mystery.

Granted, however, that by some means or another, a definite "directive sense" exists in birds, it is at least more reasonable to surmise that it comes into action in conjunction with, rather than apart from, the mechanism concerned with one or more of the true physical senses.

Let us for a moment consider the directive factor in the light of a pure instinct. The bird's perceptions of the migratory route would have become so completely stereotyped that new environmental stimuli from without (which otherwise might react with advantage) would remain totally in abeyance; opportunities of profiting by experience through associations of new ideas—should exigencies arise—would lie outside the sphere of purely instinctive act.

In truth, in thick and no less than in clear weather, the bird-traveller would be in the singularly fortunate position of being able to shape its course quite automatically, sensing the goal unerringly, so to speak, without a "compass."

The observer, however, who has given attention to this matter, finds that in practice such behaviour can readily be put out of court. Indeed, in favouring the view that this mysterious method of auto-piloting can take place, we find ourselves not only begging the whole question, but also putting forward an argument on inaccurate premises.

Birds, it must be insisted upon, travel by day as well as by night; also, many species proceed leisurely and in easy stages. These are well-established facts. Therefore the sense of sight must surely be of real service. In supporting this hypothesis, it should be emphasised that avian vision—a true physical sense—is so highly developed that a bird may be said to be endowed with as prepotent an "eye-brain" as a dog is with a "nose-brain."

Indubitably, birds have a discriminating eye and a retentive memory. They take strong likes and dislikes, often at first sight, notably in regard to shades of plumage. This fact is well known to aviculturists.

Birds, moreover, evince a keen perception for form; change in style and colour of one's costume is often sufficient to scare the inmates of the aviary. I possessed a tame kestrel which stampeded when I donned a black "bowler" hat, and could cite scores of similar instances bearing out this point.

It is unreasonable to brush aside the idea that migrants, during their peregrinations, obtain guidance through visualising many and diversified landmarks. Nay more, the sense of hearing can play an important and a helpful part. The roar of the breakers may go a long way in piloting the voyagers by reminding them to hug the coast; a guide-line of primary use in seeking out their destinations.

Now, it should be particularly noted that notwithstanding the guidance derived through the aid of the physical senses, numerous migrants actually do go astray, especially inexperienced juveniles, who often turn up at far-off unaccustomed haunts.

These vagrants (many specimens of which impart a peculiar interest to museum collections) are known to ornithologists as "casual" or "accidental" visitors, and are well represented by both land and aquatic species. Obviously, such extensive wanderings could hardly be expected to take place if migrating birds were actuated solely by an unerring, in other words, an instinctive sense of direction.

These erratic peregrinations are most usually recorded in thick weather. When the gloom deepens the voyagers become sorely handicapped in their movements, while a dense and prolonged fog will put the brake effectually on migration.

On many occasions I have observed hapless land-birds marooned on surf-lashed marine rocks and other desolate spots. When I took up my quarters at light-stations to study bird migration, I discovered several little waifs which succumbed to exposure and starvation during bad weather.

FATALITIES THROUGH EXHAUSTION

This pitiable state of affairs was particularly noticeable among those more venturesome migrants who, in attempting to move off, fluttered aimlessly over the waves into which they sank to rise no more. Here, again, if birds were endowed with "a special sense of direction"—regarded in the light of an absolutely pure instinct—the occlusion of landmarks by fog could not possibly be the means of deterring the travellers from pressing onward unerringly toward their destination.

But seeing that they are readily held up, the argument from the opposite angle now becomes convincing, namely, that the sense of vision must prove a prime factor in piloting the migrating bird *whenever landmarks are visible*, but, on the other hand, such guidance must be futile in thick weather.

In conclusion, I should like to stress the point that a great deal of the mystery which has been associated with the supposed sudden nocturnal exodus of migrants in vast hordes from given districts, can be dispelled by careful field-observations. Anyone watching emigrating birds trekking overland towards the coast, will soon discover that they relinquish their haunts gradually and in relays; that they move along leisurely in daylight, flitting from bush to bush in search of food; and that their periods of migration often extend over a considerable time, especially in autumn.



RESCUE WORK IN A GREAT DISASTER TO MIGRATING SWALLOWS

The whole world was stirred by the news, last September, that scores of thousands of migrating swallows, stranded in Austria by premature cold, had been collected and rushed to the warm sunshine of Venice by aeroplane. It is reported that some of the birds rescued have returned to nesting haunts in Germany this spring, being recognised by rings placed on their legs at the time

THE IMPERIAL DELHI HORSE SHOW

Benefits of a Racing Viceroy

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BERNARD JAMES, C.B., C.I.E., M.V.O.



IN SPITE of the general financial depression, the 10th Imperial Delhi Horse Show was an unqualified success, and, except in the coaching classes, the exhibits were well up to standard in number, being considerably augmented by late entries. The quality standard was well maintained, and in several cases showed marked improvement.

The attendance was very good throughout, and on the last day probably constituted a record. Their Excellencies the Viceroy and the Countess of Willingdon, who attended the show on three days, evinced the greatest interest in the proceedings. As the president of the National Horse Breeding and Show Society of India said in his address at the annual general meeting: "As racing is so vitally important to the industry of horse breeding I feel that we are indeed fortunate in having in India at the present time and for the first time for over half-a-century a Viceroy in the person of the Earl of Willingdon, who is also our patron-in-chief, is keenly interested in racing as an owner, and has now in his stable an Indian horse, the Indian thoroughbred, Honeydew.

NIZAM'S DONATION

Several of the ruling princes were present, including H.E.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad, who made a handsome donation to the show, and his two sons.

The progressive quality of the exhibits was well exemplified. So excellent was the brood mare class that there was very little to choose between the exhibits, the mares by Arab or Indian stallions being little, if anything, inferior to those by thoroughbreds. As showing the difficulties of judging a class of this description the ultimate winner was the mare Cauliflower, who had previously been placed second in the class for mares by thoroughbreds. She is by the English horse Wallflower by Cabra Castle, but, unfortunately, the pedigree of her dam cannot be traced. Wallflower has consistently got good stock. He is a curiously marked horse for an English thoroughbred, being what is called in India a "panch kalian," having a full white face and four white legs, the name signifying five lines.

Although from a sentimental point of view it was sad to see old friends defeated, it is most satisfactory from the breeding aspect that young mares are coming forward to lower the colours of previous champions. Cauliflower is difficult to fault except for being a shade long in the back, and having her hocks a trifle behind her, but her quality, substance and roominess make her a brood mare of outstanding distinction. She hails from the Montgomery area, and her proud owner is Nawab Ali.

In the open classes the heavy-weight hunters were quite equal to previous years and, although few of the exhibits could be classed as weight-carrying hunters for the heavy going in England, they were full of quality, and it is blood that tells in the long run. H.E. the Commander-in-Chief won this class with his Australian Wotan by King Orbert ex Mulvarsee, a handsome grey and a very good mover, recently landed in India. This horse has a fine front and outlook, and will be hard to beat in any class when fully acclimatised.

The light-weight hunters' class went to Mr. Colville's Indian gelding, Babbling Brook, by Mickey Free, a very nice type. Capt. Wickham's Vauxhall was second. Major Vaughan's Viscountess, the winner last year, which was not looking so well, was third.

POOR PIGSTICKING CLASSES

Pigstickers and pony hunters were small and moderate classes. The winners in the former put up a good show, but old friends Carclew, Centaur, Manifest, Charles and others, were missed. Capt. Stirling's Australian with the extraordinary name of Obligatory Entitlement was the winner. He was a remount from Babugach Remount Depot. One wonders what sort of a fist the syce makes of the name, which apparently has some connection with the right of officers to purchase horses from Government.

Ladies' hacks, both horses and ponies, were strong and good classes. The former gave Indian horses their second success with Col. Norrie's Indian gelding Mikado, a nice quality little horse and a good mover. This horse also won the Raja of Khetri's Challenge Cup for the best Indian medium-weight polo pony. He did well to beat Col. Thomson's Royal Lancer, who gives one the impression of being a perfect hack, and a most temperate and comfortable ride.

The latter came into his own again in the open hacks, when he beat Sir Philip Chetwode's Etterick and Sir Alexander Wardrop's Rocket in a very strong class. The open pony hacks was a small, but good class, the winner, Capt. Harvey's Severn Beach, being an exceptionally nice mare full of quality. Col. Henry's Australian None-so-Dusty, which also won the ladies' pony hacks, was a good second. These two ponies were similarly placed for the pony novices.

Indian horses were to the fore again in the novice hacks horses, a very nice quality horse called The Moor, belonging to Sir Alexander Wardrop, being the winner. This horse is by Gaylord, who ran well in the Cesarewitch, his dam being by Sephton and his grand dam by the Arab, Grouse.



WELL OVER THE BRUSH FENCE

The Hon. Mrs. Heyworth jumping in the light-weight class at Delhi

HIGH STANDARD OF POLO PONIES

In all the nine classes for polo ponies the standard of training was exceptionally high, and the judges found it no easy task to make a final decision. Capt. George's Indian gelding, Alannah, did well to win the light-weights, and the Nawab of Bhopal's special class, and also to take second place in the searching test for the Maharaja of Alwar's Challenge Cup for the best trained pony. The latter was won by Capt. Holder's fine grey Australian Speedway. A well-known polo pony judge remarked that he had never known such a well-trained lot of ponies.

The jumping all round was very good, and showed a distinct improvement over last year. In the final rounds the horsemanship and performances were of a high order, and the successes of Indian horses were very pronounced. In the open jumping for horses the first three were Indian horses, the winner being a handsome little horse from the 10th Royal Hussars. In the pony jumping, which was excellent, the Australians were to the fore, taking first and second places, with an Indian horse bred at Probynabad third.

In the military jumping classes the 7th Light Cavalry were very prominent. Lieut. Mohammed Yusuf won the British officers' jumping on his Australian mare, Anita, and the same combination also won the handy hunter competition, a most creditable performance. Anita is a fine and temperate fencer, and was ridden with great judgment. The British officers' jumping was generally of a higher standard than last year. Our old friend Crusoe, now owned by Col. Fisher, was second, and at one time he looked like doing well in the handy hunters, which he won last year.

Nearly all the competitors in the handy hunter competition put up good performances at a good hunting pace, and the second and third to Anita were two Indian horses, Major Tursham's Baby and Mr. Cunningham's Thelma.

The tent pegging is always a popular and interesting event, and this year was no exception as there were no fewer than 55 competitors. The competition was very keen, and took nearly two hours to decide on the last morning, when the final took place, several ties having to be run off.

Taking the show all round it can safely be said not only that the standard was fully maintained, but that there was distinct improvement in many of the classes.

The activity ride of the 10th Royal Hussars was a very important feature of the show, not only as a spectacle of very great interest to visitors, but as an example of very fine horsemanship and wonderful training of the horses. At least half the horses in the ride were Indian. The grey Indian horse which led the ride is the only horse which has come through the whole period of training without being sick or sorry.

CHILDREN'S FINE DISPLAY

The children's classes were very representative of the European element in India, and the turn-out and riding were of an excellent standard. In the class for the best rider the competitors might well have been put through a more searching test; and a modified form of manège test will probably be devised for the future.

It is most regrettable that no Indian children took part in these events. Riding is a most valuable exercise for the young as well as for the old, a great health giver, and a helpful social meeting ground for people of all ages. One would have thought that the capital of India could have produced many juvenile Indian horsemen.

In the breeding classes the standard of the best is now so high that it can hardly be expected that much improvement can be made here, unless the very best of English stallions and mares can be imported into India for breeding purposes, but what we can confidently look forward to is the general all-round levelling up, the gradual grading up to the standard of the best, and consequently a considerable increase in the number of mares capable of producing stallions suitable for India, and thus opening up a very much wider field of selection.

The Imperial Delhi Horse Show has done much to stimulate horse breeding and to encourage the industry, but it has now reached the limit of its capacity in this respect. Further encouragement must come from the racecourse for the expansion of the market and for the test for breeding stock.

Apart from the breeding classes, children's classes, etc., in all classes in which Indian horses competed on level terms with all comers they scored the following successes: Twelve firsts, including some of the most important classes, ten seconds, ten thirds and two highly commended.

THE FUTURE OF RAINBOW TROUT IN ENGLAND

Suggestions for Making Permanent and Temporary Fisheries

By F. G. RICHMOND

RAINBOW TROUT, as compared with brown trout, grow more quickly, are more resistant to heat and shortage of oxygen, and are more easily reared under artificial conditions. These qualities have made them the chief trout grown in Europe for the food market either as "portion" fish) young fish of about ¼lb. each) or older fish of from 3lb. to 7lb., sold as "pond salmon." The former are grown on artificial food; the latter are used in carp culture in the deeper and colder carp ponds as a subsidiary fish instead of pike, and feed on natural foods.

As a sporting fish, abroad in the Tropics and Antipodes they have proved a great success, particularly in waters too warm for brown trout. In this country, however, their usefulness has proved to be restricted by their tendency to migrate down stream before reaching breeding age. If they are prevented from migrating by the use of gratings until they spawn, there seems to be no result from the spawning in the shape of young fish. At the same time, here and there odd yearlings have appeared and in some places they have become acclimatised and established themselves by natural breeding, the best-known instance being that of the Derbyshire Wye. Even when they are retained they have been found to have a comparatively short career as a sporting fish, extending at most to two or perhaps three years after introduction.

CAN THEIR "WANDERLUST" BE CURED?

Subject to these limitations they have been used as an adjunct to brown trout, or by themselves in fenced waters where their rapid growth and willingness to rise, particularly on days when Fario are irresponsive, have made them acceptable. Can their "wanderlust" and failure to reproduce other species be explained, and cured?

One suggestion made is that rainbows, as we have them, are from strains mixed with migratory fish, such as the "Steelhead," found in the same waters. So far full data are lacking to confirm this or otherwise. Another is that of Mr. Philip Fowke, who found in the streams of Ceylon that rainbows from imported eggs or even from eggs taken from another river, went down stream in large numbers. Some, however, remained and bred—and their progeny, too, remained. He suggested that this was due to a "homing instinct," the fish seeking to return to the waters where they were bred. If this were so it may be asked why did *any* remain?

It seems not impossible that the fish which remained would be some of the smallest with the lowest growth rate and consequently the smallest appetites and the least inclination to migrate. The imported ova would probably be the offspring of large parents with a quick growth rate, as were, and are, most of the rainbows turned out in England which have been found to grow very fast and migrate wholesale. It seems reasonable that the fish with the quicker growth rate would be the more likely, on reaching this or that size, to run short of food and to go down stream in search of it.

PROTECTION OF FRY THE REMEDY

The acclimatised Wye rainbows do not apparently grow much more rapidly than the native brown trout. They started in a mill pond, from which they spread to the river and provided a chance for their growth rate to be adapted to the local food supply. If this be so, it would follow that small eggs or fish from small parent fish would be more likely to establish a resident strain than the quickly-growing strain normally in use.

On the point of failure to breed, it may be borne in mind that rainbows have usually been put into ponds and lakes where the tributaries are small and the fry-rearing grounds restricted even when spawning ground is present. Brown trout, too, are usually present. The rainbows spawn late in spring. Their young fry come on the feed commonly at a time when the tributaries are shrinking to summer volume. The brown trout fry are dropping down to the deeper water, but any which remain are large enough to bully and indeed to eat the smaller rainbow fry, which, too, are compelled to drop down. In addition, it is to be remembered that young rainbow fry, in slack or still water, both cruise more in search of food and nearer to the surface than brown trout fry, and so in the absence of the fast-running water, where all trout, both large and small, wait in search of food instead of hunting for it, are particularly exposed to danger.

In Natal rainbows have been found to reproduce themselves freely in streams from which the native scale-fish are absent. Where the scale-fish are present, though mature rainbows do well and spawn freely, no young fish are ever seen. It may be inferred that the fry are eaten by the scale-fish.

It would follow that if rainbows are to breed naturally, protection for the young fry is necessary, either in the form of shallow water, fast water or cover. Experience shows that there is far more cannibalism among trout in still water than in running water and in deep water than in shallow.

Thus rainbows in this country would fall into two main classes—the one acclimatised fish, growing little faster than brown trout, possibly disliked as competing with the native trout for food, possibly liked as rising more freely—the other of quickly-growing fish, fenced in, and kept going by annual restocking.

A word may be said on the equipment and stocking of a "controllable" rainbow lake. The water level should be under control, so that the bottom can be laid bare either wholly or in part to dry and aerate the bottom. Gratings capable of passing the largest possible flood without choking or overflowing are essential, and horizontal gratings, which are partly self-cleaning, are preferable to the more common vertical or sloping arrangement.

A very successful rotating grating has been invented and used for some years, but I do not know if it has been put upon the market. It consists of a series of toothed metal discs mounted side by side on an axle which is geared to and rotated by a small water wheel fixed below. The discs rotate *against* the stream which passes them between their lower halves and the teeth catch and carry over the screen any debris which comes down. The discs are not only an obstacle, but their movement scares fish which approach them in attempting to go down. The main drawback of this screen is its expense.

The stock, if quick growth is desired, should be light in relation to the area. Restocking should be annual with either well-grown yearlings or two-year-olds, according to the size of fish required, and fishing should be heavy enough to keep the whole stock young. If the fish show difficulty in depositing their eggs, gravel laid down in patches here and there, about a cartload at a time, will facilitate their spawning.

If quickly-grown fish are used for restocking it is important that they should have been fed on a properly balanced diet. Fish quickly grown on an unbalanced diet tend to develop digestive troubles later in life. If mysterious disappearances occur, defects in the outlet gratings should be first looked for and next the presence of parasites.

Rainbows, except in a few instances, are at the moment rather under a cloud in this country, but it is due mainly to our ignorance of how to produce the conditions which suit them. A few large-scale experiments might easily provide a solution of the difficulties.



A TROUT LAKE IN HERTFORDSHIRE
By stocking with rainbows the season can be extended to Christmas

"WHERE TO FISH"

Many New Features for 1932

THIS YEAR'S EDITION of the *Field's* fishing guide will be ready next week and contains many new features, which should make the volume of exceptional value to anglers. The English and Welsh sections have been revised, and the information given in an entirely new form. Hitherto the "fishing stations" have appeared alphabetically under counties. This arrangement served well enough for a resident in a given county but proved troublesome to an angler looking for a likely place to spend a holiday or week-end, since places immediately adjacent to one another, if they happened to be in different counties, or if their names started with a different capital letter, might be on separate pages in the book.

The new arrangement is by river systems, each main river being followed by its tributaries, and the "fishing stations" arranged in their correct order on the river's banks from mouth to source. Thus a glance at the "map of the rivers" at the beginning will show a reader the river system of the district he has a mind to visit, and the whole of the information will be found in a comparatively small space under the name of the main river given on the map.

Two indices are provided in addition—rivers and place names.

Among other new sections may be mentioned a list of sea-fishing stations on the English and Welsh coasts; a special section devoted to the Broads, and another to the English Lake District; a list of British fly and bait casting records; separate sections for the Welsh lakes; and a chapter on the various types of spinning reel now on the market.

The whole book has been reset in larger type and contains eight colour plates of flies and spinning baits among other illustrations. The price, as before, will be 5/- net.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xiv. and xv. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xiv.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xiii.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv., v., vi. and vii.; "Pisciculture," page xiv

BERTRAND'S FENCING VICTORY

Civilians Beat the Services

ONE WEEK A. G. Pilbrow wins his first National sabre championship for Bertrand's, the next he scores the *coup de grâce* for the Sabre Club in the Nairn Cup, who thereby retained the trophy for the third successive year. The only three-weapon title team contest we have, this event is open to competition between representatives of the four Services, Bertrand's and the Sabre Club, one man for each weapon. The main Service *v.* civilian interest has been lost as a rule because so many of H.M. officers belong to the two clubs, and it is difficult to remember when a purely civilian team last won.

A feature, therefore, of this year's contest was the fielding of an all-British and truly civilian trio by Bertrand's, and one hopes that the Sabre Club will follow this example next season, and so help to foster this interesting rivalry.

There was no weak link in either the Sabre Club or the Bertrand team, the latter losing one bout in each weapon, and the club surrendering two épée fights and one sabre. Also, no individuals stood out unduly with the possible exception of Trinder, who was the only unbeaten man in the competition. Taking them collectively the Services' efforts in this contest cannot be measured on the scores alone, for all were well under full strength, and to deputise for a better man imposes great strain on a player, apart from which even the least seasoned or successful of their representatives, put up a far more stout opposition than mere results indicate.

The unbeaten record of Bertrand's and the Sabre Club, in the thirteen meetings for this cup, has caused a few civilians to speak a trifle condescendingly of the Army, the R.N. and R.M., and R.A.F. swordsmen, whereas, if they chose, the Services might reply that "you cannot win without the help of some of us!" There certainly are very few victories in which a Service fencer has not shared.

SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGBY THRILLS

Some Problems in Tackling

ONCE AGAIN the Middlesex County Seven-a-side Rugby Tournament, the proceeds of which are devoted to the Cancer Fund of the Middlesex Hospital, provided a most enjoyable afternoon at Twickenham last Saturday to close the Rugby season.

Seven-a-side Rugby can never be dull even if it is played with moderate skill, and although most of the teams seen at Twickenham showed no special brilliance, the matches were packed with thrills enough to overshadow playing mistakes. Many of the thrills were, indeed, the result of mistakes—mistakes in tackling chiefly.

It is, of course, vitally important in this concentrated game that you should make sure of your tackle. On the other hand, you naturally want to remain on your feet if you can, to be at hand to snap up any chances, for the speed of the play leaves you out of the running if you have gone down.

The high tackle readily suggests itself as a means of achieving both objects—too readily, perhaps, to judge from the amount of high tackling seen at Twickenham and the number of times the man with the ball escaped. It was no uncommon thing to see a player sweep past two or three opponents; and when you have done that in a seven-a-side you are on the high road to scoring.

R. COVE-SMITH SHOWS THE WAY

As usual, the matches were played for seven minutes each way except for the final, which was ten minutes each way, and for most of the players that was fully enough on a warm afternoon. Yet few stood it better than the old international R. Cove-Smith, who has been virtually out of the game for a couple of seasons.

Turning out for the Old Merchant Taylors' seven, he revelled as he used to do in the thick of the fray, and made possible at least two of the tries which carried the Taylors into the semi-final round, where they were beaten by Blackheath,' the ultimate winners of the tournament.

In the fifth round the Taylors accounted for the Harlequins' first seven, who looked very formidable on paper, and were strongly fancied to win the tournament. This was one of the most exciting matches of the afternoon. The Harlequins led at half time by eight points to nothing, but afterwards became disjointed and failed altogether to make use of the speed of J. C. Gibbs, which was reckoned their trump card. Also, one of their players was hurt and off the field for some time.

The Taylors seized their chance, and after a clever pass by Cove-Smith had made one try, which was converted, R. G. Turnbull forced his way over literally in the last few seconds for a try which, also being converted, gave the Taylors the victory by ten points to eight.

As this match finished, we heard from Teddington, where other matches were being played off, that the other hot favourites, the London Welsh, last year's tournament winners, had been beaten by the Wasps—and the news was hailed with cheers, for the Wasps did surprisingly well last season, and have this year won 27 out of 31 of their ordinary fixtures.

But the Wasps in turn went under to the Harlequins II. side, which, owing partly to a favourable draw and some luck, met Blackheath in the final. The Old Cranleighans gave this Harlequin seven a hard fight in the semi-final and were most unlucky in losing a man, through injury, at half-time. None the less, extra time had to be played before the Harlequins scored a winning try.

The Harlequins II. made the final against Blackheath I. a better match than was expected, because they played with so much spirit and determination. But there was never much doubt about Blackheath winning, which they did by three goals and a try (18 points) to two goals (10 points).

WELL-DESERVED WINNERS

Blackheath were undeniably the best seven in the competition. They had three strong and heavy, yet fast, forwards in T. W. Gubb, B. H. Black and C. B. Bailey; a very quick half back in F. W. Simpson; and behind him three strong running players in C. D. Aarvold, J. A. Tallent and A. R. Chorlton—altogether an ideal combination for the seven-a-side game.

They were given, perhaps, their hardest match by Rosslyn Park in the sixth round. In spite of the fact that Blackheath got the ball from nearly all the scrums, the Park led at half-time by a goal to nothing, Blackheath scoring twice in the second half.

E. W. F. de V. Hunt, the Irish international, was the Park's particular star, his dashing methods being well suited to the game. F. I. W.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL

Youth and Pace Beats Old Age

NEWCASTLE UNITED defeated the Arsenal in the Cup Final of 1932 because they had a better half-back line and more youth and pace generally throughout the team.

One of the most telling factors against the Arsenal was the absence of James through an injury. He is definitely the brains of their attack. Hulme, however, had made a recovery from his recent injury and played up to his reputation, while Moss, the Arsenal goalkeeper, playing in his first Final, was not to blame for the two shots that passed him.

But while Arsenal were unfortunate in not being able to field a full and thoroughly fit side, I am inclined to think that their opponents would have won in any case.

Their superiority in the half-back line was marked enough to have given them victory. Sam Weaver, whose gigantic throws from touch have been the talk of football this season, and might possibly lead to a change in the rules, is one of the best half-backs since the days of Arthur Grimsdell.

Jack Allen, the Newcastle centre forward, also enjoyed a great personal success—he scored both goals and had the better of a duel with that formidable football "policeman" Roberts. Harry McMenemy, the youngest player in the match, showed the coolness of a veteran.

David Jack, playing in his fourth final, was one of the few successes on the losing side. John, by training and habit a half-back, also did well as a forward. But the Arsenal were weighed down by too many veterans. Robin Bailey.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

A Selection of Records from "Field" Readers

WITH APRIL in kinder mood a naturalist need almost learn shorthand to keep pace with the inrush of summer migrants. And, for the same reason also, only a selection of the records now being received by every post can be published.

Swifts have arrived well up to average time. The first record came from Walthamstow, Essex, where Messrs. J. P. Hardeman and A. Holte Macpherson saw two on April 19th. Next day (the 20th) swifts were seen at Barnes, in South-west London, by Mr. R. W. Hayman; and on the 23rd were noted at King's Somborne, Hampshire (R. H. C. Baker); Bideford, North Devon (E. C. Hope Hall); Littleton-on-Severn, Glos (Herbert W. Gibbs); Langharne, Carmarthenshire (J. F. Thomas); and near Godalming, Surrey (Mrs. A. Holte Macpherson). On the 24th, near Faringdon, Berkshire (W. A. Cadman); Witney, Oxfordshire (W. F. Dale); and in Staffordshire (A. W. Boyd).

Nightingales, also, were punctual, being reported on the 19th at Lymington, Hampshire (Miss P. E. G. Harding); and on the 22nd at Sturminster Marshall, Dorset (James Bartlett); Bembridge, Isle of Wight (R. L. Vernon); and Beccles, Norfolk (R. Morton, jun.). On the 23rd records followed from Newton Abbot, Devon (W. E. Teschemaker); and Godalming, Surrey (Mrs. A. Holte Macpherson); while on the 24th the master-singer was noted at Tolworth, Surrey (R. W. Hayman).

The first whitethroats were also noted on the 19th at Lymington, Hampshire (Miss P. E. G. Harding); and at Hitchin, Herts (Dr. A. H. Foster); followed by records on the 22nd, at Bembridge, Isle of Wight (R. L. Vernon); and on the 23rd at Godalming, Surrey (Mrs. A. Holte Macpherson).

BLACKCAPS AND TURTLE DOVES

April 19th, a red-letter day in this year's migration calendar, saw the first appearance, also, of the blackcap near Porlock, Somerset (E. W. Hendy); and at Hitchin, Herts (Dr. A. H. Foster); followed by records for the 20th on Wimbledon Common, Surrey (R. W. Hayman); and the 22nd at Wimborne, Dorset (James Bartlett).

The turtle dove was noted first on the 21st at Bembridge, Isle of Wight (R. L. Vernon); and on the 23rd at Feltwell, Norfolk (Mrs. Hardy).

Of other migrants that came in about the same time, the grasshopper warbler was noted at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, on April 21st (R. L. Vernon); reed warbler and sedge warbler at Beccles, Norfolk, on the 24th (R. Morton, jun); and common sandpipers in Richmond Park, Surrey, on the 22nd (R. W. Hayman); in Upper Wharfedale on the 24th (K. C. C.); and at Chew Magna, Somerset, on the 25th (J. Birkett).

Of cuckoos there are many records additional to those already published. The following are a selection of the dates received: April 19th, near Penshurst, Kent (Mrs. R. K. Eyre), and Bembridge, Isle of Wight (R. L. Vernon); April 21st, Bideford, Devon (E. C. Hope Hall), and Teignmouth, Devon (W. E. Teschemaker); April 22nd, Wiveliscombe, Somerset (Col. S. Capper), and Beccles, Norfolk (R. Morton, jun.); April 24th, near Faringdon, Berks (W. A. Cadman); April 25th, Northwich, Cheshire (A. W. Boyd).

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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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR STOCKBREEDERS

SIR,—In your excellent article of April 2nd, "A New Era in Stock-breeding," you mention one of the great advances of modern times—and one of which the advantageous economic possibilities are enormous—under the sub-heading: "Waste of Valuable By-products."

The extent of the medical prescription of glandular extracts during the past few years is colossal and ever increasing. All these glands come from animals and, I am informed, about 70 per cent. at the present time from animals killed abroad. There are at least three large commercial chemical firms (it is obviously inexpedient to mention names) marketing the dried extracts, of which one firm furnishes far greater quantities than the other two added together. This firm obtains all its gland products from abroad, where there are large abattoirs and special inspectors attend from the point of view of protecting the purity of supply.

In England centralisation of abattoirs has not as yet made the same strides, and the supply of home glandular products is far below the marketable quantity. You point out in your article some of the steps being taken to increase home production in the future, and this letter is a plea to all parties concerned to assist in every way to develop such a lucrative industry, and one which is also of such benefit to humanity.

Yours faithfully,
DESMOND MACMANUS.

53, Chester Square, S.W. 1.

MENACE OF MUSK RATS

SIR,—Reading in your columns that yet another rodent, the musk rat, is a menace to property, I would like to bring to the notice of your readers a remedy that I found efficacious in dealing with grey squirrels.

Thallium Chloride (Th Cl_2) in *minute traces* in any bait can be administered without fear of injury to domestic animals, and may be purchased without the irksome formalities attached to general poison.

This compound, which is a white powder, should be inserted in the bait with a pair of fine-pointed forceps. Twenty grains will last for years. I do not know how this remedy takes effect, it is sufficient to remark that the pest vanishes without any indication that the poison has been even fatal.

Yours sincerely,
Watersfield Towers. A. J. PADDON.
Pulborough, Sussex.

CURLY-COATED RETRIEVERS

SIR,—In your issue of April 2nd you publish an interesting letter on curly-coated retrievers, by "Another Great Lover of Curlies." There is much truth in what the writer says, but surely the erroneous idea that "workers" and "show specimens" are two distinct classes is widely prevalent, not only as regards curly retrievers but also with respect to all breeds of gundogs. One has only to think of the numerous spaniels, Labradors, golden and flat-coated retrievers which go from one show to another but are never met out on a shoot or at a field trial. Many of them are beautiful dogs, but most of them have probably never retrieved a bird in their lives. Similarly, many of the best "workers" however well bred, are rarely seen on a show bench.

Since curly retrievers, unfortunately, went out of fashion, the number of curly owners has sadly decreased, with the consequence that curlies are seldom found either at shows or in the field; and in the South of England they are extremely scarce. But the remedy lies with the curly owners themselves. At present, it seems to me, they are suffering from an inferiority complex; they have "got their tails down," and they ought to set about getting them up again.

The only way to do this is to enter their dogs for field trials. It is true that, owing to the paucity of their numbers, the curly owners will have to play an uphill game at first; but the small stock of curlies still remaining embraces some splendid, well-bred material which undoubtedly includes potential field-trial winners.

In view of the repeated complaints about loss of stamina, etc., which I have recently heard with respect to other breeds, I venture to predict that "the man with the gun" will be found to regain his confidence in the curly much more quickly than most people suppose.

There already appears to be a growing demand for curlies, and it is up to curly breeders to prove that they are prepared to meet it. So far as the Southern Counties are concerned, at least one promising start was made in October last at the retriever trials held at Wilbury Park, near Salisbury. On that occasion a young and highly-bred curly bitch (the only representative of her breed) was awarded a certificate of merit on the first day, and the second prize on the second day. The same bitch has also gained awards at Cruft's and other shows.

Yours truly,
Sussex. COLONEL.

ROAD AND RAIL

SIR,—In common with other members of the travelling public, I find thrust upon my attention in the dining saloons of trains, in hotels, and elsewhere, a tract distributed by the railway interests which, in view of the coming conference on rail and road transport, it seems to me it would now be a graceful act to withdraw from circulation.

I have no wish to write anything which might tend to increase the exasperation of those who have broadcast their plea for "fair play," but it is surely a fantastic twist of logic to say that because the railways have to pay for the upkeep of their own tracks therefore the owners of motor vehicles should pay "the full current expenditure on roads," belonging not to them but to the community; and anyhow, motor-users are already paying, including the petrol tax, £59,000,000 a year for the privilege of being what they are.

Nobody blames the railways for failing to foresee that there would come a day when their rigid tracks would fail to pay. These tracks remain a necessary feature of our national life, but it is absurd to say that they must be made solvent by bleeding their more mobile rival. And that certainly will not be a solution which will appeal to the approaching conference.

If the railways seek fair play, they must give it; and the first step in that direction is to recall this unfortunate pamphlet.

8, Queen Street, Yours faithfully,
Mayfair, W. 1. SELBY.

SIR,—Under this heading in your issue of April 2nd your correspondent says: "Petrol duty yields £31,000,000 per year." This sum goes to general revenue and not for the purpose of paying for the roads, any more than the import duties of tobacco or wines, etc.

The railway companies in 1930 paid £5,000,000 in local rates, mainly for the purpose of maintaining the roads for their competitors.

May I add, as a matter of interest, that the railway companies consume 13,000,000 tons of British coal every year; the production of this coal gives employment to 60,000 miners.

The road users consume imported oil at a cost of £10,000,000 a year, the whole of which goes out of the country.

Yours faithfully,
Felixstowe. F. W.

ACID FIRING OF HORSES

SIR,—Early in 1930 I had a thoroughbred steeple chase horse in training. He ran in three hunter chases, winning the last in March, 1930. After this race he pulled up lame with tendon trouble. I had heard of the so-called wonders worked by acid firing, and of its being a certain cure, and because of the very strong advice I received I had this treatment done.

About two months after the horse pulled up lame, and when the heat had subsided in the leg he was acid fired, and for sixteen months he was given slow road work and the after-treatment ordered was carried out to the letter. At the end of this time his original trainer came and saw him, expressed satisfaction at the way the leg handled, and took him back into training. This brought me to September, 1931.

Then, a fortnight later, I had a message to say that the horse had gone lame again. I brought him back from the trainer, kept him at home and nursed him back to soundness, with the intention of training him myself. This I did, got him fit and ran him in February last. The leg went again after completing half of the course. After this I had him examined by three veterinary surgeons, all of whom passed the same verdict, namely, that he would never be fit to go on a racecourse again, although he might be got sound enough for a hunter, but there would always be the grave danger of a recurrence of the old trouble. The horse was shot recently.

My reasons for writing to you on this subject are: (*a*) To try and prevent unnecessary suffering to horses, and (*b*) to save others, who may be contemplating this treatment for their horses, the very bitter disappointment which I have suffered.

Yours faithfully,
Haydon Hill House. T. R. P. WARREN
Aylesbury. (Colonel).

COBRA SWALLOWING CHINA EGG

SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers. I went as usual recently to my chicken run to collect eggs at about midday. On opening the cover to the laying boxes I found a spitting cobra curled round a couple of eggs.

I thereupon fetched my gun and put on a pair of glasses—knowing that the spit is hurled very accurately at one's eyes—and as the snake was then just peering over the edge of the box, I took the opportunity of blowing its head off. On measuring it I found it to be 5ft. in length with an oval object about 2ft. from its head. My cook then squeezed this object back and out where the head had been, and found that it was a china egg!

Can anyone tell me whether this indicates that a snake has no sense of touch or taste or smell? And whether it would probably have died from indigestion, or broken up or got rid of the egg?

Yours faithfully,
Kitimuru G. W. REPTON.
Thika, Kenya.

OTTERS ON A SCOTTISH LOCH

SIR,—I shall be most grateful if any of your readers can advise me how to protect wildfowl from the attacks of otters. I have reared various species of ducks for two years past on a small loch in Galloway, pinioning the first pairs (which, of course, is necessary), but letting the young birds grow full winged.

Until six weeks ago they were never molested; they bred on the loch and came daily to be fed, the full-winged flyers going and coming back from time to time. Last month six of the pinioned birds were killed at intervals of a few days and the rest so terrified they would not show themselves, till eventually a bitch otter was trapped on the loch. The ducks then soon recovered confidence and were just beginning to mate when, on April 5th, a falcated drake was killed, evidently by a second otter, which will no doubt return for more. Even if this beast is trapped the mischief will have been done, for my keeper tells me the birds' nesting arrangements have now been quite upset, and the full-winged birds have all left the loch.

The loch is a natural one, two acres in extent and only about 100yds. from my front door. A narrow rivulet runs from it for a mile or so into the River Tarff, and the otters doubtless come up this small brook from the river. I have never known them to visit the loch before the ducks were introduced there, though it is full of trout. If anyone can recommend an effective means of dealing with these pests I shall be very greatly obliged. Could a wire fence be made otter-proof?

Yours faithfully,
Bath. HECTOR DUFF.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

SIR,—I am glad that Mr. Crane has seen the error of his arithmetical ways. I shall not follow him farther in his attempt to square the golf circle; in other words, to invent a system for playing the Open Championship on an equitable basis, and for ensuring that each competitor shall play in the same conditions of weather and course as his adversaries. This can only be done by substituting match play for score play.

I fear that Mr. Crane's triplets have died at birth. He might, perhaps, as a consolation, apply for the King's bounty, though I fear that the untimely demise of the infants may invalidate his claim.

Yours faithfully,
Alde End, ERNEST LEHMANN.
Aldeburgh, Suffolk.

WOODCOCK AND OWL

SIR,—I was riding on the main road between Broadclyst and Cullompton, Devonshire, on February 27th last, at about 7.45 p.m., when I saw two birds fighting in the air. The lights of a car going in the same direction as myself shone on them.

I stopped my motor bicycle and shone my light on to the birds. They both struck the telegraph wires and dropped to the ground. The right eye of the woodcock was almost torn out, apparently by the claw of the owl.

As I picked up the woodcock, the owl (a brown owl of which the local name is the Grey Cover Owl), fluttered up from the road and flew away.

Yours faithfully,
Bradninch, Devon. F. SMALE.



HOUND PUPPIES WALKED BY THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS
(See Letter "Hounds on a Frontier of Empire")

HOUNDS ON A FRONTIER OF EMPIRE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two-and-a-half couple of hound puppies belonging to the Peshawar Vale Hunt, India, which were walked by the Gordon Highlanders last year whilst at Landi Kotal, two miles from the Indo-Afghan Frontier in the Khyber Pass. They are to be seen actually at the frontier barrier. Behind are two Afghan sentries in their newly acquired uniforms.

The sire of the puppies is South Devon Viking, and the dam Portman Granite.

Landi Kotal, N.W.F.P. Yours truly, N. CAMERON HADEN.

CAGED BIRDS

SIR,—Your valuable paper will be doing a service to the wild bird life in this country, and, incidentally, to agriculture, by allowing the R.S.P.C.A. a small space in order to draw attention to the custom of caging British wild birds.

At a recent show Cornish choughs were exhibited. It is well known that these birds are in danger of extinction, that they are exceedingly shy, and, in common with most other wild birds, their value to agriculture far outweighs any occasional damage that may be done. It would be interesting to have precise figures to show how many Cornish choughs perish after capture, seeing that those which survive acquire such an enhanced value. Most of the foreign wild birds as well as our own are trapped, as only a minority of them breed in captivity. Indeed, some members of the "Fancy" admit that roughly 80 per cent. of caged wild birds die soon after they are caught.

Restraint is irksome to human beings, how much more painful must it be to these wild birds, to whom freedom is life!

Yours faithfully,
E. G. FAIRHOLME (Capt.),
Chief Secretary, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1.

FROGS TURNING COLOUR

SIR,—Some years ago I was living in Dorset, not far from Bere Regis, and we had to have a new well dug, as the old one was discovered to be polluted. When they had dug 12ft. down (it lies in chalk) more than a dozen good-sized frogs were found, and they were pure white. The next day, when the men had begun to dig again, the frogs had all turned brown. The idea was that this was due to their having come to the light. Can anyone give me the reason? Yours truly,
Taunton. "CHALK."

[Many fish and other aquatic or partly aquatic animals have the power of changing their colour to suit their surroundings. A trout lying over sand becomes lighter to match the sand, and newts taken out of a muddy pond and placed in clear water in the open turn colour in the same way.—ED.]

MOUSE TRANSFIXED BY THORN

SIR,—Exactly an hour before reading Mr. Morgan's letter *re* a malformed starling, I shot a bird in similar condition. My bird, however, had its lower mandible slightly cracked, and the damaged upper mandible, although caked in dirt, was not smoothly worn away but appeared to have been shattered either by a stray shot or by sudden collision with a hard substance. The bird was in quite good condition, although its crop seemed very empty. I think there is no doubt in this instance that it was not hatched in this condition, but sustained some injury.



TRAGIC END TO A POULTRY HOUSE RAIDER
(See Letter "Mouse Transfixed by Thorn")

I also enclose a photograph of a mouse, which was found hanging on a thorn that had entered the mouth and was sticking right through its nose. The tail was about 4in. clear of the ground, and the fur was in quite a good condition, the only damage being a tear in the mouth. The thorn tree was actually touching the sides of a poultry house, and I think that in climbing down the edge of the nest boxes it might have caught the thorn in its mouth and then been swung into the air quite powerless of regaining its feet.

Yours faithfully,
The Priory, Elstree, Herts. A. J. MATHESON.

QUAINT INN SIGNS

SIR,—About 60 years ago an inn on the road from Caerleon to Pontypool, Mon., had a gate hanging as a sign like the one mentioned in the *Field* of March 26th, but the verse painted on it was:

"This gate hangs well,
Pass not it by,
Refresh and pay,
And travel on."

At the same period, in a hamlet called Gabalva, in the parish of Llandaff, Glamorgan, there was an inn called the "Cow and Snuffers," and the sign was a cow and a pair of snuffers painted on it. I expect the inns are still in existence. I wonder if anyone can explain the origin of Cow and Snuffers.

Yours truly,
Dorset. CILSANT.

SIR,—I am much interested in your photograph of the old Norfolk inn in your issue of March 26th. Some time ago I purchased, for a few shillings, a little picture, in a very dirty condition. It is now supposed to be by Teniers, and is of the outside of an old thatch-covered inn with a swinging sign. On this are painted words identical with those on the inn sign mentioned in your correspondent's letter. There is a gate shown between the second and third lines, but the words "hang" and "hinder" both have an "S." A stretch of water in the background leads me to wonder if the picture could be of a former inn on the same site.

Yours truly,
Masham, Yorks. WM. G. B. SCHOFIELD.

GULL'S FATAL COLLISION

SIR,—On April 11th, three gulls, flying off the starboard-quarter, swooped down and met in mid-air. Such was the force of the impact that the wing of one was torn completely off, falling by itself into the water. It was not a case of blindness, for the injured bird made towards a nearby buoy and tried to scramble on it. A boat was sent away to put the poor creature out of its agony.

I am sending this as nobody I know has ever heard of such a thing before, although the air is sometimes thick with gulls when someone feeds them, which was not the case on this particular occasion.

Yours truly,
H.M.S. Titania, 6th Submarine Flotilla, Portland. PERCY GARRETT.

WHISTLING UP BARKING DEER

SIR,—With reference to the letter "Whistling up Barking Deer" in your issue of February 20th, this practice is well known to all hill men, particularly Gurkhas. I have seen the method employed on several occasions in thick jungle, and the effect is certainly astonishing. That the kakur responds as it does to this call affords the Indian or Gurkha "sportsman" an easy method of obtaining meat irrespective of sex, though, as a rule, no restrictions are placed on the shooting of female kakur.

The explanation of the call given to me by a Gurkha is that it represents the call of a fawn, which normally is only used by the young animal when in danger or difficulty. The response to it by grown animals of both sexes is immediate. I was also told that it is liable to attract tiger or panther if in the vicinity. These animals recognise the call and come up to see if a kill can be made. The last time I saw this method of calling up used, it brought over us a large bird of prey within a very few moments. The bird wheeled round several times before finally flying away.

The call can also be produced by using a fairly large leaf which is placed in the mouth and made to vibrate by the expulsion of air.

With reference to the letter "A Burmese Tiger Trap" in the same issue, similar traps are common in the Naga Hills, varying in size for different animals from tiger down to small jungle cats, etc. I recently saw a clouded panther which had been killed by such a trap.

Normally the Naga does not bait the trap. He finds a spot where the animal passes fairly frequently, and then blocks the ground on either side by means of a light fence or other obstruction so that the only open space is through the passage way of the trap. The springing of the trap is effected in some way similar to that mentioned by your correspondent. Yours faithfully,
Assam. G. R.

SIR,—With reference to the letters on this subject, your correspondents should read the Hon. J. W. Best's *Indian Shikar Notes*, where an interesting description of calling up wild dogs by this method is given.

Mr. Best frequently lured wild dogs to their destruction in this way, and I was with him on a shooting trip in Berar in 1920 when he returned one morning with a bag of six wild dogs, the pack, although shot at and toll taken of their numbers, returning three times on hearing the call.

Yours faithfully,
Lytchett Minster, Poole. J. V. E. LEES.

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OUR PRESENT STANDARD OF RIDING

SIR,—If Col. McTaggart will consider two factors, I do not think he will condemn the riding of our steeple chase jockeys again, as he did in his letter published on April 9th. These brave fellows are worthy of the highest praise, and not deserving of such adverse criticism.

The factors I mention are: (*a*) pace, (*b*) interference from other horses.

(*a*) What horse, or, in fact, any animal, can be pected when jumping at that pace to take off, ar his obstacle and land perfectly like a show mper? And what jockey can be expected to ake him?

(*b*) A big percentage of falls are caused by interference from other horses.

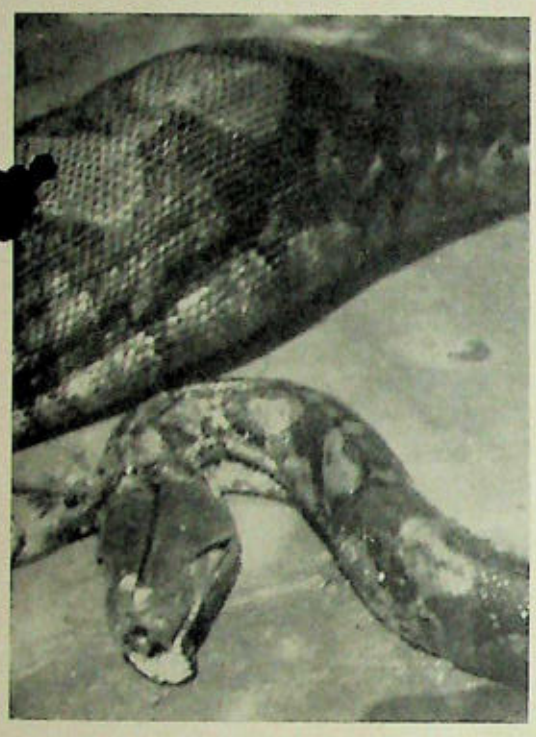
I understand that Pelorous Jack's behaviour in this year's Grand National caused the downfall of a lot of horses. Is it fair to blame Pelorous Jack's jockey (a really fine horseman) or the other jockeys for this? Certainly not!

Yours truly,
J. C. B. L.

SWALLOWING CAPACITY OF PYTHONS

SIR,—With reference to the swallowing capacity of pythons, the attached photographs may be of interest.

This specimen was caught soon after having eaten a goat, and measured slightly over 25ft. in length, weighing 132lb. The photographs were taken three days after the meal, at which time it was still

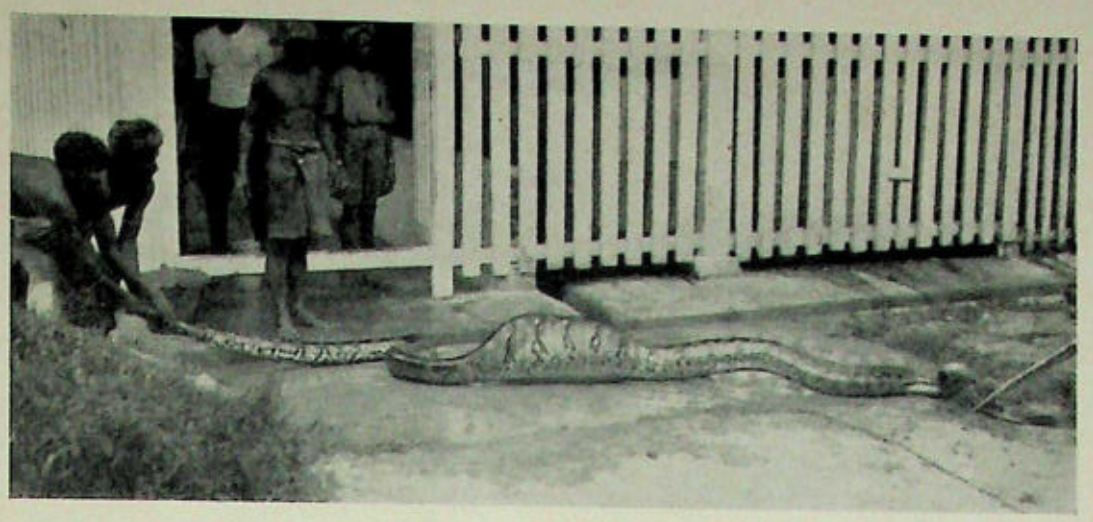


A CLOSE-UP OF THE HEAD AND THE BULGE
(*See Letter "Swallowing Capacity of Pythons"*)

possible by feeling the bulge to say in what position the goat lay. In the snapshot showing python stretched out, it can be seen from the contour that the goat was swallowed hindquarters first. In the close-up, some idea of the size of the head in comparison with the object it had recently swallowed is given, though, unfortunately, it was not possible to get the whole of the bulge into the picture.

Six days after these photographs were taken, the python had resumed its normal shape, but had not shown any symptoms of hunger.

Yours truly,
Muar, Johore, Malaya. W. H. LINDSAY.



25FT. PYTHON THREE DAYS AFTER SWALLOWING A GOAT
(*See Letter "Swallowing Capacity of Pythons"*)

INCREASE OF HORSE TRAFFIC

SIR,—I have been to London twice recently, but I had not been to town previously for six years. Immediately I arrived there I was most pleasantly surprised to note the remarkable increase in the number of horses on the streets. For commercial purposes pairs of horses are very numerous. Furthermore, the condition and apparent stamina of the horses are greatly improved. I saw some magnificent pairs owned by Messrs. W. H. Smith, Messrs. Buchanan and Schweppes. I love the horse, and they help to bring picturesqueness to the otherwise somewhat drab appearance of the streets.

I drove in a horse-cab (there are two for hire at Victoria Station) from the West End to the City, and the farther eastward I went the number of horses appeared to increase; so much so, in fact, that in the City proper horses were in the majority. In the West End I particularly noticed very smart horse-drawn milk carts and floats and butchers' carts. In these days of agricultural depression we are reminded of the fact that not only is Dobbin cheap and effective, but is the farmer's best friend, because every horse needs oats, hay and straw, thereby he is a predominant factor in the upkeep of agriculture. Tradespeople are also fully aware of the fact that a well-turned-out horse and cart is a splendid advertisement for them, because customers appreciate this pleasing sight and get attached to the horse.

Yours faithfully,
Burgess Hill, Sussex. J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

VORACITY OF TROUT

SIR,—When netting operations for the reduction in the numbers of perch in the Brittas ponds were being carried out, on March 28th last, a dead trout was brought to shore in the net. A perch was stuck in its throat, its tail projecting from the mouth of the trout. The weight of the trout and perch was 2lb. 2oz., and the length of the trout about 18½in.

Mr. Southern, of the Department of Fisheries, kindly examined the scales and stomach of the trout, and a copy of his report is attached. The fish were photographed on the morning of March 29th, and a print is enclosed. The fish are being set up by Messrs. Williams & Son, Dame Street, Dublin.

Yours truly,
Dublin. A. HASSARD.

[Mr. Southern, in his report, says: "The stomach of the trout contained two large female frogs which were just ready to spawn. The flesh of the frogs was more or less digested, and the spawn had absorbed a great deal of water, so that the stomach of the trout was greatly distended.

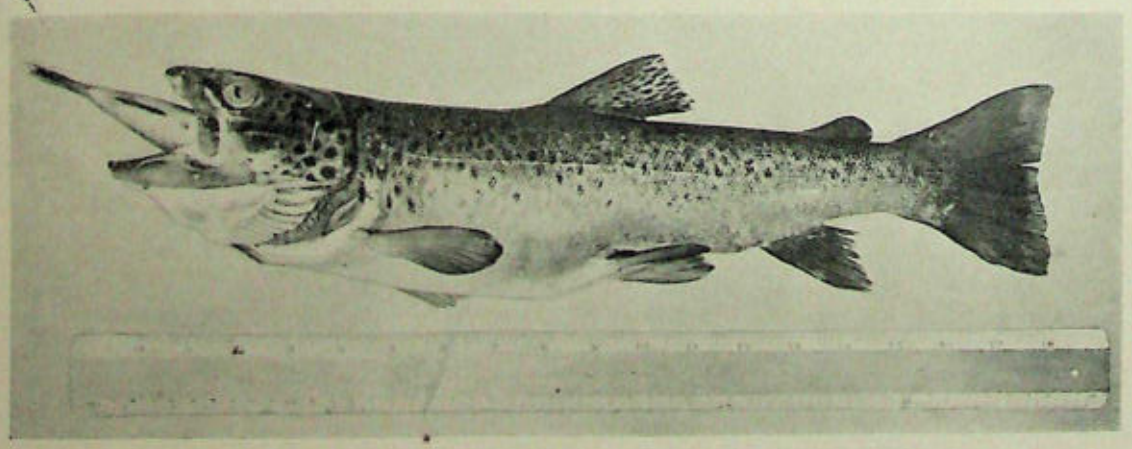
"In my opinion the trout had been unable to swallow the perch owing to the amount of matter already in the stomach, and being unable to eject the perch—the spines of the back fin of the latter being embedded in its throat—was suffocated, as it was unable to close its mouth. The trout was a spent cock fish."]

WOODCOCK AND RABBIT AT ONE SHOT

SIR,—As regards woodcock and rabbit at a single shot, shooting with the late Mr. A. B. Collier at Carthamartha, Cornwall, on December 2nd, 1897, Mr. T. Radford shot a woodcock and rabbit with his right barrel and a woodcock with his left. On November 21st the following year, at the same place, Capt. Saunders (North Staffordshire Regiment) performed precisely the same feat.

The explanation is simple. Woodcock like to feed in rabbit runs; luck has it that the first shot covers a rabbit and a woodcock and flushes the second bird, which is shot with the second barrel.

Yours faithfully,
Horrabridge, S. Devon. M. C. COLLIER (Col.).



A VICTIM OF GREED
(*See Letter "Voracity of Trout"*)

Mr. J. A.
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PLUGS
for his
record flight
from
ENGLAND
to
CAPE TOWN

THE BREEDING OF ELEPHANTS

SIR,—Amongst the numerous correspondents who have kindly written to me regarding my question as to the breeding of elephants is an official from Rangoon, who has sent me the following interesting communication, which I think will be interesting to other readers of the *Field*.

"In the Indian elephant the period of gestation is usually 22 months for a male calf and 18 months for a female calf. Females are sometimes born in 20 months and males in 20 months, but one instance is on record where a female calf was born within 16 months. The calves are born singly. Very exceptionally does a female elephant give birth to twins. In the herd of Messrs. Steel Brothers & Co., Ltd., in the Thaungyin Forest Division, Lower Burma, there is a female with two healthy twin calves born in 1920. Tame elephants breed very freely in Burma and very seldom in India.

"The following table shows the months in which 110 calves were born between 1906 and 1922. This table was supplied by Mr. J. Nisbet, of Messrs. Steel Brothers & Co., Ltd.:

"January	12
February	21
March	17
April	8
May	5
June	2
July	3
August	4
September	14
October	7
November	5
December	12
	110

Yours truly,
Canterbury. G. H. K.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD GREENFINCH

SIR,—In September, 1923, my wife rescued a greenfinch from one of our cats; as the bird was apparently in a dying condition, he was placed near an open window to give him a chance of life. He recovered completely except that one wing received slight damage, and, as he refused to go away, was placed in a roomy cage, where he, to-day, lives happily, and now voices his rather raucous spring song.

He will certainly be ten years old if he lives till next spring, and is in excellent plumage and very affectionate. I write this because doubts have been expressed as to the possibility of such longevity in a bird of this type in a state of captivity.

Yours faithfully,
The Lordship, Much Hadham, Herts. W. GLYNES BRUTY.

GAMEKEEPER SHOTS

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of gamekeepers clay pigeon shooting at Cambridge at the end of March for the Gaybird Golden Pheasant Trophy. Although the skill of shooting "clays" differs somewhat from firing at winged game, still keepers by taking part in these competitions keep their eye in, have practice in snap shooting, and at the same time are able to take part in an interesting, enjoyable and



A SQUAD SHOOTING FOR THE GAYBIRD GOLDEN PHEASANT TROPHY, AT CAMBRIDGE—36 GAMEKEEPERS COMPETED
(See Letter "Gamekeeper Shots")

sociable sport. I notice the four winners of the Gaybird Trophy were all headkeepers. It is a pity that more underkeepers do not enter for these shoots and compete, as some of them get none too much practice at snap shooting, so essential for dealing with winged vermin.

The winners were: First prize and trophy, A. Gray, headkeeper to Col. Sotherby, D.S.O., M.C.; second prize, A. Hill, headkeeper to Lord Sherborne; third prize, A. Deane, headkeeper to Lord Braybrooke; fourth prize, A. Lawton, headkeeper to the Duke of Bedford.

Prestwood, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Yours truly, J. C. HUNTING.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

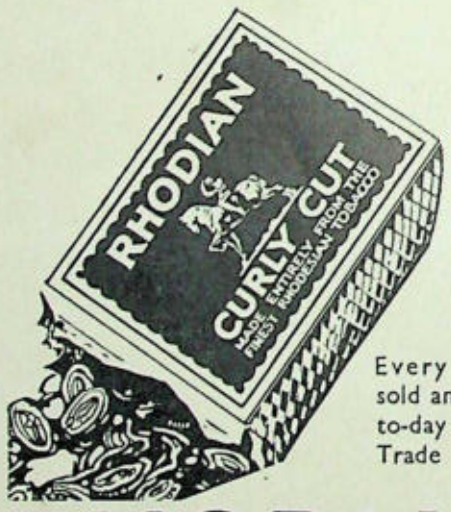
Costs of Pheasant Shooting.—How does "Iolair" keep three dogs for £13 10s.? I hardly think the keep of dogs should be charged, for don't they pay for themselves over and over again by picking up game which without the dog would not be collected?—E. KERRY, Marton, Sinnington, York.

A Tanganyika Lion.—I am surprised to hear that an eight-foot lion would be considered a big one in Tanganyika. Though I have hunted in many parts of Africa in the past, I have never hunted in Tanganyika, but in most districts a male of 8ft. would be considered on the small size, 8ft. 6in. being fairly large, 9ft. a big one, and anything over 9ft. 6in. exceptional.—MANNLICHER, London, S.W. 1.

Making Britain an Aviator's Country.—In this article (*Field*, March 26th) Colonel The Master of Sempill tells us that the idea in the mind of every air enthusiast is for Britain to become a country studded with air parks and landing grounds. The Master of Sempill does not seem to realise that it is not everybody that enjoys the awful buzz of the flying machine over one's head. In fact, that to many they are a great nuisance, and to the invalid an absolute nightmare. What it will be like when "Britain is studded with air parks" I dread to think.—E. KERRY, Marton, Sinnington, York.

Little Owls as Pets.—I should advise your correspondent (*Field*, April 9th) to wait a few weeks and obtain a half-grown little owl from the nest and handrear it. Adults, although possessed of good tempers and good constitutions, rarely become as affectionate and confiding as nestlings, and they require as much time and patience as a haggard falcon to render steady. It is important never to allow a pet little owl to be teased, as they are peppery little fellows and are easily rendered bad tempered. Properly treated, however, they are, in my opinion, unequalled by any bird, British or foreign, as intelligent and amusing companions.—MARQUESS OF TAVISTOCK, 51, Princes Gate, S.W. 7.

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IN THE CITY

TAKING THE LONGER VIEW

LAST WEEK a list was given of five securities which have been mentioned in these notes, since this country's departure from the Gold Standard about seven months ago, and which have since fallen to lower price levels. It was suggested that it might be found interesting to re-examine the position of the companies concerned with a view to ascertaining whether current quotations provided the opportunity of a bargain purchase.

In October last year the view was expressed that a purchaser of the 10/- Ordinary shares of Pinchin Johnson & Co. would "stand possessed of a share in the equity of a well-managed and soundly-financed industrial undertaking, which will sooner or later return to its former prosperity." Since then the report for 1931 has been issued, and the price of the shares has come back from 26/6 to 24/6. On the basis of the 17½ per cent. dividend paid for last year the yield is a little over 7 per cent. at the current price, which compares with a quotation of well over £3 per share at one time in 1929.

In the absence of any improvement in the activity of trade in general it is quite possible that the dividend for the current year may have to be still further reduced, and from the point of view of the company's prospects for the immediate future a purchase of the shares could not be advised even at the current price. Their attraction as a long term holding lies more in the scope for very substantial appreciation in due course, and the probability that the company will be among the first to benefit from a trade revival. In this connection a remark the chairman made at the annual meeting in March is of interest. He said: "The actual value of the company's investments in associated and subsidiary companies is great in excess of the balance sheet figure. When world conditions are more stabilised the question of bringing these values more in line with actual values will be considered."

Since the £1 Ordinary shares of Enfield Cable Works, Limited, were mentioned in this column in October last at 80/- the price has fallen to about 68/-, which is the lowest level reached since 1926. The report for 1931 was issued in March, when the figures made a poor showing as compared with those of recent years. It should be noted, however, that the sum of £32,958 was charged against the net profit to provide for the loss on exchange in connection with the withdrawal of the company's balances in Australia. The directors recommended the maintenance of the ordinary dividend at 25 per cent. and explained that they had felt justified in doing so in view of the fact that this loss would not recur, and that the dividend would have been fully earned had it not been for this misfortune. The shares yield nearly 7¾ per cent. at the current price, which would seem to present a favourable opportunity for averaging to those who purchased at a higher price. At one time in 1929 the shares changed hands at 112/6.

FALLEN TOO LOW

The £1 Ordinary shares of the Underground Electric Railways Company of London can at present be bought around 18/- to yield fully 7¾ per cent. on the basis of the 7 per cent. dividend paid for 1931. Even should the decreased traffics of the operating companies necessitate a further reduction in the dividend in respect of the current year it would now seem that such a contingency has already been fully discounted by the fall in the price of the shares. Should the dividend be reduced to 6 per cent. the shares would yield 6⅜rds per cent. at 18/-. The company owns the London General Omnibus Company as well as most of the Underground Railways in London, and is therefore largely immune from competition, and is assured of a more regular income than most other concerns. It is most improbable that the London Traffic scheme will now be adopted in the rather unattractive form prepared by the late Labour Government.

To those who wish to invest a portion of their capital in a depressed industry which may benefit materially from the recently increased scale of protection, it may be of interest to point out that the 5½ per cent. Debenture Stock of Dorman Long and Company can at present be bought around £52 to yield 10½ per cent. In view, however, of the risks that a purchase of this stock necessarily entails under current conditions, the writer does not feel justified in doing more than referring any reader who may be interested to the *Field* of January 30th, in which the pros and cons of a purchase were fully discussed.

At the current price of 46/- the £1 shares of the Distillers Company yield nearly 8¾ per cent., and there would appear no reason whatever to modify the views expressed in this column on March 19th relative to this company. PACTOLUS.

New Books

INSECT HUNTING AS AN ADVENTUROUS SPORT

A Lady's Researches in the South Seas

WHATEVER the big game hunter may like to think, hunting insects is a far more exciting and even adventurous sport. Or so, at least, one is compelled to imagine after reading Miss Evelyn Cheesman's fascinating account of *Hunting Insects in the South Seas*.

Miss Cheesman certainly has the true hunter's spirit: "Insects," she says, "are the serious part of existence; all the rest is just a joke—a bad joke at times, but not worth worrying about." She therefore wisely refrains from boring the reader with those too frequently repeated accounts of hardships and discomforts of a hunter's life (whether he be after big or small game), and concentrates on her proper subject—the insects themselves.

For the general reader, who does not pretend to know much about the insects of the Pacific Islands, her book will be one long revelation of odd and almost incredible things. Miss Cheesman finds, for example, the Potter wasps "entertaining housemates"—not an epithet most of us would have chosen. These wasps, it should be said, like to keep their larders well supplied with caterpillars.

> The most amusing sight I ever saw was two Potter wasps each with a long caterpillar trying to put them into the same urn. Each was so certain that the urn was hers, and it led to a bumping match of unusual vigour; the wasps facing one another in mid-air holding their caterpillars dangling in front like schoolchildren having a bolster fight.
>
> First one would be sent to the floor, the victor trying to bundle her caterpillar into the urn before the next encounter. But this business cannot be hurried, and before it was more than begun the other wasp would rise from the floor with her caterpillar and knock her off the urn.
>
> It was the solemnity of their long faces which put the finishing touch to the burlesque. . . . In the end they were both downed together and sat for a long time collecting their fuddled wits by prolonged cleaning of their antennæ.

Caterpillars, by the way, are given a whole chapter to themselves, and here the word "entertaining" is strictly appropriate. There are ugly customers as well as radiantly coloured beauties among them:

> The joker of the pack is a very large caterpillar which the natives where I first found it call "Tiavol." When this caterpillar bunched up the forepart of the body and stretched the skin to show its great false eye, it really looked a most fearsome beast, and I am not surprised that the natives were so terrified of it. . . .
>
> A fantastic form of caterpillar is one that feeds on wild sugar cane which forms dense thickets on the streams and rivers. This butterfly and its caterpillar are very common. The latter is very pale green with a face exactly like a cat—a mournful cat with a most lugubrious expression caused by two black lines each side of the mouth, and with two comic black spines like ears.



THE EVIL EYE
From "Hunting Insects in the South Seas." By Evelyn Cheesman. (Philip Allan)

Then there is that "gross caricature of an insect," the grotesque parasitic Stephanus wasp, and the curious Praying Mantis and other stick insects. These, their habits, morals and manners, are all described by Miss Cheesman with an eye to their humorous side—or what seems so to the human onlooker—and with fireflies, mosquitoes, bees and aquatic insects of all sorts make up the chief subject-matter of a book that will interest a far wider circle even than those who may be described as amateur entomologists.

Hunting Insects in the South Seas. By Evelyn Cheesman, F.E.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated. (Philip Allan; 10/6 net.)

GOLF KILLS WORRY

A Philosophy of Sport

A VOLUME with the portentous title, *The Philosophy of Sport*, might well daunt the appetite of the most omnivorous reader. But Dr. McBride, the author, is not the dry-as-dust philosopher of tradition, and his observations on the value of sports of all kinds, as well as what one may call the psychology of sportsmen, are of real interest as well as being of much practical value.

Take his remarks on golf. Here is a game that is generally esteemed one of the finest exercises for old and young, since it encourages walking in the open, supplies a change of air and scene, and gives work to the muscles of the arms, shoulders, back and waist.

> Moreover, each stroke requires care and attention, and if we happen to be out with a caddie who is kind enough to take an interest in our progress, we shall find ourselves sharply reprimanded on showing the least sign of slacking. Accordingly golf helps to dissipate worry for the simple reason that we must concentrate upon it.
>
> On the other hand, it may upset equanimity, for it is not easy to avoid irritation when having concentrated to the best of our ability we only succeed in impelling divots of turf or moving a topped ball a yard or two from the tee. Unless we be in good form then we may perhaps assume that, viewed from the psychologist's angle, the plus and minus cancel each other out.

In other words, the bad effects of golf on the temper may quite conceivably undo all the physical good of the game—so far, that is, as the "rabbits" are concerned. The "tigers" have no occasion, of course, to lose their tempers at all.

Dr. McBride's very just and temperate observations on the cruelty or otherwise of field sports deserve to be carefully studied, not least by those who, to make certain that not one fox should be hunted, would condemn the whole race of foxes to be ruthlessly exterminated by methods which would certainly not err on the side of humanity.

The Philosophy of Sport. By P. McBride, M.D. (Heath Cranton; 7/6 net.)

THE SMALL YACHTSMAN

Cruising in a 20-ft. Open Boat

WELL ILLUSTRATED with many practical diagrams, Mr. Francis Cooke's *Cruising Chats* is a volume of real value to every sportsman who owns, or is intending to own, a small yacht. It is not a formal treatise on yachting, but rather a collection of papers dealing with the subject from a variety of aspects. And for the youngster, especially, it contains a mass of interesting matter.

In a chapter on Tabloid Cruises, for example, Mr. Cooke contends that, given the will, it is possible to go cruising in almost anything, in proof of which here is an experience of his own:

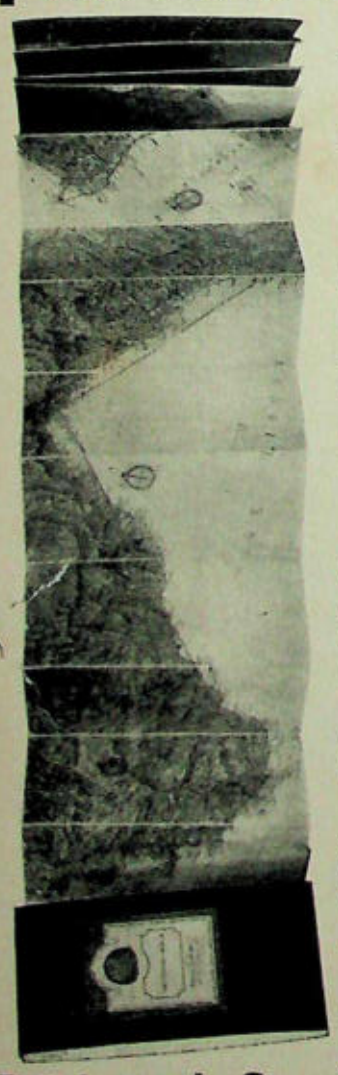
> On one occasion I and another lad, in the early 'nineties, went for a ten days' cruise in a 20ft. open boat, which we chartered from the proprietor of the inn at Fambridge for five bob. That does not seem much to pay for the hire of a yacht, does it? But if you had seen the boat you would probably have thought it adequate.
>
> I have had some old "tore-outs" in my time, but I think that boat was the most disreputable in which I ever sailed. She was held together mainly by tar, of which she had evidently received many generous coats; her gear was of the rottenest and her sails a tragedy. But in that unpromising packet we cruised to Pin Mill and back, exploring most of the rivers and creeks *en route*.
>
> As we were both "broke to the wide" our living was of the order that is known as plain, and the total cost of the trip was 15/- a head. It is true that bread and cheese bulked largely in the menu of every meal, but there was plenty of it, and that, after all, is the great thing when one is young.

The voyage, by the way, was an exciting and adventurous one, for the details of which the reader must consult Mr. Cooke's own narrative. Here he will find practical instruction lightened with lively anecdotage, and every page, whether grave or gay, eminently readable.

Cruising Chats. By Francis B. Cooke. Illustrated. (Arnold; 10/6 net).

Derby Day. By A. P. Herbert (Methuen; 2s. 6d. net). This little book in verse by the author of "Tantivy Towers," has a theme and tang wholeheartedly English. The characters come and go spontaneously in a refreshing atmosphere, and the story has gaiety and infectious charm.

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OPENING OF THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON

A Time of Early Surprises

IN FINDING WORDS appropriate to the golf in the competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup on the Prince's G.C. course, a contemporary described it as exhilarating play at Sandwich. The same words will certainly do for the rounds that have been fought out this week on the neighbouring links for the Amateur Championship, because there are so many young and slashing golfers who were drawn against one another in the earlier rounds.

In these rounds the motto of each is to "have at 'em," and it is only when the winds of the Channel and a week's hard work in battling with them have subdued their youthful fire that slashing drives begin to shorten and second shots present problems of growing difficulty. It is then that, according to formula, the experience and steadiness of the older hands begins to tell.

This will not happen always. Mr. Noel Layton, who won the Prince of Wales's Cup, is one of those golfers to whom the years have added skill, but Mr. Eric Fiddian and Mr. Alan Newey, who were only one stroke behind him, are hardly older than the young ladies who have won the ladies' championships in the last two years.

LADIES IN WAITING

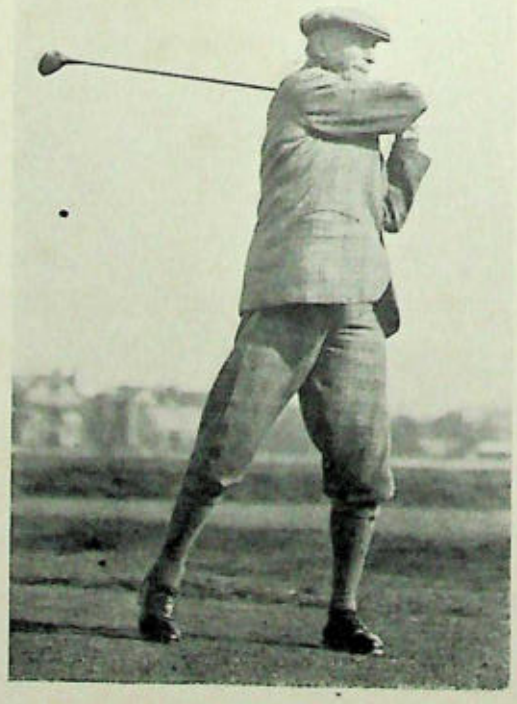
The united ages of those three youthful Amazons—Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan, amounts to fewer than 65 years. It is of good augury for ladies' golf that they should have arrived so early, and that their temperaments no less than their skill should have made them indispensable choices for the International match with America.

Something has been said about the desirability of choosing betimes the partnerships for the foursomes which are part of the match, so that the choices may practise together. But the selection is not quite so ready as that. Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan always play together and pair to perfection, but how are the others to be coupled?

GOOD AND BAD PARTNERSHIPS

Miss Wethered one would say can carry anyone. She can, very nearly, as her record in the Mixed Foursomes shows. But in them she played with men for partners who could hit as far, if not as straight, as herself. In some foursomes the other day, at St. George's Hill, a less powerful partner seemed to affect even Miss Wethered's impeccable iron play. On the same day, when Miss Fishwick was paired with Miss Dorothy Pearson, both went to pieces.

A match is to be played at Forest Row on the new ladies' course, two days before the American ladies are met, in which Miss Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch will meet Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan. It will be "exhilarating" without doubt, but will not tell us much, because each player will play her own ball, in a four-ball, instead of in a foursome. As partners, Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch were seldom triumphant.



A CHAMPION GOLFING GENERAL
Major-Gen. Sir Colin Mackenzie, who won the Generals' Cup at Hoylake by five up and three to play

THE SHORT GAME AT TORQUAY

It is the putting that tells in foursomes. Perhaps ladies leave it too much to partner, but it is unsafe to generalise. At Torquay an unofficial Short Course Championship, to which leading professionals are invited, has been held for the last three years on the Palace Hotel's nine-holes course, where each hole can be reached with some sort of iron from the tee.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP WINNER
Mr. Noel Layton, whose experience and steadiness proved invaluable assets

W. T. Branch, who was one of the younger professionals of "great expectations," two years ago, won it with a score of 205, or eleven strokes under three's. Padgham, Lacey and Easterbrook, our three brightest young hopes, were each seven strokes worse.

This was fairly good work, and Padgham must have putted better than he did in the first half of his match against Havers. He has, like some of the others, had a busy time lately. In a four-ball match against Cotton and a local professional, his partner Lacey, who used to putt as fast as George Duncan, had a record round of 67. Putting is an inspiration with some still. E. S. G.

THE ARMY AT HOYLAKE

Youth Triumphant in the Championship

THE FLAG of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club was doing its best to escape from the staff when I arrived at the clubhouse. Hoylake winds are too well known to need much description here, and if I remark that the Army Championship meeting was favoured with a particularly gusty nor'-wester, that is all about it.

Taking this into consideration, and the fact that many of the competitors had never seen the course before, the play was extremely good in the main, more especially when one remembers that golf is not encouraged in the Services to the extent of the more robust games. It is no small wonder, therefore, that play on the first day was scratchy; but as the players settled down and became more or less used to conditions, a vast improvement was evident. Indeed, Lieut. Reeves's 75 on the second afternoon represented golf of a very high order, and he and young S. F. Scott, both from the Buff country, set a pretty hot pace that was only equalled by another youngster—C. F. G. Bond of the Wiltshires.

Bond, too, had an excellent afternoon round to tie with the leaders with 160. Like Scott, to whom he played number one at Sandhurst last term, he has only six weeks' service, and it must have been a very trying experience for these young officers to have to play off in the evening before a gallery of seniors, who mostly marvelled at their seeming *sang-froid*. Bond, whose third round it was that day, faded out a little after a promising start. Outdriving the other two, he frittered his chances away on the greens; but Scott was a model of nonchalance until the very end, when the strain became too much for him. The Walker Cup selectors might do worse than watch this boy, who at nineteen years of age has all the shots and may train on into the first flight. The fact that leave is obtainable for golf might also be noted by the gentlemen in question.

THE BEST HANDICAP SCORE

Reeves I have already praised. His control into the wind was excellent, and in the final round he fully made up for his few bad shots by the soundness of his recoveries, which often amazed the company. His 82 stood for very much better golf than the score suggests, for he appeared a very tired man as he walked off the home green a very worthy winner for the second year in succession a feat only once previously performed, and that by Lieut.-Col. P. G. M. Skene in 1912 and 1913.

The excellent entry only boasted three "horse soldiers." Of these, mention must be made of Lieut. J. E. Armstrong, who is adjutant of the 4th Hussars quartered at York. Playing from a handicap of 8, he might easily have found himself among the leaders but for a very bad round on Monday, when he admitted to nerves. As it was he lifted the fine cup presented by the National Playing Fields Society for the best handicap score. More may be heard of Armstrong, who has hunted all the winter and has only taken up golf seriously during the past few weeks. He intends to work hard at the game, and attributes his rapid improvement to many rounds played with Miss Rudgard, who, he says, "don't give much away." To sum him up, he is the hottest 8 I have struck for a long time.

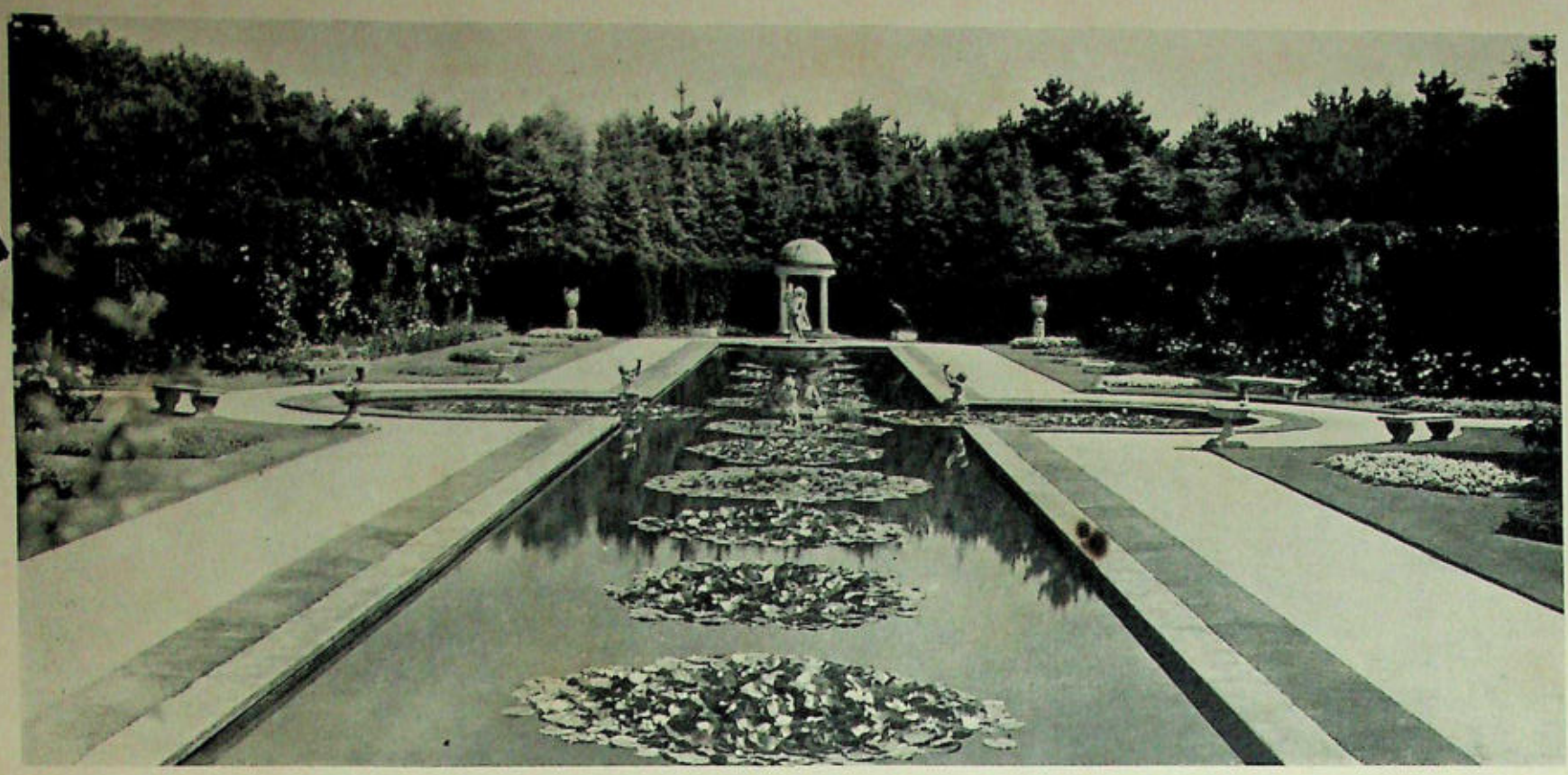
The final match for the Generals' Cup was won by Major-Gen. Sir Colin Mackenzie, who defeated Major-Gen. B. D. Fisher by five up and three to play.

In conclusion, Major Forbes Bell and his committee are to be congratulated on the arrangements. Hoylake hospitality is well known, and one very senior officer, who had had a terrible morning among the lions and tigers, paid tribute to it when he remarked on his way to luncheon, "A glass of good port does help one to hit the damn thing."

DAVEY [illegible]ENDER.



FIRST FOR THE SECOND SUCCESSIVE YEAR
Lieut. Reeves, by carrying off the Army Championship twice running, equalled a pre-War record



THE ITALIAN GARDEN AT COMPTON ACRES

A formal example of the "large, still pools in which, apart from the water plants, there is the beauty of trees and shrubs reflected in the water"

The COUNTRY HOUSE

SPRING PLANTING IN THE WATER GARDEN

Work to Be Done During May

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THIS IS A BUSY TIME for those who are making a water garden. Large, still pools in which, apart from the water plants, there is the beauty of trees and shrubs reflected in the water, are possible only in large gardens. But small water gardens are, I think, the source of the greatest pleasure to the owner. Even in a cement-lined pool measuring a few feet each way, or in tubs sunk in the ground, the small water-lilies—*N. odorata*, *N. Laydeckeri fulgens*, and *N. pygmæa*—can be grown.

The last week in April and the month of May are the best times for planting these. Tubs 18in. deep, or cement-lined pools of the same depth; but in either case they need full sun. It is useless to attempt growing water-lilies even in part shade, and most of the other aquatics are also sun lovers. One usually sees the advice to put an inch of well-rotted cow manure at the bottom, but a great expert on water gardens told me that in small pools coarse bonemeal only is safer. In any case, too much manure means plenty of leaf and few flowers. The bonemeal should be covered about 8in. with good loam.

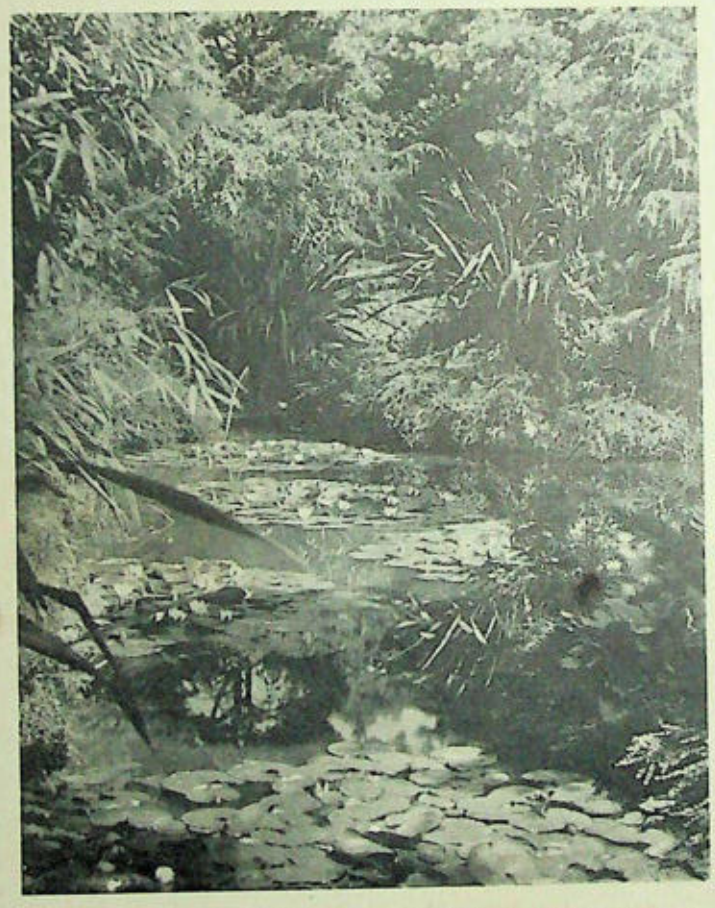
To keep the water sweet, golden carp or golden orfe should be added. The right proportion is an inch of fish to a gallon of water. Orfe are particularly good for keeping a pool clean, for they are very greedy. Their principal foods are the larvæ of the mosquito, the daphne of the water midge, and other animalculæ. Water snails and newts are useful, but not very attractive!

MAKING USE OF BOXES AND BASKETS

In natural pools, so long as they are not more than 2ft. deep, the roots can be planted straight into the mud, which is usually very rich. If more than 2ft. deep the roots are put in baskets with fibrous loam and sunk with a stone about 18in. deep, and then, when the plants are in full growth the baskets are removed. In cement-lined pools planting must be done in baskets which should be quite 9in. deep. If boxes are used they must have holes bored in them, otherwise the roots would rot. Baskets are better.

The choice of soil is very important. It must be good fibrous loam with about a handful of bonemeal. Some people allow one part cow manure to four parts loam and slightly less bonemeal than above. Like other plants, water lilies appreciate firm planting, their crowns just level with the rim of the basket. If the plants have been sent any distance it is important to unpack them as soon after they arrive as possible, otherwise the roots may rot after planting. When planted and thoroughly firmly packed and well tied in, the basket is weighted with a stone and placed in position.

In the case of tubs roots can be planted in the soil at the bottom, which must be quite 9in. deep, and good loam. Only about 3in. of water should be put in at first, and then as the stems lengthen more water added gradually. Putting more than one water lily in a tub is fatal for if the water is covered with leaves the sun cannot warm it; consequently flowering will be poor. For this reason, if the surface is covered with leaves in summer they have to be thinned. Usually the roots have to be divided every two years, but small water lilies, such as *N. pygmæa* can be left longer.



A LILY POND IN WHICH MUCH OF THE EFFECT DEPENDS ON OVERHANGING PLANTS

In some gardens tubs are skilfully sunk on slightly different levels, and so arranged that any overflow passes from one to another. The chief thing to avoid is planting anything near the tubs large enough to shade them. In many gardens there are shady pools which are impossible so far as most water lilies are concerned. *Nuphar advena*, the North American yellow water lily usually does well in such a position, and its big yellow flowers with red stamens are lovely.

Other useful water plants for tubs are the common flowering rush, *Butomus umbellatus*, which usually does best in deep rich soil. The North American *Pontederia cordata* (pickerel weed) is very effective, with its thick tufts of arrow-shaped leaves on long stems and its handsome blue spikes of flowers. The flowers are borne well above the water. *Limnocharis Humboldtii*, the lovely water-poppy, can be grown in a tub, but it will not survive the winter. This plant is only for the few, for it is usual to take the plants out of the warm aquatic house in May, and then they do well during the summer out of doors.

PLANTS FOR BOGGY GROUND

Boggy ground by the side of small natural ponds can always be made charming. *Iris Kæmpferi* really like to sit in the dry and dangle their roots in water, for they dislike moisture during the winter. *I. lævigata*, however, likes wet boggy ground. Then there are all the primulas—*P. japonica*, *P. Florindæ*, *P. pulverulenta*, and *P. sikkimensis*; also the rushes *Cyperus Brownii* and *Juncus glaucus*, the handsome sedges *Carex pendula* and *C. paniculata*, and for small plants *Dodecatheon Meadia*, *Myosotis palustris*, the double marsh marigold, *Caltha palustris fl. pl.*, and the delicate and lovely grass of Parnassus, *Parnassia palustris*, which one always associates with bogs in the Highlands of Scotland. Handsome as the double marsh marigold is, nothing, I think, compares with the shining glory of our native single kind. Like buttercups, however, one wants to see them in masses.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A Well-known Scottish Fishing

ABOUT 8,800 ACRES of land in Inverness-shire may change hands on May 10th, when Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley are to sell by auction the Loch Shiel estate and deer forest. The estate lies at the lower end of Loch Shiel, along which it extends for about ten miles, approximately 8,200 acres being either forest or hill grazing.

Dorlin House, which stands on the estuary, between the mouth of the Shiel river and the old castle of Tirrim, is also in the sale; it enjoys fine views over the old castle to the distant outer isles of Eig and Muck. Tirrim Castle dates from 1353, belonging originally to the Clan Ranald Macdonalds. It was occupied until after the rising in 1715, when the chief of the day ordered it to be set on fire to prevent occupation by the enemy.

With regard to sport, the estate offers a certain amount of deer and grouse shooting, but it is particularly notable for the fishing, which comprises the whole of the salmon fishing from the north bank of the River Shiel, and also in Loch Shiel.

FARMERS' HOPES OF THE RE-ORGANISATION COMMISSIONS

Business Men to Prepare Marketing Schemes—Problems of the Milk Industry—Quota for Bacon Imports

AFTER SOME WEEKS' DELAY, the Minister of Agriculture has announced the names of the two Commissions appointed under the Agricultural Marketing Act to prepare schemes for the regulation of the marketing of milk in England and Wales, and for the regulation of the marketing of pigs and pig products throughout Great Britain.

Sir Edward Grigg, lately Governor of Kenya Colony, is the chairman of the Milk Re-organisation Commission. The problems facing the milk industry are urgent and it is good to know that the



SIR EDWARD GRIGG
Chairman of the Milk Commission

chairman of this commission has a reputation for energy and expedition.

The other members of the commission are Professor Ashby, the agricultural economist at the University of Wales, who has served on various Royal Commissions and departmental inquiries on agricultural matters; Mr. F. N. Blundell, who as a Member of Parliament has been to the fore in agricultural matters and knows conditions in the dairy industry of the North of England; Mr. A. E. Cutforth, a partner in the firm of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., the chartered accountants, and Major-Gen. Sir Philip Nash, another business man who is well known in the electrical engineering world.

CUTTING THROUGH TO THE ESSENTIALS

Wisely, the Minister has chosen men for their business ability rather than a knowledge of milk production or distribution. With no preconceived ideas about the solution of the marketing problems of the dairy industry this commission should be able to cut through to the essentials straight away. It is likely that panels of experts who know the business of milk production, milk distribution and the manufacture of cheese, condensed milk and other products will be called into being by the commission for consultation.

Under the Agricultural Marketing Act the commission has powers to require evidence to be produced on oath from any section of the industry, which should enable an accurate picture to be drawn of the actual position, as the basis for recommending the fairest and most advantageous means of regulating supplies throughout the industry.

The trouble at present, as milk producers know to their cost, is that there is no effective co-ordination of supplies, and the price paid to many small dairy farmers has been forced down to a quite uneconomic level. Some buyers contrive to secure for much of the milk bought, ostensibly for manufacture at 6d. or 7d. a gallon, the full retail price of 2s. a gallon, which fully justifies a reasonable price to the producer.

Though for some years past the National Farmers' Union has come to a collective bargain with some of the distributive firms, mainly those concerned with the retail trade of London. There has never been any power to apply the terms of this agreement nationally, and many buyers have dictated their own prices to farmers without regard to the terms agreed in London.

After the disastrous muddle over prices during the past winter, it is more obvious than ever that the only course is for milk producers to take control of the milk market themselves by running a pool from which supplies can be allocated at fair prices between the distributing and manufacturing trades.

MILK PRODUCTION SHOULD PAY

To make a success of such an undertaking all producers would need to be brought into the scheme, and this is why most progressively-minded farmers welcome the setting up of this commission to prepare a scheme for the regulation of milk supply under the Marketing Act. They know that milk production should be a reasonably remunerative business in this country since very little fresh milk is imported, and it should be practicable to ensure a stable market for manufactured milk products by using tariffs or quotas to regulate imports of condensed milk and the like. Furthermore, a national organisation controlling the milk supply should by publicity be able to increase the consumption of fresh milk in this country, which is far below the figure for America and Scandinavia, where the public has been taught to appreciate the high food value of fresh milk.

All these things are possible, and dairy farmers are looking to the Milk Re-organisation Commission to provide them with a scheme under the Marketing Act which they can adopt and carry through to success.

Unfortunately, nothing can materialise before the present contracts expire, and producers have to face another tussle with milk buyers on the present unsatisfactory footing. Nevertheless, if the Re-organisation Commission makes good progress it may be possible for an interim report to be published in July to give producers an indication of the most useful line they can adopt in planning for the coming year. It may prove desirable that the existing contracts, unsatisfactory as they are, should be renewed for six months while a marketing scheme is going through the necessary stages of producers' polls, and approval by Parliament before it can become law. Or the business of the commission may take longer and milk producers may be advised to make contracts on the best terms they can for the full twelve months' period.

PIG BREEDERS HAVE TO MARK TIME

The other Re-organisation Commission under the Marketing Act that is to deal with pigs and pig products, has a more complicated task, which unfortunately for pig breeders is likely to take longer to complete.

Col. G. R. Lane Fox, who was Secretary for Mines in the last Conservative Government, is the chairman, and the other members of the commission are: Mr. H. G. Howitt, a chartered accountant; Lieut.-Col. Sir W. R. Portal, who combines commercial interests in London with the chairmanship of the Hampshire Agricultural Wages Committee; Mr. Jasper Ridley, a banker, and Sir W. Haldane.

This commission has to prepare a scheme for regulating the marketing of pigs and pig products throughout Great Britain and also to recommend the best means of effecting the quantitative control of imports. How long this business will take it is not possible to forecast, but obviously the imports question will prove most difficult.

To solve the domestic problems of the pig industry the commission will be able to draw on the recommendations of the Pig Industry Council, a body representing both pig breeders and bacon curers, which has been in existence for several years. Though the Minister of Agriculture has not seen fit to adopt the measures proposed by the council, which he might have done if the Government had been prepared to impose some control over imports without further palaver, the Pig Industry Council, and especially its chairman, Lord Radnor, deserve the thanks of the farming community for the hard work they have put into showing that the pig industry only needs reasonable security in the home market and safeguards against the dumping of subsidised bacon from Poland and Lithuania to develop into a national asset of first importance.

SUGAR BEET POLICY

Why State Aid is Still Necessary

ONLY ONE ITEM in the Budget gave farmers any cause for cheerfulness, and this was the Chancellor of the Exchequer's announcement that the Government could not possibly contemplate with equanimity the collapse of the sugar beet industry under the strain of abnormally low world prices for sugar. A remission of excise is to be afforded for the present season to bring the State assistance to this industry up to the level of last year. Furthermore, a commission is to be appointed to review the prospects of the beet industry when the Subsidy Act expires in 1934.

Putting on one side all reflections of the wisdom shown in framing the Sugar Subsidy Act on which the new industry was founded, the plain fact stands that there has been created a joint agricultural and industrial organisation which is able to produce over 400,000 tons of sugar per annum—an amount approximating to 20 per cent. of our national consumption. To provide this, 40,000 British farmers have grown 350,000 acres of beet for eighteen factories which have cost £9,000,000 to erect. With regard to employment, during the campaign of 1930 factories gave employment to 9,900 workers and a permanent staff of 645 technical and other officials. In the previous year it was estimated that over £2,500,000 was expended on farm wages on the crop. So much for figures.

After a maximum of eight years' experience—in many cases only four years—it can be said, from the factories' point of view, that the British farmer is a good producer, showing enthusiasm



COL. G. R. LANE FOX
Chairman of the Pig Commission

for the new crop. In all the factory areas there are groups of growers who to-day produce crops equal to their Continental competitors.

Why, then, the question is asked, is it necessary to subsidise the industry to enable the beet factories to pay the farmer a price which makes it worth his while growing a crop? The answer is that to-day approximately 80 per cent. of the world production of sugar, both beet and cane, is subsidised or protected.

The reason why all Governments favour the beet crop is not to be found mainly in considerations of financial policy, but rather on the score of the agricultural and social welfare of their countries. Beet growing is an important factor in intensive agriculture.

cracks promises to be the leading feature of the race.

Among the colts who finished behind the winner last week Dastur is greatly improved, and it will be a sign of confidence in him if he is preferred in the Derby to his stable companions, Firdaussi and Bulandshar. Hesperus agreeably surprised his trainer by running third in the Two Thousand, as, while he was known to be a really good colt, he ex as thought to be too backward to qualify for ele ace honours on this occasion. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that Hesperus will be seen to further advantage in the Derby, for which, according to present plans, he is to be reserved instead of running for the Newmarket Stakes next week.

Orwell's only engagement before the Derby is in the Royal Standard Stakes, a valuable mile race at Manchester on May 18th, but we are not likely to see him again until Epsom. In the meantime there will be no end to the discussions on his staying powers. Mr. J. Lawson's task will be to keep him at the top of his form, not altogether a simple matter in the case of a colt who has come so quickly to hand this year.

It is not to be supposed that Orwell will be s ubmitted at home to more than one searching test of stamina before the Derby, as it would be absurd to run the risk of leaving the race on the trial ground. Our own belief is that the son of Gainsborough will produce the necessary stamina at Epsom, and we think he will eventually qualify to rank as possibly the best thoroughbred of this decade. In make and shape one could not find a more suitable colt for the Derby course, and his ability to quicken his pace at any stage of the race was strikingly illustrated in the Guineas.

KANDY AND HER STAMINA

"Thank goodness for that!" was the remark of one prominent trainer after the One Thousand when he heard that Kandy had been struck out of the Oaks. If this filly could outstay her English rivals over the Rowley Mile, what would she be likely to do with them with a further half-mile to travel at Epsom? One has only to glance at the breeding of Kandy to perceive the sources from which she derives her stamina. Her sire, Alcantara II., won the French Derby, as did his sire Perth, a horse descended in male line from Galopin, and he won the Grand Prix as well. Kizil Kourgan, the dam of Kandy's mother, was another Grand Prix winner. The pedigree, indeed, is full of staying blood.

Among the fillies who finished behind the One Thousand winner, the second, Thorndean, appears to have the best chance in the Oaks, for while the third, Safe Return, was backward (her trainer stated that he wished he could have had another three weeks with her), it must be confessed that her pedigree does not appeal as likely to be that of an Oaks winner.

It was unfortunate that Orta, being off colour, could not take her place in the field for the One Thousand. This daughter of Solario may not have stayed better than the same owner's Thorndean; but last season Orta was reckoned distinctly the better of the two Manton fillies, and it is to be hoped that she will have the opportunity in the Oaks of showing that she is the best of her sex in this country.

THE TRUE VALUE OF ORPEN

His Future Promise as a Sire

WIDE DIFFERENCES OF OPINION were expressed as to how much Orpen would make before he came into the sale ring last week. The price actually given for him by Sir Alfred Butt 6,600 guineas—slightly exceeded the general estimate, though one bidder stated afterwards that he would not have allowed him to go at that figure but for being unable to make up his mind about one of the colt's joints. Well, Orpen's legs have served him staunchly enough so far in his racing career, and they will probably hold good for the rest of his life in training.

With a little luck Sir Alfred Butt should recover a good proportion of the purchase price on the racecourse and then Orpen will still be worth a considerable sum at the stud. The Solario-Gainsborough blood is the fashionable blood just now, and it is fair to add that it has attained that distinction through genuine merit of performance on the only place that counts—the racecourse.

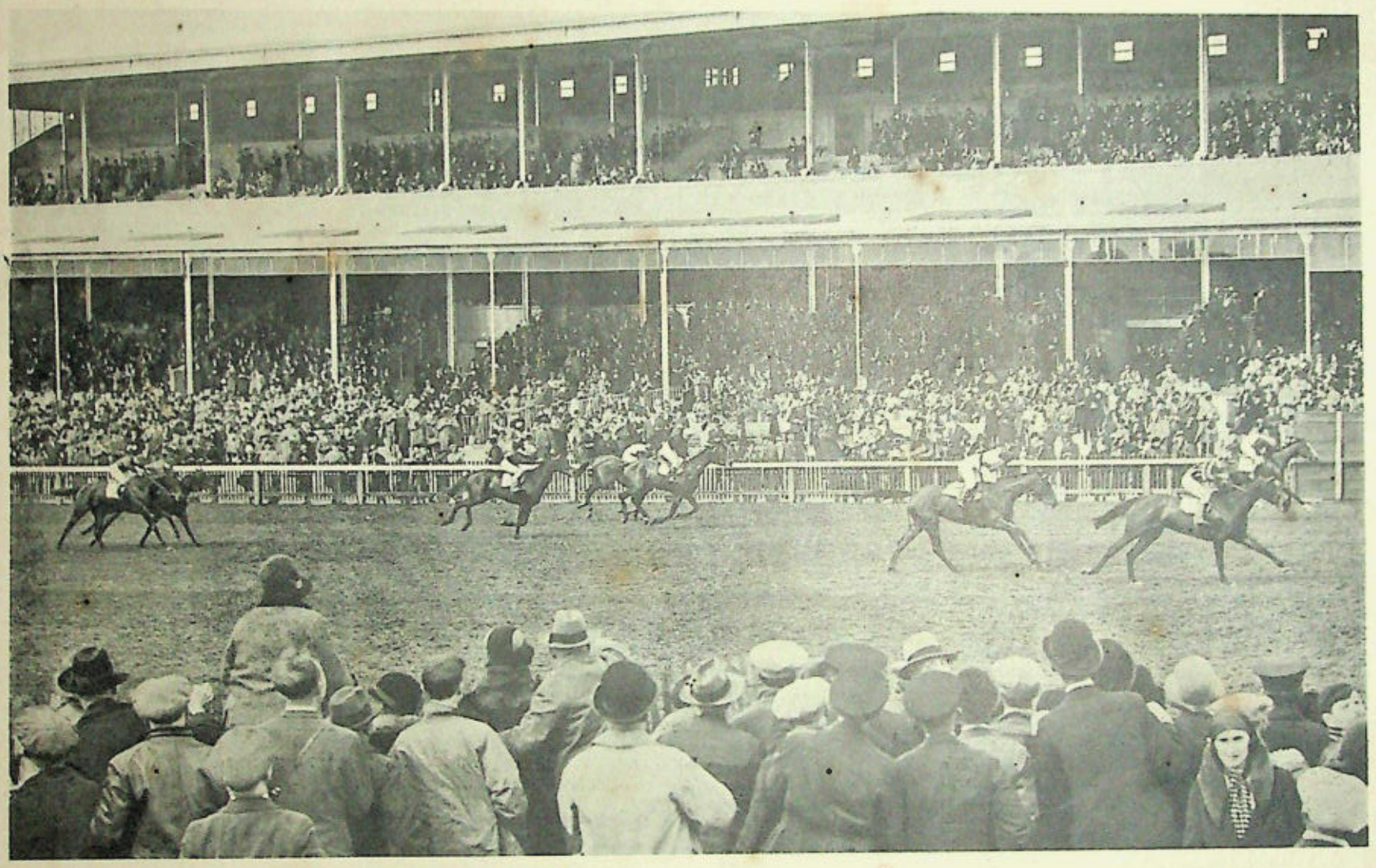
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S PURCHASE

Without being imposing in appearance—the best of this breed seem to be of medium size—Orpen is true of build. He has gained in substance, and power since last year, and promises to furnish into a most attractive sire. His honesty on the course has been proved beyond question and we think he will make a successful stallion. Incidentally Mr. H. M. Benson, who is forming a stud at Newmarket, was the under bidder for him.

Andrea at 2,200gs. fetched rather less than we had expected. Mr. Jack Jarvis, who bought him, transferred him a little later to the Duke of Marlborough, who has sent this maiden son of Solario to the hands of Capt. Percy Whitaker. This trainer is to be congratulated on his success with Knight Error in the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park. A colt who moves so well as Andrea can scarcely fail to win his share of races.

Raymond, a well-grown son of Gainsborough out of Nipisiquit, reckoned the pick of the late Sir John Rutherford's two-year-olds, was secured for a new patron of the Manton stable at 4,500gs., a figure that suggests that so far as promising young horses are concerned the depression in prices is passing. In addition to getting him back, Mr. J. Lawson will also continue to train Earlston for the time being, Sir Victor Sassoon being the new owner of this backward but racing-like brother to Andrea. Sir Frederick Freake, who bought Speckle for 1,150gs., has sent that charming filly back to Manton.

It is satisfactory to know that under the conditions of the sale of Solario on July 11th, that horse must remain in England until after the breeding season of 1933, for which 37 subscriptions have been booked to him at 500gs. The strong demand for his services at so big a fee shows that even in these times breeders regard Solario as being good value for money.



A FRENCH VICTORY IN THE 1,000 GUINEAS

Kandy (Alcantara II.—Kiao Tchau) winning the first of the fillies' classics at Newmarket, from Thorndean and Safe Return, in the colours of M. E. de St. Alary. Kandy returns to France at once to take part in the French 1,000 Guineas

NEW RULES FOR PETERBOROUGH

Measurements for Harriers

MAJOR H. A. BIRKBECK was elected President of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, at the annual general meeting held at Messrs. Tattersall's recently. Capt. J. Otho Paget proposed that Mr. J. Pawle be re-elected as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. Lady Maud Baillie seconded. Mr. Pawle consented to continue as Secretary for 1932/33.

The following recommendations by the General Committee for revising the harrier classes at Peterborough for 1932 were announced:—

That the height for harriers should be limited to 20in.

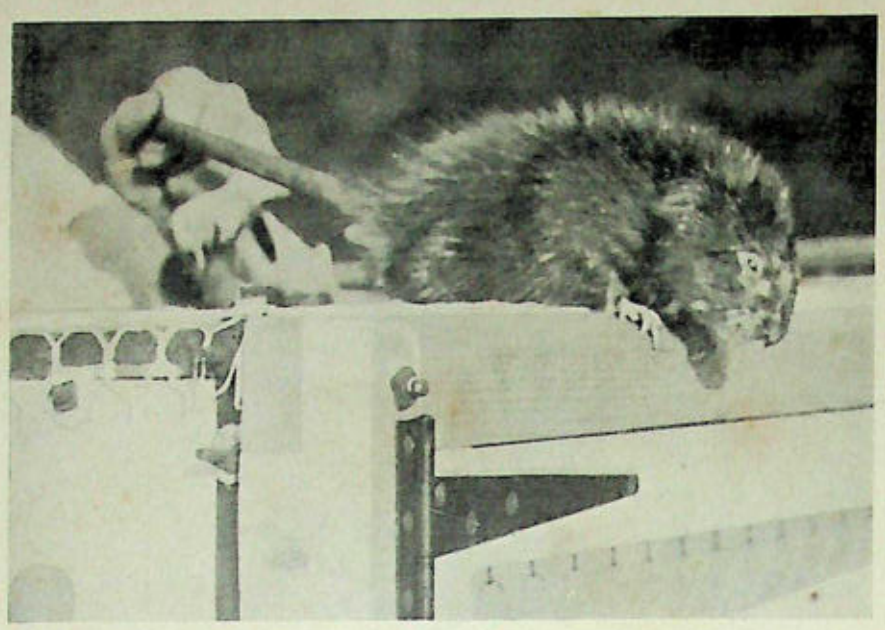
That no entries should be allowed unless three enter in each class, with the exception of the last class.

The following judges were selected for the Peterborough Show: Harriers—Mr. C. Hilton Green, Major Brian Tinker; Beagles—Dog Hounds, Mr. Philip C. Turner and Mr. K. G. Poland; Bitch Hounds, Major H. A. Birkbeck and Mr. N. Lloyd.

The official measurer, Flight-Lieut. Pyper and Capt. J. Otho Paget demonstrated the new measuring stand, and it was agreed that this should be adopted for Peterborough.

THE MUSK RAT DANGER

An Unwanted Addition to Our Fauna That Must Be Checked in Time



AN ESCAPED MUSK RAT IN CUSTODY

FARMERS IN SHROPSHIRE already speak of the musk rat as a serious menace, and there seems to be a great degree of justification for their alarm.

At a recent Farmers' Union meeting in Shrewsbury, one member whose farm is close to the Severn said that there is not a pool on his land but is inhabited by musk rats. He had shot three during a week, but some concerted measures, it is felt, will have to be taken if the numbers are to be sensibly reduced.

At present the part of Shropshire chiefly affected is the land bordering on the Severn between Melverley and Leaton, a stretch of about 20 miles north of Shrewsbury. It is said that musk rats have been seen in large numbers in the town of Shrewsbury itself, but this is not confirmed.

FEARS OF EXTENSIVE FLOODING

Melverley, a low-lying district at the confluence of the Severn and the Vyrnwy, is subject to floods so seriously and regularly that it is locally known as "Melverley God Help Us." It is protected by a dyke system known as the Argoed or "Argy," and there are grave apprehensions that this may be dangerously weakened if musk rats are allowed full scope to breed and do all the damage they are capable of.

The loss amounting to thousands of pounds caused recently a few miles up the river (at Pool Quay) is still fresh in people's minds, and alarm at anything tending to weaken the defences against flood is understandable. If the musk rats continue their progress up the Vyrnwy they will arrive at the lake of that name which is the source of Liverpool's water supply.

The problem is being tackled at the moment, but no active steps have been taken yet. The agricultural committee of the county council will in due course receive a report from the Land Drainage Sub-Committee, who are now considering the matter. What steps they have in mind are not known yet.

One official told me that if the rats went on increasing in number they would do as much harm in a week as the authorities could repair in a year. There seems little doubt that they have been increasing very rapidly. A farmer I know says that if attention had been directed to them six months ago, they could have been got in hand by now.

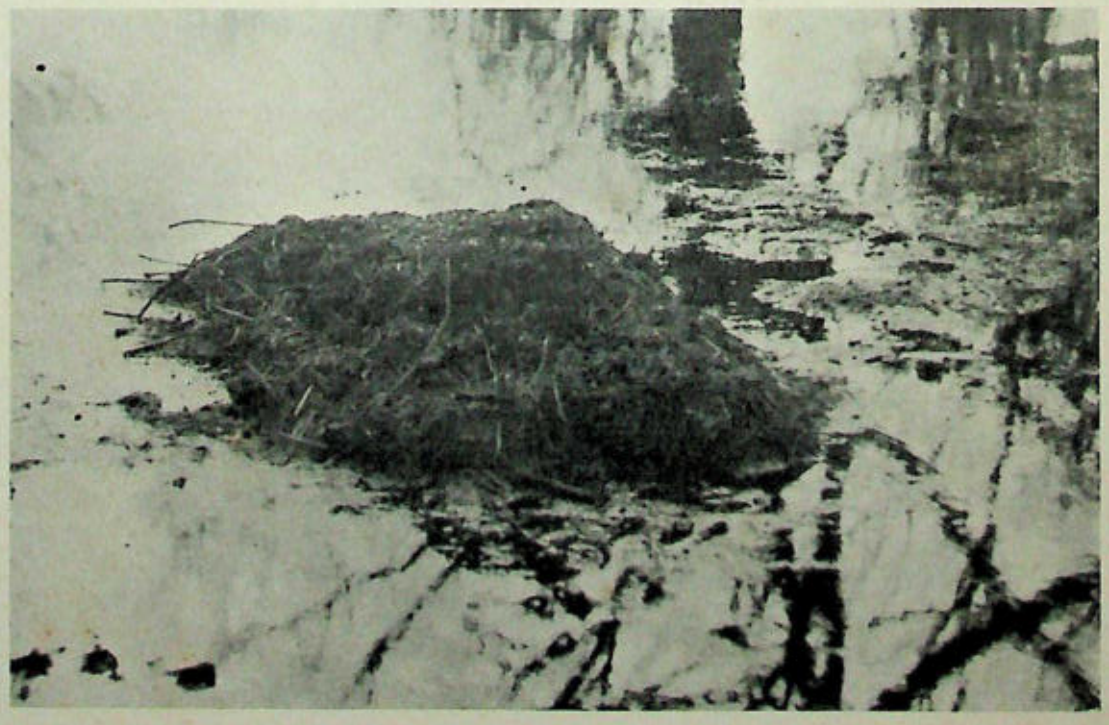
Musk rats were first introduced into Shropshire about two-and-a-half years ago when a consignment of 200 were brought over from Northern Ontario. Previous to this musk rats in captivity in this country had been kept in tanks or cages. These, however, were turned into a large pool on the owner's fur farm. Much care was devoted to their safe keeping, and an elaborate wire fence was made to encircle the pool.

One of the accompanying photographs shows a specimen of our naturalised Shropshire musk rat. He was in a villainous temper when it was taken, swore like a trooper throughout the process, and displayed a set of teeth calculated to inspire the most reckless with respect. In short, he looked an ugly customer and well able to make himself unpleasant, and not only to river banks. SALOP.



A POOL FROM WHICH IT SEEMS MUSK RATS COULD NOT ESCAPE

Great care was taken on this Shropshire fur farm to keep the animals within bounds by means of wire fencing



A MUSK RAT'S "HOUSE" IN SHROPSHIRE

This mass of mud, reeds and twigs, built in a shallow pool, contains the musk rat's "living room"

HOW TO RECOGNISE THE MUSK RAT

Why it is a Menace to Our Countryside

By R. I. POCOCK, F.R.S.

TO MOST PEOPLE the musquash, or musk rat as it is often called from its scent, is known only from its beautiful, brown-furred pelts, which are extensively used for the lining of men's overcoats, or the outer covering of ladies' cloaks. But anyone acquainted with the animal life of our countryside can picture what a living musquash is like by imagining a common water rat, or water vole, as large as a small rabbit, about a foot long, that is to say, from nose to rump, with girth to match and a tail some 10in. in length.

The animal, indeed, is a gigantic cousin of our water vole, but is somewhat better equipped for aquatic life, especially in having the tail relatively longer and flattened from side to side to act as a powerful propeller in the water.

The original home of the musquash is North America, where it has an extensive range from the borders of the Arctic Circle in the north to Texas in the south, and across the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

In this power of adaptation to varied conditions of temperature and climate, coupled with an omnivorous diet of animal and vegetable food, roots, sedges, mussels, fish and the like, with great fertility, attested by two or three litters of six or more young in the season, and with secretive habits in an environment difficult of access, is to be found the explanation of the musquash's success in life, despite the relentless persecution of the fur trade to which it has been subjected for half a century and more. Millions of its skins have been annually exported, without appreciably affecting the abundance of the species in its native haunts.

HOMES OF TWO SORTS

Although occasionally found away from water, it is mainly restricted to an aquatic habitat, living in swampy country or alongside sluggish rivers and streams, and, like the beaver, the musquash makes two kinds of homes. In the swamps it frequently builds "houses" of sedge, with the dwelling-chamber at the top, jutting 2ft. or more above the surface.

But in the river banks it digs burrows with the entrance or entrances below water level, and the main passages sloping upwards to a large chamber which may have supplementary passages radiating from it. Clearly this extensive and concealed tunnelling may seriously affect the stability of a river bank.



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Should Nesting Birds be Destroyed by Poison?

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What was the reason? I could think of only one. Rooks travel long distances out from the rookery in search of food, and it has been a difficult spring—just one of those springs in which rooks do damage to farmers' crops because they are unable to find the grubs which form their natural food. Is it possible, then, that these rooks had flown out one morning to farm fields at a distance, and there had picked up poisoned grain? That would account for the wholesale destruction of the population of a rookery. And if the rooks have actually been destroyed in this way is there any remedy?

It is a subject full of difficulty, an initial problem being the evidence of actual poisoning. Where are the dead rooks, and if any dead rooks are found, to which rookery did they belong? And if they were poisoned, under what conditions was the poison laid down? You are back with the difficulty confronting the owner of game who believes that his game has been deliberately poisoned. By the Game Act, 1831, s. 3, it is enacted that "if any person, with intent to destroy or injure any game, shall at any time put or cause to be put, any poison or poisonous ingredient *on* any ground, whether open or inclosed, where game usually resort—or in any highway—he shall be liable on conviction to a penalty not exceeding £10 and costs."

NEEDLESS CONFUSION

But matters are not as simple as that. And they seem to be quite needlessly confused. By another Act of Parliament (26 & 27 Vict. c. 113) provision is made against the destruction of other birds, whether game or not, poultry and other animals, through the use of poison intended for, say, sparrows or other pests. This is section 3:

"Every person who shall knowingly and wilfully sow, cast, set, lay, put, or place—or cause to be sown, cast, set, laid, put or placed, into, in, or upon any ground or other exposed places or situation, any [illegible] grain, seed, or meal which has been so steeped or dipped in poison, or with which poison or any ingredient or preparation has been so mixed as thereby to render such grain, seed, or meal poisonous, and calculated to destroy life, shall, upon a summary conviction thereof, as hereinafter provided, forfeit any sum not exceeding ten pounds."

The verbiage is wonderful, but would you not suppose from reading the section that any farmer sowing poisoned grain in a farm field would be liable to a penalty of £10? You would be wrong in doing so, however, for the next section upsets the whole thing. Section 4 enacts that:

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What, then, is forbidden in the putting down of poison? What is the intention of the Act? Is it really intended to prevent the destruction of birds? If so, the question arises, what other purpose can a farmer have, when he sows poisoned grain, except the destruction of birds? He may want to poison rooks, which will pick up sown grain, or he may want to destroy woodpigeons, which would pick up any grain accidentally scattered over the sown surface (and so would other birds, such as nesting chaffinches)—but clearly he foresees and provides for the death of birds by poison.

No doubt to the farmer the wholesale poisoning of rooks or any other birds seems just as hateful a business as it seems to me, but he would personally ask in reply in what way he is to protect his crops against destruction. And once more, with this question of wholesale poisoning of colonies of nesting birds, the necessity is apparent of a measure which has been advocated in the *Field* over and over again for the past twenty years, which has been tried by the Ministry of Agriculture in two or three counties, and which obviously ought to be extended to the whole country—the whole area of farming land over Great Britain.

That is, of course, a census of rookeries. If in each county the rookeries with their numbers of nests could be counted up year after year, these numbers could be compared with the area of farmland under tillage. We should then know whether in this or that neighbourhood there are too many rooks for the natural food supply, and by ascertaining in what districts rooks do harm, and in what others they are harmless, we could take steps for their destruction, or for reducing their numbers, wherever necessary. And those steps could and would be humane. Shooting or trapping would be the obvious remedy. We should rightly forbid, what at present the law allows, the destruction of nesting rooks, it may be of parent rooks with young rooks in the nest, by the mediæval torture of poison.

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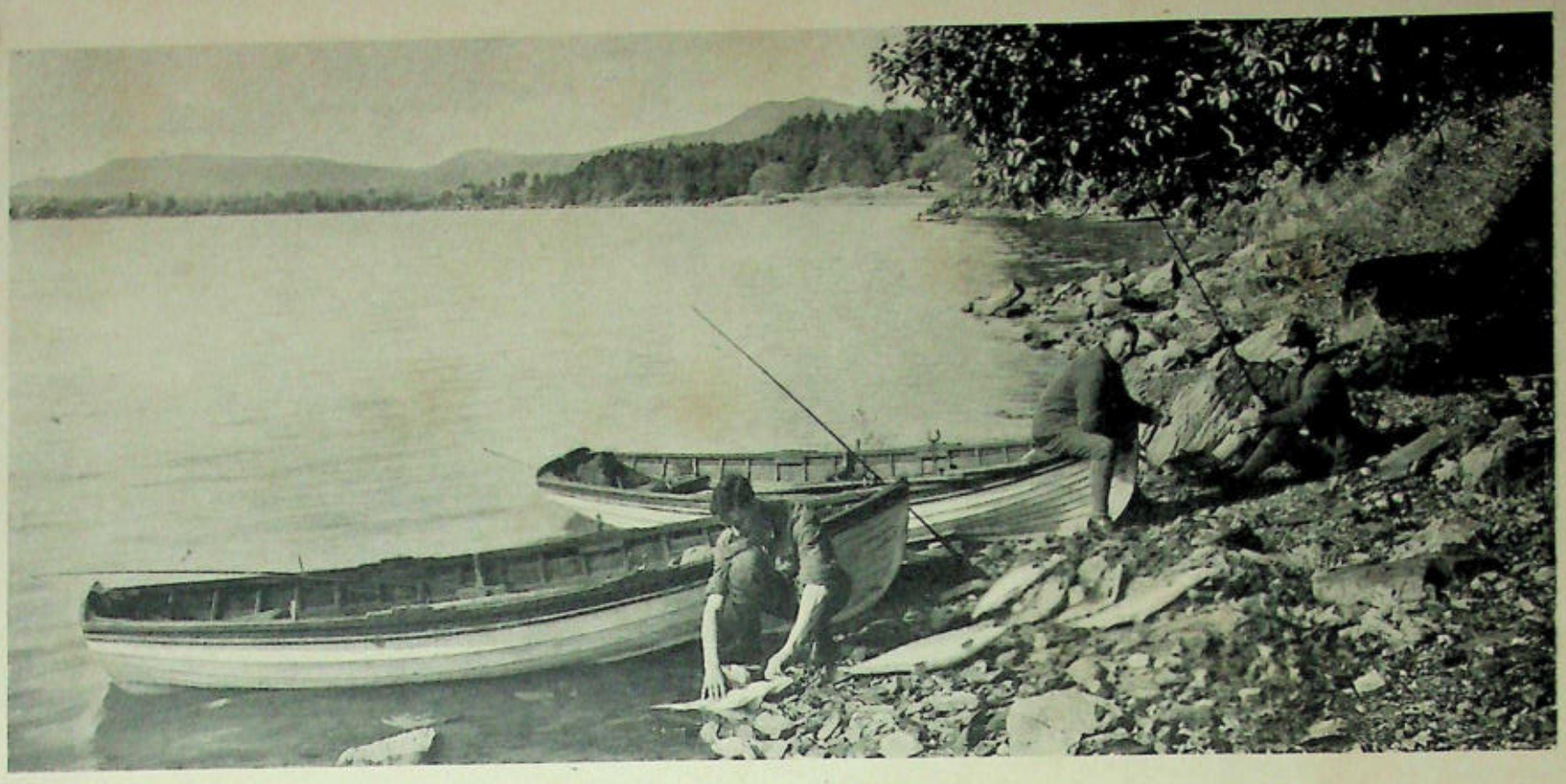
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As the boat moved slowly along I made a few casts merely to straighten out the gut and to keep it well soaked, and pointed out to Joe (my gillie) several nice rises, asking him to pull towards them, but he remarked that it would only be a waste of time, as he did not think the fish were there in sufficient numbers to warrant this. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when I made another cast, and immediately the fly touched the water I saw a huge boil and struck instinctively.

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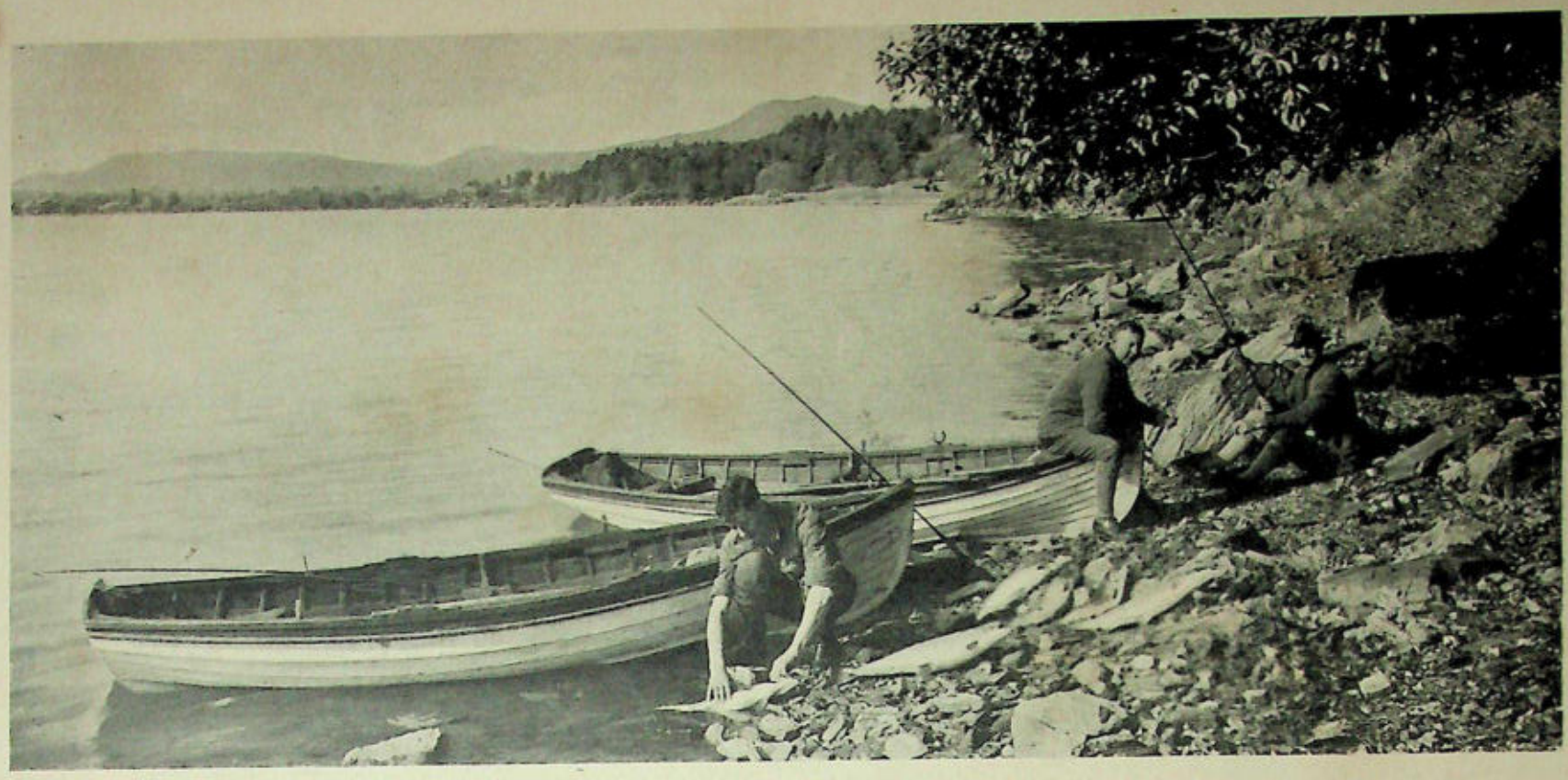
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Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xiv. and xv. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xiv.; "Hotels and Fishings," page xiii.; "Fishings for Sale and [illegible] pages iii., vi. and vii.; "Pisciculture," [illegible] xiv.



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JOHN BICKERDYKE.

British Fly and Bait Casting Association.—We are asked to announce that the date of the committee meeting of the association, which was to have been held on May 19th, is now altered to May 10th, at 4, Fetter Lane, as before. The principal business will be to discuss the draft programme for the tournament to be held on the Colne at Thorney Weir in July.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xiv. and xv. For advertisements o, "Angling Requisites," see page xiv.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xiii. · "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iii., vi. and vii.; "Pisciculture," [illegible] xiv.

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

AGRICULTURE AT OTTAWA

R,—Your leading article referring to the awa Conference is a most timely warning to culturists.

pparently the idea is that the British delegation oing to offer the Dominions certain quotas or ffs on non-Empire foodstuffs in return for the erential admission of British goods into their itories.

/ithout in any way wishing to deprecate this ellent proposal, I cannot refrain from pointing that it does not seem to have occurred to our ticians to find out before going to Ottawa what Bi. ish agriculture if restored to prosperity has to offer the manufacturing interests.

Given but a reasonable price for all cereals and the livestock to consume them (which need not involve any serious increase whatever in the retail prices of bread and meat), mechanisation, now in its infancy, will make rapid strides. If only half of the cultivable land in Great Britain and Ireland, approximately seven million acres, was mechanised at a cost of £4 per acre, there would be an immediate order to be placed with the depressed engineering industries of £28,000,000 at once. This would obviously help the machine tools trade, coal trade, rail and road transport, and give employment to thousands in the towns.

As for the displacement of labour in the country by mechanisation, I find that it is merely a bogey, as, although the labour on 500 acres of arable can be cut down to two men (at 30 per cent. higher wages than others), the number of men that would have to be employed on pigs and poultry alone would be greater than those hitherto employed under the old methods, and I should have to build cottages to house them, again giving employment to the building and allied trades.

The increased annual production, which has been estimated by competent authorities at £200,000,000, is equal to two-and-a-half times the trade with India, and it seems hardly necessary to point out what this means to every trade in the country.

Probably, too, the city financiers would find a more profitable field for their investments in this country than in others, where their creditors have defaulted, or where the exchange restrictions prevent repayments; or, finally, where, if paid at all, they can only be paid in dumped goods, which spell ruin for both Agriculture and Industry.

Is it too late for the Government to call a conference of all those most competent to speak for agriculture to see what they could do, just as the great engineering firms were called together during the War to produce munitions? It would be found that Agriculture and Agriculture alone in this country could produce the munitions of peace and prosperity for which the whole country has yearned so long.

Of course, any deficit in our supplies should be made good by the Dominions, but do not let us throw away the substance for what may prove to be a shadow.

Yours truly,
Linkenholt Manor, R. DUDLEY.
Andover, Hants.

A DEFENCE OF THE MODERN STEEPLE CHASE JOCKEY

SIR,—It seems the aim of all racing correspondents to wage war against the methods of our steeple chase jockeys. These writers are, presumably, quite ignorant of practical race-riding, as they affirm that jockeys ride short in steeple chases because it is fashionable to do so. Jockeys ride for their livelihood, after all, so it is hardly likely that they would jeopardise their efficiency and, incidentally, their limbs merely to be in the fashion.

No, jockeys ride as they do, because it is the best way, for the following reasons:

(1) The weight is forward over the horse's withers, and the jockey can keep very still between fences, which is impossible if the legs are dangling down on either side of his horse.

(2) Going at racing pace a horse needs very little indication from the leg to lengthen his stride and to keep him straight, and this is well within the compass of the jockey with short stirrups.

(3) Over a fence, the jockey leans slightly back and pushes his feet forward in the stirrup irons. If the horse needs more rein he pulls it through the jockey's fingers. The reins can be gathered in a second as the horse gallops on after his jump. In the event of a peck or a mistake, the jockey is in a very strong position and he allows the horse all the rein he wants to recover himself. There is no such thing as a rider keeping a horse on its legs by strength or horsemanship. The best he can do is to leave the horse to recover itself, which he is in an admirable position to do.

When one of these critics next goes out for a hack, let him pull up his stirrups as short as the average jockey does. Then, as his horse walks along, let him put his legs forward and, by pushing his body forward, let him try and fall off. He will find it nearly impossible.

Then, with long stirrups, let him try and fall off. He will find it very easy. I think it can be depended on that the steeple chase jockey rides with short stirrups because it is the best way to ride—not the fashionable way.

Yours truly,
Meerut, India. AMATEUR.

FOX BARKING WHILE BEING HUNTED

SIR,—While hunting with a pack of hounds in Hampshire, of which I am honorary whipper-in, on March 22nd, a most curious incident occurred, and I wondered if any of your other readers have ever had a similar experience.

After quite a good hunt of over an hour the pack were hunting in a very large wood just over the hunt boundary, and hounds had divided. I went off to stop one lot, and when I came up with them I saw the fox cross the ride about 300yds. or 400yds. in front of hounds. I rode down the ride to intercept the hounds, and as I was waiting on the spot where the fox had crossed there was a momentary lull in the cry of the hounds and I distinctly heard the fox give two sharp barks. There was very little scent, and both fox and hounds were travelling quite slowly. The fox would only have been about 100yds. or so from me. I thought at the time it might have been a cur-dog, but there was not a cottage within half-a-mile of the place, and the underwood was short and thin, and I am certain I would have seen a dog had one been there, but apart from that a fox has a most distinctive bark which I am sure I could not mistake. After this incident I stopped the hounds and took them on.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. "WHIP."

HIBERNATING FROGS

SIR,—I thought it was a well-established fact that frogs hibernate on land in damp holes and crevices. I must admit that I cannot recollect ever finding frogs in such situations, but I have found toads and newts (the indirect evidence of the latter is important because newts are at all times more aquatic than frogs).

What is the evidence for the belief that frogs hibernate under water? First, Bell. To my mind the passage quoted makes it pretty obvious that Bell was very ingeniously misled by mere appearances. Like every casual observer, he was struck by the fact that on the first approach of spring large numbers of frogs appear suddenly at the margins of the most isolated ponds. They were never seen striking an overland route, but invariably appeared from the centre of the pond swimming towards the shallows. When disturbed they returned to the depths. "On the approach of winter . . . in the mud at the bottom of the water . . . they congregate in multitudes, embracing each other so closely as to appear almost as one continuous mass. . . ." Bell never saw this at the bottom of a pond in winter. It is an analogy suggested by what he did see at the surface in spring, *i.e.*, frogs concentrated round the margins of a pond, rising to the surface in embraces and close-packed formation; in other words, the ordinary routine of spawning.

Secondly, we have the evidence of frogs observed under water in mid-winter by Levy, and the one found in a pond at Reigate, as quoted in your article. It is significant that Levy's frogs were seen *swimming* under water *during a frost*, because frost is just the one condition that might induce frogs to cease hibernating on land and trust themselves *temporarily* to a roving life at the bottom of a pond where the water does not freeze. In any case I see nothing extraordinary in an occasional frog being found alive under water during a frost. Carp and goldfish have occasionally been found alive above water during a frost. We do not, therefore, infer that fish hibernate on land!

Previous to reading your article, if anyone had suggested that frogs hibernate under water, I should have thought it about as probable as the ancient belief that swallows do the same thing. Obviously there can be no disputing the authority of the South Kensington Museum, but to my layman's mind it presents a complete paradox! I have always understood that the metamorphosis of *Rana temporaria* from tadpole to frog involves the elimination of the gills, which are replaced by lungs fully adapted to respiration on land, although the animal does not rely on them entirely, as it derives a certain amount of oxygen through its moist skin. At this point there is a great temptation to launch into technicalities. I will refrain. The question is this: Does an adult frog lose its gills or does it not? If so, what enables it to breathe under water? If the authorities insist that a frog can breathe under water, how do they explain the fact that frogs placed in a water butt will drown in a few hours? (Admittedly I trust to the accuracy of my youthful impressions.)

But the last word has not been said on this interesting subject. It is the zoologists who have led us astray, and I think they ought now to put us right. It is amazing that there should be so much uncertainty about the life history of an animal which is so often taken as a type to illustrate vertebrate physiology. After all, the scientists have a certain duty towards the general public and particularly towards such painstaking private investigators as yourself.

Yours, etc.,
Linford, EDMUND MUSPRATT.
Ringwood, New Forest.

SIR,—My experience justifies *Bell's History*. In January this year I ran the water out of a small spring-fed pond in order to dig the mud out. In so doing I dug out, not an isolated frog, but dozens. Their appearance was not attractive—discoloured, and skinny—but all alive, though showing very little energy.

Yours faithfully,
Caistor Old Hall, H. C. DAVIES.
Norwich.

EXPORT OF PEDIGREE CATTLE

SIR,—I was much interested to read the articles on pedigree stock exports appearing in your issue of April 23rd.

The Shorthorn Society has always been alive to the extreme desirability of facilitating the export trade in pedigree livestock from this country to the Dominions. It has on more than one occasion approached those Dominion Governments which at present refuse to accept the London Quarantine Station as a sufficient guarantee against a possible introduction of disease, with a view to securing recognition by those Governments of the London Quarantine Station.

Further, the Shorthorn Society has recently made representations through the National Cattle Breeders' Association to the Ministry of Agriculture, that the whole question of pedigree livestock exports to the Dominions should find a place on the Agenda for the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa, and the National Cattle Breeders' Association at its annual general meeting has on its agenda a motion by this society couched in the following terms: "That the British Government be requested to urge upon the Dominions and Colonies the desirability of discussing at the Ottawa Conference the granting of greater facilities for the export of pedigree cattle by the recognition by them of the services of our quarantine station, and the restoration as soon as possible of subsidised freights, or any other means."

As the National Cattle Breeders' Association represents practically the whole of the cattle breed societies in this country, it is to be hoped that any representations which it may make to the Ministry of Agriculture on this subject will receive due consideration.

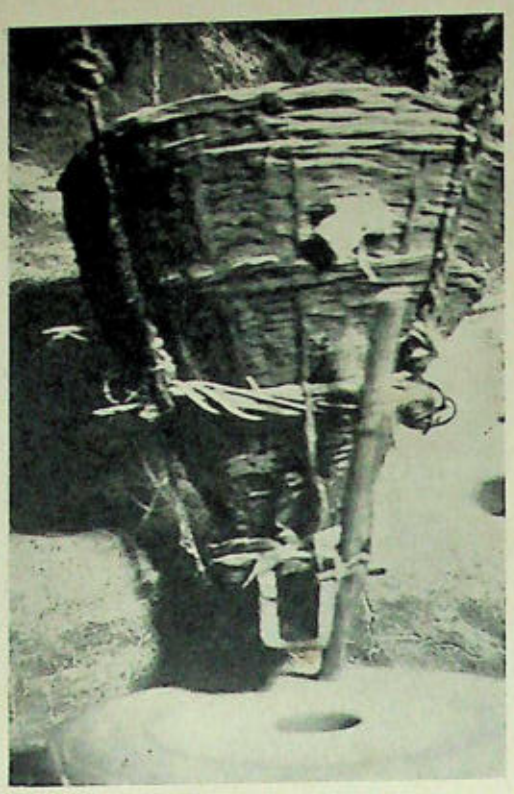
Yours truly,
12, Hanover Square, V. H. SEYMOUR,
London, W. 1. Secretary, Shorthorn Society.

ELEPHANTS SWIMMING

SIR,—I noticed in your issue of December 26th 1931, p. 950, a photograph, taken from the air, of elephants swimming the Nile, in which three tuskers have their heads and tusks well up out of the water. The Indian elephant, domesticated and, I think, the wild also, if a tusker, swims with his head almost completely submerged; it being generally understood that the head is forced down by the weight of the tusks. The tip of his trunk appears a few feet in front like a periscope, for breathing. The females usually swim with the head up, only taking occasional plunges for amusement.

I should be interested to know whether it is normal for an African tusker elephant to swim with his head up. In the picture in question, shallow water or fright from the aeroplane may be the explanation.

Yours truly,
MAURICE R. BARLOW.
Inywa, Katha District, Upper Burma.



MILLING ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER
(See Letter "An Ingenious Indian Grinding Machine")

AN INGENIOUS INDIAN GRINDING MACHINE

SIR,—As a contrast to our own modern methods of milling, I am sending you a photograph of a crude, yet ingenious, grinding machine commonly used by the natives in the foothills of the N.W. Frontier. The photograph is not a very good one, but is the best that could be obtained in the circumstances.

The whole affair is housed in a rough mud hut, beneath which a small stream runs. Across the stream is built a strong wooden frame. A grindstone with a hollow top, and a hole through the centre, is laid on the frame and the hole made to coincide with a similar one in the frame. On top of this another grindstone is laid. The underside of it is shaped to fit the top of the bottom one, as in the sketch. Through the centre and out one end of it runs a hollow bamboo shaft, and just where the bamboo enters the stone there are several holes. The shaft passes through the hole in the bottom stone and the frame, and a wooden propeller is fixed to it. The stream turns the propeller and thus makes the top stone revolve. A pointed stake is fitted into the hollow shaft, and the point is made to come about half way through the thickness of the top stone.

A cone-shaped basket, with a small hole in the end, is slung from the roof directly over the grindstones.

Fixed to the side of the basket and touching the top stone is a stick. The basket is filled with maize and the vibration of the stick on the revolving grindstone shakes the maize through the hole in the basket. It falls into the hole in the top stone, passes through a space between the pointed stake and the shaft, is forced through the holes in the shaft and so between the grindstones.

As it is ground the flour naturally works out and falls over the sides of the bottom stone, to be gathered up by its labour-saving owner. Outside the hut the stream is dammed by a small sluice, so that when the owner wishes to stop work he merely closes the sluice and diverts his motive power into another channel.

Yours truly,
London, N. 3. W. E. JORDAN.

AN EARLY GROUSE NEST

SIR,—I see in your issue dated March 26th, a letter stating that a grouse's egg was found, in Scotland, on February 22nd last. This year, during the first week in February, certainly not later than the 5th, one of our keepers, belonging to the Depôt Shoot, informed me that he had a hen grouse, sitting on a clutch of eggs on the mountain in the Gortin area. Perhaps you or your readers will say if this is not an unusually early nest.

Yours faithfully,
G. M. H. WRIGHT (Major),
Omagh, The Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Co. Tyrone, Ulster.

A TIT'S STRANGE NESTING-PLACE

SIR,—The grey tit of Ceylon and South India is an Eastern sub-species of the British great tit and closely resembles the latter in habits. It is a tame confiding little bird, delighting in gardens and the neighbourhood of mankind, and is particularly common in the hills above 3,000ft., where for miles on end an unending expanse of tea cultivation covers the slopes.

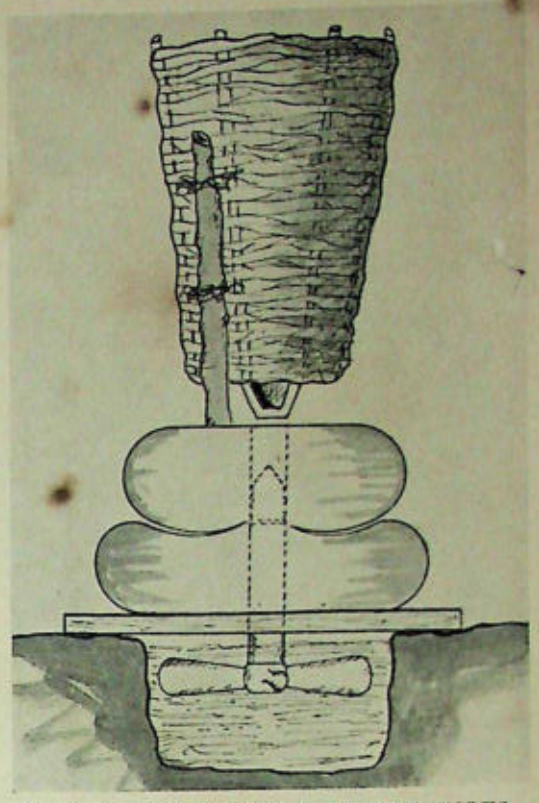
They nest at almost any time of the year, but mostly in March and April, and in a natural state their favourite nesting sites are holes in trees or



NEST IN A SCARECROW'S PAPER HAT
(See Letter "A Tit's Strange Nesting-place")

in a bank or a stone wall. Suitable holes are scarce on a well-ordered tea estate, but the birds are as versatile as their British cousins, which are, of course, notorious for their eccentricity. The birds in the illustration found one of the oddest nesting places that I have ever come across. There is an old scarecrow in my vegetable garden made of mud and newspaper, and the tits decided that the crown of its paper hat would make an excellent nursery, and proved their contention by bringing off a flourishing family of five.

Yours truly,
Pundulnaya, F. N. BETTS.
Ceylon.



HOW THE NATIVE MILLING MACHINE WORKS
(See Letter "An Ingenious Indian Grinding Machine")

A PROLIFIC EWE

SIR,—I have a half-bred (Border-Leicester x Cheviot) ewe who had a pair of lambs. She cleared her afterbirth and had milk quite in the normal course of events. About fifteen days afterwards she had another pair. The lambs were all rather on the small side and the second pair were rather thin, otherwise they were all perfectly healthy normal lambs. Both pairs were full-time lambs at their respective births, and certainly gave one the impression that they were conceived at different times.

The normal period between heats in a ewe is fourteen days, and so this would fit in quite naturally.

One of the first lambs died through an accident, the other three are all alive and doing well. She milked well right through. I have only a small flock and look after them entirely myself, and there is no possible chance of a mistake anywhere.

Is this a unique experience?

Low Farm, Yours truly,
Darsham, A. J. RODOCANACHI.
Saxmundham, Suffolk.

[This is certainly an exceptional circumstance, although one or two cases have been reported before. Mr. John Hammond informs us that it has not been possible to produce super-fœtation experimentally, which suggests that in most cases the adoption of the young of other females has occurred. This is a matter which requires further research work before a scientific explanation can be given.—ED.]

FISHING OPPORTUNITIES IN CANADA

SIR,—The number of fishermen in Great Britain who can afford to go abroad now to obtain fishing is probably much less than it has been in the past. Nevertheless, there are no doubt still many who sooner or later will be trying their luck in streams and rivers in other countries. To all these I would like to emphasise the advantages offered by Canada.

I was in the Dominion last year, and I had an opportunity of obtaining first-hand information of the great sporting resources, particularly for trout and salmon fishing. The rivers and lakes are now to a great extent closely preserved, and the Governments of the various provinces are taking active steps to make them more accessible and comfortable for the average sportsman. I know from personal discussion with various of the Ministers concerned that they are particularly anxious to encourage visitors from Great Britain, and on some of the rivers the complete arrangements are made by Government for individuals or parties, including the guides, conveyance, lodging and feeding.

Unquestionably the most satisfactory and economical way of getting the best fishing available in Canada would be for a small syndicate to purchase at auction one or more of the better stretches of any well-known river, such as the Restigouche, in New Brunswick and Quebec provinces, which is famous for its fishing throughout the North American Continent. The fishing rights are generally auctioned for a period of five or ten years, in some cases longer, and in present conditions they are likely to be obtained at low rates.

Yours faithfully,
ALEXANDER GIBB.
Queen Anne's Lodge,
Westminster, London, S.W.

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SHOEING OXEN IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a Basque smith shoeing an ox. Oxen are, of course, used instead of horses for drawing carts and all farm work, and therefore have to be shod. Each foot has two shoes, which are made with a tongue to pass up through the cleft in the hoof, and are bent over at the top.

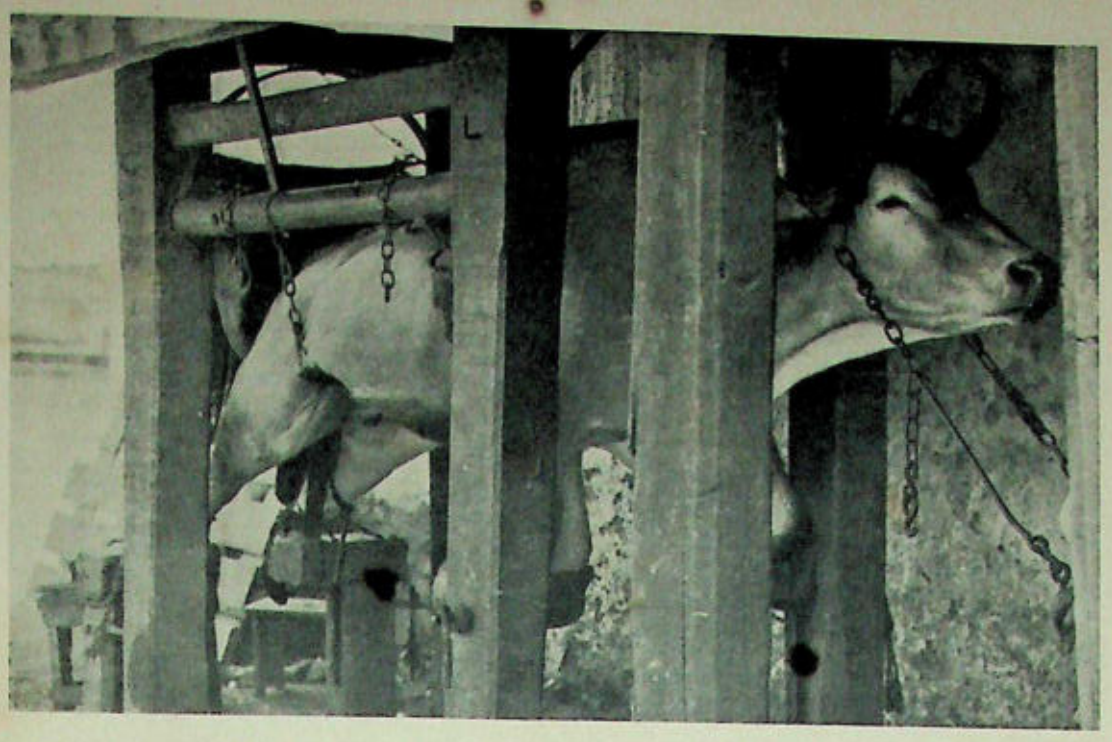
The shoeing is a most difficult performance, as oxen strongly object to having their legs touched at any time, and kick violently and with excellent aim.

All Basque smithies have a large wooden erection in which the ox is placed. It is then raised well off the ground by means of a winch fastened to a webbing sling under the front of the animal's body, and to a wooden bar just in front of the hind legs. The forelegs are bent and lashed in a kneeling position to a crossbar of the frame, and the hind legs are stretched out and also lashed firmly. The poor animal is thus in a most uncomfortably strained position, but no one has yet been able to devise a better method of securing them safely.

Also the Basques are so intensely conservative, and tenacious of all their ancient habits and customs, it would probably be quite useless to attempt to introduce any more humane method.

Yours faithfully,

Kent. H. T. SILVA.



SECURING AN OX FOR SHOEING
(See Letter "Shoeing Oxen in the Basque Country")

SHOOTING AND THE MASTER EYE

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article and letters upon the above subject. What causes bad shooting, when the person behind the gun has normal eyesight? In my opinion, "haste," or better described as too quick an action. Standing behind a gun who is a poor shot, I have never failed to improve the shooting with the remark, "Why the hurry?" If indifferent shots would train themselves to get on their bird (driven, coming towards me) at a distance of 80yds. away, and pull at 40yds., they will soon lose that quick action which some describe as "poking." Shooting is similar to cricket, golf and billiards. All have the same golden rule—keep your eye on the object ball, don't "press," follow through.

Jerky, or quick action, can be caused by a badly-made shooting jacket that drags on the upper part of arms, causing loss of freedom and stopping the even follow through action. (I have seen guns remove their jacket when they arrive at the butt.)

When shooting without a loader, I always carry 4 (12-bore) cartridges in each outside pocket, as I find it impossible to shoot with a cartridge bag slung round my shoulders, why, I do not know.

Gadgets for blocking the vision of one eye must be wrong. Excessively bent stocks are all right for birds flying towards the direction of the bend in the stock. Birds flying in a straight line overhead become guess work.

Let those interested and who wish to improve, try being slow. Many the time I get the remark, "You always give me the impression you are never going to shoot."

Yours faithfully,

Edgehill, H. BARLOW.
Ipswich.

A ROAD AND A PROPHECY

SIR,—In the days of the Kandyan Kings when, for century after century, the brave Kandyans had successfully repulsed all attempts on the part of Europeans to capture their capital, there was a prophecy amongst them that whoever should pierce the rock which formed their mountain fastness and make a road from the Low Country into Kandy, would receive the kingdom as a reward.

This wonderful feat of engineering was eventually achieved by the British, when they made the Kadugannawa Pass, and so the old prophecy was fulfilled. The accompanying photograph shows the pierced rock as it stands to-day.

Yours faithfully,

A CEYLON TEA-PLANTER'S WIFE.

Devon.

MIXED BAGS

SIR,—I have read a number of letters in the *Field* recently regarding the varieties of game shot in a day, so am tempted to forward the following as further examples.

Both shoots took place in the United Provinces of India during February this year, and no attempt was being made to get a record in varieties. The following were the bags:

First shoot (four guns): Grey partridge, 7; black partridge, 9; quail, common, 4; snipe, full, 26; snipe, jack, 13; snipe, painted, 1; sandgrouse, common, 3; duck, gadwall, 6; duck, spotbill, 2; duck, shoveller, 2; duck, pintail, 0; duck, mallard, 0; duck, ruddy sheldrake, 0; teal, common, 4; teal, garganey, 6; pigeon, blue rock, 14; pigeon, green, 0; hares, 3; peafowl, 2. Total, 102.

Second Shoot (four guns): Grey partridge, 2; black partridge, 32; quail, common, 4; snipe, full, 43; snipe, jack, 12; snipe, painted, 3; sandgrouse, common, 5; duck, gadwall, 0; duck, spotbill, 6; duck, shoveller, 7; duck, pintail, 2; duck, mallard, 1; duck, ruddy sheldrake, 1; teal, common, 2; teal, garganey, 17; pigeon, blue rock, 2; pigeon, green, 1; hares, 12; peafowl, 5. Total, 157.

Yours truly,

SHIKAR.

CARNIVORA AND PORCUPINES

SIR,—Recently I shot a large panther in Central India, whose diet must have consisted largely of porcupines. On skinning, both fore-paws were found to be full of short quill points, and one particular piece of quill had caused festering of a very unpleasant kind.

I used to ascertain the presence, or otherwise, of panther by the undigested heaps of quills which they would "cough up." These smaller quills are the ones close to the skin, and are presumably inseparable at the time when the panther makes his meal.

As far as I remember, this panther had about eight to a dozen quill points, each from half to one inch in length, in each fore-paw. The quills work right up the leg in the manner of a needle entering any part of the human body.

Yours truly,

H. G. BURTON,
4th Bn. The Frontier Force Regiment.

Sialkot, Punjab.



THE PIERCED ROCK ON THE KADUGANNAWA PASS, CEYLON
(See Letter "A Road and a Prophecy")

EXHIBITIONS

JOHN LOCKE 1632-1704
Books from his library, letters, manuscripts, etc. April-May.

THE
ENGLISH NEWSPAPER
A collection illustrating the history of the newspaper from the seventeenth century. May-June.

LEWIS CARROLL 1832-1898
Books, letters, portraits and relics of the author of Alice. June-July.

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DESTROYING MINNOWS

SIR,—I am deeply interested at the present time in getting rid of minnows in a ten-acre lake, and made many experiments last year between May and September.

We first purchased the ordinary traps sold for the purpose of obtaining minnows for baits, but found although they did actually catch the fish, they were of little use in getting minnows in large numbers.

Large glass bottles, as suggested by Mr. Buckmaster, were then tried both with the cloth covering and also with a celluloid cone fitted. These were very little better, and so before the end of the season we evolved a trap that beat anything previously tried. I give a sketch of one of a dozen we had working last September.

First make out of, say, ⅛in. round brass wire or rustless steel, a frame cylinder of the above dimensions. Material required: three rings 14in. diameter, and three rods 2ft. 6in. long. (Diagram No. 1).

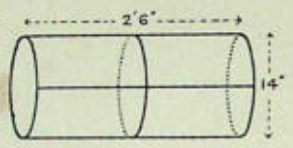
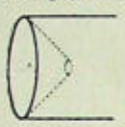


DIAGRAM No. 1


DIAGRAM No. 2.

Next weld to form frame. Cover frame with dyed mosquito netting (potassium permanganate solution will do). Make two netting cones of same netting having an orifice 1½in. diameter. (Diagram No. 2).

The orifice is made by a ring of brass or wood (curtain rings). The two cones kept in position by taut string. (Diagram No. 3).

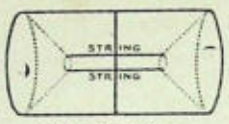


DIAGRAM No. 3

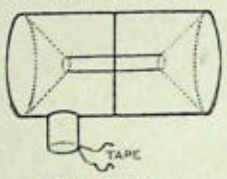


DIAGRAM No. 4

On bottom of trap sew in a short pipe of the netting having a piece of tape for the purpose of fastening it up when in use (the use of this is to empty trap easily). (Diagram No. 4).

The traps can have strong string attached on which is fastened a float. Bait—bread, or bread and aniseed oil.

We got as many as 250 minnows in a trap at a time, but found it necessary to keep lifting the traps every half-hour or so because we found that the minnows found their way in like sheep, and when fed found their way out just as readily. What it meant was keeping a man on full time. If we left the traps in for several hours we very rarely got many minnows.

If you wish to clear a lake and if you are able to lower the level during the spawning month, the ultimate elimination is easy, for the reason that if you slowly lower the level during the time the fish are spawning on the shallows you will leave the ova high and dry as it is deposited.

In our lake trout will not touch the minnows until they (the trout) are at least five years old—Nine- and ten-inch fish under this age will starve to death sooner than eat them.

I should be pleased to give you any further results I obtain, and should be more than glad to learn anything you discover.

22, Walmer Road, Birkdale. Yours faithfully, C. MYERS.

AN UNKNOWN BIRD

SIR,—On Easter Sunday evening I saw a strange bird sitting on the top of a big tree in front of our house and singing lustily.

The bird was as big or even bigger than a magpie, and much the same shape—long slender body, extra long tail, narrow at root, but broad at end.

It appeared to be entirely black, and its song resembled a mixture of blackbird and starling.

After we had watched it for a few minutes, it flew across to our island, where the small birds "mobbed" it, in the same way as they "mob" owls, etc. It never "cocked" its tail like a magpie generally does.

Can you or any of your readers suggest what it was likely to be? Could it be a cross between blackbird, or starling and magpie?

Yours truly,
Bridgeford, Bellingham, Northumberland. THOMAS ROBSON.

[Can any reader help? It was certainly not a hybrid.—ED.]

PIGEONS IN THE CITY

SIR,—Lately I have had an experience with tame pigeons in which I think you may be interested.

At a church in the City, in Cheapside, to which I am surveyor, we are very much plagued with these pigeons, and in order to keep them off the ledges, etc., I have experimented by setting on these ledges a defence of sharp copper nails with the heads bedded in cement, leaving about two inches of spike vertically, and at a distance of about two inches all ways. This I anticipated would be an effectual deterrent, but still the pigeons gather, and they walk in between the spikes in a waddling and uncomfortable manner.

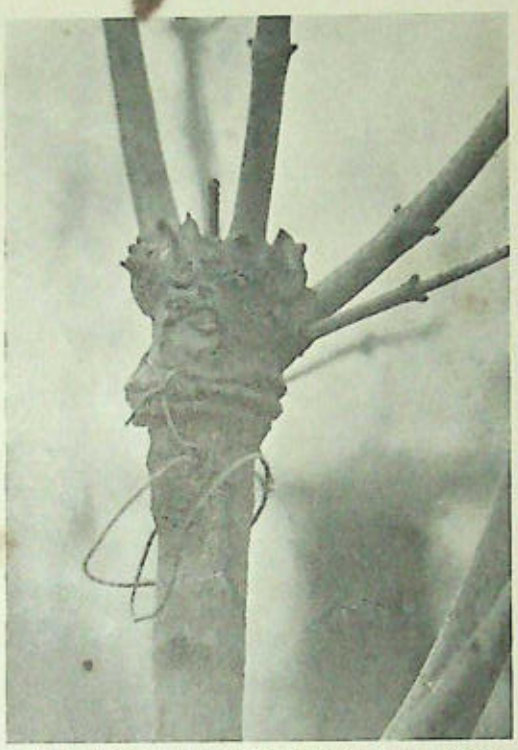
They also—and this I consider the great point of interest, showing an amount of intelligence not to be expected—flew across the street, 50ft. wide, and picked up some copper enamelled letters that had been taken from a shop front, one of these weighing ½oz. and four inches long, and another nearly ¾oz., and carried them back across the street and up to a ledge at a height of 20ft., and, having deposited them on top of the spikes, proceeded forthwith to build a nest.

This I could easily have expected from jackdaws, but certainly not from pigeons. I wonder if anyone could give me a similar instance.

3, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C. 4. Yours faithfully, E. S. UNDERWOOD.

TREE DAMAGED BY WIRE

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows the damage done to a young tree; the wire was used about three years ago to hook a large rambler rose


HOW A FORGOTTEN WIRE MAY WOUND A TREE
(See Letter "Tree Damaged by Wire")

shoot out of the way when repairing a summer-house, but the wire was forgotten and left on the tree. As will be seen, the tree has grown and the bark is badly damaged.

Should the wire be left, or should it be cut out?

Vale View, Shaftesbury, Dorset. Yours faithfully, L. P. V. VEALE.

[If the wire is removed the wound will close.—ED.]

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Early Woodcock.—Whilst walking through an oak wood here on April 18th, I flushed a woodcock and found five young ones, just able to fly a few yards. I think it is very early.—JAMES PHELAN, Glenhacketh, Clonmel, Ireland.

Marked Pigeon.—On October 30th, 1931, I shot a rock-pigeon of the Mediterranean type near the east bank of the Nile at Maadi, near Cairo. It bore on the left leg an aluminium ring marked "Ch : 31 : 13." I sent a note to the *Egyptian Gazette* with these details, but obtained no reply. Perhaps some correspondent of the *Field* can tell me where the bird was ringed.—BADIEH FAHMY, Maadi, Egypt.

Large Sparrowhawk.—With reference to Mr. C. R. Bland's inquiries regarding the female sparrowhawk weighing 11½oz. and having an expanse of 30in., I find on reference to my records of weights and measurements of birds taken in the flesh, that the average weight of a female sparrowhawk is between 9oz. and 10oz., and the wing expanse 28in. Therefore Mr. Bland's specimen was a decidedly large example.—F. W. FROHAWK, Sutton, Surrey.

Curing Dogs of Chicken Chasing.—Referring to the difficulty of your correspondent in breaking young dogs of poultry chasing, I may say that the only method I have found satisfactory is to catch the culprit and put him bodily into a waterbutt, holding him completely under, head and all, long enough to give him a thorough scare. I had two Airedales which were apparently incurable fowl chasers, but one dose of this remedy effected a complete cure, and the dogs were safe to run in a chicken run ever after.—M. R. HAMMOND, Upper Manor Farm, Leckford, Stockbridge, Hants.

IN THE CITY

CANAL TRANSPORT

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY the fact began to be appreciated that the carthorse could pull a larger load along a canal in a barge than along a road in a wagon. About the middle of the nineteenth century the canal method of the transportation of goods began to be partially eclipsed by the advent of railways, which, in their turn, are at present suffering severe competition from the motor lorry. The view is now very widely held that the form of transport provided by the canals is rapidly becoming obsolete, yet it will probably be found that by the middle of the twentieth century the history of the transportation of goods in this country is being written along very different lines, and that the era of the canals has rather romantically returned. The activities of the motor lorry may then be confined to carrying goods to and from the canal banks and railway stations, and to the conveyance of goods over very short distances, while the railways and canals will share the long distance goods traffic, according to its destination and its suitability to the mode of transport provided.

The fact is that the advent of the Diesel engine has completely revolutionised the future prospects of the companies operating the canals. A barge fitted with a 6 h.p. Diesel engine can carry 35 tons of coal and tow another carrying 45 tons, and the pair of barges only require a convoy of two men. The same 80 tons of coal would no doubt reach its destination more quickly by road, but it would be necessary to employ sixteen 5-ton lorries of about 60 h.p. each, and at least sixteen men. It is, moreover, very seldom that the large users of coal cannot foresee their requirements sufficiently far ahead to make the speed of delivery of little consequence as compared to the costs of transport, and it is more than probable that the mechanically propelled barge will eventually provide such cheap method of transport that both lorry and railway will find it very difficult to compete.

The cargoes suitable to canal transport are not, of course, limited to coal, but all kinds of bulky goods will probably be carried in increasing quantities in all cases where time is not the most important consideration. The barge provides an especially suitable method of conveyance for delicate machinery for which a smooth passage is necessary.

THE GRAND UNION COMPANY

Whether one believes that the future is full of promise for the capably managed canal companies or whether one holds the opposite view, the report of the speech made by Mr. Wilfred Curtis at the meeting of Grand Union Canal Company, which was held a few weeks ago, is well worth the reading. Investors may be forced to a conclusion quite contrary to any preconceived opinion they may have formed regarding the attractions of the company's preference and ordinary stocks.

Mr. Curtis pointed out that a larger revenue had been derived from the canal during the last six months of 1931 than during the corresponding period of the previous year, which compares very favourably with the experience of the railway companies. For many years past a large proportion of the revenue has been spent on modernising the system. Money has been spent on rendering the banks proof against the wash of power-driven craft, the depth of the water has been increased, locks and bridges improved, and, in the actual words of the chairman, "much else done to make the canal fit for the great traffic it is destined to carry." When this work is completed, not only will the capacity of the canal be greater but the cost of upkeep will be much less. Moreover, the company will be able to run its largest barges from the very centre of the industrial area and coalfields of the Midlands to the metropolis, providing a means of transport at such an extremely low cost that new traffic is bound to be attracted.

Eight new firms came to the canal banks last year, and the chairman pointed out that along the 280 miles of waterway there are innumerable sites suitable for factories, which may attract the modern manufacturer when the great advantages of up-to-date canal transport become more fully realised.

It is hoped to set out the figures of this company's trading results during the past few years, and to refer more specifically to its future prospects in a subsequent note, when the security of the preference stock and the speculative possibilities of the ordinary stock will also be discussed.

PACTOLUS.

"The Bridge Magazine," edited by A. E. Manning Foster, is this month celebrating the entry on its seventh year of publication with a special enlarged birthday number. The issue is full of good articles designed to interest every kind of Contract and Auction player from the novice to the expert.

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—LOWESTOFT

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

(This is the first of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time.)

IN APPROACHING LOWESTOFT from the south there is no difficulty in recognising a large, prominent red brick building (formerly an hotel but now a hospital), the Claremont Pier, and the distant pavilion of the harbour. The yacht club, yacht masts, and the two circular pier heads, as shown in the accompanying sketch, will easily be identified.

By the time Claremont Pier is abreast, mooring ropes for bow and stern should be got ready, as the entrance is narrow; there is a strong tide across the mouth, and the yacht basin (which is usually crowded during the yachting season) allows but little room for manœuvring. A yacht under sail will need plenty of canvas till well inside the *outer* harbour, yet must not have too much way on by the time she passes into the yacht basin. All halyards will therefore have been prepared for letting go smartly.

The tidal stream runs north from the time it is high water at Dover, and turns south at six hours after high water at Dover. If you have arrived from the south with a fair tide it is necessary to hug the south pier of the outer harbour quite close, in order to avoid being set across the northward. Similarly, when entering from the north with a south-going tide, plenty of way must be maintained and the starboard pier kept aboard. But in both cases a sharp look-out must be observed for traffic putting to sea, which frequently congests the narrow bottle-neck. Especially is this the case when the smacks are sailing forth, and they pass several abreast.

If two green flags are hoisted at the south pier-head you will know that one of His Majesty's ships (usually a fishery protection cruiser) is about to enter; if there is one green flag it means that she is coming out. And in either case no other vessel is allowed to move through the outer harbour.

For a power yacht Lowestoft entrance requires only normal prudence, but she may find other power craft, such as tugs, partially hidden from view. As soon as the motor or steam vessel reaches the outer harbour, well inside the piers beyond the tidal stream, speed has to be eased to four knots always. After easterly gales, which drive in the sand, there is a tendency for the mouth to shoal, though a dredger immediately gets to work and usually a depth of 10ft. is to be found. A yacht under sail will do well to give the dredger the widest possible berth.

MOORING METHODS AT LOWESTOFT

The yacht basin, which will be seen straight ahead to the westward, with the premises of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club at its extremity, is easy of access, but with southerly winds a sailing yacht will find herself suddenly becalmed when under the lee of the pavilion. Generally a local man in his dinghy will be waiting in the yacht basin to take off ropes and assist you to warp into a clear berth, but it is well to note that yachts moor in two tiers with their bows to the north and stern to the south. Small craft occupy the inner tier, where shown in the plan by anchors. The custom is either to make fast the bow warps to a dolphin, or ride to one's anchor; but the stern lines will be made fast to pier or a thick wire cable running parallel with the same.

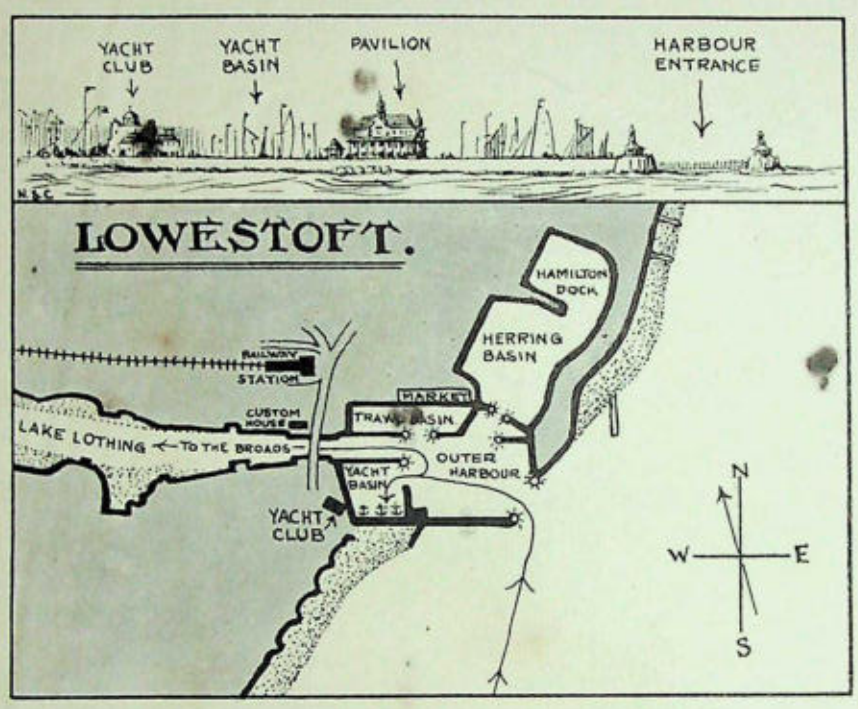
In easterly winds this basin is subject to a continuous roll, and under those conditions a better berth can be found at the extreme eastern end of the adjacent trawl basin, though the northern side thereof must be left clear for the smacks.

REMARKS:

This is a dirty bit of coast off which to be caught in bad weather, and the shallow channels of approach soon kick up a short wet sea. Especially is this the case during easterly and north-easterly winds. In thick weather the fog signal from the south pierhead will be a guide, but avoid getting too far west until you can satisfy yourself of its position. The tide is weakest across the entrance at one-and-a-half hours before local high water.

A LIGHT TO WATCH

Whilst the yacht basin is quite safe in all weathers, and very convenient for landing at the steps of the pier, or the Yacht Club, or of the quay, there are so many warps to be cleared and slacked off that there is little inclination to go out for a day's sail. If you happen here to be detained by bad weather, a day can be spent with pleasure and benefit by sailing the dingy about the herring and hamilton Basins, where there is both plenty of room and much



ENTRANCE TO LOWESTOFT HARBOUR AND MAIN BUILDINGS AS SEEN ON APPROACH

to interest any lover of shipping. Moreover, in these times of decaying seamanship, one of the grandest and most instructive sights is to stand on the south pierhead and watch the smacks running in from the North Sea. Their method of retaining aloft plenty of canvas, then gradually lowering away to bare poles, turning into the trawl basin, bumping into a clear berth with some pretty work by the use of fend-offs, is that of the expert artist. Before very long, steam will have made such a fascinating sight no longer possible.

Some yachtsmen, having reached Lowestoft, may feel tempted to prolong their cruise to inland waters. If desirous of visiting the Broads, you must pass through the first bridge into Lake Lothing. A red flag by day, or a red light by night, indicates that the bridge cannot be opened. A green light shows that it is closed, but can be opened on request. A white light shows that it is now open. The best plan is to interview the bridgekeeper and arrange for a suitable time, for there is considerable road traffic, and this cannot be held up just before trains are due to leave the railway station, which is close by.

INLAND WATERS

Lake Lothing is an artificial waterway, with all kinds of shipping lining the quays, and had better be inspected at low tide, for there are plenty of spots at its western end where a stranger may get ashore, in spite of the booms. Another railway bridge (which will be opened in response to your fog horn) brings you to Mutford Lock, through which entry is gained into Oulton Broad.

Here the tide takes its time from Yarmouth and not Lowestoft, and is therefore later. The holding ground is not good, so it is better to hire a mooring if stopping the night. Yachts of 6ft. draught and with fixed masts can navigate right up to Norwich, Yarmouth, and Beccles. At Lowestoft there are sailmakers, shipyards, motor mechanics. The hospitality of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club is unrivalled anywhere along our coast, and drinking water from a tap near the steps can readily be obtained.

(Next Week: SOUTHWOLD HARBOUR.)

MUCH CHEAPER YACHT RACING

Less Expensive Small Classes

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

A SUBJECT which has been engaging the attention of many yachtsmen recently, and which appears to be of considerable importance at the present time, is the question of cost of racing in the small classes. There are, of course, quite a number of one-design classes round the coast in which good sport may be had at a relatively small cost, but there is a growing feeling that the time has come when something should be done to make it possible for open class racing to be obtained by those who do not find sufficient interest in these one-design classes, but who cannot afford the expense entailed by racing in the International classes.

The opinion has been expressed by many keen followers of the sport that a return to the type of craft produced by the old Length and Sail Area rule would go far towards restoring the popularity of small class racing by placing it—on the question of cost—within the reach of a far greater number of yachtsmen.

A NEW TYPE WANTED

The "Length and Sail Area" boats were, it will be remembered, light displacement craft with bulb fin keels, either of the plate and bulb type or having a wood fin in place of the steel plate. They had a considerable draught of water and a moderate sail area and, before they developed into skimming dishes, they were as nice little moderate-priced day boats as one could wish for.

In the course of time, however, they developed into an undesirable type, and for this reason and because there was a general demand for the elimination of freak features in all classes, the Length and Sail Area rule was dropped.

The present movement in favour of a return to the less expensive light displacement type for the smaller classes is receiving support from various quarters, and recently an appeal was made by a leading authority in the yachting world for the co-operation of Mr. Charles Nicholson in the task of formulating a rule which will produce a type which has the good qualities of the Length and Sail Area rule without its obvious and definite drawbacks.

It is, I think, fairly certain that this appeal has voiced the wishes of a large number of yachtsmen who have the good of the sport at heart, and who realise how essential it is that open class racing in the small classes should be made available to men of moderate means. The movement already has Mr. Nicholson's full sympathy, and no more useful step could have been taken than that of inviting him to give practical assistance to make the scheme a success.

The disregard of his advice in the past has resulted in mistakes being made which have delayed the progress of yacht design in this country, and have been detrimental to the sport in British waters and has placed the designer of the challenger for the America's Cup at a definite disadvantage as compared with her American opponent. Mr. Nicholson, too, has an almost uncanny gift of spotting the weak points in measurement rules, as instanced by his 15-metre yachts Istria, Pamela and Paula, and it is cheering to know that there is a prospect of this gift being turned to good account in the framing of a rule and restrictions for the smaller and comparatively inexpensive classes of racing craft.

BUILD NOW FOR NEXT YEAR

There is yet another reason why his advice and co-operation should be accepted in this connection. As designer of the 5-metre Dacia, and of the 2½-metre Gareth and Corolla—three of the finest craft ever turned out under the old Length and Sail Area rule—he is particularly well qualified to advise yachtsmen of to-day as to the best course to adopt in their endeavour to re-establish classes for day boats similar in type to the best of the old 2½-and 1-raters.

It is one thing, however, to invite co-operation and quite another to accept it, and if there is really a genuine desire on the part of yachtsmen that open classes for comparatively inexpensive day boats should be established, action ought to be taken in the matter without delay, and a decision arrived at as to the course to be adopted, not later than August, so that everything may be in trim for the season of 1933, and ample time allowed for the designing and building of new craft.

WHY THE PERCHERON IS POPULAR ON FARM AND ROAD

Clean Legs and Sound Feet Which Stand Macadam

By J. S. CHIVERS
President, British Percheron Horse Society

MODERN REQUIREMENTS on the farm and on the road demand a draught horse that is active, requires the minimum attention in the stable, and has feet and legs that will stand our macadamised roads.

Time is money—this is true in every branch of industry. Horses for modern transport and agricultural purposes must have the constitution necessary for long hours of work and must be capable of doing this work with the minimum amount of attention in the stable after working hours.

Carters in our town stables and horsekeepers on the farms do not now give the time to their charges that was once the case. In the past wages were low and an extra hour or two a week spent in the stable was not considered a prohibitive charge for the advertisement derived from a well turned out team with massive limbs covered with fine silky hair.

Times have changed and with the changed times has come the demand for a clean-legged draught horse.

The advertisement of a good-looking team is as much appreciated now as in the past, but the cost of upkeep must be lower.

The Percheron has all the attributes necessary to fill the requirements of present-day users of heavy draught horses. His clean limbs, hard, flinty bone and sound feet appeal to all horsemen. The breed is noted for its longevity and freedom from grease. The predominating colour, grey, is always popular among users of heavy draught horses.

PERCHERONS IN THE WAR

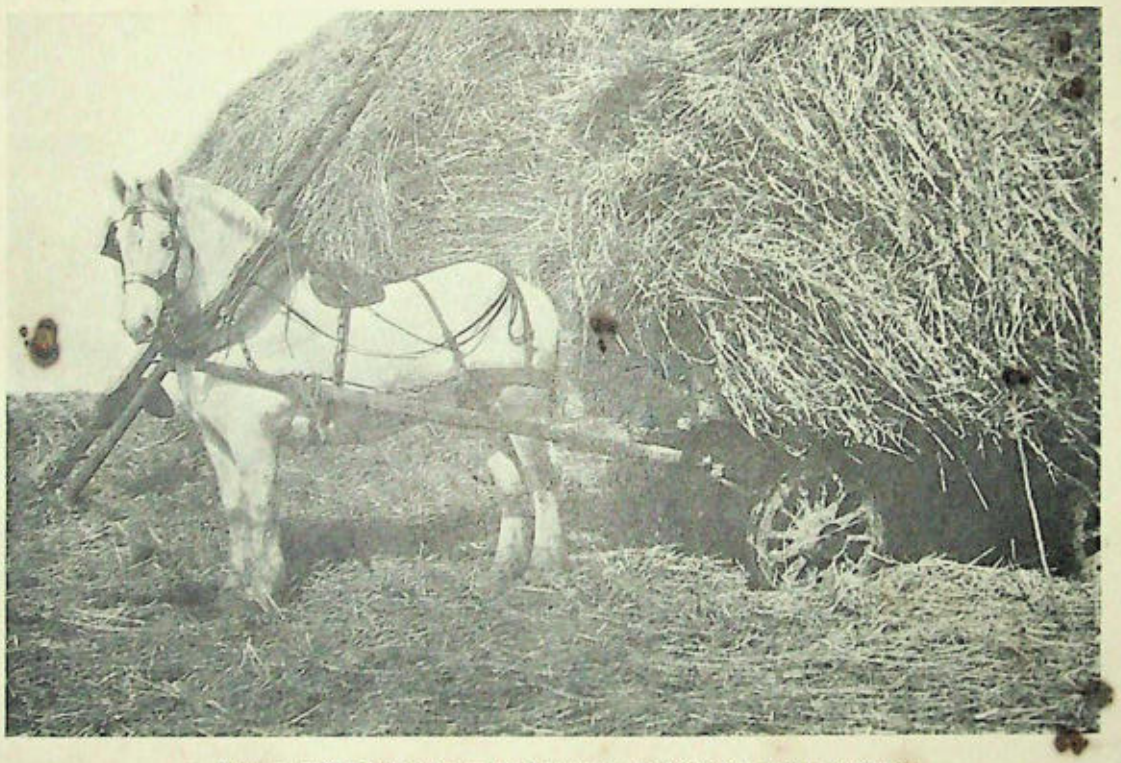
The Great War first brought the merits of the Percheron horse to the notice of large numbers of Englishmen. Buyers of wide experience acting for the War Office in North and South America, were impressed by the merits of the breed. The smart, active teams of greys and blacks made a lasting impression on all who came in contact with them in France, whether serving with the Artillery or with the Army Service Corps. The extraordinary way in which these pure-bred and grade Percherons thrived under Army conditions proved beyond all doubt their suitability for hard, strenuous work of all kinds.

In France, for countless generations, every precaution has been taken to keep the Percheron breed pure. Until recently geldings were almost unknown. Stallions are used in the French towns for draught work as well as on most of the larger farms.

The breed is noted for its docility; pure-bred and grade Percherons are recognised everywhere as one of the easiest types of horse to break for work. This is due to the fact that in France any stallion that would not work had to be sold. The mares are usually to be found working on the smaller farms where the proprietors of course use them for breeding purposes.

Visitors to France will recollect the paved streets so common in most of the towns and cities as well as on many of the roads joining up important commercial centres. These paved streets have played a most important part in moulding the breed, as any horse that could not stand regular work on these thoroughfares was quite useless, and this fact has been largely responsible for developing the splendid legs and feet for which the Percheron is so justly noted.

These are merely a few of the more outstanding native influences which have contributed to a very considerable extent in giving us in the Percheron the practical breed of draught horse which we know to-day.



A ROYAL SHOW WINNER EARNS HIS KEEP THROUGH THE WINTER
This stallion in the stud of Messrs. Chivers at Histon typifies the Percheron at his best

The Percheron stallion is a most prepotent sire, due to the fact that, as already stated, the breed has been kept absolutely pure for so many generations. For this reason Percheron stallions are becoming increasingly popular for use on the general farm where the merits of the clean-limbed, half-bred progeny are being more and more recognised.

The first importation into England of pure-bred Percherons from France was made in the autumn of 1916. Numerous importations have been made since that date.

The British Percheron Horse Society came into being early in 1918, and although the membership is not big, it is one of the few British livestock societies which can claim to show an increase in membership during the last few years. The society is progressive, and since its inauguration has been most enthusiastic in everything that concerns the interest of the Percheron breed.

MERIT RECOGNISED

One of its first rules was to the effect that all imported animals before being eligible for entry in the official British stud book must be approved for type by a representative of the Council and must also be passed as free from hereditary disease by a veterinary surgeon appointed by the Council.

The Percheron horse is winning his way in this country by sheer merit, just as he has done in almost every other country in the world. He has great weight—the champion stallion at the Royal Show, 1930 weighed 21cwt. 3qrs. He is active, even to the extent of trotting home, if necessary, after delivering a heavy load.

The demand both at home and abroad is most encouraging. Pure-bred Percherons bred in England have been exported to many parts of South Africa, the United States, New Zealand, and Australia. In their new homes they have won leading honours at the principal agricultural shows.

Studs have been formed in most of the principle horse-breeding districts in England and Scotland. The champion stallion at last year's Royal Show has recently been purchased to head a newly-formed stud in Aberdeenshire, and the champion at the Society's recent Spring Stallion Show and Sale has been purchased to travel in Yorkshire by Lord Middleton, President-Elect of the British Percheron Horse Society.

Stallions are travelling this season in Scotland, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, Leicestershire, as well as in the South and West of England.

There is a definite shortage in this country of the right class of draught horse and any farmer who has the necessary grass land can breed a few pure or first cross Percheron horses with the certainty of earning a reasonable return on his outlay.

SHORTHORN ACHIEVEMENTS

Maintaining Dual Purpose Type

THIS YEAR'S *Shorthorn Breeders' Guide* gives a fully illustrated record of the achievements to the credit of Shorthorns and Dairy Shorthorns in 1931. In the show ring the Shorthorns of beef character were sometimes short in numbers, but this critical review of the chief summer shows in England and Scotland does not indicate any falling-off in quality.

It is a pity that the country's premier beef breed should not be seen to greater advantage at shows like the Bath and West and the Royal Counties. Those who exhibited last year earned the gratitude of Shorthorn breeders everywhere, but it seems hardly fair that the burden of showing, in order to keep the breed in the public eye, should be borne by so few.

At the Royal Show last year the Shorthorn classes were truly representative, and there is every reason to think that the entries being prepared for this year's Royal Show at Southampton will make a good showing. At Warwick the chief honours went to Scotland, Mr. A. J. Marshall's wonderfully level bull Balcairn Colonel being made breed champion. It will be interesting to see how the Scotsmen fare at Southampton.

Throughout the show season Dairy Shorthorns came out in full strength and breeders can look back on the year with satisfaction.

A WARNING TO BREEDERS

At the Royal Show the dairy type of Shorthorn could again claim the largest representation of any breed. Drawn from a wide area, the animals at the show typified the class of cow that dairy farmers are aiming at in the development of their own herds. In showing, the breed milk yields and commercial qualities are not being sacrificed to fancy points, though no one could wish to see a better-looking collection than the Dairy Shorthorns paraded at the Royal Show.

A short history of the Shorthorn from the times of the Collings brothers, of Thomas Bates and the Booth family, and of Amos Cruickshank, is a valuable reminder of the infinite care which has gone to make the Shorthorn we know to-day. Moreover, it conveys a warning.

There is an undoubted tendency among modern breeders of Shorthorns to draw a sharp distinction between the beef and dairy types, a tendency which will, if pushed to extremes, do great harm to the breed. No one will deny that the essential characteristic of Shorthorns is their dual purpose nature; their ability to give a reasonable amount of milk coupled with a capacity to produce a good carcass when their days in the dairy are done. The exaggeration of either quality at the expense of the other must be detrimental to the breed.

It is true that some breeders, notably in Scotland, with an eye on the export trade which generally makes a bigger demand for substance and constitution than for a high milk yield, aim at producing the special bred beef type. Others in the dairying districts tend, with equal reason, to breed animals which will assure a good milk yield. But the general farmer may be advised to follow the example of those who built up the Shorthorn breed. They aimed at producing cattle of whose records, both at the pail and the block, they had no reason to be ashamed.

Cattle breeders in the Dominions and other countries overseas who may not know the Shorthorn as well as farmers at home, will find a good deal to interest them in the *Shorthorn Breeders' Guide* for 1932, which can be obtained from the Secretary, Shorthorn Society, 12, Hanover Square, London, W. 1.

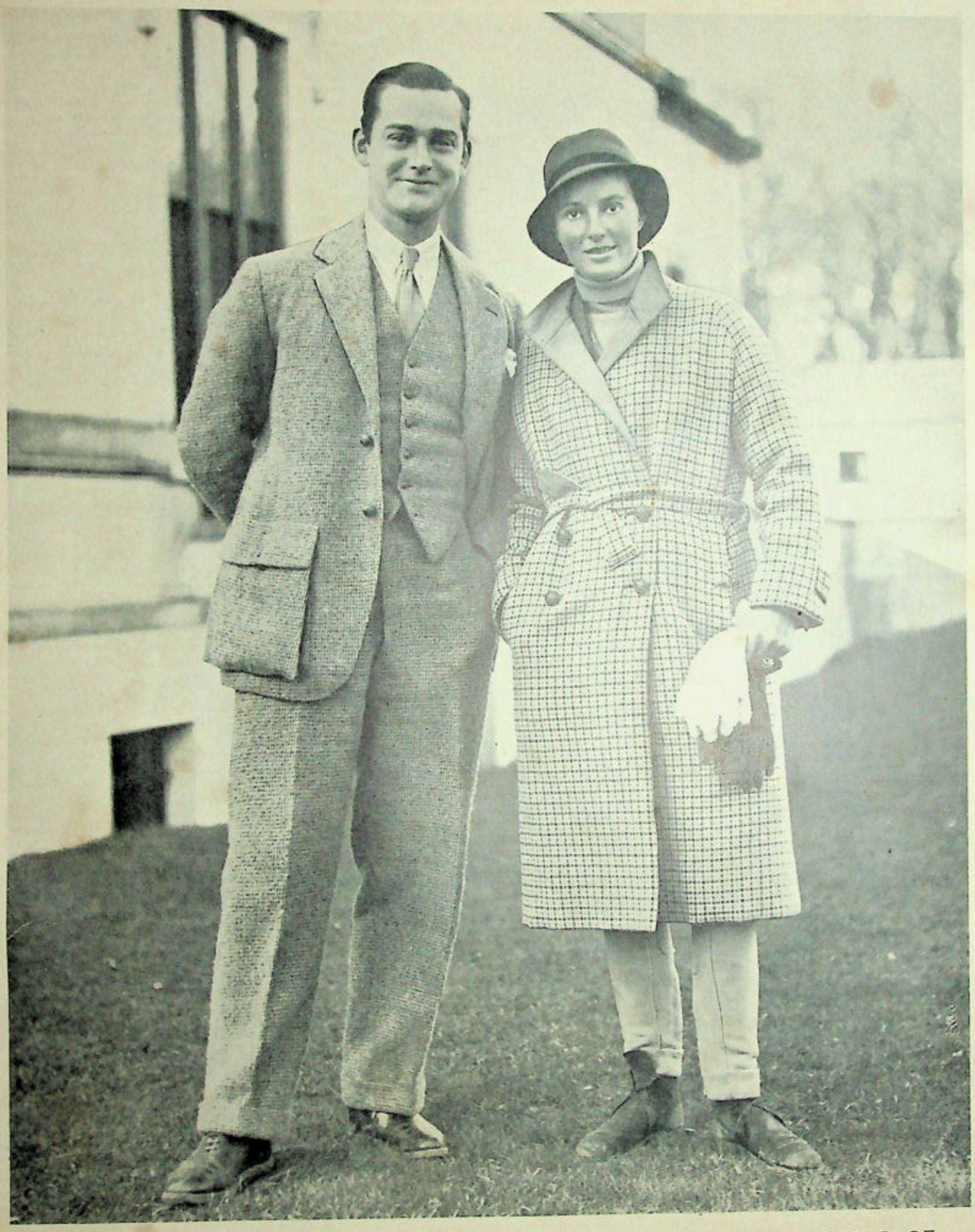
THE FIELD

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MR. AND MRS. J. H. WHITNEY, WELL KNOWN TO THE SPORTING WORLD OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

The above photograph was taken during their recent visit to Ireland, when Mrs. Whitney bought several racehorses (among them Cold Punch) with the intention of racing in that country. It will be recalled that Mr. Whitney owned that brilliant steeplechaser, Easter Hero, while his mother, Mrs. Payne Whitney, has just retired to the stud her well-known horse Twenty Grand—winner in the United States of the Kentucky Derby and over £50,000 in stakes



FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER
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TWO STRANGE POLO DECISIONS

POLO, in common with many other sports and games, has been hard hit by the world-wide depression. Never before in the history of the game has the polo pony market been so depressed; retirements from the game have been numerous, and probably never before have visiting teams and players been so scarce. These must be signs of the times; but is it the right policy at the right moment for the Hurlingham Club to debar the public from their gates? That decision has been reached by the headquarters of the game, and the astonishing announcement made as follows:

"The committee have reluctantly decided not to admit the public to view the polo at Hurlingham during the 1932 season. The committee have been compelled to take this action, as, owing to the poor response from the public, the expenditure entailed can no longer be justified with present difficult times. Non-members will, as usual, be able to visit the club by obtaining vouchers from a member."

This statement is open to argument. There may have been a "poor response from the public," but have the Hurlingham Club ever done a great deal to popularise the game? Their admission charges, as compared with those of other sports and games, were far higher, and the accommodation not all that it might be. If the club had worked out a campaign on behalf of polo, we venture to think that there would not have been so many empty benches; nor would the horse-loving public have deserted Hurlingham in its hour of need.

If in America a crowd of thousands can be attracted to ordinary polo and one of tens of thousands to an international contest, surely in England we are not so deficient in horse-love or appreciation of a hard-fought game that we cannot muster spectators when well-matched teams meet?

The club's decision has been made on grounds of economy, and the polo committee have informed the *Field* that the main items of expenditure fell under the following heads: (1) Gate keepers. (2) Men to park cars. (3) Advertising. (4) Police. (5) Special men to keep the public from getting into the front part of the ground. The public were admitted to a special enclosure, but as this was not properly railed off special men had to be employed to keep spectators in their places.

This may seem a long list, but is the expenditure so great after all? Hurlingham is only a small ground—compared to some of those in America and India—and we very much doubt if it would accommodate more than 10,000 people, while we feel sure that an appeal to the public themselves would enlist their co-operation in saving unnecessary expense. In any case a policy of exclusion offers very little inspiration to new blood, which must always be an imperative need of any great game. In similar circumstances we cannot imagine the governing authorities of Rugby football, cricket or lawn tennis taking the line adopted by Hurlingham. If interest in a game is to be fostered, playing it behind closed doors is not the way to set about it.

As though there were in very truth a conspiracy against polo and every effort were to be made to injure it, comes, on top of the Hurlingham decision, an order of the Army Council to the effect that no officer serving with his regiment may take part in any London play. At one stroke polo is robbed of those who would assist us to recover our lost laurels in America and the Argentine. The soldier player has always been the backbone of the game, and only by regular play in the best company can the international of the future hope to make his mark. Does it mean nothing to the Empire or to England that the Westchester Cup remains on the other side of the Atlantic? A ban of this kind seems calculated to ensure that it shall stay there. Putting international honours aside, polo has always ranked as one of the Service's greatest auxiliaries, making for the highest state of physical fitness and horsemanship. If the mechanical mind is to take control here, if the Army Council order is to remain in force, and those in high places are wilfully blind to the advantages of polo, then we may look in vain for players to take the places of Cheape, of Lockett, of Barrett, of Melvill and of all those who have so worthily upheld the traditions of the "soldier's game."

DANGERS OF THE ROAD

AMONG THE MANY LETTERS and other expressions of opinion on the recently revived question of dangers of motor driving, one point seems to have been neglected. Unquestionably the motor problem is tremendous. Thirty-six thousand people have been killed in six years. On an average eighteen people are killed every day. Is nothing to be done about it? What can be done about it?

If there is one salient fact which emerges from these dreadful figures, it is surely this: It is the skilled and careful driver who meets with the fewer accidents. Sir Malcolm Campbell, writing in the *Field* last week, told us that he has been driving a car almost daily for 28 years, and has only run over two dogs, in neither case being at fault himself. Lord Buckmaster in the House of Lords spoke of a similar experience, and there must be thousands of drivers of cars, all over the country, who have never been involved in an accident. Obviously, though they may be described as fortunate, they are also skilled and careful.

AN OBVIOUS REMEDY

Then what is the argument? Mr. Pybus, the Minister of Transport, says that "at all costs" this terrible loss of life—six or seven thousand men, women and children every year—must be prevented. But what are "the costs"? Lord Buckmaster seems to see the cure in punishment. But surely the real object to aim at should be prevention?

If you once admit the fact that skilled and careful drivers meet with the minimum of accidents, what is the inference? Surely that if all drivers on English roads were skilled and careful accidents would be fewer? Then why not take steps to see that all drivers of cars shall be at least skilled, even if obviously we cannot change human nature and make them all careful? Why should not every driver of a motor car, before he can take out a licence, be compelled to pass a driving test and a test of physical fitness? Why should anyone who is half blind, deaf, and suffering from heart disease be able to take out a licence, and with only a few hours' experience drive anywhere he or she pleases, to the danger of the public? The thing is obviously absurd.

Suppose that by a certain date every owner of a licence should be compelled to offer himself for an examination in driving, and that no driver should be able to take out a licence without passing such an examination, what would be the effect on the statistics of death by motor accident?

PRESENTING HOME PRODUCE

The Prince of Wales does not confine good advice on salesmanship to his speeches. Last week he visited a West End store to see for himself how home produce is being packed, and particularly to judge how his tenants on the Duchy of Cornwall estate are responding to the call for graded produce presented in attractive form. Arrangements have now been made for his tenants to come to London regularly to see how their eggs, butter, vegetables and other produce arrive at the markets and to hear direct from authorities in the provision trade how they can improve their business connections. The Prince has again given a useful and practical lead.

VISITORS TO DOG SHOWS

What is wrong with the English dog show?—is a question which you may sometimes hear in London as well as in country towns where space is limited and competition is local. Is it, perhaps, that not enough is done to interest the public? A visitor comes to the show, hoping to be able to see the judging of a favourite breed, possibly to look at a particular dog. He finds that there is a crowd round the ring, that he cannot see over other people's shoulders, and that even if he gets a good place where he can see, he cannot sit down. He leaves the judging, and goes away to look for the dog, only to find that the owner has taken it away. What wonder that he is sometimes disappointed, and that gates are not what they might be.

L.K.A. AT OLYMPIA

But dog shows differ. At the Ladies' Kennel Association Show, held at Olympia on Wednesday and Thursday this week, there could be no complaint on the part of the visitors as to the lack of attractions in the programme of the day. Apart from the interest in the various classes and the judging, the public were offered sideshows which were well worth coming to see for themselves. Not only were there on view the *Daily Mirror* Brave Dogs, each of whom has saved a human life and has been presented with a medal for its exploit, but Mr. Gordon Stewart's Great Danes gave each day an extraordinarily clever exhibition of drill, obedience, and brain work. Mr. Stewart's trainers and kennel-maids thoroughly deserve the applause with which such performances will always be greeted by an English audience. Obviously this pitch of perfection had been obtained by kindness in training: the dogs evidently enjoyed the performance as much as anyone else.

Here is a real opening for initiative in devising dog show programmes. Lady Howe, the Chairman, and Mrs. Trelawny, the Secretary of the L.K.A., are warmly to be congratulated on so delightful and successful an enterprise.

RIDERS IN RICHMOND PARK

Local authorities since the War have apparently dealt with highway problems entirely in the interests of mechanical traction, and the time has now arrived to call a halt and change the procedure before other users of the highways—pedestrians, bicycles, cattle and the farm cart—are driven off the roads as well as horsemen and horsewomen. This problem is a matter for county councils, and it is hoped that members of these bodies will tackle the question without delay.

Strictly speaking, it may be assumed that the riding public must only use the public highways and such bridle roads as still exist. And in many districts this means that there is very little pleasure to be got from riding a horse. But do not the ignorant and thoughtless abound at the present time among those who ride? Recently there appeared a statement which described the action of riders in Richmond Park, who, in spite of requests to the contrary, by the persistent use of well-worn paths have ruined stretches of turf. Such thoughtless actions do a great deal of harm, to say the least of it, and by behaviour of this description the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Instructors in riding schools can do a great deal to prevent misconduct on the part of their clients by a

few words of warning during lectures to the advantage of all concerned. The harassed farmer, good sportsman that he is, tolerates a good deal of damage during the hunting season—indeed we, on more occasions than one, have witnessed, in pursuit of the fox, ruthless treatment meted out to autumn-sown corn by the man who paid for the sowing! It is the duty of all of us, who owe so much to landowners and farmers, to do our utmost to protect their interests, bearing in mind that there are few alternatives to riding across country except on tarmac roads—few, indeed, of which now have rideable grass verges.

MYSTERY OF RAINBOWS

Recent information that rainbow trout have firmly established themselves in a lough in Donegal and have now been breeding there for a sufficient time to be regarded as acclimatised, rather adds, if anything, to the mystery of these emigrants from Western America. Hitherto, in spite of every obstructive device which fishery owners have invented, there comes a time—it may be in a year, or two or three—when rainbows depart hence, and are no more seen. Reasons for their disappearance are almost as various as the means provided for preventing its occurrence, but so invariable has been the result of stocking with *salmo irideus* that most owners of water, anxious to extend the fly-fishing season to Christmas, have resigned themselves to continual re-stocking as a means of keeping up the supply of fish.

There is, of course, one famous exception among rivers—the Derbyshire Wye—where for some reason as yet not fully understood, the fish have established themselves as a native species. And now we have this Irish lough. It is to be hoped that the Department of Lands and Fisheries will be able to supply ova from the fish in this lake, which may have had the vanishing trick bred out of them.

TREES KILLED BY BIRDS?

When bullfinches year after year destroy the buds of flowering trees such as almonds, what is the effect on the life of the tree? The bullfinch nips off the flower bud, and it would therefore seem arguable that the leaf buds would not be affected. But is that so? Many gardeners must have noticed that in years such as the present, when bullfinches have been more mischievous than usual, the almond trees are slower in putting forth their green, and look almost lifeless next to other trees which are clothing themselves with leaf.

There are gardeners who hold that bullfinches may even kill almond and plum trees by their unceasing attacks on the flower buds, but there seems to be no authoritative opinion on the subject. It is a question which is surely worth examination by forestry officials.

PROMISE OF MAY

Students of weather prophecy during the past few weeks must have wondered sometimes what are the data that govern the forecasts of depressions. What will the weather prophets be offering us in the near future as to prospects of Epsom, Ascot, Henley and the rest of the functions of the season? There could hardly have been a more discouraging opening to the cricket season than the beginning of the second week of the month, with the bitter winds that brought rain from that usually pleasant quarter, the north-west.

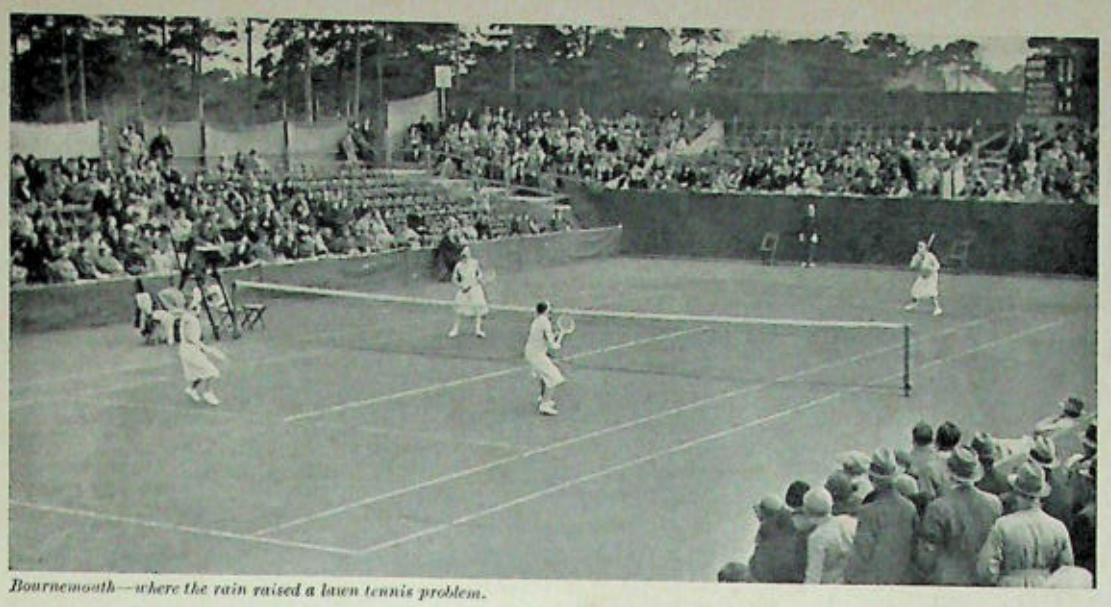
And in the gardens the progress of May has been equally disheartening. No lilac, no laburnum, no strawberry blossom, no asparagus — even last summer, dreary though it was, gave us a happier greeting than this year. But last year, too, offers us consolation. There were 27 consecutive wet week-ends. It is surely unlikely that this year can beat that dismal record.

KEATS'S NIGHTINGALE

"Remember that in all the millions permitted there are no more than five—five little lines—of which one can say: 'These are the pure Magic. These are the clear vision. The rest is only poetry.'"

So writes Rudyard Kipling in *Wireless;* and we, to-night perhaps, listening in the dark, may remember that of those five lines two are the last of a stanza in Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*:—

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."



Bournemouth—where the rain raised a lawn tennis problem.

PITY THE LAWN TENNIS "RABBIT"

Handicap Players Who Do Not Get a Square Deal

By J. E. COLLETT

THE SECRETARY of the Lawn Tennis Association has written a circular letter to the honorary secretaries of open tournaments, in which he takes up the sad case of handicap players. The letter follows aptly upon some sufferings of champions at Bournemouth, of which doubtless the Lawn Tennis Association will also take cognisance.

Behind the whole affair is the plain fact that lies behind most of what is unsatisfactory in the game. The governing body is a tremendous rule-maker, but it shirks enforcement.

Each year the agenda of the annual general meeting is a formidable array of mixed type, mainly devoted to the meticulous mechanics of management. These are passed *nem. con.*, or after a little banter with one of the councillors to whom rules are a ritual.

RULES MADE TO BE BROKEN

The fact is that the meetings as a whole do not care a fig for rules and regulations, of which they believe there are already enough and to spare. Matters of broad principle are debated when they arise, but the chair is sometimes more prominent when danger threatens headquarters than some think it should be, even allowing for the difficulties of controlling discursiveness.

So it may be inferred that the indisposition to be subject to rules is in the bones of the game. It is shown by the alleged sporting act of the thrown point to compensate for a presumed or actual bad decision, the dodging of the footfault rule, carelessness in attendance to time, and payment at tournaments.

At one time the tournament was a more leisurely and a smaller affair, the outcome of the garden party. It still hangs on hard to the fiction that it is purely an amateur and social function. Some country meetings of a county character may be, but metropolitan tournaments and important championships are conducted frankly with an eye to the gate.

The position arises automatically that a tournament committee is charging amateurs an entrance fee to put up a show from which the committee aspire to make a profit. Of the amateurs there are two sections, the "stars" and the "rabbits." The former supply the hope of revenue, the latter the certain revenue.

NOT WORTH CONSIDERING!

The Lawn Tennis Association are right in assuming that the rabbits get the worst of the deal, although they pay similar fees. They have "handicap" balls; the stars have new ones, generally each set, sometimes every seven games.

They have the far and feeble courts, the umpires for whom there is the least demand, and usually no ball boys. They arrive on the Monday, and frequently do not get a game—although possibly they have entered for three events—until late on the Wednesday afternoon.

It is not at all unusual for the mixed doubles handicap to be deferred till the Friday, and now and again it is either not completed or cut out of the programme.

Blame must not be attached to the referee. The authority of his class has been gradually whittled down until he may sometimes seem little more than the puppet of the committee, and the butt of the players.

It is all very well for the Lawn Tennis Association to recommend the stricter application of the regulations in order to meet abuses, but until they restore and regularise the powers of the referee, the trouble will remain, as it is now, a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth, and as far as regulations are concerned, of ignorance either real or convenient.

It is often well not to be cumbered with restrictions. G.H.Q. never won a war, but has lost lots, so the saying goes. But the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth were not an ordinary tournament. Everyone concerned has known since the meeting was started that it was in danger of running over the six days unless the players were overworked or subordinated to the weather.

Why, then, had the absurd and fussy dilemmas which the rain brought about not been foreseen? Rule 27 of the rules of lawn tennis says: "The referee, in his discretion, may at any time postpone a match on account of darkness or the condition of the ground or the weather."

At Bournemouth the referee perforce was torn between the desires of those who wished at all costs to complete the meeting within six days, and the varying wishes of the players. And in the end the affair had to be protracted over the week-end.

It is not only the interests of the handicap players which should call for official hints at first-aid. Efficient aid, like charity, should begin at home, in the form of good example at headquarters.

FAREWELL TO POINT-TO-POINTS

The Point-to-Point season is over!
Alas! for the days that are past,
And some of us now are in clover
And some of us more or less "grassed"!
But though we have suffered bereavements—
Financial in nature, I mean—
Let's now recollect our achievements
And think of the things we have seen.

We will think of the various courses,
Some easy, some tricky as well!
Of owners and riders and horses
Of tipsters with winners to sell,
And also, of course, of the races,
Of finishes, starts, of a jump,
Of "creatures" who failed to get places
And thus let us down with a bump!

Of bookies who well might be thinner
And lay us ridiculous odds,
And who if the favourite's a winner
Invoke their mysterious gods;
Of sharps with a shopwalker's manners
Who tell you, "You simply can't lose,"
Of ladies who ride like Dianas
In colours of varying hues.

We will think of the sporting old farmers,
The Tote and the crowds in the Bars,
In short, of the whole panorama
Of horses and dresses and cars;
And so we may mention in ending
That now that the season is past
We hope that next year will be sending
Another as good as the last!



OLD SEAL OF THE TANDEM CLUB

CLUBS OF THE ROAD AND REIN—V.

Modern Coaching Difficulties—How Tandem Driving Originated—Putting Young Drivers Through Their Paces

By "PALAFOX"

ONE OF THE MANY DIFFICULTIES to be contended with in the revival of coaching in the North is the shortage of coaches, and as the Society for the Revival of Old English Habits and Customs at Wallasey, Cheshire is not in possession of sufficient funds to have coaches specially built, it has to rely on finding old coaches "tucked away" in some remote spot. Then it must be able to induce the owners to sell cheaply, as considerable expense would have to be incurred in making them fit for use. Other difficulties are connected with the provision of horses and stabling.

At present there are only three four-in-hand turn-outs in the district, namely, the Liverpool coach previously referred to, another belonging to Mr. Harvey of Bidston, and a third which is being purchased for the Wallasey Club. It is an easy thing to garage a car, but it is quite a different matter to induce people to house a coach nowadays.

The driving of tandem became popular with the younger members of the Woolwich Garrison, gunners and others, soon after the close of the Crimean War and at about the same time as the coaching revival.

Those were the days when the old Surrey huntsman was the famous Tom Hills, of whom the story was told that on one occasion when he was returning to kennels from London on horseback, carrying in one of his flap pockets a fox which he had procured from Leadenhall Market for future use in case of emergency, he was stopped on Clapham Common by a highwayman, who demanded his money or his life in the orthodox fashion of the times.

OUTWITTING THE FOOTPAD

Nothing daunted, Tom persuaded the bandit to put his hand into the pocket containing the fox and to help himself to the imaginary wallet which it was alleged to contain, with the result that the footpad received a sharp bite for his pains, and before he could recover from his surprise Tom was off and away at a hard gallop.

In later days, the young soldiers used to jog off in the early hours of the morning to the meets of this and other Home Counties packs, and when they wanted to go to London they found it more convenient to drive from point-to-point by way of the Old Kent Road, which was then, of course, devoid of tramways.

One day a popular aide-de-camp had a brain wave. Possessing two horses of entirely different types, it occurred to him that although he could not ride them both at the same time, he might drive them together. As he could not afford to buy a coach-and-four, and the only vehicle he possessed was a dog-cart, he consulted a well-known horse dealer on the feasibility of driving tandem.

The reply was in these terms: "I always look upon a man as drives tandem as a fool; he makes two horses do the work of one, and most likely breaks his silly neck." The young soldier, however, was not to be deterred from his purpose, and having taken some lessons in the art of driving tandem, others among his comrades followed his example, and the Tandem Club was duly formed.

Following the lead of J. Loraine Baldwin and the I Zingari Cricketers, it was decided that the entrance fee to the club should be *nil*, and that the annual subscription should on no account exceed the entrance fee; that any member falling into arrears should, *ipso facto*, cease to be a member of the club; that the president should be at liberty to give such orders as he thought fit for the guidance of the club, and that the members should be at liberty to obey such orders if they pleased.

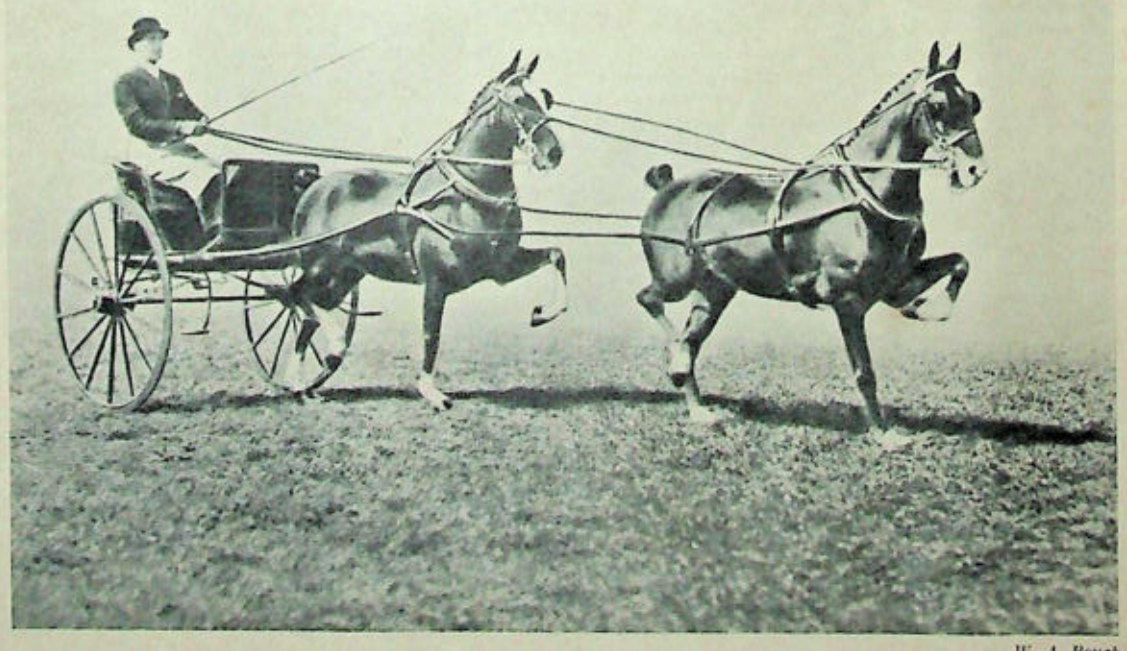
Fortunately, Col. Fane, commanding the Oxfordshire Militia, one of the most celebrated whips of his day, was persuaded to become critic and adviser-in-chief to the club with plenary powers. When the president could get half-a-dozen tandems together he would take them to the drill ground on Woolwich Common and drawing them up after the manner of a troop of Horse Artillery, he would from the box of his coach put them through every possible kind of evolution. It is not recorded how long the Tandem Club lasted, but the original members were soon scattered all over the globe.



W. A. Rouch

DICKENS UP TO DATE

Tony Weller (T. Tagg) and the guard of the old Commodore Coach which annually drives the Pickwick Club to Rochester



W. A. Rouch

THE POETRY OF ACTION: A CHAMPION TANDEM TEAM

Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P., driving Nork Silhouette and Lochardil, winner of many prizes in the show ring

As Major-Gen. Sir Christopher Teesdale, R.A., V.C., says in the volume of the Badminton Library on *Driving*: "There is no reason why a tandem should be a particularly dangerous or useless means of conveyance. Let anyone while he is young and has strong and steady nerves, a quick eye, and patience to learn his business thoroughly, try it, and perhaps he will not repent. Let him begin by learning the uses, places and combinations of the harness to the last buckle. Then if he can find a good professor, let him sit beside him, watch, listen and learn.

"When he feels confident that he can set up on his own account, let him possess himself of a stout dog-cart, a steady, well-bitted leader and a free leader in a ring-snaffle, and above all, an active sober groom. Then he may go far, and certainly might fare worse. Nothing could well be more pleasant than f[or] two great friends who do not quarrel mo[re] than three times a day to make a tour through a hilly district, where there is plenty of wo[rk] for both horses to do, and all the elements [of] open-air enjoyment. If there be a smal[l] degree of danger connected with the pastime, and a man must needs be a fool for liking it, long may there be many such fools in England to keep up all its sports and exercises as well as tandem driving."

HUNTING ON WHEELS

Impediments of which one never dreamed in those days have now arisen which make tandem driving wellnigh impossible—except perhaps in favoured spots such as Bermuda, where there are no motor vehicles; but 50 years ago or more a dear old departed friend of my youth, who was a tandem addict, and I myself found it most convenient in connection with hunting in this way: We used to send on "the active sober groom" with Wear-and-tear Old Brown, a horse up to my 12st.; then in the shafts of a dog-cart we had a genuine Norfolk red roan trotter of the Coker's Fireaway strain, and in the lead a wiry chestnut blood mare equal to carrying my friend who could go to scale at 10st. 7lb.

Under the back seat we stowed a saddle, bridle and running martingale, and on the seat was a smart boy who accompanied us to the meet for the fun of the thing, and also to make himself useful if necessary. We travelled at an easy stroke to reach the meeting place half-an-hour before time, and the mare had nothing to do but keep a straight course except on the rising ground, when she had a little collar work.

After a rub down the saddle and bridle were substituted for the light lead gear, and she was as fit as the proverbial fiddle when we were ready to move off with hounds. The tandem harness was stowed under the seat, the back of the cart was closed, and the wheeler having had his mouth washed out and been given a lock of hay, set out on the return journey with the boy and man now both in front.

By easing our ride horses whenever we had a chance, dismounting and putting them head-to-wind, we found that we could do three days a fortnight easily, and more often than not two days a week with two riding horses and a hackney.

[*Concluded.*]



"THE DANCING BALL RUNS STRAIGHT AND TRUE, THE GROUND IS AS FAST AS FIRE" W. Dennis Moss

A keenly contested game in polo on the West Somerset's ground at Minehead. Dunster Castle is seen in the background, towering above the trees

POLO IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Some Clubs, Players and Teams

THE ABNORMALLY WET SUMMER experienced in the West Country last year proved disastrous to the various polo clubs. Many days of practice, which after all are essential to team building, were lost. Should the season which has just started be favoured with fine and dry weather, many of the clubs hope to experience their best year since the Great War.

It is a matter for regret that owing to the financial situation and shortage of players, the old-established Cirencester Polo Club has been forced, at any rate, temporarily, to close down. It is hoped in time that the committee will find themselves able to resuscitate the game in the Cotswold town. Its formation dates from 1894, and the club have always through the kindness, and generosity of Lord Bathurst, been able to have their ground in his beautiful park.

An interesting fact to note is the resolution which was made at the first committee meeting to the effect that no pony should exceed in height 14.2.

In the years 1922 and 1923 a team comprising Capt. M. J. Kingscote, Capt. R. R. Smart, the late Hon. Aubrey Hastings and Capt. L. H. Shedden, carried off the Roehampton Cup. A club with such a record should not be allowed to sink into oblivion.

PLAY AT CHELTENHAM

Through polo no longer being played at Cirencester this summer, the Cheltenham Polo Club is taking its place, and old members who will be playing include Capt. Naylor, the backbone of the successful Warrens Gorse team, and such excellent exponents of the game as Mr. S. J. Barton, Capt. J. M. Bailey, Capt. D. J. Mitchell, and the polo manager, Mr. W. F. Holman.

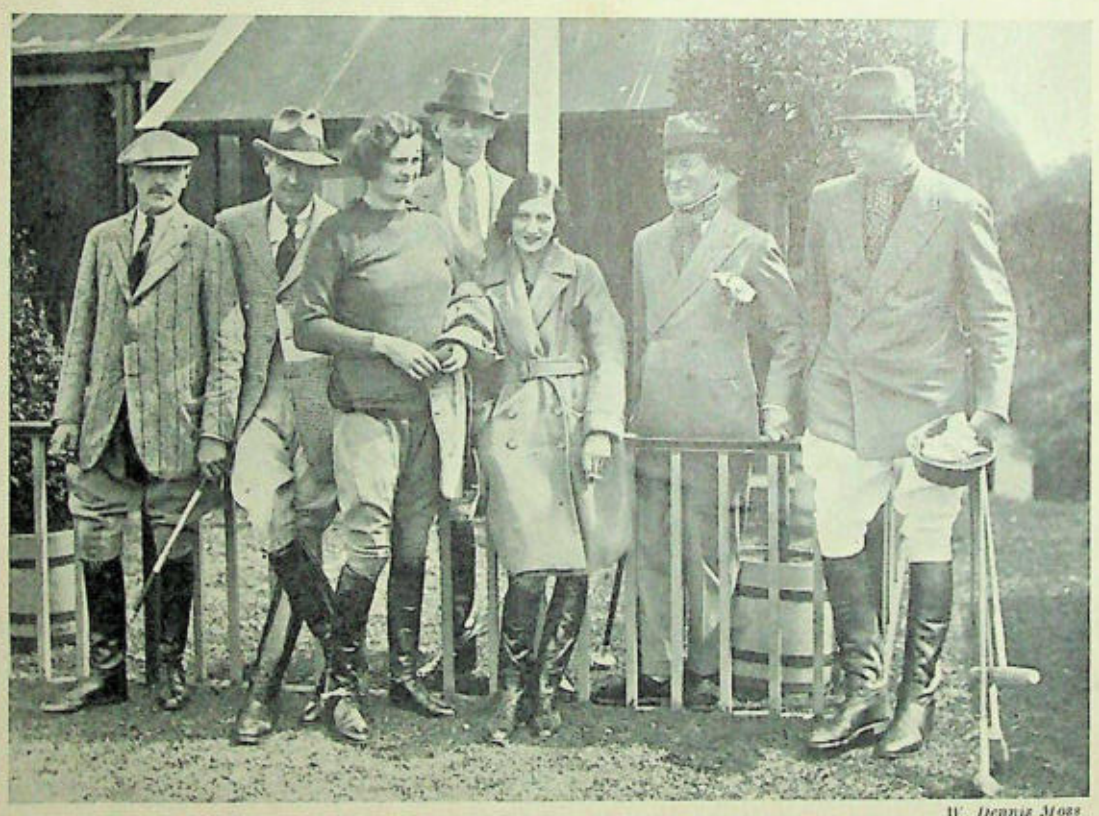
The Spring Tournament is fixed for May 23rd–28th, when teams of the Scots Greys and 16th/5th Lancers from Tidworth are expected to compete. It is also hoped that Brig.-Gen. Hurndall will bring a Headquarters Staff team from there.

The Summer Tournament will take place from July 25th–30th. The old club member—now the celebrated International—Capt. Roark, will bring his usual two teams to compete. Others bringing teams will be Major Magor, Mr. A. David and Mr. Phillipi, besides visitors from Tidworth and the Beaufort Polo Clubs.

The Beaufort Polo Club are anticipating a most successful season. The quick-drying turf on the unrivalled grounds, both at Westonbirt and Norton, enables polo to be played earlier in the year than is possible elsewhere. This knowledge brings many of the London club players down in the spring, and already Lord Sefton, the Marquis De Portago, Sir Ian Walker, Sir Harold Wernher, Major Philip Magor, Mr. Tyrell-Martin, Capt. C. T. J. Roark—who has now happily recovered from his serious illness—Capt. E. A. Phillips, Mr. N. H. Docker, and Mr. Desmond Miller are practising there.

Major T. J. Longworth, the hon. secretary, has now fully recovered from his bad accident, and will be playing polo again this season. Other playing members will include Major "Rattle" Barrett, Mr. E. A. Greenslade, Capt. M. J. Kingscote, Mr. H. Lloyd-Thomas, Major K. J. Menzies, Mr. S. Sanford and Capt. P. Vincent.

Another club which is confidently looking forward to a good season is the West Gloster Polo Club.



W. Dennis Moss

BEFORE PLAY COMMENCED AT NORTON

Left to right: Major "Rattle" Barrett, the old International player, Capt. Shedden the Hon. Mrs. G. Greenall, Capt. M. J. Kingscote, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, Major T. J. Longworth, and Mr. Gerald Balding, who is playing in America this season

For the last two seasons they have been seriously handicapped by a shortage of playing members, though this will not be the case this season. There are two boarded grounds, which are in first-class order. A polo pit is in course of construction, by which it is hoped to encourage still more members, and also to improve the play of the old ones. The Open Tournament for the West Gloster Cup will take place from May 30th to June 4th, for teams not exceeding eight handicap.

Farther west, the old-established Minehead and West Somerset Polo Club has started on a season which promises to be one of the most successful in its long history. The Autumn Tournament, which will commence on August 8th, will extend over one month, and eight cups will be competed for.

LONDON PLAYERS FOR DUNSTER

The only cloud on an otherwise bright horizon, is the lack of resident players owing to the financial crisis. The grounds on the Dunster Castle estate are in perfect order, and the secretary, Major J. H. Whitehead, is to be congratulated on the forethought and attention he has given to every detail to ensure the success of the coming season. Several players are expected from the London clubs including Major P. Magor, Capt. M. J. Kingscote (who has been appointed Tournament Manager), Mr. E. Tyrell-Martin, Mr. A. David, Capt. P. Butler, Major Keith Menzies, Capt. Scott-Robson, Mr. H. Nelson, Col. Carr, Capt. E. Phillipi, Mr. S. Barton, and possibly Capt. H. P. Guiness. Other players are expected from India, Iraq and Egypt.

The long stretch of sands on the front at Minehead are gaining in popularity for both practice and the schooling of ponies.

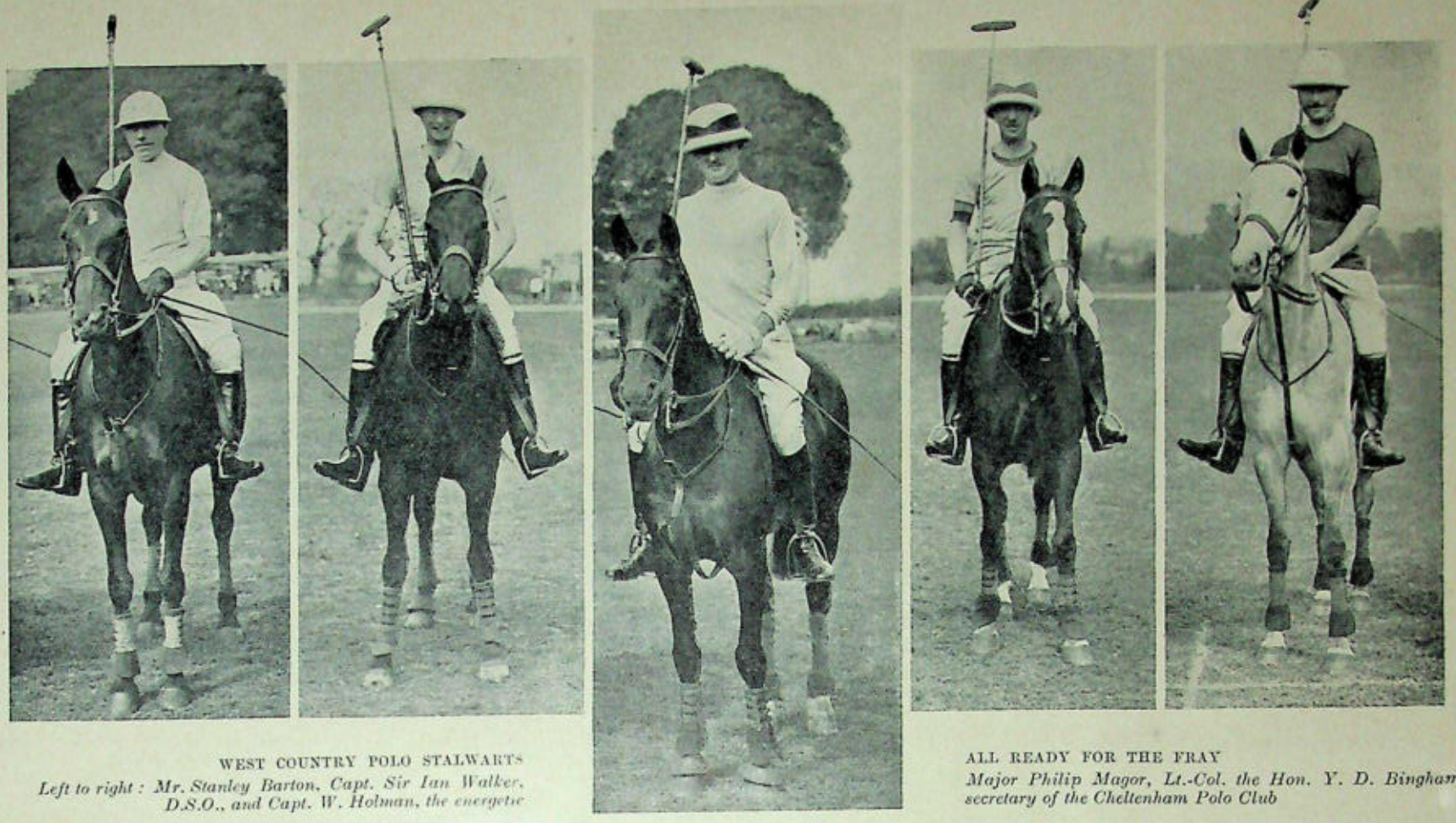
Hardly such a rosy prospect confronts the Taunton Vale Polo Club. In fact, they appear to be faced with the most difficult season since their inauguration in 1920. Their complications are threefold: (1) Several of the old players have given up; (2) others are too hard hit financially to keep ponies; (3) young players are not forthcoming.

BENEFIT OF DRY WEATHER

However, a start was made early in April, and a satisfactory feature was the presence of three schoolboys among the players. The condition of the two grounds has been considerably improved by the long spell of dry weather in January and February.

The club expects to have about 20 playing members, among whom will be three Indian policemen. The first tournament (confined to members) opens on May 23rd and will continue until May 27th. The Portman Cup Tournament is fixed for June 13th to 18th. In August the club is faced with defending the West Somerset "Quinton Dick" Cup at Minehead. The hon. secretary, Mr. H. L. P. Walsh, is especially keen on encouraging schoolboys in the rudiments of the game, and when the holidays start in August he hopes to have several boys playing.

It is unfortunate that owing to unavoidable



WEST COUNTRY POLO STALWARTS
Left to right: Mr. Stanley Barton, Capt. Sir Ian Walker, D.S.O., and Capt. W. Holman, the energetic

ALL READY FOR THE FRAY
Major Philip Magor, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Y. D. Bingham, secretary of the Cheltenham Polo Club

circumstances two successful combinations—Mr. Dove's "Newport" team and Col. Pringle's "Grange" team are likely to be broken up.

The Southern Command on Salisbury Plain have an excellent polo club at Tidworth. They are especially fortunate in possessing two grounds on Perham Down which are always playable, no matter how hard it rains. Owing to this valuable asset the season was able to be started at an exceptionally early date—March 26th. Already over 200 chukkas have been played.

YOUNG PLAYERS AT SHORNCLIFFE

Brig.-Gen. Hurndall and Major R. L. McCreery, both with a handicap of five, are two first-class players who will help to keep Tidworth polo at a high standard. The 4th/7th Dragoon Guards have arrived from Shorncliffe, and have been busily engaged in collecting ponies, as have the 16th/5th Lancers, who have a number of young players.

The 4th/7th Dragoon Guards have Major Aizlewood and Major Darley to assist to build their teams, and the Lancers have Capt. Babbington.

The Greys and the 11th Hussars are well off for players and ponies; the former have the same team which won the Subalterns' Cup last year (Messrs. Lopes, Mackeson, Guiness and Findlay). With Mr. Guiness, the international back, whose handicap is now nine, and Mr. Findlay four, as the backbone of the team, they must stand a good chance of winning the Inter-Regimental. CRICKLADE.

MODERATE PRICES AT RUGBY HOUND SALES

Sir George Thurston Buys Brocklesby Draft

DRAFTS from the Brocklesby, Kilkenny and Croome packs were offered at Messrs. Tattersall's second sale of foxhounds at their Rugby kennels on Friday. Prices ruled very low. The leading hunting people present included Lord Cobham, Sir George Thurston, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Sir John B. Jardine, Col. Negus, Col. Seckham, Major Shackle, Major Rendell, and Capt. Monckton.

The highest price paid was 16gs. for the three-year-old Kilkenny stallion hound Windsor, by Mrs. Hall. Sir George Thurston paid 44gs. for four unentered puppies from the Brocklesby Kennels, viz., Villager, Voyager, Victor January 17th) and Whalebone (May 31st), and Mr. E. Tyrwhitt Drake paid 24gs. for Warwick, Warlock, Warrender and Warbler (one year) from the same kennels. Other fair prices received for lots from this draft were 20gs. paid by Major Jessop for Gaffer, Governor, Grafter, Gulliver (three years) and Dasher (two years); 22gs. by Capt. Jeffrey for Drayman, Harlequin, Striver and Teaser (two years); 22gs. by Capt. Monckton for Grampion, Ringwood, Rioter and Vagabond (one year), and 22gs. by Mr. D. Benson for Batchelor, Bangor, Rouser and Veteran (one year).

AIDS IN TRAINING POLO PONIES

Lt.-Col. T. P. Melvill Explains his Methods

IN AN INTERESTING VOLUME of personal reminiscences Lieut.-Col. T. P. Melvill, D.S.O., the famous polo player, who has played the greatest of all games in most parts of the world, considers that ponies and women have much in common. As a man of the world he finds the same qualities in both—grace, good movement, readiness to go and willingness (when required) to stop, and a turn of "speed." He has trained and ridden polo ponies in four of the five continents, while in the fifth, all his attention was occupied by the Riff campaign.

Naturally the words of a polo player of the calibre of Col. Melvill, as to the training of polo ponies carry a good deal of weight. And here are his three aids to make a pony pull up correctly:

"Firstly, the voice—I always give a sharp 'Whup!'

"After a bit, most ponies stop of their own accord, knowing what's coming, and preparing themselves for it. Secondly, use your legs: squeeze 'em back as hard as you can and lean the body slightly back. I've often put on spurs (and sharp ones at that) to make a pony get his hocks under him and *stop*—not the normal purpose of spurs, of course! And thirdly, and lastly, the reins. Most people will do the first and third, very few the second, which is by the far the most important of the three. Start this at the walk, then go on to trot and canter, and rein back two or three paces—not more, for they're liable to get their heads down and over bent if you do—every time you stop a pony.

"My experience has been that once I can get ponies to do this properly, there is very little difficulty about changing legs fore and aft. And what else is there except to teach them stick and ball—very troublesome sometimes—and to get them used to working in company? I think it was Grubb, of the 3rd Hussars, who taught me about riding off. All his ponies are wonderfully brave.

"A horse is naturally a bully—I believe most creatures are—and if he finds by going into another one that he doesn't hurt himself, and feels that the other gives way to him, he thinks it quite amusing.

"So when you are teaching your youngster this necessary part in his education, put your groom (with sharp spurs) on a troop horse or an old pony that doesn't matter, and as you come into him, make him touch his mount with his spur on that side, so as to make him shrink away; your pupil soon begins to think he's a devil of a chap and that he's doing it all. Let him always win in a shove; consequently never teach two ponies to ride off each other, at any rate until you have reached a more advanced stage.

"In knocking a ball about, have plenty of balls scattered in every direction. This obviates the necessity of continually stopping when you miss, and also prevents the pony shying off, as he is always watching the one you have just hit, and doesn't realise there is another until you have brought off your stroke."

And if more ponies were "made" like this, there would be few spoiled, for surely one chukker will undo six months of careful training, cantering chukkers, turning on a sixpence, and the sympathy of control between mount and man.

But Col. Melvill's memories are not all of the polo world, travelling, or indeed the ballroom, for the author has much to say of his military service in India, in France (where he commanded the 17th Lancers) and in Madrid, where he was frequently in contact with King Alfonso—a polo player of no mean order, and probably one of the astutest men in Europe.

A ROYAL REPRIMAND

Of His Majesty King George's strict attention to military detail, Col. Melvill tells the following story of the King's remarkable powers of observation:

"Once when I had to send a squadron to London for the last of these, I saw the men off from Aldershot. Seeing that it was raining the men led their horses to the station, and carried their swords, beautifully burnished, with all their saddlery and accoutrements protected as far as possible from the elements.

"I impressed upon the Officer Commanding the importance of the 'turn out' and smartness, not only in the procession itself, but also in the march to and from Knightsbridge Barracks and Waterloo. On arriving, the Officer Commanding, who was not very well, went on ahead by taxi, and the four subalterns thought it would be a tremendously smart thing to wear their blue cloaks over their khaki uniforms.

"What on earth can have induced them to this decision, I cannot imagine. Anyhow, they put them on, and as luck would have it, His Majesty the King, who never misses any little detail in the appearance of his troops, happened to see them, and nearly had a fit.

"The first thing I heard of it was a frantic telephone message from Sir Philip Chetwode, who was then Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot, demanding an explanation. I was just as dumbfounded as His Majesty had been—it was an excess of zeal and possibly self-conceit on the part of four young and particularly smart officers, who to this day have never succeeded in giving me a satisfactory explanation."

And to all those who like life seasoned with dash and excitement and a spice of danger, Col. Melvill's autobiography will prove an immensely attractive dish. It is definitely a distinct contribution to the polo literature we possess. F.

Ponies and Women. By Lieut.-Col. T. P. Melvill, D.S.O. (London: Jarrolds; 12/6 net.)

GUNN, THE CRICKET GENIUS

A Test Player of 1907 and Still Going Strong

By NEVILLE CARDUS



R. W. V. ROBINS
One of the likeliest of our bowlers to get Bradman out on Australian wickets

GEORGE GUNN was supposed to have retired from cricket in 1930. But last year Nottinghamshire could not find a dependable batsman to open the innings. Gunn was called back to first-class cricket, and before the season's end he made 1179 runs, average 39.30—splendid work in a year of bowlers' pitches.

It was again announced during last winter that Gunn would play in no more county matches. But on Saturday, May 7th, as ever was, George went in first for his county in their opening engagement and against Sussex he played a scherzo of an innings.

His bat on certain days can flash like a sword, and on the same days the same bat will seem to you like Touchstone's stick with the bladder of wit invisible. His cricket achieves a marvellous blend of classical principle and modern disrule.

See him thrust his left leg over the wicket and drive through the covers. You will say: "A true Gunn—even as the great William!"

PLAYING IN A PANAMA HAT

But see him bend down suddenly and cut a ball clean off the middle stump; then will you understand that George Gunn has lived to know the epoch of flippancy. A stroke by Gunn may well appeal to you, by reason of its handsome technique, as a moral law handed down to cricket from the time of the Victorians.

Another stroke by Gunn may well delight your eyes (at the same time bewildering your sense of order and canonical fitness) by its epigrammatic modernity. He is a law, or rather a whole code of law, unto himself.

A born artist! He never troubles his head about his average. Let me tell a story about Gunn, which, if it is not true, ought to be true. A year or two ago, Nottinghamshire won the toss on a flawless, wonderfully smooth and beautiful wicket. The day was a midsummer fire of sunshine.

Obviously any batsman worth a ha'penny would score vast runs at pleasure. Well, George Gunn went in first, as usual, with Whysall. (He wore a white panama hat for the occasion—just like him!) He scored 20 runs in a few minutes, by means of cuts and glances, each of them incredibly effortless. Then suddenly, without apparent reason, he gently returned a slow ball to the bowler—handed him the catch as though presenting it on a tray.

When George got back to the pavilion, A. W. Carr said: "What on earth did you get out like that for, George?" And Gunn replied: "Too hot, sir!"

This great batsman ought to have remained in the England eleven since his first Test match, which took place in 1907. He ought to have been England's answer to Macartney. It is not a bit of use looking at Gunn's statistics; averages cannot hold the fluid current of genius.

In December, 1907, George Gunn played against Australia for England at Sydney; he made 119 and 74 in the match. Gunn was not chosen to join the M.C.C. team on the tour; he happened to be going to Australia for his health, and an arrangement was made whereby he would be at A. O. Jones's disposal "if required."

He played in all the five Test matches of the 1907–1908 Australian season; his scores were, 119, 74, 15, 0, 65, 11, 13, 43, 122, 0. In those days none but a great batsman ever got as far as a century in a Test match.

Gunn also made history in the Australian Test matches of 1911-1912, a member of the great England XI. which won four games out of five, after losing the first. In these games he scored 381 runs, average 42.33.

A SATURDAY AFTERNOON BOWLER

The disastrous first match, lost by England by 146 runs, was notable for the bowling of a new "googly" bowler—Dr. Hordern. In England's first innings he took five wickets for 85; in the second, seven for 90.

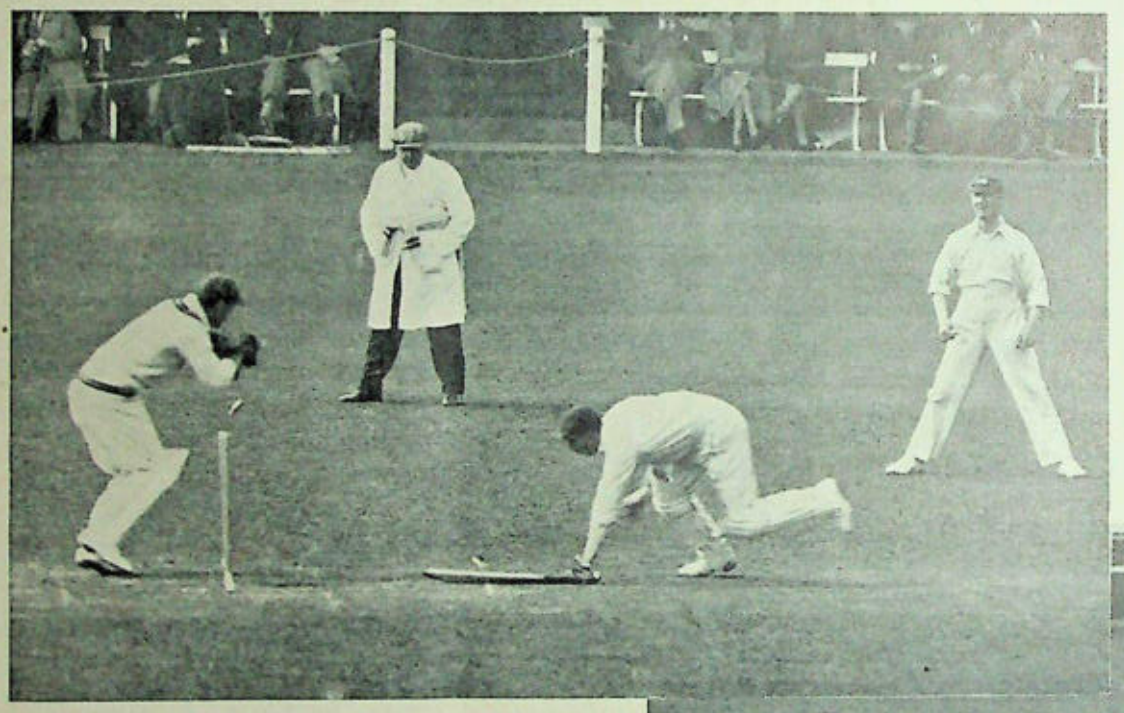
George Gunn, despite a damaged hand, improvised a cool paradoxical, disrespectful innings of 64, and after he came back to the pavilion he tossed his bat into a corner, indicated with a jerk of his thumb the field of battle through the open window of the dressing room, and said: "He's a —— Saturday afternoon bowler, he is!" That was the beginning of the England team's mastery over Hordern; the rest was plain sailing.

The performances of our veterans has, indeed, been a remarkable fact of the season's opening wintry days. On Saturday, also, Hobbs made 70 not out, Jupp 74, Holmes 86, Astill 46.

And in a Lancashire league game, Sydney Barnes, the greatest bowler of them all, took eight wickets for 22, for Rawtenstall against Lowerhouse. And Barnes is now in his 60th year!

Our young players, with all their promise, will need to go a long way to equal the powers, achievements, and splendour of style of Gunn, Hobbs, Woolley, Parker, and Barnes. Yet they are (some of them) doing very well to be going on with. To the present writer it was a great comfort to learn of the clever bowling of R. W. V. Robins for the M.C.C. against Yorkshire last week-end.

His five wickets for 61 assured me that he still commands his own skilful spin. It would be a pity if club cricket were to spoil the class of Robins's



MITCHELL (YORKSHIRE) STUMPED BY FRANKLIN (M.C.C.) OFF A BALL FROM ROBINS, AFTER HE HAD MADE 36

He made 50 out of 90 in 70 minutes, and reached 67 before he was given out l.b.w. And George Gunn is approaching the age of 53!

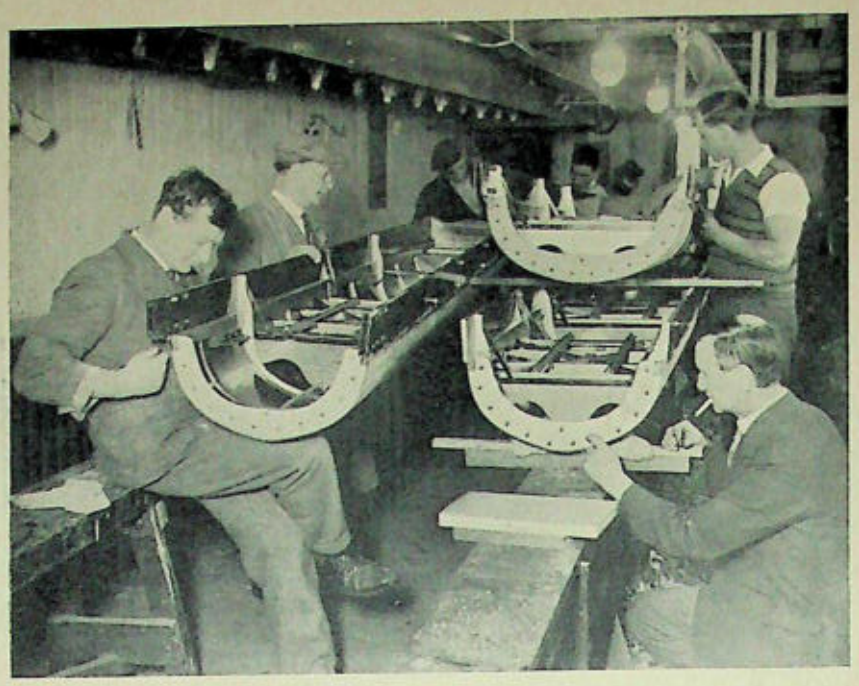
He is the most personal genius in the cricket of our period; there's none like him. His bat is a different instrument in his hands at different times; all depends on the man's incalculable spirit. Some days he will stonewall, but even then George Gunn's bat is a witty, not a merely passive, resister.

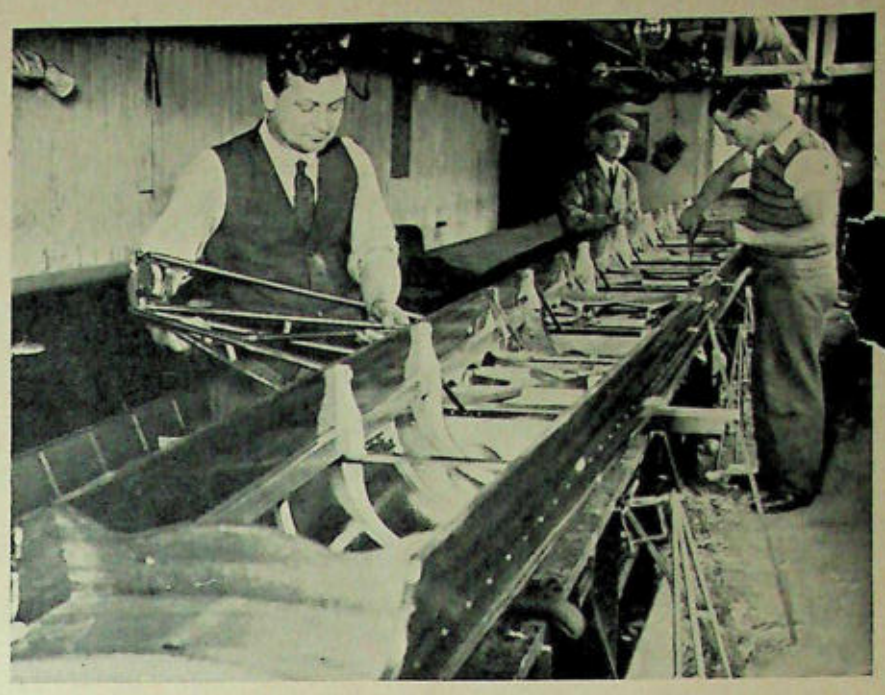
I have seen him on the defence against McDonald. I have seen him walk out of his ground to a fast rising ball, and reach up to it and knock it down with his bat, like a man swatting an annoying fly. I have seen him watch that ball, after stunning it—watch it until it ceased fizzing and spinning on the earth in front of him; then I have seen him gently pat the ball back to the astonished bowler.

Gunn is an ironist, whether he knows it or not. His cricket can be really sardonic. He will elaborately stop a half-volley with the aspect of a man terribly suspicious. And if the next ball chances to be almost unplayable, a rasping breakback, Gunn is as likely as not to flick it casually to the square-leg boundary.



HENDREN (M.C.C.) SCORES TO LEG OFF A BALL FROM F. R. BROWN (SURREY)
In making top score, Hendren kept in line with the form shown by other veteran players this month





COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

At least that is what Thames R.C. hope in building this eight, which takes to pieces in three parts for transport. If not used for Los Angeles, it will in any case be available for Continental regattas

attack; he is the likeliest of all English bowlers to get Bradman out on Australian wickets.

He ought to be put into county company at once, and kept there until next August, with a captain of discipline to hold him to accuracy of length and constant thought about length. There is natural genius in Robins, but so far, we have only seen brief fugitive glimpses of it.

Another young bowler who should receive encouragement, careful nursing and instruction is Perks of Worcestershire. The other day, at Old Trafford, I saw him pitch a fast-medium ball of perfect length between the middle and leg stumps. The ball seemed to be swinging in, and Bernard Quaife, the Worcestershire stumper, leaned sideways, to leg, to stop it. But the ball whipped across the other way and missed the off bail by inches.

Sydney Barnes used to worry Victor Trumper nigh unto death with the "going across" ball. Young Perks must be watched—and not overbowled!

ROUND THE WICKETS

Somerset Batting Contrasts

IN THEIR MATCH against Surrey at the Oval, Somerset showed that, although they have practically no outstanding batsman, their batting still provides an engaging variety of method.

J. Lee's innings of three-and-a-half hours for 85 might have belonged to J. W. Hearne, so careful was he; yet it was an enjoyable innings because he has a pleasing style. C. C. Case, again, took an unconscionable time to make 10, but most bowlers are glad to see him go, for in his own awkward way he can be extremely difficult to dislodge.

On the other hand, Wellard, the tall fast bowler, can nearly always be relied on to liven up the game, and it was a joy to see the almost leisurely way in which, off four balls from the Surrey slow bowler, Gregory, he made an on-drive for 6, another for 4, a straight drive for 2, and then a great drive, nearly straight, on to the pavilion wall for another 6—18 runs off the four consecutive balls.

There is also Linney, a thick-set and very busy left-hander with no particular respect for length bowling. He treated the Surrey bowlers very roughly and as he has plenty of confidence he should go far.

SURREY SLOW BOWLERS

After years of groping after a first-class slow bowler, Surrey now find themselves in possession of three slow bowlers who may at any time prove very destructive.

Perhaps F. R. Brown is the only one who can be called really first class, and even he has a good deal to learn in the way of making the best use of his talents. Against Somerset he often had the batsmen in difficulties; but he also gave them a large number of short-length balls with which they could easily deal in spite of the break.

His fields for right-hand and left-hand batsmen, shown in the accompanying diagrams, were an interesting study of his methods. His three slips for a right-hand batsman bore no particular fruit because his going-away leg break was generally pitched either too short or too much off the wicket to force the batsman to play it.

Though Gregory does not command as much spin as Brown he can keep a length very steadily, and batsmen are often deceived by his flight. Squires is the third slow bowler. He appears chiefly to bowl off-breaks, and though there seems no reason why he should get first-class batsmen out, he somehow tempts them into making mistakes.

THE OLD BRIGADE AGAIN

Our "veteran" cricketers are truly irrepressible. No sooner has Hobbs, at the age of 49, began the season with innings of 84 and 75 than George Gunn, at the age of 52, leads off with 67 against Sussex.

Only five years younger than Hobbs, Holmes, of Yorkshire, began with 110 against Oxford, and at Lord's last Saturday added 86 out of a total innings of 212, being one of the few batsmen to triumph over conditions which helped the M.C.C. bowlers.

Where are the young players to challenge the continued predominance of such veterans as these? There is Keeton, who scored 142 in a way that foreshadows a big step forward this season, and George Gunn cannot now feel much superior to his son, G. V. Gunn.

'VARSITY SETBACKS

Defeat in their first county matches is usually the portion of the Oxford and Cambridge teams, composed as they are largely of experimental selections, and it was not surprising that they were beaten heavily by Yorkshire and Kent respectively. This year both Universities had to play their first match before the Freshmen's trials had been completed; but the Oxford captain had seen enough, and thought highly enough of the slow bowling of E. A. Barlow, last year's captain of the Shrewsbury School team, to play him against Yorkshire.

As Barlow proceeded to take three wickets for 50 and six for 44, it looks as though Oxford have in him one of the bowlers required to fill the gap left by R. S. G. Scott and E. M. Wellings.

Against Kent, the Cambridge batting was not as good as might have been expected, and there was no outstanding bowler, so that added interest centred in the Freshmen's match. Here R. de W. K. Winlaw, last year's Winchester captain, showed unusual confidence and enterprise in a fine innings of 85, and there appeared to be possibilities about the left-hand bowling of D. L. K. Milman.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES CREW

Rivals at Work for the Eight

SUMMER ROWING is now in full swing, although this is scarcely a true statement in view of the fact that there is little or no off season in these days of winter rowing.

As a result of the increased popularity of this pastime during the last decade, it is to be hoped that a world-beating crew may be sent out to Los Angeles; and this it will need to be, for we may rest assured that there will tough nuts to crack in America and Germany. The United States Navy crews have become renowned for their strength and pace, and, moreover, if America is once more represented by one, it will be all the more redoubtable owing to the fact that it will be racing on its own water.

Prospects in England are distinctly bright, for we have both men and coaches of experience. Cambridge have now commenced practice on the Cam, and although their training will be somewhat curtailed by the fact that the men are rowing every day for their college crews, this may be all for the good. The crew will have occasional outings as Leander during the term, which will serve to keep them together as a crew, and their college rowing will act as a pleasant diversion. A college crew is often mentally stale by Henley, and by getting together again as Leander, Cambridge will st[art] fresh and fit for the three weeks before the rega[tta]

A LOSS FOR LONDON?

Thames and London are now working with the idea of getting fit and welded together as crews, two assets which are never really possessed by the time of the Head of the River Race. The former have been carrying out a great deal of four-oared work in conjunction with the eight, with the dual purpose of teaching the men watermanship, and competing for the Stewards at Henley, and for this event they have a very useful four. London have already an eight far superior to the one they produced last year. It is unlikely that Terence O'Brien will be able to spare the time which the necessary training entails. It will be a great pity indeed if he is unable to stroke, for although they now have a most promising substitute, the crew can ill-afford to lose the immense experience of O'Brien if they hope to be of top-class order.

A PORTABLE BOAT FOR THAMES R.C.

Will It Be Wanted for Los Angeles?

EVEN THAMES R.C., who have never been noted for lack of ambition as a rowing club, must have been satisfied with their successes at Hammersmith Regatta last Saturday. Out of seven events they were represented in seven finals; and they won four of them—the junior sculls, the junior-senior sculls, the junior-senior pairs and the junior-senior eights.

Nothing succeeds like success; so no doubt Thames men will be entertaining high hopes of their first crew winning the Grand and later representing Great Britain at the Olympic Games. Already the club have been sufficiently optimistic to build a special boat for the latter possibility.

The construction of this boat was entrusted to Messrs. Simms Bros., of Putney, and it is designed so that it can be taken apart into three sections, for transport, and assembled on arriving at its destination.

It is said that this novel build does not detract from the boat's racing speed, although presumably certain allowances must be made for the extra weight of the metal plates that are used for joining up the three sections. Yet if a boat can be made, with metal plates, that is as fast through the water as a normal racing shell, the suggestion is that there is room for improvement in standard boat design. It will be most interesting to see what results are obtained when the new boat is used for racing.

"The Cricketer" Spring Annual.—This season's *Spring Annual* of *The Cricketer* (2/6) is one of the most interesting and varied that has so far been issued. It contains articles on all sorts of phases of the game, both serious and humorous, and not by any means confined to first-class cricket. The game overseas is dealt with comprehensively, and some interesting particulars are given of the visiting team from India.

DEEP-SEA RACING RIVALS

Competitors in This Week's Haaks and Maas Races

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

DEEP-SEA RACING opened its season yesterday under the flag of the Royal Ocean Racing Yacht Club, with the Haaks and Maas races in the North Sea, which were sailed for the first time last year, and have now been established as an annual event. The Haaks Race is for yachts of over 35ft. and not exceeding 60ft. on designed load water line, and the Maas Race for yachts with a water-line measurement of from 27ft. to 35ft. The course for the larger yachts is from Burnham-on-Crouch—the starting line being some distance below the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club—round the Haaks and Maas lightships, and thence to Harwich Harbour—the finishing line being off Felixstowe Dock—a distance of 320 sea miles.

For the smaller class the course is the same, excepting that the yachts do not have to round the Haaks Lightship, the distance being 260 miles.

A FRENCH NEWCOMER

There are fewer entries than in 1931, but in spite of this there should be some interesting racing. A newcomer to the larger class is the French schooner Hygie, owned by M. A. Verlier. Hygie is a fine powerful cruising vessel of about 48 tons Thames measurement and, in the capable hands of her owner, should be able to give a good account of herself. By the measurement rule of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, she has a rating of 51.4ft., her length being 56ft. 3½in., her beam 16ft. 5½in., and her depth 8ft. 11½in. On these dimensions, she has a sail area of 2,620 sq. ft., but owing to her rig allowance as a schooner, her rating is small in relation to her dimensions. By the R.O.R.C. rules, schooners sail at only 90 per cent. of their actual rating.

Hygie has about 7in. more length and 9in. more beam than the American schooner Mistress, which was a prize winner in last season's Fastnet Cup Race, but she has nearly 340 sq. ft. more sail area and rates 2ft. more than the American. Her opponents are Ilex, owned by the Royal Engineer Yacht Club, and Frolic, owned by Messrs. J. S. and N. A. Bacon, of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. Ilex is, of course, well known to all who follow deep-sea racing, as she was the winner of the Fastnet Cup in 1926—beating, among others, the American schooner Primrose IV. and the Fife-designed fast cruiser Hallowe'en.

ILEX, THE OLD STAGER

In 1929, and again in 1930, Ilex won the third prize in the Fastnet Race, the years when Jolie Brise took the cup for the second and third times. In 1930, too, she turned the tables on Jolie Brise, and won the Queen of Spain's Cup in the Plymouth-Santander Race. Ilex has a Thames measurement of 20 tons and her R.O.R.C. dimensions for measurement are: Length 44ft. 7in., beam 10ft. 5in., and depth 7ft. 11in. She is now cutter rigged, and has a sail area of 1,565 sq. ft., and an R.O.R.C. rating of 46ft. It is interesting to note that Ilex was built 33 years ago to Mr. Charles Nicholson's design, and that she took part in the Transatlantic Race last year.

Frolic is an ex-Bristol Channel pilot cutter of 35 tons, built in 1905. Her main dimensions for R.O.R.C. measurement are: Length 49ft., beam 13ft. 3in., and depth 9ft. 3½in. Although she is so much larger, dimensionally, than Ilex, she only carries practically the same area of canvas—1,557 sq. ft. By the R.O.R.C. time scale for long-distance races, Hygie has to allow Ilex, on rating, 29 seconds per sea mile, and Frolic 41 seconds.

GOOD SMALL CLASS ENTRIES

The yachts entered for the smaller class are: Mr. H. E. Sadd's 18-ton cutter Nona; Mr. J. E. Minoprio's 12-ton yawl Cloud; Messrs. C. F. and K. Mason's 12-ton ketch Falcon; and Mr. J. F. B. Gage's 9-ton cutter Illawarra. Nona was built at Fleetwood in 1900 and has a length B.P., of 35ft. 7in., a beam of 11ft. 11in., and a depth of 6ft. 6in. Cloud was built in Falmouth in 1912, by W. E. Thomas to Albert Strange's design, her R.O.R.C. measurements being: Length 35ft. 3in., beam 9ft. 7in., and depth 5ft. 11in. Sail area 864 sq. ft., and rating 32.6ft. Falcon was built by Burt, of Falmouth, in 1906, and her measurements are: Length 34ft. 2½in., beam 9ft. 9in., and depth 6ft. 3in.; sail area 878 sq. ft., and rating 29.1ft. Illawarra, built by Burt, of Littlehampton, in 1924, has the R.O.R.C. measurement of: Length 30ft., beam 8ft. 4½in., and depth 5ft. 10in.; sail area 483 sq. ft., and rating 24.6ft. Cloud allows Falcon 38 seconds per sea mile, and Illawarra 96 seconds, but Nona's rating had not transpired at the time of writing.

WHITE HEATHER'S NEW OWNER

FOR more than 25 years the famous Fife 23-metre White Heather II. has been a supporter of first-class yachting in British waters. Those who have admired her shapely lines and the sporting spirit in which she has always been raced will welcome the news that after a season's absence she will once more take part in racing with the big class, flying the colours of Mr. W. L. Stephenson. The latter, who is a newcomer to the sport, is one of the directors of the firm of Woolworth.

White Heather was designed and built by Fife in 1907 for the late Mr. Myles Kennedy, and under his ownership, and also that of Sir Charles Allom and Lord Waring, she was the keenest rival of the late Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock (23 metres).

Yachtsmen will be glad to hear that that fine old racing skipper Capt. Fred Mountifield, whose name has been connected with White Heather for so many years, will again be in charge of the vessel. We understand that she will be altered to Bermudian rig, with a steel mast, and sail plan similar to that of Shamrock V. and Candida, which are already running trials in the Solent.

(Mr. Keble Chatterton's article "Harbour Hints for Cruisers" will be found on p. 738.)

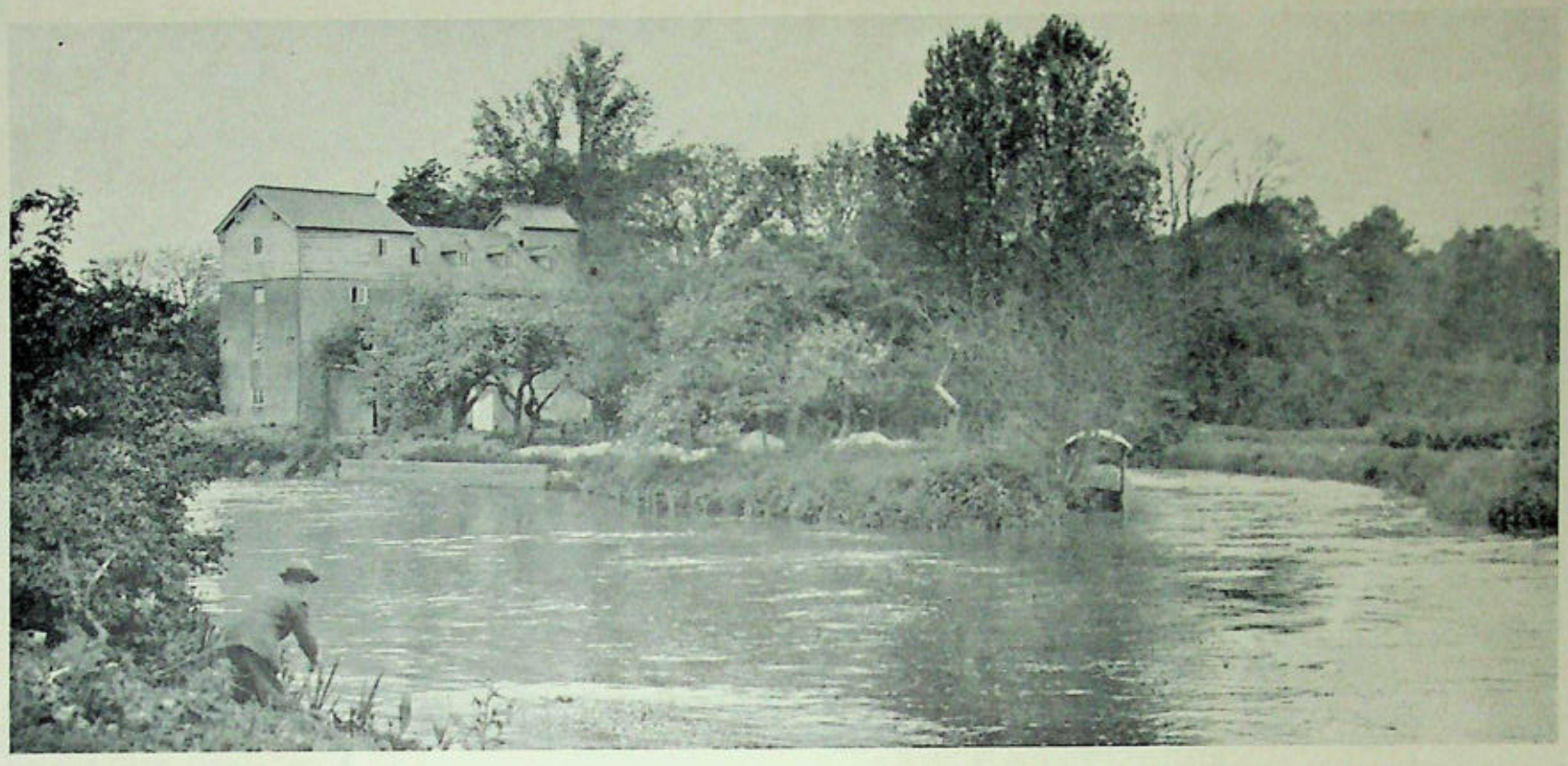
Lloyd's Yacht Register. — This invaluable directory has made its annual appearance, and is, as always, complete in every detail concerning yachts and motor boats new and old and their owners, together with lists of clubs, their officers and flags. It is an indispensable work for all who follow or take part in yacht racing. Subscription rates are 2 guineas per copy, from Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 71, Fenchurch Street, London.



THE NEW OWNER OF SHAMROCK V.
Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the well-known aviator, with Mrs. Sopwith on board his big cutter



WHITE HEATHER II. UNDER HER OLD RIG
Now owned by Mr. W. L. Stephenson, she is to be re-rigged for racing in the Big Class



MAYFLY TIME ON THE KENNET
The reach at Ham Mill, below Newbury, where the hatch begins about June 1st

PROSPECT FOR THE MAYFLY SEASON

A Good Hatch Expected Where the Fly Still Exists

THIS YEAR it is more than usually difficult to make an intelligent forecast of Mayfly prospects. The fly comes from the hatch of 1930 which was poor in many parts of the country, though more plentiful in the Midlands, but past records do not altogether support the view that an apparently poor hatch will repeat itself two years later.

Local opinion, as will be seen below, differs considerably on the prospects. The long drought in the early spring has possibly affected the larvæ in lakes, but we should doubt whether it can have made any appreciable difference in rivers, where there was pretty sure to have been enough moisture left even in uncovered portions of the bed to have maintained fly life.

The hatch itself seems to be affected mainly by sunshine and water temperature—not necessarily connected. A period of bright sunshine in spring seems almost always to produce an earlier hatch; otherwise the temperature of the water appears to be the deciding factor. We have had a couple of seasons of poor hatches, and like other apparently chance matters the good and bad seem to have a tendency to even up, and a good season is due.

But the temperature of the water this spring must surely be everywhere abnormally low, so that there is every prospect of the hatch arriving a few days later than usual.

IN THE NORTH THINGS LOOK WELL

During the recent winter the North Country waters have been subjected to a climatic topsy-turvydom more abnormal than they have known for upwards of 80 years, and consideration of this alone might well leave the speculator guessing as to the effect of the meteorological phenomena upon the Green Drake rise which will shortly be due. Fortunately, there are other signs and portents available to the forecaster, and it seems clear, from the occasional generous rises of other species of up-winged flies during the milder spells that have sandwiched themselves in between the bitter blasts, that, while the weather has been sky-larking aloft, the *Ephemeridæ* have been steadily working out the last arc of their larval cycle below, and may be expected to rise to higher things according to plan at, or about, the appointed time.

North of the Trent the Green Drake, as far as rivers are concerned, concentrates its activities most densely on the streams of East Yorkshire—the Yorkshire Derwent and its tributaries, including the Costa, Pickering Beck, and the bunch of streams in the Helmsley and Kirby Moorside districts, the Esk, and the Driffield stream. On most of these waters the Drake appears in great numbers, and the eagerness with which, under favourable conditions, the trout gulp it, wet or dry, winged or hackled, almost justifies the appellation, the "Duffers' Fortnight," the appropriateness of which has been so often disputed in the South.

The Pennine are hardly Mayfly streams, though the fly does hatch out upon them, often in considerable numbers and in unexpected places. However, the trout do not go for them with that abandon which sets the river a-boil when, say, a good rise of the little Iron Blue is coming down. On these rivers it is common for the "locals" to refer to the Stone Fly as the Mayfly, and, judging by the numbers of Creepers abroad in the gravel streams, this kind of Mayfly prospect on them is exceedingly hopeful. The rest is on the lap of the gods. Given favourable conditions of wind, sky and water, the Mayfly angler, whether for Drake or Stone Fly, on the fisheries I have mentioned, need envy neither kings nor princes.—Bo'SUN.

THE FLY ON THE CHALK STREAMS

The prospects for the Mayfly on the Test will, I think, be good as there are plenty of larvæ which will come to fly this year, and it looks to me that it will be on about May 20th to the 25th. Of course, this will depend on the weather; if it is as cold as it has been lately the hatch will be late, but if it turns hot it will be on time. This cold weather is keeping the hatches of small fly back now.

We have had a nice lot of rain lately which has risen the river considerably, and was very much needed, as it was very low in the early spring. A few odd Mayfly appeared on May 1st, but this is nothing to do with the real rise, as some years I have seen them as early as April 21st.—MIDDLE TEST.

IN THE MIDLANDS

Nowadays the coming of "Mayfly time" in the Midlands is not anticipated by anglers with the zest and keenness of twenty or thirty years ago. The reason for that fact is undoubtedly the comparative, or even entire, failure of the hatch in the case of many waters on which in reasonably favourable conditions it was abundant before the motor car brought into being tar-bound and tar-dressed roads.

The waters which have suffered most in this direction are those of such rivers as the Derwent, in the vicinity of the course of which for a distance of many miles one of the principal main roads of the Midlands runs, but others which have been affected to some extent in the same direction, and from the same cause, are the Dove and the Wye.

Never again, it is to be feared, will the evening traffic over the picturesque old town bridge at Bakewell be impeded by the hordes of spinners dancing in their love-flight before dropping down to the surface of the wide, quiet mill-pool below.

On certain sections of both Derwent and Dove the first week or ten days of June, when some hatch is sure to develop, should provide excellent sport. The deep pools of both rivers hold many big fish which take surface food only when tempted by something more attractive and substantial than the usual Olives and Iron Blues of these waters.

LOWLAND WATERS

On the lowland waters the extent of the hatch varies greatly even on different sections of the same river. In the case of the Greet of Notts, for example, on some occasions so prolific is the hatch throughout the whole length of river that the abundant stock of trout is provided with the opportunity of luscious feeding and the angler with excellent sport, but more frequently the appearance of the fly is restricted to a short upper section of the stream.

On the sister stream of the county, the Dover Beck, as on what are left of the once famous trout-waters of the forest country of the "Dukeries" district, the Meden and Poulter, a good hatch may always be expected.

That abundantly stocked meadowland river of Leicestershire the Sence is also almost always fortunate in this direction, and it may be expected to provide good sport to the artificial "Drake" during the first week of the rise, and with the spent fly until well on towards the middle of June.

J. O'T.

POOR PROSPECTS IN SOMERSET

It is rather early to forecast what the hatch will be on Blagdon. I fear that owing to the long drought and low water in the winter a considerable quantity of the larvæ may have perished.

Enquiry in other parts of the county failed to produce any reliable information. I am informed that many of the best streams are polluted. Should this cold weather continue there will not be a hatch of Mayfly for at least another three weeks.—D. C.

THE LAKE DISTRICT

The Mayfly, commonly known in Cumberland as the Green Drake, usually hatches out in June on the rivers and lakes, and given warmer weather conditions during the next week or two, the prospects for the Mayfly in the Eden and the Lake District are good. Up to the present, however, strong north-east winds have retarded the progress of most fly life. Fishing with the Drake is mostly practised on Bassenthwaite and Windermere. In the River Eden the Mayfly is found in the upper reaches near Appleby, Troutbeck, and Briggle Beck, near Langwathby. At these parts the Eden has a fine gravel bottom with a good deal of silt, which seems to suit the fly, which appears in large quantities. The Mayfly also usually hatches out well in the Petteril at Wreay, six miles south of Carlisle.—T. W. L. (Carlisle).

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages viii. and ix. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page viii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xiii.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv., v. and vi.; "Pisciculture," page viii.

MENACE OF GREY SQUIRRELS

Some Results of the First Year's Campaign

IN FEBRUARY OF LAST YEAR, at the office of the *Field*, the National Anti-Grey Squirrel campaign was launched. A committee was formed with the Editor of the *Field* as chairman and Mr. Laurance Swainson, of Moorlands, Boxmoor, as hon. secretary; and shortly afterwards the Marquis of Salisbury consented to be President. Within a few weeks the Ministry of Agriculture summoned a Conference at Whitehall, which was largely attended, to discuss the problem of the grey squirrel and the best means of dealing with it, and subsequently circulars were issued by the Ministry to the County Councils, and the Campaign Committee received letters of approval of its objects and action from the Forestry Commission, H.M. Office of Works, the Royal Agricultural Society, the Royal Horticultural Society, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the National Trust, the Land Agents' Society, and the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers.

The first necessity, it was obvious, was to place on the market an efficient trap, and towards that object the efforts of the Secretary were immediately directed. After a year's experience, during which time the trap which was decided upon was fully tested, he writes as follows:

"It has not been easy to combine all the essential features. The perfect trap must be humane, efficient, simple and cheap; and although the result of my efforts is perhaps not all that it might be, no one has yet, so far as I know, been able to suggest a better alternative.

"Our trap will not catch birds, nor kill it harm grey squirrels. It is 'ever-set,' and so cannot be put out of action by being 'let off' accidentally in any way, as is one of the drawbacks to the 'trigger' type of trap. It can be used by the unskilled, and a side cage is also on sale in which captured grey squirrels can be drowned.

TESTING THE TRAP

"The trap, which can be obtained from the Army and Navy Stores, London, or from Messrs. Gilbertson and Page, Ltd., Hertford, or through any ironmonger, costs 10/6. I have been in correspondence with trap manufacturers in the U.S.A., but the best I can find there is an improved type of 'Brailsford' trap at a much higher price than our own.

"Before putting it on the market, a number were sent out and put into actual use, with the result that on one estate 56 grey squirrels were caught in two traps in a couple of months, and this during the summer when trapping is considered difficult owing to the large amount of fresh food everywhere obtainable. This result was considered sufficiently satisfactory to justify our recommending the trap as the best at present available.

"With regard to the formation of active committees in each county to undertake the 'combing' of an agreed area, this, in my opinion, is the only way in which our campaign can ever attain complete success, and I have made three distinct efforts to bring them into existence.

"The first consisted of a circular, of which I distributed a large number, pointing out the necessity for concerted action so that unpreserved woods could be suitably dealt with. Where game is preserved the keepers are doing all that can be done, but there are thousands of acres of dense woods whose owners do not shoot and who cannot undertake any extermination. The result is that as fast as one man destroys his vermin, his neighbours may be allowing grey squirrels to breed unchecked and pour an unending stream on to all adjoining property. Until this is stopped there can be no end to the pest.

FORMING LOCAL COMMITTEES

"I next endeavoured to form these local committees by enlisting the help of the Land Agents' Society, but although they expressed emphatic approval of our efforts and promised assistance when called upon, stress of work rendered their members unable to undertake any addition to their normal duties.

"I therefore approached the British Field Sports Society. Their secretary was most obliging, and realising the extent to which the rearing of game is adversely affected by the grey squirrel, offered to circularise his local correspondents in all the infested counties, soliciting their active co-operation. I am hoping that this may in time bring valuable results.

"The majority of the letters I have received have been from bird-lovers, who evidently realise the dreadful toll taken by the grey squirrel, especially at nesting time. We do not maintain that all grey squirrels are inveterate bird and egg eaters, as there are several well authenticated instances to show that in some private gardens *where the grey squirrels are regularly fed* the birds are not molested, but there is also abundant and incontrovertible proof that when food is as scarce as it is almost everywhere in the early spring, the birds suffer terribly, and it is more than likely that the recent reduction in the numbers of some of our rarer birds is due to the action of the American invader.

"It is gratifying to know that not only the Office of Works but the L.C.C. and both Bournemouth and Birmingham Parks Committees are actively engaged in the work of extermination. At the moment the numbers of grey squirrels are definitely down. This is partly due to trapping and partly to disease and normal fluctuations. No effort, however, should be spared still further to reduce their numbers, for it would be lamentable if, through a merely temporary reduction, we were at any time lulled into a false sense of security.

"Altogether the sum of £56 18s. 9d. was received in subscriptions. On the expenditure side nearly £8 was laid out on experimental traps, some of which are practically useless and unsaleable. But in pioneer work of this kind, such things are unavoidable. Printing and stationery amounted to £18 18s. 4d., postage and telephone to £9 2s. 5d., typing to £2 16s. 11d., carriage of traps, etc., to £2 12s. 2d., Press cuttings to £1 8s. 6d., and sundries £4 14s. 6d.

"Against this expenditure I have been able, by reason of special travelling facilities which I happen to enjoy, to visit trap manufacturers in Birmingham and London, and to make a large number of journeys to various places at a minimum cost, so that my personal expenses have been almost negligible, and by dealing with the whole of the correspondence myself I have been able to eliminate all clerical costs. About 500 traps have been sold.

"In conclusion may I again thank subscribers for their invaluable support, and my hundreds of correspondents for their uniformly charming and appreciative letters. I need hardly add that funds are still 'urgently needed.'

"LAURANCE SWAINSON
"(Hon. Organising Secretary)."



By permission of the Natural History Museum

SPANISH IBEX SHOT BY KING ALFONSO

From the group presented by His Majesty to the Natural History Museum

A NEW TROPHY FOR THE RIFLE

Season to be Declared for the Spanish Ibex

AN OPEN SHOOTING SEASON will shortly be declared for the Spanish ibex (*Capra hispanica*), which was recently so rare that its early extinction was regarded as almost inevitable. However, thanks to the personal astuteness of King Alfonso, the survivors of the old herds were carefully conserved, some of the former poaching villagers being employed as keepers.

The Republican Government has wisely continued this policy (the keepers previously engaged in the Royal—now National—hunting grounds were maintained, and it is proposed to increase their numbers), so now sportsmen will be able to secure trophies of this handsome animal, peculiar to the Iberian peninsular. A certain fee will be charged for every ibex shot, and no "rifle" will be allowed more than six heads in a year.

It is computed that there are 2,500 ibex on the Sierra de Gredos (Old Castile); and here, in their chief stronghold, they are certainly multiplying. The animals also survive in the central Pyrenees (very sparsely), the mountains of Tortosa, the Sierra Morena and the Sierra Nevada.

The accompanying illustration shows a male, female and young ibex shot by King Alfonso and presented by His Majesty to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington. In autumn, just before the rutting season, the males are commonly adorned with fine black beards, a feature which is absent from the museum specimen save for a few hairs.

POWERFUL BUILD

A good head measures 28in. to 30in. and the horns are, of course, permanent; it is generally believed that one fresh ring is acquired every year, but in some districts the horns are nearly smooth. The noble bearing and powerful build—well-sprung bodies on strong legs—deserve particular notice.

It may be remarked that although a distinction is sometimes drawn between Pyrenean ibex and ibex from Central or Southern Spain there is no important difference; it is doubtful whether any solid justification exists for the separation of *C. pyrenaica* and *C. hispanica*, though the Pyrenean ibex may be slightly larger and more nocturnal in habit than those from farther south. Incidentally, the nearest relative (zoologically) to the Spanish ibex is probably the tur of the Caucasus.

A fairly full account of the Spanish ibex and the sport it affords may be found in *Wild Spain*, by Abel Chapman and Walter Buck. The following facts, mainly from that work, may be of interest. The ibex inhabit for the most part the higher portions of the great ranges, but they descend after sundown to browse on flowers, mountain berries, broom, alpine shrubs and rye-grass. Though their feeding grounds overlap the territory of domestic goats, the two have never been known to interbreed.

STRENUOUS CLIMBING NECESSARY

Poachers used to kill the ibex by encircling in the early morning a valley in which they were known still to be. Then the alarm was given and the ibex—males, females and young—were shot as they came up the mountainside. The animals have great vitality and a wounded ibex will escape if it possibly can, so a rifle with good stopping power is preferable to a very light weapon. No Spanish ibex is likely to be obtained without strenuous climbing.

In conclusion, the writer wishes to acknowledge the great kindness of the Director of the Museo de Ciencias Naturales for supplying details of the present status of the ibex, and of the British Consul in Madrid for obtaining, translating and forwarding the information.

J. D. U. WARD.



Major A. Burton

HOOPOE FEEDING YOUNG

BIRDS NOT ALLOWED TO NEST IN ENGLAND

Rare Visitors Which Might Become Common if Left in Peace

By T. A. COWARD

WHILST WE LISTEN to the nightingales at their best, singing all day as well as at night; when we seek amongst the leaves for the little wood-wren, producer of rippling music in the tree-tops, we may hear or glimpse a much rarer bird. Every spring, usually in May, some people hear and wonder when through the woods rings out a full, clear, and loud call—"wheel-e-wo."

Call it a whistle if you like, but it is more, it is a harmonious, musical phrase. We may glimpse a flutter of wings, a stirring of the leaves, when we seek the originator of this unusual call, for the golden oriole flies into the trees with an impulsive rush.

A picture of the golden-yellow male bird, velvety black on wings, tail and lores throwing up the rich colour, suggests a very conspicuous bird; experience proves it most inconspicuous. Amongst the bright green of spring leafage, as I know well, its colours are protective; this fact, almost amounting to invisibility, is most impressive when flecks of blue sky filter through the wind-stirred foliage.

INVISIBLE BRILLIANCE

Surely there is an explanation; two primary colours, blue and yellow, blend to produce green; sky and plumage mingled may give a similarity of effect to the colour of the surrounding leaves. The yellowish-green of the less showy female naturally aids protective invisibility.

What brings these visitors to our shores year after year? Some, no doubt, are just halters on passage from Africa to the Continent, but the fact that many have nested in eight or ten different counties, or at any rate have tried to nest, proves that if allowed the bird would establish itself as a normal summer resident. And it would not be an annoying artificially introduced alien, like the little owl, but a true member of our avifauna.

The nest is unlike that of any other British bird, unless it is the daintily slung hammock of the goldcrest; it, too, is a hammock slung below a branch, where there is a fork, its edges firmly bound to the twigs above. This binding is strong, capable of supporting a heavy bird and a heavy family: string, wool and strips of bark are used.

Nests that I have examined in Holland and Hungary in situ, and from France, contained paper, surgical wadding, wool, and other discarded litter, and all were bound to the branches with string. Two Dutch nests were in birches on private ground, where there was no litter of human scattering; the string must have been sought for at a distance from the nests. From a hide we watched the male and female change places twice, the beautiful signal whistle followed by an exchange of anything but beautiful cat-calls—one can call them nothing else.

THE BOLDNESS OF ORIOLES

In Hungary the orioles were nesting in acacias round adobe farms on the Puszta, or in those bordering the wild marshes of Kis-Balaton, but also in trees in busy Budapest. Bold in defence of young as mistle-thrush or ring-ousel, one pair was nesting, and calling without alarm, in the midst of a colony of red-footed falcons.

Another bird, and a very easy one to see, which comes regularly though in small numbers every spring, is the hoopoe; to our knowledge it has attempted to nest in Britain for over two centuries, and probably before that did so annually. Its black and white barred wings, its pink plumage, and its large erectile crest when fanned out to show every black feather tip sets it apart from any other bird; it calls our attention by the loud "oo-poo," from which it gets its name.

A NEST OF RAGS

A clumsy bird, with slow, heavy flight, and often absurdly tame, it asks for trouble. Its nest, in a hole in tree or masonry, is difficult to examine but not to smell; like the oriole it collects human rejectamenta, but its rags, paper, and worse, are foul. Sanitation in its nesting hole does not trouble it, it is even worse than the kingfisher.

A third visitor, much less frequent than the other two, is perhaps the most brilliant of any bird on the British list, the many-hued bee-eater. Though another nester in holes, its burrows, like those of the sand-martin, are in sand or marl banks; once, at any rate, it tried to establish itself in Scotland.



John Armitage

"THE MOST BRILLIANT BIRD ON THE BRITISH LIST"

This photograph of a bee-eater near its nesting hole (annoyed, apparently, by the presence of the photographer) was taken in the south of Europe, but there is a distinct chance that it may establish itself in this country

The breeding season is at its height, and any day pairs of these three birds may again start domestic affairs, not as alien colonists but returned natives.

Mr. Eric Parker has shown how futile it is to trust to any legal protection from our existing laws. But we can do something by appealing to the ignorant gunner, who is too ready to plead that he did not know that the bird he shoots is protected, and to the egg collector, who would in a few years have a more plentiful supply to collect from if only he would give the birds a chance to establish themselves. The bittern and two species of grebes have succeeded in founding colonies where protected; the black redstart, the whooper swan, and the ruff have managed in a few instances to bring off broods, and there are others which might settle down if only we would give them a chance.

HOW THE SUMMER BIRDS ARRIVED

Pied Flycatcher in Grounds of Natural History Museum

WITH THE EXCEPTION of the nightjar and the red-backed shrike, all the commoner summer migrants had arrived by the first week in May, and, looking over the numerous records received, one is struck by the fact that, notwithstanding all the weather vagaries of the past six weeks, most of the birds somehow managed to arrive in their accustomed order of precedence, and not very far behind their usual dates. Some, indeed, were earlier than usual.

Of the more recent records perhaps the most interesting concern the pied flycatcher. This dainty black and white bird is familiar only in the rugged counties of the West and North; over the rest of England it is, as a rule, a mere passing traveller. Mr. R. W. Hayman was therefore more than lucky to be able to watch one, on April 26th, in, of all places, the grounds of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

Another interesting record of this bird comes from Dumfriesshire, where Mr. E. W. Powys had a pair under observation with field-glasses for several minutes on May 6th. The bird is known to breed locally in that county. In more normal haunts Mr. E. C. Hope Hall notes its arrival at Bideford, in North Devon, on May 2nd.

Mr. H. P. O. Cleave reports some interesting spring migrants at Reading Sewage Farm. On April 28th, accompanied by another ornithologist, he saw two ruffs and one reeve there. They were in almost complete breeding plumage. This is the first time he had ever seen a ruff there on the spring migration, though they have occasionally been seen in the autumn. They also saw about 60 dunlin and ring plover (mostly the former). On May 2nd there were two turnstones in beautiful plumage—this, we understand, is a record for the farm. On the same day there were also two greenshank, about 50 dunlin, and eight ring plover. On April 28th there were five white wagtails. A storm broke out on the evening of May 2nd, and the next day all the migrants had gone.

HOBBY IN SURREY

The only other bird now reported for the first time this year is the hobby, seen on May 8th in Surrey by Mr. R. W. Hayman. Numerous records have, however, been received of the species already reported in these columns, and the following are a selection:

Spotted Flycatcher: May 2nd, Leckford, Hants (Mr. R. Hammond); May 4th, Bideford, Devon (E. C. Hope Hall). May 5th, Bromsgrove, Worcs (F. A. Leeds). Wryneck: May 3rd, Wargrave, Berks (M. R. Hammond). Cornerake: April 29th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull); May 2nd, Nannerch, Flintshire (R. H. Laird); May 4th, Beauly, Inverness-shire (Col. A. F. Mackenzie); May 5th, Stevenage, Herts (Dr. A. H. Foster).

Turtle dove: May 1st, Hitchin, Herts (Dr. A. H. Foster); May 4th, Henfield, Sussex (J. Gordon Dalgleish); May 6th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull); May 8th, Bideford, Devon (E. C. Hope Hall).

Sedge warbler: April 30th, Leckford, Hants (E. F. Chawner); May 4th, Henfield, Sussex (J. Gordon Dalgleish). Reed warbler: April 23rd, Leckford, Hants (E. F. Chawner). Common sandpiper: April 25th, Evesham, Worcs (Cyril P. Cox); April 25th, Beauly river, Inverness-shire (Col. A. F. Mackenzie); May 8th, Pensford, Somerset (H. Leyborne Popham).

RARE VISITORS TO ENGLISH WOODS IN MAY



"A CLUMSY BIRD WITH SLOW, HEAVY FLIGHT AND OFTEN ABSURDLY TAME. THE HOOPOE ASKS FOR TROUBLE"

Here the cock bird is seen about to hand in a beetle to the young bird waiting at the entrance to the nest. This, like the other photographs illustrating Mr. Coward's article, was taken on the Continent, yet the hoopoe has attempted to nest in Britain for over two centuries



Photographs: Major A. Buxton

A MALE GOLDEN ORIOLE AT THE NEST: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABROAD BY MAJOR A. BUXTON

Every spring these birds—the males resplendent in velvety black and richest yellow—arrive on our southern coasts, and some succeed in bringing off broods of young. But the British naturalist, who wishes to see the nest—slung, like a hammock, beneath a branch—with its cargo of downy young, finds it much easier to do so across the Channel

NORTH-COUNTRY RACING STABLES TO THE FORE

Revival of Glories of the Past at Chester



W. A. Rouch

A LIKELY WINNER OF THE OAKS

Will o' the Wisp (Hurry On—William's Pride), owned and bred by Lord Woolavington, winner of the Fort Belvedere Plate at Kempton Park

A SATISFACTORY FEATURE of recent seasons has been the successes achieved in important races by North Country stables. Time was when the North was always a serious rival to the South in the great racing events of the year. This was particularly the case in the days of John Scott, the "Wizard of the North," who, after a few years with James Croft at Middleham, began training on his own account, and eventually settled at Whitewall, Malton, where he prepared sixteen winners of the St. Leger, six winners of the Derby, and nine winners of the Oaks.

Then in the same district there was William l'Anson (whose son of the same name is still hale and hearty at a great age in his home at Scarborough) with Blair Athol and other produce of his redoubtable mare Queen Mary. At Richmond many great winners were trained, including Voltigeur, who won the St. Leger for Lord Zetland after first running a dead-heat with Russborough.

Two days later he beat The Flying Dutchman in their memorable match for the Doncaster Cup. Late that night a Richmond man, who had backed Voltigeur for the double event, was asked if he were not going to bed. "Gor to bed, indeed," he cried with honest indignation; "you aren't 'alf a mon! Wha'd gor to bed when Voltigeur's won t'Leger and t'Coop!" The Flying Dutchman took his revenge in the following spring, when he met Voltigeur in a match for £1,000 at York.

He was trained on Middleham Moor, which has come pleasantly into the limelight again in the present racing season. Following its triumph with Jerome Fandor in the Lincolnshire Handicap, this famous Yorkshire training centre carried off the Chester Cup last week with Bonny Brighteyes, and just to show that there is no monopoly of good horses in the South, Mr. Dobson Peacock proceeded to win the Great Cheshire Handicap with Denbigh and the Combermere Handicap with Rough Sketch. A most successful week for Middleham, and one which is likely to be repeated before the season closes.

They even dream there of winning the Derby with Portofino, which is thought to have improved materially since he came to take the Yorkshire air in the able care of Dobson and Matthew Peacock. Another high-class three-year-old in this stable is Denbigh. Yorkshire to a man was on this colt at Chester, and to judge by the easy manner of his success the son of Winalot is sure to win some more important races.

These victories, coupled with those of Disarmament in the Cambridgeshire and of Heronslea in the Wokingham at Ascot, show that horses can be trained just as effectively at Middleham and Malton as they were in the old days. They certainly furnish a strong inducement to North Country owners to keep their horses in the North rather than to send them to Newmarket and other fashionable centres in the South.

VENTURER JUSTIFIES CONFIDENCE

Venturer was our definite selection for the Kempton Jubilee, and it was agreeable to see him score at the relatively long odds of 100 to 9. No handicap horse this season has performed with greater consistency, though it may have been fortunate for him that Hill Cat had picked up a 5lb. penalty for the Kempton race. It is always pleasant to find the small stables carrying off a share of the honours of the season, and Mr. George Clancy, one of the hardest workers of his profession both in winter and summer, is to be warmly congratulated on winning one of the most substantial prizes of the racing year.

From the breeding point of view the result was interesting, a full brother of the winner having captured the Victoria Cup only a week previously. Among the beaten division in the Jubilee we shall be keeping Inglesant in mind. We do not think he was quite so forward in condition as some of the others. The Royal Hunt Cup is a race likely to suit Mr. Tattersall's good colt.

For many seasons past the Manchester Cup, whose history dates as far back as 1816, has been distinguished for the high quality of its entry. The value of this mile and a half handicap, which will be run on Friday of next week, is £2,400, and some of the best horses in training over the distance are engaged. At the top of the handicap is Ut Majeur, who made a gallant effort to carry 9st. 9lb. to the front in the Chester Cup. In finishing third in the unusually heavy going behind Bonny Brighteyes and Blue Vision, he remained with his reputation unsullied, and it is safe to assume that he will be well supported if he essays to win the Manchester trophy under his big burden.

Two of his stable companions are in the race—one, Sir Alfred Butt's recent purchase, Orpen, and the other the lightly-weighted Gallic. Then we have Shell Transport, the winner of the Jockey Club Stakes, and Sir Andrew, whose good performance in the St. Leger, together with his notable successes at Newmarket in the spring and at Ascot, will be fresh in memory. Capt. Boyd-Rochfort's stable can choose between him and Pahokee, who was always conspicuous in the Chester Cup and finished a creditable fourth.

SOME LIKELY TWO-YEAR-OLDS

A Colt Which Has Already Been Backed for the 1933 Derby

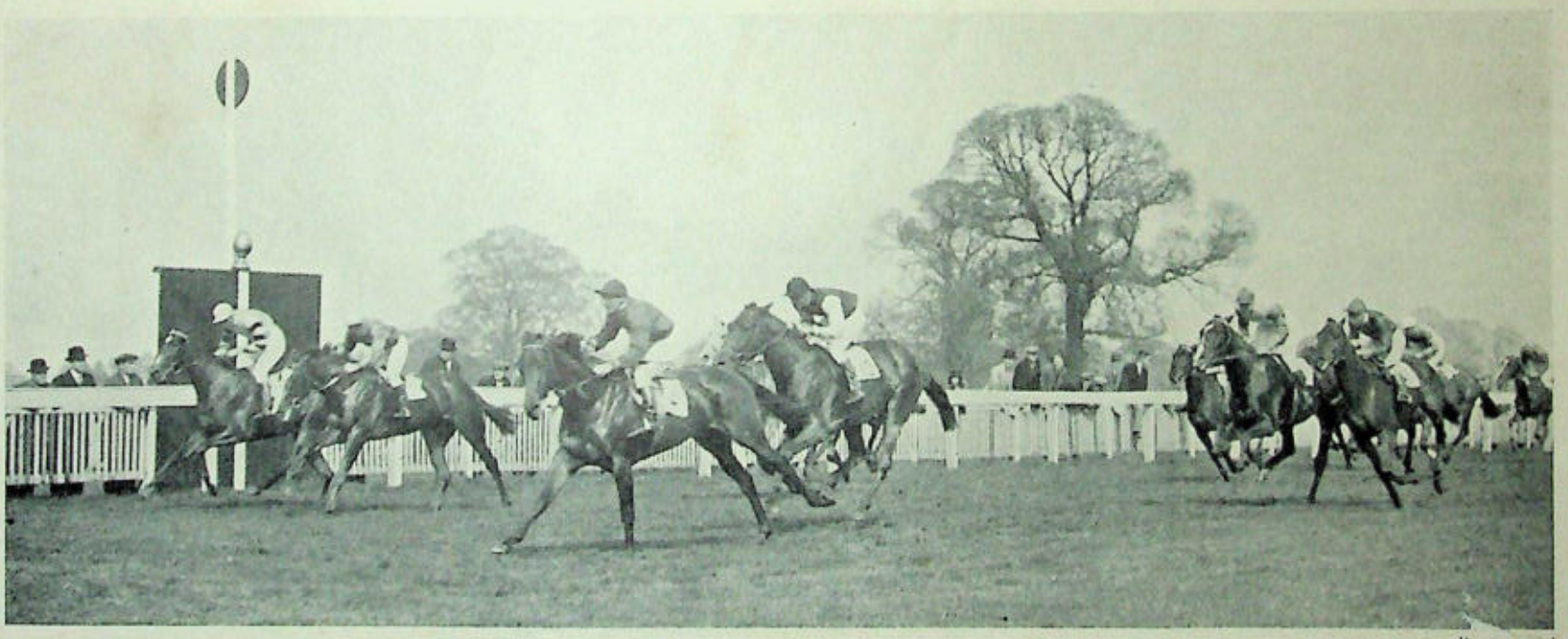
A REVIEW of the two-year-old running up to the beginning of the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket leaves us in doubt as to whether we have seen any youngsters who are likely to make real racing history. Few of the big stables have produced their best two-year-olds. Beckhampton has brought out a few, but not, we imagine, the genuine cracks of the stable, while Manton, in accordance with custom, is biding its time. We shall have to wait as usual until Ascot before we can point to this or that two-year-old as being likely to achieve classic distinction.

One of the best colts we have seen in the South so far is King Salmon, and his owner's frank advice is to back this colt until he is beaten and then to follow the one who beats him. We understand his next appearance will be in the Chesham Stakes at Ascot. It is true that Lord Carnarvon's colt won his race at Sandown Park last month by the narrowest of margins. This was because he ran green in the early stages, but one liked the determination in which he finished in the hands of Carslake—a real artist on a two-year-old, or indeed, on a horse of any age.

So far as pedigree is concerned there is good reason to believe in the future of King Salmon, who was bred by Lord Carnarvon and is by Salmon Trout out of Malva, a Charles O'Malley mare who has already distinguished herself by producing the Derby winner Blenheim. The same owner has another two-year-old of whom a great deal is thought at Whatcombe. He is called Madagascar and is by Blandford out of Madawaska, by Friar Marcus.

This colt enjoys the distinction of being the first to be backed for the Derby of 1933. We have the authority of Lord Carnarvon for stating that a bet has been taken about him at long odds for that race.

A two-year-old who all Southern racegoers are anxious to see is Lord Allendale's Acton Reed, trained by Capt. Elsey at Malton and winner of the Gosforth Park Juvenile Stakes at Easter. Special attention was drawn to that performance by the fact that Acton Reed upset the odds betted on Coroada (which won in smart style at Liverpool) by a margin of five lengths.



W. A. Rouch

H.H. AGA KHAN'S COLOURS CARRIED TO VICTORY IN A BATTLING FINISH

Tarte Maison (Tetratema—Blanc Mange) winning the Stewards' Plate at Kempton Park by three-quarters of a length from Trivet, with Nust a short head away third



LADIES FIRST. THE SIXTH GREEN ON THE EIGHTEEN-HOLE COURSE NEWLY DESIGNED FOR LADY GOLFERS AT FOREST ROW

The new eighteen-hole course at Forest Row has been enlarged from the old nine-hole course, and is to be primarily the ladies' course. It is the longest of its kind in the country

REHEARSALS FOR THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

Ladies on the New Course at Forest Row

NEARLY ALL THE PRELIMINARIES of the golf season are over. The curtain is going up on the championships. Some of the actors have already shown what they can do. By the end of the coming week we shall know what several of the best have done.

This pre-eminently applies to the ladies. They have had a number of minor rehearsals at Ranelagh and in Yorkshire, or at their spring meetings and county championships, and one rather testing show at Stoke Poges, where, if the truth is to be told, they did not, as a side, show up remarkably well. Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Molly Gourlay both won their matches, the first beating the present holder of the Amateur Championship, Mr. E. Martin Smith, with ease, and the second snodding Mr. Rex Hartley on the last green after the most thrilling match of the day.

This was very satisfactory in one way, because these two leaders are among the certain choices for the international match with the American ladies at Wentworth next week. But the defeat of the side as a whole by a rather bigger margin than usual in this annual match was more flattering to the men than it need have been. We share the opinion of the late Arthur Croome that at odds of a half any first-class ladies' team has only to keep its head.

AMATEURS V. PROFESSIONALS

For the men the match can hardly be described as a rehearsal, but it afforded some indication of the way some of those who will appear on May 23rd at Muirfield may shape in the Amateur Championship. Mr. Martin Smith will have to improve his putting if he is to continue to hold it; Mr. Rex Hartley, in the Gold Vase, showed by his fine scoring rounds that he is in form.

By some he is thought the best English golfer. For so light a weight his tee shots are prodigious. He weighs only 9st., and drives like a giant in Oxford trousers. He has also been known to play a good game in an overcoat in inclement weather.

At Southport the Dunlop Southport Professional tournament which has been in progress this week is to all intents and purposes the dress rehearsal for the Open Championship three weeks hence. The conditions of a qualifying test and of 72 holes medal play are the same.

It will reveal in the first place whether our younger professionals — Padgham, Cotton, Easterbrook, Kenyon and Lacey—can hold their own against the more experienced school of Compton, Havers, Alliss, Mitchell, and Mark Seymour, and if so can they do as well or better when Armour, Hagen and the other Americans come.

THE NURSERY OF LONG DRIVERS

Forest Row, where the new ladies' course of Ashdown Forest is to be formally opened on May 19th by the exhibition matches between Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch on the one part and Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Wanda Morgan on the other, is a nursery of long drivers. Abe Mitchell, Jack Smith (twice winner of the *Field* long-driving competition), Mark Seymour, and, not least, A. H. Padgham, the brightest hope among our younger professionals, all came from there or thereabouts.

There has long been a ladies' nine-hole course, but, though in so beautiful a setting it has always had its attractions, it has been of rather trivial interest, like so many of those to which the ladies were relegated lest they should cumber the ground reserved for their male relatives. But it was no place for tigresses who could take a third and give a beating to most of the scratch men.



LADIES SECOND. MISS WANDA MORGAN DRIVING IN THE ANNUAL MATCH BETWEEN LADIES V. MEN AT STOKE POGES. THE LADIES LOST

Miss Wanda Morgan and her partner, Miss Kate Garnham, won their foursome against Mr. R. H. de Montmorency and Mr. Lister Hartley, and Miss Morgan won her single in the afternoon. But the ladies lost the match by six to eleven with one match halved

For these, as for their less powerful but equally persevering companions, the new course of eighteen holes has been enlarged from the old, and may be described in the phrase from an old French story of the lady and Rodolphe as "revu, corrigé et considerablement augmenté." It has been designed by some of the new school of amateur golf architects. Major Hutchison and Major Campbell have had a considerable hand in it, and it may fairly be described as a course in the modern fashion.

It begins with two lengthened holes of the old course. Then there is a walk along a little lane to break new ground, and find it undulating and properly broken, as all "natural" courses should be, with whins and heather to impart a wholesome charm.

On this part of the course some twelve holes are laid out of varying length, with their bright greens (brighter than ever now after all the rain and fitful sun) usually perched on the top of a slope, and so set as to call for a placed shot in order to get the best approach to them. The short holes, of which there are five, are of varying lengths, calling for nicety of judgment as to the club to be selected, as well as the way to play the shot. There is another one-shot hole of the length for which most would be satisfied with wood.

SOME FINE TWO-SHOT HOLES

There are some fine two-shot holes, two of the best of them on the terrain of the old nine-hole course, where the former holes, both at the beginning and end of the present round, have been given much greater length. The length of the course is not, to a male golfer, its most conspicuous characteristic. Padgham, who goes round the neighbouring men's course in a steady 70, or less, would regard any one of its two-shotters as a drive and a pitch.

But it is long enough for any ordinary player—and, though it is the ladies' course by right of possession, the ordinary player will be allowed on it. If he approaches its bogey of 76 he may justly congratulate himself. Not all the ladies, even of championship class, will do that, or better. But whatever its ease or its difficulties, the new ladies' course at Forest Row, with its heather and its meandering brook, and the background of firs, is a most delightful place.

E. S. G.

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—SOUTHWOLD

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

This is the second article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Last week's harbour was Lowestoft.

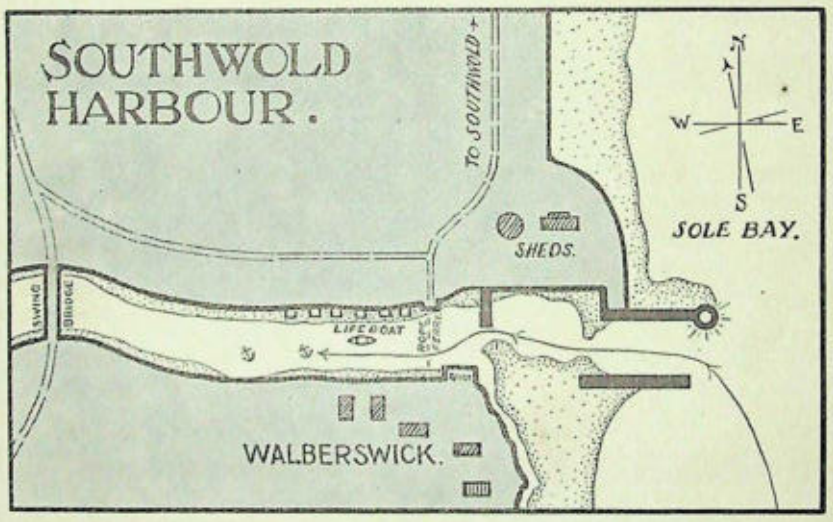
SOUTHWOLD HARBOUR may be found very convenient for a small craft that is bound South from Lowestoft but has encountered too heavy seas off Orfordness. Sailing craft on their way North to Lowestoft may be glad to spend a quiet night in Southwold Harbour after being becalmed and having lost their tide.

The entrance is not easy to discern from the offing, but the conspicuous Southwold Lighthouse (120ft. high) will be of some help. This circular building is, however, in the centre of Southwold town, which is some distance to the north of Southwold Harbour and quite distinct. Formed by the River Blyth, the haven is sometimes called Walberswick after the village on its southern shore.

Stand into the bay when a mile south of the town lighthouse and you will gradually begin to see something of a pier, with possibly the mast of a barge. Keep to the south-east before entering between the piers on a N.W. course. It should be emphasised that this much-neglected harbour, from the ferry to the mouth, is liable to alterations in depth owing to the gales.

North-easterly gales have a tendency to shoal the sandy bar off the entrance, though the stream coming down the river combined with the ebb tide will always cut a channel. On the other hand, south-easterly and southerly gales tend to wash the shingle across the harbour and silt up the northern side, but here again the outgoing stream clears a passage. The net effect remains that the channel is irregular in shape, has several unpleasant knolls likely to pick up a stranger, and the southern pier has been so mercilessly battered about that the seas burst through unstopped.

With a heavy onshore wind, especially with a spring ebb pouring out and towards the time of low water, it would be suicidal to attempt the entrance. These directions are intended for fine weather and vessels of light draught. A stranger would be well advised for the first occasion to follow in astern of a local fisherman. Several of these little motor boats will generally be seen at work in the bay and returning to harbour with the young flood. It is well worth learning from them for three or four shillings where the latest knolls lie, and the best course up harbour. These fishermen belong to the best type who help and do not fleece the yachtsman. If they should all happen to be inside, then, assuming you have plenty of flood already risen, and last winter's gales have not materially changed the shoals, you can enter with confidence by reference to the accompanying plan. At neaps, with smooth sea, a vessel drawing 4ft. 6in. can enter or leave even at low water. It is better, however, to wait till at least one hour's flood, and at springs this is absolutely necessary.



ENTRANCE TO SOUTHWOLD HARBOUR
Arrow shows approach and coast outline is seen on top

TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY

The harbour used not to be lighted, but there is now at the head of the North Pier a fixed light, 21ft. high, which can be seen for three miles. It would be advisable, if making this harbour at night for the first time, to wait until nearly slack tide at high water. Otherwise, by day, and with sufficient flood, having approached the mouth from the south-east, keep about midway between the piers, and then edge over a little to the south side in order to avoid the knoll which projects from an angle of the northern quay. It will be noticed from the plan that this shoal would almost join that on the south but for the scouring effect of the ebb tide. This is the first trap.

The second trap for the unwary is on the south side at the spot where the yachtsman would naturally proceed so as to avoid the northern jetty which comes well out into the river. The plan, however, will convince him that the southern shore at this point must be given a wide berth. Follow the arrow, keeping as close as possible to the jetty, but immediately afterwards alter course to the south-west. You will now have observed the steam ferry for several minutes. Give him warning of your approach, as the river is narrow and you don't want to foul his wire rope. If you blow your foghorn and wave your cap he will wait and give you a clear passage.

FINDING A BERTH

The wooden stages on the north side, when past the ferry, are congested with mud except towards high tide, so keep away. If the lifeboat is in the harbour, carry on till a sufficient distance westward, and let go anchor on the southern side. A little farther up there are sometimes spare moorings, which can be hired from the local boat-builder whose shed is on the north side just opposite. If the lifeboat has gone away her berth is the best in the harbour, and should be occupied. But almost anywhere west of the ferry, and not too near either bank, will be found a suitable anchorage. Lay out a kedge. However hard the winds blow from any direction you are now quite safe. Tide in the offing flows south at five-and-a-half hours before high water Dover, and flows north at half an hour after high water Dover.

A FASCINATING HAVEN

This is a primitive, picturesque region, but full of attraction to those who enjoy peaceful beauty. There are some delightful walks and interesting old churches, and the town of Southwold can be reached either via the wide expanse of common (after landing abreast of the yacht) or by the road which runs parallel to the North Sea. It will be necessary to obtain most of your supplies from the town, except water from the boat-builder and a few simple articles from Walberswick, where there is a good inn. There is an excellent bathing beach by the sea on that side. The dinghy can be safely left by the quay, or by the bank on either side, but allow for the tide.

Southwold Harbour has its pathetic character. Before the War many thousands of pounds were expended to make it a miniature Lowestoft and attract the Scottish fishing fleet when it came South for the herring season. A light railway was laid along the north shore, where a fish market was erected, and for one brief period the place took on a busy aspect. But to-day grass grows over the railway lines, the ironwork has rusted, the buildings are dead, the quays deserted, the outer piers broken through, and the channel choked up wherever it is not washed out by the river and ebb tide. For the small yachtsman, however, this haven will continue to be a fascinating place.

Letters can be posted at Walberswick. In order to save walking into Southwold town, letters could be delivered c/o the boatbuilder opposite your anchorage. (*Next Week:* DEBEN RIVER.)

Charts and Books for Yachtsmen.—Two of the most useful little handbooks a yachtsman can possess are Capt. O. M. Watts's catalogues of charts and nautical books. The former, in addition to giving particulars and prices of charts for the British Isles and foreign coasts, supplies a list of maps and direction books for continental waterways. The second edition of the Nautical Books catalogue is a little encyclopædia of technical works and maritime literature right up to date. From Capt. O. M. Watts, Ltd., 20-22, Maddox St., London.

FENCING AT LINCOLN'S INN

Junior Epée Championships Under New Conditions

AN OFFICIAL OPENING to the summer fencing season was made with the British Junior Epée Championship (Luke V. Fildes Cup) at Lincoln's Inn last week, and out of an entry of 63, representing 29 clubs, F. L. Kent re-won the title for Grosvenor by beating W. O'Halloran Giles (R.A.C.) in the fight-off of a tie. During the pool Kent lost to Pienne and Claringbull, the latter ultimately finishing third, and Giles went down to Wertheim and Kent.

Junior championships are popular and interesting, and, in a sense, even more important than open titles, since they are the training corps of the next batch of champions and internationals, and are representative of our stock of young fencers.

This year's épée was of exceptional interest, first, for the remarkably close fight between the five above-named, and, secondly, for the innovation of fighting a national event for the best of three instead of for the traditional single hit.

For some years épée fencing, particularly among juniors, has become tediously slow, excessive caution sapping initiative until—within the too ample time limit—it became a contest not of swords but of patience.

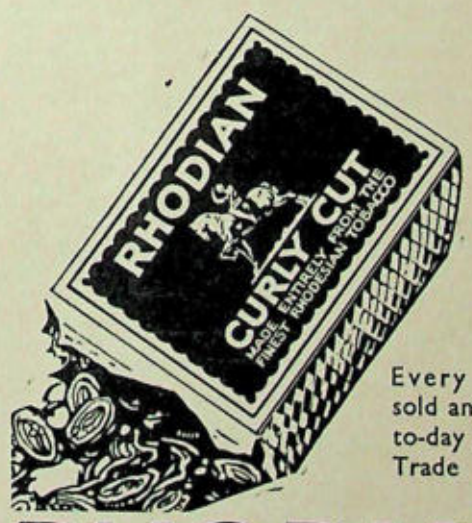
Our "safety first" duellists competed abroad, where fighting is for three, five, seven, or even ten hits, and, broadly speaking, our men generally were rushed off the *planche*, beaten before they fully realised that the offensive had opened.

Apart from this general speed up, a point in favour of three hits—based on ten years' personal observation here and on the Continent—is that the percentage of victories among the best fencers is much higher than when the issue rests on a single hit.

This first, because the better player has time in which to study his adversary's game, and, secondly, because it reduces the question of luck.

M. POLLOCK SMITH.

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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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

WEASELS THE SIZE OF FIELD MICE

SIR,—Gilbert White in his *Natural History of Selborne*, mentions abnormally small female weasels not much larger than a field mouse which country people call "Canes." I have examined a few of these small weasels, which invariably proved to be females. One was killed by a cat near Godalming, Surrey, and another, pure white (not an albino) I purchased as having come from Sweden. On my showing this to the late Oldfield Thomas at the Natural History Museum many years ago, he informed me that this was the smallest weasel he had ever seen. The specimen is now exhibited in the zoological gallery of the Brighton Museum, and is not much larger than an ordinary field vole.

On March 11th this year, I saw a very small female weasel on a keeper's gibbet at Glynde, Sussex. Unfortunately the animal was too far gone to preserve, but I have secured the skull proving the animal to be fully adult. The skull measures: Length 36 millimetres; occipital breadth, 15 millimeters; breadth at zygoma, 16 millimetres. Just above the right eye socket of this skull, is a hole due to some disease, which measures 5 by 5 millimetres. This malformation appears to be not uncommon among weasels and stoats according to my experience.

One would have supposed that such malformations would seriously affect the health of animals so inflicted, but I have so often come across skulls thus marked belonging to otherwise healthy and well-fed specimens. I can find no mention of this peculiarity in any book, and I should be glad if any of your readers can enlighten me as to the cause. Is it due to some parasite?

Yours truly,

50, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

SPARROWHAWK EATING EGGS?

SIR,—Is it not a very rare occurrence for a sparrowhawk to attack a nest, and eat unhatched eggs? I never knew a case before.

Last week (early April) my gardener saw an attack by a hen sparrowhawk in my garden on a missel thrush's nest, containing eggs, and in spite of resistance by both the old birds, the hawk drove them off, settled on the nest, and broke and ate the eggs. (I saw the shells myself afterwards.) A couple of days afterwards, the hawk also raided, and consumed the eggs in a song-thrush's nest nearby.

I should have attributed the egg stealing to jays or magpies, if my gardener had not been a near spectator of the proceedings. He is well acquainted with birds, and mentioned it to me at once as a thing he had never known of before. Had the eggs been hatched I should not have been surprised.

Yours truly,

Brockley Park, Stradbally, Queen's Co. JOHN W. YOUNG.

[We cannot remember a similar case and would suggest that the culprit was a cuckoo, which might easily be mistaken for a sparrowhawk. The cuckoo is known to take birds' eggs, and it was not too early for this migrant to have arrived.—ED.]

THE HABITS OF SAWFISH

The following account of an encounter with a sawfish by an African native, has been kindly sent to us by Mr. A. Hodson, from Government House, Sierra Leone. He informs us that the facts are vouched for by Father Boumann, in charge of the Catholic Mission at Mobe in the Southern Province, who writes as follows:

"An hour after midnight on April 17th, 1930, I was called to give medical assistance to a wounded man brought to the mission by canoe. He was bleeding from several wounds, and the native treatment had proved ineffectual to stop the flow of blood. Indeed, for three of those wounds it was not an easy matter. However, after half an hour's work, success rewarded my efforts, and I had the facts of the matter related to me.

"From a small island in the Bum-Kittam river, about a mile and a half below Mobe, the man had cast some "ground-lines." They were only ordinary fishing lines for river fish. On one of these lines the man discovered a rather heavy fish, and slowly pulling it near the shore, he found that he had hooked a large sawfish. Because of the little resistance made by so large a fish, the fisherman, believing it to be dead, entered the shallow water into which he had pulled it in order to take it by the tail and drag it safely on shore. Scarcely had the poor man touched the fish when it swung round and struck him with its terrible saw (a little over 4ft. in length), inflicting eight wounds of which three were very serious. He called for help, and those near at hand hastened to his assistance and succeeded in overpowering the fish.

Then, both the wounded man and the fish—now dead—were brought to the town of Ngaringa. The fish, I was told, was very large. 'As large,' they said, 'as a size cow,' *i.e.*, of medium size. So it was not yet fully grown. The fact of its being a female and very heavy with eggs, explains in some way why it made such little resistance on the line.

"Now, from what has been said one might infer that the sawfish comes up the rivers to spawn.

"I was interrupted in the writing of this and am glad now that I was, because in my last voyage to Talia School, Yorma Chiefdom, I learned more about sawfishes in our Sherbro rivers.

"In passing from the York Island salt waters up to the mouth of the Jong river, I saw a fisherman lift a large fish. It was a young sawfish. The saw was only about 15in. in length and the teeth about 1in. by ⅛in., the length of the whole fish being 7ft. What, then, must be the size of a full-grown sawfish? Such a huge one, I was told, was killed in the Bum river, a few years ago.

"Searching for more information, I was told by people who know that these dangerous fishes come up the rivers at high water during the rains, and return to the sea before the rivers become dry. Now the last-mentioned fish was late on the return journey, and being very large (over 1yd. in diameter) was unable to pass the banks between Tomah and Bamani. This was also a female fish and heavy with eggs.

"All this seems to indicate that the sawfish, the female one in any case, after fertilisation probably, spends some time of her life in fresh running waters, and returns to the sea only at or about spawning time. More proofs or facts are, however, needed to make sure of this. Others may know more of the matter and better. However, if the above facts be of any help to enlighten this question of nature study, I shall feel sufficiently rewarded."

Yours truly,

Catholic Mission, Industrial School, Mobe, Sherbro. L. BOUMANN.

[The sawfishes are among the few viviparous species of fish which produce their young alive. They are known to run into fresh water at times but further first-hand observation on their habits would be welcome.—ED.]

WHITE GEESE

SIR,—I was interested in Major B. D. Court-Treatt's letter in a recent issue stating that a white goose had been seen on the Solway in October last. These specimens are so rare that their appearance is worth noting. Many years ago I saw three feeding on a stubble field, along with a large flock, near the estuary of the Tay. Every autumn wild geese gathered on the Tay estuary in very large numbers, and as my home was in the centre of that district, I had every opportunity of seeing and studying their movements. The large stubble and young wheat fields on the north side of the river afforded excellent feeding ground, and the morning flight often lasted two hours, during which there was scarcely a lull.

I look back enviously on these years spent in a wildfowler's paradise, when duck, geese and wood-pigeons were in such abundance. Now, the great, level, fertile, well-cultivated plain is mostly in pasture, and its glory has departed.

On one of my many early morning excursions my brother joined in; but the comfort of a warm bed, and the discomfort of a cold westerly wind, with a threatening of rain, kept him late, and I knew before we started that we were too late for the first of the flight. We set out, however, on our two-mile walk in the blackness of a dull November morning, and about half-way I heard the first gaggle leaving the river on our left. This made us hurry, but before reaching the field where I knew the geese were feeding, we heard several more flocks passing westwards. This completely altered my plans, and in a sense spoilt what would have been a good morning's sport. Fortunately, an open ditch ran along the east boundary of the field I was making for, so I decided to go to the top of the ditch and stalk down. This was by no means easy, as the ditch was shallow and free of all bushes or shelter of any kind except the rough grass at the sides. We got down, however, at last, letting several gaggles of geese go over without firing to join the others on the field. On looking cautiously through the grass I saw in the still grey dawn a great concourse of geese with three white ones together on the edge nearest to us, about 45yds. away. I said to my brother: "Make sure of one white one. I am going 10yds. farther down. Shoot when I whistle." I wanted to be clear of the smoke from his gun (it was black powder in those days), and when ready I whistled. Our four shots went off, and we picked up eleven—all pinkfoots, including one of the white ones. The colour was creamy-white all over with the markings faintly showing in a darker shade. I gave this bird to a friend to be sent to the South Kensington Museum. The weight of the eleven birds averaged 6½lb.

I hesitate to suggest any explanation of albinism, but an experience I had in poultry-breeding led me to think that it might be due to a sequence of in-breeding. I in-bred five generations of salmon faverolles, and most of the last generation came white. The fact that the three white geese I saw kept together led me to suppose that they came out of the same nest, and that the parents might have been closely in-bred.

Yours faithfully,

32, Hanover Street, Edinburgh. ALEX. M. PRAIN.

HOW TO GET HOT WATER?

SIR,—Is modern science unable to provide us with a simple and satisfactory method of warming and providing hot water for a small country house?

Three years ago I built a small house—three living rooms and six bedrooms. My architect furnished us with a large boiler house, fitted with two boilers made by a well-known firm of hot-water engineers—one a large one for the central heating and the other a smaller boiler for supplying hot water. After trying various fuels we use a mixture of coke and anthracite, and the resulting warmth and hot water are quite satisfactory, but there are serious disadvantages. The stoking is a dirty and heavy job, quite unsuited for women, and the result is to necessitate the employment of a man in a house which could otherwise easily be run by two maids. Further, whatever fuel one uses creates an intolerable dust and dirt which penetrates to the whole house. In fact, the system is primitive and objectionable.

The only alternatives I know of are electricity, oil and gas. The expense of electricity is, I think, admittedly prohibitive. Oil is efficient and annual cost is much the same as coke, but it entails a throbbing engine which is definitely perceptible in the house and is not to be thought of. In addition it creates an unpleasant soot, and would cost about £300 to install apart from other minor disadvantages. The gas company have an excellent apparatus, quiet, efficient, and simple for any maidservant to manage, but the company admit that the annual cost of it is about three times that of using coke, which of course puts it out of consideration.

Surely in these days of countless new inventions the scientists can provide us with some simple machinery for, or method of, heating which is both clean and easy to manipulate without a man's assistance and no more expensive than these old-fashioned coke boilers.

Any suggestions your readers can make will be welcomed by

Yours faithfully,

Surrey. HOUSE OWNER.

CRICKET IN BORDEAUX

SIR,—Bordeaux is known the world over for its wines, but it is not to talk of them that I am writing to you. It is to bring to the notice of your readers the fact that we have started a British Cricket Club in Bordeaux, which is about to enter on its second season.

I felt it might interest your readers to know that our national game is being kept going abroad under difficult conditions, and I was wondering if any cricket-loving readers of the *Field* would help us to carry on. Our only opponents in the neighbourhood are Biarritz and Pau, but if we had a small balance in the bank we could get an occasional game with English teams in Paris. Will any kind reader help us?

What would give us even greater pleasure would be to receive a visit from an English team, and if there are any teams contemplating a tour in France this summer I would ask them to write to me and I would try to arrange matches for them in this part of the world.

Yours truly,

34, Cours de Verdun, Bordeaux. H. RONALD BARTON, President British Cricket Club.



WALL SURROUNDING THE CHURCH AT PAZARKIA, LAKE BESIK
(See Letter "St. Paul in Salonika")

ST. PAUL IN SALONIKA

SIR,—It is a well-known fact that St. Paul was a wise organiser. For instance, he once went to Salonika, but one visit to that vile country being enough for any man, he thenceforward conducted his missionary work in Macedonia by correspondence, now known as the Epistles to the Thessalonians.

But there is still some slight testimony of Paul's visit, in a material form. My photograph shows the remains of the wall surrounding the old monastery, or church, at Pazarkia, on the shores of Lake Besik, some 20 miles from Salonika. This has been authenticated as having been built at the time of St. Paul's visit, if not actually by the Saint himself, as the legend there goes.

On the later Turkish occupation of Macedonia the usual minaret and some new buildings were added.

This picture may be of interest to your readers.

Yours faithfully,

Beechmont, New Barnet. CHARLES W. REED.

RIMELL & ALLSOP LTD.

Tailors

53, 54 & 55, NEW BOND STREET

LONDON, W.1

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Enquiries at any of the above hotels will receive immediate attention.

AN UNUSUAL CHURCH CLOCK

SIR,—When I first set eyes on the church clock at Furneux Pelham, in Hertfordshire, I did what most people would do—I stopped and chuckled. The clock sharply admonishes everyone who looks at it. I wonder how many week-end pleasure-seeking business men it has induced immediately to speed back to the office instead of wasting time enjoying themselves in the country? "Mind your business." It is a direct challenge to enter the church and find out what it has to interest you; and, surely, you will not regret picking up the gauntlet. For there is a priest's room over the porch, rood stairs intact, a triple sedilia, holy water stoup, aumbry, and one of those "low-side" windows which are a perpetual conundrum as to their actual use. The clock is certainly worth a photograph for the smiles which it brings to the faces of friends to whom it is shown.

Yours truly,

London, N. 1. H. T. COMERFORD.

THE MASTER EYE

SIR,—The correspondence in your paper of late *re* Left Eye Mastery in Shooting is very interesting, and most of the writers seem to show the possibility of correction when the left eye is always the dominating partner, but what about it when the right eye tiring, the left takes control? Surely this happens on many occasions during the day to those with defective vision and will often account for runs of bad, and good shooting, to the mediocre performer.

How can one overcome such a difficulty? During my adolescence I was advised by the oculist I consulted whilst suffering from repeated headaches, to always wear glasses he gave me for astigmatism. This I did not carry out thoroughly until I reached mid-life, when I fancied the prescription enabled me to see better, especially in recognising features of friends across the street. At this stage of my life I gradually took to wearing glasses for all outdoor work, and eventually for shooting, though I never found they improved my marksmanship in any way—missing was just as easy with or without them; now, having passed the half-century, I find my distance sight as good as ever without glasses, and feel sure that through the use of them my left eye is stronger and thus sometimes takes command and so confuses the instinctive aim one takes in shooting without following the objective along the barrels. This did not happen to me before I used glasses for out-of-doors work; in those days I shot with far greater regularity, keeping head up and eyes on the object.

Perhaps your readers can help me before I retire from a sport I love, with disgust.

Faithfully yours,

Monmouth. "NOTLIM."

SIR,—As one whose left eye is his master, I have read the articles and letters on this subject with great interest. While still at Harrow, finding that I was a bad shot and knowing I was left-eyed, I tried what seemed to me to be obvious and shot from my left shoulder. Later, my father had my gun fitted to me for this. Since then, on the rare occasions I get a shoot, I have shot better; except green pigeon in India, which I hardly ever hit. I find that anything going straight away or crossing from my right to left is my strongest point, but crossing from my left to right I am generally behin the object.

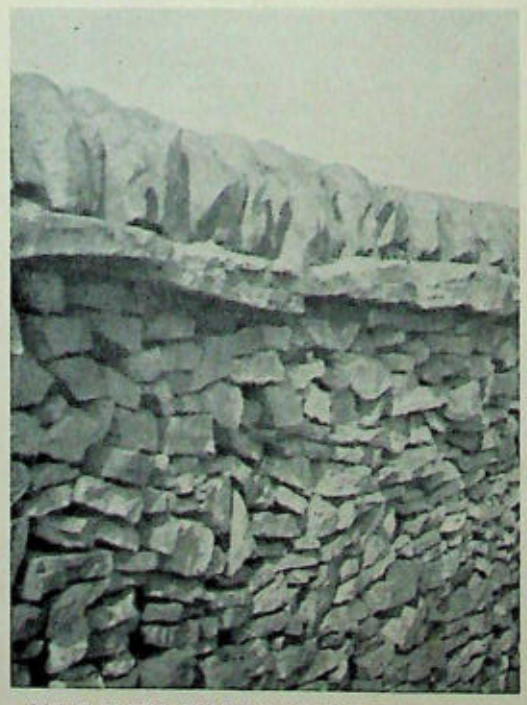
I also find no difficulty in unloading and, in fact, I think I should feel awkward if I tried right-handed shooting. On the miniature range I used to shoot also off the left shoulder, except for the rapid fire, as I found the bolt easier to work with right hand.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. A. J. LUCAS.



A TIMELY WARNING
(See Letter "An Unusual Church Clock")



WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE PROTRUDING STONES?
(See Letter "A Moorland Wall")

RACING PIGEONS

SIR,—On behalf of the thousands of valuable racing pigeons that are now being put into training, and will be recommencing their racing season at the end of the month, may I appeal to all who carry a gun to be especially careful not to shoot at any that pass overhead.

They are, perhaps in some cases, easily confused with the ordinary or wild bird of the species, but as an individual who races, may I be allowed to point out that the racing pigeon as a breed will never drop to earth, except if extremely tired or hungry, and only asks to be allowed to return, in the shortest possible time, to its home.

It is no common thing for a bird to get back with one or more shot in its body, and many, I fear, are ignorantly shot and killed on their journey.

Yours truly,

London, W. 1. FANCIER.

DOGS AND MUSIC

SIR,—I was most interested in the letter of your correspondent, Capt. Field, in the issue of April 16th, about his Sealyham's ear for music.

My wife had a Sealyham, alas, now no more, who had a similar detestation for carol singers, and used to rush barking and growling to the door the moment children started singing outside.

One Sunday afternoon about Christmas-time we were listening to gramophone records broadcast from Paris, with the dog asleep in his basket taking no notice of the wireless, when a record descriptive of Christmas was played, beginning with bells and other Christmas music and breaking into "Good King Wenceslas." At the very first bars of the carol the dog leapt from his basket and rushed barking to the door, making violent efforts to get at what he thought were the perpetrators of another outrage.

Yours truly,

Calder, Dorchester. D. P. L. TINDALL.

A MOORLAND WALL

SIR,—I am enclosing the photograph of a wall on the moorland near here, from which it will be seen that there is a layer of flat stones on top of the wall just before the coping. This layer of stones protrudes on either side of the wall from about 9in. to 1ft. Is this for some purpose, or is it just a whim of the builder?

Yours faithfully,

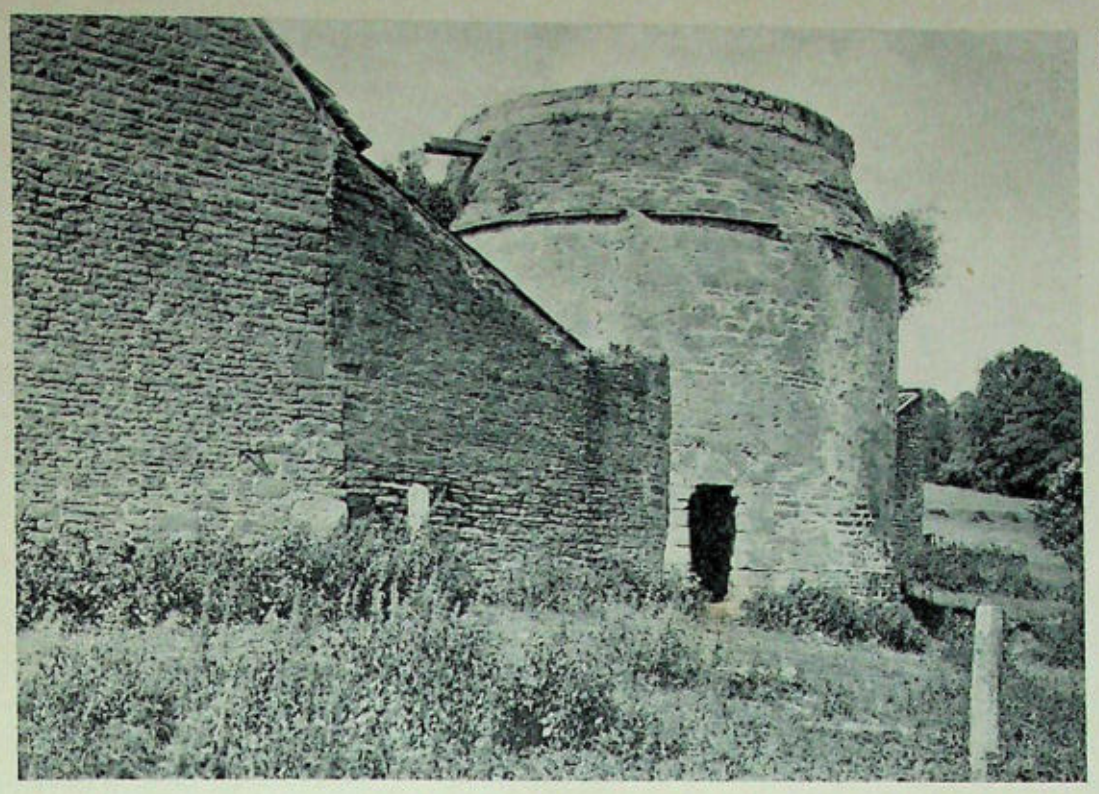
Rock Bank, Whaley Bridge, near Stockport. R. RAWLINSON.

AN ELEVENTH CENTURY DOVECOTE

SIR,—You had, some little time ago, some correspondence about old dovecotes. I wonder if the enclosed photograph would interest your readers.

The dovecote is in rather an out-of-the-way part of Herefordshire, but none the less picturesque and interesting. The inside, showing all the 600 nesting places, is in wonderful preservation. It should be taken over by the "Board of Works," to preserve it from any future destruction. At the present time the interior is used as a cowshed for calves and other farm animals.

West Ayton, S.O., Yorkshire. Yours faithfully, A. H. ROBINSON.



A HEREFORDSHIRE DOVECOTE NOW USED AS A COWSHED
(See Letter "An Eleventh Century Dovecote")

A BONUS FOR CLEAN MILK

SIR,—Many readers must have been interested to read in the *Field* of May 7th about the success of the clean milk competition run by Sir Ernest Debenham in connection with the Bladen Dairies, in Dorset. Several bonus schemes operate in different parts of the country, and probably that operated by the Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society is as near the ideal as it is possible to get.

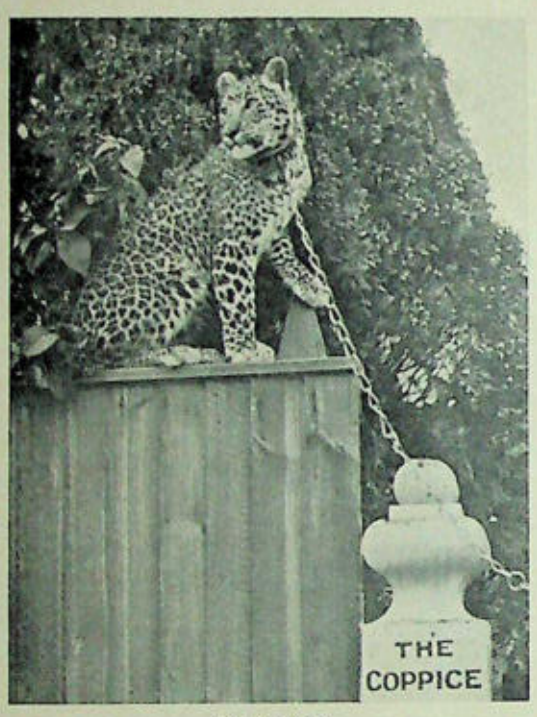
Under this scheme suppliers' milk is tested at the receiving dairy four times a month; four samples are taken for bacterial account and four for butter-fat. Marks are awarded on a scale of points, and suppliers receive a bonus of 1½d. a gallon ranging down to a deduction of a penny off the standard price, according to the marks gained each month.

There is no doubt that payment for milk on a quality basis is the most effective incentive to thorough cleanliness in the cowshed and dairy.

Yours truly,
London. L. W.

A LEOPARD FOR WATCH DOG

SIR,—The leopard depicted in the enclosed photograph was brought home from India as a cub by a Cheltenham resident. It was kept in a



ON GUARD
(See Letter "A Leopard for Watch Dog")

wired-in enclosure in his garden and lived in a kennel. The leopard's escape on one occasion, I am told, caused considerable consternation amongst the neighbours, which doubtless added weight to the necessity of sending him to Edinburgh Zoo before he was full grown! I photographed the fine animal on two or three occasions, but he was by no means always so obliging as the enclosed print would indicate! Yours faithfully,

Bideford, Devon. PAUL FRIPP.

SOME WEST INDIAN REMEDIES AGAINST ANTS

SIR,—Referring to the letter from "J. P." of Kent, requesting information for destruction of ants, the following formulæ have been found very successful under different conditions, and in sympathy with "J. P." I am forwarding, c/o your good selves, two small jars of ant syrup poison bait, compounded from formula (1), which I will be obliged if you will kindly send on to him for trial.

Formula (1) is particularly useful and efficacious, in that it can also be employed in the destruction of nests and on trees, etc., in place of (2) and (3), when used in the same manner. The advantage of placing the bait in tins is that there is no danger of domestic animals, fowls, etc., obtaining access to the poison, while after destruction the tins can be readily moved to other sites.

Formula for Ant Poison Bait.

Water	9 pints
Tartaric acid (crystallised)	7 grams
Benzoate of soda	9 grams
Granulated sugar	12lb.
Honey (strained)	2lb.
Sodium arsenate, C.P.	¾ oz.

Method of preparation.—Put 8 pints of soft water in a vessel on the fire and when tepid add firstly, (1) tartaric acid, (2) benzoate of soda and (3) sugar. See that each is dissolved before adding the others. Stir to prevent burning. While tepid measure depth with a stick. Bring to a boil *very slowly*, and allow to *simmer* for 40 minutes. Remove from fire and add water to bring up to line on stick to compensate for evaporation. Stir in the honey before the mixture cools. Dissolve the arsenate in 1 pint of hot water (preferably distilled to avoid precipitation), and allow to partially cool before adding to the syrup. Stir well, and the syrup is ready when cold.

Clean vessels only should be used, and should be totally destroyed after use (a gasoline or paraffin tin is quite suitable for the boiling). The syrup "stands up" much better if brought to a boil *slowly* and allowed to *simmer*, and it is a mistake to boil quickly and vigorously for 40 minutes.

Use when fresh, or store in clean glass air-tight bottles.

(2) *Destruction of Ant Nests.*—Make several holes with a sharp stick in the nest and pour into each a few teaspoonsful of carbon bisulphide or calcium cyanide dust. Cover the holes with earth and pack well. Do not use these materials near the roots of young or small trees.

(3) *Destruction of Ants on Trees, etc.*—Paint a band round the object of a mixture of paris green and treacle. Two teaspoonsful of paris green to one pint treacle.

Yours faithfully,
West Indies. PLANTER.

[We have had pleasure in forwarding the packages to our correspondent as requested.—ED.]

MORE ABOUT PETER SIMPLE

SIR,—Regarding the steeple chase horse Peter Simple, there appears in *Bell's Life of London*, April 2nd, 1843, a long description of a race in which this horse competed in Ireland on March 27th of that year.

The course was four miles, over a natural country, about a mile from Ashbourne, Co. Meath. It was an annual event "run under the Management of a Committee of The Ward Hunt" and called "The Grand National Kilrue Steeple Chases," and this race was "The Kilrue Cup" (a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each with 100 sovs. added for all horses 12st. each, mares and geldings allowed 4lb., the second to save his stake; four miles. The result was: Mr. Preston's bk m Brunnette (11st. 4lb., owner), first; Hon. B. Wodehouse's b g Milo (11st. 4lb., D. Wynn), second; Mr. H. Mangann's gr g Peter Simple (11st. 4lb., Mr. H. McDonagh), third. Twelve ran. Won by two lengths; same between second and third. Ante-post betting, three placed, Peter Simple 2 to 1, Brunnette 10 to 1, Milo 10 to 1. There was a great deal of betting before this race, and different kind of wagers are recorded.

Peter Simple made all the running to the last fence, where Milo caught him, with Brunnette ten lengths behind, but the latter beat them both in the run home. This mare won this race in the three succeeding years.

The race was discontinued in 1859, and has since been known as the Grand National, run at The Ward Union Fairyhouse Races.

Yours truly,
Castleknock, Co. Dublin. T. LEVINS MORRS.

MR.
C. W. A.
SCOTT
during his
recent
record-breaking flight from
ENGLAND to AUSTRALIA
again relied on
K·L·G
PLUGS
"TOO GOOD TO 'MISS'!"

STRANGE HAPPENINGS AT GOLF

SIR,—I have no doubt but that you are in the habit of receiving letters from golfers of strange happenings and events that they experience from time to time whilst engaged on a round of golf, such as losing balls down the ears of cattle, holing out in one from a full drive, and so on.

A strange coincidence occurred during April whilst I was playing against a friend at Budleigh Salterton, and one that you may consider as being possibly worthy of recording in your columns.

I had sliced my drive at the eleventh, and my opponent had pulled his slightly. To play my second I was out of sight of my opponent, and having steep rising ground to clear I had to play a full mashie shot to reach the green. My friend had from where he was also to play a full mashie shot to clear some rough and the bunkers that guard the green.

It appears that we both played our shots at such a time and at such an angle, direction, and strength in each case that the balls met at the top of their respective flights and fell dead together a few yards short of the green.

We were both quite unaware of what had occurred until we were informed of it by two players who, whilst waiting on the next tee, had witnessed the spectacle. Yours truly,

Windover, Exmouth, S. Devon. A. B. FORD.

BULL FROGS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Eric Parker's interesting article in your issue of April 9th last, on the question as to "How Frogs Hibernate," I personally know nothing of the habits of English frogs, but perhaps an account of what I actually experienced many years ago in the Nizam's Dominions in the Deccan, India, may be of interest.

A friend and myself were small game shooting across some rough country in the month of April, or just at the commencement of the hot weather, and, in the morning, we walked across a pond, or "Kunta," as it is called locally, formed by artificial means by damming up a small depression on the side of a slope, which was dry and quite hard. Late in the afternoon we returned over the same country and passed the same pond, shooting our way back to the railway.

Since the morning a heavy thunderstorm had occurred, and we were much surprised to see bull frogs about the pond, big golden fellows which later turn to a rusty brown, croaking for all they were worth, and we noticed some of them actually forcing their way out of the mud softened by the rain, and there was no doubt whatever that the frogs had buried themselves before the mud had become too hard and as the pond dried up.

Certain species of Indian fish, I believe, also do the same when a pond is drying up, for instance, the "Murral" (*Ophiocephalus striatus*).

Yours truly,

Marnhull, Dorset. W. GAYE.

WHAT IS A RECORD MAMBA?

SIR,—With reference to the photograph of the record mamba (or cobra?) in your issue of April 23rd, I suggest that the snake shown is a West African cobra; and for two reasons.

I spent many months at Zaria, and one of my hobbies was shooting black cobras. I used to walk along the outer ditch of Zaria town—all Nigerian towns were defended by sun-baked clay walls and ditches. Weather action and process of time would cause the walls to crumble and lose their smooth surface, affording many cracks and crevices into which the cobras crept during the heat of the day, or they may have sheltered in the rank vegetation that grew in the ditch. In any case, of an evening the cobras used to festoon themselves on the roughnesses of the wall and bask in the warmth given off by its cooling. At least that is my theory.

I shot them across the ditch, retrieving very few, for this would have meant descending into the ditch, 10ft. to 20ft. deep and 20ft. or so wide, full of growth and containing possibly any wounded cobra, and probably several sound ones. But I did get one that I handled and which far exceeded in length any of the others that I saw or any that my brother officers or "boys" had seen or heard of.

This snake I held by the tip of the tail with my hand at full stretch above my head, and its lower jaw just touched the ground. On seeing your illustration, I took a piece of string to test the length of my cobra, and I make it just 7ft. 1in., for though 29 years have elapsed since I was in Nigeria, my height is the same, although, owing to a broken collarbone my right arm is a fraction shorter. Now, these cobras spat, as do the South African "Ring Hals" (Boer name) and, though I may be wrong, I do not believe that mambas do spit; also, we had mambas in the bush, etc., but I never heard of them about the camp or the native town, whereas the cobra was very common.

These cobras were proper hooded cobras, their general colour black or dark grey with lighter bellies. I described these snakes to the late Miss Joan Proctor, who pronounced them cobras—in fact, she wanted some of them for the Zoo, and I suggested how she might get some.

Yours faithfully,

Greywell Hill, Basingstoke. DORCHESTER.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Run of Heifer Calves.—The following facts may be of interest to your readers: Between March 11th and December 18th, 1931, eleven of our Ayrshire cows calved, producing eleven heifer calves in sequence, the last cow having twins, one of which was a bull calf which did not survive.—THOS. L. VONDY, Fortune's Farm, Garston Manor, near Watford, Herts.

A Guinea Pig Foster-Mother.—This spring my dogs dug out a nest of rabbits which had just got their eyes open. I placed one with my guinea pigs, and a sow who had young ones adopted and fed it. It is now very tame, and apparently quite content, and still lives with its foster-mother, although it now eats for itself.—HESTER LOYD (aged eleven years), Lockinge House, Wantage, Berks.

An Impaled Golf Ball.—I think this must be a unique experience. When approaching for the first hole at Abersoch, my ball fell in a clump of rushes.



THE ABERSOCH GOLF PROFESSIONAL WITH THE OFFENDING RUSH SPIKE
(See Letter "An Impaled Golf Ball")

I found the ball actually impaled on the spike of a rush, and hanging down an inch off the ground. I cut off the rush, and the accompanying photograph shows Griffiths, the Abersoch professional, holding the rush with the ball hanging from the end of the rush.—G. R. L. CHANCE, London, S.W.

Bittern Nesting in Suffolk.—As an amateur ornithologist I was interested to find in one of the large reed beds of an unprotected Suffolk mere the nest of a bittern. The nest, containing four eggs, was situated in the very centre of the reed bed. The male bittern was not in the immediate vicinity of the nest, as is their custom, but booming about 800yds. or 900yds. away.—K. FREEMAN, London, N.W.

"Cow and Snuffers."—"Cilsant" asks for an explanation and origin of "Cow and Snuffers" in the *Field* of April 30th. *Quaint Signs of Olde Inns*, by G. J. Monson-FitzJohn, gives the following: "Cow and Snuffers, Llandaff. The origin of this curious sign, which depicts a red cow with a gigantic pair of candle snuffers at her feet, is the result of a bet made in 1770 to think of the most incongruous sign possible for an inn. In honour of the bet the sign was painted and hung up.—Miss P. M. GELDART, Oxford.

Purple Heron in Pembrokeshire.—A purple heron was seen by my children on a small stream within a mile of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, on April 20th, the bird being so exhausted that it allowed my son to pick it up, and made no effort to attack him. On the 23rd my children found the bird near the same place, but dead, and brought it home to me. It is a splendid specimen, an adult male, and has been sent to the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff.—GUY S. HAINES, Haverfordwest.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

THE GRAND UNION CANAL

THE 6 PER CENT. PREFERENCE STOCK of the Grand Union Canal is at present obtainable at £103½ free of stamp to yield £5 16s. per cent., and is not likely to cause any anxiety to the purchaser. The particulars which follow, however, will be of little interest unless they are read in conjunction with the notes that appeared in this column last week relative to the future prospects of canal transport as a whole, and of this concern in particular.

The company was first incorporated in 1812, although its name has been changed four times since then, and the present title was only assumed in 1928 on amalgamation with the Grand Junction Canal Co. It now owns 277 miles of canals, including 10½ miles in the heart of London. The system extends from London to Birmingham, with branches to the River Lea, Brentford, Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham and Slough.

The issued capital is as under:

3 per cent. perpetual debenture stock...	£730,634
5½ per cent. perpetual debenture stock .	£397,359
6 per cent. non-cumulative preference stock.....	£400,000
Capital stock.....	£2,159,542

The preference stock was first created in 1929, and £250,000 was issued privately in March that year at £102. Since then the price has risen to £107½, and has never fallen below £103¾. The stock now offered at this latter figure forms part of the further issue of £150,000, which was placed in the market last month. In March this year the total authorised amount of preference stock was raised to £650,000 when the Treasury made the company a grant of the interest payment on £500,000 of 5 per cent. redeemable debenture stock for fifteen years. The additional capital thus provided will be of very material assistance to the company, and should provide sufficient funds to complete its extensive programme of development to which reference was made last week.

GRADUAL RECOVERY

During the years 1922 to 1928 inclusive the annual net profits earned by the company, after the payment of interest on its debenture stocks, rose gradually and without any serious setback from £15,888 earned in respect of 1922 to £37,189 earned in respect of 1928. Since the amalgamation with the Grand Junction company the results have been as under:

	Earned for Dividends.	Preference Dividend.	Ordinary Dividend Amount.	Ordinary Dividend Per cent.	Carry Forward.
1929	£46,619	£12,103	£34,516	1.375	£4,096
1930	51,191	15,000	36,191	1.5	4,894
1931	45,117	15,000	30,117	1.25	5,017

It will be seen from these figures that each year since the preference stock was issued the amount available to pay the full 6 per cent. dividend has been more than three times the amount required. It is not possible to estimate by how much the net earnings will be augmented during the current year as a result of the employment of the additional capital referred to above, but the market are of the opinion that the increase should be greater than the amount required to pay the dividend on the new issue of preference stock. It is reassuring to note however that even if the total authorised amount of preference stock were to be issued immediately and the company's net earnings derived no benefit whatever from the new capital thus provided, the full preference dividend would then require £39,000 per annum, which amount would still be covered by a comfortable margin on the basis of 1931 figures.

The capital stock is at present quoted around £34 to yield only 3¾ per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend of 1¼ per cent. It is perhaps a sign of the expectation of better things to come that the stock is valued on such a very low yield basis, at a time when future prospects are not valued unduly high by the investing public. The chairman, in fact, mentioned certain figures in his speech at the general meeting in March that seemed to indicate that he hoped the company would be able to distribute a dividend of at least 5 per cent. to the holders of its capital stock when the development scheme had been completed.

The preference stock can be regarded as an investment which returns an attractive percentage of income, the security of which is likely to become more ample as time goes on, and the ordinary stock might appeal to anyone who was thinking of putting aside a little capital for his children.

PACTOLUS.

The COUNTRY HOUSE

FLOWER BORDERS AT CHELSEA

A Forecast of the Novelties at this Year's Show

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DELPHINIUMS, irises, tulips, and sweet peas are the reigning sovereigns of the flower border, and the displays this year at Chelsea promise to be even more splendid than ever.

The Orpington Nurseries, who have, I believe, a larger acreage under irises than any firm in Europe, will have what promises to be a lovely iris garden in the tent—irises interplanted with silver birches and *Acer dissectum*. They are hoping to include those remarkable French novelties, Deputé Nomblot, Marquita and Anne Marie Cayeux.

Marquita is indeed a beauty—very large, with palest primrose standards, raspberry-coloured falls and veined deeper. It gives a wonderful effect of ivory and peach, like a magnolia. They will also be showing their new yellow intermediate irises—Moonbeam and Sunbeam. Also their new red iris Evelyn Benson, which gained the silver medal at the Iris Show last year, and their two most successful seedlings, Romance and Talisman. Romance is also a silver medal iris.

Messrs. Waterer's exhibit of irises will include their now famous John Waterer, generally acknowledged to be the best and largest of the pale blue varieties. And lupin lovers should not fail to see the collection of lupins for which this firm are noted.

TULIPS AND IRISES

Messrs. Barr's show of May flowering Cottage, Darwin, Rembrandt and English tulips is always one of the sights of Chelsea. They often have as many as 200 distinct varieties, probably the largest collection shown. They tell me they are also making a special display of the very free-flowering and easily-grown May-flowering irises, as well as other herbaceous and bulbous plants. They hope to include the beautiful and uncommon Onocyclus and Regeliocyclus section of irises, also two interesting hybrids of *Iris dalmatica* x *Kashmiriana* and *Iris iberica* x *pallida*.

Their May-flowering iris Zwanenburg (a cross between *Iris Susiana* and the dwarf iris *lutescens*), with its striking bronzy-fawn and old-gold colouring, always attracts attention. Their other exhibits will include their strain of aquilegias, varieties of *Campanula persicifolia*, some of the better lupins, and a few of the rarer single peony species, such as Fire King and The Bride. And a few interesting bulbous subjects, such as *Allium Rosenbachianum*, *Muscari plumosum*, and the very bright and showy *Tritonia crocata* Prince of Orange.

Messrs. Kelway's peonies will, as usual, be a very large exhibit. This firm has six acres devoted to growing numerous varieties of peonies—one of the sights of the West Country. They will be showing, amongst numerous other species and varieties, the yellow tree peony L'Esperance—one of the most beautiful of all garden plants. Pale amber-fringed petals, the flowers 8in. across, the edges tinted pink, the carpels blood-red, and a large tassel of golden stamens in the centre. This is a very hardy peony and flowers prolifically in May and June.

NEW DELPHINIUMS

Messrs. Blackmore & Langdon, who took the three first prizes in the three main classes for the third year consecutively at the British Delphinium Society's show, will have their usual beautiful display. Amongst the novelties of their own raising will be those two glorious varieties, Blue Gown (a true ultramarine blue, semi-double) and Lady Guinevere (a mauve self, semi-double with white eye and pale blue outer petals).

This firm's begonias are noted—their frilled *Begonia fimbricata plena*, like a carnation; *B. crispa marginata*, which has frilled yellow petals edged with scarlet; crested single begonias and frilled singles. The started tubers which are available now are useful for those who wish to plant straightway.

Messrs. Hewitt, who have raised some of the finest delphiniums, tell me that apart from such favourites as Jenny Jones, Afghan Queen (the most beautiful, I think, of the pale blue varieties) and Cambria, they will be showing those gorgeous novelties, Lady Eleanor, the lovely mauve and pale blue Mrs. Newton Lees, the deep violet Rose Marie and Violet Robinson.

Messrs. Dobbie's far-famed sweet peas will probably include many novelties.

One frequently hears the complaint that modern sweet peas are scentless, which is sadly true. Most firms supply seed of the old sweet-scented kind, but the flowers are so small compared to the modern varieties that few people care to grow them. Messrs. Dobbie's Fragrance has at least to some extent the old sweet scent. This firm will also be showing tulips and their special strains of antirrhinums.

POPPIES THAT RIVAL PEONIES

Carnation exhibits promise to be very fine—notably those from Messrs. Engelmanns, Allwoods and Stuart Low. Messrs. Engelmann will be showing many of their novelties—Leila (lovely cattleya-mauve colour), Meta (apricot), Othello (bright crimson) and My Love, which they are disseminating for the raiser, Mr. W. Sims, of U.S.A. Messrs. Stuart Low's Blanche Aileen (1932) should not be missed. This variety has the original spicy clove fragrance, which has been so rare in novelties of recent introduction.

Poppies now almost rival peonies in size. The once humble Iceland poppy is scarcely recognisable in the new giant Coonara, and lovers of showy annuals should make a point of seeing Messrs. Unwin's exhibit of these. No seed will be available till the end of July, but this is no matter for early autumn is the best time to sow them. Webbs are having a large display of flowers raised from seed—particularly their noted clarkias, pansies and salpiglossis. This firm's begonias are particularly fine.

SWEET-SCENTED HERBS

Messrs. Carter will also be showing a fine collection raised from seed—nemesias, Brompton stocks (Riviera Dawn, rosy pink, will stand the severest winter), and poppies. Their display of begonias will include Crown Jewel double begonias, which often measure 6in. across.

And those who love sweet-scented leaves should be sure to visit Messrs. Bowell & Skarratt's exhibit, for they specialise in herbs. Amongst their interesting exhibits will be the rare Sweet Cicely, also a giant copper-leaved fennel of unknown species and very striking in appearance.

[In her article in last week's *Field* Miss Eleanour Sinclair Rohde has already given a forecast of the rock gardens at the Chelsea Show, which opens on May 25th.]



THE SPRING GARDEN AT BELVOIR CASTLE IN EARLY MAY

THE ESTATE MARKET

A Castle in the Scilly Isles

STAR CASTLE, St. Mary's, which Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley are to let on lease for the Duchy of Cornwall, was erected in late Elizabethan times by Sir Francis Godolphin, who was charged with the defence of the Scilly Islands. In 1645 it sheltered for six weeks the fugitive Prince of Wales (later Charles II.), who was beseiged there, but was saved by a storm which scattered the Parliamentarian fleet.

During the Commonwealth the castle was the headquarters of a nest of Royal privateers, under the command of the famous Sir John Grenville. In 1800 it was relinquished by the Godolphin family, and was subsequently leased to Augustus Smith, who set out to reform the Islands and introduced what amounted to compulsory education. Of late years the castle has been the residence of the Land Steward of the Islands.

CHICKSANDS PRIORY

Sir Algernon Osborn, Bart., has instructed Messrs. Hampton & Sons to find a tenant for Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire, with the shooting over 2,300 acres. Chicksands consists in part of the original buildings of the ancient Gilbertine priory founded in 1150, and still has many of its old features, including the double cloisters through which the canons and canonesses went to church unseen by each other.

As a result of two meetings with the tenants, some 60 holdings extending to about 1,300 acres have been sold in the Tatoon Estate, Cheshire. Messrs. John D. Wood & Co. announce that the remaining 2,200 acres are for sale by private treaty now, or will be offered by auction at a later date.

Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon, has been sold for occupation, and saved from the fate of so many old houses at the present time. The house is of considerable historical interest, and was in the hands of a single family for some 600 years, commencing from the days of Henry III.

New Books

SEEKING AFRICA'S WHITE RACE

Nine Years of Adventure

MEMORIES of the gorgeous adventures of Rider Haggard's inimitable Allan Quatermain are inevitably recalled by *Tom-Toms in the Night*, the fruit of nine years spent in Africa by Commander Attilio Gatti, and devoted to making observations and the taking of moving pictures. To say that this record of his adventures reads more like fiction than fact is to cast no reflection on his veracity.

Commander Gatti, it will be gathered, could use his rifle with effect when the occasion demanded, but his interests being mainly of the exploratory order, his book is concerned with the natives themselves, the "magic" they practise, their customs and traditions. Much of the so-called magic is due, of course, to sheer trickery, much to the power of suggestion, and much again to the shrewdness and common-sense of the magician; but there remains a certain residue of apparently inexplicable performance.

MAJOR AND MINOR MIRACLES

One of Commander Gatti's native followers, for example, had his arm badly bitten by a lion, the muscles torn and the arm itself paralysed. Yet he himself bears witness that it was completely healed by a mysterious "pythoness," or priestess, almost in a moment. And the same priestess performed the minor, but equally inexplicable, miracle of telling Commander Gatti exactly where he would find a gold cigarette case he had lost some days previously while on the march.

The ever-green legend, too, of a mysterious white race living amid some remote mountains is touched upon by Commander Gatti. He does not pretend to have established the fact of their existence, but he gives sufficient personal evidence to justify at least a tentative belief in them. The natives' own conviction on the subject may count for little, but when the author, determined to settle the matter,



FORDING AN AFRICAN RIVER WITH AN EYE FOR CROCODILES

"Tom-Toms in the Night." (*Hutchinson*)

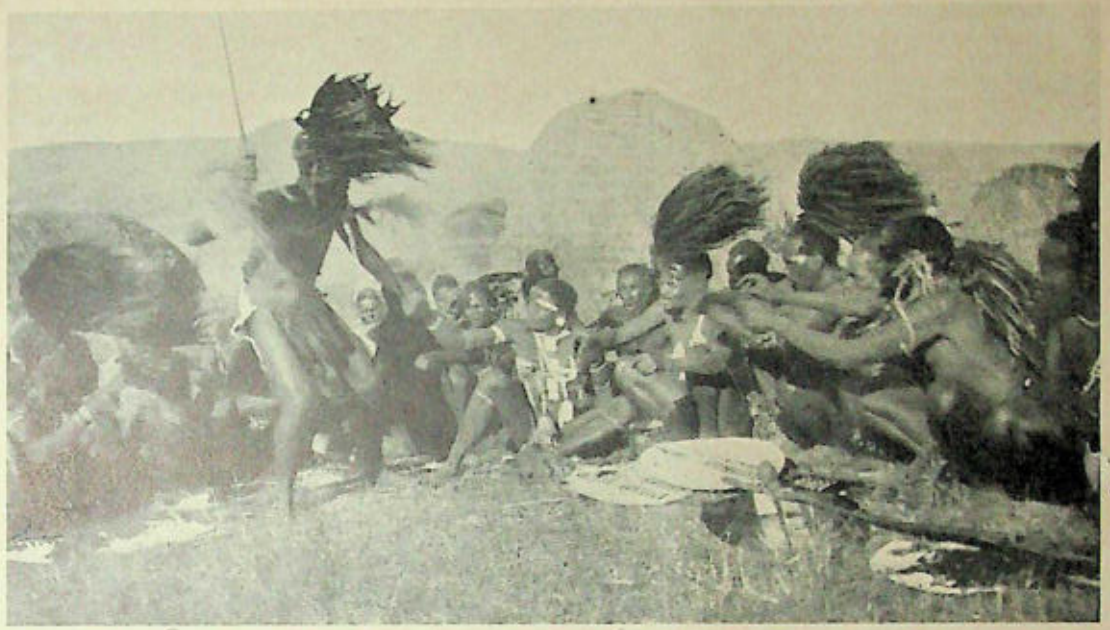
attempted to penetrate into the fastnesses where they were supposed to live, extraordinary happenings conspired to defeat him.

As he and his companion climbed into a mountainous country, where cyclopean rocks, shaped like mosques, ruined castles, pyramids, sphinxes and even prehistoric monsters, towered fantastically on all sides, they seemed, so Commander Gatti says, to have stepped into a romance by Jules Verne or H. G. Wells. Finally, they emerged into a long winding corridor between two immense mountains. Here their troubles began.

Every now and then would come a series of terrific explosions, to be followed by a crash of heavy fragments all round them. So constant became the bombardments that they were forced to take cover until dark, when, stiff, furious, covered with dust and smeared with blood, they retreated back to camp. Somebody from the heights, asserts Commander Gatti, was watching and attacking them. Whether Tarote witch doctors, or the white men of the mountains, who shall say?

Commander Gatti was not, however, dismayed, and was planning a further attempt, when an unfortunate native got badly mauled by a lion, and the whole party set off hot-foot for Umtali, 300 miles away, to get him into hospital. To one of the natives of the district Commander Gatti explained that he would return for further exploration. But the native knew better. "It was the god of the mountains," he said solemnly, "who sent that *simba* to save you from a worse fate. No human being can enter the presence of the white race of the mountains."

Tom-Toms in the Night. By Attilio Gatti. With 42 Illustrations. (Hutchinson; 16/- net.)



THE WITCH DOCTOR'S CEREMONY OF "SMELLING OUT," AS DEPICTED IN COMMANDER GATTI'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE

"Tom-Toms in the Night." (*Hutchinson*)

THE ART OF TRAMPING

Exercise Without Exhaustion

IT IS A STRANGE PARADOX that the art of tramping ("hiking," in the modern phrase) should be so suddenly revived in an age which has witnessed the apotheosis of the small car and the motor cycle. Such being the case, however, there should be a wide and appreciative public for *The Art of Mountain Tramping*, by Mr. Richard Hall, a severely practical handbook for those who wish to walk, hike or scramble among the peaks of our own country.

Walking, as Mr. Hall insists, is something more than an exact science, and is essentially an art in the sense that, like all other arts, it requires both theory and practice for its full expression. And so far as theory is concerned no one could wish for a more thorough tutor or more competent guide than Mr. Hall. There is not a single item of the walker's equipment on which he has not some wise advice to offer; his chapter on hill camping is a mine of constructive information; and his hints on training should be carefully studied by every sedentary worker before starting on a holiday tramp.

WALKING FOR ENJOYMENT

Mr. Hall does not cater for the record-breakers, for whom the main thing is speed, much as he respects their achievements. But for the "small man," whose only ambition is to enjoy tramping the countryside during his holiday, he has much sound and practical advice to give. And here let it be noted that no other sport is a really adequate preparation for a tramping holiday:

> Tennis, rowing, swimming, golf, are all good things and keep you fit, but they are not quite the same as walking, the first and best exercise, and he who goes to the high hills ought to prepare for his journey. Then, indeed, the minor hardships will not be felt, will in fact be pure joy, and after a 25-miles' walk with ruck-sack on back, there will still be energy for a talk and a jolly evening. . . .
>
> I have often started at 11 and been home by 3.30, and walking over low foothills, sometimes quickly, sometimes saunteringly, have only done eleven miles. I confess that lunch by the wayside and a cup of coffee at an inn and a rather lengthy discussion with a friend, have taken up a good deal of time—yet it has been a walk and a feeling of "a day in the open air," and this counts a great deal in our sense of thorough enjoyment.

Your true walker, in short, is out neither to break records nor even to keep to any fixed schedule of miles; but simply to take his pleasure in a cheap and healthy recreation in as leisurely a fashion as he pleases; and Mr. Hall's pleasantly written volume will be of the greatest possible assistance to him in achieving that aim.

The Art of Mountain Tramping. By Richard W. Hall. (Sports and Pastimes Library; Witherby.)

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G. E. M. SKUES

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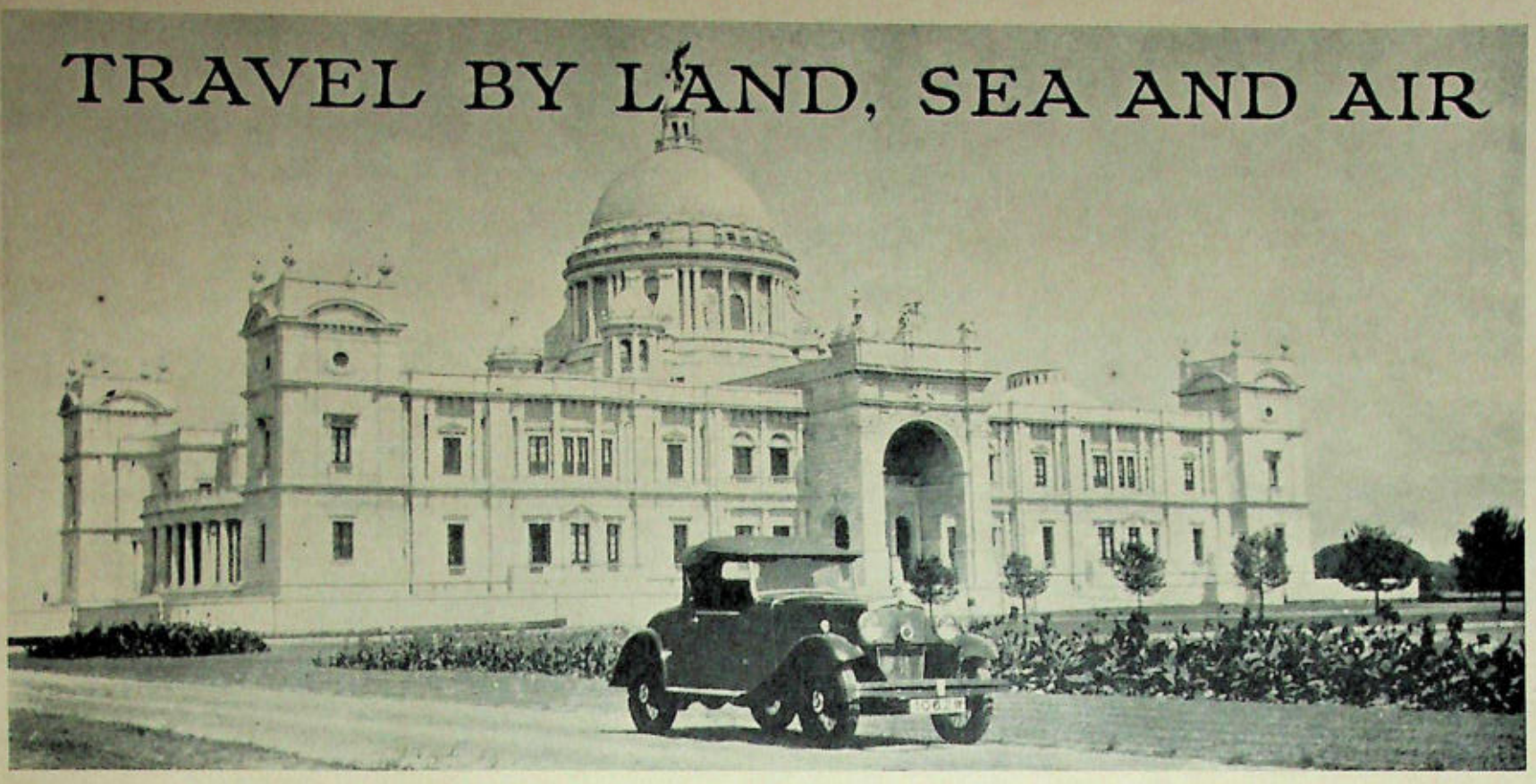
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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THE BRITISH CAR ABROAD: A MORRIS COWLEY TWO-SEATER IN FRONT OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL IN CALCUTTA

HOW COACHWORK FASHIONS HAVE CHANGED

Buying a Car in Two Parts—Delays and Defects of the Old System—Growing Popularity of the Saloon

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

A GREAT, though gradual, change has been taking place in the coachbuilding trade during the past few years. Whilst this development may not have been observed by the ordinary motorist, it has nevertheless been apparent to those engaged in, or in close touch with, the motor industry. I refer, of course, to the standardised type of coachwork with which most cars are equipped to-day.

Twelve to fourteen years ago, the majority of motor-car manufacturers offered the bare chassis for sale, which meant that the prospective client then had to approach a coachbuilder with a view to getting him to build a special body for that particular chassis.

Many will remember having to wait months for the chassis to come through, and then the further delay for delivery of the complete car. I well recollect that on numerous occasions, having once received the car, it had to be returned to the coachbuilders for alterations and adjustments, which called for still greater patience!

COACHBUILDERS' DIFFICULTIES

But whilst we used to blame the coachbuilder for what, apparently, seemed lack of attention to detail, it was not altogether his fault, because oftentimes the particular chassis which we had purchased happened to be the first of its type to pass through his hands; in other words, he had had no previous experience with that particular model to guide him, and could not, therefore, be expected to give his best when building a body on a new chassis.

We used to find such annoying defects as insufficient clearance between the rear tyres and the mudguards—a fault which never became apparent until the rear springs had finally settled down to their work.

Then, again, body-rattles suddenly used to develop, there being insufficient clearance between the change-speed lever and the offside front door. The doors themselves would jam or rattle because the coachbuilder was unaware of the amount of the flexing of the actual chassis frame which takes place, and often the body itself cracked for the same reason.

To-day, however, the position is very different, inasmuch as nine motor-car manufacturers out of every ten now have their own body-building plant and construct their own coachwork, offering the complete car to the public.

There are many great advantages with this system, since no longer have we to endure interminable delays before getting delivery of a car; and, moreover, when we do take it over, it is as it should be, and it is seldom that it has to be returned to the factory for further attention. At the same time it has been the cause of putting a number of coachbuilding firms out of business, since to-day there is insufficient work of the specialised type to go round.

I must admit that I always used to consider that it was just as important to have the body of one's car built to meet one's own particular requirements as it is to go to the tailor and be measured for a suit of clothes. If there is a flaw in the analogy, it is, I suppose, that no one but ourselves wear our clothes, whereas a car—even when still in the same owner's hands—may be driven by several members of his family or staff.

Again, we emulate our American cousins in a number of ways, and whereas formerly we bought a car with a view to keeping it over a period of years, we are more and more adopting the American method of buying a new car every year, in due course trading it for the latest model.

As special coachwork is so much more expensive than standard work, it is obviously not worth while having a special body built if we only intend to retain that car for a limited period.

The changes which have taken place during recent years, and to which I have already referred, are not only limited to the business itself, for equally important is the fact that certain types of bodies which were most popular a few years ago, have now completely gone out of fashion.

MOTORISTS LESS HARDY?

For many years the open tourer was the type that sold in its thousands, whilst for those who were not prepared to face the inclement weather—and, curiously enough, they were in the minority—there were the limousine and the landaulette. As time went by, a reaction took place, and gradually the demand for the open type of coachwork diminished until, as we see to-day (except in the light sports type of vehicle) at least 99 out of every 100 cars are fitted with a closed-in type of body.

Formerly, the open tourer cost far less money to buy than the closed, but the position is now reversed, and many manufacturers to-day charge more for their open two- and four-seater cars than they do for their saloons because the demand for the latter is so much greater, and they are able to build these in greater numbers, thereby reducing their costs.

(Next week Sir Malcolm Campbell will describe what he considers the ideal type of bodywork for the one-car owner.)



AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON
The car is a Rover 12 h.p. 6-cylinder Pilot

MOTORING EVENTS AT WHITSUN

Important Meetings in North and South

A REALLY varied programme at Brooklands on Whit-Monday will provide South of England motorists with adequate entertainment, while the famous London to Edinburgh trial of the Motor Cycling Club will be a spectacle to-day for those living in the North.

The Brooklands meeting starts at 1 p.m., and admission to the public

enclosure is only 2/6. Admission to the paddock costs 12/6 and for 10/- a car can be parked alongside the track.

The great event of the day will be the Gold Star handicap race, over 20 miles. Many famous drivers will be taking part, such as Sir Henry Birkin with the supercharged 4½-litre Bentley, John Cobb with the great Delage he drove in the recent British Empire Trophy race, Lord Howe in his new 4.9-litre Bugatti, Brian Lewis in a single-seater Talbot, etc. Sixteen cars are entered for this event, which may well prove one of the fastest ever run on the track.

Three of the highly popular "Mountain" handicaps will also be run off, over a course consisting of ten circuits of the Members' Hill.

One of the most interesting cars which will be seen in this race is the supercharged 12-cylinder Sunbeam, entered by Sir Malcolm Campbell, Motoring Editor of the *Field*. This is one of the original 12-cylinder racers built in 1926, and a sister car to that which the late Sir Henry Segrave drove at Boulogne, when he averaged 140 m.p.h. for four miles on a switchback road, and also in the Spanish Grand Prix at San Sebastian some years ago.

It has been entirely reconstructed by Mr. Reid Railton, who redesigned the Blue Bird, which holds the world's land speed record.

In this same race, Lord Howe is driving his 2¼-litre Bugatti in exactly the same condition as that in which he finished so triumphantly in the recent Monaco Grand Prix.

An interesting "side show" will be a demonstration by Mr. G. E. T. Eyston in the supercharged M.G. Midget with which he covered a mile, at Pendine Sands, at over 118 miles an hour.

The London-Edinburgh trial started from Wrotham Park, near Barnet, at nine o'clock last night. This morning 148 cars and a number of three-wheelers and motor cycles will reach Harrogate, where the drivers breakfast at the Granby Hotel.

The competitors reach the first test hill, Middle Tongue, near Pateley Bridge, at 6 a.m., and Park Rash, the worst test hill in the trial (near Kettlewell) at 6.45 a.m. West Stonesdale, a difficult hill, is climbed at 8.52 a.m. The first competitor is due to reach Edinburgh soon after 4 p.m.

J. L.

GOODS IN PRIVATE CARS

R.A.C.'s Advice to Motorists

THE RECENT DECISION of the High Court relating to the conveyance of goods in private cars has naturally given rise to considerable anxiety amongst motorists who are in the habit of using their cars partially for business or professional purposes.

Whilst the strictly legal position in regard to the classification for taxation purposes of cars used for conveying goods either for sale or as samples may possibly have been somewhat obscure, the manner in which the tax has been collected has been perfectly satisfactory to everybody concerned for at least ten years past.

Strictly speaking, the result of this decision is to render all cars which are used in the above manner liable to taxation on the commercial vehicle scale. Representations, however, have already been made to the Ministry of Transport, and until some definite official statement is made the R.A.C. advises any motorist affected to continue to pay the tax on his car on the private car scale, and in the event of his becoming involved with the authorities to communicate at once with the R.A.C.

* * *

The tenth edition of the *Cycling Manual* is now out. An interesting claim made by the publishers, the Temple Press, Ltd., is that tandeming and tricycling are returning to popular favour.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE IN THE LIGHT-AEROPLANE MOVEMENT

Their Achievements—Invading and Conquering New Realms—The Englishwoman's "Good, Safe Pair of Hands"

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

PROBABLY NOTHING has done more to popularise aviation and ensure the success of the light-aeroplane movement than the enthusiasm with which women have taken up flying.

Indeed, it is doubtful if air-touring would to-day be claiming so large a part of the public's interest were it not for the pioneer propaganda carried out by women.

The beginnings of the light-aeroplane movement were in advance of public opinion, and flights by men such as Cobham, Hinkler and Kingsford-Smith did not convince the average man that flying was little, if anything, more difficult than driving a car.

But women succeeded where men partially failed. The England-Australia flight of Miss Amy Johnson did more to remove the last doubts from the public mind than anything else; and the round-the-world flight—the first of its kind in a light aeroplane—of the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, drove home the lesson.

OUTSTANDING SUCCESSES

Less spectacularly, literally dozens of women pilots at home were demonstrating that there was nothing about flying that the ordinary sportswoman could not merely pick up, but master; as was illustrated by the outstanding success of such women pilots as Mrs. Alan Butlers, Miss Winifred Spooner, Miss Winifred Brown, Miss Diana Crossley, and Miss Salaman—to mention only a few.

The light-aeroplane movement is, indeed, becoming very much a woman's movement, as is evidenced by the number of women undergoing flying instruction at the schools at the present time.

At those schools that give instruction in instrument or "blind" flying as it is often called, the importance of which is increasing, women are showing that here, too, they are the equals of men.

Some thought that as soon as the novelty of flying wore off women would seek new sensations; but events have proved that this is not the case. Everywhere there is evidence of a growing interest among women in the air; but perhaps even more important (because it demonstrates an interest in the deeper aspects of aviation) was the recent announcement that the Women's Engineering Association, a flourishing and enterprising body that has broken much new ground, has formed an aeronautical section.

Here is a very striking demonstration that women are not going to be content with achievement in the air itself, but are proposing to take a hand in the technical side of the industry, where their influence could be of the greatest value.

The motor car has gained much from the effects of women's criticisms; the aeroplane can do likewise, for women's influence in matters like these is always towards greater reliability and greater comfort.

If one thinks of what women have done in the automobile world, the truth of this becomes immediately apparent. The trouble-proof, luxurious, cheap, good-looking car of to-day is largely an outcome of women's influence.

Aircraft will benefit in the same way, as tendencies are already showing. The cabin type is now so firmly established that we may regard it almost as the standard and the open machine as the abnormal. The seating arrangements of all machines are being improved. Reliability, too, has increased, and control has been simplified.

Not all these advances are directly attributable to the effect of women's opinions; but more and more the woman will choose the aeroplane, even if the man flies it.

It is not surprising, of course, that Englishwomen have shown this marked ability in the air. They have always been good "sportsmen," and the qualities that make a good rider to hounds, as so many of our women are, go far to make the perfect pilot.

A good, safe pair of hands, ready response to environment, the ability to think quickly and act upon an instant decision—every pilot who hopes to do well must aspire to these things; and the rider has them ready-made. That is why Englishwomen more than any others have attained to such wonderful achievements in the air.

Light aeroplane progress owes much—very much—to women; it will owe more in the future. There is scarcely a branch of aviation that women will not invade—and conquer.



THE FIRST AIRWOMAN TO COMPLETE A BLIND-FLYING COURSE—THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE

A well-known figure in the motoring world as well as in the air, Mrs. Bruce made an outstanding flight in 1931, from Heston to Tokyo, from whence she went to America—actually flying across that Continent



MISS AMY JOHNSON WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. J. A. MOLLISON

Her flight to Australia, made in 1930, "did more to remove the last doubts [of the practicability of flying] from the public mind than anything else"

AVIATION NOTES

By flying from Le Bourget to Cape Town in 3 days 19 hours the French aviators, MM. Goulette and Salel, are the first airmen to fly there from Europe in less than 100 hours. Mr. J. A. Mollison's record time for the Lympne-Cape flight is 4 days 17 hrs. 19 mins., but as he did not touch Le Bourget his record is not affected.

* * *

The Air Ministry has ordered from National Flying Services two smoke wind indicators. One is for Croydon Aerodrome and the other for the R.A.F. College at Cranwell.

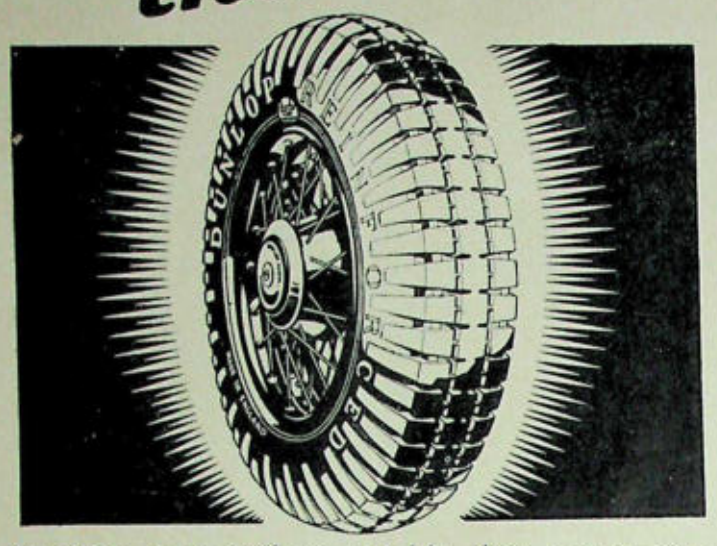
* * *

During his recent trip to the Belgian Congo, King Albert made flights aggregating 10,000 miles in Imperial Airways' flying-boats and air-liners.

* * *

Nearly 200 aircraft will take part in the thirteenth R.A.F. display at Hendon on June 25th.

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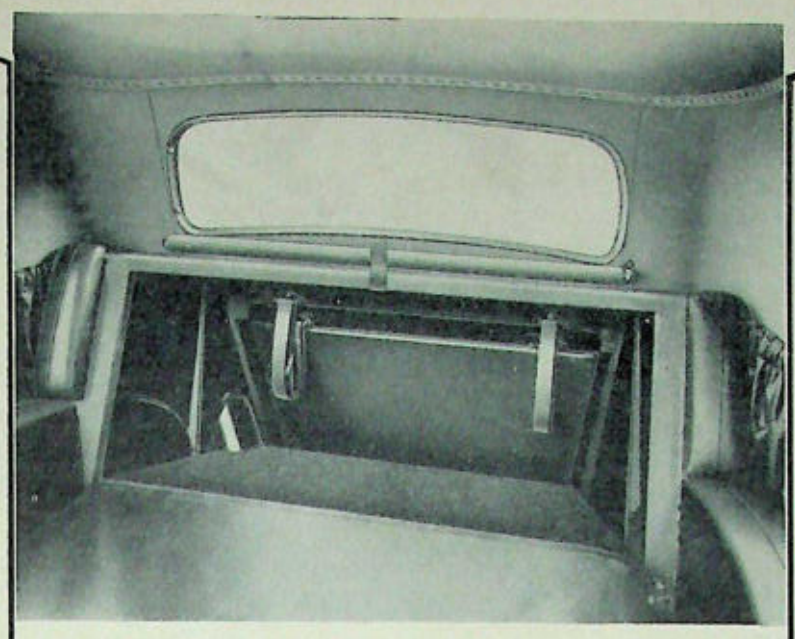
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Our illustration is of the luggage compartment in the "Plus-Ultra" Monaco Saloon with Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass Standard. **£298**

ON PLANNING A HOLIDAY IN CORSICA

Good Bathing, Sport and Wild Scenery

CORSICA OFFERS attractions of various kinds to the intending traveller, and the journey to the island can now be made under "de luxe" conditions by the modern boat, Ile de Beauté, from Nice in seven hours.

The Ile Rousse now has a golf course, there are winter sports at Vizzavona (about 50 kilometres into the interior), excellent bathing in summer, good shooting and fishing, but it is to those who love wild nature, scenery and flowers, that the island will chiefly appeal.

But as it is cheap to take a car over, those who can afford the time are advised to do so, and to spend at least a month exploring Corsica, for it is well worth while.

Whether you sail from Marseilles or from Nice, an hour before you reach Corsica the wind brings you the strong aromatic scent of the maquis.

A thick growth of cistus, rosemary, myrtle and arbutus mixes with thyme and lavender, whose perfume pervades the island, even triumphing (fortunately) over the less pleasant odours that assail the nose as one walks through narrow village streets—though the word "street" seems hardly applicable to these rough paths that look more like the dried-up beds of torrents.

If you land in the north at Bastia, Calvi or the Ile Rousse, you should begin by going round the Cap Corse, the richest and most cultivated part of the island, where excellent grapes are grown and very good wine is made.

Bastia, in spite of a superficial resemblance to a picturesque Italian village, is a filthy town. Just south of it is a curious island made mainly of the shells of oysters which were pickled in brine and sent in barrels to Rome by the Romans.

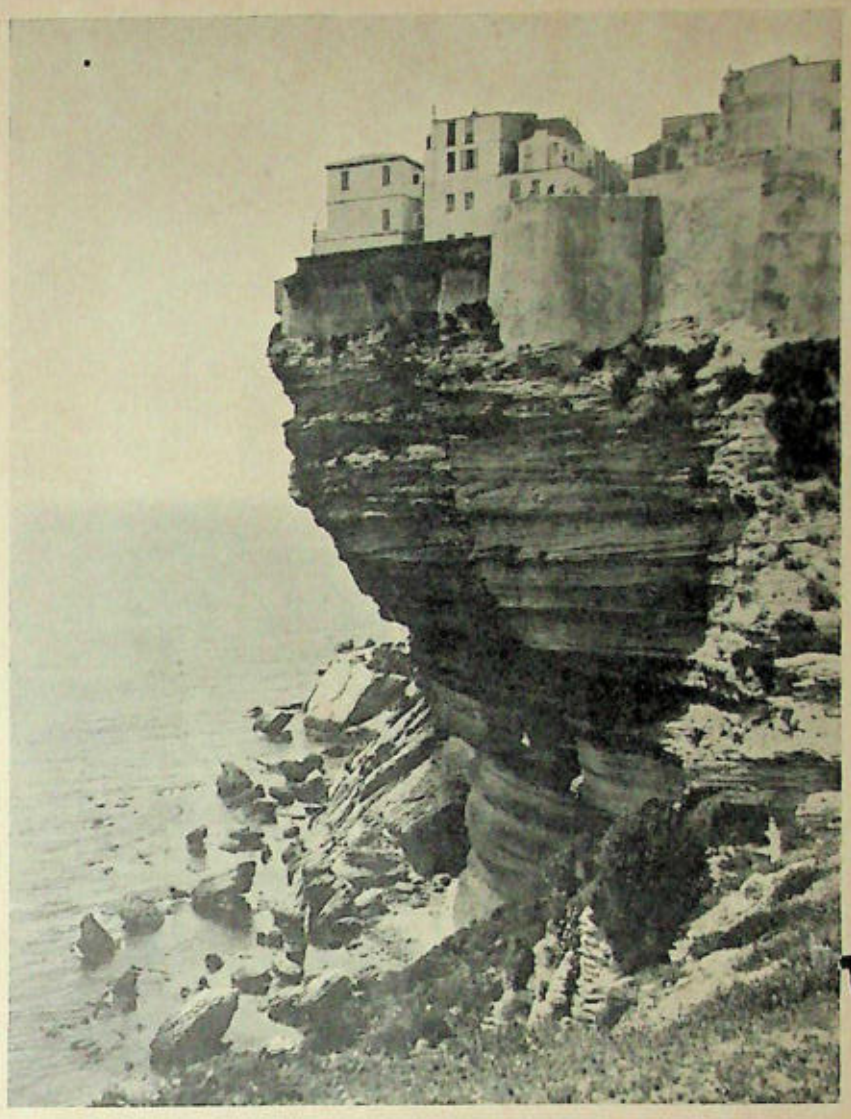
BACKGROUND OF GRANITE

Cap Corse is still wild and beautiful in spite of cultivation—a long, narrow promontory with a very indented coastline and the background of granite that exists all over the island. There are no forests here, and few villages, and the scenery consists of mountains and maquis.

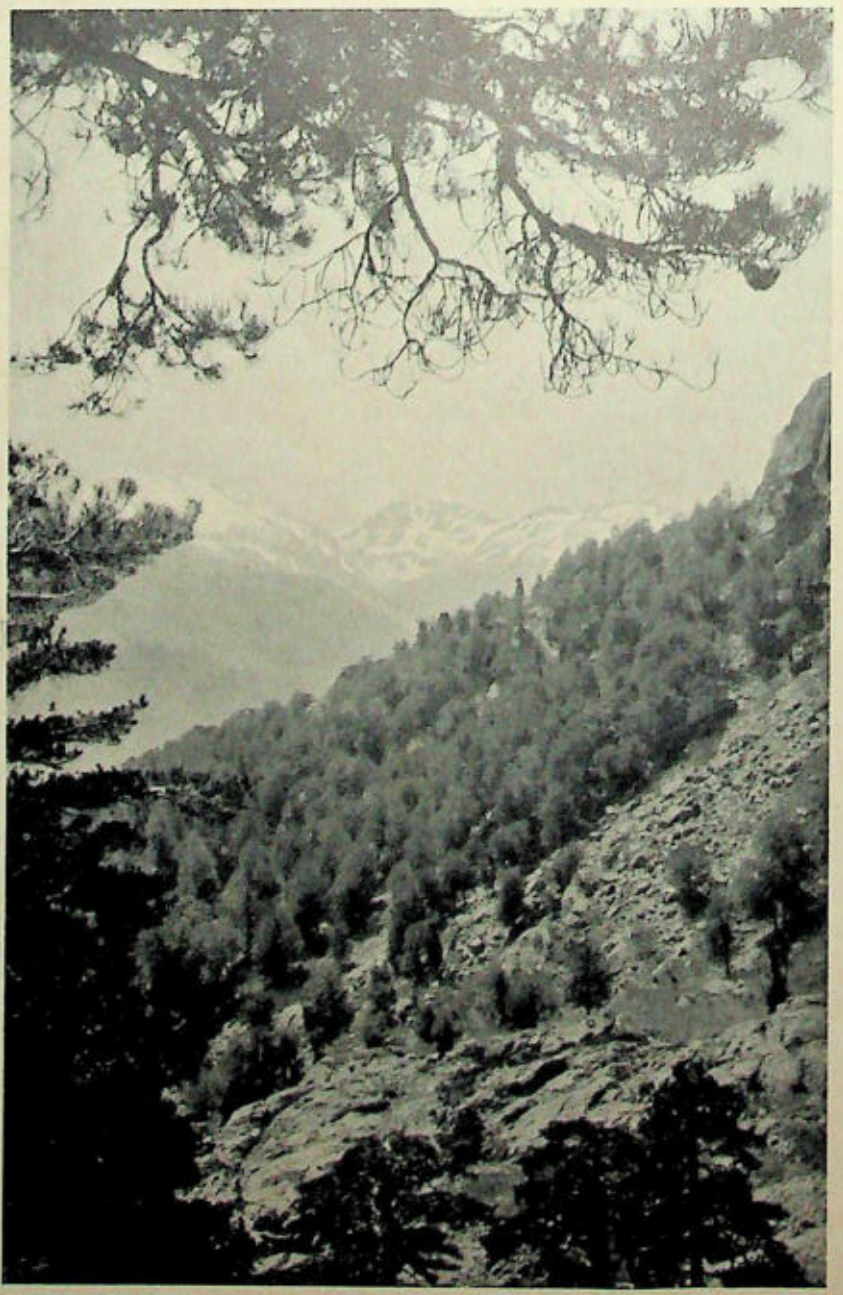
The wild mountains, vivid dark-blue sea and granite rocks of red or grey, make amazingly contrasting scenery. The rocks of the Calanches de Piana stand high in fantastic shapes; others round Porto look like huge grey elephants grazing on the flank of the hill. The west coast is all extremely beautiful, and its picturesqueness is enhanced by the Italian sailing ships which put in to bays like Sagone to burn charcoal on the hills. This they sell in Barcelona.

Inland the arid plateaux of the Fiumorbo are reputed among Corsicans as the wildest part of their wild country. There are carpets of cyclamen in the forest of Aïtone, the Vallée d'Asco, a torrent flowing over stones of all colours, the huge dark purple-red arum, the formidable cañon called the Scala de Santa Regina; Corte, a fortress town, and the Monte Cinto, the highest mountain in Corsica (8,130 feet).

There is a good road from Ajaccio to Bonifacio by Ste Marie Siche and Olmeto, where madonna lilies grow among the rocks and provide homes for brilliant green beetles, and on the top of the mountain over Olmeto in a tunnel in the rock a spirit lives that cures asthma.



BONIFACIO, BUILT ON A ROCK OVERHANGING THE SEA



LOOKING TOWARDS MONTE ROTUNDO (6,810 FT.)

BONIFACIO'S GROTTOES

Bonifacio is a picturesque, dirty town, surprising because it offers a complete change of scenery. Built on a rock overhanging the sea facing Sardinia, its white chalky soil is like nothing else on the island. The last stronghold of Genoa, Bonifacio still looks formidable, there is a garrison here, and the inhabitants speak old Genoese, and are not understood by their neighbours. There are beautiful sea grottoes here, reminiscent of those at Capri; one is lined with coloured algæ, like a Persian carpet under the water.

The east coast is flat and boggy, but very good fishing and shooting are to be had. Porte Vecchio, at the south-east end, is entirely deserted in summer owing to malaria from which the whole of the flat east coast suffers.

On the west coast there are two or three Greek settlements. Cargese is one of these. Here the population and religion are still Greek, and quite separate from the rest of the Corsicans.

There is no architecture to speak of, and the chief charm of the island lies in its picturesque dilapidation. Napoleon's house at Ajaccio is historically and sentimentally interesting to his admirers.

The interior is mostly snowed up in winter; summer is (in spite of winter sports for the very hardy) the best time to visit Corsica. There is a motor 'bus service all over the island, as well as trains.

The food is sparse and simple, but eatable. RUTH GLAZEBROOK.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

On a 20,000 Ton Liner at 12/6 a Day

AN ATTRACTIVE programme of summer cruises in the Mediterranean by the modern trans-Atlantic liner Conte Verde, of 20,000 tons gross, has been issued by the Italian Line.

The cruises are four in number and follow different itineraries. As two or more may conveniently be taken consecutively, the duration ranges from 5 to 42 days. Among the places visited are: Genoa, Rapallo, Naples, Island of Capri, Sicily, Malta, Island of Rhodes, Constantinople, Zara (Dalmatia), Brioni, Venice, Trieste. The rates are from £3 2s. 6d. tourist class for the five-day cruise, to £76 10s. for a combination of the four cruises first class. Thus one of the cruises is at the low rate of 12/6 per day.

The advantage of these cruises is that they provide the opportunity of a pleasant interlude to a holiday in Italy, in the Italian Alps, Dolomites, Italian Lakes, or at seaside resorts where hotel accommodation is inexpensive, the terms *en pension* at a good second-class hotel in Italy being from about 10/– to 12/– per day, and at a first-class hotel from 15/– to £1.

British Publicity Overseas.—The world-wide activities of the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland are shown by a report of its work for the first quarter of 1932. The association is carrying on its national campaign in all parts of the world and by every suitable form of publicity. Attention is called in the report to the fact that the association is now preparing to do for industry what it has done during the last three years for travel.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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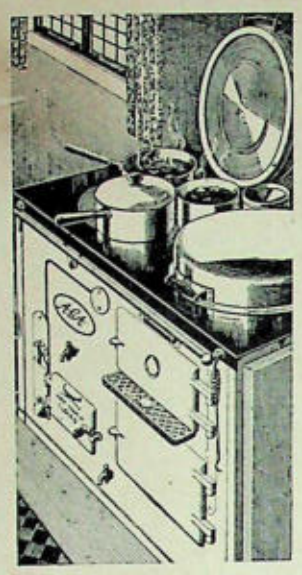


ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN—MISS JOYCE WETHERED

May the better side win! But the best of luck to Miss Joyce Wethered and the English lady golfers she is leading against a strong American team at Wentworth to-day

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SAVING THE EMPIRE'S BIG GAME

THERE ARE TIMES when economy strikes a little blindly, without due thought to the future. Lord Onslow, in his presidential address at the annual general meeting of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, stressed a somewhat glaring example of this. It appears that the Game Wardenship of Burma has been abolished "for the present," and the Forest Officer who had been seconded for that post has returned to departmental duty. This means that unless pressure is brought to bear upon the department concerned, it may well be too late, when the office of Game Warden is revived, to save some of Burma's finest wild animals from extinction. Of the two species of rhinoceros found in that country, the one-horned variety (*sondaicus*) already verges on extinction, while the two-horned sort, though common enough in the Shwe-N-Daung Game Sanctuary, will be in grave danger if this and other reserves are allowed to fall into disuse. That work of this sort should be shelved for the sake of saving one official's salary is surely wrong.

This is an Empire problem, and not the concern of Burma alone for, as Lord Onslow justly points out, all Governments are faced with the necessity of restricting unnecessary expenditure, and unless it is brought home to them that big game protection is and must be necessary, there may, in 50 or 100 years' time, be no big game to protect.

An Africa without lions, an India without tigers, an Australia without kangaroos, would be as unthinkable as an England without foxes, but these things will come to pass if provision is not made for the game reserves already in being to be kept up, and others—many others—established.

The Kruger National Park in South Africa is a fine example of what may be done; there are other no less magnificent reserves in Canada and the other Dominions; but these are first steps only, merely touching the fringe of a pressing problem.

Three attitudes of mind hamper the efforts of those engaged in game preservation propaganda. There is the frankly pessimistic view that all large wild animals, unsuitable for domestication, are doomed, and that nothing we can do will make any difference. There is the casual and over-optimistic opinion that pooh-poohs the necessity for protection and which, seeing no diminution in numbers within their own experience, cannot see that a man's lifetime is an infinitesimal fragment of time, and that with the hastening of development which will inevitably follow the present period of depression, there will be no room for the creatures of the wild in those places where men must make new homes.

Lastly, and most difficult of all, there are those who can see no reason why wild animals which serve no useful purpose and are possibly injurious to man's interests should be allowed to exist, or, at any rate, no reason why they should be protected. This is not always an easy attitude to counter, for, apart from a feeling that this earth was not created for man's enjoyment alone, and that queer unexplainable liking for wild creatures ingrained in most of us, there is often no specific reason that one can advance in favour of particular species.

There is, however, the case of the quagga to point a moral. This queerly-marked beast, a zebra in front and a donkey behind, was formerly found in troops of many hundreds on the plains of the Orange Free State and Cape Colony, but was exterminated by the Boers, who slaughtered thousands every year for the sake of their skins. When it was too late, it was pointed out that in the quagga mankind had lost a potential servant of great value. A handsome animal, strongly built and swift in action, it was easily tamed and far more tractable than the zebra. Had it not been so foolishly exterminated, quagga farms might, to-day, be one of South Africa's most thriving industries.

For all these reasons it should be our earnest endeavour to see that no animals that it is humanly possible to save shall, in the future, suffer complete extinction.

OXFORD'S COUNTRYSIDE

MANY OTHERS besides Oxford men will congratulate the Oxford Preservation Trust on the success of their efforts to secure the land adjacent to Godstow Bridge and to preserve from building the southern slopes of Shotover Hill. Since the days of Matthew Arnold the countryside round Oxford has been almost unbelievably disfigured by the ugliest forms of modern attempts at housing, and the banks of the river near Godstow Bridge in particular had become the site of a number of hideous squatters' shacks, with all their attendant insanitary disfigurements. Now the Trout Inn once more can stand in peace by the old weir.

But what a comment it is on a certain side of our national character that everywhere the need, almost desperate in places, is to "preserve from building." Our old country cottages have a charm of their own; the modern cottage is almost invariably an eyesore. It is deplorable that legislation for the proper planning of building in the country should be so long and so unreasonably delayed in Parliament.

SPRING ON THE WYE

About this time last year pessimists in the Wye Valley were proclaiming that the river was deteriorating. They said it very loud and clear; but the fishing this year suggests that their complaints were a little premature. April, ending with a week in which some four hundred and fifty salmon were taken by the rods, must have been one of the best months for many years, though April is always a good month on the Wye. May has followed suit with another heavy run of fish, though the high water has enabled them to get straight up the river to the higher reaches, so that the lower proprietors have had little to do except to watch the procession passing.

The Wye is peculiarly dependent on weather. The water is warm, comparatively speaking, so that, given travelling water, fish will go to the higher reaches almost without a pause. If the water remains low the beats below Hereford reap a harvest and the upper proprietors are starved. A good half of the complaints heard, at times, about the fishing, come from rods whose beats have drawn a blank in the weather lottery.

THE HUNTER IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

Major Gordon Foster, who for many seasons has shown such good sport with the Sinnington, was elected to the office of President for the year at the recent council meeting of the Hunter Improvement Society. Major Foster will find his task no easy one, for the horse-breeding subsidies are now no longer granted, and it is probable that a new scheme will have to be thought out if horse breeding is to continue in this country. Continental nations spend many thousands on horse breeding—even little New Zealand grants £80,000—but England, the stud farm of the world, evidently regards horse-breeding not as a national asset, but as something which can be displaced upon the grounds of national economy! The sub-committee appointed by the Hunter Improvement Society, consisting of Lord Dalkeith, Sir Walter Gilbey, Bt., the Hon. Alexander Parker, and Major Gordon Foster, will no doubt fight hard for the renewal of the horse-breeding grant for thoroughbred stallions in 1933.

CRICKET IN THE RAIN

Apart from the lamentable amount of interruption of county matches caused by wet weather, the abnormal rainfall has had several interesting effects on cricket. There had already been a particularly good growth of grass on nearly all the county grounds, and additional rain brought varying results on different wickets. In many cases they have been too slow to give the bowlers real help, but batsmen have failed on them simply because they were so much slower than they anticipated. In other cases bowlers have had all the help they wanted, and then we have seen that in such circumstances the enlarged stumps make the batsman's task wellnigh hopeless.

The first efforts at removing surface moisture from the wicket, now authorised, demonstrated that this will save much time which would otherwise be lost. Surrey tried the experiment last week with rolls of matting to soak up the water, and even with this improvised method they were able to continue their match against Somerset. Doubtless more efficient methods will be employed as time goes on.

PAYNTER'S SIXES

With the memory of other matches between Yorkshire and Lancashire in the near past, and realising the state of mind with which a Northern crowd settles down when these two great counties meet, it must have been a rude but pleasant shock to many watchers of county cricket to read of the match that started on Saturday last at Bradford.

W. G. Grace used to say that three-and-a-half hours was about the right time for a first-class innings of 150. Paynter, going in first for Lancashire, made 152 in that time, and included in his hits seventeen 4's and five 6's. This must have been an unusual spectacle for a Bradford crowd, and surely exhilarating even to the dourest of Yorkshiremen. But—a Lancashire batsman going in first and hitting five balls out of the ground! "O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!"

PROFESSIONAL GOLF

Cotton and Twine, apart from the association of their names, have been coupled in a golf tournament before that of Southport, in which, as at Oxhey the year before last, Cotton proved himself the stronger. It is much to Cotton's credit that, having at one time allowed the prize to slip from his grasp at a disastrous short hole, he pulled himself together to recover it in the play off—by one stroke.

It is also a feather in his cap that he has won this tournament two years running, and the success places him more definitely at the head of the professionals than a year ago, when the promise of May was followed by a sad fall of the leaf in later months, due in part to illness. If this year he can train on, he represents our best chance of staving off the American challenge in the severest test of golf—the four rounds of medal play at Prince's, Sandwich.

At the same time the hopes rested on Cotton, Twine, Perry and the other young professionals who did so well at Southport must not be pitched too high. The low scores, about which we may observe that more than 40 competitors had at least one round of 72 or better, were in part due to the shortness of the course. Nevertheless, when all is

said, this tournament and others like it afford the only way of tightening up the British standard of golf.

A POPULAR ELECTION

Among those who were elected members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the Club's meeting last week was Col. Duncan F. D. Neill, D.S.O. Col. Neill's name has been connected with the sport of first-class yachting for many years, for as long ago as 1883 he was racing with Mr. James Coats aboard the cutter Marjorie. He was best known, however, in connection with the late Sir Thomas Lipton and the Shamrock, taking part in all the America's Cup racing, and also looking after the famous 23-metre Shamrock since the day she was launched 24 years ago. Col. Neill was largely responsible for the remarkably successful career of this vessel, which he sailed together with that wonderful racing skipper, the late Capt. Sycamore. There is probably no other man alive who has such a knowledge of first-class yachting, or has sailed so many races aboard large cutters. Col. Neill is a member of the Council of the Y.R.A. and also belongs to the Mudhook, Royal Clyde and many other of the leading yacht clubs.

BANK HOLIDAY INDOORS

Whitsun weather mirrors itself in the attendances at open air and indoor museums. The Zoo in Regent's Park is an unerring barometer. Some twenty years ago 30,000 was a big Bank Holiday crowd, but of late years, with the increased attraction of the lay-out of the grounds and houses, that number has been more than doubled. Last year at Whitsun 68,000 people visited Regent's Park; this year on Whit-Monday only 41,000 passed the gates—though to be sure another 17,000 made the journey to Whipsnade.

But of the Londoners many thousands more spent the day indoors. Last year, for instance, to take only a few of the chief attractions, the British Museum, the Imperial War Museum, the Imperial Institute, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Science Museum, and the Natural History Museum were visited by some 33,000 persons. This year the numbers swelled to over 86,000. Holiday-makers make their own comment on the weather at the turnstiles.

"OAK BEFORE ASH"

It was fitting that the Saturday of the Whitsun holiday should have provided us with the first day of summer. At last we knew what it was to walk about in sunlight without shivering the moment a cloud came over the sun; at last the fruit trees really broke open their buds, the tulips took on reds and yellows and purples for green, the grass grew in the night, and the asparagus showed thick and inviting to the knife. We had almost forgotten the feel of summer sunshine.

"Oak before ash and we shall have a splash; ash before oak and we shall have a soak," goes the old country proverb, and this year the oak seems certainly to have come into leaf before the ash. So that we may hope that the promise of summer at Whitsun may be fulfilled in June. But there is one tree which is oddly late—the poplar. That seems to need a proverb to itself.

ARNOLD'S NIGHTINGALE

If Keats wrote two of the most magical lines in all poetry in his *Ode to a Nightingale*, is there any modern poet who has caught the music of the bird's song more certainly than Matthew Arnold in his *Philomela?*

Hark! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What a triumph! hark!—what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!



CAN RACEHORSES BE "NOBBLED"?

A Job Which is Not as Easy as it Sounds

AT THE PRESENT TIME the Turf world is agitated by rumours that horses are being "got at," "nobbled," or "made safe"—to use only three expressions of racing argot. How far these statements can be verified is for the Stewards of the Jockey Club to decide. Judged in the light of cold facts, however, backed by personal experience and some knowledge of the temperament of the thoroughbred horse, I very much doubt whether it is possible to injure a horse—even for a few hours—by one of the methods which is being mentioned, namely squirting a chemical liquid at it with an instrument similar to a fountain pen. An additional factor for disbelief is that it is apparently essential that the liquid must alight upon a part that is warm. Could anyone get near enough to do this? Would the action pass unregarded in a crowded paddock? Also, is it likely that a highly-tempered racehorse would allow a stranger to come near to it and perform such an unexpected operation?

THREE METHODS OF FOUL PLAY

Rumours of this kind of foul play are, I consider, greatly exaggerated, and as this opinion is supported by the testimony of practically the whole veterinary profession, we can to a certain extent discount the allegations of paddock "nobbling." But how about other methods? In fiction the hocussing of the favourite has always been beloved of Turf novelists. From their fertile brains Nat Gould and Edgar Wallace have evolved many a plot whereby the Derby favourite—upon whose chance the old squire had mortgaged the last of the ancestral acres—has been "got at," and the villain frustrated by a penniless hero. Putting fiction aside and dealing with plain facts, the question which must be answered is, how would one set out to make horse unfit for its race? I think there are three methods which might be used, though all of them are fraught with great risk. They are (1) interference with the horse itself in the box, either at home or in the racecourse yard; (2) bribery of head lads and stable boys; (3) poisoning either in food or water. These three methods certainly hold possibilities, and so each may be examined in detail.

It is certainly no easy matter to do wilful harm to a horse in a box, for presumably the time for the deed is the dead of night. Have you ever visited a racehorse in the dark? I have, and have noted its extreme sensitiveness and the sudden fright shown at flashlamp or stable lantern. It effectually proved in my mind that it would be no easy matter for any single person to attempt to "get at" the horse. He would be lucky, indeed, if he came out of the box unscathed.

DARK DEEDS OF FICTION

As in most conspiracies, this method demands more than one pair of hands; there would be some sort of noise made, and sooner or later discovery would be certain. So even if a forged key of the box were obtained and the utmost secrecy observed, I think that "nobbling" in a box at night would be impracticable. True, Edgar Wallace has made one of his villains place tsetse flies in a box and Sir A. Conan Doyle has told a Sherlock Holmes story of a trainer who tried to "hough" or hamstring one of his charges and practised upon sheep to get his hand in. But this last method is hardly one which I should choose. There are more profitable ways of spending an evening than dodging the kicks of a racehorse in full condition, while you try to hamstring him with a surgical knife!

Would foul play be made easier when the horse is away at racecourse stables? Hardly, because every racecourse yard is strictly guarded by police and plain clothes men, each box is locked, and very convincing credentials have to be produced before anyone is allowed access to the yard, let alone to the boxes.

The second method of "nobbling," where bribery of head lad or stable boy is attempted, is perhaps more feasible. In an age when commercialism is rampant upon the Turf, it is not improbable that some miscreant might bribe the head lad or an attendant to incapacitate the horse in some way. A horse can be tapped or struck upon a fore or hind leg, or even a more tender part, during his daily toilet, and clearly this might lead to lameness or inflammation. An incident of this sort actually occurred when Blair Atholl (winner of the Derby in 1864) was ill-treated by his lad, who had been heavily bribed to make the Northern colt "safe." That attempt, however, was frustrated by a strict scrutiny being kept on the horse and the boy, and I do not think that the supervision is any less rigorous to-day. Trainers have immense responsibilities to shoulder, are no mean judges of mankind, and can weigh up colt or filly, man or boy, in a few moments.

IS POISONING POSSIBLE?

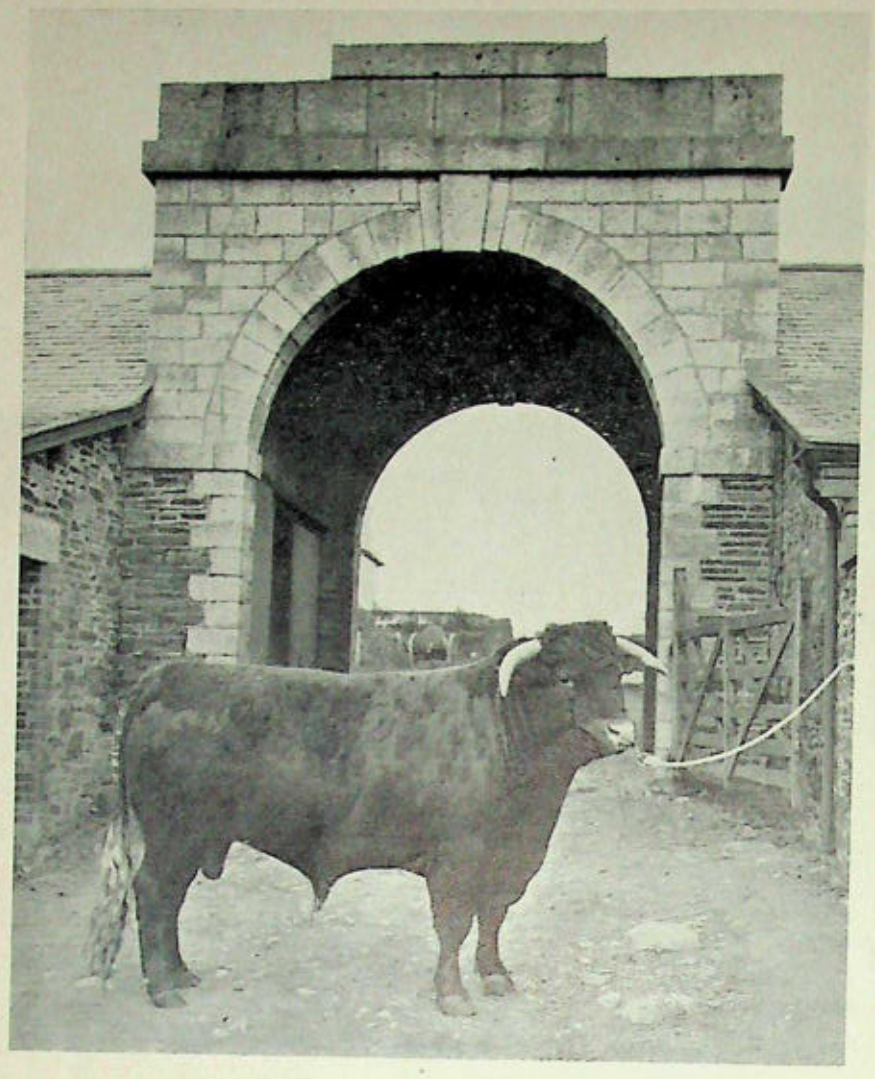
The third method suggested is that of poisoning water and food. I doubt whether the former is possible in these days, though it might be quite possible for a boy to drop or mix some drug among his horse's feed, when he had received the ration from the head lad. But would the horse leave a clean manger? I think not, for I have always found the thoroughbred is the epicure of the animal race. The slightest smell, the suspicion that the feed contains something else but crushed oats, bran and beans, and up goes its head, to leave a full manger.

Unless the drug were tasteless and scentless I doubt if poisoning could be attempted with any measure of success.

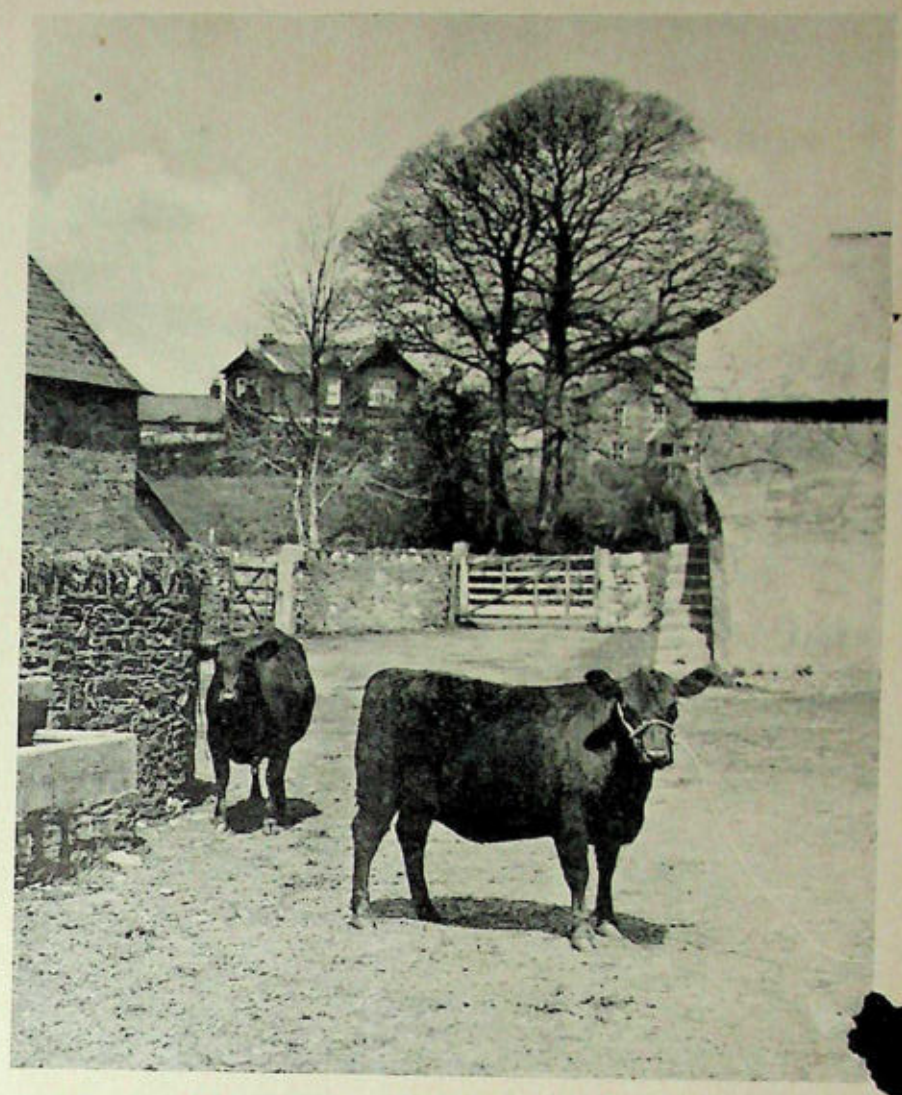
Nobbling—call it what you will—is a very unlikely occurrence in these days, when the limelight of publicity and strict control beats fiercely upon owner, trainer, jockey and head lad, and even that fount of knowledge, beloved of "Educated Evans," the "boy that does him." WILLIAM FAWCETT.

OUR COLOURED COVER

This week we publish on our cover a reproduction in colour of a portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in the uniform of the Royal Air Force. Like the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York has travelled extensively throughout the Empire, and has a wide knowledge of Dominion activities. At home he has associated himself closely with the life of schoolboys, in bringing all classes together in an annual camp and taking a keen interest himself in their games. Closely identified with country life and sport he hunts with the Pytchley, and is a first-class game shot.



THE HEAD OF THE CLIMSLAND HERD
A typical bull of proved worth in the Devon breed



TWO OF THE PRINCE'S ABERDEEN-ANGUS
This herd was transferred from Bellever two years ago

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOME FARM

An Example to the West Country—Producing What the Market Wants—Pedigree Stock at Stoke Climsland

LEADERSHIP IN AGRICULTURE was never more appreciated than it is to-day, when the farmers of the whole Empire are striving to regain the prosperity which is their due. The Prince of Wales shows by his example that the agricultural industry has not only his interest but his practical sympathy. In Canada he owns a ranch where fine cattle and sheep are bred, and at home his Duchy of Cornwall estates comprise a large acreage of farmland in Somerset, Wiltshire, Dorset, Berkshire and Devonshire, as well as the Scilly Isles and Cornwall.

A FORTUNATE COUNTY

Cornwall is perhaps a peculiarly fortunate county, even in these days of depression in farming. Hard work and thrift have developed strong powers of resistance to the onslaught of economic forces and collapsing markets. The typical farmer of Cornwall is a small man, farming perhaps no more than 100 acres with family labour as his mainstay. In remote Cornwall the boys still stay on the farm, and when they have learnt their business their father is generally able to set them up on a farm of their own.

Though the farms are small, a wide range of produce is turned out for sale. All the eggs are not in one basket. It generally happens that if the market for sheep is bad there is something in pigs or butter or poultry. To-day every market is down, but it cannot be more than a passing phase. The Cornish farmer pays as much attention to the small things as he does to the big things. He does not think it beneath his dignity to take a dozen eggs or a pound or two of butter to market and bargain for the best price. Moreover, he is a man who pays on the nail, and he hates to be in debt to anyone. It is the way to prosper in business.

This is the kind of neighbour that the Prince of Wales has at his home farm at Stoke Climsland, a few miles up above Plymouth. In maintaining this farm, and giving a progressive lead in many ways, the Prince is playing the traditional part of landlord in his capacity as Duke of Cornwall.

Devons are the breed of the district, and the Prince owns one of the finest herds in the breed at Stoke Climsland. Some of the outstanding animals are shown each year, and high honours have been won both at the summer shows and at the fat stock shows in London and Birmingham. The butchers like the Devon—it cuts well and leaves little waste. There is, then, no need for introducing another beef breed into this area. But, by maintaining a reservoir of the best blood in the breed, the Prince is helping to improve the class of animal commonly bred. There is a keen demand for the young Devon bulls available from the Stoke Climsland herd, and many of them go as premium sires under the Ministry of Agriculture's livestock improvement scheme.



Exclusive "Field" Photograph

ON THE LAWN AT THE HOME FARM AT STOKE CLIMSLAND
(Left) Mr. Annand (manager), Major McCormick (Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall) with the Farm Editor of the "Field," and (right) Mr. Stanier (Duchy Agent in Cornwall)

SHORTHORNS' NEW HOME

Beef Shorthorns used to be kept on the home farm, but though a fine herd had been built up there since 1913, when the farm was started, it was found desirable to transfer the Shorthorns more into their own country. Two years ago the Prince bought a farm on the

WHERE THE PRINCE FARMS HIS OWN LAND IN CORNWALL

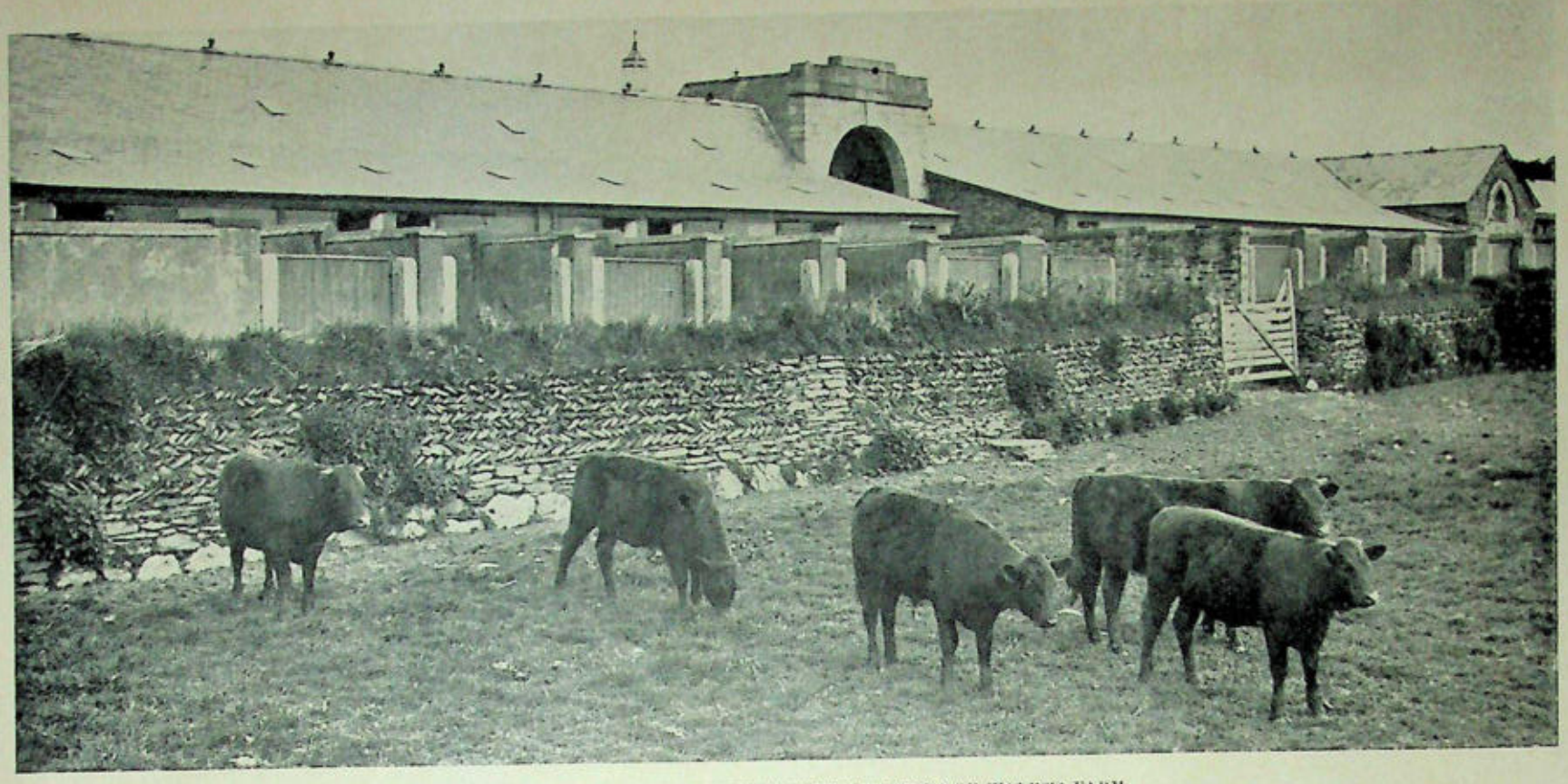


A DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT FROM THE FARM HOUSE, LOOKING UP TO KIT HILL



Exclusive "Field" Photographs

THE PRINCE'S HOME FARM LIES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE OF STOKE CLIMSLAND, SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND



YOUNG DEVONS IN A HOME PADDOCK ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FARM

The local breed does well at Stoke Climsland, where a pedigree herd is kept

outskirts of Nottingham to which the Shorthorns were taken, and where they are now continuing to achieve success.

There are some Aberdeen-Angus cattle at Stoke Climsland. These were formerly on the Bellever home farm on Dartmoor, which has now been handed over to the Forestry Commission. But Devon cattle are the mainstay of the farm at Stoke Climsland. Altogether they number 70 head.

MAKING GOOD PASTURES

The farm runs to 330 acres, of which 100 acres is kept under the plough to provide winter keep for the stock. But this is not an ideal ploughland country. Growth is late, and the land is better under grass. Particular attention has been given to improving the grazing in recent years, and the pastures have responded well to fertilisers and judicious harrowing and rolling.

In addition to the cattle, a flying flock of ewes is kept for the production of fat lamb. Local ewes of the Devon close-wool and Devon long-wool types are bought each year and crossed with Ryeland rams. The lambs and the ewes are drafted to the butcher as they fatten. This breeding policy seems eminently sound, because the Devon sheep are inclined to run to coarseness, and the cross with the Ryeland gives just the neat, plump lamb which is wanted to-day.

The Prince formerly bred Large Black pigs at Stoke Climsland, but the modern demand is for white pigs and crossing with the Large White boar is better practice to-day. In every department of the farm it is evident that a keen eye is being kept on market preferences. Poultry, running on free range in slatted floor houses, are a new introduction which promises well.

Enough has been said to show that the Prince's farm is being run on sound economical lines, such as one would expect to find with a true Scot in charge. Mr. David Annan has been the Prince's manager since 1913, and the appearance of the farm and the condition of the stock do him credit.

But it is not enough to farm well in these days. The Duchy of Cornwall may well be proud of its tenants throughout the West Country, and particularly because they show themselves enterprising enough to follow up the Prince's lead in studying the marketing and salesmanship of British agriculture.

A SPECIAL MARKET

In recent weeks several displays of home produce have been staged in London, and it has been noticeable that the Duchy tenants have been well to the fore with their produce. If the markets want, and will pay for, graded produce nicely packed, the West Country will not lose the present opportunity of regaining pride of place.



Exclusive "Field" Photographs

A NEW RANGE OF BUILDINGS WAS ERECTED WHEN STOKE CLIMSLAND BECAME THE HOME FARM IN 1913

In the lay-out due consideration was given to the advantages of light and air

DRAWING NEAR TO THE DERBY

Some Colts Which May Carry Silk at Epsom



W. A. Rouch

BRULETTE

Winner of the Oaks, 1931. Her recent victory in France makes her chance in the Ascot Gold Cup a bright one

WE DO NOT EXPECT to find a particularly large acceptance this year in the final forfeits for the Derby, and the field on June 1st at Epsom is not likely to number as many as last year, when there were 25 competitors. It is not often that the race possesses so strong a favourite as Orwell, who, all going well with him, may be an even money chance at Epsom, just as he was in the Two Thousand Guineas.

seen of the latter colt at Chester. To run two stiff races within less than a week may have been asking too much of Wyvern.

If Miracle wins the Derby he will indeed prove to be well named. That such a colt should have been picked up as a yearling for only 170gs. shows that the age of miracles has not passed so far as the bloodstock market is concerned. It is the irony of fate that Lord Beaverbrook, after a brief attempt to achieve success as the owner and breeder of bloodstock, should have parted with the best horse he ever bred at a price which was less than half the service fee of Miracle's sire.

The fact that the colt is so beautifully bred makes one wonder all the more at the cold reception he received when he was brought into the sale ring. The truth is that Miracle was not looking well after having spent six months as a yearling in Ireland. Lord Rosebery took a chance with him and has been richly rewarded. There is nothing in Miracle's appearance to remind one of Manna, which will be recalled as an elegant little horse. But Miracle is a great strapping colt fully 17 hands high, and his exceptional height naturally raises the question of whether he will be able to do himself justice on the Epsom gradients.

COCKPEN FIT AGAIN

If we take a cool view of the form in the Newmarket Stakes we shall have to admit that Miracle and Rolling Rock ran fairly true to their placings in the Two Thousand Guineas. Lord Rosebery's colt has undoubtedly made good progress, but there is no reason to suppose that the colts who finished in front of him in the Guineas have stood still. Cockpen, which was not a competitor for the Two Thousand Guineas, has recovered from the troubles which kept him out of the field. He is in good work again, but his trainer no longer cherishes any real hope that he will beat Orwell at Epsom.

And possibly Orwell will find Hesperus his toughest opponent in the Derby. This son of Astérus is entitled to great credit for the fine show he made in the Two Thousand Guineas in spite of has already given a convincing demonstration of her merit in this country. Her success in the Epsom Oaks was achieved because she was a better stayer than any of the English-trained fillies opposing her, and it is fair to assume that her stamina has still further developed.

Brulette's latest performance is the finest of her career. It needs an exceptional stayer to win the Prix du Cadran at Longchamps. The distance is exactly the same as for the Ascot Gold Cup, and it provides a remarkably good public trial for the latter race. The fact that Brulette has been able to win this notable test of courage and endurance increases our respect for this filly, and there is certainly no four-year-old of her sex in this country who is nearly as well endowed with stamina as this daughter of Bruleur.

It is intended that Bruledur shall accompany her in the field for the Gold Cup. This colt, second in the French Derby, was beaten only a neck by Brulette in the Prix du Cadran. Thus he will be a worthy contender for Gold Cup honours. One or two other French horses, notably Sans Ame, are likely to add interest to the greatest cup race of the year.

We believe this country is well qualified to deal with this French invasion. All being well, Trimdon will be in the field again, and he has convincingly proved himself one of the best stayers of his time. It is doubtful, however, whether he will be so strong a favourite at Ascot as Sandwich, whose success in the St. Leger was gained in irreproachable fashion. Trimdon has already beaten one St. Leger winner at Ascot: will he be equal to vanquishing another next month?

No doubt some of the Gold Cup horses will be seen out a fortnight previously in the Coronation Cup at Epsom, but here they will meet a most formidable antagonist in the shape of Cameronian. It has been decided not to subject last year's Derby winner to the searching preparation which is necessary for an Ascot Cup competitor. Cameronian's main objective is the Eclipse Stakes, and if he is opposed at Sandown Park by Orwell the race will be a wonderful attraction.



A CONVINCING VICTORY FOR THE "PRIMROSE AND ROSE HOOPS"

Miracle (Manna—Brodick Bay) easily winning the Newmarket Stakes. Bred by Lord Beaverbrook, Miracle was purchased by Lord Rosebery for 170 guineas, and is now considerably fancied for the Derby

It will be of interest to endeavour to forecast which colts will appear among the acceptors. In addition to the favourite, the Manton stable will leave in two or three of his stable companions. Spenser is reckoned something like 14lb. behind Orwell, but Mr. S. Tattersall will allow him to take his chance, and probably Mr. W. M. G. Singer's nice colt Leighon will remain in case—the fates forbid—something should go wrong with Orwell at the eleventh hour.

At one time it seemed probable that the Aga Khan would have three representatives in the race, but a new aspect has been placed on the prospects of his string by the failure of Bulandshar in the Newmarket Stakes. The form of the son of Blandford in that race was so disappointing that the notion that he is the best of his owner's three-year-olds can no longer be seriously entertained. It is true that he may have had an off day at Newmarket, but we must decline to regard him now as being up to the classic standard. We venture to predict that Dastur is the best colt which Mr. Frank Butters will saddle for the Derby.

Mr. J. Jarvis will probably run the two colts which did duty for his establishment in the Guineas—Miracle and Wyvern. We do not think the best was being one of the most backward colts in the field. Loaningdale did not run for the Newmarket Stakes, but he will be among the acceptors for the Derby. Portofino will be the hope of the North, and Andrea may carry the colours of his new owner, the Duke of Marlborough. Clustine (for whom the distance will be too far), Corolario, April the Fifth, and Flechier are among others likely to stand their ground in the Derby entry.

THE COMING TEST OF STAMINA AT ASCOT

English Stayers and Their French Rivals

WE ARE PROMISED some interesting rivalry between English and French stayers in the Ascot Gold Cup next month. Among the visitors will be that stout-hearted filly Brulette, which



W. A. Rouch

A LIKELY WINNER OF THE FUTURE

Salmon Leap (Salmon Trout—Stony Ford), a consistent type of racehorse, whose next objective will be the Coronation Cup at Epsom



MUIRFIELD FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: THE GREEN OF THE SHORT FOURTH HOLE
The general character of these links, which now extend seaward, is well shown, and in the distance is Archerfield Wood, which has ruined many a golfer's chances

OPPORTUNITY WAITING IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Young Door-Knockers and Old Door-Keepers

FROM THE LOOK of the draw for the Amateur Golf Championship at Muirfield it is as safe as prediction ever can be to say that a new name will be written next week at the head of it. Apart from the holder, Martin Smith, who has certainly not touched his best form this year, there are only three old lions in the path of the young ones. These three door-keepers of the championship are Roger Wethered, Dr. Tweddell and Robert Harris, all of whom have won it.

Roger Wethered at his best—such a best as he showed when he tied with Jock Hutchison for the Open Championship and lost it only by treading on his ball, or as when he beat Robert Harris in a blizzard at Deal—has no equal; but Muirfield will not condone the wild driving which of late years has seized him. But these fine golfers are not the only experienced ones who may stand in the way of the gallery of youthful talent which appears on the opposite page of the *Field*.

There are a number of dour Scottish warriors who will be on their native ling. Among them are D. H. Kyle, W. Tulloch and R. W. Peattie, in one half of the draw; and R. Crummack, the Simpsons, and various unidentified golfers who produce surprises to all but their friends, in the other.

Apart from these there are many entrants who have got into the last eight or the semi-finals in years before, for this championship has a very representative entry. Among them we may name Dr. MacCormack and D. H. Soulby, from Ireland; H. R. Howell, from Wales; Eustace Storey, an international; H. G. Bentley, French (open) amateur champion; the Sweeneys and the Scheftels, from America; W. Sutton, an old English close champion; Stanley Lunt; A. S. Bradshaw, the Oxonian, who only just lost the English Close Championship to Eric Fiddian; E. P. Tipping, S. Roper and R. Oppenheimer.

Though some of these can hardly be said to be first choices, there are few of them who have not a chance, and the best hope we have for this tournament is that it may reveal a player head and shoulders above the others.

CHAMPIONS IN THE MAKING

He may come from those who have been described as knocking at the door of the championship while only recently in their teens. High among them are the two Erics, one of whom, Fiddian, has just won the English Close Championship, and the other, McRuvie, won the Irish Open Amateur Championship last year, and has been already nominated for the Walker Cup.

That choice might be held to point to the belief among the selectors that young McRuvie is the brightest hope of Scotland. The task of Eric Fiddian in dashing the hope is rendered harder by the prospect of having to meet Roger Wethered in an early round. McRuvie, on the other hand, will have to beat his fellow Walker Cup player, T. A. Torrance, in order to go farther.

Until the brothers Hartley have progressed some way through the tournament there will not be many clashes between the Walker Cup nominees. The chances of collision are lessened by the absence of three of these—John Bookless of Inverness, J. Burke of Ireland, and J. A. Stout of Yorkshire—from the competition. The absence is to be regretted, because, both for the sake of their own prestige when they meet the Americans and for the satisfaction of the unchosen race of aspirants, it would be interesting to see what they could do.

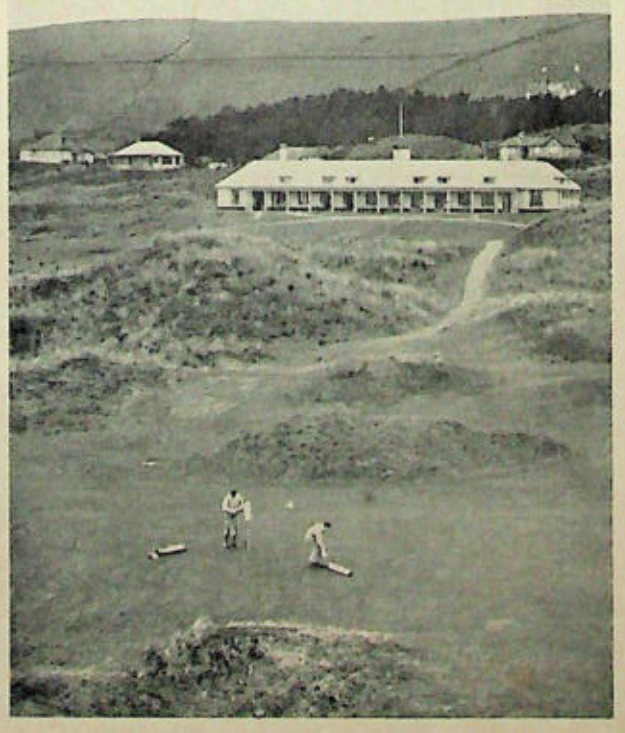
MUIRFIELD OF MANY SURPRISES

Muirfield, where the Amateur Championship was last played six years ago with Bobby Jones and Jesse Sweetser leading a strong and successful American attack, is one of the most famous of the championship courses. In its unreformed days, when a stone wall enclosed the property of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, it was one of the most notorious, and was described by Andrew Kirkaldy as "just an auld water-meadi[illegible]". But the stone wall was removed, new holes cut in country of some noble sandhills towards the sea, and in this expanded form was eulogised by an American writer in the *Field* as the best and most scientific of all the links on which the championships are played.

MENACING ARCHERFIELD WOOD

It is long and narrow, with soft turf between its lanes of rough, which varies in severity with the season. But, whatever its merits or demerits, a good golfer will always beat a middling one on it, and a superlative golfer will beat a good one. It has some modern short holes, of which the new fourth hole is the first. Looking across it, one can see in the distance the menacing Archerfield Wood, by the sixth hole.

The wood has been the grave of some hopes. One of the earlier American invaders, McDermot, pulled three balls in succession into it from the tee and was out of the competition thereby. As against that we may remember that Walter Hagen won here easily and did a record round of 67 in a fierce wind. On the old course Cyril Tolley rammed in a 12ft. putt to win from an American, R. A. Gardner, on the 37th green, the first championship after the War. On the new one Jesse Sweetser won last time the Amateur Championship was played here, but young Andrew Jamieson beat Bobby Jones by par golf. A good omen.



SAUNTON FOR THE LADIES: THE 18TH GREEN
A two-shotter of over 400 yards at the 18th hole winds up a round in which there are eight holes requiring at least two good shots and perhaps a pitch

THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP AT SAUNTON

It will be counted by many ladies a misfortune that their championship at Saunton is beginning while that of the men is reaching its most interesting stages at Muirfield. Their compensation is that in the week that is past they will have learnt something of the form of the American ladies who will be the severest challengers for the title. The dauntless six under Mrs. Glenna Collett who meet Miss Joyce Wethered and the other British ladies to-day at Wentworth will, at any rate, have shown who among them will go farthest in the throng of competitors in Devon.

Saunton is a real test of golf, and we may point out as an interesting fact that its length of 6,300yds. is 200yds. longer than the course at Hesketh on which the leaders in the Dunlop Southport Professional tournament have been putting up record scores.

It has four short holes, the earliest at the first hole, which is a spoon shot of 210yds. unless the wind is blowing, as it generally does on these links of rolling country, sandy dunes and sugar-loafs of sand by the sea. The turf is the original seaside turf; the greens have the same seaside consistency—keen in dry weather, but true. The shortest hole is 120yds., the longest 480yds., but there are many near the 400 mark, some dog-leg, others with hills to carry. A fine adventurous course on which the best woman ought to win.

E. S. G.

YOUTHFUL TALENT IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP



LAST YEAR'S RUNNER-UP

Mr. J. G. de Forest's best achievement was his progress last year to the final of the Amateur Championship, where he was beaten only on the last green by the holder.



THE GOLFING SON OF AN ATHLETIC FATHER

Mr. Eric Martin Smith is the holder of the Amateur Championship, which he won last year at Westward Ho ! beating Mr. J. G. de Forest in the final. He has not yet struck his best form this year



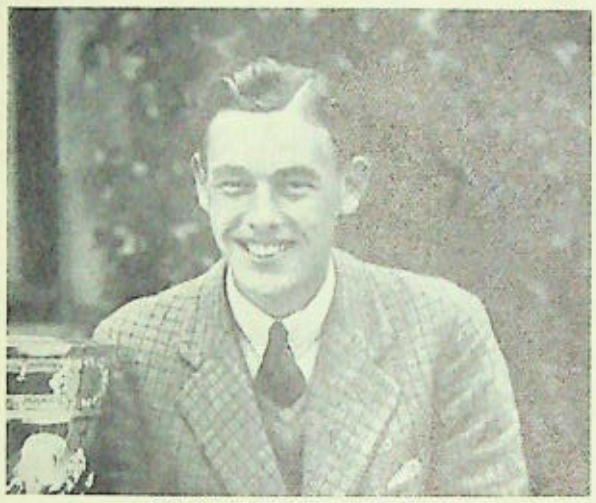
ENGLAND'S CHAMPION

Mr. Eric Fiddian is the holder of the English Championship, which he won this year at Sandwich. He is the most brilliant of the Midland School of golfers



CAPTAIN OF THE WALKER CUP TEAM ?

Mr. T. A. Torrance is the probable captain of the Walker Cup team which will meet the United States golfers in September. He has represented Scotland against England seven times and Great Britain against America three times



SCOTLAND'S YOUNGEST HOPE

Mr. Eric McRuvie, one of Scotland's sons, won the Irish Open Amateur Championship last year, beating Mr. Soulby in the final



THE MAN WHO BEAT MR. BOBBY JONES

Mr. Andrew Jamieson has titles to fame other than that of having beaten Mr. Bobby Jones in the Amateur Championship at Muirfield, which Mr. Jesse Sweetser won. He was the finalist last year with Mr. John Wilson, the Scottish Amateur Champion



A GREAT MATCH PLAYER

Mr. Leonard Crawley was last year's English Close Champion. He lost the title this year, being beaten by Mr. Eric Fiddian, the eventual winner. A great match player, he has been chosen for the Walker Cup team



TO PLAY AGAINST AMERICA

Mr. Rex Hartley is an international golfer who plays for England and is by some thought to be the best English amateur. He has played against America, and is to do so again this year



A DISCIPLE OF HENRY COTTON

Mr. E. R. Tipple is an English golfer who is one of the sparring partners of Henry Cotton, on whom he has modelled his style. The "inside out" method rather led him astray at Sandwich, but he has plenty of championship golf in him



IN THE TOP CLASS

Mr. T. A. Bourn has won the English Close Championship, the French Amateur Championship, and the President's Putter at Rye. He may at any time go farther



THE TIGER COMES DOWN TO DRINK
It requires no great stretch of imagination to imagine this a scene in India, with a prowling visitor to some temple pool

WHIPSNADE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY

Early Excitements of a Great Experiment—The Fingerprint Chase of "Houdini"—Polar Bears that Ate their Way Out

ON MONDAY the Zoological Park at Whipsnade will have been open to the public for exactly twelve months, and this first anniversary comes at a time when the place is at its best. Whipsnade has a great natural loveliness in Spring with wild flowers in profusion, and the woods alive with nesting birds. About seventy species of wild birds have been recorded, and many of these nest regularly either in Wood Lawn Bird Sanctuary or elsewhere in the Park.

Not without considerable anxiety and a very great deal of care and thoughtful planning has the Park achieved its present high standard. Development is continually carried on, but it will be some years before the grounds are completely laid out. The first year's working has been watched with keen interest and has more than justified expectations.

"BEAR MISSING"

The process of turning a derelict estate into a well-planned zoological park was not without excitement in its early stages. Amongst the first comers to the Park were some of those delightfully frolicsome sun bears hailing from Malaya. Great adepts at tree climbing, one of these managed to escape from his new home. He was missing for some days, until one night, after visiting the workshop and upsetting a drum of white paint he rolled ecstatically in it—and thereafter left his "finger prints" wherever he walked.

Eventually he was captured by the simple expedient of enticing him into the then partially reconstructed farmhouse with the aid of buns, bacon and treacle. "Houdini" as he was henceforth called, then returned ignominiously to London.

ZINC-LINED HOUSES

Then there were the two young polar bears which, when first installed, showed an entire lack of appreciation of their novel surroundings, and straightway proceeded to eat away the wooden walls of their new home and some of the wattles outside it. The house is now lined with zinc.

A more tragic episode occurred recently, when two American bison, convinced, apparently, that they were in their own native environment, indulged in a wrestling match such as habitually occurs when younger members of the herd seek to depose their seniors. Unfortunately, as is often the case in the wild, one of the animals died of wounds.



MONARCH, FOR THE FIRST TIME, OF AN ENGLISH WOOD
During Whitsun the public saw, at Whipsnade, both lions and tigers in their new and spacious quarters

A most important development which has just been completed is the chalk pit for lions. Visitors may now look upon these creatures without intervening bars, a sunken trench being all that keeps the public out of the enclosure. A great White Lion is, by the way, being carved in the chalk of the downs, after the manner of the White Horses to be found in various parts of the south of England. This figure will be 200 yards long and 100 yards in height, and will be visible for miles around.

A beaver colony is also being established, but great care is being taken to ensure that no damage shall be done by the devastating habit these animals have of changing the landscape in the course of their labours. Two European beavers have already settled down, and others have been promised from America, Canada, and Lady Loder's reservation at Horsham.

SOME "HAPPY EVENTS"

Criticisms have been levelled at the Zoological Society since the opening of Whipsnade on the ground that the animals are not readily visible to the public. It should be borne in mind that the principal object of any zoological park is to create the exact environment with as much freedom as possible, and this would not be accomplished if the animals were penned in smaller enclosures near the railings during the hours in which the Park is open to the public.

The success of Whipsnade so far as the welfare of the inhabitants is concerned is obvious from the number of animals that have bred there, the most interesting of a long list being the axis deer, albino red deer, Chinese water deer, muntjac, and wombats. A hybrid timber-European wolf has been born in Wolf Wood.

Apart from such natural increases, continual additions are being made to the stock in the Park, and there are now over 2,500 animals in residence. Many of the animals are gradually overcoming their inherent shyness and are therefore more easily visible, often coming to the boundaries of their enclosures to be petted as do those in the Regent's Park Gardens.

ARRIVAL OF SUMMER BIRDS

WHITSUN found summer enthroned, with all her age-old pageantry of colour—gold of furze, shell-pink of crab apple, and the full-green leafage of Maytide at its full. Turtle-doves crooned in the spinneys, swallows and martins twittered at their nests, whitethroats scolded from the hedgerows and willow wrens made rippling music in sun-lit glades. It seemed that nothing remained, in our report of bird-migration, but to sum up the dates received.

OVERDUE MIGRANTS

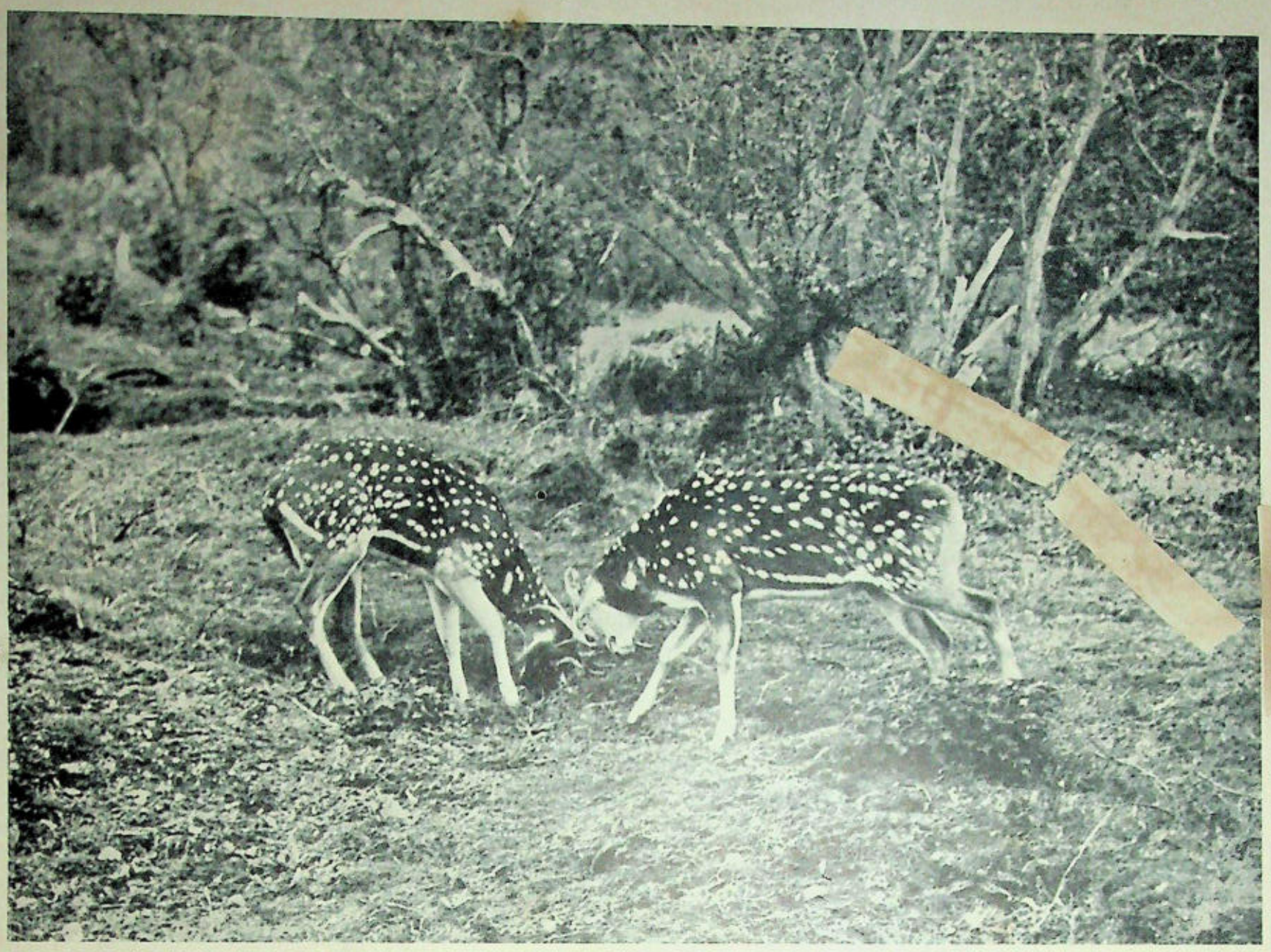
Yet two birds are absent still, two birds without which no English summer is complete. No nightjars churr at eventide, where new shoots of bracken shade the brown heathlands with green, no red-backed shrike swoops upon the prospecting bumble bee from vantage point on telegraph wire or high thorn twig. Or so it would seem from the absence of these names from the lists sent in by readers of the *Field*.

We continue, however, to receive further records of earlier arrivals.

Whinchat: April 26th, Richmond Park, Surrey (R. W. Hayman); May 9th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). Nightingale: April 24th, Romsey, Hants (Lieut.-Col. A. S. FitzGerald); April 26th, Frensham, Surrey (C. G. O. Bond). Lesser whitethroat: May 6th, Hitchin, Herts (Dr. A. H. Foster). Whitethroat: April 27th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). Tree pipit, April 24th, Staffordshire (A. W. Boyd); April 29th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull).

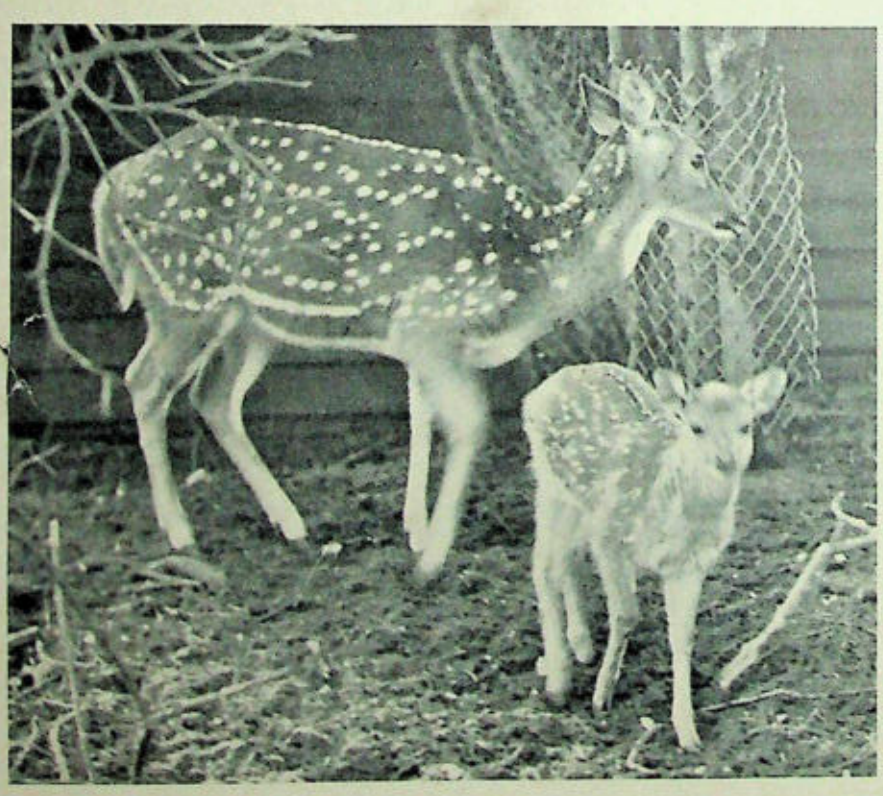
Yellow wagtail: April 22nd, Burgh St. Peter, Norfolk (R. Morton, jun.); April 23rd, near Oxford (W. A. Cadman); April 24th, Upper Wharfedale, Yorks (K. C. C.); May 6th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). Garden warbler: April 30th, Hazelwood, Derbyshire (Miss Cecil Hull). Blackcap: April 27th, Leckford, Hants (E. F. Chawner).

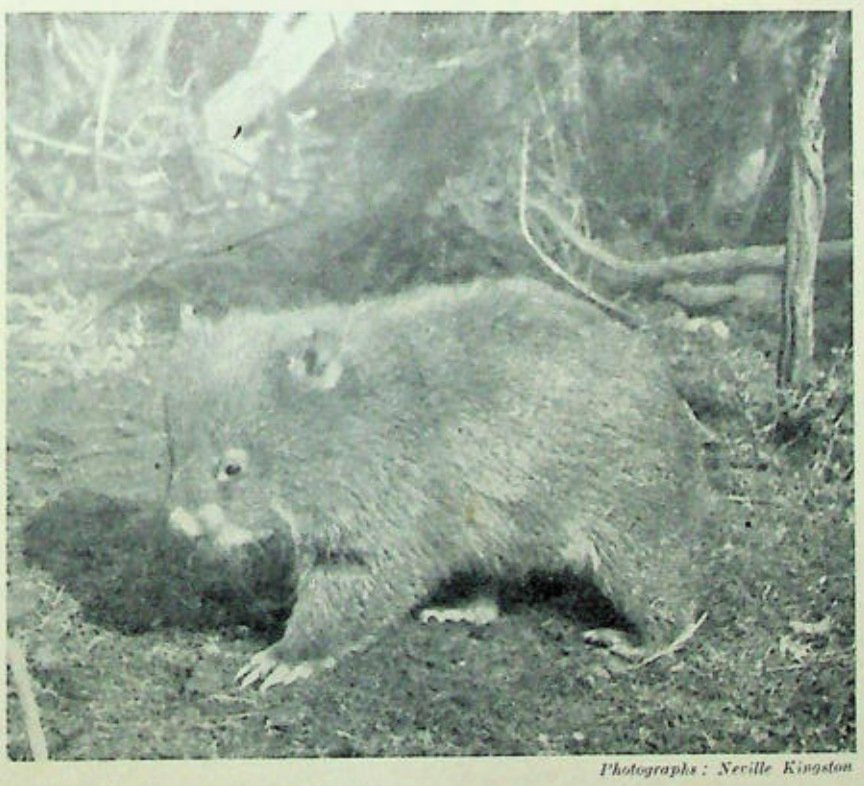
ANIMALS OF THE EMPIRE IN A ZOO WITHOUT BARS



CHITAL IN FRIENDLY COMBAT SOON AFTER BEING INTRODUCED TO THE FREEDOM OF WHIPSNADE'S GLADES

Every sportsman in India knows the chital or axis deer, more vividly spotted with white even than our own fallow deer in its summer coat. Here, in the Zoological Society's park, they have prospered, and, as shown below, have bred





Photographs: Neville Kingston

"WHIPSNADIANS" BY BIRTH: TWO OF THE MOST INTERESTING ARRIVALS DURING THE FIRST YEAR

The chital doe (on left) with her spotted fawn and the young wombat are natives, by ancestry, of India and Australia. Their birth may be taken as an indication that, so far as the animals are concerned, Whipsnade's system of "free captivity" is a success

THE JOYS OF SNIPE SHOOTING

Clothes and the Gun for the Job

By LIEUT.-COL. W. COAPE OATES

LAST YEAR was not a good season for partridges; but it is some consolation to those of us who are keen snipe shots to be able to look back on an exceptionally good snipe year.

Curiously enough, identically the same climatic conditions occurred here in East Notts as obtained in 1912, our last great snipe season.

On each occasion the Trent came over its banks during the last few days of August, and considerable tracts of arable land were flooded. Further, the hay harvest had been so prolonged that parts of water meadows remained uncut and unstocked, providing ample feed and cover for snipe. I never care for shooting snipe before mid-September, as many young birds are not fully developed, do not fly well, and certainly are not so good for the table as birds killed later on.

Nottinghamshire cannot compare, from a snipe point of view, with famous counties like Norfolk or Cambridgeshire—only to quote two—but east of the Trent there are several small marshes and badly drained fields, which I earnestly hope will not attract the attention of the Land Drainage Committee, and where under favourable conditions five couple can be killed in an afternoon.

There is, in my opinion, no form of sport which, once enjoyed, maintains its fascination so firmly as snipe shooting, and I hope that some of the hints given in this article, by one who has shot snipe for 60 years in India, Burma and the British Isles, may be of some use to beginners. To my mind it is well worth while going out for an afternoon for a couple of snipe, but I would not say the same thing for any other form of small game shooting, unless it is for a couple of ducks killed at flight.

GUN AND GEAR

The first item to be considered is clothing. Coat and waistcoat should be thin, pliable and old, fitting the body well, so that the gun may be brought swiftly and smoothly to the shoulder. The colour of these articles, and the hat or cap must assimilate well with the ground walked over, and nothing beats an old pair of riding breeches and a thick pair of stockings with socks underneath and Norwegian boots, topped with a pair of leather anklets. A pair of well worn thin gloves is advisable.

Next to be considered is the gun. I like a light well-balanced 12-bore with 28in. barrels and improved cylinder in *both* barrels, my reason being that you can never be sure whether your second barrel will be fired at a bird farther away than your first. You may of necessity be obliged to fire quickly at a near rising bird before it tops a hedge or twists round a bush. As evidence that improved cylinder barrels will kill birds as far off as one cares to shoot, I quote the following kills from a pair of guns with improved cylinder in both barrels, built for me in 1904 by a well-known London maker, and with which I still shoot exclusively.

Three consecutive shots at snipe; killed at 56, 44 and 50 paces.

A snipe killed at 63 paces.

A right and left at snipe killed at 47 and 65 paces.

Two snipe killed at 57 and 55 paces, and two long shots killed across water, which could not be measured, all on same day.

One snipe at 51 paces.

A gadwall, crossing shot, killed stone dead at 63 paces with No. 8 shot.

Early in February this year a snipe killed dead at 51 paces.

On one occasion this season, with the guns above-mentioned, I was fortunate enough on the same day to kill rights and lefts at teal, full snipe and jack snipe, all with my usual load for snipe of 32 grains of Diamond Smokeless powder and 1⅛oz. of No 8 shot; the two teal and one of the snipe were long shots, but could not be measured as they fell in water.

As regards jar from a light gun, I have shot regularly with one this season and with a full charge, and have felt no inconvenience though I am 70; many people, however, think that a heavier gun comes up more quickly and accurately.

WALKING ACROSS WIND

I have been much struck with the fact that I have never seen advice given to walk snipe *across* the wind. If this method is adopted you often coax wild snipe to cross your front up-wind, whereas if walking down-wind they might often refuse to rise towards you. Here, at any rate, a large proportion of snipe slip away down-wind without rising into it, and this was very noticeable last September, when the first batch of strangers arrived, and were unusually wild.

Walking up-wind usually means shots at low-flying, twisting birds, but in a gale walking down-wind is often very successful.

Most people try for the cross shot, so as to avoid the twist, and on some large bogs in Ireland if the birds are scattered and a setter used the cross shots can often be managed, as I think the snipe's attention is usually concentrated on the dog.

Personally I like what I call the diagonal shot, as the twist is mainly avoided, and the margin of error is not so great as in the case of a fast flying crossing bird.

One or two cardinal points may be mentioned.

Never walk fast, however wild the birds may be. Plant your feet firmly each step, if possible without looking down, and fix your eyes on a range about 40yds. ahead.

Try to keep cool, and refuse to get rattled if you are missing; if this continues, stop shooting for a few minutes, and practise throwing up your gun quickly at some small object, occasionally swinging as at a crossing bird. Confidence is everything, and this method often produces it.

WHEN TO FIRE

On one occasion last season I missed my first six shots, all killable but not easy. I sat down and convinced myself that I was not really shooting badly, and adopted the method above suggested. In the result I finished the morning's shooting with ten snipe killed for 22 cartridges expended.

As to when to fire is a matter of experience. Snipe shooting is an inspiration, and I will only say that for a nervous shot it is best to let the bird go a little before shooting, and the same advice applies if the sportsman happens to be "on the wrong foot" when the bird rises; but, whatever method is adopted, do not dwell on your aim.

With jacks it is always wise to let them go a bit before raising the gun and then firing quickly. I always prefer shooting snipe alone; one cannot talk, and it is easier to concentrate on the job in hand.

I have found one or two horses grazing on snipe ground, if they are quiet, helpful; by advancing a few steps at a time, stopping, and then moving on again, it is often possible to get a shot which would not have been obtained if the field were unstocked. Sheep, on the other hand, are a nuisance.

If difficulty is experienced in getting shots it is best to try a new line of approach, with some object at your back which veils your person.

Having killed your snipe, see that he is properly cooked. Keep the bird three days, cook him over a slow fire, basting well; if this is done the trail has no unpleasant sanguinary appearance, the breast is not overcooked, and the bird is, in my opinion, superior to everything except a young partridge in October.

DRIVEN SHOTS

Driving snipe is capital sport, but local conditions do not always make it possible. It is necessary to have swampy areas at convenient distances apart and which birds will fly to and from if disturbed, and hides for the guns must be fairly near the birds flushed, as snipe do not drive straight like partridges. The direction of the wind, of course, must govern operations.

Most men who have experience will, I think, agree that driven shots at snipe are, on the average, easier than shots walking up. The speed of snipe decreases considerably after the first 40yds. or so, and one has the advantage usually of seeing the bird coming and being prepared. Moreover, one's feet are comfortably and firmly placed.

I read Mr. J. W. Seigne's article and letters with interest; the idea of putting potatoes down is original, but I suggest that inundations of portions of land which are not agriculturally useful, for short periods, would give better results. This year, in Notts, I frequently flushed wisps of snipe from the flooded furrows of ploughed land, which temporarily fulfilled the conditions of dead insect life as food and quiet.

I have not shot snipe in China, but have killed many pintail snipe in India, and there I found them fly quite as well as common snipe; their bills were shorter and not so soft to the touch, and they were always found feeding on harder ground; their note, too, was less loud.

I have been more fortunate than the father of the youth who killed a "solitary" with his first shot at a snipe, and thought their difficulty overrated, as I killed a solitary in a stubble field on my own property on October 3rd, 1913—duly reported in the *Field*—and I think the only one definitely identified in this neighbourhood.

Perhaps I may be forgiven for repeating the unusual fact of my finding a nest containing three snipe's and three redshank's eggs. The redshank incubated and hatched all six eggs in 23 days.

RUNNING JACKS

Jacks were unusually numerous in this neighbourhood last season, and on several occasions when flushed, *and missed*, have flown clean out of sight. There were one or two cases of jacks, after settling on being disturbed, running a considerable distance, in one case over 40yds., before rising; there could be no doubt whatever of this, as I walked immediately to the spot where the bird settled in a narrow grip in a bare grass field, and never took my eyes from the spot where the bird settled—it rose in the open 40yds. to my left.

Full snipe, if tipped on the outer wing joint, will often run a considerable distance, and some years ago my dog picked one 121 paces from where it fell.

Twice in my life, and once this season, I distinctly heard a jack make a soft squeaking noise on rising, evidently a note of alarm. Snipe often carry a lot of shot, and once recently a bird went away quite 150yds. before collapsing; on being examined it was hit in the back, had a broken bill and also a broken leg.

Try favourite spots just before dusk, even if no birds were there previously. I visited a very small pond at 3 p.m. one day this year and found it blank; at 5 p.m. I wanted one bird for ten couple, tried it again and killed four.

Here in East Nottinghamshire we enjoyed a record season. Old game books in my possession show 1860 and 1880 as very good years, and also 1912, but the bag last season amounting to 352 snipe exceeds them all by nearly 100 birds. In 1912 I personally killed 194 birds on my own shooting, but this year I have picked 324, only losing one, thanks to a very efficient interbred retriever of mature age. Not much of a bag perhaps in the East, in Tiree, or in more favoured counties in England or Ireland, but I fancy that it will take some beating for one gun, for any one season, on the same shoot, in Nottinghamshire.



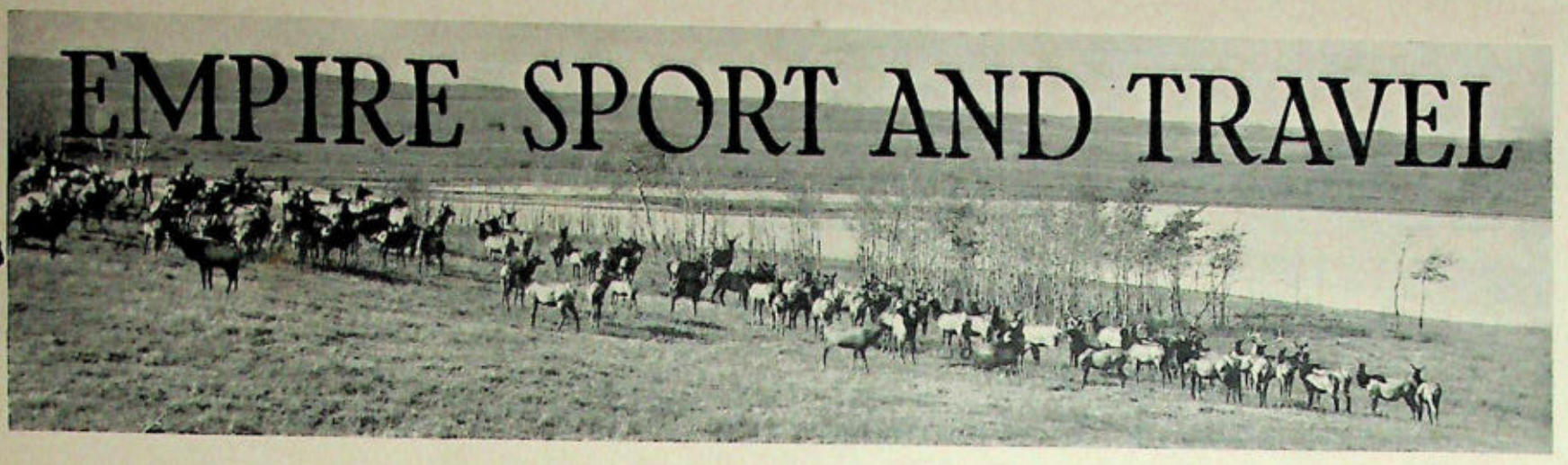
A GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON THE RANGE

The Earl of Clarendon takes a hand in the shooting at Woltemade, Cape Town

Scottish Kennel Club.—The 54th annual general meeting was held in the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh. Mr. C. A. Phillips presided, and the statement of accounts showed funds at the end of the year amounting to £3,516, 16s. 3d. The Duke of Atholl was elected as president, with the Earl of Haddington, Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, Mr. W. L. McCandlish and Mr. C. A. Phillips as vice-presidents.

Presented Free with the "Field," the Country Newspaper, May 21st, 1932

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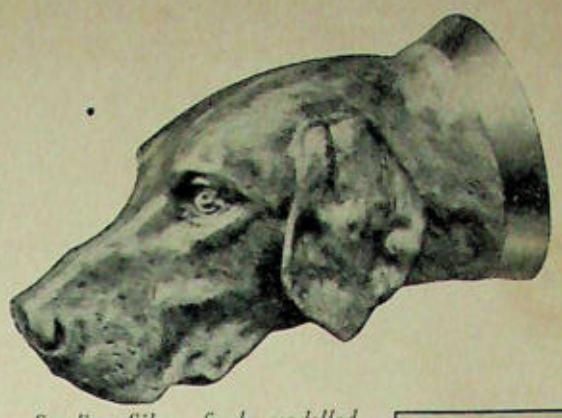
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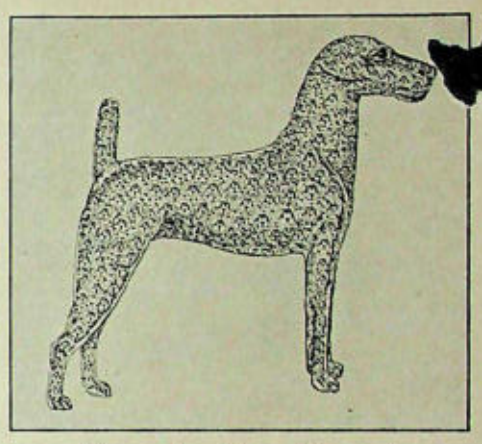
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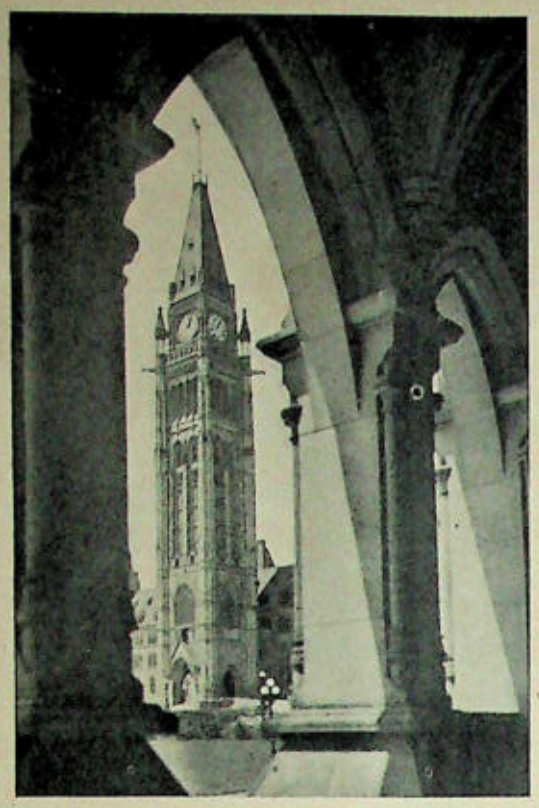
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OTTAWA MUST SUCCEED

A Conference of Vital Import to the Empire

By LORD LLOYD, G.C.S.I., P.C., D.S.O.



THE CLOCK TOWER, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS have passed since a simple ceremony took place at Craigellachie, then a lonely village in British Columbia. There the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven in by Sir Donald Smith, and, less than a later, the great Sir John Macdonald himself ched the Pacific by rail from Ottawa.

It has taken nearly half a century for the full foresight and significance of Sir John Macdonald's National Policy, of which the C.P.R. was one expression, to be made manifest, but to-day we can look back and see in it the essential foundation of the great Conference about to assemble in Ottawa next August. It was his stubborn refusal to contemplate any policy, of whatever immediate or apparent profit to Canada, which led her destiny away from the Empire: his uncompromising opposition to the policy of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States and his determination that the lines of Canada's development should be East and West rather than North and South which has kept Canada British, and in the event, has made her capital the focus and centre of the Empire's momentous and fateful conference.

INSPIRATION FROM THE PAST

We are apt, perhaps, in the grip of our own anxieties to forget the gravity of the difficulties which Macdonald confronted in what was to prove the decisive struggle of his time. He was opposed by the whole Liberal party of Canada, who, backed by great and powerful interests, incessantly urged a policy of Free Trade with the United States, and a common tariff with them against the Mother Country.

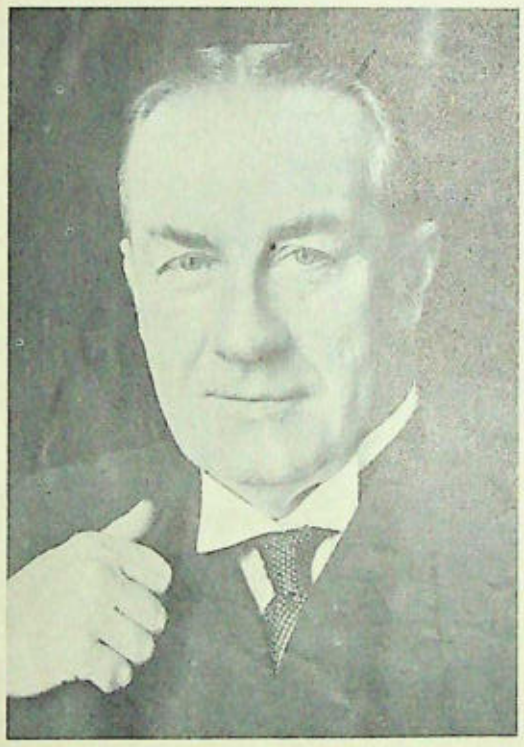
He was equally opposed by the economic pundits and professors, with Goldwin Smith at their head, who employed all the forensic arguments and displayed all the tendencies recognisable in the doctrines of our internationalists to-day. But he had behind him, let it never be forgotten, the gallant remnants of the United Empire Loyalists, comprising names like those of Principal George Grant, Dalton M'Carthy and Col. George Denison. The remembrance of this great struggle for Empire and its successful issue may well serve as an inspiration to those about to engage in the consolidation of Macdonald's work a few weeks hence at Ottawa.

There is of course a great deal of loose talk and speculation as to the success or failure of the Conference, and those who know most about Conferences are usually those who expect the least, and suffer the fewest disappointments! But this Conference, let us remember, starts with two advantages at least which are singular to it. England in the first place will be represented not by a party but by a National Government, voicing the views of the whole country: no previous Government has ever entered an Imperial Conference with a greater or more freshly derived mandate than the National Government of to-day, and so far as authority is concerned, there is no decision, however far-reaching, which it will not be entitled to make.

Secondly, this Conference, unlike its predecessors, is an economic, not a political Conference: there is no prospect, as on previous occasions, of spending weeks in barren controversy of remote constitutional issues, still less of its reaching unanimous decisions tending to reluctant disunity, such as those which were embodied in the Statute of Westminster. The issues before it, therefore, are not sterile, but living and vibrant ones, pertaining always to the welfare, safety, work and wages of the masses of the people in each unit of the great combine.

These considerations are encouraging in themselves, but what of the actual issues to be discussed? Firstly, Imperial Defence. If the main purpose and avowed objective of the conference is to bring together in one great economic confederation the scattered dominions, colonies, dependencies and islands of the Empire—and that is at last the clear purport of this conference—then the question of making good the sea roads between them, and of providing police patrols for the traffic upon them, is obviously of primary importance.

No student of naval affairs, of whatever complexion or school of thought, will dare to affirm to-day that the maritime power at the present disposal of His Majesty's Government is capable of fulfilling the inescapable tasks which devolve upon it—let alone the vast, but vaguely defined, international and extra-Imperial duties, which, as a consequence of a series of pacts and protocols, it is pledged to perform. Moreover, as the nations of the Empire begin to draw more closely about them



WHEN EMPIRE COMES BEFORE POLITICS

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Walter Runciman, in national unity on Empire matters. To them and to Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Viscount Hailsham, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and Sir John Gilmour the nation looks to form an Inter-Dependent Commonwealth of British Nations

the common cloak of their economic fellowships it may well be, for a time at least, that the needs of defence may be increased.

At Ottawa then, must be decided, not only the degree and extent of the Empire's naval and military requirements, but also the incidence of its cost upon the different Dominions in relation to the Mother Country. The hundred millions at present annually furnished by the taxpayers of Great Britain are clearly not going to suffice in the future; but the more equitable redistribution among the several, of what is now so heavy a burden upon the one, will not only discover in due course new sources of financial strength for Imperial defence, but will open up to the gallant youth of the Dominions a fuller and more possessive right to man and officer both the ships and regiments of His Majesty's Forces; so that what is to-day a rare peace-time career for the Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, and South African, will become as normal a one for them as for the public school boy in the home country.

But if the burden is to be borne more equally, the distribution must not only be of the burden itself, but of the shoulders on which it is to be borne; and to-day are huddled up in these islands a surplus of manhood—and of womanhood—that must fail in the fulfilment of its fine purpose until it is distributed afresh in emptier lands.

There is no sturdier stuff for the end in view than is found in these islands; let the Dominions look where they will; the verdict of the War suffices to vindicate the manhood not merely of the flower of our fighting regiments but of every cockney and of every lad from a home county, who joked his way to death in Flanders and Gallipoli. Surely this is the seed to sow broadcast to-day in the Dominions, and it is at Ottawa that the methods and means must be discussed without further delay, and decided.

MARKETS LOST TO US

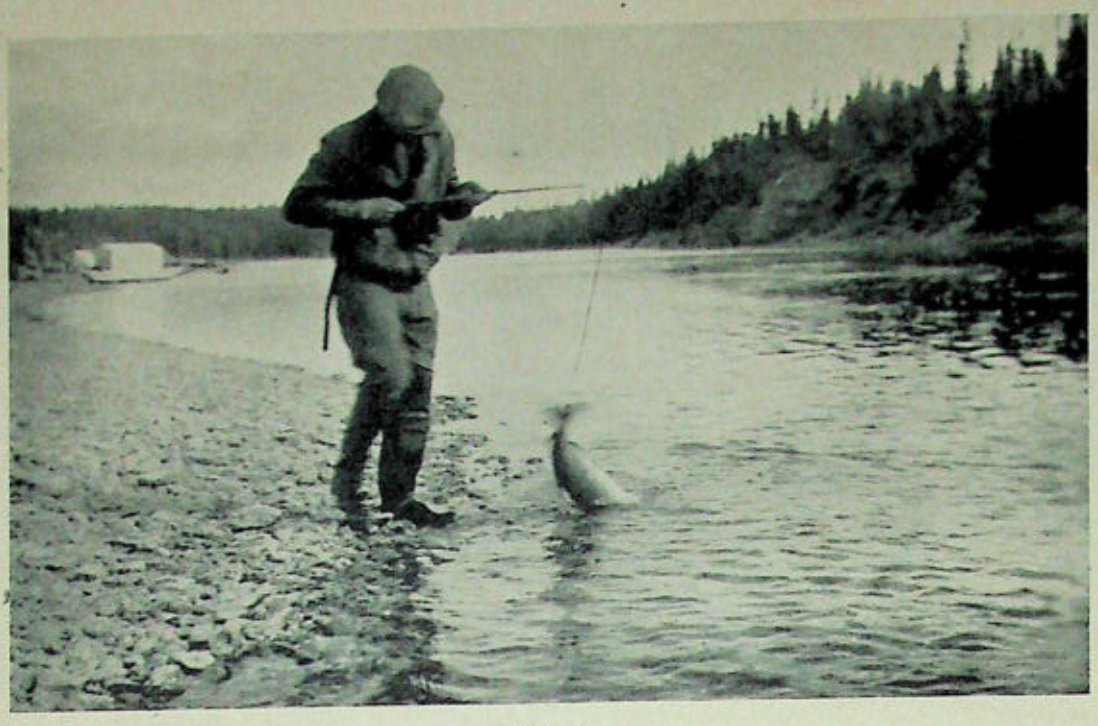
If we have the wreckage of some past failures to warn us, we also have some charts of solid success with which to guide us, in the shape of the great schemes of chartered settlement that have contributed so much in the past to the building of the Empire, or to schemes like those of the 1820 settlers in South Africa, and the needs of the moment—and the opportunity—are so great that we tremble lest they be missed.

And finally, it is to Ottawa that we eagerly look for the tardy rectification of the balance sheet of our inter-Imperial trade. Whilst so much of our great value as a customer to the Dominions is lost on account of our annual purchase of 600 million pounds' worth of foreign foodstuffs and raw materials, which we could so well buy from them, equally, much of the value of their markets is lost

to us by virtue of their annual purchase of some 400 million pounds' worth of manufactured goods from abroad, which they might with so much more advantage purchase from us. The road to adjustment is already found—it is at Ottawa that the happy journey upon it must be begun.

We cannot refrain to-day from remembering the long years of struggle and disappointment by which was blazed, through the dark forests of prejudice and private interest, the trail to this Great Occasion. Many are those who have fought and fallen on the way—Job Charnock and Clive, Hastings and Raffles, Deakin and David Syme, Bartle Frere, Milner and Rhodes, John Macdonald and Joseph Chamberlain—all these strode mightily upon the path; others, who achieved so much for the cause of Empire Unity were least acclaimed of their day and generation.

But if every material issue at Ottawa were now to fail this conference must yet succeed, for its spiritual quality is even greater than its material. It is in the sheer fact of its avowed purpose that its victory is already won—and clearly comprehended by the watching world.



TAILED I
Landing a salmon from a pool in the Jupiter river

SALMON FISHING ON ANTICOSTI

An Island Which Remains as it was in Jacques Cartier's Day

By Lieut.-Col. H. W. SNOW, C.M.G., D.S.O.

(Formerly Comptroller of the Household to the Governor-General of Canada)

IT IS AN AMBITION of most salmon fishermen some time before they die, to fish in Canada, although to do so is not within the reach of everyone. Most of the well-known rivers are in the hands of private owners or of clubs, and it is, therefore, only by the courtesy of these proprietors that one can have the great good fortune to fish the Restigouche or the Grand Cascapedia. But even when this has been accomplished and the visitor is the richer by one more experience of Canadian hospitality, he may, in spite of the glorious sport he has enjoyed, find a place in his mind for a shadow of disappointment.

After all, the luxurious sleeping car from Montreal to Matapedia is not very different from that to which he is accustomed from Euston to Inverness. The comforts of the club house are certainly greater than those of the small Highland inn where he usually spends such a cold fortnight in March, and his journeys up and down the river are accomplished by his French Canadian guides with the modicum of inconvenience or fatigue. In a word, there is perhaps an unexpected and rather disappointing absence of pioneering about the whole experience, to which, in his innocence, he had almost unconsciously been looking forward. The visitor to Anticosti Island, however, cannot complain of any such lack.

THE REAL WILDS

Anticosti, situated at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, well over 50 miles from either shore, had for many years been the property of M. Menier, the great French chocolate manufacturer, who had managed it as a sporting estate and game reserve, no tourists, dogs, or motor cars being permitted.

Some few years ago M. Menier sold the whole estate with its immense timber limits to the Anticosti Corporation, retaining for himself for a term of years the right to fish the Jupiter River for one week annually. The corporation have continued M. Menier's closely-protected sporting regime undisturbed, and the fortunate visitor is able to enjoy the pioneering feeling to the full.

To reach Ellis Bay or Port Menier, the only harbour, M. Menier used to travel from Quebec in his own private steamer. If this ship, now the property of the company, is not available, the only means of doing so is by one of the coastal steamers from Quebec, Rimouski, or some port of call on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

Arrival at Port Menier, however, is only the beginning, for to reach the fishing camps it is necessary to sail in a small yacht, owned by the company, to the mouth of the particular river which is to be fished. In rough weather this is not only uncomfortable but sometimes hazardous, and should the weather prove too unpropitious it may not be possible to land at all.

There are more than twelve salmon rivers on Anticosti, but the largest and most interesting by far is the Jupiter, and it is this river that I have been fortunate enough to fish for two seasons.

The Jupiter runs into a wide semi-circular bay on the southern shore of the island some 50 miles from Port Menier, and as there are no roads or tracks the journey up the river to the first camp, twelve miles from the mouth, is accomplished in boats towed upstream by horses wading in the river itself.

NINETEEN SALMON FROM ONE POOL

For the first few miles the river runs in a broadish valley, which gradually closes as the ascent is made until sandstone cliffs appear at intervals. After about four hours the first and main camp is reached at the Earl Grey Pool, named after a former Governor-General of Canada and a keen fisherman. This pool, the largest on the river, is about 300yds. long, and gives facilities for four rods to fish simultaneously. It is by far the most prolific piece of water I have known. On my last visit we arrived at mid-day, began to fish at 2 p.m., and four rods had landed nineteen salmon by seven o'clock. By 7 a.m. the following morning I had landed three more to my own rod. But the whole river, when the water is at the right level and the fish running well, is remarkable in this respect.

Two years ago two parties, one of five rods and one of four following each other and fishing, in all on nine days bagged well over 300 salmon, besides a very respectable total of sea trout.

Eighteen miles higher up the river is the last camp, situated on the Willingdon Pool, so named after the last Governor-General, who is now adding such lustre to the British name as Viceroy of India.

Beyond this point, the river is hardly fished at all, and hardly even known. I have never met anyone who had actually traced it to its source.

AS IT WAS 400 YEARS AGO

It is impossible adequately to describe the charm of the Jupiter. The absolute quiet, the complete absence of any human habitation, the freedom with which deer, bear and other wild animals carry on their daily avocations regardless of man's presence, all combine to make one realise that for once one is seeing the country under precisely the same conditions as did the first discoverers of Canada.

The fishing is, I think, unique. Not only, as I have already said, is the river prolific, but the salmon, although they do not run very large, are extraordinarily game; lucky the fisherman whose fifteen-pounder only takes him fifteen minutes to land.

Although there are a few mosquitoes, especially at the Willingdon Pool camp, these pests as well as the blackfly are not nearly so much in evidence as on most of the other eastern Canadian rivers.

The French-Canadian guides have all the charm of their race added to that indefinable attractiveness common to the Highland stalker and gillie, as, indeed, to all those who spend their lives in the open, untouched by contact with city or factory.

A BRIDGE PROBLEM

When it took Two to Catch a Trout

A FRUITLESS and fishless afternoon. Not a trout seen to rise. So home to tea. The return journey included a few hundred yards of road skirting a little stream; about midway a brick bridge spanned road and water. This was not a trout stream in the ordinary sense of the term, but an occasional good fish showed up from time to time. The water was not ours to fish, but at the moment its ownership was in doubt and local talk was to the effect that it was free to all and sundry.

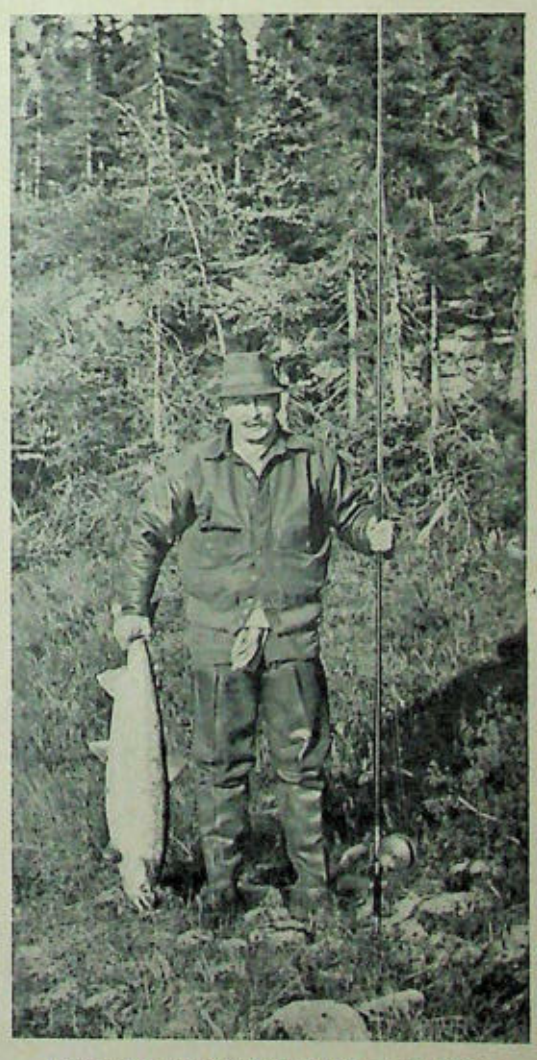
The sight of two fine trout, almost under the arch of the bridge, leisurely taking down olives, was the last straw. Right or wrong, I must have at them, but it must be quickly as time was precious. I had to climb over the 6ft. fence which separates water from road, and then I realised that there was insufficient standing space on what passed for a bank. The only way I could manage at all was to get my brother, who accompanied me, to hold me by the strap at the back of my mackintosh, through the pales of the fence. Thus held, looking up towards the bridge, I was pleased to see that the two trout were still picking off the olives. The top fish was the better of the two; not far short of 3lb.

Casting was a problem. However, I managed to switch the fly (dark olive quill) under the archway of the bridge and over the top fish. The arch of the bridge made it difficult for me to see what was happening, but no ring and no ripples made it plain either that the fish had not seen or did not want the fly. At the next cast—switch, perhaps, would be more correct—the fly lit neatly above the lower fish. As the fly came down on the surface it was neatly annexed, and I pulled into the fish.

In the next two or three minutes it was a toss-up whether that trout came out of the water or whether I went into the water. However, somehow or other my brother managed to hold on to the belt of my mackintosh so that I did not fall in; but it was touch and go. The humorous side of the affair struck me forcibly; and really I hardly expected to net my fish. It was a case for forcing tactics, and as soon as circumstances permitted I applied the butt. Good fortune was with me, and the net soon encased a prettily marked and coloured trout of 1¾lb.

FADDIST.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on page xvii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xvii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xvi.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," page ix.; "Pisciculture," page xvii.



LIEUT.-COL. H. W. SNOW, WITH A SHAPELY 20-POUNDER



WINTER SPORTS IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE AND WITH TREES IN FULL LEAF
A party of skiers at Mount Buffalo Plateau, Victoria

SNOW SPORTS FROM JUNE TO SEPTEMBER

Ski-ing and Skating in the Highlands of Australia

STRETCHING ACROSS the south-eastern corner of the Australian continent, and lying partly in New South Wales and partly in Victoria, is a mountainous area, perhaps a hundred miles long by thirty broad, of which considerable tracts are above the five thousand feet level and a dozen peaks rise to six or seven thousand feet in height. As the normal winter snow line is about three thousand five hundred feet, Australia has here a field for snow sports which has been well pioneered during the past twenty years, and is likely as the population grows to be very thoroughly exploited. The season is from late June to end of August or early September.

GOVERNMENT HOTEL AT MT. KOSCIUSKO

On the New South Wales side of the border, a few miles from the summit of Mt. Kosciusko, which reaches seven thousand three hundred and eight feet, the State Government has for many years conducted an excellent hotel which can accommodate about three hundred people. The peak is well above the timber line, and good ski-ing can be obtained for two or three months in every year, while snow lies in some of the higher ravines throughout most summers. It was in this district that skis were introduced to Australia by a Swedish mail contractor in the days of the gold mining settlements of the 'seventies. In Victoria, on the Mt. Buffalo Plateau, the Government Railways Department some few years ago acquired as a going concern the Chalet, and extended and modernised it to accommodate about two hundred. In addition to the ski-ing fields, there is a tarn about 60 acres in area called Lake Catani, which is used for skating.

THE BOGONG PLATEAU IN VICTORIA

Apart from these two centres, and not as yet so well developed either in the matter of access or of accommodation, is the Bogong Plateau in Victoria, which, however, has a greater area above the timber line, and a more dependable snowfall. In recent years, ski-ers who feel that they have passed the novice stage have turned their attention to this region, and each season sees parties of them essaying the tour of fifty miles or so from north to south across the plateau, during which they camp at night in huts that have been built for use in summer by men who attend to the cattle that are turned out to graze there as soon as the snows have melted.

At the southern end of the plateau are three hostels of divergent types where decent ski-ing practice may be had by those who would prepare themselves for the more strenuous joys of the tour. They are the Mt. St. Bernard Hospice, at the extreme southern point of the plateau, which has a liquor licence and accommodation for fifteen or twenty; a smaller establishment, originally erected by the Country Roads Board for its rangers, at Mt. Hotham, six miles to the north-east of St. Bernard; and a Government bungalow at Mt. Feathertop, about the same distance to the north-west, which is run in conjunction with the Mt. Buffalo Chalet, where bunks can be provided for about a hundred. At several points of access to the plateau, but below the snow line, are country inns of average class, which depend for their custom on through road traffic all the year round, and are used as jumping-off places by the ski tourists.

A visit to Buffalo or to Kosciusko may be made with little trouble and in great comfort—all rail, motor and hotel bookings being made at the tourist bureaux conducted by the Governments of Victoria and New South Wales in Melbourne and Sydney respectively, while the social and sports aspects of the trip are efficiently directed by the staffs of the hostels concerned.

FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC SKIER

The enthusiastic skier, however, will probably be better suited for an introduction to the Bogongs, at St. Bernard. Leaving Melbourne by train at 6.30 a.m., he will arrive at Bright in the early afternoon, and proceed by motor coach thirteen miles to Harrietville, where there is a fairly good inn at which to put up for the night. Having arranged for a guide and pack horse, he will start on the four thousand feet climb to the hospice after breakfast, taking three or four hours on the steep road, the last five or six miles being under six to eighteen inches of snow.

The hospice is, perhaps, more picturesque than palatial, but, even as kind hearts are more than coronets, so also will the tired traveller find the personal interest and ministrations of its host at least as comforting as the more formal attendance of menials. The fare is homely, but ample, and at night the lack of brilliance in the furnishings is more than compensated by the warmth of a fire made of three or four nine inch by six feet logs, not forgetting the cloud-like fleeciness of many layers of Australian merino blankets.

GETTING YOUR SPORT "ON CREDIT"

There is no funicular railway, and, as the hospice is near the top of the mountain, most of the runs lead down from it. The skier thus has his sport, as it were, on credit, and has to pay for it afterwards in a long climb, more of it by side-stepping than by herring-boning. The result is usually that the exercise is pursued further than would be the case if the order were reversed, and the degree of fatigue advocated by the physical trainer is more frequently achieved than if the subject were not tempted to just one more run—a temptation more urgent than "just one more climb and run."

C. S.



NOVICES RECEIVING INSTRUCTION AT MOUNT BUFFALO PLATEAU, VICTORIA

County Guide Books.—New editions of the Cornwall, Devon and Derbyshire County Guides have just been issued at 1/- each by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fleet Street, E.C. 4. Each volume contains important relevant information, including the history, accommodation, schools, golf courses, etc., of the county, which should prove invaluable to those who plan temporary or permanent residence in these counties.

SEVEN YEARS IN AFRICA

A Meeting with Cecil Rhodes—Diamonds in a Gun Barrel—"Ham-Knife" Surgery and Strychnine

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

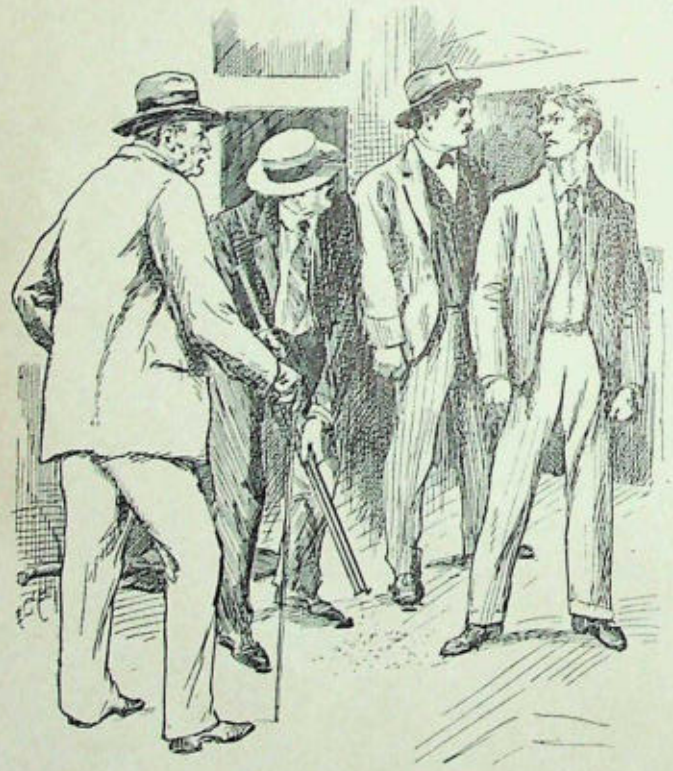
HAVING LIVED for nearly seven years of a somewhat misspent life, in Africa, I have been asked to write an account of any relatable incident which occurred to me personally, or came under my observation during that period.

Let me begin, then, by saying that I made my first acquaintance with Africa 37 years ago, when, in 1895, I went out with two friends of mine, the present Lord Ellesmere, then Lord Brackley, and Mr. Charles Forbes, of Callender, on a shooting expedition to what was then the Orange Free State. Sir Thomas Uppington, who had been Premier of the Cape, was most kind to me during my stay in Cape Town, and I also went to see Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the reigning Premier, with a letter of introduction from the Duchess of Abercorn.

As the Abercorns had been awfully kind to him in his youth, he was quite prepared to do anything for me. "What do you want?" he asked. I foolishly said, "I'd like a mounted police job." Now Cecil Rhodes was not in love with either the military or the police, and he said, "Do you want to be a Colonel or a General?" I said, "Oh, a General, of course," which amused him; but all the same he got up in a dreamy sort of way and said, "Come and see me again: I must go to the House," and duly departed.

ROBBERY AT THE POST OFFICE

Now if I had had the sense to ask for a farm, I should probably have got one, free. We went up to Kimberley next day, so I could not go and see him again. However, that visit was unquestionably responsible for my being included in the Jameson Raid, later in the year. At Kimberley we stayed with Mr. John Blades Currie, always referred to by his friends as J. B. If he were still alive, he would, I feel sure, forgive me for repeating an amazing but true story he told us.



"BOTH BARRELS OF THE GUN WERE CHOCK-A-BLOCK WITH DIAMONDS"

That very year his son had returned from his school in England, and had made great friends on the boat with a boy who was coming out to South Africa for the first time. This boy stayed with the Curries at Kimberley. One dark and rainy night a robbery occurred at the post office. A window looking on the street had been broken, and two or three mail bags containing realizable assets, which were lying just inside it, had been snatched. It seemed probably that the thief must have known that this particular mail was a monthly one, which always embraced a number of bags of registered letters containing diamonds, postal orders, etc., and must also have known where these were usually placed in the post office.

J. B. noticed that immediately after the robbery the boy had paid some debts which he had incurred in the town, and asked his son if he had lent him any money. A negative answer coupled with the fact that the boy suddenly announced his intention of returning to England increased his suspicion. And in addition he remembered that the boy had shown a great interest in the post office and its routine, and had been, at his own request, taken over it.

The youth, he knew, had not gambled on the exchange or at the races, so he argued that the money with which he had paid his debts and his passage home must have come out of the post office. The boy duly left to spend two days at Cape Town before sailing, and J. B. became so positive that he was the thief, that he obtained a search warrant and with two detectives took the mail train to Cape Town. On arrival there he rowed out to the Donald Currie boat and boarded it, and on the strength of his warrant proceeded to search the boy's luggage. Not a single registered letter or diamond could they find. The boy was furious and threatened them with proceedings, and as J. B. said, "they felt mighty small," as they got back into their boat.

And then perhaps the most incredible thing I ever heard happened. They were in the act of pushing off from the ship, when the boy, who had come to the rail and was leaning on it, said, "Well, Mr. Currie, you've had a pretty good search, but you've forgotten to look at my gun." He had an old double barrelled shot gun in a gun cover. J. B. put out his hand, caught hold of the gangway and stepped out of the boat, followed by the two detectives. One glance at the boy's face was enough. It left no shadow of doubt that he was guilty. The three of them went below and stripped off the cover. Both barrels of the gun were chock-a-block with diamonds. I know this story is absolutely incredible, but all the same it is true. The boy got five years' hard, and J. B. said he was miserable about it, because later on he discovered that the theft was committed entirely for the benefit of the boy's old mother, whom he adored.

It was rank stupidity—madness—bravado—call it what you like. But can you beat it?

Four years later, in 1899, I went to East Africa to join the East African Rifles. In those days East Africa was under the Foreign Office, and expenses were cut down to a minimum. For instance, we had no doctor in a regiment 1,200 strong. I had to attend to all the medical needs of 150 men at Nairobi.

AN UNQUALIFIED PRACTITIONER

I have much too great a respect for the medical profession, which looks with disfavour upon any budding medical genius who has not been through the authorised curriculum, to give a detailed account of some of my surgical efforts, but I will say that my operation with a ham knife on a Sudanese almost ranks for sheer confidence, though I will not say success, with Lord Moynihan's amazing performance at Leeds in 1918, when he removed a bullet which was nearly touching the heart of a wounded soldier. He did this with his fingers between the heart beats, in the presence of the American doctors who were there for instruction prior to going on active service.

It may interest him to know that they were astounded. I heard them talking about it afterwards. I wish they had seen me with my ham knife. It is only right to say that, as against several recoveries from my efforts, there must be recorded a grave mistake committed when I gave a Sudanese soldier enough strychnine, according to Manley Sims, the well-known London doctor, to have killed a full-grown elephant stone dead, and rendered another one unconscious. The poor patient, tied up in knots, bounded about the camp like an india rubber ball, much to the delight of his compatriots, who clamoured for the medicine which had produced such remarkable results.

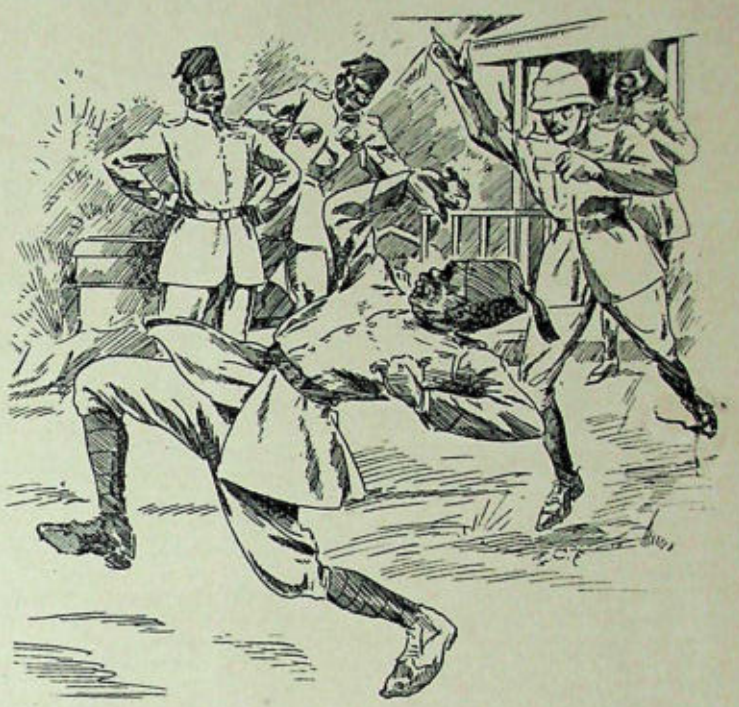
I am happy to say he recovered. But it was a near thing.

Nairobi in those days was railhead, and boasted one house, and that of only one storey, belonging to Mr. Whitehouse, the Chief Engineer, who was superintending the construction of the Uganda Railway. To-day I see photographs of policemen on point duty directing the traffic!

TROPICAL KIT PRESTIGE

Economies Which Do Not Inspire Confidence

TO THOSE WHOSE WORK or pleasure takes them overseas, the selection and purchase of a suitable outfit calls for careful consideration. Indeed, with the many facilities that exist to-day for acquiring so-called tropical clothing, the relative importance of kit to travel is in danger of being overlooked.



"THE POOR PATIENT . . . BOUNDED ABOUT THE CAMP LIKE AN INDIA-RUBBER BALL"

There are in London numerous tropical outfitters whose stock-in-trade consists of flimsy materials, factory-made and cut by the dozen, and it often happens that the purchaser of such goods—upon arrival at his destination—finds it necessary to replace his newly-acquired wardrobe with the local product, the standard of which is none too good.

Palm Beach, an American innovation, is responsible in many countries for the loss of prestige invariably associated with the spotless white, the only permissible variation of which are the natural-coloured Assam and Shantung silk suits, which, of course, require the same attention and laundering as white kit.

It is much the same story with shirts. The fact of "going out East" or to any tropical country does not excuse the wearing of a grubby-looking khaki shirt. Doubtless—at least to appearances—it saves the more frequent laundering which the white article calls for, but the self-discipline that smart apparel connotes is absent.

A STRAIGHT TIP TO YOUNGSTERS

The straight tip to youngsters going abroad is to look smart and trim, begrudging neither a little expense nor time. Above all, avoid joining the over-helmetted, short-trousered, shrunk-jacket brigade, who have more the appearance of scarecrows than well-groomed Britons.

The recent French expedition under the auspices of André Citroën and the ill-fated leader, M. Georges Marie-Haardt, was entirely equipped in London. This is yet another demonstration of the confidence which travellers from other countries put in *bona fide* London outfitters. Intense heat, arctic conditions, heavy, rough work and economy of space had to be taken into account in the trans-asiatic journey from Beyrout to Peking. The principle laid down was that material and workmanship had to be of the very best, whilst the humblest mechanic was supplied with identically the same kit as his distinguished leader. Working kit and walking-out kit formed two separate units, the latter to do its share in inspiring respect and admiration in the various townships and communities visited.



SOUTH AFRICAN WILD LIFE AT THE ACADEMY: ZEBRAS AT GROOTESHUUR
From the painting by Mrs. Grace Wheatley
Copyright reserved for Owner by "Royal Academy Illustrated"

SPORT IN RHODESIAN RIVERS

Tiger-fish, Bream, Cat-fish and Barbel

By LIEUT.-COL. H. MARSHALL HOLE, C.M.G.

(Formerly Civil Commissioner of Bulawayo)

IN RHODESIA fishing has, for some reason, always been rather a neglected sport. The old-time prospector only fished to provide himself with a change of diet, and resorted to the barbarous method—now happily prohibited by law—of throwing a dynamite cartridge, with lighted fuse attached, into a likely pool. All living things in it, including crocodiles, if there happened to be any, were killed or stunned by the explosion and rose to the surface, and the "angler" had only to sort out from the miscellaneous casualties such as he fancied for breakfast.

The Zambesi natives, who are never in a hurry, adopt a procedure which at least has the merit of being more sportsmanlike. Two of them embark in a dug-out canoe, and while one slowly paddles close to the bank, the other prods the water—apparently at random—with a long and fearfully barbed spear. Strange to relate, he generally succeeds by this haphazard method in impaling some decent fish; a result which is possibly due more to their abundance than to his skill with the spear.

WHERE TIGER-FISH ARE PLENTIFUL

Of the many varieties of fish to be found in Rhodesian rivers the best known are the tiger-fish, bream, squeaker or cat-fish and barbel. The first-named are game fighters and provide excellent sport. They are to be found in those of the larger streams which flow all the year round, and are plentiful in the Zambesi above the Victoria Falls, where they run in weight from about 2lb. to 10lb. or 12lb. They are armed with exceedingly strong jaws and close-locking teeth, which enable them to bite through any ordinary tackle, and they take the bait with a powerful swoop, often leaping clear of the water when first struck. They are best fished for by spinning with a spoon bait or large Devon, either from the shore where the banks are hard, or better still from a boat.

The flesh of these fish, though delicate, is full of small bones, which spoil it for the table.

A stiff casting rod of about 8ft. in length, and a 4-in. reel; a landing net; a strong line—silk for choice—with a breaking strain of about 40lb., and wire traces form the necessary equipment. If a spoon is used, it should be at least 2in. long, with a treble or stout single hook so attached as to be well clear of the lure.

BREAM IN THE ZAMBESI

When a fish is struck it makes a series of desperate rushes, and must be played with a taut line. Even wire is not always proof against the close-fitting teeth of the tiger, and the angler should provide himself with a supply of spare traces and spoons.

Of bream several varieties are known in Rhodesia, all bearing a general resemblance to their English namesake, and all delicious to eat. They abound in the Zambesi, where they are netted in large numbers by the natives, and are fairly plentiful in most rivers, preferring reaches and pools where the banks are reedy. They sometimes feed voraciously for a short time in the early morning, and may then be taken with a live grasshopper as fast as the line can be baited.

At other times they are best fished with a small spoon or spinning bait. They have little of the dash of the tiger, and are chiefly sought for their table qualities. Bream run from a few ounces up to 4lb. or 5lb. in weight, but the smaller ones are the best for cooking.

HIBERNATING IN THE MUD

Barbel are coarse fish of hideous appearance, found in almost every river in parts where the current is slow, and feeding near the bottom. In winter, when the pools dry up, they hibernate in the mud, from which they are sometimes dug out in a torpid condition by the natives. They are good fighters in a heavy fashion, and as when hooked they usually make for hollows under the banks, some skill is required in landing them. Barbel are best fished for with pike tackle, and will take almost any bait, from a grasshopper to a frog, or even a piece of raw liver. They attain an enormous size, especially in the lower reaches of large rivers.

In the Pungwe, which in its course towards Beira flows through many miles of flat country, barbel of 20lb. are common, and individual fish of 70lb. or more have been recorded. The flesh of such monsters is too rank for any but native palates, but those of under 5lb. are by no means to be despised when cooked like a pike. The head of the barbel is nearly a third of its entire size, and as the jaws are furnished with sharp teeth it has to be carefully handled when landed.

EXPERIMENTS IN ACCLIMATISATION

Other Rhodesian fish are of little interest to anglers, though cat-fish of great size are to be found in certain rivers, and at the junction of the Gwaai and Shangani have been caught up to 4ft. in length. None of the above-mentioned fish will take the fly. Trout (brown and rainbow) have from time to time been introduced into some of the rapid-running streams in eastern Mashonaland, but so far without conspicuous success.

Some years ago experiments in acclimatising them were made at Zomba in Nyasaland, but although the fish thrived and grew to a considerable size they became sluggish and lost their sporting qualities.

When fishing in slack water it is quite a common thing to catch a river tortoise, which on feeling the hook at once retires, head and all, into its shell. In these circumstances the recovery of the hook and bait is best left to any natives present, who have their own unpleasant but effective methods of dealing with the situation.

It only remains to be said that no licence is at present required for fishing in any part of Rhodesia, nor is there any statutory close season.

Royal Counties Show and National Hackney Society.—The schedule of prizes for livestock in connection with the great combined show of the above well-known societies, which is to be held at Guildford on June 1st to 4th next, is a big one as a very wide range has been provided for. The horse sections comprise classes for heavy breeds, hunters, hacks, riding and Shetland ponies, the latter being newcomers. Four-in-hands and the coaching marathon, always popular features, again figure. The section devoted primarily to hackneys contains some interesting new features. Hitherto there has been limited scope for the exhibition of stallions in harness, but at Guildford all the harness classes will be thrown open so that whether in pairs or single classes, big horses or ponies, novices or seasoned performers, stallions will be able to compete.



Canadian Pacific Railway

ACROSS THE CANADIAN STUBBLE—AN ALBERTA WHEATFIELD

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN CANADA

Excellent Sport Follows a Successful Experiment in Introduction

By "PELHAM"

[Last autumn we published an account, by Mr. A. M. Fordyce, of the introduction of Hungarian partridges into Canada. Further information is now given on the original experiment, and also on present-day shooting conditions.]

MR. DUDLEY WARD has kindly supplied me with the following comprehensive and interesting details relative to the successful introduction of the Hungarian partridge into Canada. The result of turning down a fresh species of bird, which had no relations or even connections living in the country, has proved to be the most successful on record. The partridge has taken the place of what were locally called Prairie chicken, which were really sharp-tailed grouse.

As already recorded in the *Field*, the experiment was first tried round Calgary, a town about 80 miles east of the Rocky Mountains, and 200 miles north of the International Boundary. The birds are now plentiful in all the inhabited parts of the Province.

They have spread south over the boundary into Montana, they are found 400 miles north of Edmonton, which city is 200 miles north of Calgary, and they have spread across Northern Saskatchewan into Manitoba, and west, through the first chain of the Rocky Mountains by way of the Crows Nest Pass, into British Columbia.

They have been seen near Regina, 800 miles east, and this year two coveys were seen on the golf course at Banff, which is 90 miles west and 5,000ft. up in the mountains.

REMARKABLE ABUNDANCE

As you drive in the early morning down any of the side roads in any part of the Province within these limits, and except in some very dry and barren lands about 150 miles east and north of Calgary, you are bound to see covey after covey.

The abundance and the widely spread distribution of these birds is all the more remarkable when the very humble extent of the original experiment is known.

It began in 1908.

For some years before that, the so-called Prairie chicken, which had been the principal game bird for shooters on the prairie, had been fast disappearing. This was due partly on account of the clearing and breaking up of the prairie for arable land, partly on account of bad nesting seasons, and partly owing to partial migration. This fact should be remembered when it is contended, as it is by some, that the Hungarian partridges have driven out the chicken. The chicken was disappearing before ever the partridges were introduced; indeed, this was the very reason for the introduction of the latter.

In 1907 local sportsmen cast about to find some suitable game to replace the disappearing chicken. In that year a few Bob-white quail were imported, but soon afterwards a severe blizzard swept the country and they all disappeared. It was believed that they were not suitable for the country and climate, so some other game was sought.

Various suggestions were made—Red-legged partridges were advocated by some, but this suggestion was opposed by others, who liked shooting over dogs, on account of the running propensities of the Red Legs.

A gentleman named Frederick Green, a keen naturalist, who had lately come from Minnesota to live in Calgary, had heard of the very successful establishment of Hungarian partridges in North Dakota, a State which suffers from, or rejoices in, considerable depth of snow in winter. He argued that if these partridges could flourish in that climate they could equally well flourish in Alberta.

The result was that a few sportsmen collected among themselves a small fund for the purchase of fifteen pairs of birds. How successful this initial experiment was has already been stated in the *Field*.

The total number of birds bought and turned out, which have now multiplied and spread to an amazing extent, was 175 pairs. The total sum spent on the experiment was something under $2,700, which sum included the purchase of about 100 pheasants.

For five years they were strictly preserved. Not one was shot. This was not ordained by any law, but was carried out by mutual understanding and agreement between the shooters and the farmers. After a season or two of successful hatching they seemed to disappear, and fewer were seen, but it was then discovered that they were increasing all right, but were immigrating, and the coveys were more scattered over the country.

Their increase in numbers was so satisfactory that in 1919 it was decided that a few could be shot. So shooters were allowed to shoot not more than 25 each in a season, and not more than five in any one day. They were also preserved by the very salutary law which applies to all game birds which prevented their sale in the open market.

The restriction on numbers was gradually extended after a period of years, and to-day 75 are allowed each shooter, but not more than fifteen in a day. The shooting season lasts from October 1st until November 15th.

The liberation of the partridges had to be exercised with some care. After a trial or two it was found that the best method of doing this was to put the crate in which they had travelled on ground near cover and water; to surround it with plenty of food, and then, after dark, quietly to lift the opening of the crate. At dawn the birds would slowly wander out without fear, keep together and soon adapt themselves to their new surroundings.

There are of course no hedges in this country, so their nesting habits are somewhat different from those in England. In the irrigated parts of the Province the ditches are bordered pretty well all the way by fairly thick red willow brush. They no doubt nest in this, as there is good cover, and it is near water.

But in other parts they nest on the open stubble, and there is no doubt that many nests are destroyed during the spring ploughing. Some sporting farmers have had the consideration to plough round a nest when they knew of its existence, but that is of doubtful assistance, as the nest then becomes an easy mark for crows and the many other game-destroying kinds of vermin.

After the reaping has been finished in the grain fields they feed mostly on loose grain, nearly always preferring wheat, and sometimes they are found in barley stubble, but in oat stubble least of all. As an alternative to grain they feed on weed seeds and insects; indeed, at any time a field of dirty summer fallow is a good place to find them. In winter they burrow down through the snow, like rabbits, in search of their food.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING BY CAR

Most people shoot them over dogs, but those who have not got a good dog drive down the roads in search of them. They have a habit of dusting themselves or eating grit on the roads for several hours after sunrise, and for an hour or so before sunset. On the approach of a car they fly off into the nearest cover, where they are walked up and flushed in the usual way.

The dogs most in favour are Llewellyn setters, but in Mr. Ward's opinion they range too wide for this country. The time lost in searching for a dog is often considerable. The best dog is probably a steady pointer. This applies specially to the irrigated area where the birds lie nearly always in or near the red willow brush along the ditches, where a wide-ranging setter would be unnecessary.

It is said that pointers are too thin-skinned to work in the long stubble, which is apt to cut them. This, however, has not been Mr. Dudley Ward's experience. He says that, last year at any rate, the stubble had been cut fairly short, but that in the few fields in which he shot where the stubble was long, 18in. or so, the pointer worked admirably, and showed no signs of injury whatever.



"THE BEST DOG IS PROBABLY A STEADY POINTER"

From the appearance of the stubble in the accompanying photograph, which Mr. Ward has kindly given me, this was one of the few fields.

It is a thousand pities that there should be no hedges in the country, for we all know what amazing results in the increase of stock emanate from two or three years' driving.

The result of the experiment shows clearly what can be achieved by patience, perseverance and knowledge, and is one upon which I venture to congratulate all those who were in any way connected with it.

"THE MOST DIFFICULT SHOT I HAVE EVER HAD".

Two Hits at 600 Yards—and then My Longest Chase after a Wounded Animal

By SIR ALFRED PEASE, Bart.

I BELIEVE the majority of persons who, if asked to answer the question, "What is the most difficult shot you ever had?" would say it was one most perplexing to answer.

In the case of anyone like myself, whose first twenty years of experience with big game was in the days of "500" Express, "Magnum 577," 10- and 8-bore rifles, and of heavy charges of black powder, there is no doubt that all the most difficult shots belong to that period.

The modern small-bore rifles make shooting far easier because the trajectory is very much flatter and because they are so handy and the recoil reduced enormously.

As regards the "kick," I remember, when suddenly encountering a rhinoceros in Somaliland with an 8-bore, I instinctively cocked both barrels, although at any other moment I would have remembered "never to do it." Both barrels went off with a great explosion when I touched the trigger, and though the rhino was killed I, too, went down a great bang on my back.

When I come to consider the most difficult successful shots I have had, I must in truth ascribe them to luck and put them down as flukes. An Arab shikari with whom I was debating this point after I had bowled over a galloping gazelle at some 220 yards, simply ascribed every hit and every miss to the "will of Allah," and in justification of his creed said:

"I once shot at a gazelle about 80 paces off and my gun (a flint-lock) missed fire. I primed the pan a second time and the gazelle stood still and again it flashed-in-the-pan and missed fire. I repeated this for the third time and it again missed fire, and then the gazelle bolted. I then saw a hare close to where the gazelle had been, and I primed for the fourth time, fired, and killed the hare. Allah willed the gazelle should live and that the hare should die."

I can, however, give an example of a very difficult day's work with difficult shots which stand out in my memories of Kenya.

Anyone who knows Simba on the Uganda Railway will have some idea of what the heat was like on one of the hottest days of the year. I was camped with the late Sir Edmund Loder at Mwasangombi, some fifteen miles north of Simba. A lion's roar woke me up at dawn, so I started off with no very definite object beyond getting some meat for our hungry porters and keeping out of Loder's way, for his heart was set on a big bull giraffe, and for several days neither of us had seen anything but cows.

I had with me my gunbearer, my syce, a slow but hard Syrian Arab horse, my water bottle and Kodak, as well as my .256 and .404 rifles. I had not wandered far into the bush when I came on a herd of waterbuck. I knocked down a good male—but no one eats, if he can get anything else, waterbuck meat, so I pushed out towards the barer hills and plains, up a ravine shaded overhead by dense jungle.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH LIONS

The floor was silver sand, padded up and down with a great variety of game tracks, including those of lions, leopards and small mammals. When I got out of the jungle on to the little hills I "jumped" two lions. I was riding at the time, but my horse was no good for riding lions to bay, and before I had got to my feet and taken my .404 they were 400 yards off and galloping like enormous mastiffs.

I fired two shots at 500 yards, but both bullets fell short. The lion which I had shot at went up a rocky hill, and as he did so he put up two more large and maneless lions like himself. I went up in pursuit until they all three stopped, grunting in some high grass out of sight. It was not easy to get up to them, and I declined my gunbearer Chungo's urge to make a full frontal attack on the position. I had had enough of following excited lions into long grass, and regarded it as a mug's game.

The heat was now terrific, for it was midday, and I sat down and scanned the plain with my glass. I spotted a solitary bull wildebeest under a tree and decided he was the biggest I had ever seen.

The plain was dead flat without any kind of cover, but I attempted a stalk, and although I tried hard in the sweltering heat to get near, he spotted me crawling when I was some 500 yards off, and he made off. I fired at him at about 600 yards range and hit him twice with my .256, but this only accelerated his pace. In a few minutes I got my horse, and then began my longest chase of a wounded animal.

BAD VISIBILITY AND QUAKING HEAT

In those vast spaces with bad visibility, of quaking heat, the only chance of getting him was to keep him in sight. I had two horses at home—too valuable to bring into fly country—with which I had galloped down unwounded wildebeest, but I galloped miles and miles on my Syrian without gaining on this one, until at length my horse was "clean cooked."

I continued the pursuit on foot, and the wildebeest slackened his pace. I got to within 400 yards of him and he stood for a minute to look at me. I had a shot, this time with a solid bullet, which hit him, but he made off once more and I after him. At last he lay down about half a mile off. Keeping a welcome ant-hill between us, I reached the ant-hill, peeped over it and saw some of his fore-end 200 yards away and, from there, I put a bullet through his heart.

It was now near sunset. I had drunk the last drop in my bottle about noon, my horse and men were far away, and I was thoroughly done up. I trusted the men, when they turned up, to guide us to camp, but they went wrong, and I had a try, and in the dark—more by luck than good management—we came on to it.

This bull was the biggest I ever saw killed. His horns were nothing phenomenal, but I measured him with my tape-measure, and I hardly dare record the result! He girthed 5ft. 10in. behind the elbows, and from the sole of his hoof to the top of his withers without pulling his leg (or the reader's) he measured 56in.



South African Railways

WILDEBEEST AT THE WATERHOLE: A SCENE IN KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, WHERE THE VISITOR MAY SEE MANY OF SOUTH AFRICA'S FINEST WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATURAL SURROUNDINGS



A SCRUM BREAKING UP. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE GOAL AND TWO OF THE PLAYERS' HORSES

RUGBY UNDER DIFFICULTIES

How the Game is Played on the Sandy Wastes of the Waziristan Frontier

THERE ARE SOME PARTS of the world where, at first sight, one would never think of playing rugby football. Such a place is Wana, in Waziristan.

It is about fifteen miles from the Afghan border, and lies on a stony plain surrounded by mountains. All the ground in the immediate vicinity of the camp, and most of the rest, is as hard as the average road, and much more unpleasant to fall on, owing to loose stones and boulders. The remainder is either cultivated land or sandy waste.

From meagre crops grown on the former, the local inhabitants supplement the generous pay given them by the "Political" in return for nominal services as "khassadars," and it is therefore inviolable. The latter appears at first sight to be as hard as the proverbial brick, and is rendered more formidable by a tough scrub of rather the same consistency as heather, and by camel thorn.

Furthermore, any patches of this type are a long way out of camp, and such things as goal posts would be too much of a temptation for the local Pathan not to appropriate them for his own uses.

However, it takes more than superficial difficulties to prevent Englishmen playing what, in the opinion at least of those who play it, is the best of all games. Wana is garrisoned by an Indian Infantry Brigade in which the only British troops are some 50 of the Signals and Armoured Cars, and Indian Army officers.

FINDING TEAMS

When the idea of rugby was first broached it was not received with overwhelming enthusiasm, though there were plenty of volunteers for referee and linesmen. Nevertheless, after a little gentle persuasion some 28 players were found, including a major who had not played for ten years, and who, incidentally, turned out to be about the best forward on the field.

A game was arranged for the first rainy day in the hope that the ground might be a little softer then. Unfortunately, when the weather did at last oblige, a Brigade inspection interfered. The game was postponed till next day, by which time the sun had baked the ground as hard as ever, but after some misgivings it was decided to play.

To prepare the field, a party of Indian sappers with picks and shovels marched out an hour before the game, with an escort of "khassadars," armed ruffians without whose protection unarmed persons may not venture outside the vicinity of the camp.

The difficulty of marking out the ground was overcome by using flags on light bamboo poles 7ft. long to show the touch and twenty-five lines. Portable goal posts consisted of bamboos about 15ft. long, with a cord as a cross-bar. Camel thorn and casual stones were removed, and furrows marked out with a pickaxe to serve as try-lines.

An amusing incident during the first game shows the nature of the ground. A player was having some difficulty in making a hole in which to place the ball for converting a try, when a sapper on the touch-line, anxious to help, doubled out with a pickaxe to lend a hand. The first game showed that, although hardly comparable to the Twickenham turf, the ground was not quite as unpleasant as it looked, and other games followed.

Arranging these games is not an easy task. To start with, the players who are relied on to make up the scanty thirteen or fourteen a side, go on leave, or get measles. Then a local inhabitant almost invariably turns up, as the field is being prepared, with a "grouse," in the hope of getting a little "baksheesh." One complained that his crops would be damaged, although the nearest were well out of range of the strongest kick to touch.

"WHY PUT-IT THE BALL?"

Another, whose village is more than half a mile away, has been known to say that he would suffer great shame if the game took place, as his women sometimes take exercise on the same ground. After holding forth for some five minutes his breath usually gives out, and he fades away, muttering.

The sappers who prepare the ground are usually much interested. One who speaks a little English thought it a very good game, but said he could not understand why one "put-it the ball"—a somewhat original description of scoring a try. Local Pathans are also much amused by the game. They probably think that people who throw each other about on hard ground in pursuit of a queer-shaped piece of leather are quite mad; but then their own habit of murdering one another without any tangible reason strikes Europeans as equally strange.

As the ground is some distance from the camp, some players arrive by lorry along a rough track, some on horseback, and others, more energetic—or unfortunate—on foot. Once the game starts there is no shirking, and everyone goes as hard as on grass.

After the final whistle, the goal posts and flags are pulled up, and within half-an-hour all the players are safely inside the barbed wire, washing the dust out of their throats according to their different tastes. Nothing is left to show that rugby has ever been played in such an unfavourable locality, about which the inhabitants themselves say that when the world was made, all the odd bits left over were collected and dropped in one place—Waziristan.

ROWAN STACK.





Photographs by Arora Bros., of Bannu

AT THE WANA RUGBY GROUND

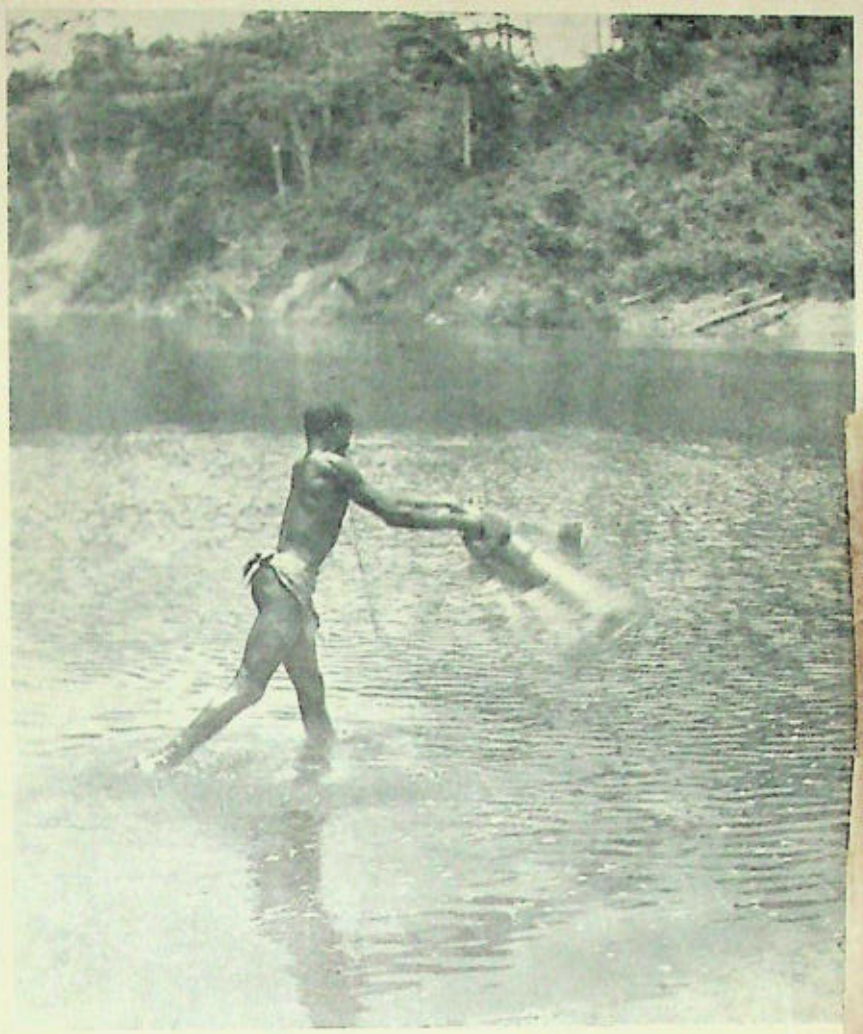
Top: A line-out, showing one of the flags used for marking the touch and twenty-five lines.
Bottom: Players arriving by lorry, with the camp in the background

THE NET THROWER

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BEGINNING THE CAST



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—AND SPREADING OVER THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

Net-casting for fish in Sierra Leone is a highly developed art among the natives. The net has leads round the edge, which can be seen in the top left-hand picture, and it is thrown so as to open out like a parachute. In the dry season, when the water is low, as in these photographs, the leads hold the net spread out on the bottom; and the fisherman, or more usually his attendant small children, can then easily seize any fish caught underneath it. In deep water the net falls together on itself like a closed umbrella, imprisoning any fish that happen to come within the circle of leads.



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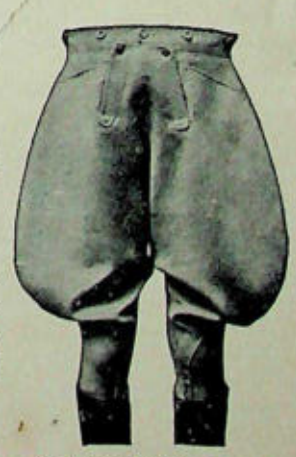
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SOME MEMORIES OF POLO IN THE EMPIRE

My First Pony—From Gibraltar to Meerut—Mr. Winston Churchill's Pluck

By Lt.-Col. T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

WITHIN A WEEK of joining the 24th Regt. (South Wales Borderers) at Gibraltar, at the latter end of 1896, I was watching Fred Gray knocking a ball about on a grey Barb pony at the North Front, and was fascinated. Before I was many days older Bunny Casson, one of the company commanders, had fitted me out—for a fiver—with a snow white Arab called Whitehawk, who followed the ball quietly and patiently, regardless of my jabbing him in the mouth and hitting him over the legs. He never attempted to pull or shy off the ball; on the contrary, he did his best to let me hit it. He was old and had lost his dash and speed, but for me, an absolute beginner, he was perfection. It is hard to appreciate what I owe to Casson and Whitehawk. Would that it were possible for every young officer to get a similar start, to gain confidence and with it that keenness so essential not only to success but even to enjoyment.

And then try to imagine the surroundings and the atmosphere. The regiment had brought 40 ponies with them from Cairo. Just think of it, you infantry officers of to-day who are keen on a horse. Doesn't it make you green with envy? There is no doubt that fellows then were far better off than they are now—financially, I mean—and just as important, or more so; the great majority were bachelors. Soldiering as we know it now just did not exist; in any case, it must be more or less of a farce at a place like Gibraltar, where it is necessarily confined to ceremonial. Consequently we officers were able to devote our attention to hunting with the Calpe Hounds, polo, racing and race riding. A wonderful opportunity to "start" life.

A HAUNTING EXPERIENCE

My first chukker of polo—or, rather, what I thought was going to be my first—still haunts me. I was actually climbing on to Whitehawk, frightfully nervous, when someone, I forget who, shouted to me that another fellow wanted to play and that I was to wait. In a way it was a relief and a disappointment combined, which in a few minutes had turned into a positive godsend.

In that very chukker poor Winwood, of the Gunners, whose brother in the 5th D.G.'s I knew afterwards at Meerut and later in the War, was fatally injured. Had I been playing I should have felt—and others would have shared my opinion—that in some way or other, due to my inexperience, I had been the cause of the accident. Never since then—in a good hour be it spoken—have I witnessed a fatal accident.

The regiment won the Gibraltar Tournament that year with ridiculous ease, and in due course we found ourselves at Meerut—to my mind, the best all-round sporting station in India. Except for the colonel's charger, no ponies accompanied us, all remaining on the "Rock" as the result of a very satisfactory sale. Dear old Whitehawk went to Charlie Larios, the Master of the Calpe Hounds, for 20 Spanish pounds, and, I believe, was just as invaluable to his young son as he had been to me.

It was an awful business to get mounted in India. Prices seemed enormous for trained ponies compared to what we had been accustomed at Gibraltar, although nothing approaching what they became in a few years. W. E. B. Smith and Gray were not long in going off to Bombay to the Arab stables there, and brought back a batch of a dozen, most of which turned out well. What wonderful fellows those two were, the idols of my youth; not only were they really tip-top soldiers, but they were absolutely first-class horsemen, and, moreover, horsemasters, too—a very much rarer combination than is usually imagined. They taught me the little I know, and they and Casson steered me into the path in which I have striven to tread ever since.

PLAYING A PONY IN A SNAFFLE

Meanwhile ponies were being picked up by ones and twos, here, there and everywhere. My first was Khanamur, a bay Arab which I bought for Rs600 from Pomeroy (5th D.G.'s), followed soon afterwards by a little dun waler called Tupaki, incidentally the only pony I have ever owned that I played in a tournament in a snaffle, a topping little mare with a stump of a tail that I got from Maxwell (2nd Bengal Lancers), who, may years later, was my brigadier during the War.

The height measurement at this time was 13.3. How tiny that seems now, and yet what control players had over the ball, and what splendid games those little ponies gave us!

The Durham Light Infantry, under De Lisle's tuition, were at that time top dog in the soldier polo world, and won the Inter-Regimental three years running—1896, '97 and '98—defeating the 5th D.G.'s, 16th Lancers and 4th D.G.'s respectively in the finals of those years. This is a record that is never likely to be beaten by an infantry regiment, but was a tremendous encouragement to us.

The following year—1899—in the absence of the Durhams, the 4th Hussars were the winners. They are the only regiment who have won the Inter-Regimental from the Madras Presidency (they came from Bangalore). Their success was, to a large extent, due to the fact that the famous Golconda side, which included that wizard Mirza Beg, was then at its zenith, and the 4th had the great advantage of practising against them.

DUTY OF FIRST FORWARD

Those of us who have only seen Mr. Winston Churchill playing of recent years in members' games at the three London clubs—especially at Rochampton—will perhaps be surprised to learn that he was No. 1 in that victorious 4th Hussar side, and, what is more, played with his left arm in a sling, due to a dislocated collar-bone. He "went" in those days—as one might expect—and was a tiger at riding off, which, with "off-side" in force, was far and away the most important duty of the first forward, and, as I was always hoping to be one myself some day, I watched his performance with the greatest interest.



FINALISTS IN THE INDIAN INFANTRY POLO TOURNAMENT

Last year the finalists in the Indian Infantry Polo Tournament, played at Bareilly, were the 2nd Goorkhas and the 60th Rifles, the former being the victors by 5 goals to 3, so winning the cup for the second time. Their previous victory was in 1914, and they are the only regiment in the Indian Army which have won the cup. The 1st Bn. 60th Rifles won the cup in 1928, and they have the distinction of being the runners-up for three years in succession

The figures in the photograph are: Back row—Capt. C. G. Toogood (2nd Goorkhas), Mr. W. L. Walton (2nd Goorkhas), Capt. C. M. H. Wingfield (60th Rifles), Mr. S. Whitbread (60th Rifles), Lord Grenfell (60th Rifles). Seated—Capt. G. H. D. Woolcombe (2nd Goorkhas), Capt. O. de T. Lorett (2nd Goorkhas), Capt. G. E. R. C. Osborne (60th Rifles), Capt. E. F. Campbell (60th Rifles)

We bought several ponies from the 4th after their victory, including a couple of very nice Walers belonging to Winston, and, with their aid, to the amazement of the polo world in general, we won the infantry tournament in Umbala that year, eighteen months after arrival in the country.

THE GLAD TIDINGS OF VICTORY

The 7th Fusiliers had a real good side and had put up a remarkably good performance in the inter-regimental; they were confidently expected to win the Infantry Cup "on their heads." Whether they were a bit stale, or what it was, I do not know, but the 24th defeated them after a terrific struggle—our one and only victory for this coveted trophy. The following team represented the regiment:

1, Capt. S. F. Cooke (whose son plays No. 1). 2, Capt. (now General) W. E. B. Smith (for the 17/21st Lancers). 3, Mr. (now General A. J. Reddie. Back, Mr. F. W. Gray (killed in the War).

I had the honour of being "waiting man," and I do not think I have ever felt prouder. I ran up and down the touch-line like a lunatic shrieking imprecations at the players, cursing the syces, and the moment the match was over jumped into a tikka gharri and drove to the telegraph office to send the glad tidings to the regiment. It was a wonderful start to our career in India, and, although

(*Continued on page* 20)

FELL HUNTING IN INDIA

Great Sport with a Mixed Pack—An Ingenuous Fox—Meet at Viceregal Lodge

By LIEUT.-COL. A. V. T. WAKELY, M.C., R.E.

IN SIMLA, during the summer of 1930, an interesting experiment in fell hunting was tried—an experiment made, it is believed, for the first time in India. During the monsoon it is difficult to get proper exercise, riding or tennis being almost out of the question, but fell hunting on foot is possible in spite of the weather.

The Delhi Foxhounds, of which I had the honour of being Master, summer in Simla and were available for use. It would, however, have been courting disaster to take the whole pack out in the Simla country since the hounds would almost certainly have run clean away from us, necessitating spending the night out looking for them. The pack eventually selected for fell hunting consisted of three couple of foxhounds carefully chosen as the slowest in the pack and to be relied upon not to lose themselves, and three couple of nondescripts. These latter ranged from small foxterriers to pointers. George Chapman, of fell hunting fame, would have looked askance at this motley crowd, but they showed wonderful sport.

Simla is 8,000ft. above sea level, within easy reach of the snows of the Himalayas, and we hunted over the large and numerous spurs thrown out from the main Simla ridge. These spurs are, to say the least, precipitous: very steep wooded slopes with stone shoots and cliffs making going treacherous and dangerous both for hounds and followers, and one has but to cross a stone shoot with hounds in full cry to realise what such places are like. The secret of keeping hounds in sight is always to remain on high ground and never descend until, without any possibility of doubt, it appears necessary to do so.

We hunted jackals and foxes. The foxes were very big and strong, much larger than the average English fox. They could move up a steep hill with an ease and rhythm delightful to watch, and as they had never been hunted before they did some curious things.

SCENT GOOD BUT ROUGH GOING

One day we came upon a fox rather unexpectedly. He saw us and proceeded to set us. One knows how one dog will set another by crouching on all fours in an expectant attitude. The fox did exactly the same, making a pretty sight. The approach of the hounds, however, made him think of safety, and he ambled away, stopping frequently to see how his pursuers were getting on! We watched this game for about two miles. It is indeed seldom that one gets such a view of a hunt.

Needless to say, we never killed any of the foxes. With our pack it would have been impossible to do so, and I think even the Coniston fell hounds would have found it difficult. Scent was invariably good, but the steep and rough going, the remarkable strength and agility of the foxes, and the numerous inaccessible rocks in which the quarry could get to ground when pressed, made the task of killing a formidable one.

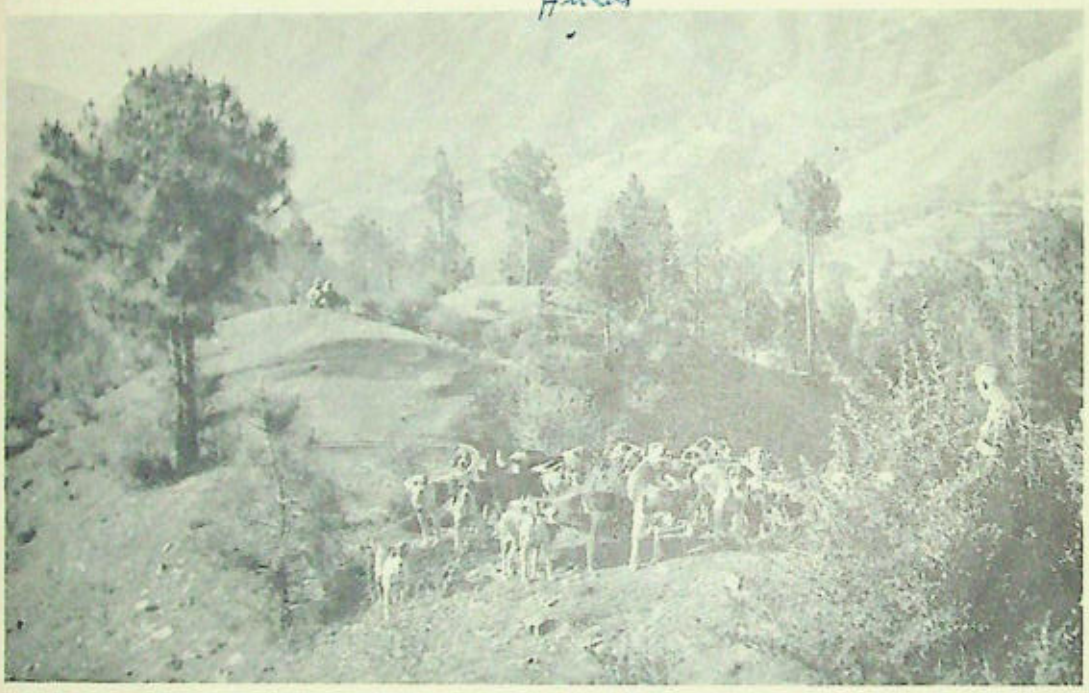
The fields were large and enthusiastic. The then Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and H.E. the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Birdwood, attended regularly, and there was a field of 65 at the final meet of the season. One meet marked a great occasion, as it was the first time in history that foxhounds had met at Viceregal Lodge.

1,000FT. CLIMB IN THE RUN

We had good runs every day we hunted, the distances as hounds ran varying from three to eight miles, in addition to which there was usually a climb of a thousand feet or so involved. As an instance of the strenuous nature of the hunting it is on record that two whippers-in, having been sent to collect some hounds, turned up two hours later. When asked how many hounds they had their reply was, "Ourselves and half a couple, all exhausted!" On another occasion most of the field had to abandon the chase to rescue one of their number who was up to his armpits in a stone shoot and could not get out!

We met every Saturday afternoon during the rains. After three hours' hunting we usually had had more than enough, but it must be stated that we never lost a single hound.

In some parts of India, where riding is impracticable, great sport can be obtained from fell hunting by anyone who is keen enough to go in for this exhausting pursuit.



THE PACK IN TYPICAL FELL-HUNTING COUNTRY

POLO ROUND THE EMPIRE

Continued from page 19

we were never quite able to live up to it, we were always there or thereabouts during the whole of our tour.

We moved to Chakrata for the summer months—a tiny little station in the Himalayas. Beyond a doctor, padre and forest officer, there was no one else besides ourselves. We discovered a comparatively flat spot five or six miles away which was converted into a polo ground of sorts, and there every Thursday (the weekly Indian [illegible] and Sunday until the rains broke. It was a family picnic to which we all looked forward and thoroughly enjoyed; without it we should have been bored stiff on that lonely mountain top. The next cold weather we spent at Dehra Dun instead of Meerut, and had wonderful polo with the 2nd Gurkhas—the most sporting of Indian infantry regiments—and the Imperial Cadet Corps, who, inaugurated by the late Lord Curzon, were then in their glory.

The cadets were young rajahs and noblemen, and polo was automatically part of their instruction. That summer I spent at Kasauli, near Simla, doing a signalling course, and from there played in my first winning tournament on the tiny little Subathu ground, at which place the North Staffords were then stationed.

It was only three aside—no room for more—but it was the greatest fun, and we signallers—Ginger Baird, Stiggins, Stainforth and I—beat the Gordons in the final. I still look with pride at the little cup presented to me on that occasion.

THE CRADLE OF POLO

The next winter, as inspector of signalling, I had to travel the length and breadth of Punjab and Bengal inspecting the various regimental signal[illegible]. During the course of my peregrinations I found myself in Assam and played polo one afternoon at Manipur, the cradle of the game. The ponies, which were about 11 hands in height, were so covered by their huge saddles and trappings that they could scarcely be seen. An Indian regiment was stationed there, so the Manipuri players had adapted themselves to our rules with the one exception that nothing on earth could stop them crooking an opponent's stick across his pony's back. One of the ponies lent me took complete charge, and I was a passenger, but the other was a gem on which I felt I could "juggle" with the ball. It was the greatest fun, and crowds of inhabitants watched the game.

On my return to the regiment, which was then at Peshawar (another first-class station), we had any amount of good polo.

The guides, whose permanent home was at Mardan (a lovely oasis in that khaki drab-looking Punjab) were a first-class polo-playing corps, their infantry being at that time, every bit as good as their cavalry. Mardan being quite close to Peshawar, we met them in all local tournaments, and there was never more than a goal or two between us. What a good regiment they were, and, I am sure, still are. Their *esprit de corps* was just wonderful. We looked upon them and the 2nd Gurkhas as the pick of the Indian Army—and after all these years I see no reason for altering out opinion.

They were both absolutely magnificent at manœuvres and in all forms of soldiering, and the officers spent all their pay on ponies instead of poodlefaking and short drinks, while motor cars had not then been invented. Happy days!



A MEET AT GREY'S BUNGALOW, NO. 10, THE PARK

WHAT KENYA OFFERS THE SETTLER

Cheap Living in a Good Climate, No Income Tax and a Variety of Excellent Sport

THOSE WHO HAVE VISITED one of the many places in France or Italy where retired naval and military men settle with their wives and families in order to avoid the fogs and taxes of England, cannot help feeling that, given equally pleasant conditions, the majority would prefer to live under the British flag.

Such men, accustomed to a full and active life in the past, undoubtedly find a certain difficulty in filling in the day with golf and bridge, and are often harassed by petty annoyances and taxes of a foreign Government, as well as the adverse rate of exchange. Moreover they mostly live in hotels or furnished houses, which never really fulfil the many requirements of a home of their own.

Kenya, on the other hand, is an amazingly pleasant place to live in, and offers a home with plenty of sport and games, and a better and fuller life than can be found in almost any country in the world, whilst there is an available choice of profitable occupations that would appeal to the average out-of-door man and woman.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE COUNTRY

Some years ago an article appeared in a Service journal, written by a distinguished artilleryman who had recently vacated a command at Aldershot. This article, which set forth a fair picture of farm life in Kenya, partly influenced the present writer to go out and see for himself; a step which, after five years' residence in the country, he has never regretted taking.

Of the many advantages Kenya possesses are cheap living, freedom from income tax and an unrivalled climate. Given a little money and a love of country life, it is difficult to imagine a country that offers greater variety of climate, sport, occupation and scenery, and to the average retired soldier or sailor who is looking for a permanent home, one that can be made self-supporting.

Living in a town or an hotel is no cheaper than in England, but being on a farm or small place of one's own in the country is possible at about one-quarter of the cost of a similar standard in England. At least, that is the experience of the writer and his wife.

Most amusements and sports that in other countries are prohibited can be enjoyed in Kenya for next to nothing.

To the big game shooting—perhaps the best in the world—must be added excellent trout fishing in practically all the highland streams; hunting jackal and buck with imported foxhounds and harriers in several districts; polo nearly everywhere, as good as station polo in India; racing all the year round, both flat and 'chasing; pig-sticking; whilst in every town golf, tennis and social clubs abound.

To the cheapness of living in the country districts must be added the fact that the African makes an excellent servant, and one sees on every hand the most comfortable and charming homes and gardens that have been built and laid out in a remarkably short space of time.

Another attraction is the variety of climate and temperature to be had in a comparatively small area. At 8,000ft. or 9,000ft. above sea-level one experiences a mild English climate with an occasional frost at night. Descending to between 3,000ft. and 5,000ft., the soil is more fertile with tropical vegetation, but perhaps between 6,000ft. and 8,000ft. is the ideal altitude, and at these heights are to be found the majority of farms.

At most altitudes one is very glad of a fire at dusk, and sundown is the sociable hour when neighbours often drop in for a cocktail round the blazing wood fire. The sun is never unpleasant, and on the hottest days there is usually a breeze, and whilst several blankets are essential at night, a mosquito net is seldom necessary above 6,000ft. In fact, Kenya's climate is often described as the most perfect in the world, resembling a permanent English summer day of the old-fashioned kind.

Among the many tribes of the country "Kitchen Swahili" is the *lingua franca*, but this need hold no terrors to the new arrival, for a vocabulary of about fifty words and no grammar whatever will carry him anywhere.

It is curious that more serving soldiers from India do not spend a leave in this colony, as the shooting must compare most favourably with that obtainable in India, both as regards variety of game and expense (a licence is issued at a reduced rate of 25 per cent. to a serving soldier), and there are many excellent hotels in all parts of the country.

The geographical situation of Kenya is seldom fully appreciated, for the journey from London takes about a week by air, and less than three times as long for boat and rail.

For a short leave from Kenya, India, Ceylon and the Far East are quite accessible, and Zanzibar, the Seychelles and Uganda for a holiday of two or three weeks, almost next door. Also Mombasa and smaller places along the coast offer a change by the sea with fishing and bathing.

This brief description of life in Kenya may possibly appear too enthusiastic, yet the writer has neither axe to grind nor land to sell; he is merely trying to convey some idea of the advantages of life in the colony. It is his hope that the foregoing may prove of interest to those who seek, in these hard times, a home under the Crown where money still goes a long way. ROCKET TROOP.



S. H. Carnelley

A SETTLER'S HOME IN KENYA—AND NOT, AS ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE, A COUNTRY HOUSE IN ENGLAND



Kenya Tea Co.

NATIVES PLUCKING TEA ON A KERICHO ESTATE

TEA CULTIVATION IN KENYA

A Comparison with Indian Gardens

THE CULTIVATION of tea in Kenya has only recently been taken up seriously, but it has been proved beyond doubt that certain districts in the colony are capable of producing tea in quantity and quality.

London experts have reported favourably on samples sent to them, and it was encouraging to observe that a certain well-known firm of tea-brokers exhibited Kenya tea—and took orders for it—at the recent British Industries Fair at Olympia.

It was not until 1924 that a start was made with tea in the North and South Kericho districts, and soon after two large tea-growing companies purchased blocks of land and commenced operations.

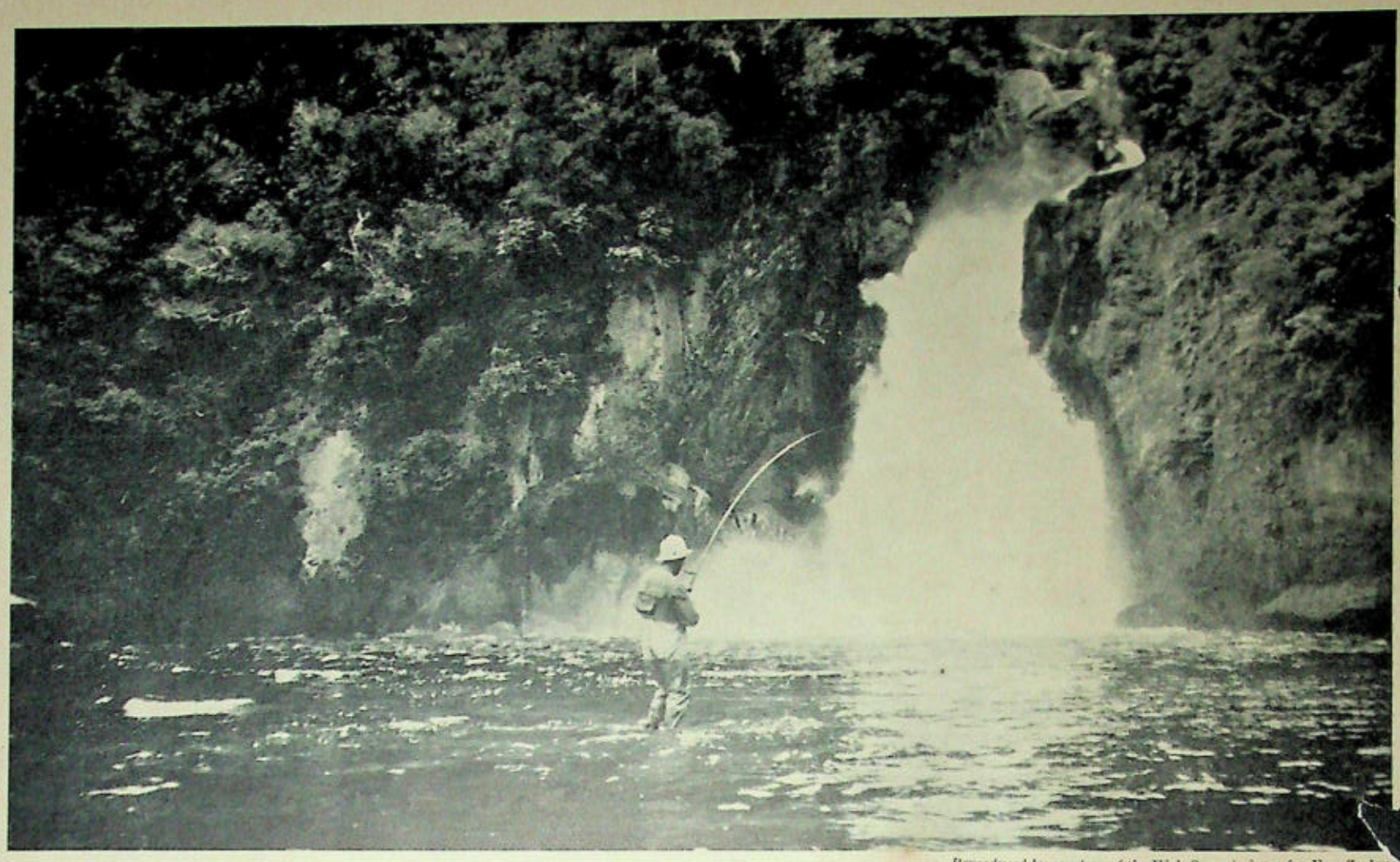
At one time it seemed doubtful whether the all-important question of an adequate labour supply could be solved, but this difficulty is gradually being overcome, and if the problem can be tackled economically and efficiently there is no reason why future developments on a large scale should not be realised.

PRODUCTION COSTS OVER THREE YEARS

Regarding the yield of tea, at least 800lb. per acre is possible, and the growth being quicker than in India, a bush two-and-a-half years old comes into bearing, and is in full bearing in four to five years. It will thus be seen that this compares more than favourably with India, where bushes are not plucked till they are four to five years old, and even then very scantily.

Taking into consideration the purchase price of land, erection of a factory, houses, etc., the cost of production over a period of three years cannot be estimated at less than £60 to £70 per acre. Supposing, therefore, that a 300-acre estate is developed over a period of three years a certain yield of tea would be obtained in the third year, a portion of the expense of bringing the estate into full bearing being thus borne by the estate itself, and more in each subsequent year. It can therefore be reasonably accepted that the actual guarantee of capital required would be about £40 to £50 per acre.

CHAIFUNDI.



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WAIHAHA FALLS, LAKE TAUPO, WHERE SOME OF THE FINEST FISHING IN THE WORLD CAN BE OBTAINED

CATCHING AND COOKING YOUR TROUT ON THE LINE

Curiosities of New Zealand's Thermal Areas

By CUTHBERT BURGOYNE

FISHERMEN AND GOLFERS are privileged raconteurs. New Zealand, however, justifies the title of "a fisherman's paradise," and gives few excuses for exaggeration in the telling of a good fishing story.

Although I have thrice carried a rod box around the world and missed no opportunity to use it, my experience has usually been unavoidably restricted. I have, however, thrown a fly in many countries.

Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver, is a glorious land of sport that may be enjoyed in exquisite surroundings and is a reasonable distance from old England. The North Island of New Zealand, however, stands alone, whether coast-line, river or lake, from swordfish and sharks to great fighting trout, as bonny and as plucky as the salmon of the North.

It is since the War that a few prominent big game fishers started to show the world something of the possibilities in the waters around Bay of Islands and Cape Brett. Here swordfish have been fought and caught weighing many hundred pounds upon rod and light flaxen line, and early last year Mr. H. White-Wickham, one of the founders of the New Zealand Club, secured the N.Z. record mako shark, that turned the scales at 798lb.—a worthy antagonist for a 135lb. man!

LAKE TAUPO

Such fishing is, of course, a magnificent and outstanding sport that requires fitness, skill and money, and is therefore not a practical possibility to every fisherman who travels far afield.

My own experience of New Zealand does not go beyond the trout. These may be caught in many rivers and lakes throughout the country, and are, both in size and quantity, enough to bring joy to the soul of every enthusiast. Space only permits of a sketchy reference, and I shall confine myself to an experience at Lake Taupo, which is possibly the most notable fishing lake in the world. It is in the centre of the volcanic area of the North Island.

My wife, two sons and I intended to make our way through the fascinating and often awe-inspiring thermal districts from the South, starting, in fact, with Lake Taupo. We got off the Wellington express at Waimerino in a snowstorm late at night, and the following morning motored over a very rough track for 45 miles through interesting scrub of Manuka and Giant Flax (*Phormium*), skirted the smoking slopes of the grumbling volcanoes Tongariro and Ngaruhoe, and had a fine view of Ruapehu. At unimportant Tokaanu, a tiny township on the lake, we boarded a small puffing billy that chugged us down the 200 square mile lake to Taupo at the farther end. Here we found comfort and hospitality at the Terraces Hotel.

The hotel is upon a prominence, and 100yds. behind, in a little gully, are boiling springs that had been conduited to bath-houses—a veritable joy after a long day's outing. Everywhere are evidences of volcanic activity. Many of the lake-side beaches are composed of pebbles of pumice that float away merrily in the breeze when thrown by handfuls into the water.

BURNING SAND

The warm water from the small valley behind the hotel flows down to the lake, and at a temperature of a warm bath mixes with the cold waters at a point where there is a sandy foreshore a few hundred yards in length. This sand is too hot, especially in patches, to thrust one's hand into, and heavy soled boots are an essential; whilst, should the wind be offshore, the water for several yards out from the sand is almost boiling. Rainbow trout up to 5lb. roll over joyously where the warm water of the stream meets the cold, about 30yds. from the shore line.

Using a split cane Hardy rod and tackle of the lightest, I caught many good fish at the mouth of the warm stream with any of the common flies, such as March brown, coachman, or black gnat, for these lake rainbows are not particular.

On one memorable morning I caught, at this point, a 3-pounder that immediately rushed out into the cold water of the lake. I played it back through the hot water along the shore, and it, of course, reached my hand dead. Without changing my position I beheaded and cleaned it and buried it in the hot sand between my feet. Twenty minutes later, after I had landed three more fine fish, I found my first was done to a turn in the natural cooker upon which we stood, and my son and I ate it.

There is a wonderfully active thermal area within three miles of Rotorua, 60 miles farther north, called Whakarewarewa (an unpronounceable word which means "floating canoe" in Maori), where I saw a man catch a fish in a little trout stream, raise it from the water and drop it, still on the hook, into a natural "boiling pot" 6ft. away.

At Whaka all food is cooked by Nature and clothes are boiled in one waterhole and rinsed in adjoining cold water. The well-worn local joke that the wild ducks lay hard-boiled eggs seems a possibility when one glances around at the steaming countryside.

ENCOURAGING NATIVE FISH

The average size of the rainbow trout (*S. irideus*) of Taupo has greatly varied during the years. I was there in 1920, and from my notes I see that upon one day we caught 31 fish of an average of just over 3½lb., the largest 6lb., whilst on another day, with eighteen fish, the average was just over 4lb. The official average for 1919 was 3½lb.

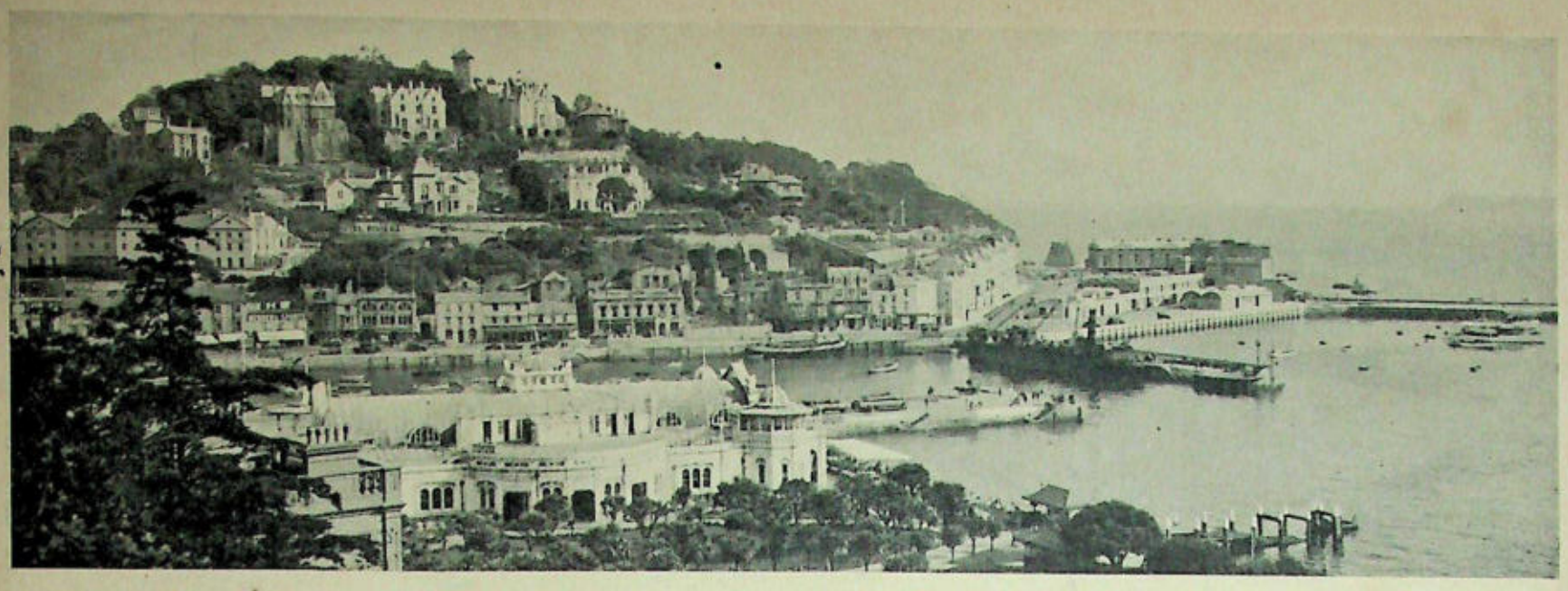
In 1911 the average was over 10lb., and the late Sir Thomas Mackenzie, whose first Government appointment included fisheries, informed me that prior to 1911 the average was much higher.

The authorities became anxious at the reduced size of the fish, and after the War decided to net 80 tons of trout during spawning season at the mouths of the rivers entering the lake, to enable the native fish to increase and augment the natural food supplies of the trout.

I understand that the result is a considerable increase in the average weight.

To all fishermen who are lucky enough to visit New Zealand I say "Do not fail to take a rod, as magnificent fishing may be your reward." Fishing can be obtained without trouble in lake or river, and the scenery is generally such as will add immense happiness to the glory of the sport.

Royal Tournament, 1932.—His Majesty will open the Royal Tournament at Olympia next Wednesday, May 25th, and most probably will be accompanied by the Queen. A triple Guard of Honour, composed of 300 men from the Royal Navy, Regular Army and Royal Air Force, with the King's Colours and accompanied by Royal Navy, Foot Guards and Royal Air Force bands, will be mounted to receive His Majesty. Other members of the Royal Family will attend on subsequent dates. Amongst the many items of an attractive programme will be three rides, a motor cycle display by the Royal Corps of Signals, a battery drive, an inter-Service tug-of-war, a fast field gun competition and a river combat at a bridge, whilst this year's historical pageant marks a departure from the battle set-piece, and will be based on Welsh history and legend. The scene will be Caernarvon Castle, the Court of Edward I., and the presentation of the King's infant son to the Welsh Chieftains as their Prince.



TORQUAY—THE GREATEST OF ALL DEVON'S RESORTS

EXETER AND THE SEA TOWNS OF DEVON

Along the Southern Coast from Sidmouth to Plymouth

WHEN we go to Devonshire for health or holiday, or both, we instantly find ourselves in the grip of history and romance. We in the land of Drake and Raleigh and Gilbert, and many another name famous in England's maritime history. Nor is its domestic romance less alluring than that which it owes to its sailors, and, travelling from the East, very soon after entering it we find ourselves in "the ever faithful city" of Exeter, with its glorious cathedral, delightful old streets and variegated memories of war and peace, of trade and fashion.

Exeter is one of the half dozen most historic towns in England—Freeman, indeed, places it first on the roll of English cities. Its story may be traced for nearly 2,000 years, and what remains of its Rougemont Castle has been there for close upon half that time.

Its ancient town hall has a proud history, and it was in the heart of Exeter, in 1644, in the midst of civil war, that Queen Henrietta Maria gave birth to her youngest child. The beautiful and beloved but luckless Princess Henrietta Anne had the remarkable destiny, as Duchess of Orleans, of becoming the ancestress of nearly every person of true Royal birth now living. Thus Exeter may well claim to be the *souche* of all the world's royalty.

Once at Exeter one cannot do one's duty to the coast of Devon without a visit, long or short, to Sidmouth, a mere hop, skip and jump away. Sidmouth is a very pleasant place, and the Duke of Connaught spent the first part of last winter there, as the nearest approach he could find in England to the French Riviera. It is peculiarly fortunate in being geographically so placed that it is little affected by weather. It is a quiet place with quiet pleasures and opportunities of charming excursions to Salcombe Hill and other beauty spots; lovers of Thackeray may like to be reminded that Sidmouth is the Baymouth of *Pendennis*.

JANE AUSTEN'S DAWLISH

Starting again from Exeter the Great Western Railway will quickly take us to all the delightful places on this coast. First comes Dawlish in its sheltered valley between the Exe and the Teign, with a new and an old town, and abundant beauty all round—cliffs of deep red sandstone and lovely vegetation blooming luxuriantly. The bathing here is especially attractive.

Jane Austen thought that it was "rather surprising that anybody could live in Devonshire without living near Dawlish." No further testimonial seems to be needed. From Dawlish to Teignmouth are two or three of the most wonderful miles of railway in England. The line runs along the sea-wall with the waves lapping one side, while upon the other side the cliffs. Hence came Turner's idea for his famous picture, "Rain, Steam and Speed."

If Jane Austen knew something of Dawlish, Keats knew something of Teignmouth, for there he finished *Endymion*. Here we have a broad estuary and a little harbour, always lively, and picturesque streets, one of which—French Street—reminds us of the landing of the French in 1690, when on behalf of the exiled James II. they did much mischief. Good sands and bathing, sea-fishing and lovely walks are among the attractions. The Den is a favourite promenade, and the sheltered walk to Shaldon ever calls for repetition.

All this time the stars of Torquay have been shining in the distance, and when we reach it by way of Newton Abbot, Kingskerswell and Torre Abbey, we very soon ask ourselves whether anybody is left clever enough to coin new encomiums of a place which long ago exhausted the vocabulary of appreciation. Napoleon, who had seen so many beauty spots, longed to live there.

Walter Besant and Tennyson both thought it the loveliest town in England; a former Duke of Argyll declared that "its sole industry is the manufacture of health"; which could be said with almost equal truth of all the beautiful spots amid which we are revelling. Assuredly there is no more bright and cheerful town in England than Torquay, and thanks to the variety of its charm and the abundance of its distinctions, every temperament may be happy there.

It is impossible to write of Torquay without speaking of the famous Royal Torbay Yacht Club. This is much more than an organisation for sailing, for there is a clubhouse as comfortable as any London "temple of luxury and ease." Craft of all kinds may readily be hired, and the sea-fishing in Torbay is highly satisfying.

Paignton, next door, is at least as attractive in summer as in winter, and has long outgrown the injurious suspicion of being a mere suburb, or satellite, of Torquay. With its fine sands and esplanade, and its beautiful hinterland, especially charming in blossom-time, Paignton is a very jolly little place, which of late years has come more and more into favour.

Romantic-looking Dartmouth, just a little lower down the coast, from which that distinguished horse-marine, George Legge, took his peerage title—he was both a general and an admiral—stands on one side of the Dart, with Kingswear on the other. The prospect from the sea struck Queen Victoria as "lovely," and so it strikes everybody. Dartmouth has a high place in maritime history, for its men were doughty fighters of Corsairs, but to-day we think more of its beauty than its history.

DRAKE AND THE ARMADA

If we begin our run of the Channel coast of Devon with a preliminary glance at Exeter, we must needs finish it at Plymouth, which we may reach by more than one route from Dartmouth. Setting aside its importance as a modern metropolis, Plymouth holds a great place in the history of the English-speaking world.

Thence sailed Drake to meet the Armada; from its Barbican departed the Pilgrim Fathers to create a New England and become the foster-parent of America. Plymouth Hoe has been truly called the finest marine parade in the world, for to its admirable site it adds unapproachable historic renown.

GILBERT AVALON.



THE ELIZABETHAN GUILDHALL, EXETER



Blue Funnel Line

A VILLAGE SCENE NEAR COLOMBO, CEYLON

FOREIGN TRAVEL BY THE EMPIRE'S SHIPS

Cruising Among the Fjords and Cities of the North

"NORWAY FOR NOVELTY" is a slogan that makes an ever-widening appeal. From the moment when your ship has forsaken the wide sea for the narrow fjords that fringe the western coasts of the land of the midnight sun, you are conscious of an exhilarating sense of novelty. There is novelty in the little fresh-painted houses that are dotted along the waterside and perched amid the firs on the mountain sides; novelty in the long-drawn Northern days, when the sun seems loth to set and is early in the heavens; there is even novelty in the towns, which, taken after the general run of towns, in most things have an unsophisticated charm which gives them the air of overgrown villages.

IN NORWEGIAN FJORDS

Add to these things an atmosphere miraculously bracing, which sets you up from the moment you come into contact with it, and you will see at once why a Norway cruise is one of the most popular of all forms of holiday, particularly now that circumstances have had a restraining influence on foreign travel.

No nerves, however thin and jaded, can long remain unsoothed by the relaxation that is the keynote of those days of cruising in the peaceful fjords. By the time the anchor has rattled down into the clear depths of the first of these wonderful sheltered waterways, and the pinnaces are waiting in readiness to introduce you to Norwegian soil, everyone has caught the infection of good spirits and fellowship, and will be as charmed with the friendliness of the people as with the glory of the scenery.

Someone, as I write, is admiring a picture of a quiet corner of old Bergen in one of the illustrated booklets which I have just obtained from a travel agent. And the exclamation is repeated again and again as the pages are turned.

The antiquity of these places, apart from their beauty, is perhaps not sufficiently realised. Bergen is nearly 900 years old, the ancient name, "Björgvin," signifying "a pasture among the mountains." It is often the first port of call on a pleasure cruise, and was the birthplace of two of Norway's greatest musicians—Ole Bull, the violinist (1810), and Grieg, the composer (1843).

During the steamer's stay in port, ample time is given to see the great Fish Market, the Museum of Norwegian Antiquities and other notable buildings and the beautiful Nygaards Park, while a short motor drive will bring you to the old pagoda-like "Stavkirke" at Fantoft, and a funicular railway will take you to the summit of Mount Floien, whence a wonderful panorama is offered over the fjord and surrounding country.

Very pleasant excursions are made from resorts on the Sogn, Hardanger and Nord Fjords, and motor rides through the gorges, pine forests and mountain plateaux of the country.

Stockholm, built among the "thousand islands" that stud the outlet of Lake Mälaren in the Baltic, leaves one with a deep impression of its incomparable situation. Nowhere is this realised so much as from the tall tower of its imposing modern Town Hall, which is usually included in the sightseeing arrangements in connection with each cruise.

Looking out over the Sound, the narrow strip of sea separating Denmark from the Swedish coast, is the Castle of Kronborg, the traditional scene of Hamlet's nocturnal encounter with his father's ghost. A mile or so away is Helsingör, the Elsinore of *Hamlet*. Copenhagen has an air of dignity—thanks to the presence of four royal palaces and other imposing buildings—but it is at the same time a very gay city, with a bright and cleanly air, spacious streets, and picturesque gabled houses in its older quarters.

C. P.

SUMMER CRUISES TO THE NORTH

July 2nd.—Atlantis (R.M.S.P.): Twelve days, to Northern capitals. Fares from 19 guineas.
July 7th.—Stella Polaris (B. & N.): Thirteen days, North Cape. Fares from £36 7s.
July 8th.—Orford (Orient): Eight days, Northern capitals, etc. Fares from 11 guineas.
July 14th: Empress of Australia (Canadian Pacific): Fourteen days, Norwegian Fjords. Fares from 21 guineas.
July 23rd.—Atlantis (R.M.S.P.): Nineteen days, Iceland, Spitzbergen and North Cape. Fares from 30 guineas.
July 30th.—Arandora Star (Blue Star): Thirteen days, Norwegian Fjords. Fares from 20 guineas.
July 30th.—Viceroy of India (P. & O.): Twenty days, Norway Fjords and Northern capitals. Fares from 34 guineas.
August 4th.—Stella Polaris (B. & N.): Twenty days to Spitsbergen. Fares from £56 7s.
August 4th.—Orontes (Orient): Twenty days, Northern capitals and fjords. Fares from 30 guineas.
August 13th.—Arandora Star (Blue Star): Twenty-one days Northern capitals. Fares from 32 guineas.

SUMMER CRUISES TO THE SOUTH

July 2nd.—Voltaire (Lamport and Holt): Thirteen days, to Madeira, Morocco and Portugal.
July 14th.—Homeric (White Star): Fourteen days, to Spain, Portugal and N. Africa.
July 29th.—Ausonia (Cunard): Seven days, to France and Scilly Isles, from 7 guineas.
August 12th.—Atlantis (R.M.S.P.): Twenty-two days, to Germany, Holland, France and Spain, from 34 guineas.
August 13th.—Strathnaver (P. and O.): Twenty days, Tangier, Egypt and Palma, from 34 guineas.
August 13th.—Orford (Orient): Thirteen days, Spain, Morocco and Portugal, from 21 guineas.
August 13th.—Alca (Yeoward): Sixteen days, to Lisbon, Morocco and Canary Islands, from 17 guineas.
August 17th.—Homeric (White Star): Fourteen days, Spain, Portugal, N. Africa.
Fortnightly Sailings. Bibby Line tours to the Mediterranean; and Nelson Line to Spain, Portugal and Canary Islands.

CRUISING IN THE EMPIRE

A WORLD CRUISE which includes South Africa, Australia, the Strait Settlements and Ceylon has been arranged by the Blue Funnel Line. The vessel will leave Liverpool on August 27th next, will call at Marseilles on September 3rd, and Port Said on September 8th. At Colombo, reached on September 20th, and Penang reached on September 25th, stays of about twelve hours will be made, and three days will be spent in Singapore.

On the Java coast the ship will visit Batavia, Samarang and Sourabaya. On the North Queensland coast calls will probably be made at Cairns, Townsville or Mackay, and she will then sail round Australia, making several calls, and back via Durban and Capetown, arriving in London at the beginning of January, 1933.

The Furness Line is organising a 27-days "All-in" holiday to Newfoundland for £78, with cabin-class Atlantic accommodation. The trip is designed to appeal specially to fishermen, and in addition to fares, the rates include accommodation at the Log Cabin Hotel, Spruce Brook, and at camps along the best rivers and lakes. Fishing licences and use of boats are also included.



"The Lido" on board a Cunard cruising liner.

September-October Cruises

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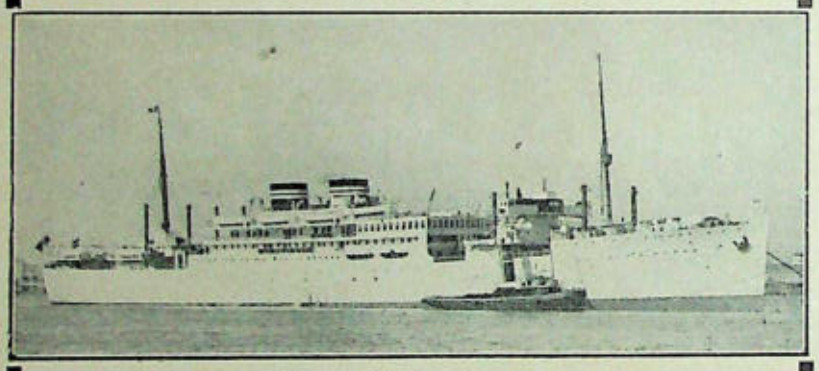
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That, perhaps, is why so many choose a cruise that includes Barcelona in its itinerary. For Barcelona is always animated, even if you only consider the flower-sellers' booths, the cafés of the tree-lined Rambla and the famous market of song birds. Time permitting, you should make the excursion to the Monastery of Montserrat, some thirty miles inland; it is perched on a narrow ledge among fantastic rock pinnacles over 3,000ft. above sea level, and attracts many thousands of pilgrims annually.

A TOWN OF GARDENS AND PALACES

If Lisbon is included in your itinerary you will be spell-bound by the beauty of the scenery as your steamer approaches it up the Tagus, and in the city itself you will find tastefully planted boulevards, squares, parks and gardens, and many fine churches and palaces. The favourite excursion from Lisbon is that to the little town of Cintra, with luxuriant terraced gardens and splendid palaces.

The view of Algiers from the sea is one of great beauty, and the traveller will be eager to go ashore and see some of the mosques and other sights of the city. A delightful drive may be taken across the plain, watered by the Oued El Kebir, to the pleasant provincial town of Blida, set around with spreading orange groves and picturesquely sheltered by cypress trees.

There is no British possession that more stirs the imagination than does the Rock of Gibraltar. The sight-seeing programme here is adapted to the time available, but the principal points of interest can be seen in comfort during a morning or afternoon. The old town still preserves a touch of Moorish atmosphere in its architecture and narrow streets, and presents an interesting variety of human types—British soldiers, Spaniards, natives of Genoese and Italian descent, Maltese, Moors, etc.—while the only wild monkeys in Europe have made the Rock their habitat. A free port since the days of Queen Anne, Gibraltar is a splendid place for shopping. It is connected with the mainland of Spain by a low sandy isthmus, which is recognised as neutral ground.



LISBON—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN

Travellers who land at Marseilles will find it an excellent centre for sight-seeing excursions, of which that along the Riviera will no doubt always hold first place. The magnificence of the neighbourhood is revealed in the classic drive to Nice and Monte Carlo, along the Grand Corniche; and the goal is worthy of the way thither.

So, too, of course, is any port of Morocco, which gives the lie to the old saying that prosperity is to be paid for at the expense of romance. Those who think that the Mediterranean is less romantic in summer than in winter will do well to book early and be happily disillusioned. And what applies to the Mediterranean applies equally to the Atlantic Islands and the West Indies, which are also going to be popular this summer.

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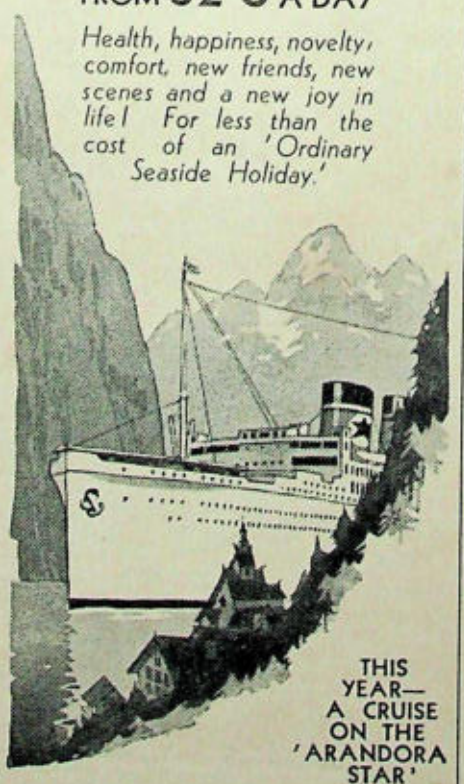
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IN THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND

A Day by a Highland Burn

I HAVE CAUGHT TROUT in many waters, southern chalk streams, tidal estuaries, and in lochs natural and artificial, but my happiest memories are of those spent beside a real Highland burn high amongst the everlasting hills.

It always seems to me that a burn holds more things of interest than other waters, quite apart from its fish. Even though sport be poor, the day spent on its bank is always one to be remembered, for none of the many that I have spent on these wild waters have been without interest of some sort. An hour spent watching dippers building their nest, or a pair of eagles playing high above the crags, would be compensation enough for an empty creel. But two or three dozen nice little brown trout, coupled with such experiences, surely go to make a perfect day for the unexacting disciple of Izaak Walton.

PEREGRINE AND GROUSE

Almost every wild creature visits the burn for food or drink, and a little patience will reveal many of the wild folks' secrets to him who will sit still and use his eyes. The sight of a roe and her fawn crossing a burn within 50 yards, totally unaware of my presence, is but one of many precious memories.

I remember one glorious August day having tailed up to a loch, only to find half a gale blowing and the fish immovable. After a vain two hours I decided to give up, and fish the burn in the strath below.

Hardly had I secured the boat, when a peregrine swung round the hill and came slowly beating towards me. A few minutes earlier I had marked a grouse calling in some heather near the landing place, so I decided to try and flush him, in the hope that I should see that grandest of all sights—a falcon flying at game.

THE FALCON IN PURSUIT

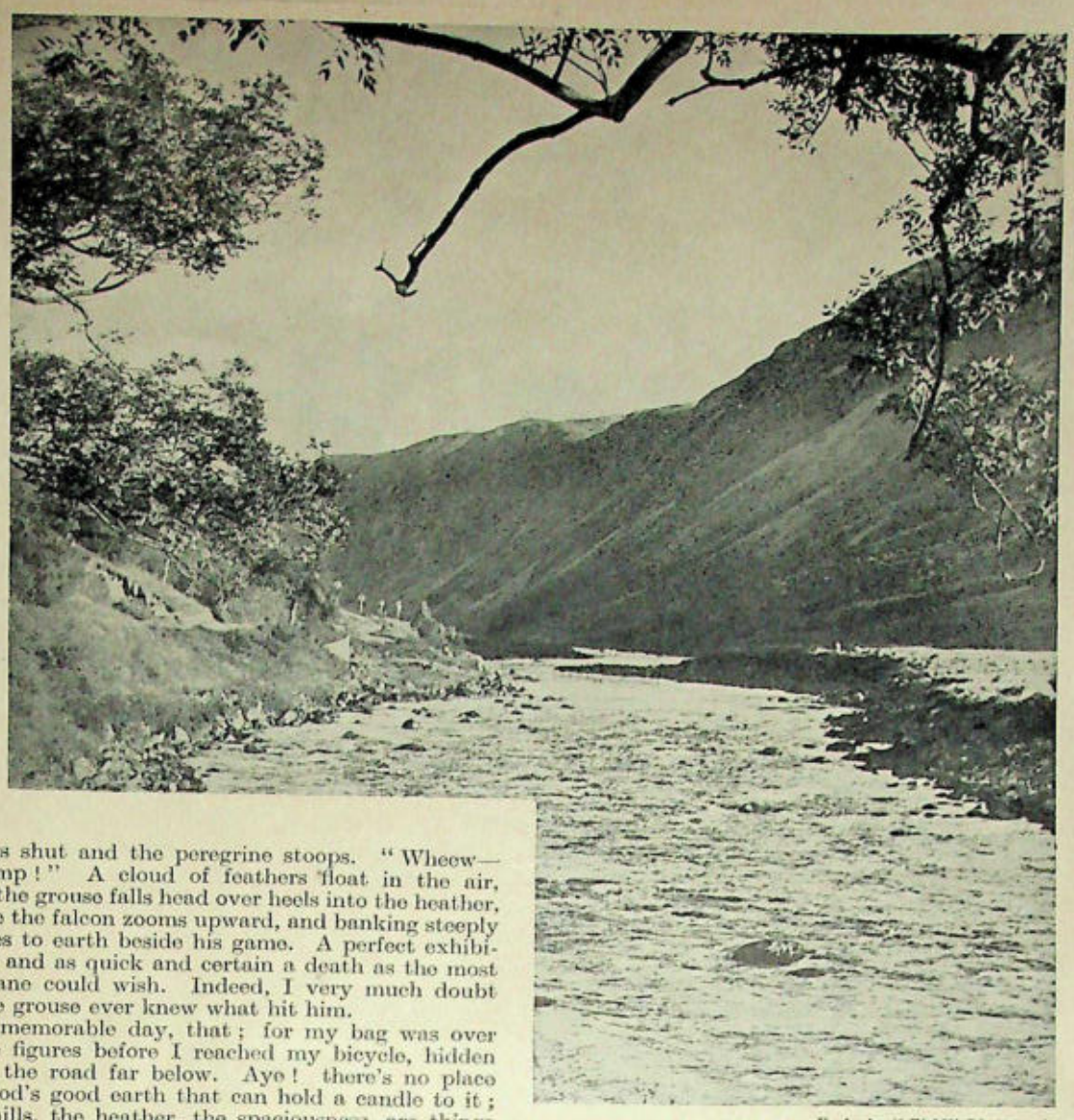
Waiting till the peregrine was barely a hundred yards away, I moved noisily into the heather, and to my great joy flushed the grouse. He rose with a fine clatter and hurtled away down wind.

My eyes were instantly switched to my friend above. Hooray! he sees him and shoots ahead in pursuit, wings half shut and seeming to flicker, so fast do they beat: he overhauls the grouse.

Two hundred feet above him, those scimitar wings shut and the peregrine stoops. "Wheew—Thump!" A cloud of feathers float in the air, and the grouse falls head over heels into the heather, while the falcon zooms upward, and banking steeply comes to earth beside his game. A perfect exhibition, and as quick and certain a death as the most humane could wish. Indeed, I very much doubt if the grouse ever knew what hit him.

A memorable day, that; for my bag was over three figures before I reached my bicycle, hidden near the road far below. Aye! there's no place on God's good earth that can hold a candle to it; the hills, the heather, the spaciousness, are things that grip one's heart strings, and form a picture that time cannot dim nor take from one.

"FISH-HAWK."



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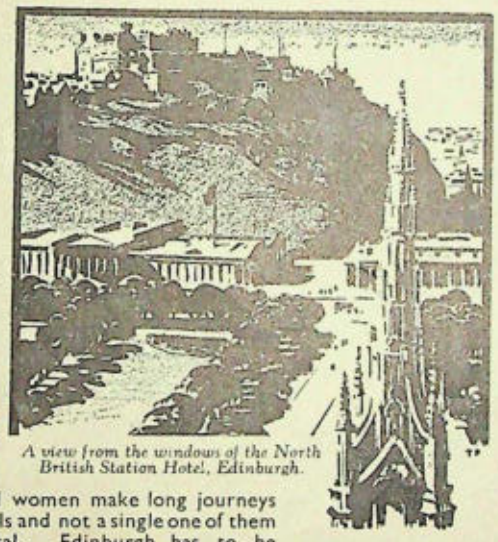
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From a Hotel window



A view from the windows of the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh.

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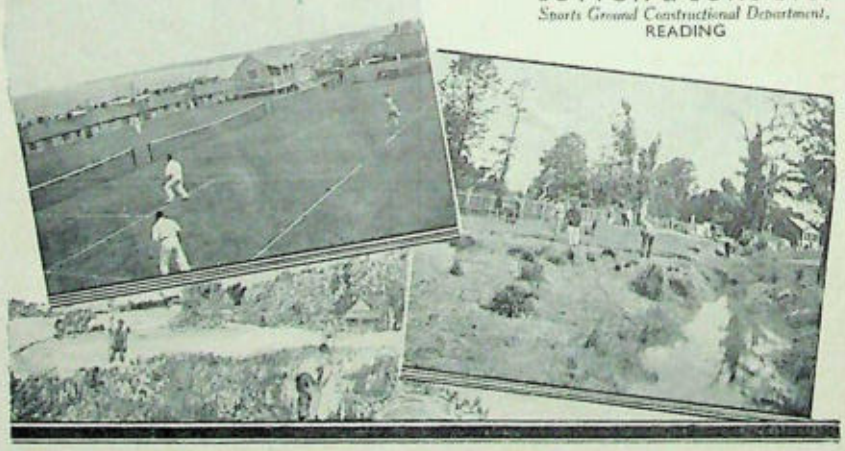
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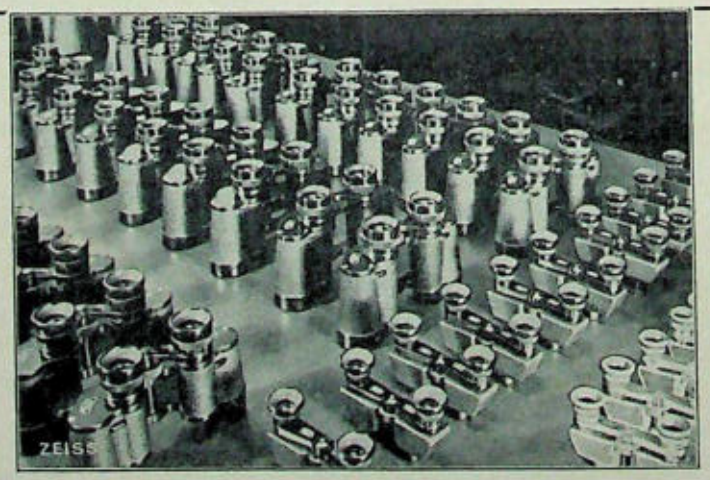
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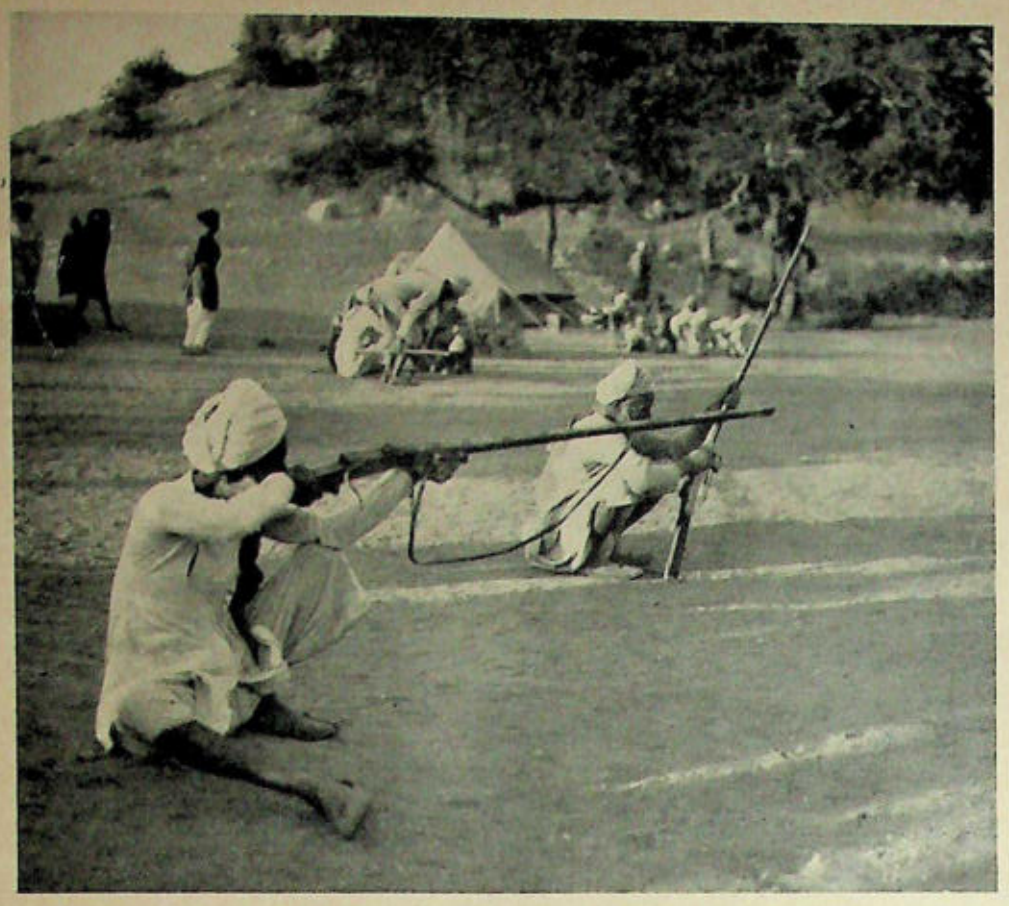
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MARKSMEN AT THE RAJPUTANA BISLEY

The competitor on the right is fully equipped with ram's horn for powder, gazelle horn for priming powder, leather cylinder for bullets and circular box for match

THE MUZZLE-LOADER'S BISLEY

A Rajput Meeting at Which the Musket of 1815 is Newfangled

By LIEUT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY

RAJPUTANA IS FAMOUS for its martial breed of men, and still retains most of its ancient feudal system. Recruits for the Indian Army come for enlistment girt with shield and sword, to show that they are true Rajputs entitled to carry arms, and no low-born hirelings. The *thakur*, or petty soldier land-owner, will have his own little following of men-at-arms, farm out his horses among his tenants in lieu of tithes, and hand over the management of his estate, when he goes to war, to a foster-brother of lower birth.

The archery meeting of feudal England still has its equivalent in Rajputana, when the local peasantry meet at some central village, often on the occasion of a visit from their clan chieftain or Raoji, to test their skill with the old matchlock muzzle-loaders which most of them carry, and which I have seen account for both boar and panther in open field and broad daylight, within the last few years. The more "modern" percussion musket, of the type in use about the time of Waterloo, is looked on with some suspicion, handicapped at these meetings, and its owner the subject of crude chaff when the cap falls off accidentally or it misfires for any other reason.

GUNS OF THEIR FOREFATHERS

Older competitors turn up to shoot with the complete equipment of two centuries ago. Ram's horn for powder; gazelle horn for the finer priming powder; circular leather box for match; and leather flask for bullets: the whole slung from the shoulder by a cross-belt.

The targets are usually small earthenware bowls, about 2in. in diameter, put on top of sticks at about 30yds. range, but occasionally a couple of experts will fire a challenge match at a goatskin hung sideways along a horizontal stick, with a black patch to represent the heart, the range being increased to 50yds.

Positions are almost invariably sitting or kneeling, though hardly the positions known by those terms at Hythe. That such practice is effective, and the old muzzle-loader by no means to be laughed at, was amply demonstrated to me by an old *thakur*, who rolled over a big boar stone dead as it galloped across his front through scrub at 30yds. A match-lock-man must cultivate a very steady and thorough swing through to bring off a shot like that.

To placate the pig-sticker, let me say that a Rajput will ride a boar where he can, but that in the rocky hills and thick thorn scrub of parts of Northern Rajputana the pig have so many impenetrable refuges and do so much damage to the crops that it is essential to thin them down with the gun.

Even the gun is scorned at times, for I once saw three Rajputs deliberately tackle a large and not very badly wounded boar with spears on foot; a proposition not every hog-hunter would like to take on. The pig was sitting under a thorn tree, very cross indeed, on a steep and rocky hillside; and they deliberately took him on from below. The result was a wicked charge and three men and a boar rolling down the hill together; but the pig was dead with three spears in him, while the men got up and laughed at each other's cuts and bruises.

QUIET COUNTRY

A Hampshire Poaching Episode With a South African Sequel

By the HON. R. P. DE GREY

SOME TIME AGO I made some mention here of one John Stringer, for so many years head-keeper to the Merton Estate, and of things that in those years he had seen and remembered.

Now he is dead; and in his death a great man, a great naturalist, a great friend and servant is lost to us, whose memory we cherish.

But I was remembering to-day a story that he told me, a story about Merton; and because it holds within it that pulse of drama beating so often behind the seeming quiet of our rural life, I have set it down just as he told it—so far as words go, that is. For the gruff speech and smouldering fire of the man were all his own, and my unpractised hand may not recall them.

ROUGH PLACES

We were talking about Hampshire, and he had taken me to task for stating in print that he was born there. Actually, he was born in Arundel, of East Anglian parents; and if he could not be born in Norfolk, where better than there, beneath the very shadow of the Howards? He had only gone to Hampshire when he was growing up, to work on an estate near Alresford.

"Talk about this being a rough place," he said; "that was rough all right."

"Really?" said I. "But I don't call Merton a rough place."

His eyes twinkled a little.

"Ah! But it was, though."

"In what way?" I asked. He did not answer at once, but stared into the fire. Presently—"I shouldn't be sitting here alive to-day, if an old gun had gone off one time."

"No?" Another pause.

"No. That was soon after I first came here. Just where the road divides that goes down to Thomston Sluice, there's an old oak tree stands. The man was behind it. We were out at night looking for him. There were three of us walking in line, and I was nearest him. He drew a bead right on me. I reckon he meant to get the lot of us. I saw the cap flash as the hammer struck it. But she didn't go off."

He paused again; and I asked if they had caught the man.

"No; he got away from us, but we saw who he was. It was young Garratt [that was not the name] from Tottington, that was son to your uncle's shepherd. . . . Later on, after he'd got away, he went and enlisted in the Coldstream Guards, under the name of Smith. Just about the time when his training was finished, the [Boer] War started, and away 'Smith' had to go with his regiment to South Africa. The extraordinary thing was, there was a Merton man in the same company, called Walter Mallett; but as it chanced, he didn't know Garratt by sight, though Garratt knew him.

"One day there was a fight and Garratt got a bullet right through his stomach and into his spine. He was in hospital, and he was dying. He asked for Mallett to be sent for, and Mallett came.

"'Well, Mallett,' he says, 'you don't know me, do you?'

THREADS OF FATE

"'No,' says Mallett, 'I don't; I only know your name's Smith.'

"'Oh, no, it isn't,' he says; 'it's Garratt, of Tottington. And if ever you get through all right and go home again, will you please go to Mr Stringer, and tell him how sorry I am I tried to shoot him that night. . . .'

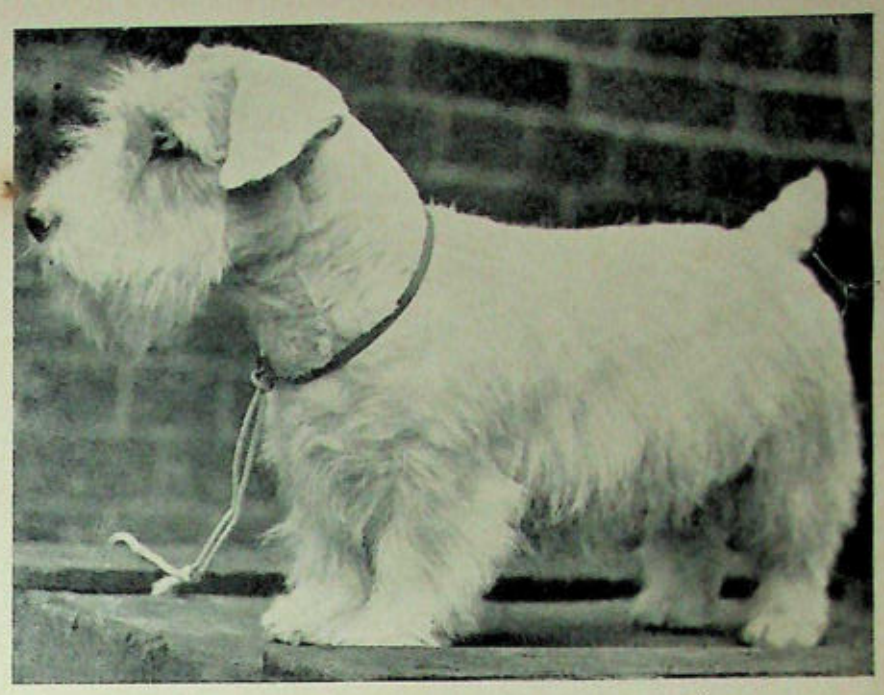
"I was digging here in my garden one day, and I saw a light keep flashing on the ground in front of me, as though someone was playing with a mirror. I couldn't account for it. Presently I looked up, and there was a soldier, in uniform, standing by the gate. It was Master Walter. He had a big diamond ring on, and that was what he'd been flashing at me. He came and told me about Garratt and what he'd said. . . ."

He ceased; and I was silent also, seeing the threads of fate drawn tight about a rustic soul, A few birds poached, perhaps in mere bravado, and then—attempted murder; flight; repentance; expiation.

It is very quiet in Merton, where John Stringer lies; and down by Thomston Water, where the road divides, there is peace also.

The old oak stands there still.





CHAMPION TERRIERS AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW

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A NEW KIND OF DOG SHOW

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FOR MANY YEARS dog shows have depended chiefly upon the drawing powers of the presence of some hundreds of handsome dogs, the most perfect of their kind. The executive of the Ladies' Kennel Association, headed by Lorna, Lady Howe, the chairman, decided this year to introduce novelties into the programme of their annual show at Olympia last week, and they met with so much approval that we shall expect them to be repeated.

Obedience tests for Alsatians are not altogether new, but last year the ladies threw these classes open to all breeds, and continued the experiment the other day.

Then at stated times they arranged parades of different breeds, which gave the public the opportunity of studying the dogs to better advantage than would be possible by a tour of the benches. The great attractions, however, were the demonstrations given by Mr. Gordon Stewart's Great Danes.



A RACING GREYHOUND IN THE SHOW RING

Lady Hunloke, who is now taking a keen interest in greyhound racing, showing her track winner White Crow

Since Mr. Stewart began seriously to train the dogs at Send Manor two or three years ago enormous progress has been made, and we were able to see at Olympia what can be accomplished by intelligent training. The steadiness and responsiveness to command of these big dogs as they went through intricate evolutions earned the liberal applause of the spectators. With an eye for effect, teams of the same colour appeared in the ring together, first half-a-dozen harlequins, and then as many fawns.

The self-control of the dogs was impressive. In one exercise, for example, the harlequins were dropped in a line and ordered to remain recumbent while their handlers withdrew to the far end of the ring. Then they rose one by one on being called, each going to its proper handler. A popular item was the steeple chase. In the centre two dogs flanked a third raised on a plinth. Others were placed in pairs, side by side, at set intervals, and there they remained immovable while a fawn bitch "hurdled" over them, retrieved a dumbbell, and retraced her steps.

The ordinary scent discrimination test was made more effective by the participants wearing colours round their necks corresponding with the handkerchiefs they had to select from a heap. Each handkerchief had previously been handled by the girl who was working the dog, and the selection was made by scent, not by colour perception.

The eighteen competitors that appeared in the any variety obedience class included golden retrievers, Labradors, Irish setters, Alsatians, Pekingese, poodles, a champion Irish wolfhound, a keeshond, and a Welsh sheepdog—altogether a representative mixture. Col. H. M. Wilson, who was to have judged with Mr. W. L. McCandlish, not being able to attend, his place was taken by Mrs. Basil Hill-Wood.

As showing that intelligence is not the monopoly of a few breeds, it may be mentioned that the third prize was won by Miss M. Ashton Cross's Pekingese, Yu-Fu of Alderbourne. Second was the Alsatian Hallo of Rigi, owned by Mr. P. L. Cecil Gurney, and the first was the Welsh sheepdog, Chalcot Boss, entered by Mr. W. R. Lee. Chalcot Boss's victory was a triumph of consistency, as he won last year under Mr. Ernest Turner and Mr. C. A. Phillips, the field trial judges, who were delighted with his style.

The best of all exhibits in an admirably conducted show, was Mr. F. Calvert Butler's Kerry Blue terrier, Ch. Muircroft Thora, the runner-up being one of Mr. C. D. Rotch's chows. Lady Howe judged a great entry of Labradors and golden retrievers.

The day before, in the same building, the Great Joint Terrier Society had a most successful show of terriers, which attracted the usual crowd of enthusiasts.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

DOGS OF TENACITY

The Origin of the Bull Terrier

MOST DOGS may have a streak of yellow in them occasionally, but it would certainly be an unusual thing and contrary to all experience to meet a bull terrier that showed the white feather. In tropical climates they are terrors to pi-dogs or jackals, and they will tackle wounded big game without hesitation if the safety of their master is at stake. They are one of the few terriers that will kill a cat on sight. Puss, trusting to teeth and claws and a terrifying hiss, will face any dog, but her hostile demonstration makes no difference to a bull terrier, who goes straight in and finishes her with one grip of his terrible jaws. When the white dogs were first introduced by the late James Hinks of Birmingham in 1862, the impression got about that they were too degenerate



CHAMPION AND PROGENY

Miss M. Richmond with her Champion Ranger and his pup Ballade of Bridge Sellars

and refined in character to retain the old spirit, and he had to match his bitch, Puss, against another to prove that the idea was all wrong. By winning the fight Puss advertised the merits of the new variety.

The story is told by Mr. T. W. Hogarth in the *Bull Terrier Club Annual*. Mr. Hogarth's article is a reminder that crosses between bulldog and terrier were made a very long time ago. It was only natural that the old sportsmen addicted to dog-fighting should seek to produce an animal that combined the activity and mental alertness of the terrier with the dogged courage of the bulldog, but the bulldog of those days was very different from his modern descendants. If you look at the old pictures of celebrities at the beginning of the last century, you will see that their bodies had a far greater resemblance to that of the bull terrier than they had to the modern bulldog, even to the long, thin tail.

MALTA FOR THE TOURIST

Modern Life Against a XVIth Century Background
Sights to be Seen and Sport to be Enjoyed

By COL. T. C. MUDIE, D.S.O.

IT IS ONLY within recent years that Malta has begun to figure prominently as a tourist resort. In a word, England has at last discovered the island, and the number of visitors attracted to her shores grows annually by leaps and bounds.

Although considerably smaller than the Isle of Wight, Malta offers a variety of interests and attractions that is surely unique.

Modern and up-to-date life against a sixteenth century background, encased in a framework of Mediterranean blue, such is the visitor's first and last impression of the island.

It is to the military and monastic Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem that Malta owes its magnificent buildings and gigantic fortifications.

Fort St. Elmo, guarding the point of the promontory that separates the Grand Harbour and the shallower, but no less picturesque, harbour of Marsamuscetto, was the scene of a heroic but unsuccessful defence against the Turks, which ranks as one of the finest military achievements of the sixteenth century.

VIEW FROM THE GRAND HARBOUR

The view that meets one as the ship enters the Grand Harbour is impressive. On the right the city of Valetta, the capital of Malta, towers high [illegible] on a hog-backed promontory, surrounded [illegible] sea and landward sides by a complete [illegible] of sixteenth-century battlements. On the [illegible] still older fort of St. Angelo, now known as Egmont, stands out boldly, keeping watch [illegible] the leviathans of the Mediterranean Fleet, [illegible] did centuries ago over the galleys of the Order.

When disembarking, the attention of the visitor will be drawn to the clamour of innumerable boatmen plying small, gaily painted and spotlessly clean rowing craft, which strongly resemble the gondolas of Venice. He will be assisted into one of these and rowed a short distance to the Custom House steps, where the boatman will doubtless make some quite ridiculous demand, perhaps 2/- a head, whereas the authorised fare is less than 1/- for a boatload of six or seven people. Should the visitor protest, much shouting and gesticulating will ensue, but reference to the nearest policeman will soon put matters right.

The Maltese are a loyal and warm-hearted people of Semitic origin, and their language is closely akin to Arabic. Of the country people, very few understand any language but their own; while in the towns English is commonly understood.

A drive in a carozzin, or a pennyworth in a lift that rises perpendicularly from the bottom of the Main Ditch, takes us to the town.

Enclosed on three sides by water, Valetta is separated on the landward side by a ditch cut from the solid rock, which stretches across the promontory from one harbour to the other, 170ft. deep at the end where it joins the Grand Harbour.

The names of the works: St. John's Cavalier, St. James' Counterguard, German Curtain, Castille Bastion and many another, recall both the religious character and the international composition of the Order that built them.

The narrow streets, the lofty flat-roofed houses built of massive blocks of stone, and the curious glazed wood balconies that project over the streets, concealing the windows, give a strangely unfamiliar and attractive appearance to the town, but the severe exteriors of the oldest and finest buildings are in striking contrast with the richness of their interiors.

To give any idea of the rich interior ornamentation of the conventual Church of St. John, or the refined magnificence of the Magistral Palace, its remarkable Armoury or its priceless seventeenth-century Gobelin tapestries, would be beyond the scope of this article.

The archives of the Order, from its earliest days to its hurried departure in 1798, are preserved in the Public Library, and are a mine of information of which only the surface has been scratched. The same may be said of the mass of documents in the possession of many of the old churches. The rule—by which the books of a Knight of St. John became, on his death, the property of the Library of the Order and were sent to Malta—has filled the Valetta Public Library with treasures of early printing and elaborate book-binding.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

The attractions of Malta, however, are not confined to Valetta. Notabile, the old capital of the island, with its walls rising sheer from a precipitous hillside and crowned by the dome and towers of the Cathedral, makes an impressive picture.



A VIEW OF VALETTA SHOWING THE MARINA



A POLO MATCH IN PROGRESS ON ONE OF THE MARSA GROUNDS

The scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, the extensive catacombs, probably dating from the beginning of the Christian era, the innumerable Phœnician or pre-Phœnician rock-cut tombs, megalithic temples and the unique underground temple, known as the Hal Saflieni Hypogeum dating from the Stone Age are only a few of the interesting sights to be seen.

April, May and June are usually the best months of the year for a visit, though October and November are also delightful. After the middle of April there is little or no more rain, and days of brilliant sunshine, when the sea is getting warmer and bluer, bring the Malta season to its height.

Tennis, racing, polo, bathing and dancing are in full swing until the end of June, when the Fleet goes off on its long summer cruise, and the island settles down to a no-less-enjoyable but more peaceful summer routine, when bathing, yachting and a little mild tennis provide active enough amusement for most people.

LAND, SEA AND AIR ROUTES

Communications between England and Malta seem purposely designed to meet all tastes. The P. and O. Company's ships call once a fortnight, and the voyage by all-sea route takes nine days, including stops at Gibraltar and Marseilles. Those who prefer a shorter sea voyage can leave London on Thursday morning, join the ship at Marseilles on Friday, reaching Malta on Sunday night.

The all-land route to Syracuse takes three to three-and-a-half days, and the crossing from Syracuse to Malta about seven hours. But these are not the only routes. A French ship runs between Marseilles and Tunis, and a British ship runs in connection with this between Tunis and Malta, while the Adria Line have a very fine service of steamers from Genoa via Naples to Syracuse. There is, also, of course, an air route via Genoa, Naples and Palermo to Malta.

Hotels and flats are plentiful and inexpensive, and not the least of Malta's attractions is that British currency is in use, and the pound is still worth a pound.

THE ONLY COACH IN THE WORLD WHICH RUNS DAILY

From Piccadilly to Hampton Court and Back

By "PALAFOX"

IN DECIDING to postpone for a fortnight, on account of the extremely unpropitious weather at the beginning of May, the start of what claims to be the only road-coach in the world now running daily, Mr. Fred Unwin's judgment proved to be well justified, for a more delightful early summer day than Saturday, the 14th, could not be desired so far as the passengers were concerned, though the atmosphere was a bit too warm for the well-being of the horses.

The Greyhound soon came along from its London stables drawn by a gay team of stocky little 15.3 hands horses, a piebald in the off wheel and three skewbalds bred by their owner at his place near Tewkesbury. The guests of the occasion were Lord Daresbury, who never misses the opening day of the coaching season, on the box seat; Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P., past-president of the Hackney Horse Society; Mr. Bertram Mills, the new president, looking better than I have seen him for some time; the driving subscribers, Mr. Roy Lancaster and Mr. C. B. Murless, but not Major Molyneux, and Mr. Bowen together with Mr. George Whitehead—a lifelong coachman, now 86 years of age and still "full of beans" and interesting reminiscences of the road.

where we bent sharply to the right again down the Ferry.

Here a punter was waiting to take us over the "Styx" to what in my young days used to be known simply as "Tagg's Island," at Molesey Hurst, and is now occupied by a pleasure resort and dancing hall with the high-sounding title of the Riviera Hotel. There was an hour and a quarter here for luncheon, at the conclusion of which Lord Daresbury, in the names of all present, complimented Mr. Unwin on his pluck and good sportsmanship in embarking on such a venture without much prospect of profit from passengers from day to day, including Wednesday, June 1st, when the coach will run to Epsom for the Derby, starting from the Berkeley at 9.30 a.m., at an inclusive fare for the double journey of 5 guineas, with a first-class luncheon and tea on the course.

CROSSING THE FERRY

Afterwards returning to the Ferry, where Charon was again ready for us with a punt pole the size of a yacht's bowsprit, we recrossed to the racecourse side. Here was our faithful Greyhound, once more horsed with a stuffy team of browns and greys crossed, which will show themselves to better advantage when they have been a time or two longer on the road. From Hampton Court we now took the main Sunbury road back to Kingston and Norbiton into Richmond Park at the Kingston Gate and out at the Sheen Gate, by which we had entered in the morning. And so to "The Bull" once more, this stage having been divided by Mr.



W. A. Rouch

"THE CHINK OF THE CHAINS TO THE SWING OF THE POLE."

The Greyhound Coach—the only coach in the world which runs daily—passing through Richmond Park, at the opening of the London Coaching Season

It was seven minutes after the hour when Mr. Unwin moved off with the Nimrod in close companionship, but the "gay" team could trot along properly, and notwithstanding the press of holiday traffic we completed our first stage at Sheen "Bull" by midday well on time. Here we took on another strong mixed team—in the off wheel a dark brown and in the near one of the blacks that used to run in Mr. Claud Goddard's private drag, the leaders being chesnuts, one liver and the other lighter in colour.

PAST THE HAMPTON COURT PADDOCKS

On reaching the Ham Gate, Mr. Bertram Mills took the box and brought us along at a fast stroke across Ham Common to the Flower-and-Hand, which beckoned us on to the tow-path at the top of Canbury Gardens and alongside Father Thames to Kingston, where we turned over the familiar bridge and continued our pleasant journey past Nell Gwynne's thatched cottage, and what in Queen Victoria's time used to be the Royal Hampton Court Paddocks, to Bushey Park, where the blossoms are just coming on in the beautiful chestnut avenue, which should be at its best in about a fortnight's time. Going out at the top between what were at one time two favourite coaching houses, the Greyhound and the King's Arms, we turned to the left by the common, past the Mitre and the Cavalry Barracks and over the old bridge by the side of which its modern successor is in course of construction. On the far side we made a sharp turn to the right past the Thames Hotel, where the late Mr. W. A. Barron used to put up when he had the road after Arthur Fownes, and we travelled alongside the river and Hurst Park Racecourse as far as the track over the bottom of the course, Bowen and Mr. Murless. Twenty minutes for tea and we were off again homeward bound on the final stage with Mr. Lancaster handling four smart bay hackneys, one of which was a frequent prize-winner when it belonged to Mr. Nigel Colman. Instead of going over Barnes Common, as in the morning, we followed the Putney road to the gates of the Ranelagh Club, through which we turned into the beautiful grounds, and going out at the Castlenau Gate we were soon in the swirl of the traffic once more, mostly outward bound on holiday bent; so we had a fairly clear off-side road over Hammersmith Bridge and the Broadway, past Olympia back to Piccadilly and the Berkeley, which was reached at six o'clock, after a most delightful day in pleasant companionship.

LEN HARVEY BOXES LIKE A CHAMPION

But Needs a More Damaging Punch

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LEN HARVEY BEAT LEN JOHNSON fairly comfortably at the Albert Hall, and in doing so boxed more like a champion than he has done for many months. He produced an excellent straight left and a right-cross of surprising speed, while his defence generally was excellent. Moreover, he fought aggressively and he punched hard.

But before we start to visualise that elusive World Championship we must consider this victory from other angles. Firstly, the weight had obviously weakened the negro, and yet he went the full distance and more than once managed to hurt a much stronger man. Secondly, Johnson is not of the type of Shade, Dundee and other American middles. Harvey shows at his best against boxers like Johnson and Hood, and at his worst against mauling fighters like McAvoy and Casey. American middle-weights are very similar in style and tactics to McAvoy and quite dissimilar to Johnson.

I confess that I expected Johnson to win, and I was very agreeably surprised at the form shown by Harvey. At the same time, I cannot see th[e] World Championship any nearer Harvey's g[rasp]. He needs still more aggression, and a still [more] damaging punch. I have no doubt that he wo[uld] outpoint any American middle-weight in t[he] country, but not in America. And he would h[ave] to go to America for his title match.

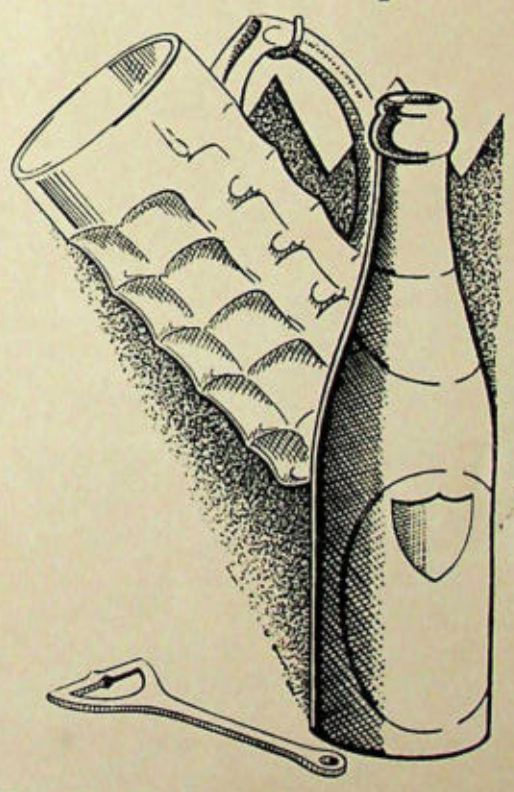
About two years ago in the *Field* I mentioned [a] Scottish fly-weight named Maharg as a coming champion. He had then had only a few fights, but his class was unmistakable. He has since had a long illness, but he is now matched with Fred Bebbington in a final eliminator, the winner to box Jackie Brown in a championship match. Bebbington has since been beaten and Maharg's opponent may be changed. In either case he will, I think, figure as Brown's opponent. Maharg's time may not have come yet, but it will surely come, for he is the best little man Scotland has produced since Tancy Lee.

CROSSLEY—PETERSEN BOUT

Harry Crossley is to defend his title at the Stadium Club in the ring in which three years ago he won the championship by defeating Frank Moody, a Welshman. Jack Petersen, another Welshman, is the challenger, and he will be fighting in his home ring, for he is a product of the Stadium Club. The club management are to be congratulated on securing the match, which is attracting as much attention as did the Becket-Carpen[tier] contest in the same ring some years ago. Mc[reover] there is a great match waiting for the winn[er].

Adolf Heuser has returned to Germany, [not] arily at any rate. Heuser is probably [quite] unknown in this country. In the States he [is] sidered as challenger to Rosenbloom for the Wo[rld] Championship. Indeed, negotiations for such [a] match are, I am told, already under way. Here is a great chance for the winner of the Crossley-Petersen fight to leap at a bound to the top of the tree; or, at worst, to gain some first-class experience.

"What couldn't I do to a Barclay's!"



BARCLAY'S LAGER

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

EXPORT OF HORSES FOR BUTCHERY

SIR,—I wonder how much longer British people are going to allow horses who have worked for them to be exported for butchery? Britain was ever the centre of procuring fair play for animals, and horses hold a large corner in the hearts of many British people. We appear to dictate to foreigners how they should treat their animals, and yet we send our horses abroad for butchery.

Following on a visit to Leith in December 1931, I was very anxious to see how horses sent to Amsterdam fared. I have previously crossed with horses from Leith to Rotterdam. In the course of my periodical visits to English, Scottish and Continental ports, I am satisfied that our veterinary surgeons carry out the duties entrusted to them efficiently.

It is when the horses are beyond their responsibility that the trouble can start. Even though some ship captains have the weather forecasts sent to them from outlying places, who can foresee a sudden squall or storm on the North Sea? *Certainly* no one can foresee the ultimate end of the horses shipped. Even though a great number go, on the opposed, for butchery, we cannot be certain system is so. Even in the official returns stating left the number of horses shipped, they also add that H.M.S. bers sent for butchery are *approximate*. over want to touch on butchery only in this letter, as it was I was in Rotterdam a fortnight ago (end April), going round the incoming boats, I found the Goole boat had brought no horses, but that on the previous Monday, April 18th, the boat had embarked three horses and two had arrived dead—these having died on the voyage. Going to the Leith boat, I found eleven horses and some ponies; six of these horses I saw to the abattoir at Rotterdam, but five were to be sent to Amsterdam.

I saw these five entrained at 11.35 a.m. and followed them. My train took 74 minutes; their train took five hours. They arrived at the abattoir at 4.30 p.m., and had had no food for nine hours. I saw three of these killed next day (two would have to wait two or three days longer). The three were brought into the abattoir together and lined up at 3yds. intervals. I then saw the first shot, fall, and bled from the chest in front of the eyes of the other two. The third horse had to see the same done to the second. Comment is unnecessary; the readers of the *Field* will pass their judgment. When the opportunity comes I hope they will support the Exportation of Horses Bill (No. 2) which is waiting its turn.

Yours faithfully,
H. HUME POLLOCK (Major),
Trustee and Hon. Treasurer,
Our Dumb Friends League.

United University Club,
Pall Mall East, S.W. 1.

MOLES ABOVE GROUND

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field*, I noticed a letter accompanied by a photograph of a mole appearing above ground in daylight.

Out here there are large colonies of moles sometimes covering hundreds of acres, often occurring on plains to which the nearest water is four to six miles. I should say the only form of water these moles get is contained in the roots of the grass on which they live.)

About appearing in daylight—a few years ago I was driving along a road near Lake Naivasha when I passed a migration of moles marching along the side of the road at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They were three or four deep, and the column was over a hundred yards long.

Yours faithfully,
Lamuria. R. B. NELSON.
P.O. Naro-Moru, Kenya Colony.

PRESERVING TIMBER

SIR,—Mr. W. J. H. Blake, in his article on Timber for Use on the Estate (*Field*, April 23rd, 1932), states that a fruitful source of decay is the application of a preservative before timber is quite dry. Mr. Blake also states that preservative seals the pores of the timber.

While there is no doubt, of course, that greater benefit is obtained by treating dry wood, I have found here that it is well worth while, where preservative can only be brushed on, and with other than fresh-cut wood, to apply creosote or similar preservative even when poles, etc., are not quite dry.

The ground round pole is sterilised and appears to remain so for two years or so, nothing grows on it, and fungoid growth appears to be inhibited.

Is it a fact that such preservatives as creosote seal the pores of timber? I have been taking it that one of the great advantages of creosote over paint was that it did not seal up the pores as paint does. I also understood that creosote made the sugars non-available for nourishment of fungoid growths.

It would be interesting to have my results corroborated or refuted; as it is of importance in these times of expensive estate repairs.

Yours faithfully,
Ross-shire, N.B. D. A. L.

DUMMY EGGS FOR PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I have often read in articles the advice to persuade partridges to nest in safe places by placing dummy eggs in artificial nests (or scrapes) made in ideal selected spots, so that the hen partridges will conveniently adopt such "desirable residences standing in dry, sunny positions," or words to that effect.

Many years ago I tried this method without the slightest success; and when one knows how unusual it is for an English partridge (unlike the pheasant) to lay in another bird's nest unless it has had its own nest destroyed during the egg-laying period, such lack of success is not surprising. But evidently such an "instalment" system is successful in some parts of the country, and it would be interesting to hear accounts of how it is done, and if the partridges require any preliminary training to make such a convenient safe depository.

Yours truly,
"MIDDLE WALLOP."

EARLY ARRIVAL OF ELVERS

SIR,—On April 21st this year, I found young eels or "elvers" about 3in. long, in the gravelly shallows of a stream known as the Cockshute at Lewes. I have never noticed these baby eels so early in the year before. "Eel-fare" as the phenomenon is called when the young eels "fare" up from the sea usually taking place in May and June. I have seen this stream at Lewes during May alive with countless myriads of elvers.

These early elvers were probably the advance guard of the mighty host that will come up from the sea later. In spite of their small size these babies exhibited the same stealthy gliding motions and powerful contortions in the hand as the adults. Does the food of these elvers consist of plankton? I am very interested in the freshwater eel problem, and should be very grateful for information on this point.

Yours truly,
Hove, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

A PIPE SMOKER'S LAMENT

SIR,—I have read with sympathy the letter of "Pipeless" in the *Field* of April 30th. Having gone through the same experiences as he describes, and being myself even a heavier smoker than he has been, I can only offer the following suggestion for his trouble.

If "Pipeless" will order from Edwards, of 14, Norris Street, Haymarket, London, S.W., a pipe, specially made for me by this firm, which contains a thin felt wad inside the stem, he will find that all troubles to his tongue and throat will vanish, if he keeps using a fresh wad after a few pipes.

After 30 years as a heavy pipe smoker I had to give it up due to sore throat and tongue, until I thought of getting a pipe made on a new design. I can now smoke every day over 1 oz. of tobacco with absolute comfort.

Hyde, Yours truly,
Wareham. C. E. RADCLYFFE (Major).

MAGPIES AND JAYS

SIR,—The gallows erected by gamekeepers as proof of their activities is always a sad spectacle to me. I can forgive the summary execution of stoats and weasels, and the shooting of some poor old woman's pet cat, and even the destruction of hedgehogs and grey squirrels, but I grieve to see the beautiful plumage of the jay (designed by nature's artist), and the black and white robes, of the magpie.

We have so few native birds it is a pleasure to see magpies and jays on the wing, and when cover shooting I always let them go scot free. They can do no appreciable harm where a couple of thousand pheasants are bred, and eggs from wild birds are a negligible quantity now that pheasant farms sell them by the hundred. It is always interesting to see magpies from French railway windows, and though the French shoot everything from a thrush to a sparrow, they appear to let magpies alone. Going back to school in my father's Whitechapel dog-cart (a relic of the past) I remember seeing one magpie, and recollected one was for sorrow—but another flew out of a privet—two for luck—and instead of one golden sovereign I got two to soften the melancholy journey to Winchester.

Yours truly,
Woodford Green. FRANK PEARCE.

CAUSE OF DEATH IN HORSES

SIR,—Two outstanding features in the *Field* greatly strike me.

The first is the accurate knowledge there is of the pedigrees of racehorses and breeds of first-class cattle and dogs.

The second point is the complete waste of invaluable material that exists in the absence of scientific records concerning the cause of death in these animals. Records of scientifically conducted post-mortem examinations upon all these animals are badly wanted. The accuracy and trustworthiness with which they could be accumulated would be of immense statistical value in all matters that concern the relation of heredity to disease and cause of death.

Most of the work in this direction in all civilised countries is chiefly limited to the study of the possible transmission of disease through many generations of mice.

There is no organisation in existence that can deal with the additional evidence in other animals, and the question that arises in my mind is whether so great a paper as the *Field* can help to create one. A beginning might be made with the horses.

Yours obediently,
149, Harley Street, W. 1. G. LENTHAL CHEATLE.

ANIMALS CHANGING COLOUR THROUGH FRIGHT

SIR,—I have read the letter about the horse's mane turning white, and on the strength of it venture to write about a cat of mine. It was a young cat of about eight months, rough coated, and quite black. One day, I suppose, a dog chased him, for, after being lost for two days and a night, he was found up a high and rather bare-stemmed tree, too frightened to climb down. When rescued his ruff was a sooty grey colour, entirely different to the rest of his black coat. He, unfortunately, came to an untimely end some few months later, but until then his neck fur remained grey.

Yours truly,
Forest Row, Sussex. M. PARSONS (Miss).

SIR,—I read the letter about the horse whose mane and tail turned white from fright. I remember some years ago, in India, we were out one day, with dogs, trying to locate a wounded tiger. On the way home a white fox terrier was caught by a panther. We made a great noise, and the panther dropped the terrier. The little dog recovered from his wounds, but his hair turned almost completely yellow.

Yours faithfully,
P. F. BOWRING.

East India United Service Club,
St. James's Square, S.W. 1.

NESTING OF THE WOODPIGEON

SIR,—From time to time I receive from various correspondents enquiries regarding the autumnal nesting of the woodpigeon, owing to young birds being shot late in the season.

It is a curious fact that I have failed to find any definite information in the standard works on British birds, as to the actual data of the breeding of this extremely abundant and familiar bird. The nearest statements I have so far been able to find is, "It breeds several times in the year," but this is only vague instruction. Until recently I thought that the woodpigeon had been known to nest every month in the year except January, but upon mentioning this the other day to my friend, Mr. A. L. Butler, one of our most competent field naturalists, I was much interested to learn that, on February 13th last, he shot a young woodpigeon in Surrey which had obviously quite recently left the nest, as it still had an ample supply of down on its nape and back, therefore this specimen was a nestling in January. This record of Mr. Butler's now proves that the woodpigeon nests throughout the twelve months, which is unique as regarding the nesting habits of all other British birds.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.



BULL ELAND WITH HEIFER AT A DRINKING TROUGH
(See Letter "Strange Stock on a Hay District Farm")

STRANGE STOCK ON A HAY DISTRICT FARM

SIR,—Several months ago the *Field* published a letter on strange stock on a hay district farm of Griqualand West, South Africa.

The accompanying photograph shows the bull eland, which has been on the farm for nearly two years, drinking at a trough close to the house. Both he and the newly arrived eland heifer had just been turned out of the garden, whither they had wandered in search of mealies.

As will be seen from the photograph, the two eland exhibit differences of colour and markings. The female has a distinct black mane, with black bands on the legs and a larger tail tuft.

Perfect liberty, at least within the limits of a large jackal proofed camp, has always been allowed. The animals, as a rule, are quite tractable, but with the exception of the hartebeeste, all South African buck possess unreliable tempers.

The bull eland has been given domestic cows for wives, and if male progeny results, it will be crossed with a view to further experiments.

Yours truly,
I. R. CARTWRIGHT (Mrs.).

Griquatown, C.P.,
South Africa.

THE ORIGINAL "ILLINGWORTH" REEL

SIR,—In your Leader of April 9th you state that in all probability the "Illingworth" Reel was not designed for light tackle. May I correct this impression?

From a long association with the late Mr. A. Holden Illingworth—the inventor of the "Illingworth" Reel—and as the then manager of the Light Casting Reel Co., Ltd., who first put the reel on the market, I can state with definite knowledge that all his reels, from the inception of the idea, were designed for very fine lines. He knew the impossibility of throwing a light bait a long distance if attached to a heavy line, and the slipping clutch was invented to permit the use of the light line. A glance at the spool of the original reel will show that nothing but a fine line can be used in conjunction with it.

In an article reprinted in a pamphlet issued by my company dealing with what Mr. Illingworth called the "jurisprudence" of spinning, he clearly sets out his own view regarding the proper use of the reel. He was always anxious that it should be used for its proper purpose and not abused, and he held the same view that you express—that fish soon learn to avoid bait shown to them too often. He was an advocate of a longer close season for all bait fishing n trout waters than for fly-fishing.

Yours faithfully,
36, Sunbridge Road, Bradford. E. E. CLAY (Chairman, The Light Casting Reel Co., Ltd.).

THE MASTER EYE IN SHOOTING

SIR,—The various articles regarding "The Master Eye" in shooting have interested me greatly, but I am yet in doubt as to the really reliable means of testing *which* is the master eye.

At a certain shooting school a short time ago I was informed that there was an inclination for my left eye to be master, and "winking at the bird" with the left eye was suggested as a remedy.

In carrying out the usual test of aligning one's finger on a mark and then closing one's left eye to check, followed by closing the right eye *invariably* shows with me the apparent "jump" of the finger to the right of the object. I have always understood that this proves that the right eye is the master eye. Is this so? I am in rather a quandary, therefore, being disinclined to start "winking" or closing the left eye. If the above test of aligning the finger is a clear proof that my right eye is master, one can then look for another cure to the cause of one's indifferent performance at times. I am a reliable, in fact good, rifle shot, but my handling of a shotgun, although I gather excellent in style, is not by any means satisfying to me in its results.

Yours faithfully,
Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, Via Oswestry. A. L. GRAHAM MARTIN.

OTTERS ON A SCOTTISH LOCH

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Hector Duff's letter in the *Field* of April 20th, we have here some 40 varieties of wildfowl, and have lost none from otters. Our enclosures vary from six acres to one acre, and all are fenced with 4ft. of 1in. mesh, the bottom 6in. sunk under ground. Above the 4ft. netting is 3in. mesh 3ft. in height. No otter or fox has ever managed to get over or under such fencing.

On the loch, along which these pens are, we turned out some surplus pinioned duck, such as Falcated, Chinese Grey, call duck, etc., and these have all been killed by otters lately, even some large Aylesbury duck.

Lindores, Fife. Yours truly, J. C. LAIDLAY.

SIR,—A friend of mine has made a small artificial pond, in a district with many foxes in it, and otters also work a stream near. He has teal, call duck, etc., on it, and wild duck flight on at night. He has fenced it round with a wire fence, let well into the ground, and no fox or otter has ever got inside; he has seen the tracks of both outside the fence in snow.

In a wild part of Co. Donegal otters came up a small stream and killed fish spawning in shallow water. We set three alarm guns with wires near where the stream ran into a large lough. One night the three guns were fired by otters, and after that no fish were killed on the spawning beds. The guns took a 12-bore cartridge, which I heavily loaded with black powder. It might be worth trying as otters are easily scared.

Yours truly,
Southampton. D. J. W. EDWARDES.

FOR SODDEN LAWNS

SIR,—Possibly others may be interested in this photograph showing my gardener's simple device for aerating the surface of the tennis court at the same time as he rolls it. You will see that on his boots he has fitted boards which are studded with 3in. nails.

As he walks the nails puncture the turf with much the effect of the spiked rollers which are used by some golf clubs to aerate and drain greens which lie sodden in rainy weather.

Yours truly,
Wilts. S. F. H.



A HOME-MADE AERATOR FOR THE TENNIS LAWN
(See Letter "For Sodden Lawns")

ROOK ATTACKING MISSEL THRUSH

SIR,—I believe it is generally thought that rooks are harmless so far as other birds are concerned, and an experience I have just had merits I think, some publication.

On a sunny afternoon in late April when two friends (one of whom was, like myself, interested in birds) were being driven in a motor car on the main public road some miles from Dublin, we saw feathers flying, and on getting nearer came up to a missel thrush in the grip of a rook. The thrush was then almost *hors de combat*. The rook, which we could see from a few yards distance was the ordinary common species, only left his prey to fly up a little, and when we had passed descended to finish off the unfortunate thrush.

Yours faithfully,
Dublin. E. WHITE.

THE BOW STONES

SIR,—Standing well over a thousand feet above sea level on the moors above Lyme Hall are the stones known as "The Bow Stones," so called on account of their curious shape. They have been on this site for many years and no one has yet established their origin or discovered the purpose for which they were designed. Every Cheshire historian has been baffled; even Earwaker himself quite frankly says: "Neither the object for which they were erected nor their date is as yet satisfactorily determined; but I cannot readily believe, as has been suggested, that they were merely boundary stones."



AN HISTORICAL CONUNDRUM
(See Letter "The Bow Stones")

One is, roughly, 4ft. in height, the other slightly smaller, both being fixed in a stone base. They are considerably worn and weathered in their exposed position, though protected by iron railings. Close by is Bow Stone Gate Farm, an isolated and lonely place, from which point are fine views to the west over the Cheshire plain and to the east is the Peak of Derbyshire, with several beautiful valleys on the borderline of the two counties.

Yours truly,
Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire. FRED J. CHAPPLE.

BLACK MAMBAS

SIR,—In your paper of April 23rd, I was surprised to see a black mamba of 7ft. 3½in. mentioned as something approaching record size, if not an actual record. For the past five-and-a-half years I have been in South Africa, mostly Natal, and have met on several occasions farmers who have spoken about shooting black mambas of over 10ft. in length. As far as record size goes I have no idea. Also the mamba does not spit at the eyes of the attacker, but will strike anywhere. The sineshal, or cobra, is the South African snake that spits at the eyes, the venom attacks the nerves and causes blindness, from which the victim may recover fairly quickly.

I have always taken a particular interest in the letters and have gained much useful information from your very interesting paper.

Yours faithfully,
Selly Park, Birmingham. R. CHASE UDAL.

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of April 23rd, Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, the director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, gives the following as the length of the black mamba:

Average specimens, 7ft. to 9ft.
Fine specimens, up to 12ft.
Exceptional cases, 13ft.

These figures would seem to imply that the species referred to by your correspondent may not be the true mamba (*Dendraspis*), but the spitting cobra (*Naia nigricollis*), which normally attains a length of 6ft., and occasionally as much as 7ft. Moreover, this snake has the habit of spraying its venom in the face of an assailant in the manner described—a habit which, as far as I am aware, is not characteristic of the mamba.

Yours faithfully,
Northwood, Middlesex. H. E. FOSTER

ELEPHANTS REMOVING THEIR DEAD

SIR,—In the *Field* of March 26th, Mr. Denis D. Lyell states that he has never seen or read of elephants removing the remains of their own kind, and that the skulls and bones of elephants remain for years in the place where they died.

This may be the case in Africa, but it might interest Mr. Lyell to learn that in India it is not an uncommon occurrence for elephants to shift the carcass of one of their slain brothers, doubtless in attempts to raise it, though not for anything like the distance mentioned by "J. B." in the *Field* of March 5th. An elephant shot by my father, the late R. H. Morris, was moved by other elephants for about 20 yards, and similarly two rogue elephants shot by Mr. A. L. Laurie and Major F. S. Gillespie in these parts were moved, the former for a distance of 15 to 20 yards, and the latter was simply turned over. A further case is mentioned by Mr. H. W. Champion, I.F.S., in his book *With a Camera in Tiger-land*, in which he records that a dead elephant was moved to a different position, almost certainly the work of other elephants that visited the place. Mr. Champion observes that "the carcass was not moved by either men or by scavenging animals, such as pigs or hyænas."

While on the subject of elephant shooting, I should like to refer to Mr. Lyell's letter in the *Field* of July 26th, 1930, to which I replied, but apparently my letter never reached the offices of the *Field*. Mr. Lyell's letter dealt with the subject of the bores of rifles for elephant shooting, and in disagreeing with my opinion on the subject he expressed the opinion that I could not have had anything like the experience of some African hunters in the shooting of elephants. This may be true, but I nevertheless have shot or helped to shoot over 20 elephants, nearly all declared rogues, in the past seven or eight years in this district, and I think therefore, that I can claim a little knowledge on the subject of elephant shooting in India, though I quite realise that the above number is possibly small compared to the bag of some African hunters. Elephant shooting is not so uncommon in India as Mr. Denis apparently thinks. A licence can be obtained to shoot elephants in parts of the North Kanara district (Bombay Presidency), and in Coorg and Burmah. In this (Coimbatore) district (Madras Presidency) I should say quite another dozen rogues have been shot by other sportsmen within the period mentioned above.

If Mr. Denis Lyell refers back to my former letter I think he will see that I agreed with "Moccasins'" statement that an Indian elephant is out to give trouble when hit *in the body*. My experience has been that an Indian elephant hit in the head with a heavy bore H.V. rifle is dazed (if not killed), and that this is often *not* the case when a small bore H.V. weapon is used. With all due deference to Mr. Denis Lyell's experience in big game hunting, I cannot agree with him when he says that it is unlikely for huge game like elephants to be shocked by the difference between the striking energy of a .275 and a .470 rifle. This may be the case with a body shot, but I think all sportsmen who have had experience in elephant shooting in India will agree with me that it is certainly *not* the case with a head shot. Nor do I share Mr. Denis Lyell's opinion that a magazine rifle is more trustworthy than a double barrel, and I fancy the majority of sportsmen both in India and Africa will favour the D.B. rifle every time.

Returning to the question of bores, it has been proved time and again that other large-bodied game, such as the Indian bison or buffalo are certainly shocked by a heavy bore in a far greater degree than with a small bore; and that this is generally accepted is borne out by the fact that most S. India game licences now contain a clause to the effect that nothing under a .400 bore may be used on bison. I would personally consider a .375 Magnum (not an ordinary .375) good enough, but would definitely rule out the .275 and other bores in this region.

Yours faithfully,
Honnametti Estate, R. C. MORRIS, F.Z.S.
Attikan P.O., via Mysore, S. India.

A WAYSIDE INDUSTRY

SIR,—The barber depicted in my photograph earns his livelihood by the wayside. He has no individual styles, as all his customers have their hair cropped tight to their heads. Some of the shorn hair can be seen in the foreground of the picture.

Yours truly,
Cairo, Egypt. M. C. S.



AN EGYPTIAN BARBER WITH SOME OF HIS CLIENTS
(See Letter "A Wayside Industry")

COAST EROSION

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the coast at Pakefield, near Lowestoft, showing how the sea is demanding its tribute from the land.

The remains of the house depicted on the cliff edge are an indication of what has been happening for twenty years on this part of the coast. During this period a whole street of 60 houses has disappeared, and others are threatened by the attention of the waves.

A sea defence committee is in being in Parliament to deal with this problem of coast erosion, but it is to be feared that the sea is beating them in their role of King Canute.

Every year England is losing a tract of land equal to the area of Gibraltar.

Yours truly,
St. Catherines, W. PYE.
Lincoln.



THE TOLL OF THE SEA AT PAKEFIELD, NEAR LOWESTOFT
(See Letter "Coast Erosion")

STARLINGS' EGGS ON LAWNS

SIR,—About 5 p.m. on April 28th, I found, scattered at various points of my lawn, five starlings' eggs, all intact. I asked a neighbour whether he could account for this. He told me that on the same afternoon he also had found five starlings' eggs on *his* lawn, three (I think) intact, and two broken (a blackbird had been seen pecking at these). A little later he found a 6th egg, intact, apparently from a different bird, as the colour was of a slightly deeper shade. The two lawns are about 100 yards apart, with a wall between them.

Yours faithfully,
Wormley, L. R. FURNEAUX.
Godalming.

[To find a starling's egg, intact, on the lawn, is nothing unusual; the bird has a habit of laying stray eggs in the open. But to find so large a number of eggs as this on adjacent lawns is distinctly exceptional—we can only suggest that, for some reason or other, the "housing problem" for local starlings had become acute.—ED.]

CAIRN TERRIER RETRIEVING TROUT

SIR,—I think the following description of my dog's sporting proclivities may be of interest to readers of the *Field*.

My friend, who rejoices in the name of Call Boy, is a pedigree Cairn terrier, and was bred at the well-known Gittisham Kennels, owned by Mrs. D. C. Duncan. I bought him out of my winnings on the Derby winner, Call Boy.

Sometimes as a relaxation from the duties of school I fish the River Otter. It is then that Call Boy comes into his own. He is able to land a fish himself. He will get down into the water and retrieve the trout and leave never a mark on it. I have never trained him. One day purely of his own volition he commenced to carry out this most interesting "piscatorial manœuvre"!

He will also follow closely behind me, and if he sees a fish rise he will, if not restrained, jump into the water and make for the ripples made by the rise.

This dog's breeding is beyond reproach. He is a grandson of Alastair Ardshiel, a very famous Cairn. His dam was Smooger, who bred several champions. He is accompanied sometimes by a black cat of mine called James. Alas! James has no claim to distinction except that it is the most *dog-like* cat I have ever seen. I frequently play bridge, perhaps at some distance from my house. James will accompany me and sit on the window sill of the house I am visiting, and then trot home with me. He is Call Boy's inseparable companion.

It is fairly common for spaniels and retrievers to land fish, but I believe I can regard my Cairn as unique.

My two friends are well known in Honiton.

It would be interesting to know if any readers of the *Field* have or have had Cairns with a similar predilection for fishing.

Yours very truly,
Allhallows School, G. S. NAPIER.
Honiton.

LION V. PORCUPINE

SIR,—In a letter under the heading "Lion v. 'orcupine," in the *Field* of February 6th, 1932, Ir. H. H. Betts, of Gasua, Northern Nigeria, asks 'hether it is a common occurrence for lions to attack orcupine and get hurt in the process.

During the past few years I have skinned and xamined several lions, and I have no hesitation hatever in stating that, in the Western Sudan, it the rule rather than the exception to find pieces f broken quills in the pads, carpal region and rearms. This particularly is the case in districts here wild game is scarce and lions depend chiefly n domestic stock for diet.

Not long ago I shot a full-grown male lion with porcupine quill firmly embedded in the skin and nuscle between the ears, about 1in. in and 3in. rotruding. Judging from the condition of the round and the amount of fibrous tissue surrounding he quill, it must have been in this position some onsiderable time. Occasionally one finds porcupine uills in lion dung: I myself have counted as many s seventeen quills, 2in. to 3in. long, arranged ongitudinally in a single evacuation, and this pparently had been passed without any difficulty. The flesh of both the porcupine and ant-bear is attractive to the lion, and both these animals provide a meal when beef and mutton are not forthcoming.

Yours faithfully.

Sudan Veterinary Service, Khartoum. R. S. AUDAS.

BIRDS FLYING THROUGH WINDOWS

SIR,—The following incident took place at a house called The Orchards, in Cookham, on April 8th.

In one of the reception rooms situated on the ground floor facing the lawn a plate-glass window was found with a hole in it of about 4in. in diameter, and the remainder of the window, which was ¼in. thick, splintered and shivered in all directions, and lying dead outside, about 2ft. away, a hen pheasant with a broken beak. This occurred about 9 a.m. and would have to be seen to be believed.

Yours very truly,

The Vicarage, Cookham, Berkshire. B. H. HAYWARD BROWNE.

[Many incidents are on record of pheasants flying through windows, probably mistaking the reflection for trees and open air.—ED.]

WHY GET RID OF GRAYLING?

SIR,—If Mr. Graves had ever tried to catch grayling in the Gloucestershire Coln he would soon alter his views, as he would find that they are practically impossible to catch. They rise incessantly at nothing, and whether the angler is a skilled fisherman or the clumsier duffer makes no difference; indeed, on the rare occasions when they are caught it is generally with a bungling cast.

Grayling are very susceptible to furunculosis. When the outbreak occurred here in 1929, although only in a mild form, it was the grayling that seemed to be the most affected. The proper way to fish for them is with the net. Mr. Graves should read *An Angler at Large*, by William Caine, and pay particular attention to the chapter. "Of Graylings, Large and Small."

Yours truly,

Bibury Trout Farm, Glos. A. SEVERN.

GAME COLLIDING WITH CAR

SIR,—In reply to the letter from Mr. J. L. Case in the *Field* of April 16th, it is probably well known to all who motor much in the country that hares are frequently dazzled by motor headlights, though as a rule they are not "attracted by" but race away in front of them.

Birds have also an unfortunate habit of flying across a car at the last moment, though what a partridge was doing in the air after dark it is difficult to suggest.

I do not know of anyone "making a more varied bag" than your correspondent, but believe it might easily be done by anyone who laid himself out to try.

Yours faithfully,

M. BEDFORD.

[Mr. Case wrote that he made his "bag" quite by accident.—ED.]

NILE PERCH AND TANGANYIKA

SIR,—Some time ago I took up the matter of *Lates niloticus* being in Lake Tanganyika as a result of an article by "Combine."

So far I have seen no answer to my questions.

I regret if I have frightened "Combine," but this was no idle letter, but a definite search for information.

There has just been completed and now gone to press, a *Guide to the Fishes and Fishing of East Africa*, which treats with the trout fishing, sea fishing and coarse fishing of Uganda, Kenya, and parts of Tanganyika in a most exhaustive manner

The question of a further distribution of *Lates niloticus* therefore was of great importance, especially when treating of the fish of Lake Tanganyika and the opportunities this lake offers to anglers. The statement, therefore, that big *lates* were to be caught in Lake Tanganyika was not only a bit of a shock, but would have necessitated rewriting a considerable amount of the section dealing with this fish.

As this statement has not been substantiated by facts, work on this section has been allowed to stand. Of course, one can always change one's opinion, but I still think that the Murchisson Falls and the falls on the Semeliki has proved a barrier to the spread of this fish to the great African lakes, Lake Albert and Rudolf being the exceptions.

Nairobi, Kenya Colony. Yours faithfully, HUGH COPLEY.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Snipe's Five Eggs.—I think the enclosed photograph may interest your readers. It shows a snipe's nest I found containing five eggs. I think this number must be very exceptional.—JOHN H. VICKERS, Neenton, Bridgnorth, Salop.



A FULL NEST
(See Letter "Snipe's Five Eggs")

Frogs Hibernating Under Water.—Some years ago near Maidenhead, at Easter-time, I was groping for snails in a ditch, and my scoop pulled out of the mud a mass of hibernating frogs. They were perfectly torpid, and very thin; the interlaced mass was about the size of a big man's fist.—LIONEL E. ADAMS, Stride Cross, Newport, I.W.

Albinism in Blackbirds.—We have a pied blackbird now entering on his third summer in our garden; but contrary to the one described by your correspondent from Tanfield, he is quite tame. He had two nests last year, but all his offspring were normal—at the present time he and his mate are busy making their nest again. We shall watch with interest for the result of this year's hatches.—ERIC B. FRECKINGHAM, Fiskerton House, Nottinghamshire.

Left-handed Baseball Players.—An American told me that the majority of the American baseball "star" batters (including Babe Ruth) are left-handed. This seems very curious to me. I consider baseball a very kindred "stick and ball" game to cricket, and golf another kindred game, but not *quite so* related as the other two. Yet we find in cricket the "star" right-hand batsmen average well over, I should say, 90 per cent., and in golf (including America) the proportion of right-handers higher still.—CURIOUS, Co. Kildare.

The Word Newbiggin.—In your admirable reproduction of Mrs. Elwell's picture of the entrance of this house in your issue of May 7th, the name of the street is misspelt. Instead of "Newbeggin," it should be "Newbiggin," which is an interesting old Northcountry word, meaning "new buildings," whereas Newbeggin is quite meaningless. I shall be grateful if you can make this correction in your next available issue.—(Rev.) M. C. F. MORRIS, 14, Newbiggin, Beverley, Yorkshire.

"A Corporal of Horse."—Regarding the Royal Academy picture, "A Corporal of Horse," in the *Field* of May 7th, in my more than 60 years' study of horses I never saw one walking on the flat in such an attitude, and should, as a matter of interest, like to know if any other readers have done so. It is true that horses—and especially young horses—will "swing" (that is, walk like a camel) when going down a steep decline, but at a walk, I never saw one do so on the flat. I would ask whether my experience has been unusual or this poor horse has been misrepresented.—HOMER HAWKINS, Broom Hall, Shrewsbury.

IN THE CITY

AN ATTRACTION ABROAD

THERE MAY BE THOSE who would say that no security exists such as an attractive foreign Government bond. Broadly speaking, the conservative investor is very well advised, under current conditions, to confine his financial interests to this country, but it is possible for even a foreign government bond to fall to a bargain level.

For instance, the price of the Austrian Government 6 per cent. Guaranteed sterling bonds 1923–43 recently fell as low as £77, and even now the bonds can be obtained at £87½ to yield 7 per cent. flat, and a little over 8 per cent. allowing for redemption at par at the latest date. Interest is paid on June 1st and December 1st, and the current price therefore includes nearly six months' accrued interest.

The loan is guaranteed by the undermentioned countries to the extent in each case of the proportion stated:

Country.	Extent of Guarantee.
Great Britain	24.5 per cent.
France	24.5 per cent.
Italy	20.5 per cent.
Czechoslovakia	24.5 per cent.
Belgium	2 per cent.
Sweden	2 per cent.
Denmark	1 per cent.
Holland	1 per cent.
	100 per cent.

The bonds are redeemable on or before June 1st, 1943, by a cumulative sinking fund, which is applied annually (usually in October) by purchase in the open market, or by drawings for repayment at par on December 1st.

In addition to the guarantee referred to above, the payment of the principal and interest of the loan is secured by:

1. A general bond of the Austrian Government, whereby three trustees, nominated by the Council of the League of Nations, are appointed trustees for the bondholders.

2. A first charge in favour of the trustees on the gross receipts of the Customs duties and tobacco monopoly of the Austrian State, which receipts are paid into a special account under the control of the Council of the League of Nations.

RISKS MORE APPARENT THAN REAL

The yield obtainable on the bonds at their current price suggests that a purchase would necessitate the incurring of very considerable risks, and it may be of interest therefore to examine the extent of this risk without prejudice.

The average of the annual gross receipts from the pledged revenues of the customs duties and tobacco monopoly for the last seven years has been sufficient to cover the service of this loan more than three times over, and have shown no tendency to dwindle during recent years. Moreover, it can be taken for granted that neither Austria nor any one of the guarantor countries would break faith with the League of Nations if this could possibly be avoided. Each of the guarantor States have, in fact, deposited with the National Bank of Switzerland, in the name of the trustees, its own bonds to cover the amount of its guarantee.

Let us suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that Austria finds it impossible to obtain the necessary amount of exchange to remit abroad the service of this loan, and for similar reasons that Czechoslovakia cannot implement her part of the guarantee. Surely that is the worst that need be feared and the position would then be that 24.5 per cent. of the interest would remain unpaid. In other words, the bonds would then pay interest at the rate of a little more than 4½ per cent. per annum, and the flat yield at the current price of £87½, allowing for net accrued interest, would be £5 5s. 6d., which is a considerably higher return than could at present be obtained by the joint purchase of the bonds of the guarantor countries in the same proportion as their guarantee.

It can be taken for granted that at least 75.5 per cent. of the usual sinking fund will operate before the end of October next, which will almost certainly have the effect of lifting the market price above the current level, and regarded either as a speculation or an investment the bonds would appear an attractive purchase at their current price. Should the price again relapse to about the low level of a few weeks ago, which is always a possibility in these kinds of markets, the opportunity of acquiring a holding should not be allowed to pass. PACTOLUS.

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—DEBEN RIVER

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

This is the third article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Last week's harbour was Southwold.

THE DEBEN RIVER, otherwise known as Woodbridge Haven, or Bawdsey Haven, is a convenient harbour situated between Harwich and Orfordness, providing safe anchorage for small craft in all weathers; but the entrance requires caution.

Like other harbours along this coast, the entrance is apt to be changed from time to time owing to the effect of gales on the sandbanks. The first warning to be noted is that of keeping well away from the shore until a red conical buoy marked "W. E. Haven" is sighted seawards, and to the east, of the entrance. Before this buoy has been picked up you will have noticed (reading from south-west to north-east) the white golf clubhouse, a martello tower, then another martello tower, the ferry house, and—more prominent still—Bawdsey Manor, as shown on the accompanying plan.

Having given the shore a wide berth, and sighted the "W. E. Haven" buoy, make for the latter, thence steer on a westerly course with that red buoy, a small black conical buoy, and the first-mentioned martello tower all in line, until you now see two leading beacons (locally called "meets") come into line. Alter course towards them and keep them in line until within 50yds. of the beach, when course must be again altered to steer in a northerly direction up the river, keeping slightly to the west of mid-channel. These two "meets" are not easy of identification at the first occasion, and it should be remembered that the outer one is rectangular shaped, whilst the inner is curved like a spade. These beacons are shifted from time to time as the channel alters, and they mark the best water.

WHERE TO ANCHOR

Continuing up the entrance between the shoal to starboard and the shore to port, a second martello tower is passed. Bawdsey Manor is on the eastern shore, and at the narrowest part of the river are (*a*) the steam ferry, (*b*) the telegraph cable. Be careful not to anchor here. The shore telegraph beacons will be adequate warning on either side. Anchor 100yds. to the north and on the west side of a shoal (see plan) which occupied the centre of the already widened river. Another anchorage will be found a little higher, and to the south-west of a black conical buoy which marks the up-river end of the shoal.

The "meets" just mentioned consist of white board topmarks on red posts, and occasionally at night time, for the convenience of pilots, a fixed light is placed on each post at tide time to form leading lights.

The "W. E. Haven" buoy is liable to be moved as requisite after the sands have been shifted. Some yachtsmen, visiting this haven for the first time, may prefer to take a pilot. Indeed, unless it is fine settled weather, and there is neither much wind not sea, it is prudent to accept local guidance. The best time to enter is just before half-flood, when there will be about 5ft. of water over the bar. Trinity House pilots will come off when there is enough water, provided the yacht makes a suitable signal, such as one of the following—pilot flag hoisted at the peak, the burgee partly lowered, or a flag displayed in the rigging. These pilots come off in their own boat, and the charge for being guided just inside is 1/3 per foot draught, for vessels under 10ft. It is, therefore, well worth 5/- for a small craft thus to learn the way and the local marks. At night the signals for a pilot consist of either burning a flare, or flashing a light rapidly.

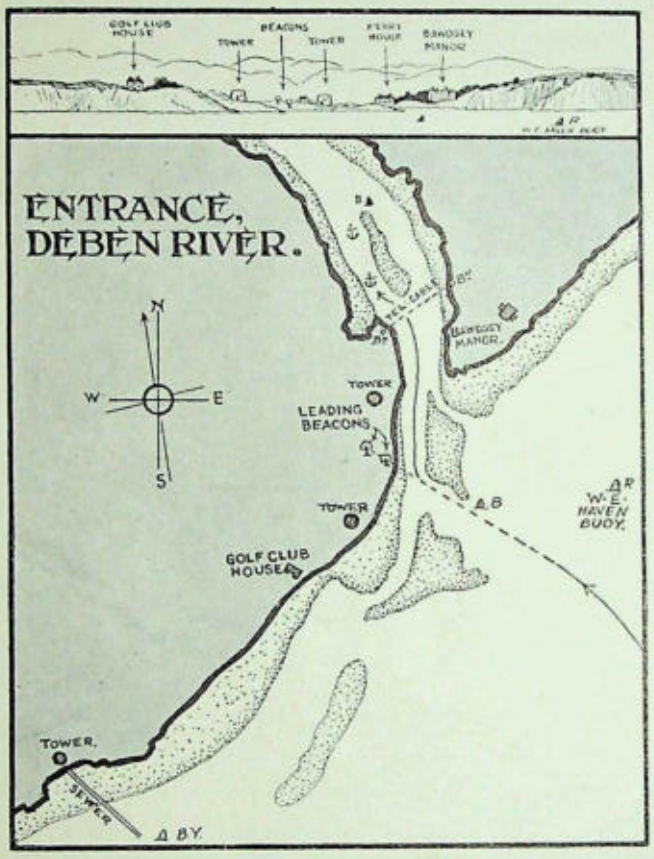
If you should reach the "W. E. Haven" buoy when the tide is ebbing, or it is only just low water, heave-to off this red buoy until the tide has made sufficiently; but in no case should the entrance be attempted before the second hour of the flood.

REMARKS:

By careful regard to the above directions in conjunction with the plan, as well as the sketch showing the estuary's appearance from outside, the stranger can proceed with confidence. But it should be noted that the ebb sets out with such force that no sailing yacht could stem the tide except with a strong fair wind; but a fresh southerly wind against the tide means such a nasty sea that there would be an unpleasant experience, with a risk of disaster if keel touched the sand. Even a craft under power is much better advised to wait till the flood has been running some time. Only under such conditions as a quiet summer's day, with a light southerly wind and the tides at neaps, should the stranger in a small sailing craft first tackle this harbour.

The flood sets quite regularly between the banks until sufficient water has covered them, after which it flows all over the shoals. The ebb sometimes attains a speed of six knots, though the flood is not excessive. Easterly gales raise the height of tide and prolong the period of high water.

After passing the more northerly of the two martello towers, a course can be kept in mid-stream, but a lookout will be maintained for the ferry. The horse shoal in the next reach dries 4½ft. at low water, but the rippling discoloured water will keep you from getting on to this obstruction. The holding ground and ebb tide combine to demand plenty of cable and good gear. Beware of the moorings at the suggested anchorage, which are laid not up and down but athwart the stream.



ENTRANCE TO DEBEN RIVER

Arrow shows approach; on top are main characteristics of coastline

The dinghy could be left near the ferry landing, and water can be obtained from the inn at the Felixstowe Ferry (or western) side; Bawdsey itself being on the eastern side. If stores are required, there is a motorbus which runs into Felixstowe town, a distance of less than four miles. Letters can be posted at Felixstowe Ferry, and it is possible to telephone to the pilots giving warning if bound to Woodbridge from along the coast.

(*Next Week:* HARWICH.)

YACHTING AT BURNHAM

The School for Amateur Yachtsmen

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

A GREAT DEAL has been written lately about the high cost of yachting as a sport, and especially as to the expense incurred by yachtsmen taking part in the International class racing. There can be no doubt that a review of the facts justifies this opinion, but it should be remembered that taking part in such a competitive and highly specialised form of sport as class racing can only be indulged in with a fair chance of success by yachtsmen who are prepared to keep pace with the times by building new yachts, as and when necessary, and by maintaining them in a high standard both of equipment and efficiency.

The first cost of a modern class racing yacht under the International Rule is necessarily high, but, fortunately, under the present rule, it is not easy to outclass the best of the existing craft. A man who has the good fortune to own a really good boat may, therefore, confidently look forward to several seasons' racing before being outclassed, provided always that he is prepared to keep her right at the top of her form.

DEMANDS FOR ECONOMY

It is because of this unavoidable expense that the demand for less expensive open class racing for small craft has been raised recently. Racing in the various one-design, restricted and handicap classes which are to be found at the various yachting centres round the coast is, naturally, far less costly, and, because of the lack of less expensive open classes, it is to the one-design, restricted and handicap craft that the racing fleet must look for capable recruits. It is here that the yacht clubs have it in their power to help the sport, especially if they have among their members young yachtsmen who, while being unable to afford the expense of owning a yacht, are willing and able to form part of an amateur crew.

At the regatta which was held by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, at Burnham-on-Crouch, on May 14th, there were no fewer than 35 starters in the various classes—the aggregate number of personnel being 107 all told. Had more unattached amateurs been available the number of starters would have been even greater. Burnham-on-Crouch is, of course, exceptionally well situated as a yachting centre. It is within easy reach of London; it has an adequate and convenient anchorage; and practically the whole length of the water front is devoted to the interests of yachts and yachtsmen. This being the case, it is little wonder that Burnham-on-Crouch leads the way—as far as British yachting is concerned—as a school for amateur yachtsmen, and one wonders why even greater advantage is not taken of its outstanding advantages.

On the Crouch the racing season is a long one, as it begins in April and finishes in September, and most of it takes place during the week-ends—both of which features must make a special appeal to men whose time is fully occupied during the rest of the week. Taking the racing season right through, the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club alone would probably be able to find a place on racing craft for about fifteen really keen young amateurs who cannot afford to own, or part-own, a racing boat. There appears, therefore, to be an excellent opportunity—by becoming members of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club—for about 30 or 50 yachtsmen to become expert racing "hands."

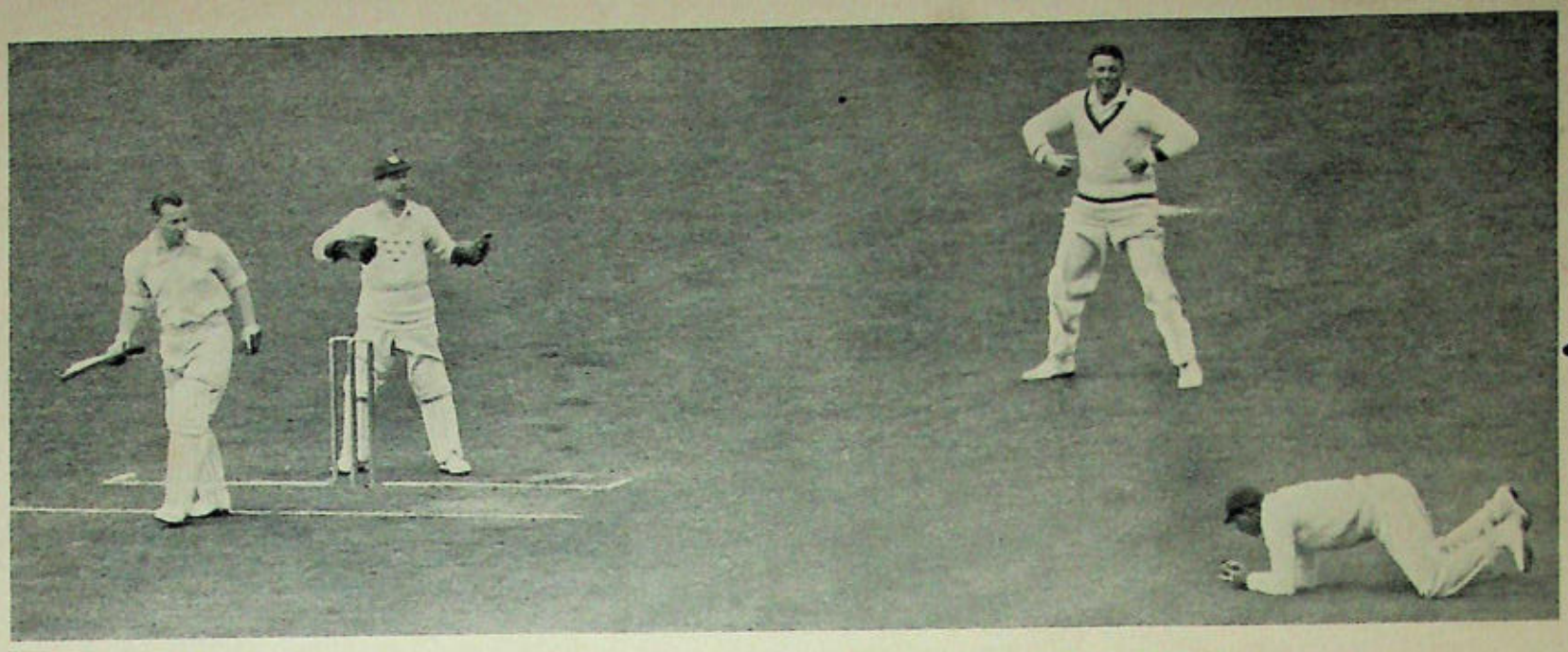
THE NEW "SHARPIES"

During the week-end I had my first sight—in action—of the club's new 12 square metre one-design Sharpie class. These little boats, which are 19ft. 8in. in length, with a sail area of about 125sq. ft., are most excellent little craft, both for racing purposes and as fast and handy day boats. One of their most attractive features is that they only cost about £45, complete, and ready for racing. By an arrangement with the club, as already outlined in the *Field*, the sole use of one of these boats for the whole of the season—including care and upkeep—can be had by a member of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club for the sum of £16. This is a feature which, in itself, should prove attractive to young and inexperienced amateurs who would like to go in for racing but who are deterred from doing so by the uncertainty as to their possible liabilities.

The early 6-metre class racing on the Crouch has been exceptionally keen, and it is expected that two boats will go to the Solent, in June, to take part in the trials for the selection of British representatives in the British American Cup team race.

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A BRILLIANT CATCH AT FORWARD SHORT LEG BY DULEEPSINJHI (SUSSEX) AT THE OVAL

This catch, off a ball from Wensley, dismissed Barling (Surrey) when his score stood at 38. Wensley's off breaks, bowled round the wicket, brought him six wickets for 71 runs in 46 overs, while Tate (second from right) took three wickets for 25 runs in 20 overs. Barling and Hobbs gave Surrey a good start by putting on 60 runs in 65 minutes for the first wicket

PAYNTER'S MASTERLY CRICKET AT BRADFORD

Would the Pace of Australian Wickets Prove Too Much for Him?

By NEVILLE CARDUS

ONE OF THE FINEST and bravest innings I have ever seen was played last Saturday at Bradford on a bowler's wicket against Yorkshire, by a batsman who has still to make a name in international company.

Paynter, of Lancashire, is 29 years of age; he came late into county cricket. Still, he is young enough and close enough now to distinction that I expect him before long to take his place with the really original cricketers of the day—amongst the choice few who draw the public and send them home satisfied and in love with the courage and hazard of the game.

At Bradford last Saturday Lancashire took first innings on a pitch that, after half-an-hour's play, became nastier and more responsive to spin with the bowling of every over.

Paynter launched a most violent attack on Verity and Macaulay. He ran into a ball from Verity and drove it for six; the length was really too short for the stroke, but Paynter's feet made rapid action—you could not follow their twinkling movements—and by the time Paynter achieved the hit the ball was a half-volley! That was the way Paynter began his innings—and in a Yorkshire v. Lancashire match at that!—the match with the dour tradition; a battle of endurance, cricket stealthily engaged in grim trench warfare, no banners or challenging lances, but crawling surreptitious craft!

HARD AND LIVELY HITTING

Paynter's batsmanship came like a refreshing wind into the ancient feud; he scored 152 out of 209 in three hours and a half. His third 50 cannonaded over the astonished field in 30 minutes; he hit five sixes and seventeen fours. He lived a thrilling life, enjoyed the escapades which fortune gladly embraces and thrives upon.

Once or twice he let his bat fling, and the ball missed his stumps by inches. When his score was 89 he pulled Leyland terrifically for four; and Sutcliffe in the "leg trap" saved his head by "ducking" agitatedly. From the next ball, Paynter repeated the hit, but only half got hold of the ball, and sent it into Sutcliffe's hands.

No doubt Sutcliffe expected another attempt on his life; for, as he missed the chance, a very hard one, I got the impression that his mind was elsewhere, perhaps swiftly thinking of home and wife and family.

This heroic innings was original; only Paynter could have played it. I do not suggest by that remark that no other batsman could have achieved the technical excellence of the innings. Obviously, many cricketers can command more than Paynter's skill.

When I write that Paynter's innings was "original," I mean that his own nature went into every stroke; the style was unlike anybody else's because it was Paynter's. How refreshing to find a batsman nowadays who has not plainly come out of a familiar mould! Paynter's cricket is a natural mingling of Lancashire shrewdness and pugnacity. He hits the ball as hard as any man in England.

Last Saturday the gradual increase of the wicket's "stickiness" made him run risks beyond his normal discretion, for usually Paynter picks out the loose ball with much judgment.

On this occasion he seemed intent on smashing the Yorkshire attack to smithereens, come weal or woe. And, truth to say, his belligerent temper was responsible for one or two quite dreadful errors of technique. At the very beginning of his innings he tried to hit an off-break (which came in from the leg to Paynter, who is a left-hander)—he actually tried to hit it to the on against the spin.

And several times he hurled his bat against the spin of Macaulay. He played up to his luck; but possibly the pundits of Lord's would have worried a little over Paynter's errors of grammar.

Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that Paynter is nothing but a hitter with a sure eye and a great heart. Last August, against Yorkshire, he saved a match for Lancashire by playing an innings altogether different, in style and temper, from his barnstorming masterpiece at Bradford.

He then held back Yorkshire bowling for some six hours, stonewalling with the broadest and straightest bat. Thus, in two consecutive matches, against Lancashire's old enemy, Paynter has proved his quality as match-winner and as match-saver.

ATTRACTING THE SELECTION COMMITTEE

He is certain to draw to him during the next few weeks the attention of the English Selection Committee. And at the outset it will be as well to admit that Paynter often hits with a cross bat—even as J. T. Tyldesley did (and Paynter is a sort of left-handed Tyldesley).

The question to be settled about this cricketer this summer is whether or not the great pace of Australian wickets would not prove too much for his favourite stroke—the cross-bat pull. But he must be carefully considered; none but a batsman of exceptional talent and character could have asserted himself as Paynter did at Bradford.

He took a difficult situation entirely in charge; his cricket was creative; he changed the length of the Yorkshire bowlers to his heart's desire, in a few overs. Here was the proof of vision. And not only is Paynter a batsman; also he is one of the swiftest, if not *the* swiftest, of outfields now playing here or in Australia.

Paynter made a sad mess of Verity, who, of course, was very much handicapped by reason of the fact that his spin "comes into" a left-hander's bat. At Bradford last summer Woolley put Verity through a terrible ordeal of driving. Paynter was able to crash Verity's bowling to the on,—with the spin. And I am bound to confess that though Verity took eight wickets on Saturday afternoon against Lancashire, his bowling convinced me that he is not yet in the All-England class.

He depends too much on his break; he does not get his batsman often enough guessing while the ball is in the air. His flight is too direct, and too straight down, to the batsman. Moreover, when he does change his flight, the variations seem accidental and not part of a plan. The abruptness of the changes cancel one another out.

Variations of flight in bowling should not be merely erratic; they should have an apparent similarity that really masks differentiation. The Yorkshire attack frankly did not look very resourceful under Paynter's punishment. The generalship

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COMPANY MEETING.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

ASSETS NOW EXCEED FOURTEEN MILLIONS

The Annual General Court of the London Assurance was held Wednesday, May 11th, at No. 1, King William Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell (the Governor) said that the progress made during the year in the Life Department was quite satisfactory, the Fund having increased by £275,464 to £6,676,756. The new Life business completed amounted to 2,299 policies assuring £1,795,780 net, as compared with 2,609 policies for £2,055,975 net in 1930. The total premium income was higher by £17,475, and the consideration for annuities granted by £3,788. The claims by death, although higher than in 1930, were in fact more satisfactory as they occurred among the older lives. The actual claims in respect of lives under 63 years of age were only 35 per cent. of the expected, which compared with 51 per cent. in 1930.

The results of their Fire Account had been disappointing, for it was on those that they had grown accustomed to rely for a steady annual profit. While conditions in America continued as they were at present, it was a matter of great difficulty for the management to produce good results in that field. The business transacted in their Home Department and through their Dominion branches and foreign agencies had run off well, and they had been able to protect their business in spite of the great depression in world conditions. After transferring £89,302 to profit and loss the Fire Fund amounted to £1,695,000, being slightly over 85 per cent. of the premium income. With regard to their fire business as a whole, he was convinced that as soon as any general revival in trade conditions took place the effect would be seen in that Department.

A GOOD MARINE ACCOUNT

The Marine Account had turned out to be a good one, and, after transferring £159,322 to the credit of profit and loss account, the Fund stood at £901,567, which was 102½ per cent. of the premium income.

The results of the Accident Department had been unsatisfactory for some time past, largely on account of adverse conditions in the United States. They had transferred £135,416 from profit and loss account to the credit of this account, and the Fund had been increased to £600,000 by adding £90,000 to the additional reserve. The business in the Home Department ran off satisfactorily and the motor insurance results were rather better than they had expected.

Even at a time of world-wide depression they were maintaining their large resources intact and were giving their shareholders a dividend of 45 per cent., which, he suggested, was no mean return. While the amount brought into the profit and loss account at the beginning of the year was £317,670, the amount carried forward to 1932 was £357,847, an increase of £40,177. The total assets now exceeded 14 millions sterling.

Mr. E. T. Hargraves suggested that it would be of advantage to all concerned if the Government could be induced to agree that life policies up to £1,000 at any rate, in respect of which no claim for rebate of income tax on the premiums had been made, should be free of death duties on maturity.

The chairman, replying, said that if anything could be arranged with the Treasury in that connection it would be a very great relief to those seeking to make provision for the future.

The report was unanimously adopted.

of Rhodes was missing. Never did Rhodes pitch short after somebody had driven him for a four in front of the wicket.

He was never so likely to get a batsman out, in fact, as he was the ball following a big drive from him. There are few bowlers in England at the moment who can put up with a bout of severe handling from a quick-footed batsman. Nearly all of them take refuge in a short length the moment they see a bat lifted up aggressively. And the joke of it is that the long-hop is an easier ball to beat by far then the overtossed ball!

ROUND THE WICKETS

Overworked Bowlers

GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND KENT began the season very much as they began it last year—with decisive victories in which the bowling of Parker and Freeman played a very large part.

Against Worcestershire Parker took thirteen wickets, while Freeman took a like number against



H. TROSSBACH (BERLINER S.C.), WHO WAS SECOND IN THE 120 YARDS HURDLES AT THE BRITISH GAMES

Lord Burghley defeated Trossbach by half the length of the run in and amply avenged his defeat of 1929

Leicestershire; and it seems already clear that the Championship fortunes of Gloucestershire and Kent will once again depend very largely on the form of these wily old campaigners. Whether they can carry the burdens they shouldered last year is an interesting matter for speculation.

Freeman then had valuable support from C. S. Marriott, and between them they took three-fourths of the wickets that fell to Kent. Similarly Parker found Goddard a useful ally, the two taking more than three-fourths of the wickets that fell to Gloucestershire.

Goddard is again bowling well, but little reliance can be placed on other Gloucestershire bowlers, though there are hopes in J. H. Rogers. In the absence of Marriott, Freeman stands almost alone, and Kent must be getting really anxious about some of their bowlers who have not fulfilled early promise, for Freeman cannot go on for ever taking the bulk of the wickets.

CONTRASTS IN CAPTAINCY

One of those sporting declarations which are appreciated by players and spectators alike was made by the Lancashire captain, P. T. Eckersley, when he gave Derbyshire four-and-a-half hours in which to get 212 to win.

This was a "neck or nothing" decision, influenced no doubt by the fact that Derbyshire had already gained the first innings lead. As it happened Derbyshire got no more than 139, thanks chiefly to Hopwood, who at one point took three wickets in six balls.

While this bright finish was taking place, spectators at the Notts *v.* Sussex match had the less enjoyable experience of seeing the Notts captain decide to bat again after Sussex had finished their first innings 208 runs behind, and so the match petered out in a dull draw.

True, it was a thousand to one against their getting Sussex out again in the time available; but the thousandth chance has come off before now, and it surely behoves a captain never to give up a match while the least chance remains.

A NEW WORCESTERSHIRE ALL-ROUNDER

If he continues as he has begun, Martin, of Worcestershire, ought to make his mark in county cricket, for he seems to have distinct possibilities both as batsman and bowler.

Against Gloucestershire last week he had the best bowling figures in both innings—four for 28 and two for 36. In the next match, against Kent, he made 36 in quick time, being one of the few batsmen to knock Freeman's bowling about.

He is unusually tall and knows how to make use of his reach in batting. As a bowler he does not use his height in the same way, for he has a curious slinging action, with the arm brought over wide out in a way that recalls the bowling of old Tom Rushby for Surrey some years ago.

SMALL SCORES AT LORD'S

Few wickets in the country can be more "funny" than that at Lord's after rain, and then all that is required for the discomfiture of batsmen is the bowler who knows how to make use of his opportunities.

Durston, the former fast bowler who has altered his style to slow-medium off-breaks, has been rather a revelation in this respect, for he had a very large hand in the dismissal of Warwickshire and then of Hampshire for very small scores. Nine Hampshire wickets for 25 is a record which tells its own story.

But Hampshire also had in Kennedy and Boyes bowlers who could make use of the wicket and caused a similar collapse of Middlesex.

On the other hand, the wicket could not be blamed for the dismissal of Middlesex by Sussex last Saturday for 128. This was due chiefly to some sheer good bowling of the old-fashioned steady variety by Wensley, who pegged all the batsmen down by a consistent good length, such as few bowlers nowadays can keep up for very long.

GEORGE GUNN'S ACCIDENT

All cricketers must have sympathised with George Gunn, the fine old Notts veteran, on the misfortune which befel him last Saturday, when he mistimed a full pitch from Gover, the Surrey fast bowler, and was struck on the head. In reeling from the blow Gunn knocked his wicket down and therefore was accounted out technically.

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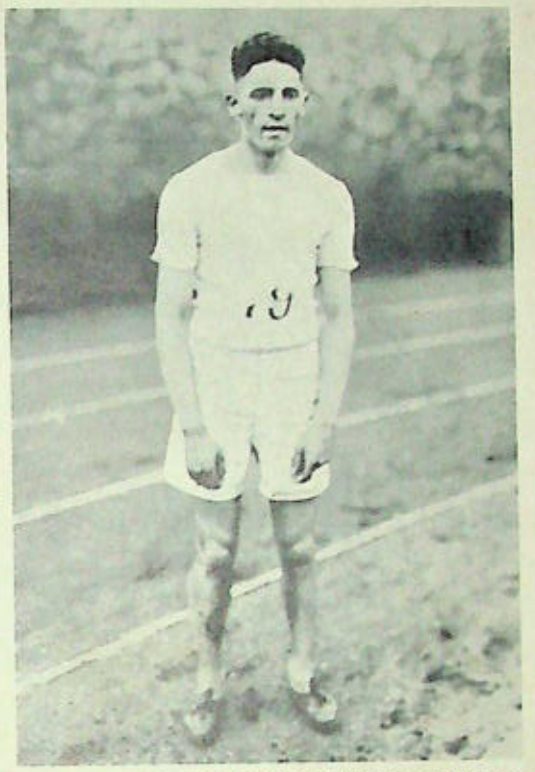
Foreign Rivals at the White City

THE BRITISH GAMES took place at the White City last Monday, and the surface of the new track, which had been subjected to a torrential downpour the night before, proved the excellence of its structure.

F. B. Reid, the Scottish champion, won the International inter-club 100yds. in 9⅘sec. He was being led at the 50 mark by E. J. Davis, but came through with a grand burst of speed in the last 40yds., to win by 5ft.

We saw Lord Burghley at his best in the match for 120yds. hurdles, and he amply avenged his defeat by the German, H. Trossbach, in 1929. His time of 15⅗sec. may seem a little disappointing, but it must be remembered that he was hurdling on cinders instead of the customary grass, and this may have had the effect of making him fly too high over the obstacles. Certainly Lord Burghley showed us that he is fit and ready for Los Angeles. In the open 120yds. hurdles, Capt. I. Tubbs beat D. O. Finlay by inches, with R. St. G. T. Harper a foot behind. The hurdling of all three was superb and full of promise.

In beating Sera Martin in the half-mile, Hampson



SERA MARTIN, THE FRENCH WORLD'S RECORD HOLDER FOR THE 800 METRES

In a magnificent finish T. Hampson beat Martin by three yards in the half mile at the British Games.

did not force the pace, covering the first lap in 58sec. Gutteridge challenged on the back straight, and Martin went up with him, to pass Hampson, going all out for the tape. Then we saw the real Hampson finish! He merely quickened his pace imperceptibly, and with a smooth, effortless style overhauled the Frenchman, to win a magnificent race. Hampson will certainly be there, or thereabouts, when the 800 metres are run at Los Angeles.

Cornes took the inter-club mile in somewhat easy fashion, as did R. H. Thomas the open mile. We wonder what the result will be when these two meet.

A. J. Burns finished very much by himself in the four miles invitation match in the excellent time of 19min. 47⅕sec. Burns had a lead of 30yds. at the end of the second mile, and he was always widening the gap between himself and the others as the race proceeded.

The inter-club three-quarter mile medley relay was won by Achilles, but the running of F. P. Reid (Atalanta Club) in the furlong stretch raised a question. Is this, the 100, or the quarter, his best distance? From his running in the relay the facts seem to point to the furlong.

SIR JOHN LAVERY'S EXHIBITION

IN order to help the funds of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, Sir John Lavery is holding a sale of his work at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery, 144, New Bond Street, on May 27th. For this purpose 30 of his Court studies will be disposed of, but in addition there are also some fine paintings of Switzerland and the Riviera, subjects of sporting interest in "The Derby in the Rain," and Jockey Studies, and portraits which include Lord Lonsdale and Alain Gerbault, the lone mariner and lawn tennis player. It is rarely an opportunity occurs of seeing so diversified a collection of Sir John's work, and the show is sure to be well attended.

New Books

THE FOUNDER OF THE CORINTHIANS

"Pa" Jackson's Lively Reminiscences

IT IS PERHAPS as the founder of the Corinthians that "Pa" Jackson is best—or ought one to say, universally?—known to fame. But his activities in connection with all forms of sport, and his journalistic enterprises have been so varied that his own account of his full and busy life, as set forth in *Sporting Days and Sporting Ways*, is assured in advance of a welcome from all sportsmen.

Talking of the Corinthians, it is amusing to read of the different opinions held in the provinces concerning them in their early days.

> For example [writes Mr. Jackson] during one of their tours it was stated by a Sunderland newspaper that "the Corinthians who were not playing viewed the game from the stand, gently clapping their kid-gloved hands when applauding the team, or encouraging their men with a 'Well played, old chappie!' uttered in a listless drawling style."
>
> In violent contradistinction to this was the accusation which appeared the same week in a Lancashire paper to the effect that the Corinthians systematically indulged in rough play and were the most dangerously cruel team that ever opposed provincial footballers!



MISS LOTTIE DOD
Lawn-tennis, golf, and archery champion
From "Sporting Days and Sporting Ways." (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Corinthians, of course, were not rough players, but they could look after themselves. On one occasion, Mr. Jackson was umpiring in a match v. Preston North End, when Graham, a burly half-back, charged Wreford Brown, the smallest of the Corinthian team, unfairly from behind. To Mr. Jackson's remonstrance, Graham merely retorted, "I don't care how big they are," and promptly made a vicious charge at that large footballer, George Cotterill.

Cotterill, however, had seen him coming, and was quite ready for him, with the result that Graham retired, with a broken collar-bone.

LEGALISED PROFESSIONALISM

Mr. Jackson's account of how the professional footballers came into being is of real interest, but more interesting still is an extract he gives from his paper, *Pastime*, dated 1884: "At the largest meeting the Football Association has ever had, the proposal to legalise professionalism was virtually unsupported. Professionalism is doomed at least so far as it affects our national winter pastime." Within two years of this pronouncement, professionalism was not only legalised, but so general, that in the 1885 F.A. Cup Competition only three amateur clubs qualified for the second round!

No doubt the Association's hands were forced by the veiled professionalism then common. Mr. Jackson tells a good story of how a player was changing his boots after his first match for a club he had been asked to join, and found something hard in one of them. It proved, on examination, to be a sovereign. "Hallo," he said aloud, "somebody's dropped a sovereign in my boot." "Shut up you fool," murmured his neighbour. "Don't talk about it, and if you play well next Saturday, you'll most likely find two."

Cricket, lawn tennis, athletics, golf, billiards and journalism—all of these figure largely in Mr. Jackson's reminiscences, and he has legions of pleasant stories to relate of the multitude of sportsmen who were his intimate friends. Here is a typical anecdote of that great-hearted and magnificent all-round sportsman Sammy Woods:

> He was once visiting Hugh Alison at Oxford, and was put up in some "digs" near Alison's college. After a festive evening outside, Alison, whose rooms were in college, left first, saying he preferred to go in while the gates were still open, but asking Sammy to see the other boys safely over the wall later on.
>
> Next morning Sammy turned up at breakfast with his hand bandaged. "Hallo," said Alison, "what's happened?" "Oh nothing much," answered Sammy carelessly. "I was helping those lads over the wall when a beastly little townee came up and wanted to know what I was doing, so I said, 'Can't you see? I'm helping these chaps over the wall.' 'Yus,' the townee said, 'and if you don't give me something I shall split on you.' So," said Sammy, rubbing his injured hand reminiscently, "I gave him something."

No man living has done more for sport than Mr. Jackson, and in England at any rate, he has no need for a publicity agent to sing his praises. But he admits to being both surprised and delighted when in 1929, on his eightieth birthday a German journal, *Der Kicker*, signalised the event by devoting a whole page to an account of his career, and another to portraits of famous Corinthians. A significant sign of the times!

Sporting Days and Sporting Ways. By N. Lane ("Pa") Jackson. (Hurst & Blackett; 12/6 net.)

EXPLORING THE SOUTH-EAST COAST

Pages from a Yachtsman's Log

THE PLEASANT VOLUME of yachting memories which Mr. Maurice Griffiths has published under the title of *The Magic of the Swatchways*, will make an instant appeal to all yachtsmen. If he has no epic tale of heroic adventure to relate, he has given, in many delightful passages, his impressions of the wild and deserted creeks and rivers of the Kentish, Essex and Suffolk coasts, and the romance to be found in them by one exploring them in a small boat.

EXPERIENCE AND ECONOMY

These are well worth sharing, if only by proxy; nor will any yachtsman be inclined to quarrel with Mr. Griffiths for failing to provide a sufficiency of thrilling and exciting incidents. The real charm of such "pottering about the creeks and inlets of the south-east coast," lies in the mental refreshment which their peace and solitude bring to the over-strung nerves of the city dweller.

During the past twelve years Mr. Griffiths confesses that he has owned and parted with ten different yachts, varying in size from two to twelve tons, and in age from twelve to sixty years. This may argue a lack of constancy on his part, but the experience so gained has proved, he tells us, invaluable; while the constant change of craft has the further advantage of eliminating the expenses of laying up, and subsequently altering and improving one's boat. The book is charmingly illustrated by Mr. F. B. Harnack.

The Magic of the Swatchways. By Maurice Griffiths. (Arnold; 10/6 net.)

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IN RECORDING THE DOINGS, real and legendary, of the parsons who have served the churches of Devonshire since the thirteenth century, Miss Beatrix Cresswell has produced an entertaining as well as an instructive volume. *A Book of Devonshire Parsons* is just the thing for holiday reading, and if the reader's holiday happens to be spent in Devonshire, so much the better.

No atmosphere, indeed, could be more appropriate, as the publishers suggest, than that provided by the winding Devonshire lanes, the little thatched cottages nestling beneath old church towers, or the picturesque fishing villages along the Devon coast. But to enjoy the book one need not go to Devonshire. It can be read anywhere and at any time with the greatest contentment, pleasure and profit.

A Book of Devonshire Parsons. By Beatrix F. Cresswell. (Heath Cranton; 3/6 net.)

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Travels of a Poet-Tramp

TRAMPING is to-day a popular pastime, disguised though it may be, for some obscure reason, under the name of "hiking." And a tramp or hiker who has the gift of entertaining others with an account of his wanderings should find an appreciative public ready to his hand. Such a one is Mr. Matt Marshall, whose *Travels of Tramp-Royal* is an account of two journeys through the wild highlands of Scotland and in the isles of Skye and Mull.

"OF FRIGHTS AND THRILLS"

That, however, is only part of the story. For Mr. Marshall is a poet as well as a tramp, and has much that is agreeable to tell his readers (to quote the title page) "of his eating out and sleeping out in all weathers; of his encounters and conversations; of his escapes, frights and thrills; and of his fibs, trespasses and rogueries," to say nothing of his poems "and other oddities and weaknesses."

This promising introduction is not belied by the narrative itself, which is both readable and original, as every good travel book ought to be. And since Mr. Marshall is a humorist as well as a poet, he is as cheerful a companion as any reader can desire, who is unable to go and see for himself the things which Mr. Marshall has seen and which he has here set down with so jovial and vivacious a pen.

The Travels of Tramp-Royal. By Matt Marshall. (Blackwood; 5/- net.)



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In 1921, having heard that there was a sporting fish, resembling a golden salmon, and known as the Dorado, to be caught in the upper reaches of the River Parana, Major Hills made an expedition to that river, chartered a launch, and went many miles in search of sport and adventure. His enterprise was rewarded with immediate success; for not only did he find Dorado, but succeeded in landing a fish of not less than 40 lbs. The result of this expedition was a book entitled "THE GOLDEN RIVER" which was published by us in 1922, and it attracted so much attention that there has been ever since a growing demand for a much fuller work on this fine sporting fish.

Mr. Harrisson, who has spent a great part of his life in South America and probably knows more about Dorado fishing than anybody living, has collaborated with Major Hills, and the result is a book which, whether one contemplates going in search of Dorado or not, is of the first importance to all fishermen. The illustrations, taken from photographs, are very fine.

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The COUNTRY HOUSE

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS AT CHELSEA

What to Look for Next Week

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THAT PART of the Chelsea Flower Show devoted to exhibits of flowering trees and shrubs will probably be more crowded than ever in these hard times, for shrubs, judicially chosen, are the cheapest way of filling a garden with beauty and interest. They require less labour than herbaceous borders and rock gardens, and in gardens of moderate size one sometimes sees them so well chosen and arranged that they make an interesting frame for the smaller plants.

Those who regard Japanese cherries as the finest of the spring flowering trees should visit Messrs. Hillier's exhibit both in the main marquee and outside. They tell me that outside they are making a formal garden of simple design with paved walks and a small lily pool (for which they are trying to get a few nymphaeas forced into bloom).

The main features of this formal garden will be wisteria, Japanese cherries and crabs, laburnums and pale cream brooms. In the marquee they will show the rarer kinds of Japanese and Chinese cherries, also Japanese and other crabs. And if the season proves favourable, tree peonies, the rare white-flowered *Wisteria eenusta* and other small specimens of interesting trees and shrubs.

The number of Japanese and Chinese cherries now obtainable is so large that it is difficult to choose, especially for gardens of moderate size. The most deliciously scented of the Japanese cherries is *Prunus Lannesiana albida*. It is very free flowering and is a mid-season bloomer. A lovely variety of the Lannesiana species is *Prunus erecta*, which has a very pleasing upright growth and big semi-double flowers like apple blossom. Capt. Collingwood Ingram, the great authority on Japanese cherries, says that the Japanese name of this cherry means "Milky Way."

"LARGE LANTERN"

One of the most deservedly popular of the Lannesiana species is *P. L. ojochin*, which blooms early and has big semi-double pink flowers. The Japanese name means "Large lantern." Earliest of all is *P. L. serotœ*, pure white double flowers in drooping corymbs. A very beautiful variety is *P. L. mijako*—big double flowers hanging in corymbs, pink in bud and white when fully open.

The earliest of the large-flowered Japanese cherries is *P. Sargentii*, which produces its beautiful single pink flowers in March. The foliage is so attractive, both in spring when it is bronzy green and in autumn when it is a very rich red. The most popular of the *serrulata* varieties is *P. s. sekiyama* with its lovely clusters of long-stemmed, big, rose-red flowers and copper-coloured foliage. It is the tallest of all the Japanese cherries.

Dwarf species of Prunus are strikingly effective in rock gardens, the best known being the dwarf Russian almond, *P. nana*, which grows to only about 4ft. and produces its abundant pink flowers in April. Also *P. glandulosa sinensis* with its bush-like growth and double pink flowers, and the popular *P. triloba*, very free flowering with large pink blooms. *Prunus mume* is scarce. It has very fragrant peach-like flowers and does best against a south or west wall (10ft.).

Messrs. Reuthe are preparing for two large groups, their specialities being rare and out of the way alpines and on their rockery dwarf shrubs, azaleas, rhododendrons and small conifers. Their ground group will consist entirely of rare flowering shrubs and rhododendrons, hybrids and Chinese and Himalayan kinds. Their wonderful 10ft. high *Crinodendron Hookeri* with its red, fruit-like flowers, never fails to attract attention. It is believed to be the largest specimen in a pot in this country.

ORNAMENTAL VINES

The Knap Hill Nurseries, too, are exhibiting hardy azaleas, most of the Knap Hill seedling forms, and a group of hardy hybrid rhododendrons. They are also constructing an informal garden in the avenue. Messrs. L. R. Russell tell me that the chief feature of their exhibit of hardy trees, shrubs and climbers will be Japanese maples, a special show of ceanothus varieties, and a representative collection of ornamental vines which promises to be most interesting.

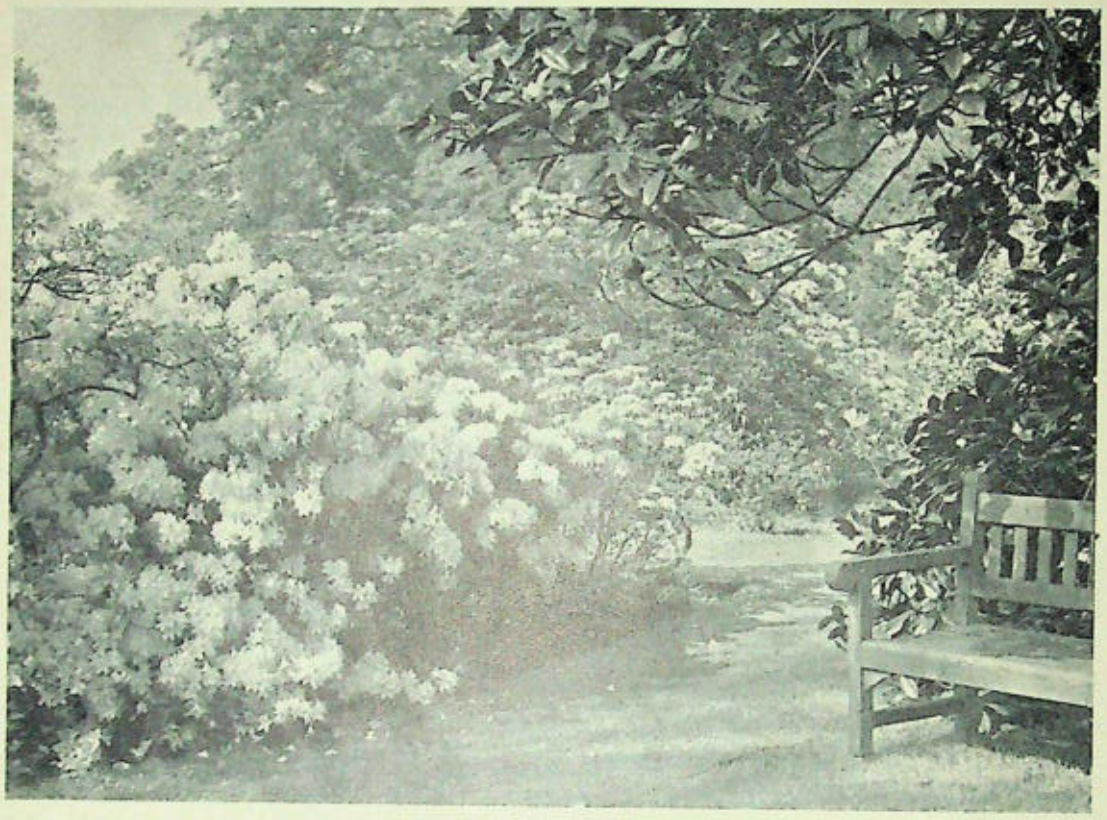
Messrs. Cheals are arranging to have a formal garden bounded by herbaceous borders and borders of rhododendrons enclosed by an evergreen hedge and terrace, a lily pool in the corner with a garden house and fountain. Inside the tent they will be showing flowering and foliage trees and shrubs and a rock garden.

Brooms become more and more popular. Messrs. Burkwood & Skipwith, who have such an interesting collection of these, will be making a special feature of them in their exhibit, which also includes maples and flowering shrubs. The exhibit will be about half-way down the main avenue. There will be nine new brooms in all and they will be showing for the first time Ruby, a red broom, and Mr. Norman Henry, a pink broom with rather a blue tone.

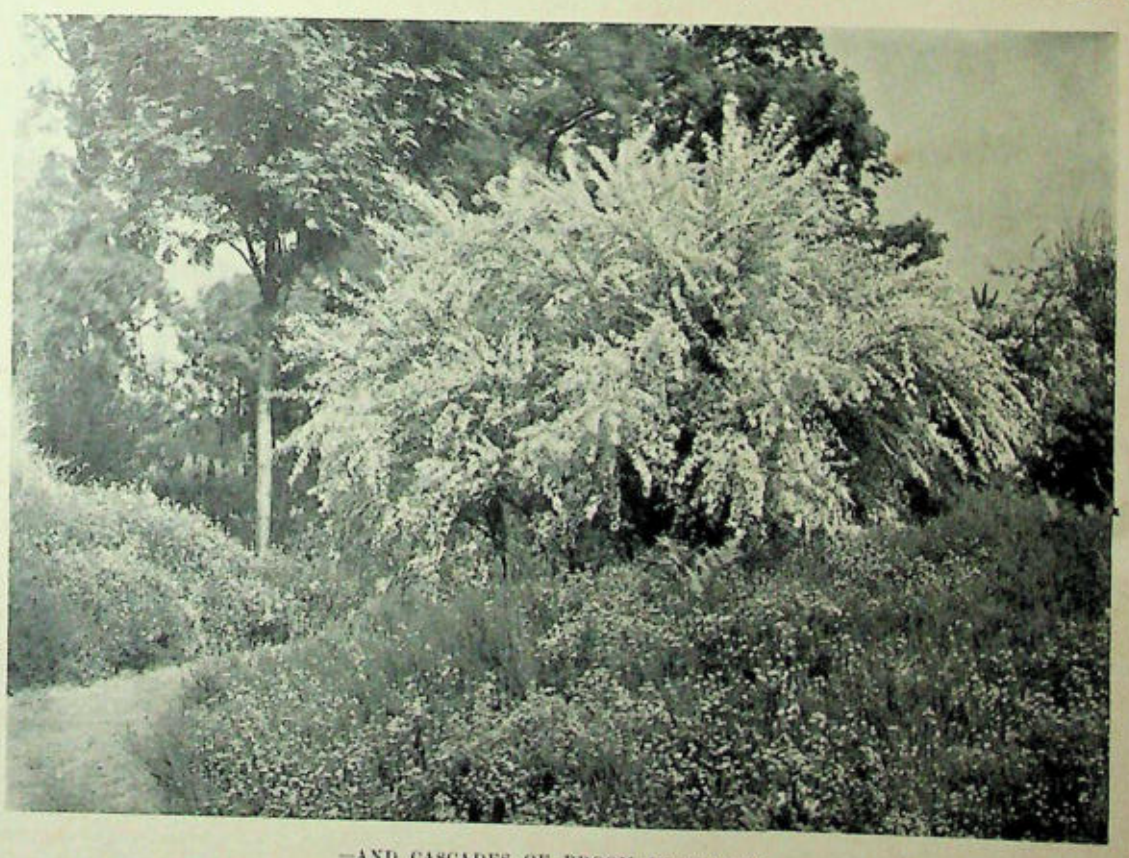
Brooms are certainly of the easiest culture, but the little they want they must have—full sun and a well-drained position. They do not take kindly to very chalky soils. Brooms should never be allowed to run to seed, but all flowering shoots shortened when the bloom is over and pruning should be avoided during a dry spell. Pruning an old neglected broom is usually fatal.

This firm hope also to exhibit their very fragrant *Philadelphus x. Burkwoodii* in flower. This perfectly hardy plant has single white flowers 2½in. in diameter, narrow petals with a pinkish flush. Unlike the flowers of most of the philadelphus family they are not pendent.

Polyantha roses are now regarded as the most useful of all bedding plants, for they give a wealth of bloom for months and require the minimum of attention. Messrs. Cutbush will, as usual, be making a special display of them. They tell me they are also making a garden which will include a large variety of aquatic plants in a natural setting of water and bog, their aim being to show the wide variety of plants it is possible to include in a limited space provided the fundamental design is right.



SUMMER'S EARLY PAGEANTRY, WITH DELICATELY TINTED AZALEAS—



—AND CASCADES OF BROOM IN FLOWER

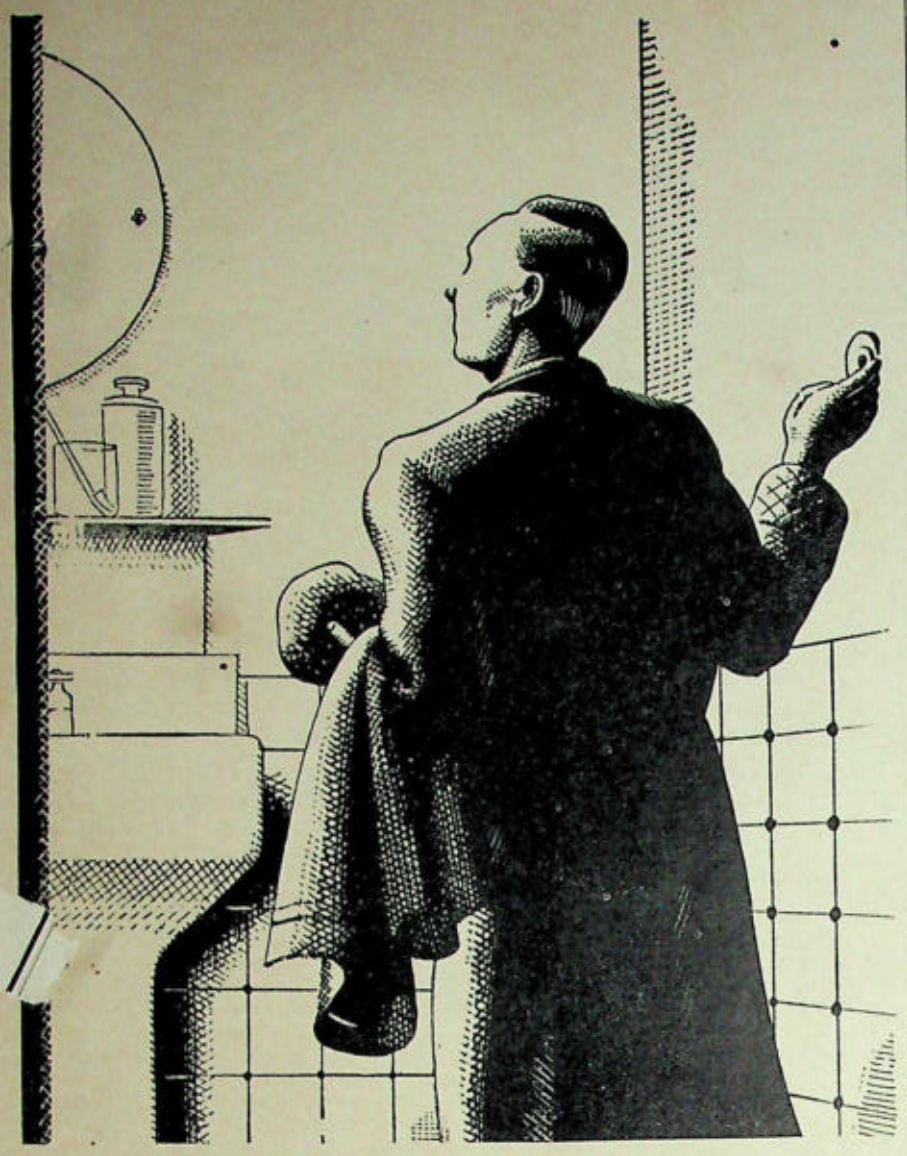
THE ESTATE MARKET

Over Half a Mile of Fishing in the T[est]

ABOUT 920yds. of fishing in the Test will be included in the sale by auction of the 1,663-acre Ashe Park estate, Basingstoke, on June 7th. Good shooting is also available, and the gardens and grounds contain a hard tennis court. There are four farms on the estate. The agents are Messrs. Hampton & Sons.

Gedding Hall, between Stowmarket and Bury St. Edmunds, which is now to be sold, is a typical East Anglian manor house of mellow brickwork, with gabled gatehouse and surrounded by a moat. The first owners, the De Geddynges, were established there in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, from shortly after which time the oldest parts date. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the agents.

The parsonage house known as Butlers Marston Vicarage, in the heart of Warwickshire, and under two miles from the kennels of the Warwickshire Hunt, is to be offered by auction early in June, by Messrs. James Styles & Whitlock, of Rugby. The sale is with the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and is taking place owing to the amalgamation of two parishes.



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Ch. 152



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"You always do," grumbled Jimmy.

"Well, I like that! Who keeps telling me I can't change gear decently on anything except a Cadet? D'you want me to go clattering along like a young tank?"

"All right, Anne," grinned her brother. "You have it. Even *you* drive like a veteran with the Cadet's gears. They're Synchro-Mesh, you know," he added professorially.

"Are they really? How interesting!" Anne's voice sounded a trifle sarcastic. "All I know is that I never do any of that double-declutching business—I just move the lever over. And I've never made a bad change yet!"

"More credit to the car than to you," muttered Jimmy, grimly.

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OAK CORNER POSTS

Some Examples of Mediæval Wood Carving

MEDIÆVAL CORNER POSTS, which are, in fact, massive outcurving brackets, frequently supply material for the study of native wood carving as applied to domestic buildings.

In towns, corner posts would be seen by all passers-by. They thus had a special attraction for wood carvers, who adorned some of them with magnificent work. Even the simplest posts have a moulded cap below the bracket, and Gothic cresting occurs on fifteenth century posts.

The more ornate ones are carved with tracery similar to that found in contemporary or earlier ecclesiastical work. Some display coats-of-arms, as at Bury St. Edmund's, where one has a shield bearing the three crowns of St. Edmund with wolves as supporters. Another post at Bury has an angel with outspread wings, bearing a scroll, similar to a fine one at Glemsford representing the Archangel St. Michael, who stands with upraised sword in his right hand and a shield in his left. A dragon cowers at his feet. Below, on the cap, is the figure of a smaller angel, much decayed.

The much-weathered figure on the principal corner post of the Guild Hall at Lavenham is reputed to represent the founder of the guild, John de Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. In one hand he holds the charter of the guild and in the other a distaff wound with unspun wool.

GROTESQUE HUMAN FIGURES

At York, in Stonegate, there is a huge bracket carved to represent a human figure. It is one of the largest corner posts in the country. In the North and West, as exemplified by old houses in York and Gloucester, overhanging upper storeys tend to be wider than in the Eastern Counties, and corner posts are correspondingly large.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the characteristic Gothic ornamentation gave place in part to Renaissance motifs. A post of a late sixteenth century house at Pattiswick has bold geometrical strapwork patterns of squares and circles.

Some corner posts of the period have grotesque representations of the human figure; one such, carved with a negroid face and hoofed feet, is to be seen at Felstead. Presumably it is contemporary with the carved facia, on which are the words, "George Boote made this house 1596." Similar figures formerly existed on the Old Coffee House at Ipswich, demolished in 1815. Others occur at Lincoln and on the old Guild Hall at Carlisle.

Native mediæval houses in timber districts consist of timber framing with an infilling of clay. As a rule, where the structural timbers were left exposed, each storey overhung the one below it. Where a number of houses faced a street, the overhang occurs on the front of the houses, but it seems to have been a general practice to build the side walls upright and to have plastered them over.

Where, however, a house stood at a street corner, or for any other reason both front and return walls were required to overhang, the problem arose as how best to support the upper floor at the corner. A massive outcurving bracket or corner post supporting the angle beam, which in turn helped to support the upper floor, was the manner of meeting the problem. These posts are tenoned and pinned to the sill below and wall plate above, and form an integral part of the framework of the house.



A CARVED CORNER POST AT LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK
The post on the left of the photograph is a feature of the old Wool Hall

The beautiful texture of the wood is revealed in many posts, weathered by exposure to sun and rain. This effect was not consciously sought by mediæval artists, for colour played an important part in their decorative schemes. When the houses were built the carving was probably enriched by gilding and paint.

F. A. GIRLING.

WATER SUPPLIES FOR COUNTRY ESTATES

The Advantage of the Artesian Well

WE ARE SO ACCUSTOMED nowadays to hear about water schemes of more or less gigantic proportions, carried out by various municipal or public bodies, that people are sometimes disposed to think that the days of the private supply are past. As a matter of fact, however, this is not the case.

The abnormal shortage shown in the rainfall table for the first three months of this year will undoubtedly cause a certain amount of anxiety regarding the continuity of an adequate supply during the summer months; and it is more than possible that in many districts there will be restrictions imposed at a time when the supply of water is of vital importance.

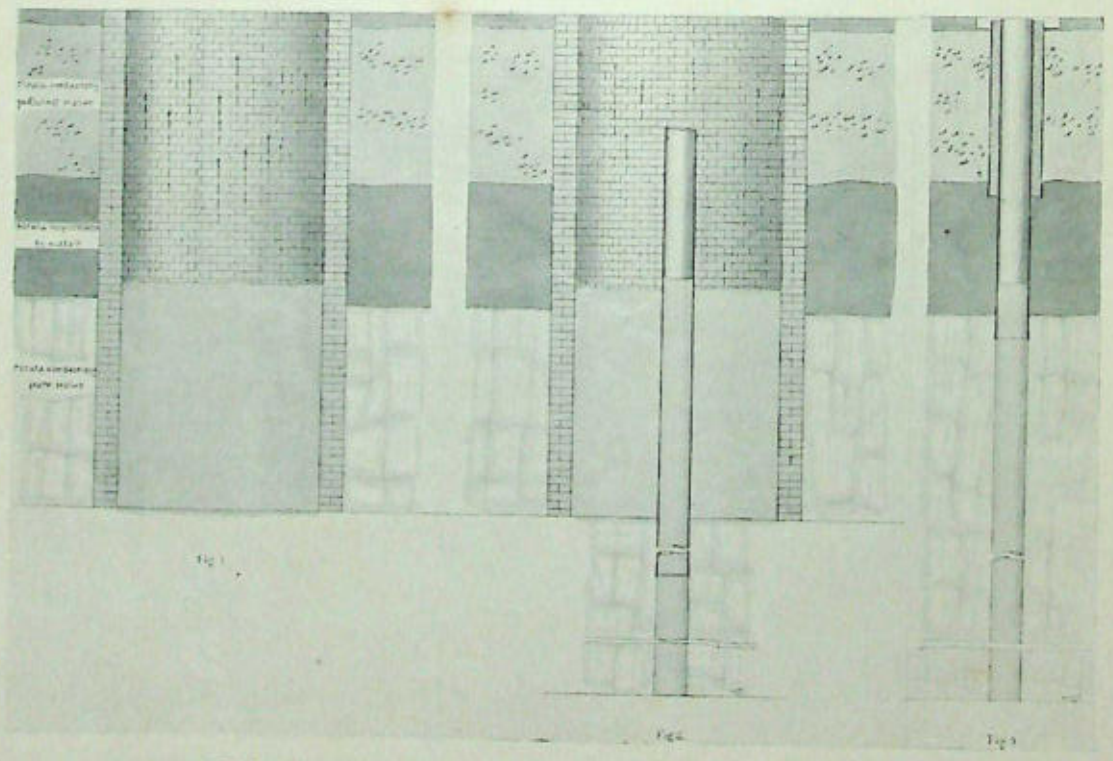


DIAGRAM COMPARING SUNK WELLS AND AN ARTESIAN BORING

Certain authorities in different parts of the country, owing to the foresight of their engineers, have already appreciated the position and have taken steps to augment their present supplies. But in many cases it is still necessary for estate owners to look to their own resources.

The sources of supply may be roughly classed under the following headings:

(1) The tapping of streams in the higher reaches.

(2) The construction of dams in natural water sources in hilly districts.

(3) The sinking of dug wells with and without headings.

(4) The artesian-bored tube well.

In commenting on the above headings, systems (1) and (2) are of such a complicated nature as to make them only practical for very large undertakings.

DANGERS OF THE DUG WELL

Illustration No. 1 shows a typical dug well, and from this will be readily seen the objections to this source of supply for domestic purposes. Firstly, to construct this type of well so as to exclude all danger of surface contamination is a costly undertaking, and if this is not properly carried out, the lower and pure springs are polluted.

Secondly, the collection of foul gas which so often accumulates has led to many serious accidents. Thirdly, in many instances the sinking of this type of well has to be discontinued before a reliable and continuous supply has been tapped, owing to the heavy cost of pumping until the lower and stronger springs are penetrated. The supply is therefore of a more or less temporary nature and necessitates deepening of the well from time to time, and, in circumstances such as the present when the rainfall has been small.

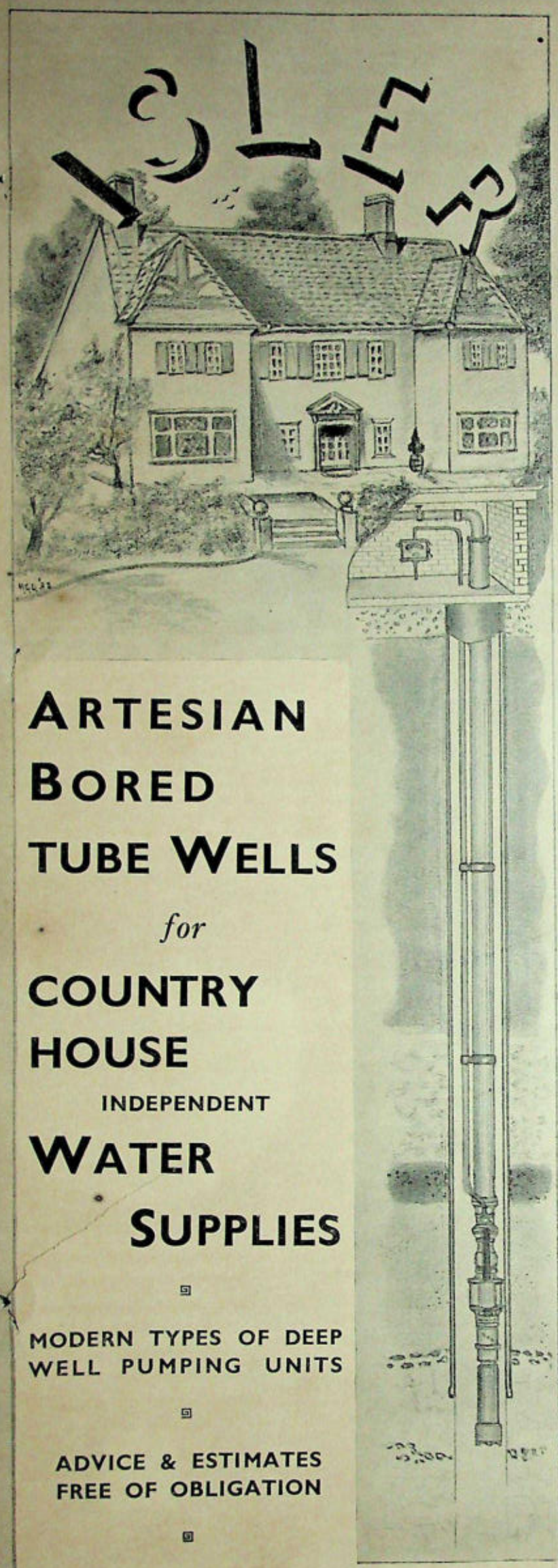
Illustration No. 2 shows a method of remedying such defects by means of a boring carried out from the bottom of the shaft. In cases where there is surface contamination, the tubing can be brought to the surface and the shaft filled in.

Illustration No. 3 shows the artesian-bored tube well. This method of obtaining water supplies has undergone rapid developments during the past few years, borings being carried out in all descriptions of soils and varying in size from 4in. in diameter to 10ft. Its construction is such that all surface contamination is eliminated, and continuity of supply is guaranteed by carrying the bore into the lower natural springs.

Apart from private applications, this system is now adopted by many water supply authorities; and it is extensively used in our overseas possessions both for domestic and for irrigation purposes.

Amongst recent installations may be mentioned Tanganyika, Nyassaland, Uganda, Nigeria and India, and in the British West Indies for the irrigation of the sugar plantations.

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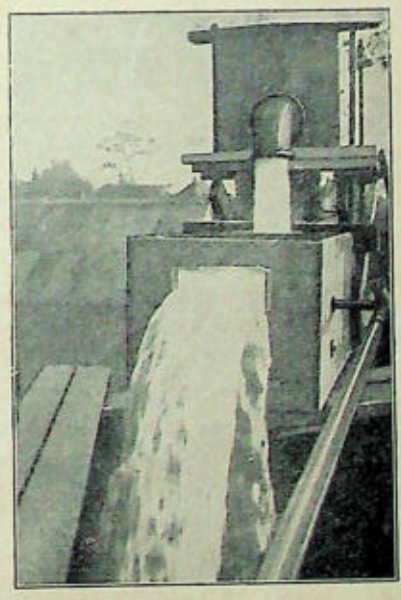
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SQUEEZING OUT OUR LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

Congestion of Dates That Could be Avoided by Proper Adjustment

By J. E. COLLETT

THE STEREOGRAPHISTS have duly celebrated in cliché the opening of the grass-court season this week through the incidence of the first tournament on grass at Surbiton, while in fact there was one at Cambridge the week before.

But it is the weather which in reality controls the coming in and going out of our seasons, while before Wimbledon big events and the preparations for them direct affairs and punctuate the calendar, from which circumstance and the enforced internationality of official circles are combining, if not to freeze out tournaments, at all events to reduce them in quantity and in their quality of entry.

A picked party of some of our best players has been exported for the French championships which begin on May 23rd. From that date to May 29th is the run of the Chiswick Park tournament.

From June 1st to 4th there are to be Wightman Cup trials. The official list of tournaments, from which the Gipsy Club "retired hurt" last year, for May 30th to June 4th, is Bedford, Chapel Allerton (Leeds), Northern (Liverpool), Phyllis Court, St. George's Hill, and Westcliff-on-Sea.

Clearly there will not be many of our leading women players available for these meetings. One of them, the Northern Championships, now held at Liverpool, represents a series of titles which have been competed for by players of international renown since their institution in 1889, when the first holders of the singles were the Irishman, W. J. Hamilton, and Miss L. Dod, who still holds the record of the youngest player to have won a Wimbledon championship.

The Lawn Tennis Association, in its blameless pursuit of progress, has fixed June 10th and 11th for a men's match between Great Britain and the United States, to be played probably at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. On the same dates the Wightman Cup match is to take place at Wimbledon.

From June 6th–11th the Beckenham Tournament is to be held. It is obvious that the supply of "stars" for that programme will be limited, and consequently so will the gates, upon which the promoting committee will depend.

During the hard court season the "international trials" were fixed for April 11th–16th at Queen's Club. Nearly all our available important players were engaged in them. It was necessary to reshuffle the official list of tournaments. Queen's Club Tournament, April 4th–9th, was abandoned, and the Roehampton Club took that week instead of their previous allocation, which was the eventual trials week. The same week had been given to the Melbury Club, which decided to drop its meeting.

Every now and again odd ties in the Davis Cup competition pop in and increase the congestion. This side of the problem has been tackled skilfully by Mr. H. Anthony Sabelli, the secretary of the L.T.A. He has evolved a scheme which, if adopted, will go a long way towards relieving the pressure.

Even if this be as early as 1933, it will remain true that the short season preceding Wimbledon cannot be stretched to hold the modern schedule, nor can a sufficiency of players with enough time and money to spare be whipped up to fill the unofficial bills with "turns" that draw.

Something must go. The L.T.A., it would appear, is introducing willy-nilly the official clash that threatens to kill the private goose which used to lay the golden eggs. It is hidebound, like the big side of the game, by the inconveniently early date of Wimbledon.

Why on earth cannot the world see that a few simple adjustments would lever the championships forward without friction, and make them a continued blessing instead of the colossal barrier they may become if the present state persists?

FRUIT SPRAYING

When and How It Should Be Done

PESTS AND DISEASES take a heavy toll of orchards and fruit plantations, and at no time of the year is it more necessary to be on guard than in May, when the blossom is on the trees. To be prepared is half the battle.

The chief troubles with fruit trees are due to insects and low forms of plant life known as fungi. In addition to these, mosses and lichens which grow on the bark also do damage, but these are best dealt with by a cleansing wash in winter. Cleansing washes also serve to destroy certain insect pests and fungi, and especially is this true of the tar distillate washes which have come into popular use in recent years.

Biting insects may be destroyed by spraying the tree with an internal poison insecticide, which leaves a film of poison on the surface of the leaves. The biting insect sooner or later eats the poison and is destroyed. For this purpose arsenate of lead in paste form is recommended. The formula is ½lb. lead arsenate paste to 10 gallons of water.

In May this treatment should be given to apple trees immediately after the blossom falls to control caterpillars of the codling moth. Very commonly lead arsenate is used in combination with either lime, sulphur or Bordeaux mixture, which are fungicides. Attacks by fungi develop rapidly and appear to some extent every year. When once scab is rampant it is difficult to check and control, and prevention by spraying when the apple blossom buds first appear and again when the petals fall is always a good insurance.

To control the capsids, which are sucking insects, the use of a contact insecticide is recommended as effective. But the sprayer must be capable of applying the insecticide with considerable force by a nozzle giving a coarse spray. A wash containing nicotine is advised. Although expensive, it is the most effective contact poison. It also has a considerable value against young caterpillars.

Soap should be added to ensure an even run on the leaves, and a useful formula is:

Nicotine (98–99 per cent.)	¾ oz.
Soft soap.....	½ lb.
Soft water	10 gallons.

Solutions of nicotine sulphate are now available, and these should prove effective if used in combination with soap. Both nicotine and lead arsenate, it should be remembered, are deadly poisons, and care in their use must be exercised.

A good deal has been heard lately about the raspberry and loganberry beetle. Normally a pest of this kind would be controlled by spraying the plants with lead arsenate, but this should not be used with raspberries or loganberries as the canes do not develop all their flowers simultaneously. The berries from the first flowers may be quite large when the last flowers open, and if these late flowers were sprayed, the early fruits would be contaminated with poison.

Dr. Walton, of the Horticultural Research Station, Long Ashton, Bristol, has experimented with non-poisonous materials such as pyrethrum emulsion sprays and pyrethrum dust. The results show that the pests can be much reduced and fewer maggoty fruits produced. Spray preparations containing derris root, which are now available commercially, have also given good results.

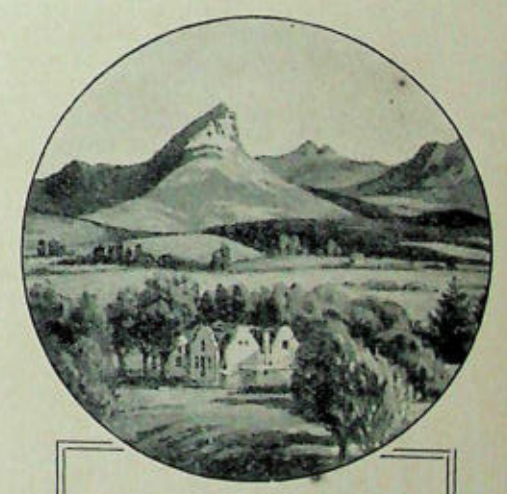
Three centuries of experience in wine growing

ALTHOUGH it has only been in the last twelve years that the light beverage wines of South Africa have been exported in any considerable quantities, three centuries of experience are behind the wine industry of the Union.

The export trade in the heavy sweet wines so popular 100 years ago, was arrested about 1860 with the repeal of the advantageous duties then in force. Since then attention has been concentrated on the production of the light beverage wines, for which no soil and climate are so favourable.

It is these wines first introduced by Burgoyne's in 1920 that have won such a wide measure of approval.

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TECHNICAL RESEARCH IN SOUTH AFRICAN WINE PROBLEMS

Elsenberg's Government Agricultural College—The Delicate Art of Blending

IN THESE DAYS when in the majority of the countries of the world the agriculturist is beseeching his government to save him, it is unique to be able to give the successive governments of the Union of South Africa since 1911 credit for the establishment of wine farming to the position of the most stable form of agriculture in that country.

The cynic may reply that the government help is due not to any great gift of statesmanship, but to the basic fact that the farmers have had control of Parliament. He would be correct. The fact remains that the wine industry of South Africa owes much to the help that has been given to it by the experts of the Government Agricultural College at Elsenberg.

The school is located in the heart of the wine-growing districts and it not only offers full courses for agricultural degrees, a year's course in practical agriculture for men for £24 a year, short holiday courses of ten day's length for wine farmers, but also carries out extensive research work in varieties of wines and their diseases, and in wine-making.



OUTBUILDINGS OF THE GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT ELSENBERG

In the foreground can be seen the inspanning of mule teams. The farmers of the Western Province take great pride in their teams, and the driving competitions at the agricultural shows are one of the outstanding events of the year

SPECIAL LECTURES FOR FARMERS

Periodically the college is thrown open for a farmers' day when special lectures and demonstrations are given dealing with the problems peculiar to the districts from which the visitors have come. Yet like all good institutions it is not appreciated, and in some courses there are fewer students than teaching staff, and the government every year has to make up heavy deficits.

The reason for this contradiction in facts is due to the individualistic nature of the average wine farmer. The ideal of the progressive man is to create wine on his own farm, carrying its own character and individuality, and being marketed under his own control.

In no country in the world is more research given by the private grower to the study of the grape, its ripening, harvesting, pressing, fermentation and cellar treatment. The reason for this is twofold. Our best wine is still made by the farmer, and blending has not been resorted to on a large scale.

It seems opportune to clear away the prevailing idea that blended wine means something "shady." It is, on the other hand, a successful attempt to give the wine drinker better wine, of a standardised excellence, at a lower cost. In South Africa what blending is done, is done on the farm, and is restricted to a few types. Variation in crops from year to year is so slight that our dry wines can be sold in their natural state.

The process is always a risky one for the grower to tackle, and calls for the highest skill, for if either component is unsound the whole blend is ruined. Again, if there is bad judgment in choosing the two wines, the finished article will be a disappointment. The commercial aspect has another side. Wine drinkers, on the whole, choose a wine by the label of the firm that bottles it, and only by blending can the sellers keep up the same standard of taste that their *clientèle* have learnt to look for. Therefore research, skill and judgment are called for to overcome the different results that Nature causes in each pressing.



FARMERS' DAY AT ELSENBERG

These visits are arranged by the various districts, and farmers are given practical and theoretical instruction on the problems that arise in their own particular areas

(Photographs by courtesy of South African Railways)

A sound wine of mediocre quality cannot be readily sold. A high-class wine, sound but delicate—having bouquet and breed—would be too expensive for commercial purposes. This is where the art of the blender comes in. For example, Hermitage is a wine of the former type, Cabernet Savignon is a wine of the latter. A blend of, say, 70 per cent. of the first, and 30 per cent. of the second, gives a fine wine of full claret or a light burgundy type.

It must not be thought that the progressive wine farmer is content to leave research to the government authorities. He is fully aware of the necessity of producing a wine that will appeal to the overseas market, and he takes every opportunity of sending samples of his new vintages to the progressive wine marketing firms for the benefit of their criticisms and suggestions.

Indeed, to such a pitch has this desire for improvement gone, that it is unusual not to find an experimental plot of vines on most wine farms. This is a modern development that makes for stability.

That the research has been profitable is borne out by the fact that South African branded wine is now able to hold its own on quality and needs no sentiment to give it an honoured place on the wine lists of the leading clubs and hotels. KYK.

SOUTH AFRICA'S LAND BANK

A Scheme Which Might Well Be Adopted Over Here

WHILE MAKING FULL ALLOWANCE for individual enterprise, climate and soil advantages, the chief credit for South Africa's agricultural development must be given to the smooth working of the Government Land Bank.

Established in 1912, its first capital was formed by pooling the capital of the former Provincial Banks, and these sums were added to by successive grants from the Union Parliament. It has now functioned for 20 years, and has enabled the Union farmers to enter the export market, to purchase their farms, and to make the necessary and essential improvements to their properties without costing the taxpayer a penny.

Briefly its powers are:—

(*a*) To finance the farmers' co-operative societies, and so enable the individual farmer to get a proportion of his money without waiting for the actual sale of his goods.

(*b*) To advance money to farmers for first mortgage on their land, for cost of fencing, for construction of dipping tanks, for construction of silos, for improving the water supply on their farms, and to help re-establish farmers who are in dire need through losses incurred by drought.

All loans are repaid, together with agreed interest, by a system of half-yearly payments, spread over a number of years.

The procedure for obtaining any of these loans is simple. The application goes forward through the local magistrate, who after making a valuation, forwards it on to the Central Board, who advise the applicant direct as to whether the loan can be granted. The limit of any loan to any one farmer or partnership is £2,000.

The scheme has been so successful that it has been emulated in other Dominions, and there is little doubt that a similar bank, modified to suit local conditions, would prove to be the rallying point to farmers over here, in their attempt to reorganise their various branches of farming on a co-operative and marketing basis.

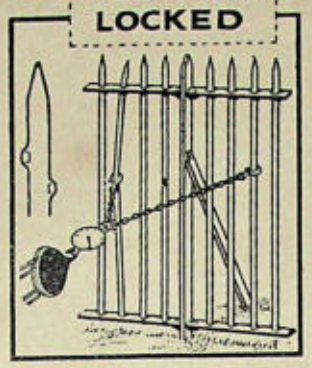
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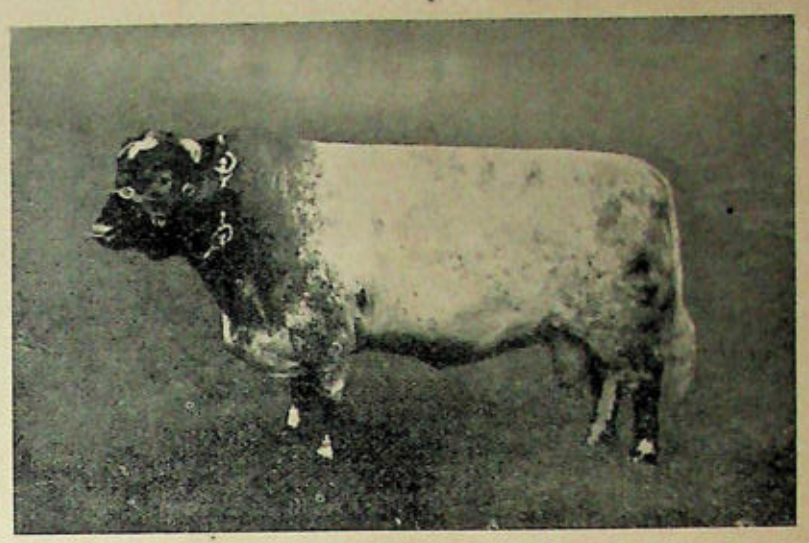


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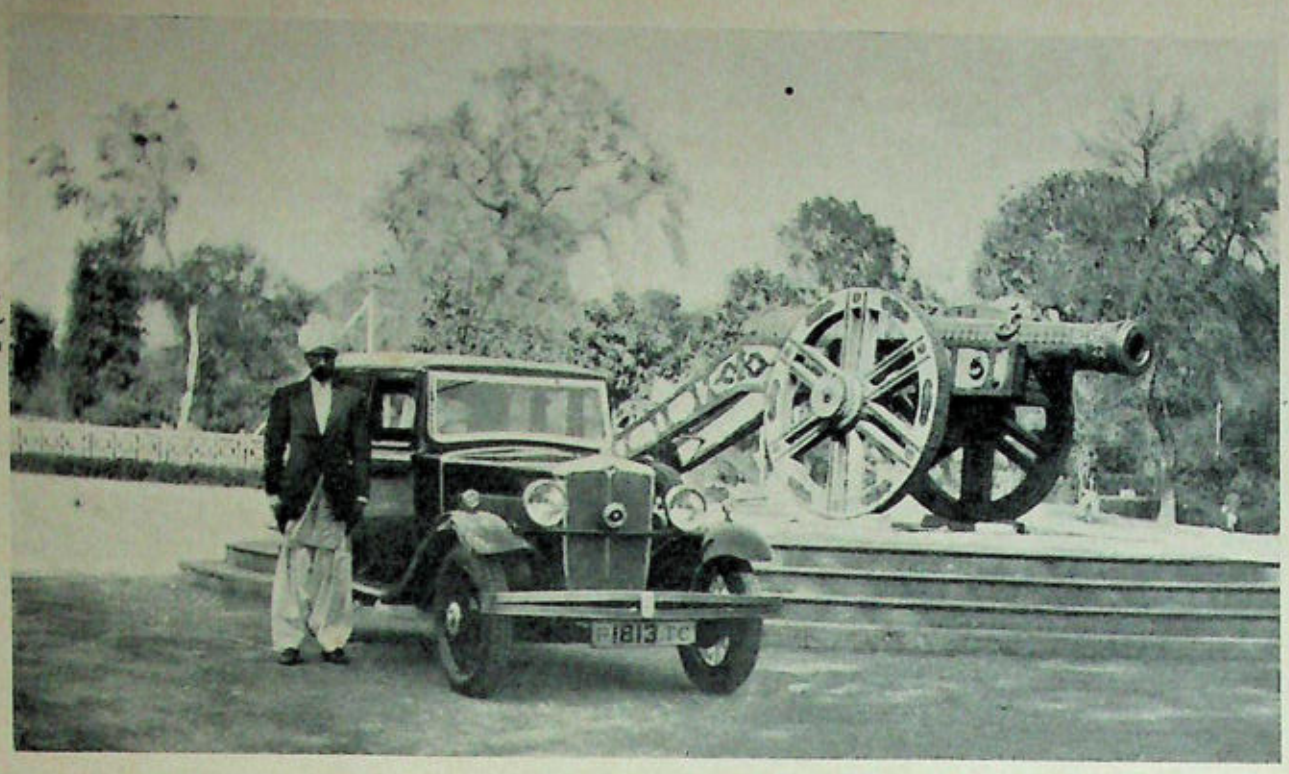
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BRITISH CARS IN THE EAST

A Morris Cowley Saloon in Lahore, beside "Zam Zammah," a gun famous in the history of India and made still more famous by Kipling's "Kim"

THE IDEAL COACHWORK FOR THE ONE-CAR OWNER

Points to Consider When Making a Choice—Open Tourer or Saloon?—Some Alternative Suggestions

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

THE POPULARITY of the saloon car is certainly merited, because it is practical. Some years ago, however, when public opinion was veering round from the open to the closed body, the demand was for a body that could be completely open or closed at will.

This led to the production of all kinds of ideas, from the open touring car with a special hood and glass windows dropping down inside the doors, to the cabriolet type that endeavoured to meet the demand by having a leather hood and was coach-built in the proper meaning of the word throughout.

Most of these types failed because they were not practical. The cabriolet—at least, so I consider—was an abomination, for it used to take half-an-hour to open and to drop the arms down. The hood looked extraordinarily untidy when folded back, the body was high, very heavy, and rattled badly.

TROUBLESOME HOODS

Having once let down the hood, one hoped that it would not rain because of the fatiguing effort required to close the hood again. Oftentimes when it did rain the motorist, fearing the labour entailed in putting up the hood, continued on his way, getting a thorough drenching in consequence. Again, the leather hood used to get badly creased after repeated openings, and the car soon looked dilapidated.

The saloon of to-day, fitted with a sliding roof, has become most popular because it is practical, inexpensive, and gives us what we most desire. I cannot understand why American manufacturers have not adopted this principle universally.

I am still a lover of the open tourer in fine weather, yet if I confined myself to one vehicle, I should certainly have a car fitted with a saloon body. I do not like those fitted with two doors because, although this type of construction lends itself to obtaining more attractive exterior lines than when there are four doors, it has many disadvantages that completely put it out of one's choice from a practical point of view.

If there are only two doors these have to be sufficiently wide to give access to both front and rear seats, which in turn means that the door is heavy, requiring a greater effort to open and close. Another disadvantage is that when opening a door of this size, it protrudes so far that great care has to be taken to see that a passing pedestrian or an overtaking car does not strike it. Then, again, there must obviously be harder wear on the door pillars owing to the greater leverage than would be the case if smaller doors were fitted.

My ideal type of closed body is as follows: A four-door saloon of the close-coupled type with sunshine roof, and with ample room for luggage aft of the rear seats. My reason is that the weight of the body is carried well within the rear axle, and there is no overhang; there is also, or should be, plenty of space for the carrying of suitcases in the rear boot.

Again, this construction lends itself to the most pleasing lines, and appearance counts for much these days. Indeed, it gives me pleasure to look at a car that has graceful lines. I do not, of course, infer that appearance goes for everything. On the contrary, the chassis means 95 p.c. of a car's efficiency, but having once obtained the ideal chassis, it deserves a body that is in keeping with the rest of the mechanism.

TWO- AND FOUR-SEATERS

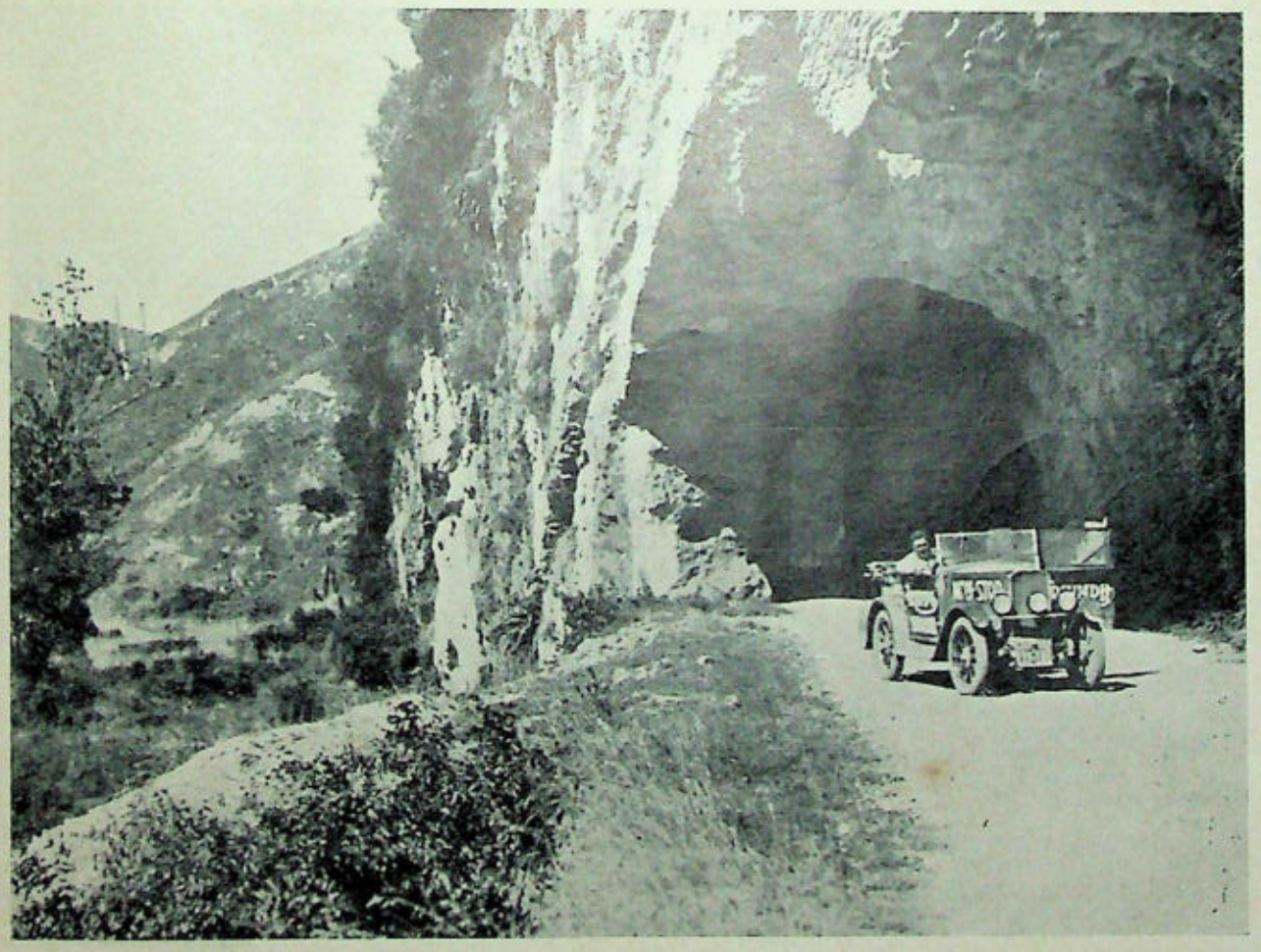
The one disadvantage of this particular type of coachwork is the fact that if a chauffeur is kept, the front and rear passengers are rather too close together, but for the owner-driver the layout is ideal.

For those who require a family car the full saloon type of coachwork is to be recommended, as with a long wheelbase it may be possible to accommodate two extra passengers on occasional seats in addition to seating three on the rear cushion.

If the car is usually to be chauffeur driven, the front seat should be fixed and not of the sliding armchair type, so that a glass division can be fitted which will shut the chauffeur off from the rear portion of the car.

The open two-seater type of body has a charm all its own, but is what one might term a selfish man's car, since the dicky seat is not to be recommended for long journeys, especially in wet weather. For a young married couple, who delight in their own company, it is ideal. Much luggage can be stowed in the capacious dicky, and the lines of a specially built two-seater body can be the last word in gracefulness.

The open four-seater tourer has one great disadvantage—in a sudden storm of rain it is often difficult to raise the hood quickly, whereas on the two-seater it is comparatively easy to do this single-handed.



BRITISH CARS IN THE DOMINIONS

A Triumph Super Seven at the commencement of the Awakino Gorge, New Zealand, which is thirty miles long

OUR TRANS-EMPIRE FLYING ROUTES

Fruit, Eggs and Live Stock by Air

NOT ONLY are the Empire air routes of Imperial Airways quickening the movement of ordinary traffic, but they are now creating, and developing, new and special forms of traffic of their own.

Grown at various points along our Empire air-lines are rapidly-ripening tropical fruits which, hitherto—owing to the time taken by ordinary transport—have never reached the London markets in a suitable condition.

Now, however, if a consignment is placed in one of the home-coming mail-planes, the fruit is in the London shops a few days later in a prime condition for eating.

And in many other ways, also, is the air-mail now proving a boon. Take the coffee-planters of Kenya; they now send samples of their crops to London by air in a matter of days, as compared with weeks by surface travel, while samples of the Egyptian coffee crop are also coming through regularly to London by air.

The air service to India is now being used to dispatch consignments of strawberry plants to horticulturists in that country, while hotels in Cairo are taking advantage of this Indian route to import freshly-picked grapefruit from Palestine.

EGGS FOR THE ZOO

Not long ago, Imperial Airways brought through to London from South Africa, consigned to the authorities at the Zoo, a number of the eggs of the Cape penguin; while hatching eggs from poultry farms in England have been sent out recently by airway to Kenya and Tanganyika, and that such experiments are satisfactory may be indicated by the fact that the average hatchings of the eggs so consigned have been in the neighbourhood of 60 or 70 per cent.

On another occasion the occupants of an in-coming cargo-plane were a number of live alligators, travelling in special crates, while not long ago the airway officials were called upon to instal in a freight machine a den in which a fully-grown lion, accompanied by its trainer, was air-borne to London to take part in a circus.

Packing, it may be mentioned, should be light but strong, and it has been found best to wrap each egg in thin paper, rather than to use sawdust, as the latter might allow the eggs to shift; while sawdust also contains a certain amount of natural turpentine which is possibly detrimental to germination.

The carriage of birds and other livestock by air is now very greatly on the increase, travel by air providing not only the most rapid, but also the most humane, way of sending feathered creatures, dogs, or other animals from this country to destinations along the Imperial Airways routes.

TRANSPORT FOR POULTRY

All the poultry sent from Germany to the International Poultry Congress which was held at the Crystal Palace in 1930, arrived in this country by aeroplane, and the use of the air route enabled birds to remain two days longer at their home farm, before dispatch, than was the case with poultry forwarded by surface transport.

In the season, the airways deal frequently with shipments of day-old chicks, and are now in a position to give useful information to breeders as to all such air consignments as these. Not long ago 2,000 chicks, in one consignment, were flown from this country to Roumania.

Recently, when one of the goods-carrying machines alighted at the London air-station, it was found that its big freight compartment had been transformed, temporarily, into a flying menagerie, containing parrots, monkeys, and a bear, together with a number of tropical fish in tanks.



BEHIND THE SCENES OF SIR ALAN COBHAM'S AIR CIRCUS

The transport organisation necessary for the giving of from 170 to 180 aerial displays—each in a different town in the British Isles—can be judged from some of the fleet of Austin cars seen above

SIR ALAN COBHAM'S AIR CIRCUS

Why It Was Organised and What It Is Doing—A Mandate from the People—"Enquire Within" Aerodromes

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

THREE YEARS AGO, aviation enthusiasts had to create interest in the air. To-day, thanks mainly to the work of the flying clubs, there is a large and growing public to which air news is interesting, and which likes to hear about the development of flying.

But for all that, many misconceptions still exist. Notwithstanding the wonderful record of Imperial Airways and the astonishing flights on light aeroplanes to Australia and the Cape, there is still a tendency among many people to regard aeroplanes as "unsafe," and, perhaps even more significant, to look on them as primarily engines of war with terrible possibilities.

Therefore, it is necessary to bring the general public in closer touch with developments; and nothing could have been better conceived in this connection than Sir Alan Cobham's scheme for a National Aviation Day at all the chief towns of the British Isles.

This National Aviation Day campaign, which has already had a most auspicious start, is very well conceived in that it is designed not on the lines of a spectacular stunt—though spectacle plays a big part, as it must in any popular demonstration of this kind—but to show what modern machines can do.



SIR ALAN SNATCHES A LITTLE RELAXATION BETWEEN FLIGHTS AT A DISPLAY AT ABINGDON, NEAR OXFORD

More than that, it is intended to bring the public into real contact with the modern aeroplane, and to let them experience its comfort, speed and safety.

One feature may be mentioned to stress this fact. "Joy-riding" flights naturally form a big part of the scheme, but it has been recognised that the ordinary single-engined machine fails to inspire confidence in many people who might otherwise be inclined to take a trial trip.

Therefore, included in the touring fleet of the unit is a specially designed three-engined machine that is virtually an air-liner in miniature.

Every item in the packed programme that makes up the Aviation Day has some specific lesson to teach. The autogyro shows how technical progress is making not only for greater safety, but for ease of handling in the air; the comfort and economy of representative types of light aeroplane which are available for the would-be private pilot are being demonstrated; air races round pylons provide an indication of the sporting possibilities of aviation. There is hardly a phase that is not touched.

Sir Alan Cobham has obtained the views of the various societies representing aviation, from the scientific, technical, practical and general aspects as to what should be done further to develop aeronautics, and these views will be impressed on the members of the general public witnessing the displays, who will be asked to sign a mandate calling for a more vigorous development of civil and commercial aviation.

CONTINUED EFFORT NECESSARY

Undoubtedly this scheme will arouse widespread interest, as it is intended to do. But big as it is, it must be remembered that it is only one sign of the need for continued propaganda. It will arouse enthusiasm; and it is the duty of all those connected with flying to see that that enthusiasm is cultivated for the benefit of all aviation.

How can this be done? Unquestionably it is a duty that will devolve chiefly on the clubs. They are, as is well known, the spearhead of aviation propaganda. In this connection, I would stress a point to which I have referred previously in these columns: the vital need for making all air displays, no matter how local they may be, teach practical lessons.

Stunts do nothing to further progress; they may even harm it. On the other hand, now that a certain amount of air-mindedness is common all over the country, much may be done by showing off points such as reliability, ease of handling, and cheapness, by trials on the lines of motor-cycling events, owner-pilot competitions, and economy competitions.

POPULARISING AERODROMES

Most aerodromes lie in comparatively open country near towns; they should be made popular summer-evening rendezvous, as they are on the continent.

The aim should be to create at every aerodrome a special section where inquiring members of the public could obtain any information they desired on flying; its cost, how to learn, advantages of air travel, and so on. This may sound ambitious, but the flying movement cannot afford to lose the interest of a single member of the public.

Briefly, every aerodrome ought to be a live propaganda station for aviation. At present, despite the enthusiasm of individual members, clubs and air-parks lie rather outside the ordinary existence of the man in the street. It is probable that for every one person who goes to an aerodrome in search of amusement (and incidentally information), five go to Brooklands to see motor-cars race and ten or fifteen to a speedway to witness motor-cycling. This is not as it should be.

NEW IDEAS IN THE HAYFIELD

Making Use of American Stackers and Old Motor Cars

By A. J. HOSIER

AS I TRAVEL through the countryside in haymaking time I observe divers methods of making and securing hay. Some very expensive, and others less so, but nevertheless crude.

With the present high cost of labour and the low market value of hay it is impossible to sell hay at a profit unless handled by the most up-to-date equipment. The trouble is that we are trying to make hay with present-day labour costs to sell at pre-War prices, but it cannot be done. We must revolutionise our methods entirely. Instead of using manual labour we must use machines and machine-minders. It is quite out of place to-day to put men to do the heavy jobs in the blazing hot weather and up to their waists in hot hay.

During the last 50 years there have been many spasmodic attempts to invoke the aid of machinery, but few of the agricultural engineers seem able to supply haymaking equipment that harmonises. If they could, the farmers would not know what they required. Perhaps Mr. X. realises that he must get a new mowing machine this year, and mentions the matter to his local implement agent. He is induced to buy a 7ft. machine and never thinks that his swath-turner or his side-rake is designed for a 4ft. 6in. or 5ft. machine until he has tried it. One of his neighbours tells him that the best way to gather his hay is by sweeps, so he buys sweeps. He probably does not realise that his neighbour wants to feed his hay where it grows, while his hay is required at the homestead.

STUPID THINGS WE DO

It has often struck me what stupid things we do for the want of knowing better. Just fancy using one of our so-called labour savers—a hay sweep. You drive the hay up into a great heap and deliver to the elevator. If it happens to be very long stuff and none too dry it is packed so tightly that it takes three or four men to tear it to pieces, and it is hard work. I know something about it. The hay is eventually got into the elevator, and then on to the rick in another tangled mass; you find yourself stepping on the fork-full you are trying to move on to the next man, and the next man is doing the same. If these rick hands are not experienced men they cannot earn their "salt."

On a very hot summer day it is nearly enough for a man to endure the heat of the sun and the heat of the hay under him without having to work as well. We must get machines to do as much of the laborious work as possible—firstly because hand work is too expensive, and secondly because the present men have not had the training or the inclination to do such work.

Now one of our troubles is that the elevator was not designed for the sweep, nor the sweep for the elevator; both good implements, but they do not harmonise. Why should not that sweep-load of hay get on the rick in practically its right place without being man-handled at all? The hay would be better, because it would lose less leaf.

Within the last year or two a few farmers have been meeting the situation by using the American stacker. This implement is capable of putting a sweep-load on to the stack at one go, thus saving the heavy and expensive work of handling with the stacker. Less men are required on the rick because the hay is thrown over most of the rick as it falls.

WHAT IS WANTED

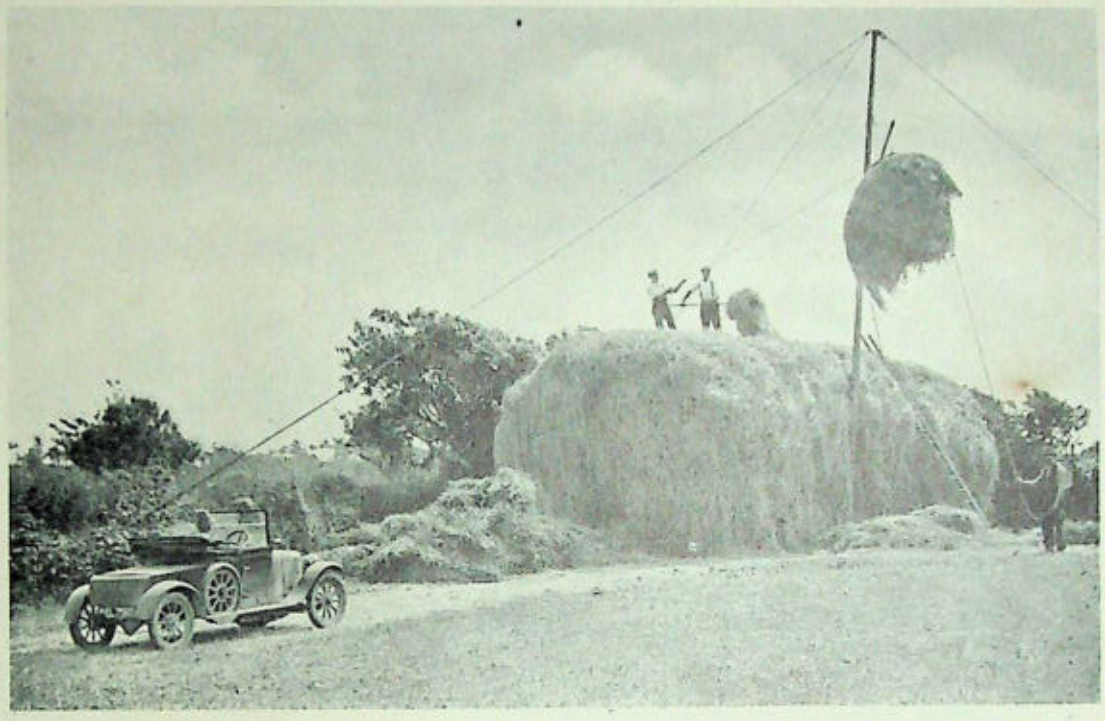
The best haying equipment I had last year was a couple of old motor cars to which were affixed sweeps and the American stacker; but the present stacker is far from perfect. I visualise the time when I shall have an implement which will gather a sweep-load of hay and take it straight to the rick and throw it in almost the right place. I should then want only one man on the rick except when roofing. Such a machine would be a "sweep-stacker" built on a lorry or tractor.

There is no need to have horses in the field at all, but if they are used they should do only the light work, such as horse-raking or swath-turning. It is little short of cruelty to use a pair of horses on a hay sweep all day long in the blazing sun; it is waste of time, too, for a man to sit up on a hay sweep perhaps doing long journeys at about two-and-a-half miles per hour.

Tractor sweeps are very much better than horses, but again they are too slow. A very much better proposition is to buy two or three old high-power cars and adapt a sweep to them. Many a good old, but shabby, car is sold for £5 or £6 which is mechanically sound. One of these outfits would carry more hay in a day than three horse sweeps if the hay were a little distance away. The cars and the sweep need not cost more than £20—those I have made up have not cost £20. A motor-car sweep is not only faster, but having a longer wheel-base than a tractor will turn in much less space with its load, and generally it will take quite as big loads. After haymaking, these old cars can be stowed away for next season.

Possibly the future method of handling hay on the large farms will be even better than the method described above. I refer to the new baling combine, one of which I have done some experimental work with. I find it is possible to hitch a tractor on a combine hay baler and tow it along the windrows, pick up the hay and bale it, using only the tractor driver. The hay bales have then only to be picked up and stacked. By such a method only three men would be required for gathering, baling and stacking the hay. One great advantage of this method is that the hay is ready trussed for winter feeding to stock, a saving of 6s. or 7s. per ton which is paid for trussing out the hay from the rick in winter.

By adopting the last two methods it is possible to do your haymaking without employing casual labour. The work is easy and more suited to the present-day worker. In other words, they control machines which do the heavy work.



MECHANICAL INGENUITY ON A CORNISH FARM

A small car is being used to operate the hay grab which eliminates hand pitching on an elevator at the rick

SURPLUS MILK

Tackling the Problem in Earnest

MR. JAMES WYLLIE, writing in the Journal of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, reviews once again the surplus milk problem which has been so much discussed, but for which so far no satisfactory solution has been found. Actually the best way of defining surplus milk is to say that it consists of all milk intended for sale which is extra to the requirements of the liquid market. With the present disparity between the prices of liquid milk and of manufactured dairy produce all milk producers are in active competition for a share in the liquid milk market. "Surplus" is an individual problem, it is a local and regional problem, but it is also a national problem, and in the long run no solution will be satisfactory unless it is of national application.

It is in these circumstances that dairy farmers have welcomed the appointment of a Milk Re-organisation Commission by the Minister of Agriculture. With commendable expedition this body of business men is already in the thick of the problem. It is their task to suggest a workable scheme by which the dairy industry can be regulated and a better balance maintained between the liquid milk market and the manufacturing milk market. They are likely to suggest to farmers some scheme within the terms of the Marketing Act which would provide for the pooling of all supplies and the allocation of milk at appropriate prices between the milk distributors and the manufacturers of cheese, butter, condensed milk and other products.

SHARING THE BURDEN

This would mean that every milk producer (for the scheme would be compulsory under the Act), would be required to bear a share of the burden of surplus milk which at the present time can only be manufactured at a price which represents a loss to the dairy farmer. If imports of dairy products are effectively controlled the loss involved in manufacture would not be so heavy as it is now. Furthermore, the Milk Commission is no doubt keeping an eye on the possibility of reducing the proportion of milk which has to be manufactured by increasing the quantity of milk consumed in the fresh state by the public. A bold "Drink More Milk" campaign would go far to solve the surplus milk problem. This is an undertaking for a milk producers' board set up under the Marketing Act.

Mr. James Wyllie wrote his article before the Commission was set up, but his review on the principles upon which any successful scheme must be based still holds good. He emphasises, however, that whatever ways are adopted of dealing with surplus milk, that ample scope should be given to the really progressive producer, since no scheme can succeed for long which in effect bolsters up the inefficient producers and puts a brake on the efficient.

Reorganisation may be a word to conjure with, but no industry can afford to have stabilisation of efficiency. It may be a hard policy to lay down that the maintenance of the milk supply should be based upon increased output from the most efficient producers, and decreased output from the least efficient, even though this may mean the virtual extinction of some. But Mr. Wyllie suggests that it is the only kind of policy which has any chance of succeeding under modern economic conditions.

SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE

A Review of Progress

AN ASSOCIATION of which little is heard but which does much useful work is the Agricultural Education Association, whose annual journal, *Agricultural Progress*, is now published. (Price 5/–; Heffer, Cambridge.) The object of the association is the development of agricultural education and research by mutual assistance and advice.

Its membership, which now numbers 500, comprises county agricultural organisers and instructors, and those concerned with agricultural colleges and research stations. Among the articles in the present issue of the journal is one from Dr. H. E. Woodman describing the results which have been obtained at Cambridge in the experiments devoted to the management of grazing land. There is now

no question that young growing grass in the early months of summer is the most perfect food for stock, and that by the careful management of pastures the valuable stage of growth can be extended at both ends of the normal grazing season.

DRYING YOUNG GRASS

Dr. Woodman also refers to the proposals for conserving young leafy grass either by artificial drying or by ensilage for use during winter, and it has been demonstrated that such herbage can be dried down without suffering any loss of digestibility or feeding value. Dried grass cakes have been used successfully to replace oil cakes in the winter feeding of dairy cows and fattening of cattle.

In another article Mr. William Godden points out that the mineral content of grazing land is at its maximum in the spring, though even then calcium may be deficient. The phosphorous content falls off during the summer, whereas the calcium content tends to rise. Other sections of the journal are devoted to reviews of recent knowledge gained in animal husbandry, dairying, poultry, and agricultural engineering.

AT THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW

Dairy Shorthorns Well to the Fore

OPENING THE SUMMER SHOW SEASON, Oxfordshire made a good start last week. The county show held at Oxford brought out many excellent animals, despite the prevailing gloom in the stock-breeding world.

The Shorthorn was not a particularly strong section, the chief prize-winners being Mr. Fred Shaw, who won a first, two reserve championships, and three seconds; Mrs. R. Calvert, first and champion for bull born in 1930 or 1931, and Fanny Lady Leon, first and champion for cow or heifer in milk, and a second for heifers born in 1931.

A remarkably fine show of Dairy Shorthorns was seen, the well-known breeders, Mr. Francis of Templecombe, and Mr. Hignett of Checkenden, having a great fight to secure the male championship, which went to the latter's Checkenden Lord Barrington, although many onlookers preferred Seathistle, Mr. Francis's bull. A nice bull is Foxhill White Star, which secured second honours in the yearling class. Messrs. Hobbs and Davis showed the nine-year-old cow Shipton Duchess 34th in rare form to win a first, reserve female championship, and a special in a strong class of cows in milk; a cow of real dairy type, short of leg, filling a great bag, and showing plenty of constitution. Of equally striking character was Mr. Onslow Fane's heifer Steventon Dawn, which secured the female championship. She has a beautiful head and neck, stands over much ground, and has a well-nigh faultless bag. A nice heifer is Mr. Wooster's Penbury Princess 6th, which was placed second to the champion in her class.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS QUALITY

British Friesians were shown in fair numbers, the champion and reserve champion bulls being the property of Mr. J. R. Upson and Mr. E. B. Hall respectively, the latter exhibitor securing a first and reserve female championship with his two-year-old heifer Saracen's Nancy, the silver medal going to Terling Torch 36th, a grand cow, eight years old, from Lord Rayleigh's well-known herd.

Aberdeen-Angus made a fair muster, and the quality throughout was very good. The silver medal was awarded to Mr. D. S. Gough's yearling heifer Black Dala 2nd of Ballintomb, and the reserve to Mr. E. Keith Brook's Black Bell of Amport, a ten-year-old cow, shown with the bloom of a heifer. The well-known exhibitor Mr. J. J. Cridlan secured a first in the young bull class, and a second prize with an eighteen-months-old heifer.

Jerseys were not as numerous as usual, but some fine bagged cows were on parade. Ayrshires came out very strongly, and the standard throughout was of a high order.

The Red Poll classes were fairly well supported, and the quality throughout was also very good. They are undoubtedly one of the most useful breeds of cattle to-day where economy in feeding is of paramount importance.

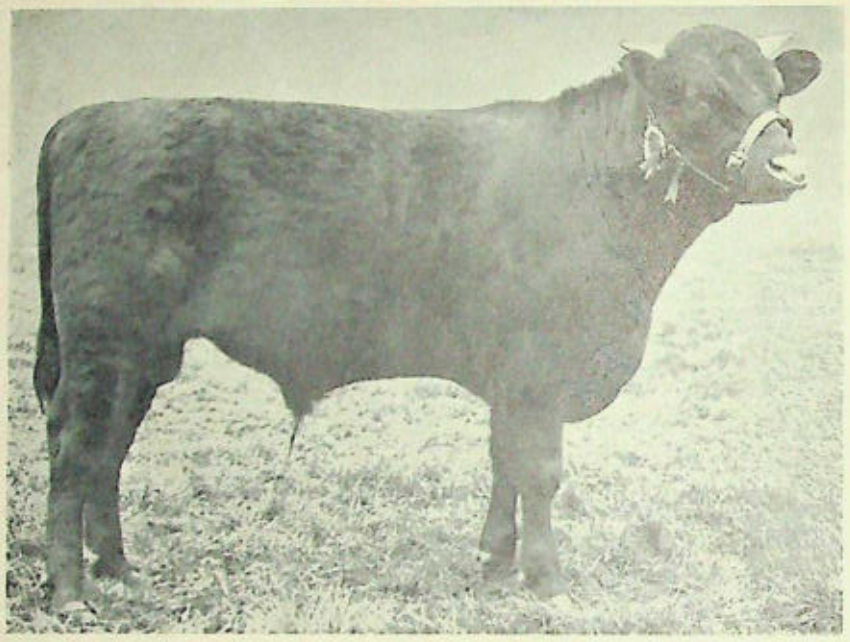
FEWER SHEEP EXHIBITS

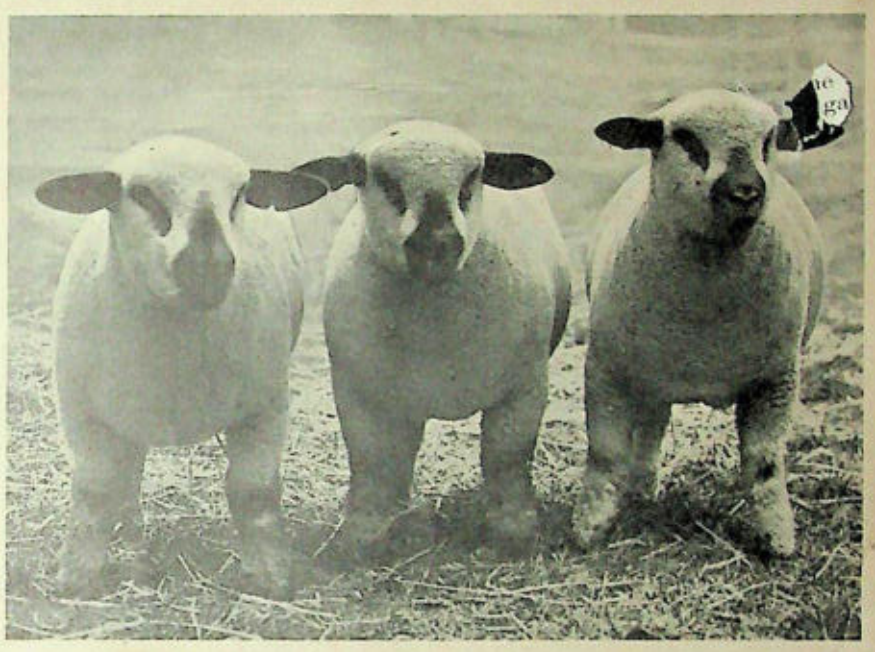
Guernseys were not so well represented, in the heifer classes especially, as one could have wished, but some fine specimens of this breed were forward. Mr. Pilbrow securing two firsts with tuberculin-tested exhibits.

Probably owing to the bad season we have passed through and the abnormally bad prices sheep have been making, these classes were 50 per cent. below the normal. In the Oxford Down section Mr. H. W. Stilgoe secured a first, two championships, a second and a third prize; Mr. Watts a championship, reserve ditto, a first and two second cards, and Mr. L. B. Akers two firsts. Major V. S. Bland won a championship, two firsts and a second in the Hampshire Down classes, and others successful in this section were Sir Gomer Berry and Mr. Onslow Fane, Mr. A. T. Loyd and Mr. J. H. Beynon. Mr. E. Macintosh secured the male championship in the Southdown classes, and Mr. J. N. Kendall was the largest winner in the section reserved for Kerry Hills.

Pigs were up to the standard in numbers, but it is to be noted that there is still room for improvement in type in some breeds. There are still too many coarse-maned and curly-coated animals shown. Messrs. Shepherd and Denton, H. C. Inwood and H. G. P. Jones were most successful with Berkshires, whilst Sir Gomer Berry and Lady H. Roger showed the best Middle Whites. Large Whites were shown best by Messrs. W. W. Ryman (two championships), Sir Gomer Berry and Messrs. Debenham and Tory. Mr. Douglas Vickers and Mr. F. W. Gentle nearly swept the board between them in the Wessex Saddleback classes. Messrs. D. W. P. Gough, F. W. Gilbert, the Leckford Estate, Ltd., and Capt. Cameron-Smith shared the prizes for Large Blacks.

T. H.





OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS AT THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW

The champion Dairy Shorthorn bull, Mr. L. Hignett's Checkenden Lord Barrington

The first prize pen of Hampshire Down ewe lambs from Mr. A. T. Loyd's flock

DEVON'S COUNTY SHOW

An Assiduous President

PRINCE GEORGE fulfilled his duties as President of the Devon Show at Tavistock last week with a thoroughness which was the more commendable because the weather conditions were atrocious on the second day when he visited the show. In gum boots the president waded through the mud to see the exhibits and tour the business section of the show.

From the Prince of Wales's home farm at Stoke Climsland there were some excellent specimens of the Devon breed, but the competition was keen and His Royal Highness secured only a fourth prize. His neighbour in Cornwall, Mr. Cecil Brent, won the cow championship with Clampit Dainty 10th, a notable winner at the Royal Show last year.

With South Devons Mr. Chaffe was again well to the fore. He won the Mildmay Cup for the best group of females. Guernseys are popular in Cornwall, and from across the county border many excellent entries were sent to Tavistock. Mr. G. Blight won championship honours for cows.

Dartmoor sheep showed up well among the local breeds, and Large Black pigs were most numerous. Messrs. W. White & Son took both Large White championships.

FARMING NOTES

Green Pastures

WITHIN the past fortnight the pastures and meadows have really started to make their proper summer growth. They had looked green for weeks before, but cold nights kept back the seasonal flush of grass. Now the herbage is at its prime for grazing, according to the conclusions reached by Dr. H. E. Woodman of Cambridge and others who have analysed grass at all seasons of the year.

Young summer grass provides the cow yielding up to 3 gallons of milk a day all the food she needs, but higher yielding animals can do with a concentrated supplement. Most economically this can take the form of maize products which can be bought considerably cheaper than the dairy cakes compounded for use in the winter. The young grass is abundantly rich in protein and this is the expensive item in concentrated rations.

Labour for Haymaking

A reminder comes from the Ministry of Labour that extra hands for seasonal work, like haymaking, can be obtained from the local employment exchanges in all parts of the country. It is generally penny-wise pound-foolish economy to save wages at hay-time, when a full gang may be just able to save a field in good order which would have been spoiled if left over for another day.

Last year the employment exchange service was able to fill nearly 24,000 vacancies notified by farmers and fruit growers, in addition to placing 3,500 field workers on the beet crop. It is stated that the exchanges were able to fill satisfactorily 90 per cent. of the vacancies notified to them.

Australia's Choice of a Shorthorn

A commission from Australia to buy the best Shorthorn bull available has resulted in the consignment of Cruggleton Author, a two-year-old in the herd of Mr. A. J. Marshall, of Bridgebank, Stranraer. This bull was to have been exhibited at the Royal Show and the Highland Show, but now he has gone into quarantine before shipment. Cruggleton Author has some famous blood behind him. His sire was Bridgebank Vulcan, a Royal Show champion, and his dam is of the Augusta family.

BROADLEAZE.

THE FIELD

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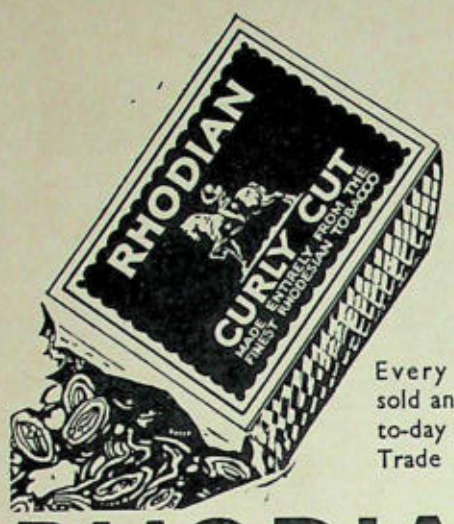


W. A. Rouch

LADY AINSWORTH WITH TWO OF HER FAMOUS SHOW HUNTERS

During the season Lady Ainsworth will have a successful time at the shows with her two hunters Sir Francis (left) and Cottage Pie (right), the latter of which has won many prizes in Ireland. Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., has just resigned the Mastership of the Tipperary, which he has held since 1928

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

A FORTUNE FOR TEN SHILLINGS

SUDDEN ACCESSION OF WEALTH has been a favourite theme for the novelist and is a pleasant dream for most of us. It will be an accomplished fact for many people between Monday morning next and Wednesday evening. The romance of the Arabian Nights will be brought into modern life by a turn of the wheel in the Irish Sweepstake.

Four-and-a-half million pounds have been poured into Dublin for this Get-Rich-Quick scheme, and most of the money has come from this country. Of this about a million-and-a-half will go to charity, minus the tax imposed by the Government, and those who consider the whole business morally wrong will have a difficulty in convincing the man in the street that an outlay of 10/- is a bad speculation for a chance of getting £30,000, or that his modest *coup* is any worse than that of a wealthier man who makes a pile through a Stock Exchange deal.

When a Government is attacked for failure to legalise sweepstakes or for laxity in their suppression it is just as well to realise the delicate nature of their task. British legislators have always been afflicted with a tender conscience where the moral welfare of the community is concerned. But it may well be argued that a hard-and-fast principle in the matter of gambling cannot be maintained by a Legislature which is encouraging Tote betting.

On the other hand, it is not simply a matter of saying, "Let there be sweepstakes." The immediate result would be a crop of uncontrollable ramps, and certainly competition would destroy the chances of anything in the nature of a big sweepstake on Dublin lines. The Dublin sweepstake has, it is said, reduced the Calcutta total from about £600,000 last year to £150,000 this year. All that it would seem possible for an English Government to do would be to run a big English charity "sweep," keep the money in the country, and, on the Irish plan, make it yield something towards tax reduction. It would have to be under strict supervision and have someone with the personality of the late Lord Knutsford as its presiding genius.

No Government has yet had the courage to enforce the law wholesale for the suppression of sweepstakes, though working from the winner's end much might be accomplished. The result would be an unpopularity which simply could not be courted by any political party. A horrible example of State control in face of popular desire is provided in the United States Prohibition Act, and in this country the police already have enough to divert them from their proper sphere without an added task of suppression.

Judging from the fact that nine million tickets have been issued for the Irish sweep, it would not, taking into consideration workmen's syndicates, be too much to put the participants down as eighteen million, and there are many million more engaged in minor sweeps. If force were employed to restrain this wholesale desire for a "flutter" subterranean methods would be resorted to which would either result in constant legal warfare or the adoption of devices which would hold the law up to ridicule. If an example were required of the latter phase it can be supplied by the many absurd "skill" competitions which are being run to-day, and which are a sheer gamble in the order of a number of permutations in a crossword with its alternative solutions, or the so-called discrimination in the arrangement of a number of articles.

As matters stand, the Government has not done badly in keeping a Nelsonian eye on sweepstakes, and has yet maintained its right to enforce the law by an occasional raid on an Irish mail bag. It has, as usual, found the way out of a difficulty by casting responsibility on the shoulders of a Royal Commission. Let us hope that Sir William Davison's proposals for sweepstake legislation will be well considered by this body and that, unlike the result of the fatuous drink commission, some practical decision will be reached. The Commission has a good start in its limited numbers, and we are promised a quick result—not a "general enquiry" lasting for two years or more!

AN EMPIRE TOAST

EMPIRE DAY this year has been marked by the success of a new movement. Under the auspices of the Women's Committee of the Fellowship of the British Empire, arrangements were made for the celebration of the day in a particular manner in almost every quarter of the globe under the British flag.

At every meal served during the day only Empire products were provided. Needless to say, this did not detract from the quality of the catering, and the following was the toast proposed:

"To the glory and the honour of our Empire, and may this be achieved by a supreme spirit of fellowship so that, separated though we are by the oceans, we may be bound closely by mutual sympathy and understanding."

This is a toast which will be honoured, we cannot doubt, by more and more men and women throughout the Empire in succeeding years.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

For pluck, skill and determination, Miss Earhart, in her flight across the Atlantic, has earned the admiration of all Englishmen and Americans. To realise that fire is coming from your exhaust and that a petrol pipe is leaking within a few hours of setting out on a solitary journey, and to decide to proceed rather than to turn back, requires courage and steadfastness of the highest order. How is it, some will ask, that mechanics cannot yet guarantee the soundness of the machine before such journeys are begun?

But more important in its general aspect than Miss Earhart's achievement is the journey made by the German 50-ton flying boat Do-X, which arrived in Calshot on Sunday, having started from Long Island Sound on Thursday, and having made the journey by stages from Newfoundland and Vigo. Most of the flight of this weight-carrying vessel was made a few feet above the waves, and once she alighted on the water in the dark. This is the type of passenger vessel of the future for the Atlantic.

FIRES AT SEA

Cruising and travel in steamers fitted entirely for such service have become of late years one of the most popular ways of spending a holiday. Naturally therefore the fate of the Georges Philippar, one of the latest and best vessels belonging to the Messageries Maritimes, has caused consternation among the public who have grown accustomed to the idea of safety and comfort in these holiday cruises. It is a terrifying thought that the vessel should have burned down to the water's edge without the passengers on the lower decks having had the smallest chance of escape.

But why should such a thing be possible? Why in the world should a passenger steamer be constructed of inflammable material? According to the accounts of the fire, the flames spread with uncontrollable rapidity along the varnish of the woodwork of the cabins. Inflammable varnish—what a comment on the inquest that can never take place on the scores of passengers burnt to death! Methods of ship-building companies must be altered, and the most attractive advertisements of future cruises, it will be found, will be that the interior of the ship is fireproof.

LORD INCHCAPE

Among other distinctions in sport, the late Earl of Inchcape was the owner of the largest yacht in this country. This vessel was the Rover, 2,113 tons, which was designed and built for him in 1930 by Stephen & Sons. Lord Inchcape was popular in yachting circles and was always a familiar figure at Cowes regatta, when, a few years ago, he entertained a very large number of friends aboard [illegible] P. & O. liner Ranchi, using the ship, which [illegible] the time had only recently been launched, [illegible] private steam yacht. He was Vice-Commodore [illegible] the Royal Thames Y.C. and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

In declining the belated entry of Walter Hagen for the Open Golf Championship, the Championship Committee had no choice. Rules are made to be kept, and the entry was not a few minutes but several days late. Hagen will be missed. He is a great golfer, which, as he once drily observed, is more important for winning championships than being a good sportsman.

He is both, and if by winning at Prince's in June, he had added a fifth British championship to his name, he would have justified the claim to align himself with the great three, Vardon, Taylor and Braid, who did so before him.

In the new multitude of aspirants there does not seem to be anyone at present likely to emulate the feat. But with the American entry reduced to T. D. Armour, Macdonald Smith and Sarazen we may hope that some English or Scottish professional, undesirous of sacrificing his nationality, will be the first to start a new run of successes and keep them in Great Britain.

A TEAM OF WORTH

Cricket in England will owe a debt to the All-India side if their early form, especially that shown at Oxford and Lord's, is maintained. The team enjoys its cricket, and spectators will be attracted to their matches. Their work in the field is attractive, there is no showiness, but each man is keen, and their zest in chasing the ball even to the boundary, their clean groundwork, their accurate throwing to the wicket, and their backing [illegible] brings back the spirit of pre-War cricket.

On the form shown so far their bowling st[illegible] compares favourably with that of any ind[illegible] county, while the enterprise in the batting [illegible] welcome tonic to those who have long borne [illegible] tediousness that seems a natural corollary to moder[illegible] county cricket and "duration" tests.

It was thought that the gesture of a Test match would be a grateful compliment to our visitors, and a welcome opportunity of testing our "young" talent prior to the trip to Australia. The prospects now seem to point to our being compelled to treat the match at Lord's as a "real" test, granted favourable weather to help the visitors. Let us hope the Indian team's task will not be lightened by our playing against them any but our best available eleven.

CRICKET ACCIDENTS

On the whole surprisingly few accidents happen in first-class cricket, and it is merely a freak of Providence which has brought about quite a series of mishaps in the last week or two. There has been

no particular reason for any of them except that inconsistency of human nature which now and then lets a man down.

Nine times out of ten, for instance, George Gunn would undoubtedly have hit for four the full pitch which struck him on the temple; Hendren will certainly shut many more doors without catching his fingers in them as he did; A. Melville, the Oxford captain, may collide again with his partner in the middle of the wicket, but he will be very unlucky if by so doing he breaks his collar-bone again; and Wazir Ali, the clever Indian batsman, has no doubt made his boundary stroke many times off a short ball such as struck him on the head at Lord's last Saturday, much to the regret of a large crowd who were just beginning to enjoy his easy style.

Being sheer accidents, these mishaps require no remedy and cricketers will feel in no more danger than usual because of them, even if wickets are now not quite so artificially prepared as they have been.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS

The Bath and West Show at Yeovil this week marks the beginning of the summer show season in real earnest. The Royal Counties, the Three Counties, the Royal, the Highland, and the Royal Welsh follow in rapid succession, and there are many other fixtures in June and July which can almost claim a national status. It says much for the optimism and perseverance of pedigree breeders and trade exhibitors that the shows promise to be on the same lines as those of previous years. In some cases entries are fewer, but it looks as if all concerned had entered into a conspiracy to hide, at any rate for a few weeks, the spectre of insolvency which threatens agricultural Britain. May their courage in carrying on business as usual be fully justified before another show season comes round.

MAYFLY TIME

On most South country waters, May 28th marks the opening of the most hopeful fortnight of the fishing year, when the drakes, which appear so miraculously on the surface, come sailing down in their thousands, and as the dusk comes on, the river seems suddenly alive with rolling, wallowing forms whose presence in the water would remain quite unsuspected were it not for the madness which the Mayfly alone among water insects seems able to produce. Too often hope is the best part of it, for among the unsolved mysteries of most rivers there comes a year when the fly sails by only to the accompaniment of splashing dace or leaping fingerlings, or a storm washes the hope of the year from the slate before it has even progressed to the usual stage of that wide-ringed rise.

For these fourteen days, too, the voice of the prophet declaiming that the Mayfly is a spoil-sport which robs him of a month's fishing in aftermath is silent, or it may be that it is drowned in the echoes of that resounding rise which most of us are already hearing in anticipation—and what do the pounders of July matter when so shortly we shall see that impressive boil? What will this year bring forth? We have had two bad seasons running. Surely, it cannot be that Nature is contemplating the hat trick?

AFTER THE RAIN

Flood and storm have been the features of the weather of May, and seldom have cricketers begun a season with pitches more saturated or skies more cloudy. Our Indian visitors have been given a depressingly wet welcome. Rain and wind in other ways have spoiled summer's opening. Tulips that were the glory of the garden by day have been wrecked in a night. Cherry blossom has been torn from the trees by showers of hail. The nightingale in May has been silent. One cheerful voice has proclaimed the coming of sun after rain. We may still hear, after the rainiest interval, the voice of the cuckoo.

MEREDITH'S NIGHTJAR

So late has been the season, and so cold the rainy nights, that many South country gardens must have come to the fourth week of the month without the sound of the nightjar. Some listeners may have gone for reassurance to Meredith's *Love in the Valley*—you can hear the bird's purr in the even stress of the lines:

"Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting;
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled."



DEATH DUTIES ON COUNTRY HOUSE PROPERTY

A Way Out for Owners—Demolition?

AMONG the country houses for sale of which particulars are to be found in the advertisement pages of the *Field*, one has for property-owners a peculiar interest. On June 20th next, at the George Hotel, Winchester, there is to be offered for sale, by order of Lord Ashburton, the estate of the Grange, famous for generations past for its partridge shooting. The estate extends to 8,227 acres lying in a ring fence, and besides the model home farm contains eight other farms, with houses, buildings and cottages. The property will first be submitted in one lot, and if it is not sold in that way it will be put up in some 55 lots, the mansion and park being Lot 1.

The park itself extends to some 700 acres, intersected by a trout stream, and the mansion, of which a photograph of a portion appears above, contains eight reception rooms, 50 bed and dressing rooms, ten bathrooms and the usual offices.

LIMIT OF TAXATION PASSED

These details read like those of an auctioneer's catalogue—which, indeed, they are—and in character can, of course, be paralleled in other advertisements. But they have a particular meaning of their own which is not to be found in the advertisements of other houses for sale, and it is one to which we wish to draw the attention not only of country house owners, or of politicians, but of the whole tax-paying public.

For if the house and park are not sold at the price which has been decided on by the owner, he proposes to take an extremely serious step—which is simply to pull the house down.

What is the meaning of that? Just this, that the limit of taxation of country house properties has not been merely reached but passed. Here is an owner who, besides the ordinary rates and taxes which all estate owners find it increasingly difficult to pay, sees before him death duties which cannot be paid at all. Death duties are payable on the assessed value of a property. Very well, then: the owner proceeds to lessen or to destroy that value. Suppose, for argument's sake, that an historic house is assessed as being worth £100,000. That is an absurd assessment in these days, for nobody wants to pay so much for any house, but let the figure stand. The owner knocks the house down, and its value has disappeared. Obviously you cannot pay death duties on the value of a house which does not exist. Quite sensibly, the owner decides, by destroying his property, to avoid being taxed on it.

AN EXAMPLE AND A PORTENT

There is a further consequence to this. If one owner destroys his property in this way, another will do it. His example will be followed. And if, in order to avoid taxation which they feel to be unjust, because it takes the form not of a levy but of confiscation, owners of historic houses all over the country were to take the extreme course of knocking them down, to what condition of affairs do we come? To this, that in the end not only does the owner lose his property, but so does the public. Nobody gains and everybody loses. The owner loses a house in which his family has lived for generations, the Chancellor of the Exchequer loses the revenue which he hoped to get in death duties (and of which he still might get a proportion if the death duties were not so absurdly heavy), and the public loses, not only the pleasure of seeing and visiting great houses which are a heritage of the nation, but actual cash because the national revenue must be obtained somehow, and if you cannot get it in taxes out of one set of persons you must get it out of another. If the landowner or country house owner ceases to be the milch-cow, the Chancellor must look for other stock. And it is difficult to see where he will find it. Wherever you impose fresh taxation you create further unemployment, for what a man has to pay in taxes he cannot pay in wages.

Is there a remedy for all this? None that is easy to see for all of the difficulties involved, but for one at least the way is open. Chancellors of the Exchequer and their advisers will have to revise their valuation of country house property and the proportion which they consider it should pay in taxes. They will be compelled to do so, because if they do not their source of taxation will disappear.

Instead of living in a big house and employing indoor and outdoor servants for the dining rooms and drawing rooms and gardens and parks, people will prefer to live in small houses, and perhaps spend their money in travel, or they will decide, perhaps, to live out of England altogether. And if they pull down their houses, the nation loses possessions which it cannot replace.

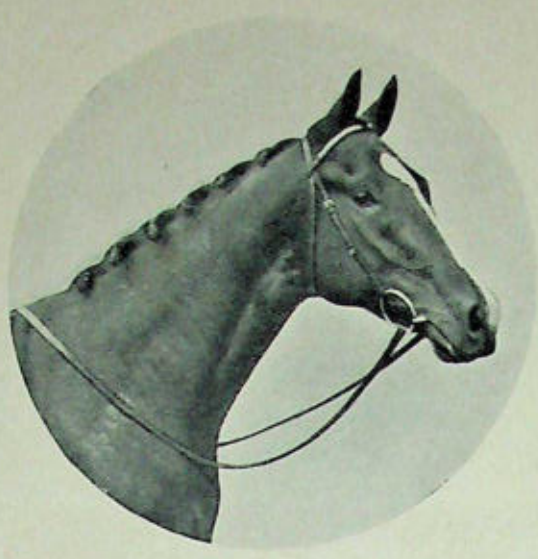
Suppose, for example, that Arundel or Belvoir were demolished—we apologise to the owners for the mere suggestion, but those magnificent piles illustrate the argument—what has the nation gained? Instead, it has lost priceless treasures. And already the loss of other treasures is in sight.

INCOME TAX WITHOUT CAPITAL

The truth is that income tax and death duties levied on house property, as apart from investments in stocks, can no longer be regarded with the same eyes or in the same proportion as they were regarded, say, by Sir William Harcourt. A man ought no longer to have to pay income tax on property which brings him no income and which he cannot sell. Not only is it unjust that he should be called upon to do so, but it is absurd, because the money to pay the tax cannot be raised.

Here, then, in Lord Ashburton's decision as regards the Grange is a definite turning point. The Government cannot ignore it, for the national purse and national possessions are affected. Will a Commission be set up to inquire into the possibilities of new and scientific taxation? It is abundantly clear that the old maxims and standards of Chancellors looking for revenue are out of date as regards land and houses, and the public should be grateful to Lord Ashburton for his initiative in compelling attention to what is not only an obvious injustice but an absurdity.

"Great Yorkshire" Hound Show.—The first foxhound show in this country was held in Yorkshire in 1859. It was inaugurated by the late Mr. Tom Parrington, a famous hunting man—one of the old school—who was born in the lonely farm house of Middlesbrough when it was a hamlet of about 40 souls. He was famous as the promoter of the modern show yard, and everything that is now taken as a matter of course was introduced by him. He was secretary of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society from August, 1864 to 1887. In his case "the good is not interred with his bones" as the Hound Show is still a flourishing exhibition of the "Great Yorkshire" Show, which will be held at Temple Newsam, Leeds, on July 12th, 13th and 14th.



THE DERBY FAVOURITE
Orwell (Gainsborough—Golden Hair), bred by Lord Furness, and a well backed fancy



ORWELL'S OWNER
Mr. W. M. G. Singer, who bought Orwell for 3,000 guineas as a yearling from the Gilltown Stud



W. A. Rouch
POSSESSING AN "EACH WAY" CHANCE
Spenser (Hurtswood—Bridal Dawn), owned by Mr. S. Tattersall, which may run into a place

WILL ORWELL WIN THE DERBY?

Prospects of a Manton Double in the Epsom Classic Races

BACKERS OF THE DERBY favourite have a serene contempt for the records of favourites in this race. If you point out to them that only three favourites out of thirteen have won the Derby since the race returned to its home after the end of the War, they will declare that Orwell will assuredly help to restore the balance next week. They will argue that no Derby favourite of recent years has been so good a horse as this son of Gainsborough and Golden Hair. And perhaps they are right.

But so far Orwell has never been over a longer journey than a mile in public, and cautious people will prefer to wait and see how he fares over longer courses before satisfying themselves that he is the best horse of recent times. It is admittedly difficult to draw any definite conclusions from a comparison of times in the same race in different years. The state of the going and the direction of the wind are only two of the things which have to be taken into consideration in estimating the value of the test of the watch.

NO GUIDANCE FROM TIME TEST

At the same time it is not without interest to note that Orwell does not come out particularly well so far as his time in the Two Thousand Guineas is concerned. He won in appreciably slower time than was taken in this race by Cameronian, Mr. Jinks, Flamingo, Adam's Apple, Manna and Diophon. The fact that a moderate colt like Adam's Apple should have covered the Rowley Mile in 4⅕sec. less than the brilliant Orwell makes us despair of gaining much guidance from the time test.

Similarly, the breeding test is not infallible. When Sundridge went to the stud it was expected that his stock would merely be sprinters, but that idea was knocked on the head when his son Sunstar won the Derby. Further, a daughter of Sundridge produced Solario, a superb St. Leger and Gold Cup winner. Thus we must not assume that the presence of Sundridge in the pedigree of Orwell will prevent that colt from distinguishing himself over a distance of ground.

CONFORMATION SUITABLE FOR EPSOM

In conformation the Manton crack is an ideal colt for the Epsom course. It is true that the only reverse of his career was sustained at Epsom, but it is equally true that there was a strong suspicion before the race that he would be unable to do himself justice on the hard ground, and it was an error of judgment to have run him that day. Since then, Orwell's performances have been irreproachable, and nobody can say that he has not given good reason for his strong favouritism for the Derby.

It is not a new experience for the Aga Khan to find himself with more than one fancied colt for this race. When Blenheim won, his stable companion, Rustom Pasha, was much the better fancied of the two. This time there has been a division of opinion as to the same owner's Dastur, Firdaussi and Bulandshar. The form of the last-named in the Newmarket Stakes seemed too bad to be true, and his trainer is still at a loss to account for it.

Dastur finished two lengths behind Orwell in the Guineas, whereas Firdaussi was only a length behind the Derby favourite in the Greenham Plate. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Frank Butters is puzzled to know which of this pair will give the better show at Epsom. Firdaussi had to be stopped in his work early in the month on account of a slight cough, and thus his defeat in the Derby Trial Sweepstakes at Lingfield, on Saturday, must not be regarded too seriously. He should be a 10lb. better colt at Epsom, and it is quite poss[ible] that he will outstay Dastur.

None of the colts in the Derby has more rapi[dly] enhanced his reputation this season than April th[e] Fifth. Even in his own stable he was not seriously considered in connection with the premier race until he ran so well in the Two Thousand. When he won at Gatwick he had practically nothing to beat, but his victory at Lingfield was a much more significant affair. We are left to infer that this powerfully-framed son of Graig-an-Eran has not only come on to an unusual extent since the Guineas, but is richly endowed with stamina.

Although Miracle became second favourite for the Derby after his triumph in the Newmarket Stakes, the book of form reminds us that he finished well behind April the Fifth in the Two Thousand, and there is no reason why Mr. Tom Walls's colt should not have made just as much progress as Miracle.

THE COCKPEN PROBLEM

Cockpen is one of the problems of the race. Mr. Fred Darling states that he is still at a loss to ascribe a cause for the colt's sudden rise in temperature at Newmarket, which kept him out of the field for the Guineas and interrupted his work for a week. Since then Lord Woolavington's colt has been working steadily and at the week-end he was third favourite for the Derby. His trainer is more hopeful than sanguine about this son of Buchan.

Hesperus has naturally remained in favour since his fine display in the Two Thousand in spite of being one of the most backward colts in the field. He is getting through his preparation most satisfactorily, and many at Newmarket think he will







W. A. Rouch
SOME LEADING DERBY COLTS
Left: Wyvern (Coronach—Salamandra), which will carry Sir Laurence Philipps's colours; centre: Cockpen (Buchan—Margeritta), which may win Lord Woolavington his third Derby; and, right: the well-supported Miracle (Manna—Brodick Bay), owned by Lord Rosebery



ONE OF THE BEST FILLIES OF THE SEASON
Will o' the Wisp (Hurry On—William's Pride), bred and owned by Lord Woolavington

be the best from that centre. Notwithstanding his easy victory under a trifling weight in the Royal Standard Stakes at Manchester, Andrea can hardly be good enough, and we believe that Portofino, who is the only Northern-trained colt in the race, is somewhat deficient in class. We think Orwell will win, and as the most likely long shot in the race we take Firdaussi and April the Fifth. Both are worthy of an each-way bet.

Will the Oaks, like the One Thousand, be won by



MR. J. LAWSON
Hailing from the "North Countree" Mr. Lawson is now "Master of Manton" and trainer of the Derby favourite—Orwell

a French filly? The weakness of the class of our own three-year-old fillies was suggested by the success of Kandy at Newmarket, and was further exposed by the complete failure of M. E. de St. Alary's filly to make any show in the French One Thousand at Longchamp on the 15th inst. It is understood that Kiddie, who finished in front of her in that race, will be sent to Epsom to take on the English fillies. She was a winner early in April over nine furlongs, and we regard her as one to be greatly respected next month.

THORNDEAN'S MISLEADING GALLOP

Among the home-trained fillies we believe that Thorndean possesses the best chance. Apparently this daughter of Hurstwood did not do nearly as well in her gallop prior to the One Thousand as Concordia, with the result that the latter was a hot favourite for the race, and Mr. Tattersall's filly was neglected at 20 to 1. The race showed the home gallop to have been utterly misleading, and had it not been for Kandy, who had not been taken into account, Thorndean would have won. From her breeding she should stay the extra distance, and she will be much more forward in condition than she was at Newmarket.

Lord Woolavington will be able to choose, in the Oaks, between Safe Return and Will o' the Wisp. Gordon Richards's mount will be the one to be on. We expect Becti to give a good account of herself over this course, though on the One Thousand running there is little to choose between her and the same owner's Udaipur. We select Thorndean, assuming Kiddie to be the danger to her.



MR. SOMERVILLE TATTERSALL
His colours will be carried in the Derby by Spenser, and he hopes to win the Oaks with Orta

Between the two classic races there will be a great attraction at Epsom in the shape of the Coronation Cup, which promises to bring together some of the best of the older horses in training.

It is to be hoped that Cameronian and Sandwich will be seen in rivalry, for a race between them over this course should help to settle the question of how far Lord Rosebery's colt was unlucky in the Derby. Their antagonists can include such good stayers as Ut Majeur, Orpen, Salmon Leap and Parenthesis (who won this race last year), together with Jacopo and Goyescas. We look to Cameronian to regain his reputation by carrying off this trophy.

HOW CLASSIC WINNERS ARE BRED

When Like Begets Like

TURF HISTORY is replete with evidence in support of the axiom that "Like begets like." By September next some 70 classic events will have been completed since the close of the Great War. Study of the results obtaining over this



CAPT. H. ALLISON
Official starter to the Jockey Club, Capt. Allison has an arduous task before him on Derby day

period will bring to light many very interesting and important points. The most patent one is that—with very few exceptions indeed—classic winners have arisen solely from sires or dams the which are either classic winners in themselves or which are in the direct classic line. The sires which have been outstandingly successful in producing winners over this period include: (*a*) Hurry On, (*b*) Swynford, (*c*) The Tetrarch.

Three sons of Hurry On have won the Epsom Derby, and one of them went on to win the St. Leger also. The special point of breeding interest, however, is that each of the colts in question—Captain Cuttle, Call Boy and Coronach—was a typical chesnut in colour. Three other sons of this great sire have been very prominent candidates for the Turf "Blue Riband" during this same period. The reference is to the notorious Tom Pinch, to Town Guard, and to Hunter's Moon. These were



W. A. Rouch
BRED AT THE SLEDMERE STUD
Orta (Solario—Orlass), which has been leased by Mr. S. Tattersall for her racing career

all failures; and the point to note is that all were either bay or brown in colour.

Then, of Hurry On's daughters, we have two Oaks winners in Pennycomequick and Toboggan; and two winners of the Guineas in Cresta Run and Plack.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SWYNFORD

With the fillies we come up against a reversal of the "racing-quality"—"colour" linkage; for the Guineas winner Plack is the only one of chesnut colour among those just quoted, and she was defeated by Straitlace, the exceptionally good daughter of a non-classic winner, when it came to the sterner test at Epsom.

The record of Hurry On is in perfect accord with the working of the Mendelian law, for, when suitably mated, this good sire transmits his own special qualities to his chesnut sons and to his bay or brown daughters.

The Turf, however, can show no clearer illustration of sex-linked inheritance than the truly remarkable case of Swynford. Since the War his daughters have classic achievements which are well worth detailing. These are: Keysoe, St. Leger, 1919; Bettina, Guineas, 1921; Tranquil, Guineas and St. Leger, 1923; Saucy Sue, Guineas and the Oaks, 1925. This record becomes all the more impressive if mention be made of the year 1918 also, when Lord Derby's bay filly Ferry, by Swynford—Gondolette, won the Guineas, and when Stony Ford, another Swynford daughter, finished first in the Oaks substitute race run at Newmarket, only to be disqualified for bumping and boring.

Only one son of Swynford has, so far, carried off a classic event, namely, Sansovino, the Derby winner of 1924, although he has three grandsons in tail male—Trigo, Blenheim and Sandwich—for which he may claim partial credit. This year, Portofino, another grandson of similar standing, may possibly further exemplify the value of staying blood in a well-balanced pedigree. J. A. R.

For Sporting Calendar see page 828



W. A. Rouch
MR. TOM WALLS
The versatile actor-trainer is running April the Fifth in the Derby, and fancies his colt as an each-way proposition

DO PONIES LIKE PLAYING POLO?

Co-operation by the Player is Essential

By Lieut.-Col. C. D. MILLER

HUMAN BEINGS AND HORSES are very much alike in many ways, and just as some people prefer Soccer to Rugby football or tennis to cricket, so do some horses prefer hunting or racing to polo. In each case it really depends on the size, fitness and suitability of the man or horse concerned, and also to the training that they may have received for that particular sport or game. The frequent stopping and turning at polo requires much more effort, and is a much greater strain on the muscles and tendons of a big pony of over 15 hands than it is on one of about 14.3 hands high, but whatever the size of the pony there is bound to be a certain amount of strain; so the harder its condition and the better its schooling, the better a pony goes; or in other words the more it enjoys the game.

Watch a really good player, who is a good horseman, playing polo—his ponies seem to know exactly what to do without any apparent effort on the rider's part; they stop, turn, gallop, slow down or follow the ball just as if they knew the game as well as the player.

How often have we heard a player say that "such-and-such a pony knows the game perfectly—all you have to do is to sit on his back and hit the ball." Surely no ponies would go like this if they did not thoroughly enjoy polo.

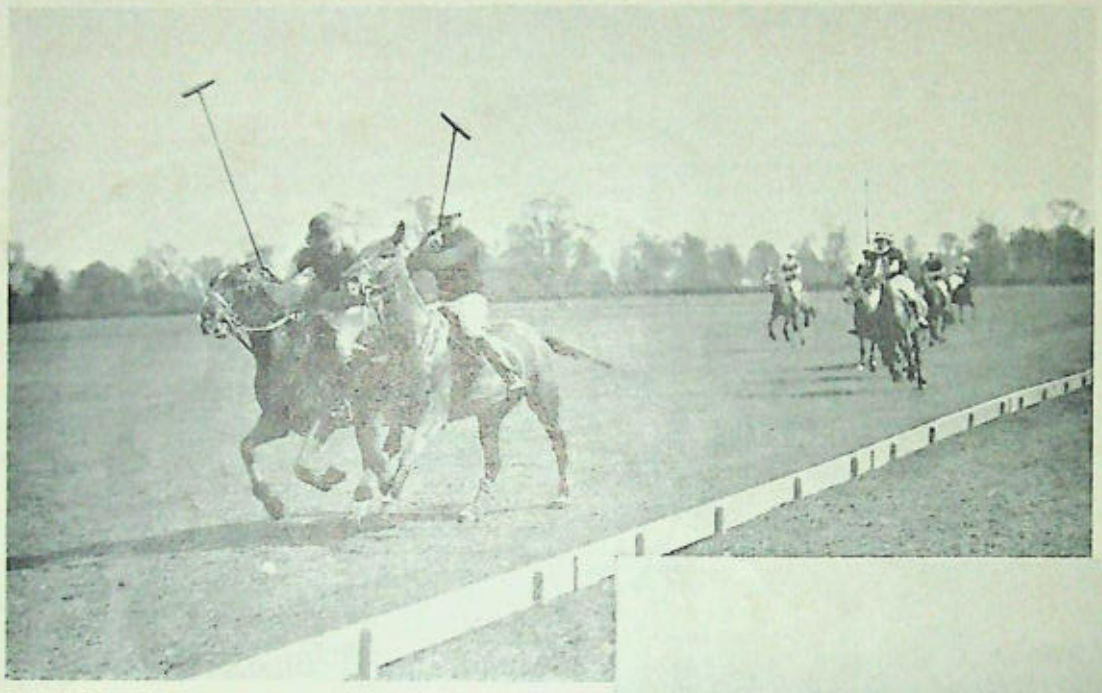
WHEN HORSES LOVE GALLOPING

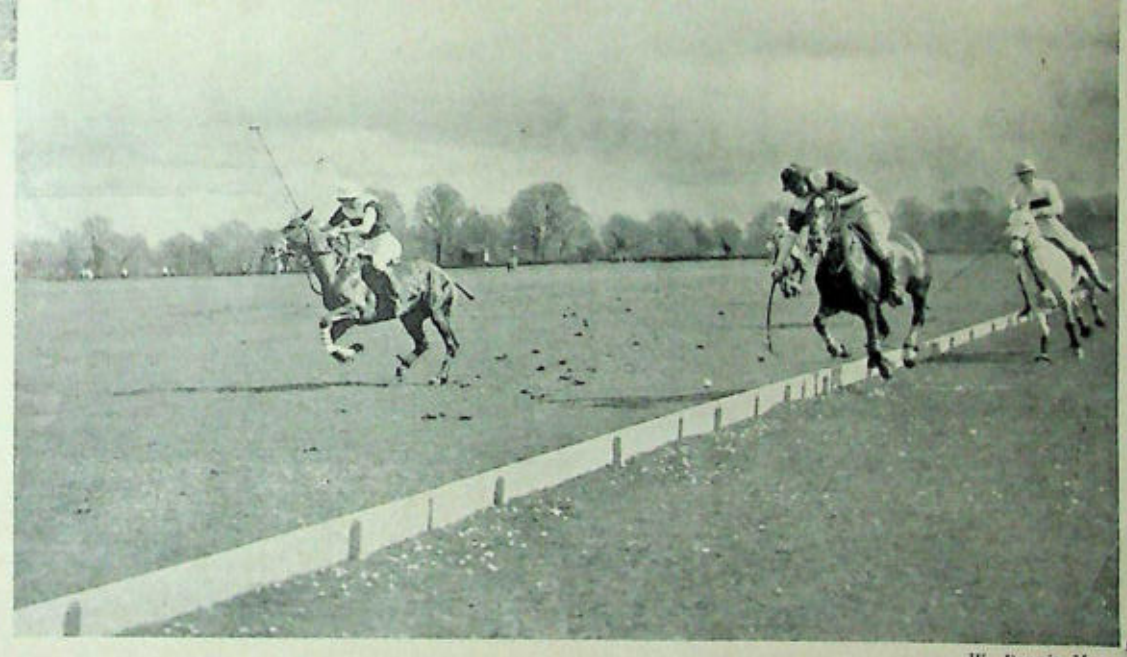
A big racehorse with a long stride would never put up with all the stopping, twisting and turning that polo necessitates, but we often see in a steeple chase, after a horse and his jockey have parted company, the horse finishing the course on his own just for the pleasure of jumping and galloping. Grakle, the favourite for this year's Grand National, at Cheltenham, finished the course in perfect style (after a fall) without his jockey. Again Abbot's Worthy, in a race on the flat, after unmounting his jockey on the way to the start, galloped a mile-and-a-half round the course and allowed himself to be caught after passing the winning post. On being remounted, being luckily in time for the start of that race, he won by a short head. No horse could have done this if he had not been really fit and keen on galloping. Of course people do say a loose horse in a race only follows the others for the sake of company, but surely no horse would voluntarily go over jump after jump without a jockey if he hated jumping.

Occasionally, but not often, you do see a pony shy off the ball; in nearly all these exceptional cases you will find that this is due to the rider hanging on either by the reins or with the help of his spurs, so that the pony tries to prevent his rider having a hit at the ball. Often really good ponies are useless on the practice ground; just like some human beings, they hate the monotony of practice and will do everything that they can to avoid this part of the game. Ride these ponies in a game which they do enjoy, and you could not ask for a better mount.

The Hurlingham Rules of Polo quite rightly prohibit the use of spurs with rowels, and also any cruelty to ponies (Penalty 11). Many players, particularly the young and inexperienced, would be well advised to discard spurs altogether, and will probably find that their ponies would go much better if they do so. By this I do not mean that wearing spurs without rowels is cruel, but with an indifferent horseman who is never quite sure when he may be using them it makes all the difference to the way a pony plays.

Stable management is another important branch of the game which is apt to be overlooked by some players. See that your ponies are properly groomed, fed, shod, exercised and schooled, and you will find them going better in a game. Also have a look at their bridles to see if the bits are fitted properly.





FAST PLAY IN THE WEST COUNTRY

In these two photographs, taken on the Norton ground, we see keen endeavour to win, both on the part of player and pony

W. Dennis Moss

All these details must be seen to in order to get your ponies going as well as they can. In other words they play under the best conditions, and so enjoy the game more.

Cowpunchers' ponies very often play perfectly in their first game of polo; they are used to stopping, twisting and turning in their ordinary day's work of cattle-driving, and are really fit. Polo necessitates no unaccustomed exertion or strain on them, and they enjoy the galloping—hence they often become really good ponies with little or no special schooling.

Frequently you will find that a big pony of 15.1 or over, who is a moderate performer on the polo ground, will prove himself to be one of the best of hunters. With hounds there is none of the extra exertion and strain necessary for frequent stopping and turning. The pony thoroughly enjoys the galloping and jumping, and is as keen as can be to keep up with hounds.

Of course, there are cases where big ponies are good polo ponies. Alice and Combined Training, two very well-known show jumpers belonging to Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke, were both capable performers at polo—particularly Combined Training, which I played in France; both these horses were about 15.3.

Luna, a well-known pony belonging to the late Walter Jones, ridden by Capt. Rawlinson (as he then was), went perfectly with stick and ball on the practice ground with only a halter with a strap over her nose. In India I have seen some of the Patiala team schooling ponies with the reins fastened to a stable head collar. If these ponies had not thoroughly enjoyed their work they would never have gone quietly without a bit in their mouths, but would either have tried to run away or to get back to their stables.

In my opinion English mares make better polo ponies than geldings, as they are smaller than the latter. Small blood mares that are inclined to be lazy make the best ponies, but many Argentine geldings are small and become first-class ponies.

The first thing a pony does on being turned out to grass is to gallop up and down the field, thoroughly enjoying itself. Every pony loves having a gallop, and polo, as everybody knows, is a fast galloping game.

WHEN HARD KNOCKS ARE NOT REGARDED

The slight knocks and blows that ponies may receive from the ball, or occasionally from a player's stick, are no more painful to them than hits received by a man playing hockey.

To sum up, ponies undoubtedly do like polo, but it is up to the player to do his bit to get the best out of his ponies. Let him make sure that he and his ponies are really fit, that his ponies are properly stabled, fed and bitted; try to improve his stickwork, hands and riding (if necessary), and he will find that he and his ponies will play on much better terms with each other, and that they will then obtain the maximum amount of enjoyment from the game.

RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

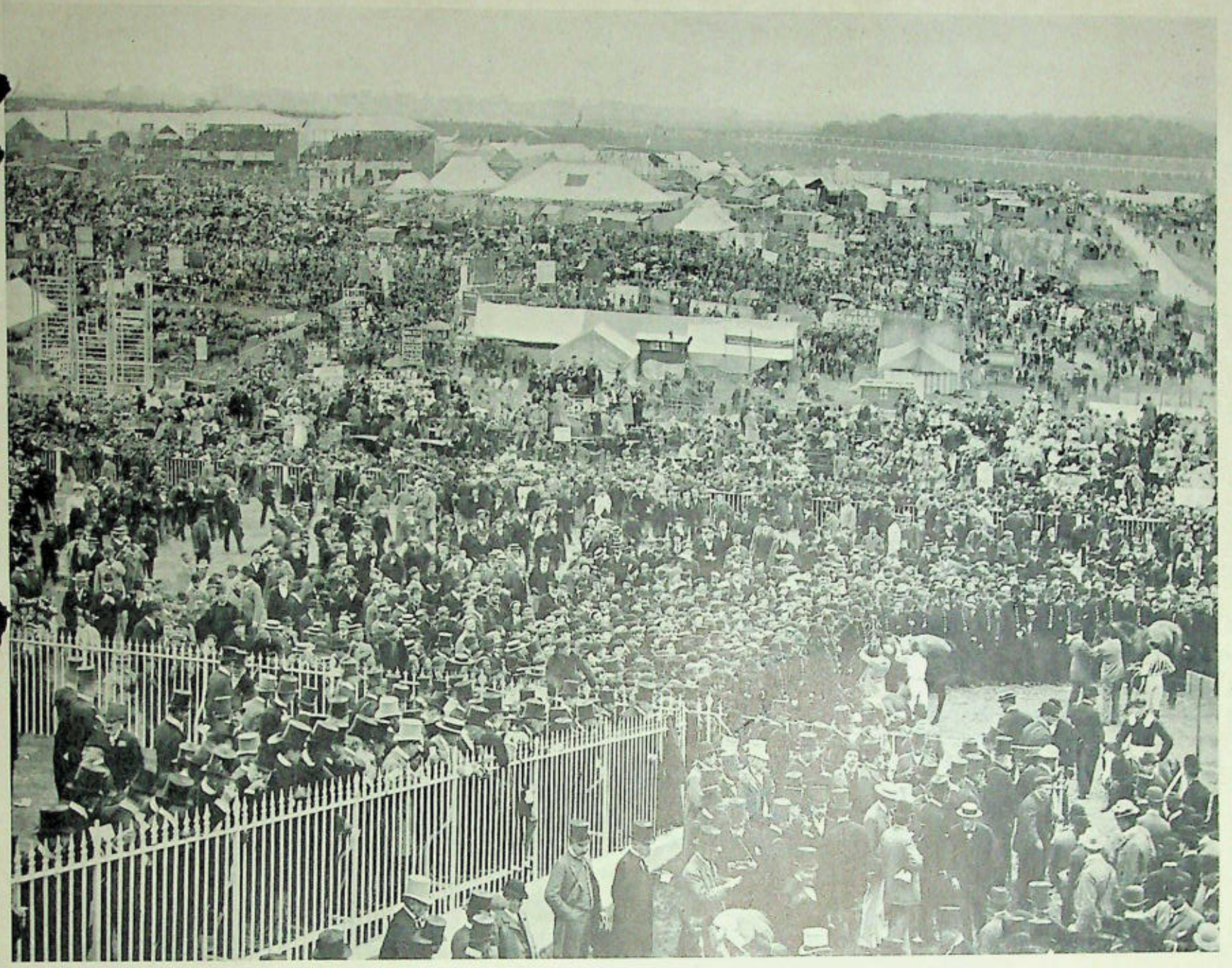
Lady Exhibitors to the Fore

LADIES are well to the fore this year as exhibitors at Richmond Horse Show. Lady Hunloke, who rarely misses a Richmond Horse Show, is amongst the exhibitors of Shetlands. The Dowager Lady Penrhyn has several entries for the classes in hacks, in which Lady Stern is offering a challenge cup for ladies riding side-saddle. Her ladyship has also entered in the class for novice park hacks, in which a hundred-guinea cup is offered the winner. Lady Ainsworth has entered in the class for the heavy-weight hunters, for which the Lady Helen McCalmont is offering a challenge trophy, the ladies' hunter class for the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup, and the class for novice hunters.

Constance Duchess of Westminster has entries in three of the hunters' classes—for the Lady Stern Challenge Cup for ladies' hacks, for the novice hunter class, in which the chief award is the challenge cup presented by Mr. Nigel Coleman, M.P., and in the class for hacks under 15 hands high. Mrs. Malcolm Crealock is another well-known exhibitor in these classes.

The Duke of York, Princess Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria are attending the show again this year, while the Earl of Athlone will be present each day as President of the society, accompanied by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone.

SOME EPSOM MEMORIES



THE CROWDED COURSE AT EPSOM, WITH ITS POLICE GUARD

In the old days the Epsom course was invaded after every race, and special police were detailed for safeguarding the unsaddling process



GOING TO EPSOM BY COACH

This year the tradition will still be maintained by Mr. F. H. Unwin, who is driving his Greyhound coach to the meeting each day



W. A. Rouch.

BRINGING BACK MEMORIES OF SCEPTRE AND PRETTY POLLY

The paddock at Epsom early in the present century on Oaks day. It is interesting to note the changes in dress which have taken place during thirty years

ONLY ALL-ROUND CRICKETERS SHOULD GO TO AUSTRALIA

Difficulties to be Faced by the Selectors

By NEVILLE CARDUS

WE ARE ALMOST at the end of the first month of cricket's brief season of the year, and, so far—up to the moment of writing—the weather has been pretty much a continuance of last summer's: "the rain it raineth nearly every day."

Wet wickets are a poor way of getting ourselves ready for an England team's tour in Australia. Our batsmen and bowlers and fieldsmen need practice on hard grounds if we are to discover whether they possess the abilities likely to do well at Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. It is easy to spin the ball on a soft English turf.

Many years ago, Ted Wainwright was taken to Australia because, on the sensitive pitches of Yorkshire, he had been able to pitch his off-break outside the off-stump and hit the leg. In Australia, poor Ted could not turn a hairbreadth; he took next to no wickets.

When I knew him at Shrewsbury School in his coaching days, he used to tell me, in heartfelt accents, of his sorry experience on Australian grounds: "By gum, Ah spun mi fingers to t' bone, but it were no good. She went straight through, straight as a whistle. And when Ah got back to Sheffield in t' spring, Ah went straight to t' nets at Bramall Lane. And Ah bowled a ball and spun her. And by gum Ah neerly jumped over t' moon when Ah saw t' ball break a foot. Ah thowt Ah'd lost t' knack of it!"

Herein is a moral for English Selection Committees: it does not follow that a cricketer who is effective in England will be effective in Australia. No man should be taken over the seas next autumn merely as a specialist in one branch of the game, unless a complete master in that branch.

The ideal cricketer for Australia is the all-rounder, the cricketer who is *always* in the game, doing useful work with bat and ball and in the field. But this brings us to a terrible defect in our first-class cricket nowadays; we have no really dependable all-round men. Last year, only Jupp and James Langridge achieved the "double"—a thousand runs and a hundred wickets.

THE DANGER OF A TAIL

I turn up my *Wisden* at random, for the season of 1908, and that year I find the game rich in great all-round players—Hirst, Rhodes, Woolley (a bowler good enough for England then), A. E. Relf, J. N. Crawford, Thompson of Northamptonshire, J. W. H. T. Douglas, Arnold, Braund—to name only a few.

Mr. P. F. Warner, the nation's optimist, is always assuring us that there has been no deterioration in our county cricket. How does he apologise for the absence of all-round cricketers at the present time? And what has become of the fast bowlers?

This shortage of batsmen who also can bowl will embarrass the Selection Committee when the next England team for Australia is considered. We cannot afford a "tail" in a land where an all-out total of 400 is only moderate. Before many weeks are through the England team will have to be picked, and, as I say, the job cannot be shrewdly done if there are no hard wickets for us to "get a line" as to a man's chances in Australia.

Performances on "sticky" wickets are quite misleading. The other day a player called Bailey, unknown as a bowler, took seven wickets for seven runs for Hampshire against Nottinghamshire. How many times in his career, against a first-class county, did Spofforth take seven for seven—or Lockwood, or Bobby Peel, or Richardson, or Sydney Barnes, or Rhodes, or Blythe, or Walter Mead, or J. T. Hearne?

And yet Mr. Robertson-Glasgow would have us believe that modern batsmen are much harder to get out than the batsmen of 40 years ago. As the peers in *Iolanthe* sing: "Tarradiddle-Taradiddle-tol-lol-lay!" At Bradford the other week, in a Lancashire and Yorkshire match, Sibbles came forth with the analysis of seven wickets for ten runs. Walter Brearley never equalled such a destructive deed, nor Briggs nor Mold—especially against Yorkshire!



J. NAVLE (ALL-INDIA) HITS OUT TO A BALL FROM BOWES (M.C.C.) AT LORD'S

When his total was six he hit a short ball from Stevens high to deep square leg, where G. Kemp-Welch, after losing the ball in the sun, made a good catch



CAPT. C. K. NAYUDU (ALL-INDIA) HITS A BALL FROM V. W. C. JUPP (M.C.C.) ON TO THE TAVERN FOR SIX AT LORD'S

Jupp's off breaks bowled round the wicket with his three short leg fieldsmen, failed to trap Nayudu, and at the end of the first day his score was 116 *not out*

For the purposes of forecasting our prospects in Australia, it will be wise if we ignore the form shown in the weeping month of May—bowling form in particular. Batsmen cannot "get going" unless they are given a short period, after a winter's inactivity, in which to see the ball.

It is a common mistake amongst amateur selection committees—and none of us can resist the fun of choosing an England team—to hit upon merely those names which at the moment happen to be conspicuous.

But representative sides are not got together by abstract judgment, with the published "averages" the guide. An England team is an organism in which the different parts must perform special functions, each part related to the whole. Ye pick an England XI. much as a cast for a pla picked—every member has a rôle.

Just as in casting a play you need an actor fo say, Othello, and an entirely different one for Iag so in selecting a representative eleven you need born "number one" batsman, a born number t batsman, a left-handed batsman to look after the "googly," not too many bowlers who are dependent on the "new" ball, and not too many fieldsmen who require to be near the wicket. The inexpert lover of the game usually chooses his England team (as he settles down in the train or club chair) pretty much on the following principle: He reviews current form and writes down a sequence of names; all of them the names of clever players, no doubt.

BOWLERS WHO LIKE THE "NEW" BALL

Suppose (to illustrate my point) he decides upon some such team as this: Sutcliffe, Jardine, Hammond, Duleepsinhji, Ames, Paynter, Gibbons, Tate, F. R. Brown, Sibbles and Larwood. All these men at the moment possess strong claims—on paper. But at a glance the expert will see grave faults. For instance, there are three bowlers who like the "new" ball—Larwood, Tate and Sibbles; and there is no left-handed bowler. And where is your "key" batsman to come in "number five"? Only by keeping an eye on the relation between function and structure can an England team be built.

And I may say that even in this sketchy attempt of mine to adumbrate the man in the street's ide of the next England XI., I have been forci struck by the nakedness of the land in our cric just now; a real England XI. simply cannot b found. The more attempts you make to write down the names of the cricketers who next autumn will sail to Australia, the more unconvincing the results. I can think of only four or five cricketers who "select themselves"—Sutcliffe, Jardine, Ames, Duleepsinhji, Hammond and, possibly, Tate. I include Tate because he is still our best "stock" bowler, a powerful man to keep one end, accurate and energetic. Larwood is doubtful physically and temperamentally; Australia is the fast bowler's graveyard, unless a Richardson—and even the handsome giant Tom nearly had his heart broken on the cruel wickets of Australia.

Better to go without a fast bowler who is not in the greatest class. Leg-spin is the specific for "perfect" pitches—that and flight and pace of the turf. We need dry weather to root out our potentialities in these directions. But the problem is bound to be severe; we simply have not got the material yet, or, rather, we have only got it in the crude—it needs experience.

(*Continued on page* 810)

IN PRAISE OF BURNHAM

Britain's Gayest Yachting Centre

WHAT IS THE GREAT ATTRACTION of Burnham-on-Crouch? Why is it hundreds of yachtsmen flock to the little Essex village which straggles along the bank of that rather unattractive river flowing between ugly mudbanks and surrounded by miles of monotonously flat marshlands?

Certainly the air is bracing at Burnham, and the village is easily accessible from London Town, but the secret of its charm lies not in these qualities. It is the spirit of friendliness and cheerfulness existing among Burnham yachtsmen that endears all newcomers to this yachting centre.

"The fashionables," as the late Montague Guest described the patrons of Cowes Regatta, do not find their way eastwards to the Crouch. In my humble opinion they have missed half the fun of yachting by not doing so. Burnham is the happy hunting ground of the metropolitan yachtsman who spends his week-ends afloat either racing or cruising. Undoubtedly, too, it is the cheeriest and most progressive yachting centre round the coast, and as such it has attracted to its clubs the large majority of the younger generation of yachtsmen.

ENCOURAGING THE YOUNGER GENERATION

The Royal Corinthian, with its new and very modern clubhouse; the Royal Burnham, with its delightful dance room and ladies' quarters; and the Crouch, with small but cosy quarters, have a great many young members who are rapidly becoming first-class helmsmen.

Burnham naturally has its critics, for progress is viewed with apprehension by many yachtsmen who are die-hards to convention. But while other clubs round the coast are losing popularity owing to their out-of-date point of view, those at Burnham are gathering strength season by season. If some of our yacht clubs are to survive the march of time, they will do well to take a leaf from Burnham's book.

The Crouch is no newly-discovered racing ground, but its advance is due to the far-sightedness of the flag officers of the Burnham Clubs, who realised that youth must be fostered; and the labours of such men as Mr. Hartley Straker, the late Mr. Philip Benson, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. H. T. Holloway have been rewarded, for Burnham to-day is the most popular yachting centre in Great Britain with the rising generation.

It is significant that International Class racing has now firmly established itself at Burnham, and it seems more than probable that a Burnham six-metre will find a place in the British team that will meet the Americans in the Solent next July. This is an indication of the increasingly important part played by Burnham yachtsmen in the sport, and if any would-be yachtsmen, young and old, asked, "Where shall we go for our yachting?" my answer invariably would be: "If you want good sport afloat by day and merry company ashore after the day's racing is done, go to Burnham-on-Crouch."

SOLENT.



THE FINE MODERN CLUBHOUSE OF THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN Y.C. AT BURNHAM

A NOTABLE NEW CRUISER

Mr. Millburn's Kyloe

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

IN THE YACHTING WORLD the most interesting event of the week has been the launch of the 50-ton cruising cutter Kyloe, which Messrs. Camper & Nicholsons have been building at Gosport for Mr. Millburn. They built Patience last year for Mr. West, and one would have expected under the circumstances that the new vessel would have closely resembled Patience in her general design, but, as far as one has been able to judge during her construction, this is not the case.

In her appearance, viewed broadside on, there is certainly a very strong resemblance to the older vessel, as there is a marked likeness in their profiles, but there, I think, it may be said the resemblance ends. Kyloe has a load water line length of 53ft. 6in. and a beam of 14ft., against 50ft. and 13ft. 10in. in Patience, and she also draws about 6in. more water. The two yachts are, therefore, very similar dimensionally, but in the disposition of Kyloe's fore and aft lines there appears to be a very marked difference.

The new yacht gives one the impression that she is most perfectly balanced forward and aft. Her forward and after body lines are absolutely satisfying to the eye, both as to length of line and relative fullness.

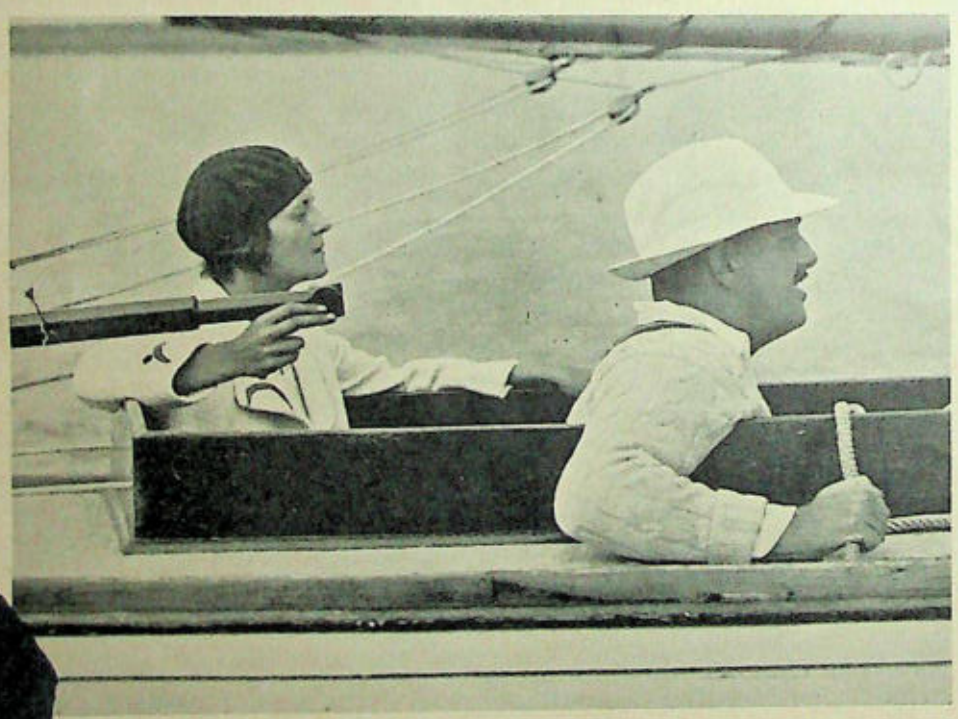
Kyloe is to have a Bermudian cutter rig—having practically the same sail area as Patience—and, in accordance with modern practice, this will have, for a cruiser, a relatively great hoist with a short base. With this rig, which will have a measured area of about 2,600sq. ft., she should be by no means slow in light breezes and, because of the character of her body form, she should, I think, be capable of being driven hard to windward without showing a tendency to change her fore and aft trim. She will most certainly be an excellent sea boat under heavy weather conditions.

A COMPARISON WITH FLAME

Although not, I am told, designed to any rule of measurement, she should be able to give a good account of herself if rated by the formula of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, which now, rightly or wrongly, seems to be the recognised standard of measurement for deep sea racing in this country. Kyloe has been built to Lloyd's scantling rules for cruising, her topsides, in view of her generous freeboard, being of Honduras mahogany, and her bottom planking of teak.

It may be of interest to those who have made a study of the development, in design, of cruising yachts to compare Kyloe with the 32-year-old Flame from the board of the same designer. Kyloe is about 3ft. 6in. longer on the load water line, and has about 2ft. more beam, and a little over a foot more depth. She has, therefore, a proportion of

(*Continued on Col. 3 of next page*)





PERSONALITIES OF BURNHAM AND THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN

(Left) Mrs. Graham Straker, one of Burnham's leading helmswomen, at the helm of Linette. She was last year's winner of the Ladies' Race. (Right) A group on the clubhouse verandah, including the Commodore, Mr. F. G. Mitchell, the Vice-Commodore, Mr. Somerville Cragge, with Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Somerville Craggs and Major Malden Heckstall-Smith

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—HARWICH

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

This is the fourth article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Previous articles: Lowestoft, Southwold, and Deben River

HARWICH HARBOUR comprises the two Rivers Orwell and Stour, which meet at right angles off Shotley Point. During the War, Harwich was a busy naval base for light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, minesweepers, and other craft; and it was into the Stour that the surrendered German submarines were brought after Armistice. To-day, however, apart from the Parkeston-Hook of Holland steamers, together with some coastal trade carried on, especially by sailing barges, the yachtsman will encounter very little traffic up the Stour.

The Orwell is visited by a number of ocean cargo steamers which reach Butterman's Bay, where they secure to buoys (indicated in plan) and discharge their freight into barges for Ipswich. It is the Orwell which has the principal attraction for yachtsmen, affording the better anchorages amid delightful scenery.

The lower portion of Harwich Harbour is somewhat exposed to southerly winds, and the tide is fairly strong, but it is wide and easy of access, being excellently buoyed. In entering, keep over to the east side within the buoys, and follow the line shown in the plan. Formerly Felixstowe Dock, on the starboard hand, was a convenient anchorage if staying only a night, but those days have passed.

CHOICE OF BERTHS

If the yachtsman has come into harbour with the sole reason to remain for the night and get away next morning he can anchor (1) beyond Felixstowe Dock to the north-west and as far inshore of the tide as the soundings will permit. But with a fresh southerly wind against the ebb this is not too comfortable a berth for small craft.

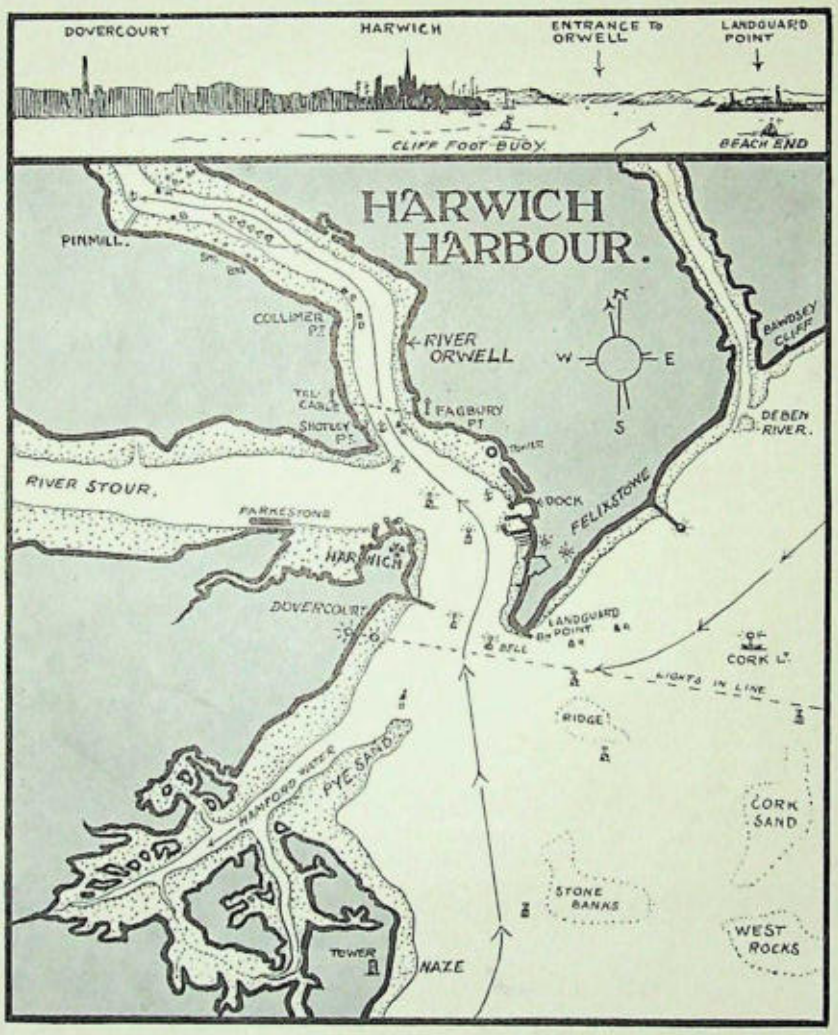
There will be less traffic, less tide, and more shelter if he brings up (2) to the east of Shotley Point, a little north of the Orwell's confluence with the Stour, as marked by an anchor in the plan, but well to the southward of the telegraph cable. This anchorage has many advantages for those who merely desire a quiet berth with plenty of room in riding to a single anchor; well placed for clearing out to catch a tide along the coast, yet so situated that if it comes on to blow hard it is quite easy to run up river.

One of the snuggest and most sylvan anchorages on the coast between the Isle of Wight and the Deben River, however, is farther up the Orwell at Pin Mill. The only disadvantages are that it is a long way from the sea, and that the hard at low water is somewhat muddy for landing. There is an inn at the beach, with a sailmaker's at the back thereof, and a boatbuilder's a few yards away. A small village store is also at hand. But for such supplies as meat it is necessary to walk up the hill to Chelmondiston, where a post and telegraph office is found besides a few small shops. Through Chelmondiston pass the motor buses, which run at frequent intervals to Ipswich railway station.

WHERE THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS

Pin Mill is a suitable spot if desirous of leaving a yacht till the next week-end, and Ipswich has one of the best railway services to London. Usually there is no difficulty in hiring a mooring at a reasonable fee, and a motor mechanic from Ipswich will come out to do any repairs. Pin Mill is also suitable for putting a vessel ashore for a scrub. The surrounding scenery is particularly restful, and this is one of the choicest places in England for hearing the nightingale.

Get as far into Pin Mill Bay as the mud permits, so as to be clear of sailing barges which, when turning to windward, have been known occasionally to foul yachts. Pass close to the cargo steamers at the Butterman's Bay buoys on whichever side is convenient. If not desirous of proceeding so far up as Pin Mill, there is an excellent anchorage just below Butterman's Bay and above Collimer Point. Beware of passing too close to the latter, as the mud projects farther than would be expected and strangers (especially when turning to windward) are apt here to get ashore. Some charts omit to show more than one buoy (though there are two) at this small headland, but by giving both a wide berth and keeping in mid-channel all is well; and this is the only trap between Shotley and Pin Mill,



ENTRANCE TO HARWICH AND (ABOVE) OUTSTANDING LANDMARKS

for a conical buoy abreast of the Shotley anchorage will keep you off the eastern shallows.

REMARKS:

Fresh water can be obtained at Pin Mill, and one of the most delightful rambles in the cool of a summer's evening is through Berners Park. Pin Mill, so far unspoilt by the excess of civilisation, is a convenient place for laying a yacht up during the winter, and the prices are reasonable. The Butt and Oyster Inn, with its skippers from the barges, is like a living page out of W. W. Jacobs's stories. There is a general atmosphere of simple kindliness and seamanlike sympathy, which are in violent contrast with the conditions at certain other ports. If compelled to remain at Pin Mill weather-bound, you might be in a much worse locality, and there is ample opportunity for dinghy sailing; but beware of standing too close in by the mud on a falling tide.

Yachtsmen making passages between Lowestoft and the English Channel find Harwich's anchorages convenient for stopping a tide. If entering the harbour from the eastward by night there is a splendid system of lights. Having passed the Cork Lightvessel, a course can be set for the two vertical lights of Dovercourt, which will lead past the Beach End bell (light) buoy. After leaving this to starboard and altering course to the northward, keeping over on the eastern side, there will be no difficulty in regard to the other lightbuoys up the harbour. If coming in from the south through the Medusa Channel, it will be noticed that the Stone Banks buoy (staff and cage topmark) is unlit, but a bearing can be taken of the Beach End buoy with its double flash every 10sec. By day or night when using the Medusa Channel, keep well away from the Naze shore abreast of the castellated tower, which rises conspicuously on the headland, and pass the Stone Banks buoy fairly close on its western side.

(Next week: Colne, Blackwater and Crouch Rivers.)

NEW RACERS AFLOAT

An Eight and Sixes on the Clyde

TWO CHARACTERISTIC DAYS opened the Clyde season last week-end. On Friday, when the racing was in charge of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, there was a hard southerly breeze with a heavy sea, and the yachts had a stiff thrash down channel from Hunter's Quay to Rothesay Bay. On the following day, when the races were sailed over the Royal Northern Yacht Club's course off Craigmore, the weather was in striking contrast, being warm and sunny with the lightest and flukiest of airs and large patches of calm. All the matches were stopped at the end of a single round.

The three new racing yachts competed on both days. In the 8-metre class Col. William Wordie's Froya had as opponents the two Seawanhaka Cup winners, Mr. A. S. L. Young's Saskia and Mr. W. F. Robertson's Caryl, and also Col. J. W. Hamilton's Thora (ex Caryl, 1927).

Froya, which has a varnished hull, is the first 8-metre designed by Alfred Mylne, and she is a typical product of the well-known Clyde designer. On the opening day she was well beaten by both Saskia and Caryl, but on Saturday she captured second flag after leading at one period of the race. The winner was again Saskia.

In view of the two forthcoming 6-metre international events the performances of the two new Clyde "sixes," Vorsa and Maida, attracted special attention. The former, which is Mylne-designed and owned by Mr. J. H. Maurice Clark, is an attractive little clipper with her bright red hull.

Maida was designed by Mr. John G. Stephen and built at the Linthouse shipyard, Glasgow, where Mr. Stephen's father, Mr. F. J. Stephen, Commodore of the Royal Northern Y.C., designed and built his four successful Coilas, one of which, Coila III, was the first European yacht to win the Seawanhaka Cup.

The dark blue Maida has short bluff bows and a long tapering stern. Partners with Mr. Stephen in her ownership are Major C. G. MacAndrew, M.P., and Mr. James Napier, hon. secretary of the Royal Northern Y.C.

In both her races she was steered by Major MacAndrew, Mr. J. G. Stephen having just recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. On Friday she was second to Mr. E. S. Parker's Fintra, the Hon. J. P. Maclay, M.P.'s Susette being third, and Maida fourth. On Saturday Mr. W. L. Horbury, Jun., the Liverpool yachtsman, scored his first win on the Clyde with Coral, which he recently bought from Major Stuart Black. Mr. W. A. Henderson's Selma was second, and Mr. Robert Clark's Valdai third, Vorsa and Maida finished fourth and fifth respectively.

Messrs. Fife recently shipped to the South of England the new 6-metre Ancora II which has been purchased by Messrs. C. M. Wright and C. R. Dormer, and the Fairlie firm is now busy completing a new "six" for Mr. F. A. Richards. The chief objective of these two boats this season will be the contest for the British-American Cup which begins at Ryde on July 18th.

A NOTABLE NEW CRUISER

(Continued from page 801)

four-and-three-quarter beams to her length, as against four-and-a sixth in Flame, while the older boat's ratio of depth to length is 12½ per cent. greater than Kyloe's.

Under her old Bermudian yawl rig, Flame had only about 90 square feet less measured sail area than the new vessel, but now, with her new rig as a Bermudian cutter, her sail area will be cut down by about 16½ per cent. It is instructive to note that Flame's Y.R.A. handicap, in seconds per mile, under her yawl rig, is only 13, as compared with 36 of Patience, 55 for Lexia, built last year, 32 for Morcen, 21 for Hispania, and 15 for Norina. It is further worthy of note that the 32-year-old Flame, yawl rigged, is only allowed 8 seconds per mile, i actual time by the new International Rule twel metre yachts—surely a wonderful tribute to designer's genius, if, perhaps, somewhat har the old ship.

Taking a line through Flame and Patienc think the owner of Kyloe may be confident tha has a very fast vessel, either as a cruiser or a ocean racer. The new yacht has, for me, the n completely satisfying lines of any yacht that yet been turned out by the famous Gosport y



LOADING CAMELS IN BRITISH SOMALILAND
"Trek servants who know their job can be obtained at about £2 10s. a month; and good baggage camels at Rs.1 per working day, or 3 annas per day when not working"

PORT IN BRITISH SOMALILAND TO-DAY

I.—How to Organise a Shooting Trip

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON

SOMALILAND as a shooting ground at the present day has much in its favour from two points of view: First, for the specialist who wishes to collect specimens of two little-known beasts not to be found elsewhere—the dibatag (Clarke's gazelle) and the Beira antelope; secondly, for the beginner who wishes to gain his experience as cheaply and as easily as possible.

For him there are twelve specimens of game—greater and lesser kudu, oryx beisa, Soemmerring's gazelle, Swayne's hartebeest, Speke's and Pelzeln's gazelles, gerenuk, dik-dik, klipspringer, besides dibatag and beira. There is also a fair chance of lion, leopard and cheetah.

All of these, except the felines, which must be a question of luck, should be obtained with comparative ease in a two to three months' shoot from Berbera. Not too bad a bag for a beginner's shoot, with at least three fine trophies, the two kudus and oryx beisa, and two rarities included.

But the best of all is that all this may be achieved simply, and by the sportsman's own individual effort, without the help of white hunters and their ilk. Thus and only thus will the young shikari learn the ropes for the future.

Moreover, from my experience, I found British Somaliland the cheapest district in which to shoot in Africa. There is a £20 licence or Rs.50 for the local garrisons and the fleet; trek servants who know their job can be obtained at about £2 10s. a month; and good baggage camels at Rs.1 per working day or 3 annas per day when not working. Fair shikaris are to be had who can do all that is needful, spy and track game well and skin trophies passably, and who, when proven, should be kept permanently at about Rs.1 per day. Servants and shikaris talk English without, exceptionally, being spoilt thereby.

THE COST OF STORES

It is a country which lends itself to two friends hunting together.

Two camels should be devoted to carrying water tanks, which, by courtesy, can be borrowed and arranged at Berbera. Twelve 5-gallon drums will supply a party of nine men with sufficient water for four days comfortably, and will thus give freedom of action in an arid land.

Stores, if convenient, should be taken from England, except commodities such as flour, rice, sugar, potatoes and onions. But for those less particular, most stores are obtainable at Berbera or Aden. The usual average of £5 per month per person will cover stores. Allow a tin of milk a day and carry plenty of tinned vegetables.

Four baggage camels should suffice to carry the stores and equipment of each person, up to two months.

Seats on the frequent motor buses on the Burao and Hargeisa roads from Berbera can be taken to avoid the first 25 miles' dull march out. At a rough estimate allow £15 to £20 per month for your shoot, outside licence, stores and passages to and from Berbera.

The best season, for climatic reasons, seems to be from December 1st to April 1st. The country will be very parched and waterless in February and March until the rains break, but this need not affect the sport. It is not, at this period, too hot for comfort, and the nights are cool.

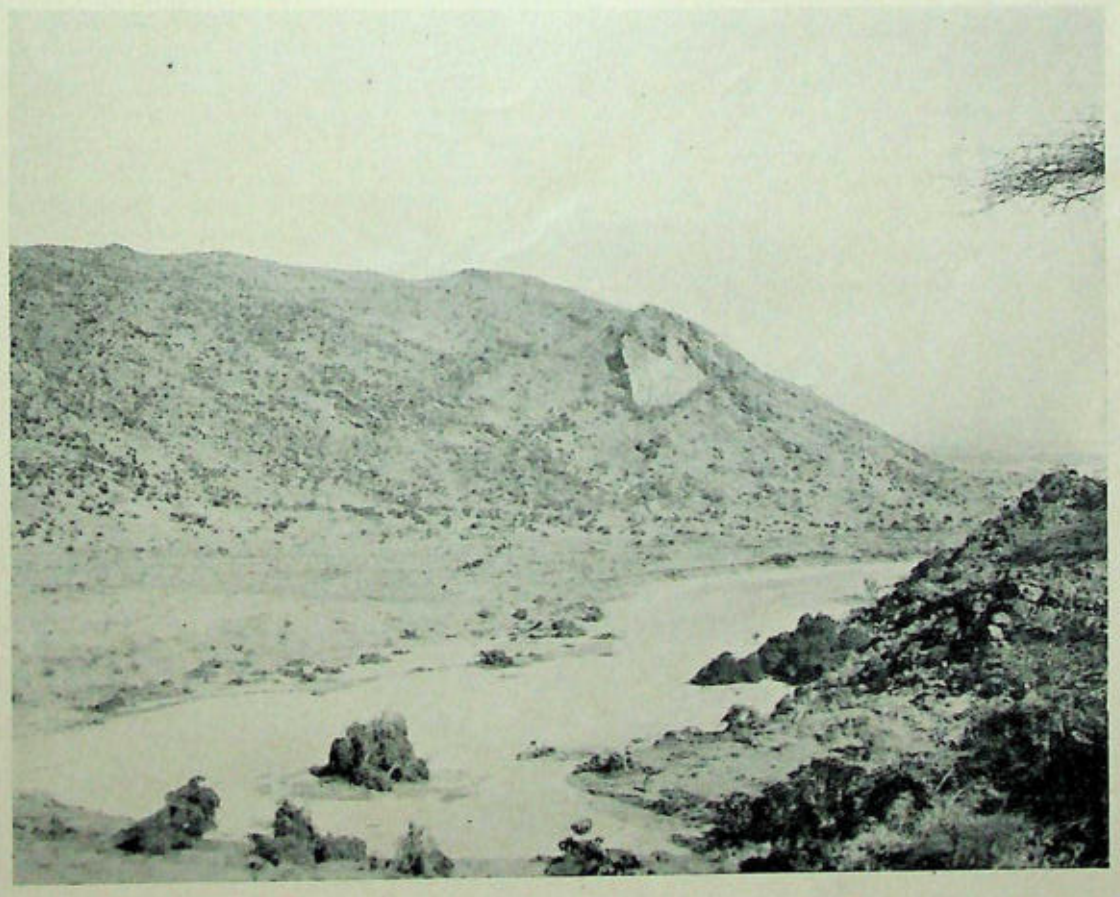
As first impressions are apt to be the same for all new-comers, here are a few. All the British residents are out to help and welcome the visiting shooter. I like the natives, both the wild men and the more sophisticated. There are rest-houses at all the big centres, which are also linked by passable motor roads.

Little game is seen on the march, and one of the particularities of British Somaliland is how local some of the game species are.

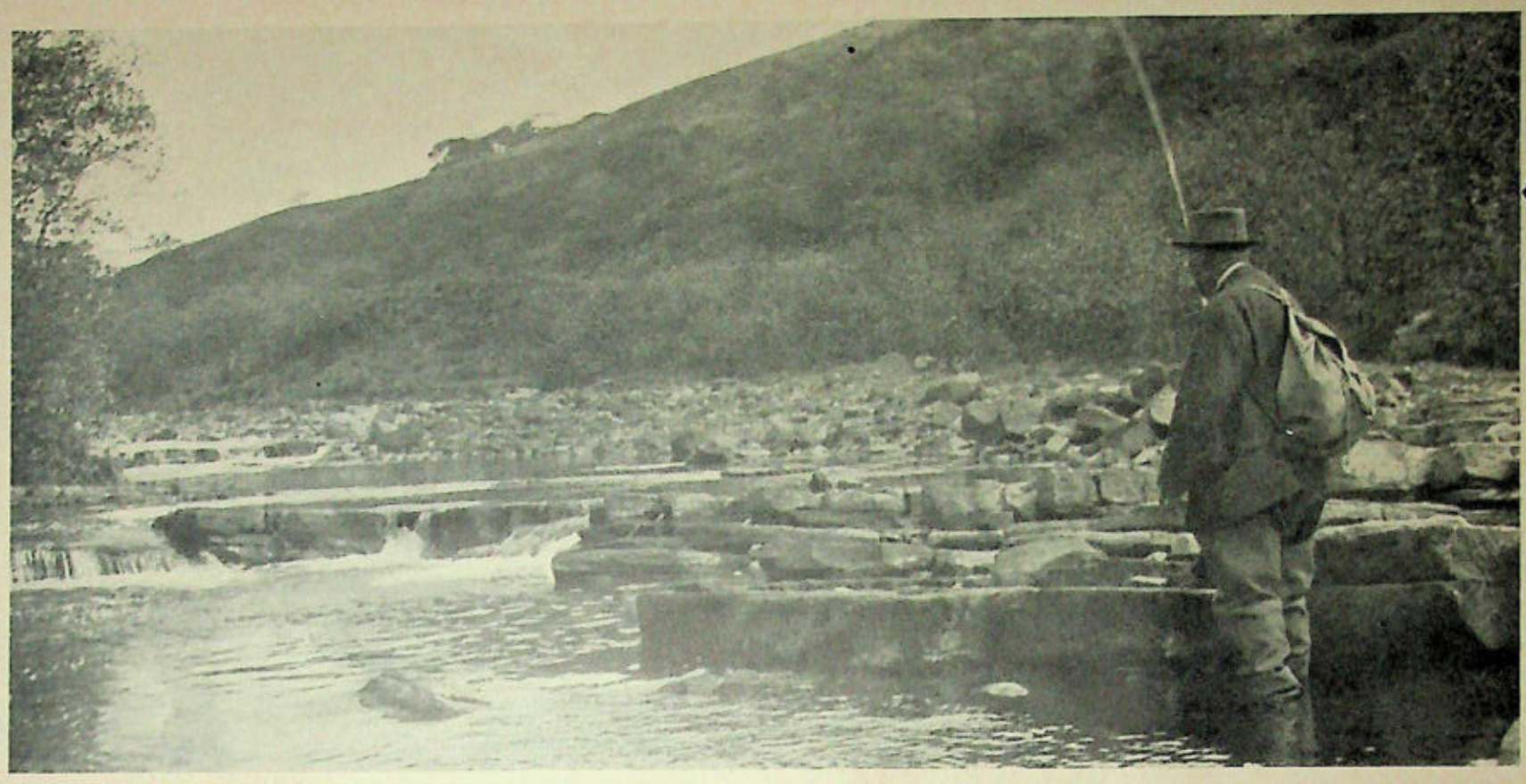
Another particularity is how little cultivation is done by the native, who is said to live on the milk of his goats, and then their flesh, and then by the will of Allah.

Yet another is that, though pack camels are common, riding camels are an extreme rarity, and my friend and I were lucky to procure two for part of our trip, which, though not "good hacks," gave us a welcome change on our long march.

(To be continued)



TYPICAL SHOOTING COUNTRY IN THE MANDERE REGION



TROUT FISHING ON THE BORDER
A tributary of the Border Esk near Langholm, where a long stretch of ticket water is available

WHAT IS A NYMPH?

Some Remarks on the Merits and Demerits of Professionally Tied Imitations

THE STAGE in the life of the natural insect called the "nymph" is well-known by name to most fishermen, though since it exists only in the water it is not so well known by sight; but if one purchases an artificial pattern from a tackle dealer the title of this article may immediately occur to the buyer.

A year or so ago an order for nymphs generally produced something which at any rate purported to be a copy of the natural insect. To-day there is a move towards "impressionism" in all flytying, and many types of artificial nymphs are on the market, some of which have not the remotest resemblance to their original prototypes. In my book *Trout Flies*, which Messrs. Black are publishing this month, I have called attention to a few of the different sorts which are now offered to the angling public; in the last few weeks I have discovered still others.

First of all there is the "exact imitation" of a nymph as shown in Fig. A. It is supposed to represent a March brown nymph, but the setæ are too long and too numerous, and the legs, which are a distinctive feature of the natural, are absent. Secondly, there is the miniature fly type, Fig. B, which, although not at all nymphlike in outline, proves effective in use. Here again the tail in the one illustrated has sprouted too freely.

LONG AND SHORT WING CASES

Fig. C is a pattern which to the human eye seems far more like a beetle than anything else. The feather on the back, representing the wing cases, instead of being tied short as it is in Mr. Skues's nymphs, which he illustrates in *The Way of a Trout with a Fly*, is carried the whole length of the body. It may be that this is an attempt to emphasise the wing cases which Col. Harding has suggested show up prominently in the surface mirror when the natural insect is rising.

In addition some American and Canadian firms advertise nymphs which are merely roughly tied, heavily hackled flies, rather like Palmers, while in Yorkshire lightly dressed wet flies are to-day (not without reason) frequently referred to as "nymphs." Lastly, there are nymphs made of celluloid; although quite good imitations, judging by my own experience, they seldom if ever deceive trout, and appear to be an outstanding example of the failure of "exact imitation" from the trout's point of view. One of the American varieties is illustrated in Fig. D. It is described as a "Mayfly nymph," but must be a very distant relation of that insect! Fig. E is a drawing of a natural nymph (*Centroptilum*).

We have then, at least six dissimilar varieties of artificial patterns which are sold by various makers under the general designation of "nymphs." It seems worth while calling attention to this as anglers who order by post may be doomed to disappointment in many instances if they expect to receive a copy of the natural insect.

It may be urged that all the forms mentioned will kill equally well as the type illustrated in Fig. A, and as far as we know may adequately suggest a nymph, but the same, of course, can be said with equal truth of about 75 per cent. of all wet patterns. Wet flies, no doubt, are largely taken by trout as nymphs, but nymph fishing is a corollary of dry-fly fishing, and to describe wet flies as nymphs is misleading.

Fancy varieties such as a Tup's nymph or a Williams's Favourite tied as in Fig. B are "good medicine," but I have a slight preference for those of the first type shown, especially the March brown nymphs, which on occasions have proved deadly, particularly when the river is clearing after a spate. The only pattern in which I have but little faith is the Mayfly nymph. Possibly this insect is a little too large to imitate with any degree of success, but it would be interesting to hear the views of other anglers.

A. C. WILLIAMS.

THE ELUSIVE GRIG WHEEL

Some Queer Thames By-laws

I WONDER how many amateur anglers who fish in the Thames read the by-laws, or if they do read them, whether they understand what they all mean. For instance, what is a grig wheel? It is something that must not have a diameter exceeding 6in., and must not be used above the City Stone at Staines, nor placed near any dam or weir. I am sure I have never seen a grig wheel, but considering there is a by-law about it, it must exist or have existed.

I imagine it is some device for catching grigs, and it may perhaps be that the phrase, "As merry as a grig," has something to do with the grigs when they are on the wheel or under the wheel.

There are other things in the by-laws that I don't know anything about. For instance, is a ground wheel (for eels) the same as a grig wheel? And what exactly are eel bucks or stages? I imagine stages are iron gratings on which the eels get stranded, and that bucks are the big pointed baskets one sees in old pictures.

As to other fish, also, there are some points of interest. It is an offence to take, or attempt to take, salmon between September 1st and March 31st, and lampreys and lamperns must not be taken between April 1st and August 24th, nor smelts between March 25th and July 27th following, and yet, as far as I know, salmon and lampreys, and smelts have all forsaken the river.

It must be remembered, in saying this, that for the purposes of these by-laws the Thames begins at Twickenham, and even if salmon or smelts do still enter the estuary that is not enough to bring them within the by-laws if they fail to get through as far as Twickenham.

ARE THERE CHAR IN THE THAMES?

It is also, I notice, forbidden to take char between September 11th and March 31st, which would lead one to think that perhaps there was a time once when char were in the Thames.

As to fishing itself, a fisherman can apparently have three baits but no more on his line, and can have two rods so long as they are not more than 15ft. distant from one another; but what is a hand or well net?

I can imagine that in the long future someone will perhaps find these by-laws and interpret them as proof that in our days salmon and smelts, and lampreys all frequented the Thames. A. C. K.

THE TOOTHPICK SPLINT

A Quick Repair for a Broken Rod

AMONGST the angler's etceterns he should certainly include a quill toothpick and a roll of adhesive tape. Then he is equipped for a quick temporary repair should his greenheart top snap in two or his split-cane top suddenly develop signs of wanting a little moral support. In the former contingency, cut off the butt of the quill and slit up the remainder, cutting away, if necessary, so much as will leave it corsetting about two-thirds of the circumference of the fractured ends when they are brought together within its embrace. Then bandage tightly with the adhesive tape, and catch another two-pounder.

In the case of the groggy split-cane top, slit the quill into slips, and "fish" the weak spot with them, bandaging with the tape. Either of these repairs should carry you easily through a day's programme of steady sport. W. C. P.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages x. and xi. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page x.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xii.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv., v. and vi.; "Pisciculture," page x.

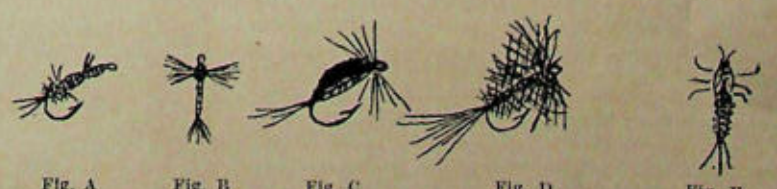


Fig. A Fig. B Fig. C Fig. D Fig. E

A FEW EXAMPLES OF ARTIFICIAL NYMPHS

A TEAM WHICH DESERVED TO WIN

The American Ladies' Triumph at Wentworth



MISS JOYCE WETHERED TAKES COMMAND OF HER REFRACTORY PUTTER

THE TALE of the match between the British and American ladies at Wentworth is one of opportunity taken—by the Americans. They ...red above their form. Our side played below ...irs.

Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, Miss Helen Hicks and their supporters, pulled off a most creditable victory in a way which astonished a good many people, but not the Americans. They labour under a heavy handicap in coming over here to play in our spring weather on courses very different from their own, and with a very short time in which to get used to one or the other.

They set about reducing the handicap of establishing themselves near Wentworth and practising for a solid week on the course. Our opportunists, among whom must be reckoned the Ladies' Golf Union which had charge of the arrangements, made no provision for enabling our team as a team to practise there. Some did for a day or half a day, and some did not.

GOOD AND BAD PARTNERSHIPS

The Americans carefully considered the make-up of their foursome pairs, and combined them into playing partnerships. Our couples were thrown together. Miss Wethered, for example, was linked to a youthful individualist who was off her game. This was not the reason the English pair lost. They played together badly enough to lose (with a score of 87) to almost any first-class couple.

Miss Wethered in the morning made mistakes unusual to her, because she was carrying too much, and she was not putting well. She has lost that beautiful smooth putting stroke which once was hers, when she was one of the best of putters among golfers, ever since someone borrowed her favourite putter and did not return it. But in the afternoon, when she had no responsibility except for herself, she played with her usual supreme command of the game.

NERVES AND THE CROWD

Everybody was nervous, especially in the morning. The very large crowd of some 7,000 spectators, many of them without manners, was partly responsible. But it was as bad for the Americans as for the British competitors. One competitor, whom we will not name, was accompanied on her way round by a young friend with a camera, who snapped the players from time to time. That was a piece of silly inconsiderateness, against which the players might reasonably have protested.

Apart from its uncontrolled resolution to get as near the players as possible, the crowd of spectators at Wentworth made the scene one which more resembled an American tournament than an English one, in the assemblage of bright colours and pretty dresses. The sunlit lawns and the springing green of the trees were, in the poet's words "all alive with fluttering skirts and ladies' eyes." It was only in the afternoon when the rain came down and the umbrellas went up, that it began to resemble the surroundings of recent British championships at Hunstanton or Portmarnock.

The rain seemed to wash out the last of the British hopes, though they had never been more than despairing ones after the three morning foursomes had gone west. The afternoon began well. Miss Wethered placidly demolished Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, who, good sportsman as she is, will find consolation in remembering that she always has said that her victorious opponent was the best lady golfer in the world.

A FORLORN HOPE

Then Miss Diana Fishwick, coming into the team, gay and debonair, beat Miss Maureen Orcutt in a way to cheer the gloomiest day. Miss Fishwick made light of the golf elbow from which she has been suffering, and, as usual, played with that confidence and courage which might lead people to suppose she enjoyed it all.

At the halfway house, it seemed almost as if Great Britain might pull it off after all. With ten holes played Miss Wethered clearly was going to win her single. Miss Wanda Morgan was 2 up against Miss Van Wie, Miss Fishwick 3 up against Miss Orcutt, Miss Gourlay 2 up against Mrs. Hill. Only Miss Enid Wilson, against Miss Hicks, and Miss Corlett against Mrs. Cheney, were down.

Miss Enid Wilson pulled her match out of the fire; but Miss Corlett, at her worst in the rain, could make no impression against Mrs. Cheney—and for the rest the Americans held on and it was left to Miss Van Wie, with a downhill 20ft. putt, to put paid to the British account. E. S. G.

A LESSON FROM SOUTHPORT

The Effect of the Peg on Modern Golf

LOOKING BACK over a series of championships, most enthusiasts will remember the strange behaviour of a certain prominent amateur who in one of these shocked us all a little by driving from a tee several inches in height. This uncanny performance was given publicity in the Press at the time, but I wonder if it was ever noted down that the player in question used a deep-faced wooden club in conjunction with the monstrosity. Furthermore, how many of us will call to mind the class of shot obtained with the instruments he employed. I think those who watched will say that the ball flew low with a tremendous run from the bound.

To go on, I saw Mr. R. T. Jones win the British Open Championship in 1930. I handled his driver—a beautifully balanced affair, yet no different from any other; that is if we except the face, which was quite 3in. deep from top to sole. Mr. Jones drove a consistently low-flying ball from a fairly high peg during that week, and I well remember the extraordinary distances he obtained from the pitch on the sun-baked Hoylake course.

These incidents are to-day out of date, and are only mentioned because I find a link between them and the methods used by our top-notch professionals at Hesketh Park, Southport. The £1,500 prize money lured the cream of them to this pleasant resort, and in the comparative quiet of Cyril Fryer's shop I took it upon myself to examine a number of wooden clubs belonging to some of these young giants. I found a large percentage deep in the face, and later, on the tee, I saw the ball swept off the peg to attain little height and yet great distance.

The class of shot served up seemed rich in overspin, with an extraordinary bore that carried the effort on indefinitely, and I quickly concluded that the peg tee along with the deep-faced driver was responsible for the running type of shot obtained. Swung flatly, the clubhead meets the objective squarely in the back at the extreme bottom of the arc, giving even trajectory without suspicion of "soar."

LENGTH ESSENTIAL

I saw no greater exponent of the style than Henry Cotton, who only on one occasion required a wooden club to be up for two. He, of course, was not alone in his paradise of length—Padgham, Havers, Kenyon, and others of the strong brigade, getting just as far by similar methods. In like company we may have met this year's British Open Champion at Southport.

Given that, and calling to mind the adage that a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un, I found small hope for the short yet skilful player who relies on clever recoveries and dainty chips for his figures. He can hardly expect to live over a distance with those who obtain strings of fours by means of the flat sweep with the driver, the punch with the iron, and putts, of course, to taste. He is good to watch, the little fellow, but he cannot expect bull's eyes every time, and I came away in the incessant drizzle having learned that length is essential in the modern game. The steady increase in that direction I attribute largely to the peg, which has assuredly had a far reaching effect on golfing methods and impedimenta.

DAVEY LAVENDER.

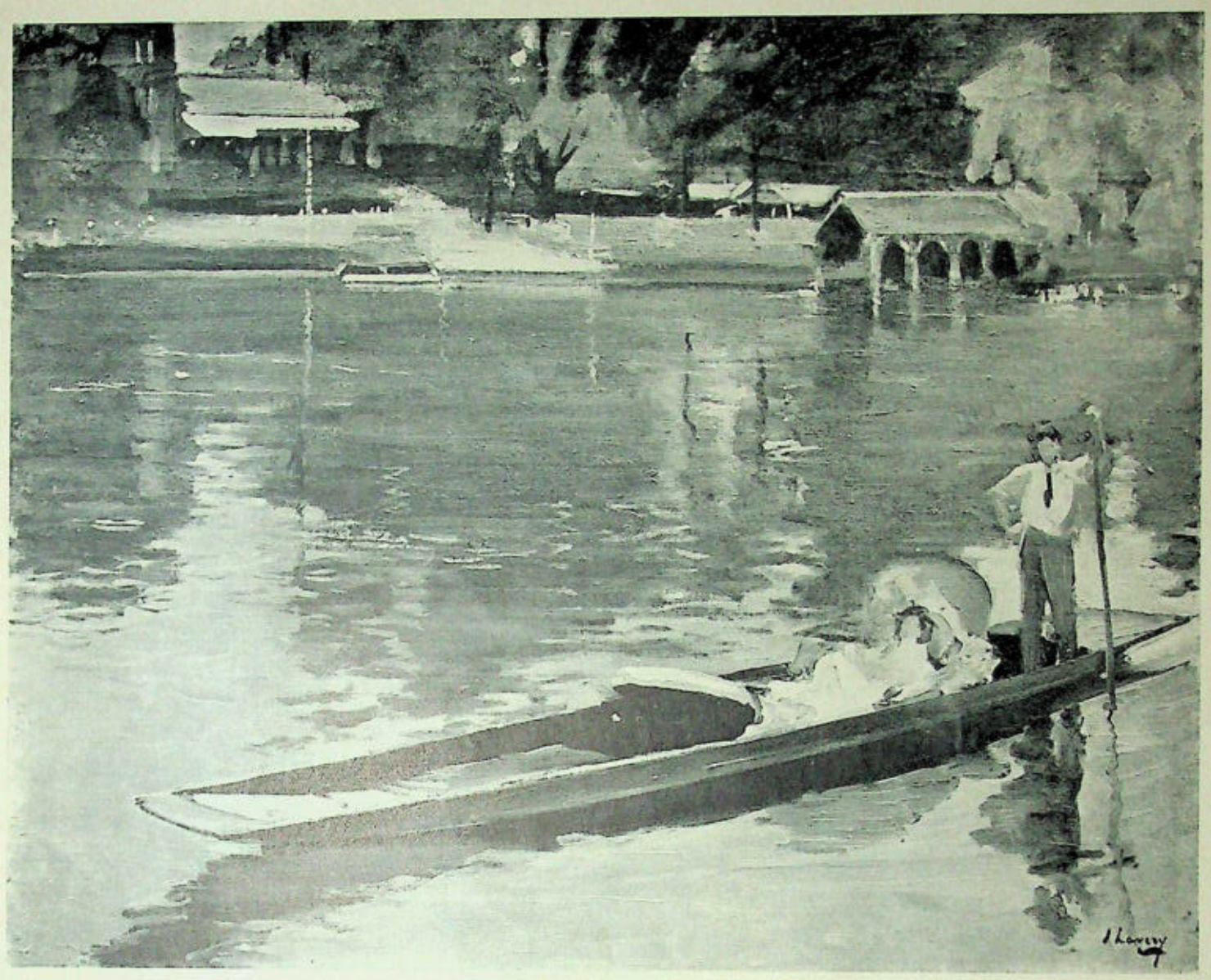
Croquet for Small Lawns.—Owners of small gardens will be interested in the official booklet of the Laws of Croquet for 1932, which includes diagrams showing settings approved by the Council of the Croquet Association for three types of smaller court which are well below standard size. It is hoped that the use of these settings will popularise a form of the game which is not only ideal for the novice, but well worth playing in itself.



MUTUAL ADMIRATION—MISS WETHERED AND HER INVETERATE CHALLENGER, MRS. GLENNA COLLETT VARE

The crowd at Wentworth, embarrassing in numbers, was most conspicuous in crossing the stream

ROUND THE GALLERIES IN MAY AND JUNE



EVENING ON THE RIVER. A BEAUTIFUL UP-RIVER STUDY BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

From the exhibition of Sir John's work at Messrs. Colnaghi's Galleries, 144-146, New Bond Street, London



IN THE BELVOIR VALE. MR. P. ACKROYD IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT AND HARBY VILLAGE AND BELVOIR CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE

From the water-colour painting by F. A. Stewart in his exhibition of "Hunting Countries" at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries, 12, Old Bond Street, W. 1



IN COACHING DAYS

□

GEORGE WRIGHT is one of the best painters of the horse of to-day, and includes in his fine show of hunting pictures at Messrs. Ackermann's Galleries (157, New Bond Street) some delightful old-time scenes. Two of these are here reproduced, "A Fresh Team" (top) and "Packing Up the Bag," an unusual shooting group.

The bottom picture is another water-colour by F. A. Stewart, from his exhibition at Messrs. Vicars. It depicts the Duke of Beaufort's, near Badminton. The Duke is shown with Tom Newman, and with the field is Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice.





CHOOSING OUR WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM

A Possible Selection

By J. E. COLLETT

THIS YEAR the candidates for our Wightman Cup team and the committee responsible for its selection might be forgiven for desiring that the number should be seven instead of the more conventional five. There is little to choose between several aspirants.

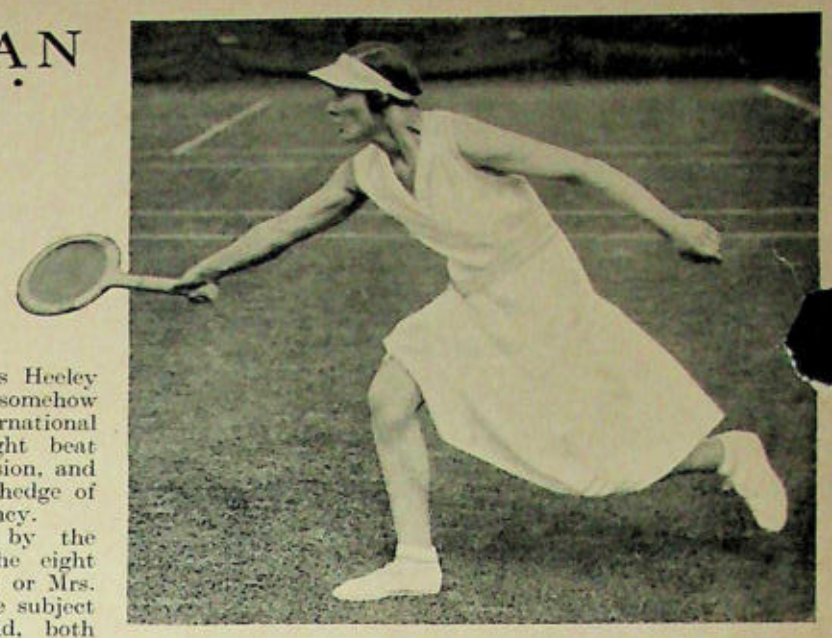
At Wimbledon, at the end of next week, June 1st–4th, there are to be final trials, presumably singles mostly, if not entirely. It will be remembered that the April trials at Queen's Club were doubles, fairly exhaustive as scheduled, but marred by the weather. In the meantime the three lady members co-opted to the L.T.A. selection committee, Mrs. L. A. Godfree, Mrs. Mavrogordato, and Miss E. F. Rose, have been following intermediate play assiduously. Mrs. Godfree has had the additional possible advantage of competing herself.

RIVALS FOR PLACES

The male members of the committee, Messrs. H. Roper Barrett, F. R. L. Crawford, T. M. Mavrogordato, A. D. Prebble, and F. T. Stowe, have been represented on all important occasions, but it is doubtful whether all or any have advanced much farther to certainty than the average absentee follower of the game; to whom there would appear to be but one certainty, namely, that Mrs. Whittingstall and Miss Nuthall will play first pair in the doubles. To add that they will play in the order named the first and second singles is to be more conventional than certain, because neither has been thoroughly tried out. Their performances in the French championships will be indicative.

Others in the running for a place in the singles are Mrs. Godfree, Miss M. E. Heeley, Mrs. L. R. C. Michell, Miss J. C. Ridley, Miss D. E. Round, Miss M. C. Scriven, Miss K. E. Stammers, and Miss G. R. Sterry. If these were the last eight in a tournament and were drawn in any order, it would be a bold prophet who would at that stage declare to pick the winner.

This dilemma may illustrate the present feeling of the selectors, and they may be tempted to fall back on prejudice or predilection, those joint traps in every selector's path to freedom. Whatever the final choice may be the fact must not be lost sight of that in relation to the Wightman Cup every



MISS STERRY HAS LONG EXPERIENCE AND A NATURAL EQUANIMITY WHICH IS INVALUABLE IN A CRISIS

a good singles, but a better doubles. Mrs. Michell, so far this year, has not been impressive. Miss Ridley and Miss Heeley are—well, just themselves, somehow more "tournamental" than international in stamp, though either might beat anybody or the other on occasion, and worry through a very cactus hedge of opposition, if patience were potency.

The problem is increased by the knowledge that any one of the eight might beat either Miss Nuthall or Mrs. Whittingstall, both of whom are subject to lapses; on the other hand, both thrive on the atmosphere of the arena and are apt to be more lavish of their excellence the bigger the affair and the crowd to watch it.

This is true also of Mrs. Godfree, and is one of the principal reasons why she should be included in the doubles. She is paired in Paris with Miss F. James. This may or may not be a considered experiment, but against the powerful modern and rather masculine type of doubles the American ladies play, one would prefer Miss Sterry (particularly after her form at Surbiton last week) as a partner for Mrs. Godfree. They did well in the trials, and Miss Sterry has long experience, a strong backhand, a serviceable smash, a forcing service, and the natural equanimity which is invaluable in a crisis.

WHERE EXPERIENCE IS WANTED

Five of the previous nine Wightman Cup matches have been won by four events to three, and a double tends to decide the issue. On consideration the point occurs whether the temperament and experiences combined of Mrs. Michell or Mrs. Shepherd Barron would not be even better adapted to the purpose.

It is rather untoward for Mrs. Godfree in the circumstances that she should be a selector as well as a serious candidate, particularly in view of the intense strain there has been among the aspirants. What with tours abroad and such treats "in the offing," it is a social and athletic achievement of



A BUMP ALONG THE GREENER

Magdalen take the Headship from Brasenose on the second day

condition has to be taken into consideration. Critics do not always allow for the full difficulty the selection presents.

Let us endeavour to be the boldest of prophets and extract not only a third singles player, but a complete team before the event.

Of the "last eight" one would select Miss Round. She has been playing consistently, and her methods, though rather mechanical, are of the sound description which is required for pulling off an unspectacular but important item in a programme. Neither Miss Scriven nor Miss Stammers have been playing up to the level of their preliminary "ballyhoo," perhaps partly on account of its intensity.

Mrs. Godfree is definitely proven to be not as good as she was in a singles. Miss Sterry is playing the first importance to attain Wightman Cup rank. It may, alack! have a financial significance also, through the provision of abundant pin-money dropping plumlike from an overhanging branch of the verdant green orchard of Fleet Street.

One emerges then, with the following team, alphabetically stated. Singles: Miss Nuthall, Miss Round, and Mrs. Whittingstall; doubles: Mrs. Godfree and Miss Sterry, and Miss Nuthall and Mrs. Whittingstall. If it is not the one which will be chosen, it would do as well as any that could be chosen.

If the team is composed of the conventional five, and seven are wanted lest hearts may be broken, then let the *cognoscenti* find their alternatives in the doubles. Whatever happens, it is quite impossible to please everybody this year.

POOR ROWING IN OXFORD EIGHTS

Lack of General Interest, and Crews Badly Chosen

DESPITE BRILLIANT WEATHER, Eights Week seemed to have lost its old-time glamour, judging by the small attendance present on the house-boats and tow-path on the two opening days. The record entry of 56 boats, calling for five divisions, has been welcomed as a sign of revival in Oxford rowing. Unfortunately judged by the actual races, the same faults that have existed during the past few years have only been accentuated by the increase in numbers.

There can be no revival in Oxford rowing until there is a general pooling of ideas between the college boat captains and the same definite broad principles of coaching adopted by all the colleges. It is absurd to expect that coaches can be found for all the eights or that any college captain of the boats can supervise, judge and grade the individual merit of the 40 men who must be kept in training to ensure four eights being picked to represent the college.

It is a moot point whether the average eight colour improves after his second year in a boat; in fact, I would state that those college first crews that have lost their places this year have done so because they have stuck too long to several old colours.

This practice has led to a fault obvious even to a tyro. In my long experience of Oxford rowing the impression of unevenness of physique has never been so outstanding as was the case this year. The crews seemed to be made up of men of all shapes and sizes, so that, when the boat was afloat, a sense of awkwardness was given before even they began to paddle.

TWO SUGGESTED REFORMS

Magdalen I. and Oriel I. were a striking exception from this criticism, and the former proved their merit by going head of the river at the end of the second day. B.N.C. on paper seemed destined to remain head of the river, but their form led the experts to grade them as "ponderous." Their real fault was lack of life, and it was the "Blues" who were mainly responsible.

It may be our Oxford custom to judge everything by what happens at Oxford, but unfortunately our rowing will be assessed only on its merit against "foreign" competition. To get back a little of our past reputation reforms must come, and to start with I suggest two:

(*a*) That no college should enter more than two eights in the Eights Week races.

(*b*) That the boat captains get together and pool their ideas with a view to getting coaches whose labours will be devoted to one ideal, *i.e.*, to inculcate the essentials of oarsmanship with the object of getting the best material available for the 'Varsity eight.

Here is one final note, that I maintain is typical of the lack of general interest. When Magdalen bumped B.N.C. I stood near a group of four husky undergraduates, who were quite unmoved by the stirring race. They paid no attention to the crews, though one of the four went so far as to sport a B.N.C. tie. They were too engrossed in discussing a film called (I believe) *Lily Christine*.

It is a sad commentary to make; I would have treated it as blah, had I not heard film programmes being discussed with equal fervour by other undergrads round the ropes in the park, at the time when Van de Bijl and Pullan were trying to pull the 'Varsity side out of a hopeless position in the match against All India.

H. L.

A SANCTUARY FOR AUSTRALIA'S "TEDDY BEARS"

Re-establishing the Koala, the Cub Which Never Grows Up

A PUBLIC which has shown its intense appreciation of Whipsnade will be interested to hear of one of the most charming nature reserves in the world, Mr. Noel Burnet's sanctuary for koalas, widely known in Australia as "native bears," in the West Pennant Hills, only 20 miles from Sydney.

Hardened sightseers cannot fail to be enchanted by these soft bundles of brownish grey fur with their bright, astonished eyes and beaky noses. Every feminine visitor longs to "take one home," but it is only the naturalist who can properly appreciate the fine work for zoology which is being carried out by Mr. Burnet and his helpers. The only other reserve for these animals is on two islands near Melbourne.

WHY THEY HAVE NO FLEAS

The koalas (as the aboriginals called them) are among the most archaic survivals of Australian fauna. They are marsupials, of the same order as the kangaroo and opossum and, like them, have pouches in which the cubs are placed at birth and nourished for the first six months. New-born koalas are tiny, shrivelled objects only a few inches in length, but when they finally emerge from the pouch they have grown to the size of a rat. Even then they are rather helpless, and cling round the mother's neck, snuggling into her thick fur, which harbours no vermin because of her diet of eucalyptus leaves.

Carried on her back the little creature can scale the tops of the giant blue gums, whose leaves or "tips" constitute the adult's only natural food—and drink. The koala's digestive organs are so delicate that out of 366 varieties of eucalyptus the leaves of only about a dozen species are suitable. This probably accounts for the many deaths in captivity of koalas which have been the adored pets of kind but ignorant owners.

There is no sadder, more disgraceful story than that of the trappers' campaign against these little creatures. In no way destructive, they have been mercilessly hunted down on account of their fur, particularly in Queensland, where in 1927 the appalling total of 584,738 adult koalas were slaughtered in one month, and at least 200,000 cubs must have perished with their mothers. Foxes, dingoes, dogs, birds of prey, droughts and bush fires have also contributed to their decline.

NEVER BRED IN CAPTIVITY BEFORE

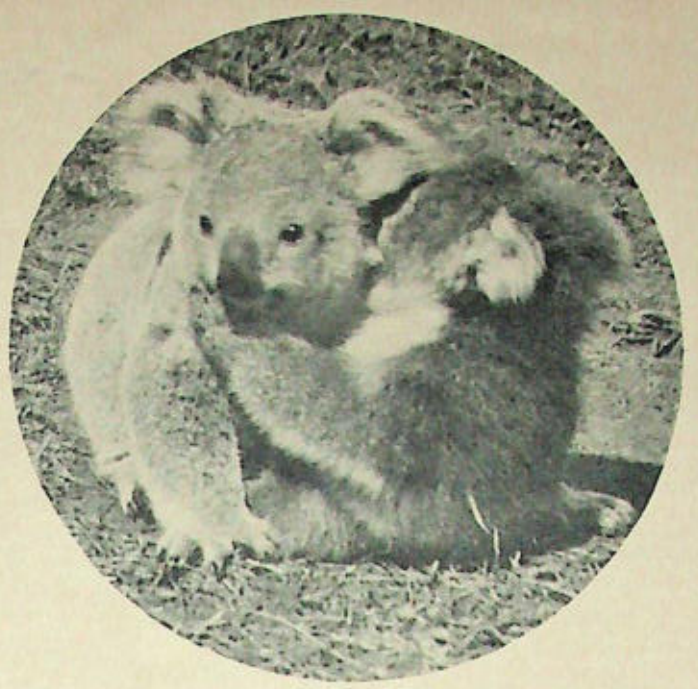
Under the happiest conditions breeding is slow, taking place only once in two years with only one "gum-baby" at a birth. Mr. Burnet is the only man who has managed to breed the koala in captivity, and in the last eighteen months has had fourteen new arrivals, and only lost six out of his collection of close on 50.

Out of these six, one died of tape worm, one of catarrh of the bladder, two of pneumonia, the fifth was killed in the cyclone of last July, and the sixth died of old age. As the farm is licensed by the New South Wales Government, all these facts have to be recorded and submitted.

There is also a museum-cum-hospital, where the sick bears are housed on miniature gum trees for observation and treatment, while the rest of the room is used as a storehouse for exhibits of all kinds connected with Mr. Burnet's research work of the last five years. The animals are all weighed regularly, and a record kept of their progress.

NOT A ZOO

Although the koalas are his first care, Mr. Burnet devotes the rest of his estate of 50 acres to the protection of other aspects of Australia's vanishing flora and fauna. The park is not a zoo, and four acres form the smallest enclosure. The generosity and co-operation of friends has enabled Mr. Burnet to carry out his project, but he is entirely independent of any company or society, and is not engaged in a money-making enterprise. A sixpenny entrance fee and the sale of photographs and cards goes towards the general expenses and upkeep of the estate.



AN EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES BETWEEN KOALAS

the day they huddle in somnolent groups in the deepest shade they can find. To see a colony of these little bears resting in the shade of the striped umbrellas which Mr. Burnet has erected over young trees which as yet give little protection, never fails to provoke the mirth of visitors.



MR. BURNET WEIGHING ONE OF THE KOALAS IN THE SANCTUARY



HOW KOALA CUBS ARE CARRIED AFTER LEAVING THE POUCH

The site is ideal, set high on a tree-clad hill with as fair a prospect as any in New South Wales, cool winds to fan the koalas in summer when their coats are a burden to them, rich soil suitable for growing the trees on which they depend for food, natural drainage to prevent the possibility of the foliage becoming rank and unpalatable, bordering on a main road and at a reasonable distance from the city. Another important point is that the park is in a locality which offers ample opportunities for extension in the future.

"PETER PANS"

The charm of the koala is quite irresistible. The aboriginals among other pretty names call them Lallewoon, which means "Sweet," and never hurt them. The most delightful thing about these creatures is their perpetual youthfulness—they never lose the adorable characteristics of cubhood.

It is one of the funniest things imaginable to see them shambling from one tree to another, walking with all the unsteady stiffness of a tree-climber. When angry they snuffle with rage, and when sad or injured wail like an infant with tears of anguish running down their ridiculous snub noses.

Their real life begins at sunset—during

No bad dreams of savage men and dogs need haunt these slumberers. Their future is assured.

M. B. NEILSON.

BIRD-WATCHING AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Some Interesting Records from Cheltenham College

GENUINE INTEREST in natural history is now the rule rather than the exception at public schools—the well-kept records kept by the various school natural history societies are always full of interest and often contain valuable observations.

We have, for instance, received from Mr. J. Birkett the following records of migrants as they were first seen by members of the Cheltenham College Natural History Society.

A cuckoo was seen on April 4th and heard on the 5th by P. A. Cattell at Crosshaven, Co. Cork; a chiffchaff on March 25th at Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, by P. S. Peberdy; a willow wren on April 2nd at Miserden, Glos, by A. C. Cowan, and a blackcap by the same observer at Painswick, on April 10th; also a redstart at Horsley, Glos, on April 22nd.

S. E. Baker reports a swallow on the 23rd at Lilleybrooke, nr. Cheltenham, Glos; a whitethroat at Prestbury, Glos, on April 28th; and common sandpiper at Coombe Hill Canal, Glos, on April 26th.

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS IN FORM

A Great Quartette of Sprinters for the Games

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

THAT PERFORMANCES done at the British Games were no mere flash in the pan was proved within a few days. Last Saturday Lord Burghley won the Northamptonshire 440 yards flat title in 52⅘sec. on very sodden turf, while the Fourteenth Universities' Athletic Union Championships, with Oxford and Cambridge competing for the first time, made some new reputations and established some old ones.

I have always held the highest opinion of the importance of these championships, and I am firmly convinced that they will, one day, rival the Inter-Collegiate Championships of America; meanwhile the U.A.U. is producing the very type of athletic material we so sadly need.

At the University of London ground last Saturday, seven or eight new records were made. There is some doubt as to whether the hammer-throwing result constitutes a new record, but the matter is being investigated. If eight records are accepted, then of the new ones Oxford will hold four, Cambridge two, and the National University of Ireland two.

It is difficult to estimate the best performance, but undoubtedly E. J. Davis, the Cambridge sprinter, set the spectators wondering. He is incredibly fast away at the pistol, and won the 100 yards semi-final as he liked in 10⅘sec., and then took the final in even time. The thing I liked about his running was the mad frenzy with which he dashed through the last 10 yards to the tape.

BRITISH SPRINT RECORD EQUALLED

On the same afternoon, at Aldershot, Lieut. W. H. Summers (Duke of Wellington's Regt.) equalled the British record of 9⅘sec.; we had F. P. Reid beating, and E. L. Page equalling, even time a little earlier, and so have a great quartette of sprinters for the Games. Nor is that all, for at the L.A.C. meeting last Saturday, F. Wolff won the 440 yards in 50⅕sec., which makes him a possible rival to G. L. Rampling.

To return to the U.A.U. Championships. Cambridge won both hurdling events. In the "highs" W. L. H. Thring beat T. D. Phelan (Ireland) by inches in 15⅘sec., while A. Anderson, who looks like a world-beater in embryo, won the 440 yards low hurdles in 57⅗sec. Again, J. F. Cornes (Oxford) brought off a fine middle-distance double, winning the half-mile as he liked in 1min. 57⅕sec.; in the mile, however, he found himself up against a great opponent in J. G. Helps, Birmingham, the World's Student Champion and record holder.

Helps was perhaps unlucky in finding himself opposed to Cornes, backed up by his fellow Oxonian, J. E. Lovelock. He was certainly ill-advised when he raced into the lead with 440 yards to go.

Then came one of the most thrilling last laps ever run. Cornes, obviously, was out to put Lovelock into second place. The three were neck and neck entering the home stretch. Approaching the tape Helps showed ahead for a stride, while Cornes glanced round for his team mate, but Lovelock had shot his bolt; then Cornes made a great effort and just beat Helps to the winning post in 4min. 21⅗sec.

OUR BEST MILERS FOR LOS ANGELES

Helps will yet reproduce the 4min. 18sec. he showed in Germany two years ago, and the best chance of improving him would be for the A.A.A. to give him a run in their match against Cambridge University on June 7th. Cornes, R. H. Thomas and Helps strike me as being this country's strongest claimants to consideration for the Olympic Team, at present.

In the 3-miles many of us expected that J. W. Dennison (Cambridge) would avenge himself for his defeat by J. W. Follows (Oxford) at the Inter-University Sports, but although Dennison led to the last half-mile, running well, he suddenly collapsed on the track, the victim of his ancient bug-bear—acute stitch—which simply doubled him up. Follows went through to make a new record of 14min. 58⅕sec.

Apart from all else I was greatly impressed by the half-mile running of C. W. J. Claydon (London), the pole vaulting of H. O. Clayton (Manchester), the discus and javelin throwing of A. J. E. Swan (Birmingham), and the javelin throwing of J. H. Duus (Manchester). There is no doubt in my mind that the U.A.U. Championships are going to be one of the biggest factors for the improvement of the standard of British athletics as the years go by.

The final scores in this year's championships were Oxford 91 points, London 52½, Cambridge 50, Durham 29, National University of Ireland 27½, Liverpool 22, Birmingham 12½, Manchester 11, Loughborough 5, Nottingham 4, Southampton 3, Bristol and Sheffield 2 each, Reading 1½, and Cardiff 1. Seventeen universities competed, and there were 276 entries.

The open pole vault at the British Games was full of promise, for if H. Ford, runner-up at the Empire Games, won at 11ft. 6in. and W. Behnke, winner of the Oxford and Cambridge event, was second at 11ft. 3in., F. R. Webster, the seventeen-year-old Public Schools Champion, certainly achieved a great feat by placing third at 11ft., for he is the first schoolboy ever to equal A.A.A. championship standard. In the same week he cleared also 11ft. 3½in., and has been chosen, with Ford, to represent the A.A.A. against Oxford University.

ONLY ALL-ROUND CRICKETERS SHOULD GO TO AUSTRALIA

(*Continued from page* 800)

Let us be as optimistic as Mr. Warner himself, and contemplate the best of the young talent now on view: Bakewell, Croom, H. W. Parks, Gibbons, Keeton, A. M. Crawley, Paynter, James Langridge, Gregory of Surrey, Wensley, Verity, Bowes, Voce, Sibbles, Robins, Peebles, F. R. Brown, Wyatt—how many of them look to you to be Test match players by divine right?

ROUND THE WICKETS

Versatile Indian Batsmen

WITH INCREASING EXPERIENCE of English conditions, the Indian team are doing much better than many people expected, and their batting at Lord's against the M.C.C. last Saturday was a real pleasure to watch because of its versatility and its determination.

Some of their methods provide, indeed, a refreshing variation to the usual run of present-day English cricket. We certainly have few batsmen now who drive so hard or whole-heartedly as did C. K. Nayudu and S. H. M. Colah last Saturday. Colah, in particular, made some crashing off-drives with a full swing of the bat, which simply left the field standing.

Nayudu has strokes all round the wicket which he makes with delightful ease and freedom, and as he is always looking for runs and making them in unexpected ways, it is not easy to place a field for him. On Saturday he forced J. C. White to keep four men round the boundary, and varied some towering hits to leg and powerful drives with chops through the vacant slips and now and then a delicate glance to fine leg.

He and his colleagues will almost certainly give our bowlers plenty to think about before the tour is over.

CHEERY LOSERS

Glamorgan have nearly always been good losers in the sense that when everything is going against them they do not as a rule take refuge purely in defence. Thus they went down fighting gaily against Middlesex last week, and one of the pleasantest features of the match was the aggressive batting in both innings of Duckfield and J. C. Clay.

Last season Duckfield had an average of under sixteen, but he is much improved this season and has the knack of picking out the right ball to hit and then hitting it very hard. Some of his drives off the Middlesex spin bowlers were particularly fine.

Middlesex batted only once, and were on the road to victory as soon as Lee and Hearne had dug themselves in like the dour old stagers they are at this sort of game. No thought of "brighter cricket" tempts *them* when they are building up a score; yet, with his hundred safely passed, Hearne showed us that not all of his old strokes have been put away for ever. He then made drives and square cuts with as much power as any player.

A MATCH OF CURIOSITIES

The match between Notts and Hampshire last week deserves a place among the curiosities of cricket. Here are a few of its incidents that are worth noting.

Having scored 206 in batting first, Notts had nine Hampshire wickets down for 54, and then gave away three byes, which just enabled Hampshire to save the follow-on, the last wicket falling in the next over. Batting again, Notts in turn were routed by Bailey, who had never before done anything of the kind, having been regarded merely as a useful change bowler; in an innings of 42 he took seven wickets for seven runs. So far, not one batsman in the three innings had been bowled.

Finally, Hampshire, with 192 to get in order to win, were tumbled out for 30 by Voce (five for 21) and S. Staples (four for 4). Was ever a more topsy-turvy match played?

THE CAPTAIN'S PART

When Derbyshire beat Northamptonshire, H. Elliott, the Derbyshire wicket-keeper who was acting as captain in the absence of A. W. Richardson, gave an admirable example of the way to drive home an advantage.

It was the third morning and Derbyshire were on top, with a lead of 238 runs and five wickets in hand in their second innings; but they wanted some more runs quickly before they could declare, and Elliott at once decided to go all out to get them.

The result was that in less than 25 minutes he had scored 50, taking 23 off one over from Cox—three sixes, one four, and a single.

As Elliott followed this up with three catches in Northamptonshire's second innings, he could well feel pleased with his day's work, more especially as one of his victims was Bakewell, who had scored 101 and had threatened to save the game for Northamptonshire.

GAINS CAN BEAT CARNERA

But He Will Have to Employ Speed and Attack to do So

By BRIAN VESEY FITZGERALD

PRIMO CARNERA AND LARRY GAINS meet on Monday next in what the promoter, somewhat optimistically, describes as an eliminating contest for the World's Heavy-weight Championship.

Every heavy-weight who has any chance of contesting a title match must be longing for Carnera to be beaten decisively, out-boxed and out-fought, if possible knocked out. All these heavy-weights from Schmeling, the champion, to Hamas, the most recent contender, may profess their contempt for the big Italian, their eagerness to fight him, and their certainty of victory. But when it comes to the point, their previous engagements, unfortunately, prevent them from showing up the giant.

Carnera may be no good, a mere circus monstrosity, but he is a menace through his very size, and they are not taking the risk. If he is beaten by Gains he will be removed as a menace. There will be no need to dodge him for some time. And if Gains wins: Well, he's a negro. And whoever heard of a white heavy-weight who could not draw the colour line? It is an eliminating contest only so far as Carnera is concerned. If he is beaten he is eliminated. But if Gains wins he is no nearer to the heavy-weight crown.

Who will win? Popular vote says Carnera, because of his amazing size. But examine Carnera's record. It is very impressive on paper. Actually he has fought very few good men. Jack Sharkey, Jim Maloney and Stribling beat him. Stribling might well have done so twice had he kept his head. Maloney, long past his best, did so once and got the decision, and did so the second time and lost the decision.

Carnera's victims among really good men only include Campolo and McCorkindale. He beat the South African far more easily than did Gains. But McCorkindale was out to beat Gains. Against Carnera he was out to stay the course. Had he fought as he fought Gains I am not sure that the result would not have been different.

BEATEN BY FRIGHT

Most of the Italian's victims have been second- and third-rate boxers, and on more than one occasion his showing has been anything but impressive.

From my own observation I would say that the Italian can be beaten by any fast, two-handed fighter, who is not frightened.

Is Larry Gains such a man? He is immeasurably superior to Carnera as a boxer. In America he is rated very much lower than his opponent, but that may be accounted for by the fact that he has fought mainly in Europe. Most of Gains's opponents have been second-raters also. But record or no record, the negro is good. He is far better than Maloney. He is no whit inferior to Sharkey as a boxer, and, because Sharkey is an irresponsible mixer, he is far superior to the Lithuanian as a fighter.

He is not, I think, likely to become frightened as Stribling was frightened. Sharkey beat Carnera fairly comfortably. Gains can do so, too, if he goes the right way about it. Fright has beaten most of the Italian's opponents. Defensive boxing is of little use against him. But he is not so sure in face of continual and speedy attack.

Gains can beat Carnera. Whether he does or does not; whether he earns the gratitude of every leading heavy-weight, or whether he increases the bubble of the giant's reputation, rests with himself.

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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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

BARN OWL CENSUS, 1932

SIR,—The diminishing number of barn (or white) owls in England and Wales in recent years is giving concern to agriculturists and students of bird life. In order to obtain information as to the facts of the case, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is instituting a census of barn owls breeding during the summer of 1932; and helpers are required in every part of the country to find out and record where in their own localities the birds are nesting.

All who may be willing and able to assist the enquiry by undertaking to report upon a definite area are asked to communicate with Mr. G. B. Blaker, Gaveston Place, Nuthurst, near Horsham, Sussex, who is organising the work, and to indicate the extent of the area to be allotted to them. Census forms, with suggestions as to how the work may be carried out most easily and effectively, will then be forwarded. It is hoped that valuable information will thus be obtained as to the status of this useful bird.

Yours truly,
82, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1. FRANK E. LEMON (Hon. Secretary, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds).

SNIPE'S NEST WITH SIX EGGS

SIR,—Perhaps the following may be of some interest:

On April 17th, when birdnesting close here with my two boys, we found a snipe's nest with three eggs. On looking at it on the 20th the nest contained four eggs, on the 22nd five eggs, and on the 24th six eggs.

During the past 20 years I have found at least one nest every year—some years several—but have never seen one with more than four eggs, so think six must be very unusual. It will be interesting to see if all the eggs hatch out. Also on April 9th we saw three jacksnipe, and one on April 10th. They generally leave here in February.

Yours truly,
The Cottage, Cholsey, Berks. R. H. ROTHWELL.

SKIN DISEASES FROM HANDLING FOODSTUFFS

SIR,—Whoever goes out to represent this country at Ottawa will almost certainly be struck by a curious development amongst all classes of workers, from the engineers and stokers on the C.P.R. lines to the scavengers on the Canadian roads. Whole groups of Canadians who earn their livelihoods by their hands are now wearing gloves, usually of rubber or rubberised fabric. Engine drivers, road makers, railway porters, farm workers have all adopted the new fashion.

It is an insurance against occupational dermatitis (eczema) which in most cases begins on the hands and arms and spreads over the rest of the body. What is the incidence of this painful industrial disease amongst those who handle sugar, flour, dyes and so on? If it be as considerable as the general statistics indicate, Canada's lead is one which we might very well follow.

Yours faithfully,
London, N.W. 3. M. D.

PAPER CHASING

SIR,—Not long ago I organised a mounted paper-chase over some of the heaths and commons of Surrey. The event was an unqualified success. We had a field of about 25, and must have covered in all some 20 miles of country. The course was planned beforehand, and one or two artificial jumps were put up. It was altogether a most successful afternoon.

For our pains, however, the two "hares" and I were prosecuted under a Surrey County Council bye-law, the hares for "depositing litter," and I for "aiding and abetting in the depositing thereof."

Without going into the ethics of the case, it is obvious to us that we must now find some other means of laying a trail, and there has been a considerable amount of correspondence in the local press suggesting different methods, all of which are, however, for various reasons, unsuitable.

It has occurred to me that some of your readers may have organised similar events, and may be able to offer suggestions. There are several essentials for a trail of this kind:

(1) It must be plainly visible for some distance.

(2) The material used must be light enough to be carried in large quantities.

(3) The material must be heavy enough not to be blown away when thrown from a height of, say, 5ft.

(4) It must permit of being laid without dismounting.

(5) It must dissolve within a short time of being laid.

(6) There must be no possibility of its being designated as "litter."

We are anxious to keep the element of the "chase" as much as possible, and have therefore rejected the suggestion of using flags to indicate the course, as this would eliminate that element, as well as making the course too fast to be good for the horses.

I should be grateful for any suggestions your readers can offer.

Your obedient servant,
Brantyngeshay, Chilworth, Surrey. F. J. O. PRESCOTT.

RANGE OF SHOTGUNS

SIR,—After reading your reply to a correspondent about the extreme range of a shot gun, I turned up a record in my shikar diary of a goose having been shot at 140yds. I was mugger shooting with a friend on the Ganges. Mugger were scarce, and having seen a gaggle of geese come down some distance off, we landed and started to stalk them. As usual, there was a complete lack of cover, but we worked our way across the sand as best we could. When the geese got up I held my fire as they appeared obviously out of range. My friend fired both barrels, with the result that one bird fell dead from a height of about 10ft. I paced the distance both ways.

My friend's gun was chambered for 3in. cartridges, which he was using, loaded with No. 1 shot.

Yours truly,
Spurn Fort, Patrington, Yorkshire. A. J. R. HILL.

SALMON OR TROUT?

SIR,—There is a small stream near here which is full of small trout; and practically all these little fish are covered with finger marks which I had always understood to be the characteristic of a salmon parr.

The fish are not silvery, but that could be accounted for by the peaty water.

Could any of your readers tell me whether they think it possible that these are small salmon?

Yours truly,
Ireland. PADDY.

[Small trout also show parr marks, but usually much less distinctly than salmon. Our correspondent can decide the question by examining the mouths. In trout the maxillary extends behind the eye, in salmon it only extends to the centre of the eye.—ED.]

MEDITERRANEAN PHENOMENA

SIR,—Apropos the correspondence that has recently appeared in the columns of the daily press regarding the "Deposit of sand on the deck of a warship in the Mediterranean" (see articles in the *Times* of April 14th, 15th and 16th), I am able, from personal observation, to throw some further light on this curious phenomenon. Such coincidences, although they are apt to be looked upon with some degree of incredulity, are nevertheless well established in fact.

On two separate occasions within my own experience, during the past 40 years, I have seen a red rain fall on the Rock of Gibraltar. It lay in pools in the streets and yards of the town, and was so bright red in colour that it might almost have been mistaken for pools of arterial blood. An examination of the fluid showed that it consisted of a red sand suspended in water. On drying up it deposited a fine layer of a cayenne pepper tint on the ground. When a portion was put in a glass test tube and shaken up, it readily diffused through the liquid and then fell in a thick deposit to the bottom.

I learned from some of the older inhabitants that this obscure occurrence, though rare, had occasionally been met with in Gibraltar before. It was explained that the sand had come all the way (probably many hundreds of miles) from the African Sahara, where it had been caught up in the desert in a violent whirlwind, lifted to a great height in the atmosphere, and borne by southerly winds across the Mediterranean. Meeting there with rain cloud, it had been carried down to the land surface and deposited on the coast of Spain.

But on another occasion a still more marvellous phenomenon took place in Gibraltar, and although I did not actually witness the event, I read accounts of it in the local newspapers soon afterwards, and could not doubt their authenticity. It seems that, on a certain day, a downpour of rain had brought with it showers of small frogs, which were found scattered about on the ground in Gibraltar and the surrounding part of Spain. These must have come from a great distance, presumably from the marshes in the interior of Morocco. Caught up in a whirlwind and borne in the upper strata of the atmosphere, they had been carried by strong wind currents across the Straits to Spain, and deposited in a similar manner to the sand above referred to.

A parallel to this incident may be cited in the well authenticated reports of shoals of small fish having been raised by waterspouts from the surface of the sea and deposited at great distances on adjacent tracts of land.

In similar fashion we now read of the clouds of sand and débris at present being deposited over a great part of the continent of South America, from volcanic eruptions taking place in the Andes mountains.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM TURNER, M.D.
Royal Societies Club, S.W.

PENETRATIVE QUALITIES OF ROUGH GRASSES

SIR,—In the *Field* of May 14th one of your correspondents gives an instance of his golf ball falling among rushes and being impaled. Most people would imagine this to be impossible, but I can cite an occurrence when burnt grass in Nyasaland went right through a native's leg.

I was walking through a dambo across which a grass fire had swept, and at the moment was behind three men who were out with me. I heard one give a grunt and look down at his right leg, so I said: "Have you been bitten by a snake?" He answered "No," and pointed at his calf. A piece of rough grass, the size of a small straw, had struck the thickest part of his calf and broken off after going clean through. He sat down, and I pulled it out for him, taking care to do it slowly and not bend the grass in case it should break inside. On getting back to camp I injected a solution of permanganate into the hole, which he said hurt much more than the deep stab.

Grass, after being burnt like a stick, is extremely hard, and those who shoot in bare legs, as I always did, get some nasty jabs and scratches in the legs; but this is preferable to the hot and prickly feeling caused by wearing puttees, which are the most uncomfortable things which were ever invented for use in the tropics. If rolled to be comfortable they get loose, and when put on tightly they stop the circulation and give cramp. They also, I am certain, cause varicose veins after they have been used for a long time.

Yours truly,
Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

SHOULD WOMEN PLAY POLO?

SIR,—I have read with interest "Martingale's" article "Should Women Play Polo?" in your number of May 7th. In it he seems to think that for it to be done with any success their play must be of such a standard as to "attract the onlooker."

That may be, but I must protest when he goes on to say ". . . for without spectators polo can hardly exist." This, I consider, and am sure all real polo players will agree, is a slur on the finest game in the world.

In my day polo flourished in India all the year round, even in small stations, where spectators were a negligible quantity, especially in the hot weather. The game was played for the sake of the game, and though my polo days ended in 1914 and I am now out of touch with the polo world, I can hardly believe the bulk of those who play to-day are mere players to the gallery.

I quite agree with "Martingale," mixed polo would be a poor sort of a game, about as futile as mixed Rugby football.

Yours truly,
Edinburgh. X.

ROAD OR RAIL

SIR,—There is one point with regard to this controversy that I never see emphasised. It is brought forward in a way by one of your correspondents in the *Field* of April 30th when he says the roads belong to the community. This, of course, is quite incorrect, they are simply public rights of way. The ownership of the soil of the highway is vested, and always has been, in the adjoining landowner, or landowners (see Firth's *Law of Highways*). Whereas the railways own the actual soil of the land they run over, and until the millions they have expended in buying that land are refunded to them the scales are heavily loaded against them, and the motor coaches, etc., are competing with them on a most unfair basis.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. A RAILWAY SHAREHOLDER.



FROG LODGED IN A SERVICE PIPE
(See Letter "An Invasion of Frogs")

AN INVASION OF FROGS

SIR,—A mild epidemic of frogs recently occurred in a district in the North of England, and the accompanying photograph shows a frog which was lodged in a portion of the service pipe where a joint had caused a constriction.

The frogs gained entry into the mains owing to a flaw in the fine wire gauze protecting the outlet from the storage tank to the mains. The creatures were forced by pressure of water into the service pipes which resulted in stoppages. Large frogs were sometimes found stretched out to a length of 9in. after this forced passage through the narrow lead pipes.

Yours truly,
Leeds. H. I. M.

BLACK MAMBAS

SIR,—Referring to the letter and photograph from Mr. W. H. O'Donald, Nigeria, in the *Field* for April 23rd, describing a 7ft. 3½in. black mamba snake, the reptile shown in the snapshot would appear to have the yellow underparts and brown back of the typical type, but the head seems unduly large, and the neck does not taper nearly as much as is generally the case. Judged by the standards of Rhodesian and Natal mambas, this specimen is decidedly small.

The black mamba or tree cobra (*Dendraspis angusticeps*) reaches a length of 14ft. and, solely excepting the Asiatic hamadryad, is the largest, most venomous, and certainly aggressive of all poisonous snakes. In the sugar cane brakes of the coast belt of Natal this species is very numerous, and it is a daily occurrence for specimens of 8ft.–9ft. to be killed. In the Matopo Hills of Rhodesia I have seen many over 9ft. in length, the largest being 12ft. 3in., a very fine old chap showing the true black tint from which the name is taken.

It is certainly unusual to encounter the black snake less than 7ft. in length, whereas one frequently comes across 5ft. green mambas. I have never seen one of the latter variety longer than 8ft. 10in.

Another point which casts a doubt as to the true classification of the snake shown in the photograph reproduced is the allegation that it spat. No form of mamba ejects its venom in spray form by air pressure, the only two snakes so far identified which do so being the Ringhals cobra (*Sepedon haemachates*) and the black-necked cobra (*Naia nigricollis*), the dreaded M'Fesi of the Zulu.

Yours faithfully,
St. Helier, Jersey, C.I. J. E. DOUGLAS GRISS.

AN UNKNOWN WHITE BIRD

SIR,—I have just (May 2nd) returned from a few days' fishing in Wales. While out in the boat we saw a large white bird—only its beak and legs being black.

The local man had lived there all his life, but he said he had never seen anything like it. In flight it partly resembled a cormorant and partly a heron, yet there seemed a distinct difference between the "unknown" and either of these two. We noticed that it always pitched in reed beds, never on the open water, and it seemed to stand in the attitude of a heron.

I dissuaded the boatman from his idea of shooting it—and for the same reason I will ask you to withhold my address and allow a pen-name.

We could not get nearer to the bird than about 180 to 200 yards.

Yours truly,
"ORCADIAN."

[From the description we should imagine it was a spoonbill.—ED.]

STATE UNIFORMS OF MOUNTED BANDSMEN

SIR,—A few years ago an exhibition took place at a house in Berkeley Square of the uniforms of all the regiments in the British Army, and their histories were also given.

I discovered one uniform—the State uniform of the mounted bandsmen of the Life Guards and Blues. I tried to find an explanation of the fact, but failed. Surely it is a very striking and beautiful sight.

I think the drum majors of the Foot Guards also wear a State dress on State occasions.

I allude to the gold coat and black velvet hunting cap, and to the period of about 1840, in H.M. Queen Victoria's reign to 1932, the present moment. I cannot help thinking some reader of the *Field* might supply this interesting information.

Yours faithfully,
W. G. STIRLING (late Royal Artillery).
London, S.W. 1.

WOODCOCK MIGRATION

SIR,—I notice a discussion in your columns on the migration of woodcock. Personally I am a strong believer in this migration much about the dates of the arrival and departure of the foreign snipe. In this district, 1930–1931 was a poor year for winter woodcock, though very considerable numbers arrived here to breed from the first week of March, 1931 onwards.

The winter of 1931–32 was *very poor* round here for woodcock; there were few up to mid-March, 1932, but about the third week they began to show up in numbers, and for the last fortnight I have never seen so many pairs flying round in evenings before. Of course they are the home-bred birds returning to nest in the spring from the south; if they had not migrated, more would have been seen in winter.

Yours truly,
Brockley Park, Stradbally, Queen's Co. JOHN W. YOUNG.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY DRAG

SIR,—An appeal is now being made for funds with which to build new kennels for the Cambridge University Draghounds and a cottage for the kennel huntsman. At present the hounds are housed in a converted farm building at Cherry Hinton, which is a very unsatisfactory position, as the majority of the lines are on the other side of Cambridge. This means that hounds have to be taken through Cambridge when going to the meet and returning from hunting. The Hunt has no cottage for the kennel huntsman, and is in great danger of losing the services of a very good man who knows the country and the farmers better than the Masters themselves.

The Trinity Foot Beagles have in the past year raised sufficient money to buy land, and build new kennels and a cottage on the Barton Road. The Drag is as old established as the T.F.B. and should be equally as well housed.

The trustees will be the undersigned and the last named will be pleased to receive letters of promise of donations at 38, Regent Street, Cambridge.

Yours faithfully,
K. URQUHART,
Cambridge. NIGEL O. WALKER.

"NATURE'S REPAIRS"

SIR,—I enclose another example of "Nature's Repairs." The Avon Vale hounds killed a fox very quickly and, while examining him to see what was wrong, I noticed a small sore, about the size of a pea, on his leg. Out of this place was protruding one strand of rabbit snare wire.

I boiled out the leg, and the enclosed is exactly what I found. The fox was an old one, and in good condition, with the exception of his coat, which was a bit rough. He had lost all his lower incisors, no doubt from biting at the wire.

What must have happened was that the fox put his leg through a rabbit snare. In trying to get free he must have pulled the wire so tight that it cut through skin and flesh and got tight round the bones.



TWO VIEWS OF BONE GROWING OVER SNARE WIRE IN A FOX'S LEG
(See Letter "'Nature's Repairs'")

The bones must have been cut into, probably when the fox was a cub and when they were more or less "soft." The bones then threw out ossification round the wire, and thus the wire became enclosed by bone.

No doubt the fox bit through the wire that protruded.

It would be interesting to know how long bone takes to complete a repair such as this.

Shaw House, Melksham. Yours truly, T. HOLLAND-HIBBERT.

HOLLY BERRIES IN MAY

SIR,—As an evidence of the extraordinary conditions prevailing in this spring, there is in this village a large holly tree full of berries of the brightest red. These berries are not the relics of the winter, but freshly come out—quite recently. Although very backward for the time of year there is a good prospect of an abundant apple crop.

Burgess Hill, Sussex. Yours faithfully, J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

RIMELL & ALLSOP LTD.

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LONDON, W.1

beg to announce that their representatives visit the following towns regularly throughout the season.

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CHELTENHAM - The Plough Hotel

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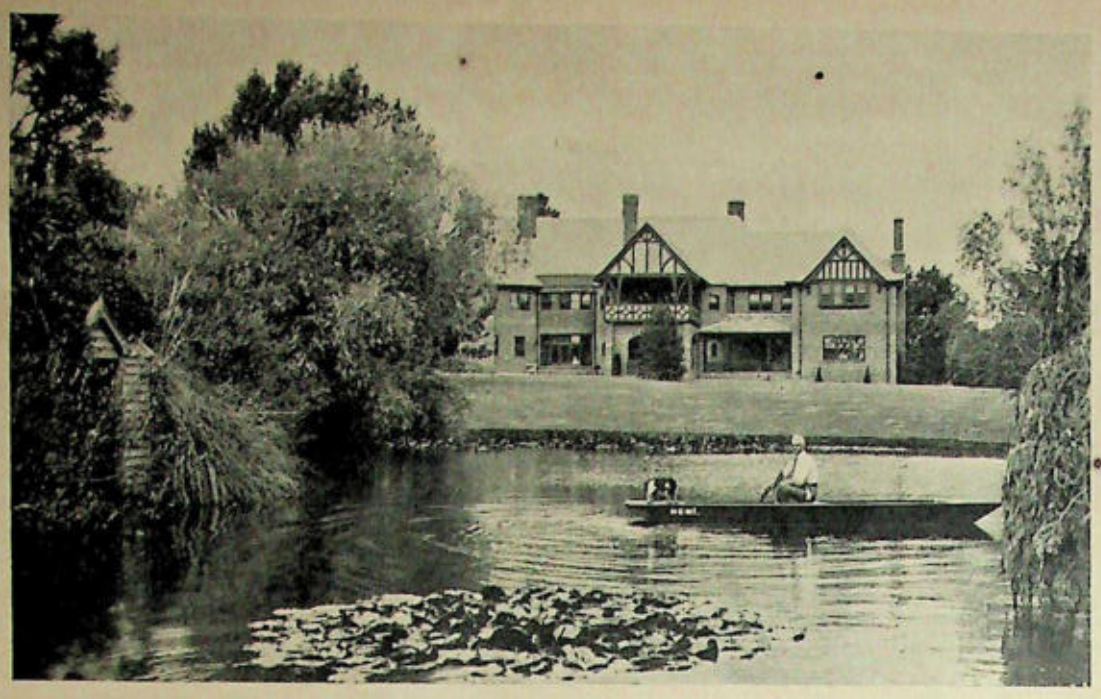
NEWCASTLE-on-Tyne
The Royal Station Hotel

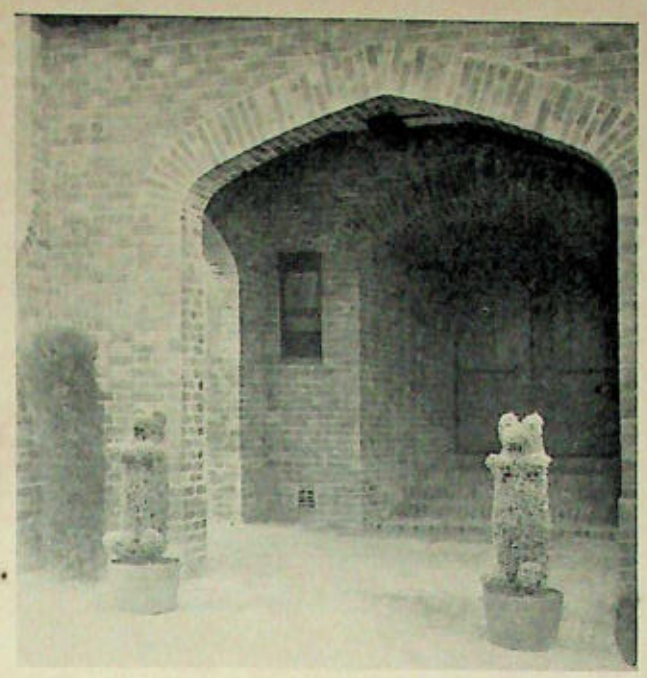
NOTTINGHAM The Black Boy Hotel

Another representative is permanently in attendance at

LEEDS - - - - The Queen's Hotel
(Room No. 113)

Enquiries at any of the above hotels will receive immediate attention.





TWO VIEWS OF AN AUSTRALIAN'S HOME, SHOWING THE HOUSE FROM ACROSS THE LAKE, AND THE PORCH AND FRONT ENTRANCE
(*See Letter "An English Home in Australia"*)

AN ENGLISH HOME IN AUSTRALIA

SIR,—It might interest you to see a picture of my present home which I have just rebuilt in the centre of a very beautiful garden, and I venture to think, knowing a lot of your English homes, that it compares favourably with them. You have already published some pictures of my garden.

Yours faithfully,
E. NORTON GRIMWADE.

Macedon, Victoria, Australia.

A HARLEQUIN DRAKE

SIR,—With reference to your answers to correspondents under heading "Strange Duck on Sussex Pond" in this week's issue of the *Field*, we had a pair of Harlequin ducks (*C. histrionica*) on one of our ponds at Dereham in the autumn of 1930. These birds were reared from eggs imported from Iceland, and at the present moment Capt. B. Howard has examples of these duck in his collection at Greystoke Castle in Cumberland.

The male of the pair we had in the winter of 1930 was not fully pinioned, and during a gale managed to fly over the 7-foot wire netting surrounding the enclosure, but never returned.

We think that most probably the duck seen by your correspondent "L. C. L-S.," in Sussex, was a male of the species you mention, but at the same time we would like if possible to be put in communication with him in case our missing Harlequin drake should have turned up on his water.

East Dereham, Norfolk. Yours faithfully,
McLEAN & WORMALD.

A WOODCOCK'S NEST

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may interest you. On April 15th the headkeeper of Mr. G. Eyre Matcham, of New House, Redlynch, came to fetch me to see a woodcock on her nest that he had found. All the undergrowth of the wood in which the nest was had been cut down and only the oak trees left standing, the underwood being laid in lines between the trees. The nest was at the foot of an oak tree. I only had an ordinary 5 by 4 reflex camera, so I thought I would try to get as near as possible. To do this I had to climb over the heaped brushwood on to the space in front of the nest, which was only about 1½yds. square. However, I managed it and obtained two perfect negatives, taken from a distance of only 3ft. of the bird, and was able to leave without disturbing her. There was no screen or shelter of any kind used in taking this picture. I visited the nest every day, hoping to get a snap of the young. On the evening of the 21st she was still sitting, but on the following morning, when I went to see her, I found she had hatched out and carried off the young ones.

There have been quite a number of woodcock observed in the evenings this spring round about this neighbourhood.

Yours truly,
Fir-Dene, Redlynch, nr. Salisbury. G. BOHUN DE MOWBRAY (Capt.).



NEST OF WOODCOCK AT FOOT OF OAK TREE
(*See Letter "A Woodcock's Nest"*)

A MOORLAND WALL

SIR,—In the *Field* of May 14th a correspondent gives an interesting photograph of a portion of wall with flat stones placed just below the coping. From the appearance of the stone shown in the main portion of the wall, it would seem as if good, flat binding stones were not very abundant locally and that a layer just below the coping stones was all for which this material could be spared.

In more prosperous times dry-stone walling was a highly skilled art and fairly frequently practised, but modern expense has caused it largely, or almost entirely, to fall out of a place on estate or farm.

Many fine examples of "fine-quarter" and "six-quarter" walls may be seen in such counties as Northumberland and Durham, some of them being in as good state to-day as when put up not less than 60 years ago. It used to be stipulated that such walls (five-quarter=3ft. 9in.; six-quarter=4ft. 6in. high) should have two courses of "throughs" inserted so as to go right across the section of the wall, the lower course being about one-third of the height from the ground, and the upper one about two-thirds up. All the "throughs" projected at least 4in. from the wall at each side.

The chief idea in these is strengthening and binding the wall. Besides this main use they are a daily help to shepherds and others in getting over at any point with ease to themselves and safety to the wall.

A further point may be added in the present instance. Besides a solid bed for the coping, the projecting "throughs" act as a means of baulking moorland sheep from jumping on to the top and straying. At the present day brushwood or twigs are frequently placed in the same position for this same purpose.

Your correspondent may, I think, put aside the idea of this being possibly "a mere whim of the builder." Almost invariably special features in agricultural construction have a practical reason underlying their use.

Yours truly,
Fairlands Estate Office, Stevenage, Herts. T. J. YOUNG.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Rawlinson's query, the course of flat stones between wall and coping has a simple explanation; they are so placed in order to distribute the weight of the coping as evenly as possible on the very precarious dry walling beneath. To place a coping on such a crumbling foundation as the walling shows would be asking for trouble.

Yours faithfully,
Glos. G. O'F.

SIR,—Replying to your correspondent's enquiry about the flat stones on the top of the wall below the coping, a great many walls in Derbyshire are built this way to prevent the Gritstone sheep, which are notorious climbers, jumping over.

Yours faithfully,
Macclesfield. JOHN BARLOW.

SIR,—Referring to the enquiry by Mr. Rawlinson in the *Field* of May 14th, the course of flat overhanging stones are so placed to prevent agile mountain sheep from "running up" and over the walls. They are a very effectual bar to such a proceeding.

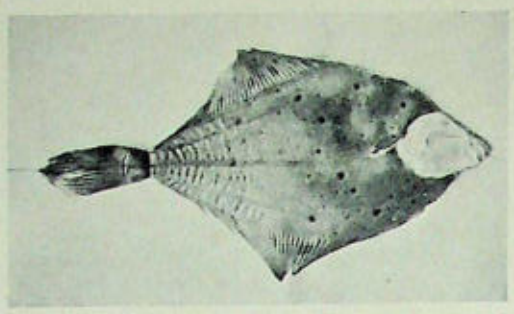
Yours faithfully,
Armaside, Cockermouth. S. D. STANLEY DODGSON.

MR.
C. W. A.
SCOTT
during his
recent
record-breaking flight from
ENGLAND to AUSTRALIA
again relied on
K·L·G
PLUGS
"TOO GOOD TO 'MISS'!"

A VARIEGATED PLAICE

SIR,—In November last a photograph appeared in the *Field* of a rather unusual freak flounder, one of 10in. in length. The whole of the upper side was white, save for a dark speck or two.

On May 5th a fishmonger sent me a 9in. plaice the back of which was wholly normal in colour—greenish brown, and dotted with the usual bright salmon-red spots. The underside of this fish was



CURIOUS MARKING OF UNDERSIDE OF A PLAICE
See Letter "A Variegated Plaice"

not white at all, but also greenish brown and spotted exactly as the upper surface. The "face" of the underside, if I may so call the head, was, however, as white as the paper this note is written upon.

My interest in fishes goes back to nearly 70 years, when mackerel, all but alive, and herrings were landed on the beach, when a crusty beachman threw me a fresh and brilliant mackerel and told me to "take my trot off home." We had no fish wharf in those days, and Scotch fishermen were strangers to Yarmouth port. I have seen a number of fish freaks—double turbots, dark on both sides, and many flounders. Albinisms and semi-albino, have come into my hands, among them brill, dabs smear-dab and sole, as well as malformed individuals.

Yours truly,
A. H. PATTERSON.

VARIATIONS IN SOUTHWOLD HARBOUR

SIR,—I went in and out of Southwold Harbour at the beginning of May in a six-tonner. To enter in the channel, approach from the south-east with a leading wind or under power, keep one-third of the width between the piers from the south pier until opposite the end of the wooden part of the south pier, then turn north-west past and close to the corner formed by the north pier and the quay and keep in close along the quay, coming out to clear the northern jetty.

If there is any swell rolling into the harbour it is advisable to enter or leave between half flood and half ebb. The Cruising Association's flag flies at the sheds north of the quay where the harbour master is to be found. Yours faithfully,

ZORAIDA II.

A SMOKER'S LAMENT

SIR,—With reference to the above subject, might I suggest to "Pipeless" to try a strong tobacco, such as a mixture with black Cavendish in it? I am not a heavy smoker, and always abjure cigarettes, as I never could smoke them, and therefore I sympathise with him. I used to find that all mild tobaccos burnt my tongue. I would suggest also a pipe with a flat mouthpiece and a flat broad hole in stem, and not a round one. I think by smoking a strong tobacco he will smoke less than the allowance he mentions in his letter, and possibly overcome his trouble referred to.

Yours truly,
PIPES.

A "POKING" AIM

SIR,—I was much surprised to read that your correspondent, Mr. Barlow, refers to "poking" as "that quick action." I have been brought up in the belief that "poking" meant, on the contrary, the slow and over-careful following of a bird, which usually results in shooting underneath and behind it.

Personally (I make the suggestion with the deference due to one who is probably older than myself, and who has had more experience than I have) I find that I shoot best if I fire the moment the gun comes to my shoulder. Any conscious aiming on my part is almost certain to result in a miss. It would be interesting to hear the views of other readers on this subject.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. CH. CH.

TROUT TAKING LIZARDS

SIR,—Would any of your readers let me know if in their experience they have come across an instance like the following? During the first week in May, four rainbow trout, weighing from 1¼lb. to 1½lb., have been taken out of the River Colonne, in Normandy, at Mr. Benjamin Guinness's Stud Farm, dead. On being opened, they were all four found to contain a lizard, the body alone measuring 4in. in each instance, and as thick, or slightly thicker, than a man's middle finger. One fish contained two. Both had been the same size; one was fresh, the other chiefly digested, his backbone, etc., showing his original size.

This is the first instance of this sort we have come across here. The trout were in wonderful condition. It would be interesting to know if others have ever had the same experience.

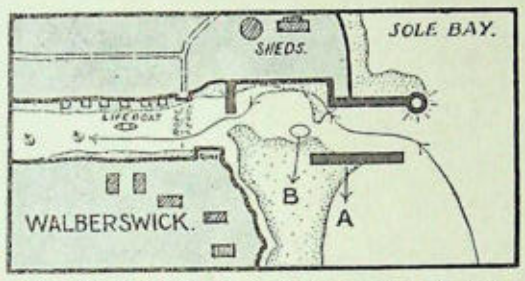
Yours truly,
Haras de Piencourt, CHARLES MCNEILL.
Par Thiberville (Eure).

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Making Britain an Aviators' Country.—Hear, hear! to Mr. E. Kerry for what he says about "Making Britain an Aviators' Country." Flying may be necessary—a necessary evil—but we do not want the whole country mapped out with aerodromes and the sky filled with noisy machines which really are doing no good to anyone. —F. W. BERRY, Aspley Guise, Bletchley.

An Eighteen-year-old Linnet.—With reference to Mr. W. Glynes Bruty's note in the *Field* of April 30th, on a captive greenfinch living ten years, it may interest him to learn that I know of a male common linnet which was purchased when fully adult and kept in a cage for eighteen years. When I last saw it many years ago it appeared, at that age, in vigorous health. How much longer it lived I cannot say.—F. W. FROHAWK, Sutton, Surrey.

A Hoopoe "Stowaway."—It may be of interest that a hoopoe came on board the Somersetshire trooping home from India somewhere in the Red Sea, and was last seen off the Needles on March 21st. It presumably landed either in the New Forest or



AMENDED COURSE INTO SOUTHWOLD HARBOUR, OVER MR. KEBLE CHATTERTON'S PLAN OF ENTRANCE
A—where wood pier becomes store. B—patch of sand which dries up
(See Letter "Variations in Southwold Harbour")

the Isle of Wight, where no doubt some "sportsman" will out with his gun and "bump it off."—P. M. HAMMOND, The Junior United Service Club.

[This may have been the bird reported from Cornwall in our issue of April 9th, page 548.—ED.]

Migration of Swallows.—Do swallows sometimes migrate in pairs? Males arrive first in almost all species, but both last year and this year, the first swallows seen were a pair returning to their breeding quarters of the previous season, as shown by their familiarity with the locality.—W. E. TESCHEMAKER, Teignmouth.

[Swallows certainly often arrive at their nesting-places in pairs—so do turtledoves sometimes, and probably other birds—but whether they travel together all the way or meet after arrival in this country we do not know.—ED.]

A Four-Petalled Primrose.—I recently discovered a common primrose with only *four* petals, instead of five, although in no way mutilated. I should like to know whether this is unusual. I have looked up the point in several books on the subject, but cannot find any information.—HAROLD THOMPSON, 99, Corporation Road, Middlesbrough.

[Primroses with four, six, seven and even eight petals are not unusual.—ED.]

A River Gambe Lion.—Since your correspondent "Mannlicher" is surprised at a lion of 8ft. being an exceptional kill, I would like to give a little explanation as to where it was killed. The lion in question was shot on the River Gambe, near Tabora, in Western Tanganyika. Lions in this district are smaller than those found in most other parts of Africa, partly owing to climatic conditions which stunts their growth. A male of 8ft., therefore, is exceptional along this river.—Major C. I. SPINKS, The Homestead, Hanley Swan, Worcestershire.

Stoats v. Cats.—I read with interest several letters in the *Field* of December 12th on the subject of stoats and cats. The former are unfortunately very plentiful in this country, where, though in the open country they may act as a check on the rabbits, in the bush they have done infinite harm to the native birds. Mr. Cheriton, of the Glade House, at the head of Lake le Anan, has a cat which killed and brought in no less than nine stoats last winter. A pity that our keepers could not evolve a stoat-killing breed of cat!—MILES, Timaru, New Zealand.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

FOR THE GENUINE INVESTOR

THE ORDINARY STOCK of the River Plate Electricity Co., Ltd., is attractive as a long-term investment at the current price of around £150, at which level the yield is exactly 7 per cent. on the basis of the 10½ per cent. dividend paid for the last three years.

The company originally owned electric undertakings at La Plata and Ensenada, but those were sold as from January 1st, 1924, to the C.H.A.D.E. (Compania Hispano-Americana de Electricidad) for £200,000 (paid in cash) and 80 half-yearly cash payments of £16,250 each, and the business is now that of an investment company under the chairmanship of Sir Miles Mattinson, K.C., who is also chairman of the Mercantile Investment and General Trust.

The results since the transaction mentioned above took place have been as follows:

Year.	Net Profit.	Dividend on Ordinary Stock.	Capital Bonus in Ordinary Stock.
1924	£34,730	10 per cent.	—
1925	47,293	11 ,,	10 per cent.
1926	49,249	11½ ,,	—
1927	51,759	11 ,,	16⅔ ,,
1928	53,401	11 ,,	—
1929	55,745	10½ ,,	5 ,,
1930	55,005	10½ ,,	—
1931	52,685	10½ ,,	—

The company has power to re-issue £250,000 5 per cent. debenture stock which has been redeemed, but this right has as yet not been exercised, although secured loans amounting to £33,500 were outstanding as at December 31st last. A reserve fund of £337,000 is held against an issued capital of £625,000 of which £150,000 is in the form of 6 per cent. non-cumulative preference stock. Of a balance-sheet total of £1,052,084 the company values its annuity from C.H.A.D.E. at £412,928 and investments at £623,211. These investments, a full list of which accompanies the report, were stated to have been of a value, as at December 31st last, in excess of the figure at which they stood in the books of the company. This is a remarkable statement to be in a position to publish at such a time, and speaks volumes for the capability of the management and the conservative financial policy which must have been followed in years of prosperity.

UNMERITED DEPRECIATION

The current price of the stock is about the lowest ever reached since the company became an investment trust, since when the price fluctuations of its ordinary stock have been as follows:

Year.	Highest.	Lowest.	Year.	Highest.	Lowest.
1924	£189½	£131	1928	£230	£208
1925	219	179¾	1929	223	211
1926	213½	190	1930	220	207½
1927	209	202	1931	192½	148¼

It will be seen that during the four years 1927 to 1930 inclusive the price only varies between £230 and £202, which is indicative of the solid investment merit of the stock, and in the light of the statement regarding the recent valuation of the company's investments the depreciation in the price of the stock would seem to present a favourable opportunity for making a purchase. The market, however, is small, and a buyer might have to exercise a little patience before the required amount of stock was obtained on his behalf.

The 10½ per cent. dividend was earned last year with a margin of about another 3 per cent., £7,500 was to reserve and the carry forward slightly increased. This surplus of earnings means that the net profit could decline to £44,156 before the maintenance of the 10½ per cent. dividend would call for any reduction in the carry forward, although in actual practice it is unlikely that the directors would be willing to divide up to the hilt the sum available for distribution.

The ordinary stock would seem a particularly suitable holding for those investors who have not the time or inclination to be constantly revising their investment list, and who would prefer to leave the matter to a capable yet conservative board of directors. The rate of income return is most attractive, and the scope for moderate capital appreciation is apparent when the current price of the stock is compared with former levels. The statement regarding the value of the company's investments at the date of the last balance sheet (and an examination of the published list will show that these investments are worth more to-day than they were then) has to be compared with statements made by most other investment trust companies to be fully appreciated. PACTOLUS.

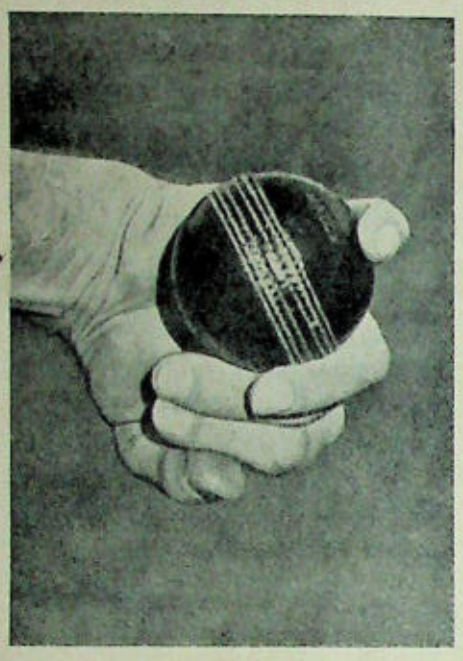
New Books

HOW TO PLAY—AND TEACH—CRICKET

Mr. M. D. Lyon's Plea for the 3-Hour Innings

A BREEZY CRICKETER, Mr. M. D. Lyon is an equally breezy writer, and the little volume on *Cricket* which he has written for the benefit of the young, and even the more experienced, reader is none the worse for being written in a hard-hitting, quick-scoring style. Mr. Lyon has lots of sound advice to offer schoolmasters as to the way small boys should be taught to love, as well as to play, the game; and he is, within reason, all on the side of orthodoxy versus the two-eyed stance fanatics.

It is, however, when he comes to consider first-class, and especially county, cricket that he becomes provocative—and with intention. Once more he puts forward his plea for the limitation of each innings to, say, three or three-and-a-half hours, and he confesses he can see no snags in this suggestion, yet it appears, to the present reviewer at least, that if this method for deciding the County Championship were adopted, one result might



HOW THE BALL LEAVES THE HAND FOR THE GOOGLY
"*Cricket*" (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*)

conceivably be that in a normal summer many capable batsmen would scarcely ever get an innings.

A more serious objection is that the game would tend to develop into a slogging match. On a good wicket, a county side may reasonably expect their innings to last for more than three hours, however good the bowling. It will not matter, therefore, whether two or ten wickets fall during that time—the whole object of each side will be to make as many runs as quickly as possible. Unless a batsman can score quickly, what use will he be to his side? And desirable as Brighter Cricket may be, there are still people left who can appreciate the finer points of batting.

Still, it is not impossible that Mr. Lyon's proposal may one day be seriously considered and adopted. Thirty years ago anyone who suggested a cricket match should be played to a finish would have been thought crazy. But we have lived to see the M.C.C. submitting to what is supposed to be the popular demand for a result at any cost.

Cricket. By M. D. Lyon. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 5/- net.)

A MOTORING DON QUIXOTE

Gay Adventures in an £8 Car

WHEN MR. TERENCE HORSLEY decided that a motor tour round England would be a pleasant way of spending a holiday, he also realised that the average car of to-day is too mechanically perfect to yield either the fun or the adventures for which his spirit craved. Moreover, decent cars, however lowly priced, cannot be bought for a song. And what he wanted, as he explains in *Round England in an Eight Pound Car*, was something which would invest the proposed expedition with the glamour of uncertainty and which would cost no more than a new overcoat.

Happily, he found his sought-for paragon in a dark corner of a garage. He wiped off the dust of years, and patch by patch the prize was revealed. "A piece of the left wing was missing, the clock on the dashboard had stopped, the ammeter was broken, the engine switch had no effect, half-an-inch of yellow liquid bubbled in the petrol gauge, stray ends of wire writhed, snake-like, up the steering column, the steering wheel was chipped, upright like that of a 'bus, and stiff, the brakes were mute, the gears were loud-voiced, almost vulgar."

What more could the most adventurous spirit demand? For £7 10s. Mr. Horsley became the owner of this amazing piece of scrap-iron. He christened her Fanny. And Fanny, grateful to be on the road again, carried him triumphantly, though not without much wheezing and groaning, and an occasional stop to recover her breath, for 1,500 miles of English countryside. It was a fine adventure and glorious fun, and Mr. Horsley has written a jolly account of the tour, if only to persuade others to follow his example. And there are certainly worse ways of spending a holiday.

Round England in an Eight Pound Car. By Terence Horsley. (Nicholson & Watson; 6/- net.)

FLIES IN AMBER

An Ancient Theory Proved Correct

THERE IS NOT MUCH MYSTERY nowadays about amber, and nobody, we suppose, has any difficulty in understanding how it happens that flies and other insects are found embedded in it. As Dr. Williamson explains in his extremely interesting volume *The Book of Amber*, all amber is many thousands of years old, was formed perhaps a million years ago and cannot be manufactured. It is, in short, a fossil resin derived from certain extinct varieties of trees, mainly pines, that flourished in great abundance during a very remote epoch.

As to the insects found in amber, their presence is easy to explain. "On account of its high liquidity," Dr. Williamson points out, "combined with the circumstance that it existed just where the sun called into being a multitude of minute denizens of the air, these streams of resin formed a trap for everything that chanced into their vicinity. The essential oil given off must have killed the creatures instantaneously, so that there was hardly time for their attitude while alive to be altered by death."

WILD THEORIES OF THE ANCIENTS

Among the ancients, all sorts of wild theories were current as to the origin of amber, which is the more extraordinary since both Aristotle and Virgil mention it as formed from the resin of trees. Pliny, in his entertaining *Natural History*, enumerates a number of the most ridiculous theories put forward by various writers, and himself states that it is "produced from a marrow discharged by trees belonging to the pine genus, like gum from the cherry and resin from the ordinary pine. It is a liquid at first and is gradually hardened by heat or cold." This description, adds Dr. Williamson, is so nearly accurate as to astonish all modern investigators.

The Book of Amber. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Illustrated. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 15/- net.)

SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS

What To Do With a Fortune

AS A JOURNALIST, Mr. A. P. Nicholson understands the value of topicality, and the story he has to tell in *The Sweepstake Prize*, readable enough at any time, gains a touch of actuality with the Derby so close at hand. All of us have dreamed what we should do if we won a really big sweepstake, and Mr. Nicholson tells us what two friends who shared the second prize in the Calcutta Sweep—£80,000—actually did.

Not content to invest their money safely, they both tried to turn it into millions. Osbert Lee became a millionaire; his friend, Hugh Durley, was ruined in the Florida land boom. There is a good deal more to the story than that, including the rivalry of the two for a charming heroine, Joy,



A SWARM OF FLIES AND OTHER INSECTS OVERWHELMED BY AMBER RESIN WHEN FLOWING IN LIQUID FORM
"*A Book of Amber*" (*Ernest Benn, Ltd.*)

and a magnificent description of a hurricane which it seems almost impossible to believe is not the result of a personal experience. The novel should prove as successful as the same author's *Who Goes Home?*

The Sweepstake Prize. By A. P. Nicholson (Benn; 7/6 net).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Hand-print Mystery. By Sydney Fowler (S. Fowler Wright). (Jarrolds; 7/6 net.) A first-class detective story told by the master of an ideal style for this class of fiction.

The Crime Conductor. By Philip Macdonald. Published for the Crime Club, Ltd., by W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd.; 7/6 net.

This popular author of detective fiction has excelled himself in this, his latest work. It is a first-class story.

Just Published

SHAITAN
A DOG GONE WILD
By
C. T. STONEHAM
Author of
"Wanderings in Wild Africa," "The Lions Way," etc.

This is the story of a wolfhound puppy who escaped from his master into the African wilderness, where, in company with fierce predatory animals it grew to be the enemy of man.

7/6

HUTCHINSON

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MELTON MOWBRAY—A CAPITAL OF THE HORSE WORLD

Some Impressions of Sportsmen, Hunters and Ponies



W. A. Rouch

THE HON. MRS. G. GREENALL WITH TOURIN

Mrs. Greenall rode Tourin at the Melton Mowbray Show, and afterwards presented the prizes

MELTON, from the days of that graceful writer "Nimrod" to the tax-ridden days of the present, has been termed the "capital of foxhunting." The little Midland town, the scene of so many gay exploits in the "Tom and Jerry" days, with its hunting boxes and long ranges of commodious stabling, will, so long as foxhunting endures, be the headquarters of the sport so beloved of the Master of the Handley Cross. But Melton Mowbray should, to the sportsman and sportswoman, those whose hearts respond to horse-love, mean something more than this.

The time of the "stinkin' vi'lets" may seem dead to many, but surely it is not altogether devoid of interest. Are there not polo matches and horse-shows? And does not Melton Mowbray lie in a "horsey" country, which only requires a certain stimulus to make it the headquarters of polo as, indeed, it is of hunting? Nor was the time ever more opportune than at the present moment, despite economic depression—a phrase which, by the way, I am growing a little weary of. Is there not always to-morrow?

At Melton Mowbray you will find two excellent polo grounds, level with good turf and with ample stabling, not to speak of an excellent exercise, knock-about ground. And in view of the order which the Army Council have been pleased to make, whereby no officer serving with his regiment may play in London polo, the time was never more opportune for the establishment of at least three first-class military tournaments at Melton Mowbray. All that is required is the will to win, the seizing of the chance, and the fostering of interest. And with firm hands, like those of Major H. Whaley and Major R. T. Smith upon the reins of administration, there is no reason why in the near future Melton Mowbray should not reign supreme at the head of provincial polo.

ONE OF THE BEST ONE-DAY SHOWS

Such was the impression which I gathered at the Melton Mowbray Polo Pony Show, where the subject was discussed with animation.

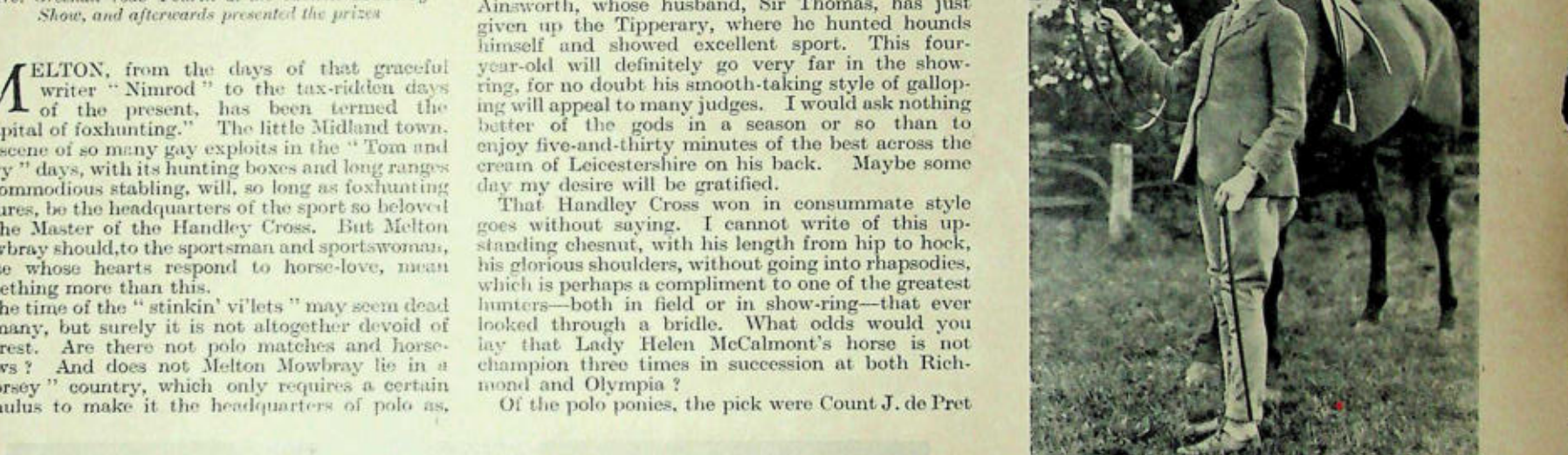
Apart from this topic, which is pregnant with possibilities, there was another impression which struck me forcibly, and that was that the Melton Mowbray Polo Pony Show could, with a little more support and interest, be turned into one of the finest one-day shows in England. You would have to travel many miles on a long summer's day before you found hunters of the true level type and good conformation—the strong hocks and well laid back shoulders—of Handley Cross, Cottage Pie and Sir Francis. This latter strong quartered bay who moves in such taking style, is owned by Lady Ainsworth, whose husband, Sir Thomas, has just given up the Tipperary, where he hunted hounds himself and showed excellent sport. This four-year-old will definitely go very far in the show-ring, for no doubt his smooth-taking style of galloping will appeal to many judges. I would ask nothing better of the gods in a season or so than to enjoy five-and-thirty minutes of the best across the cream of Leicestershire on his back. Maybe some day my desire will be gratified.

That Handley Cross won in consummate style goes without saying. I cannot write of this upstanding chesnut, with his length from hip to hock, his glorious shoulders, without going into rhapsodies, which is perhaps a compliment to one of the greatest hunters—both in field or in show-ring—that ever looked through a bridle. What odds would you lay that Lady Helen McCalmont's horse is not champion three times in succession at both Richmond and Olympia?

Of the polo ponies, the pick were Count J. de Pret Roose's (one of the hardest and boldest men to hounds in all the Shires) Croft Portlight, a handy well-made chesnut; and Lieut.-Col. H. S. Ashton's Dolly, a well-ribbed-up mare, with good shoulders and a rare wear-and-tear look about her. Nor must I forget the excellent show put up by the Hon. Diana Pelham and the fine moving bay Mankato owned by Lieut.-Col. F. D. Alexander, who carried all before them in the ladies' hack class.

It was, too, more than satisfactory to see so many farmers and their sons showing their own horses and ponies, nearly all of which were home-bred. Surely this augurs well for the continuance of both hunting and polo in Leicestershire?

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



W. A. Rouch

ONE OF THE GREATEST HUNTERS OF OUR TIME

Handley Cross, owned by Lady Helen McCalmont, and ridden by Mr. John Young. A good winner this season, he will be to the fore both at Richmond and at the International Horse Show

AT THE SOUTHERN COMMAND HORSE SHOW

Jack Tar Wins in a Level Class

THE SOUTHERN COMMAND HORSE SHOW was held at the end of last week in Tidworth Park, under the patronage of the King and the presidency of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Cecil Romer, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, with the support of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Major-Gen. J. E. B. Seely and Sir Ernest Wills, the Lords-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire, Hampshire and Wiltshire, and the Masters of the Tedworth, Avon Vale, Wylye Valley, and Craven Hunts.

According to custom the first day was occupied with military competitions as the result of which the Assault-at-Arms Championship was won by the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, and the 2nd Cavalry



W. A. Rouch

WINNER OF THE LADIES' HACK CLASS

The Hon. Diana Pelham with Lieut.-Col. F. D. Alexander's Mankato

Brigade Champion Cup by the Royal Scots Greys. There was also an interesting Continental jumping competition, so-called, over a steeply course consisting of a bush fence, 3ft. 9in., with a pole at a height of 4ft. about a foot away on the far side, two gates 4ft. 3in. high and about 24ft. apart, one painted white and the other black, a 4ft. wing gate, Sussex heave gate, snake fence and double oxer bush fence with double rails. This was won by Major J. H. Dudgeon, Scots Greys, on his famous horse Sea Count, with which he won the King's Cup at Olympia.

There were three well-filled classes of nice level local hunters with nothing of supreme quality, which made the task of judging them all the more difficult. Of nineteen heavy-weights Col. Spence-Colby and Mr. Kenneth Stevenson gave the prize, presented by Lord Melchett, M.F.H., to Miss B. Blackwell, of Oxhey Place, Watford, for her useful bay gelding Jack Tar, placing The Gunner, a grey, entered by Mr. Arthur Brake, of Limington, second, and a brown, Moor Jock, belonging to Mr. H. Hindley, the Lancashire breeder, third. As the best of seventeen middle-weights, Vinegar Hill, another brown, shown by Mr. Arthur Palmer, who farms at Bower Hinton, won the cup presented by Sir Samuel Scott, Slam, a bay, shown by Mr. E. G. MacAndrews, of Pallinghurst, Horsham, coming second, and the strangely-named Bacon and Eggs, a bay, shown by Lieut.-Col. A. H. Evans-Gwynne, R.A., third.

PALAFOX.



"EFFECTIVELY PLACED . . . PEONIES ARE SURELY AMONGST THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF ALL PLANTS"

The COUNTRY HOUSE

PEONIES OF BEAUTY

Old and New Varieties and How to Grow Them

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BOTH in the East and in the West the peony is one of the oldest of cultivated flowers. The ancient Chinese loved the peony as we love the rose; to them it was the queen of flowers; the fourth month of the year was called "the moon of the peony," and in their language the flower retains the name given it over a thousand years ago—a name signifying "most beautiful."

Wealthy Chinese flower-lovers have for centuries made a hobby of peony culture and very old specimens are a source of pride to their owners. Some years ago there were peonies in the temple gardens of Peking which were said to be over 200 years old. The flower figures conspicuously also in old Chinese needlework. In Japan also peonies were highly esteemed, and even in the eighth century the Japanese were growing both tree and herbaceous peonies.

In our islands the old red "cottage" peony—*P. officinalis*—has been grown for centuries. The name "peony" occurs in vocabularies as early as the tenth century, and this species was undoubtedly *P. corallina*, at one time thought to be a native of some parts of Britain, notably the islands of Steep Holmes in the Bristol Channel.

According to tradition the plants there originated in those grown by the British historian, Gildas, who took refuge there in the sixth century during the Saxon invasion. Traditions, as Disraeli once said, can neither be made nor destroyed, and one would like to believe that this one is true.

From time immemorial peony seeds have been regarded as a charm against evil, and in the Middle Ages, as we know from Langland's *Piers Plowman*, they were used for flavouring purposes. Pliny, it will be remembered, describes the peony as the most ancient of all plants, and he mentions about twenty diseases it would cure.

"THE ROSE OF SPRING"

Peonies were commonly grown in the gardens of our Elizabethan and Stuart ancestors; Gerard gives eight illustrations of the different varieties, all of which he says were grown in London gardens. Parkinson, in the *Paradisus*, says "we cherish them for the beauty and delight of their goodly flowers as well as for their physical vertues."

For many years the fine old red *P. officinalis* was grown chiefly in cottage gardens; indeed, it is difficult to imagine a real old cottage garden without peonies, but now "the rose of spring" has been restored to its former pride of place in large gardens also.

Even with all the range of gorgeous hybrids now available, the old cottage peonies still hold their own. There is something curiously satisfying about the quiet beauty of these flowers and I suppose most of us would like a collection of all the varieties of *P. officinalis*, particularly the double red, the double bright pink, and the double white. The old double white was not introduced apparently till the sixteenth century, for Gerard in his *Herbal* says it was not grown in England, but "we do expect it from the lowe countries of Flaunders."

An interesting old species seldom seen now is *P. tenuifolia*, which in our grandmothers' time was called the Adonis peony. This peony, with its blood-red flowers and its finely cut fennel-like leaves, grows only 18in. high, but it is an early bloomer and particularly welcome, for red is still a scarce colour in the garden in May. Unlike all other peony species, the foliage of *P. tenuifolia* dies right down.

Peonies were formerly regarded as scentless flowers, but now they are becoming more fragrant each year. Many of Messrs. Kelway's glorious peonies are exceptionally sweetly scented, a spicy, yet rose-like scent, notably the well-known James Kelway (large white), Kelway's Betty (bright cherry), and the rich rosy coloured Bunch of Perfume. Cecilia Kelway is not only very sweetly scented, but the foliage is particularly beautiful in autumn.

Tree peonies were described with enthusiasm on the return of the first embassy sent by the Dutch East India Company to China (1656), but the plants were not introduced till 1789, when Sir Joseph Banks obtained them. Now tree peonies are regarded as amongst the finest of all shrubs, not only for the garden, but also for gentle forcing.

NO EARLY SUN

All peonies rejoice in rich, well-dug, well-trenched soil, and they thrive on cow manure. Planting the crowns too deep is a common mistake; they should not be more than about an inch below the surface, for the peony, after flowering, likes to have its crown thoroughly roasted in the hot summer sun. At the same time, they should be planted so that they do not get the early morning sun; otherwise they will be damaged during the early months by the sun shining on them when they are frozen. All peonies abhor exposure to bitter easterly winds.

Once peonies have been planted it is impossible to be too careful in forking near them. No digging should be allowed, and close round the plants the forking should be literally on the surface only—not more than an inch deep. Peonies are extremely greedy feeders and like being soaked with manure water regularly through the summer (of course pouring it round and not on the crowns). When the flowers are over all seed vessels should be removed.

Unlike many other perennials the peony has, alas! no second season of bloom. But the beauty of the shoots in spring and the gorgeous colouring of the leaves in autumn is a big compensation. And by making careful choice of the May and June flowering varieties the blooming time can be spread over a long period.

Gorgeous borders of peonies are only for the few, but effectively placed, a few peonies are surely amongst the most delightful of all plants in a small garden. They make a wonderful "setting" for the lesser flowers, but in a small garden they need most careful placing.

GARDEN REQUISITES AT CHELSEA

A Wheelbarrow That is Easy to Handle

DURING the past week at Chelsea, Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops had some most interesting exhibits. They were showing their useful "Balkerne" barrow, which, unlike the ordinary barrow, is light and easy to handle. Its storage space is very small; in fact, it is so light (it is made in brown and white willow) that it can be hung up. The smallest size makes a useful weeding basket, and its shape makes even the largest size easy to turn with one hand.

They have solid rubber tyred disc wheels and a stout walking-stick handle. The Workshops have also been showing their well-known pannier trays, waste-flower pails, stick baskets and lawn brooms.

Messrs. Thomas Green (a firm which is nearly a century old) have been showing their motor mowers, which can be bought on the hire-purchase system. The revolving cutting cylinder in these mowers is self-sharpening and reversible. Their *Grass Culture Made Easy* is a useful booklet for those interested in the proper upkeep of lawns.

FOR BINDING LOOSE GRAVEL

Messrs. Monro were showing their small 3 h.p. Rototiller, which is capable of working unploughed land to a depth of fully 10in. owing to the fact that there is no backward drag as in ordinary ploughing.

Colas Products, Ltd., exhibited Colas—pure bitumen in liquid form for the binding of loose gravel drives and paths. This material needs no skill or special apparatus to apply. Their stand at Chelsea was laid out to show part of a garden with Colas paths.

The main item in Messrs. Boulton & Paul's exhibit was the span-roofed greenhouse, a popular



"PEONIA ADRIENNE"—A FINE TREE PEONY



"TO EPSOM BY CARRIAGE AND RANSOM"—FROM A DRAWING MADE FOR THE *FIELD* BY "PHIZ"

This cartoon by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") was published in the first Derby number of the "Field" in 1853; the volume containing it is now being shown at Messrs. Bumpus's Newspaper Exhibition

general plant house which is made in sections and easy to erect. They have also been showing their attractive garden rooms, most of which are revolving.

Rural Industries have been showing their quaint bird tables, wattle hurdles, "inglenooks," gates, folding hammock chairs, stick baskets, "Princess" baskets, etc. The useful "Fixeasy" plant supports were shown by the Anglo Abrasive Works.

The Hughes Bolckow Shipbreaking Co. exhibited their solid garden funiture made from battleship teak from H.M.S. Powerful and H.M.S. Cleopatra. Messrs. Smith, of Haslemere, were showing their quaint wrought-iron wind vanes, of which one of the most pleasing is Mother Goose; also their well-known garden tables, chairs, gates, thatched garden seats, etc.

WEED AND INSECT KILLERS

Messrs. Richard Smiths' Executors, Ltd., who make many materials for use in estate maintenance, made a special exhibit of their "Cold Chon" (bitumen emulsion) for avenues and paths. This material gives a hard surface impervious to frost and flood, and it lasts for years.

Messrs. Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, who for years have specialised in weed killers, were showing their "Weedicide." The dilution of this is 1 to 100 parts of water, and a gallon is sufficient for 300 to 400 square yards. Their "Katakilla" is the well-known insecticide not only against aphis and other sucking insects, but also against caterpillars. Messrs. Wakeley exhibited their celebrated hop manures, lawn preparations, fertilisers, etc.; also hand-made garden ornaments.

Messrs. Fowler's special lines were, as usual, their fruit and vegetable bottling and jam-making appliances. Messrs. MacDonald (the grass specialists) have been exhibiting a planted pool surrounded by beautiful turf and, beyond, beds of various ornamental grasses, also set in perfect turf, the whole garden surrounded with a yew hedge.

ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE.

THE VALUE OF ESTATE TIMBER

Finding Uses for Trees of Small Market Price

CERTAIN TIMBER TREES have little or no market value when it is attempted to sell them, but frequently they can be used on the estate. Spanish chestnut forms an excellent substitute for oak, and although it has not the strength of the latter timber, it is as durable. It can be used on the estate for almost all purposes for which oak is employed. It is very susceptible to "ring" or "cup" shake, curved splits in the wood which may be so bad as to render the timber valueless.

Larch is one of the most useful and most durable of English timbers, and its qualities recommend it for all kinds of estate work. Owing to its tendency to warp, it should not be used for house construction, but Douglas fir (the commercial Oregon pine) and Scots pine may be used in its stead for many things. Well-grown Douglas can be used for joists, roof timbers, internal framing of buildings, partitions, etc., as it is very strong, and is durable when not exposed to the weather.

Scots pine can be used for similar purposes as larch and Douglas when grown in close canopy, otherwise it produces wide annual rings and soft timber. It is less durable, but is comparable to commercial red deal. Corsican pine has a timber similar to that of Austrian pine, but is superior, and may be used in place of Scots pine.

English-grown spruce is usually considered of no value for building purposes. Its timber is soft and light, but it will make partitions and rough boarding where it is not to be exposed, and where strength is not required. It may also be used for inferior floor-boarding and skirtings.

HOW TO USE ELM

English elm is less tough than the wych elm, but the timber of either makes excellent weather-boarding for farmbuildings, and is commonly used for boarding of stall partitions in stable and cowhouse. Of the poplars, the black, grey and black Italian are the most valuable, and can be used for floor-boarding. It is less inflammable than any other timber. Thinnings from poplar plantations, if well creosoted, can be employed for fencing purposes.

Weymouth pine, the yellow pine of commerce, is suitable for doors, shelves, frames and most interior fittings. The timber of silver fir and cypress is not of very much value, but it can be used for the same purposes as spruce. Tree willows are exceedingly tough in their timber, and may be used similarly to poplar.

Acacia is a very durable wood, and is suitable for fence posts. Thuya gigantea, the "red cedar" which is used in America very largely for roof shingles, although of a soft timber, is very durable, and can also be used for fencing and weather-boarding.

A certain prejudice seems to exist in the minds of estate sawyers and carpenters against the utilisation of timbers which are less commonly used in building, and much good wood doubtless ends as firewood when it could be profitably employed in the estate repairs. If a few pence, however, can be saved in this way, then it is worth trying, prejudice or no.

W. J. H. BLAKE.

DRAWINGS BY LEECH AND "PHIZ"

An Interesting Collection of Early Newspapers

SOMEWHERE in almost all old country houses there are to be found, folded away in drawers or stored in boxes in the attic, copies of early newspapers that had been put aside, many years ago, because they recorded some occurrence of particular interest to the occupant of the house. And when from time to time these old papers come to light they have, to our modern eyes, an interest that few can resist.

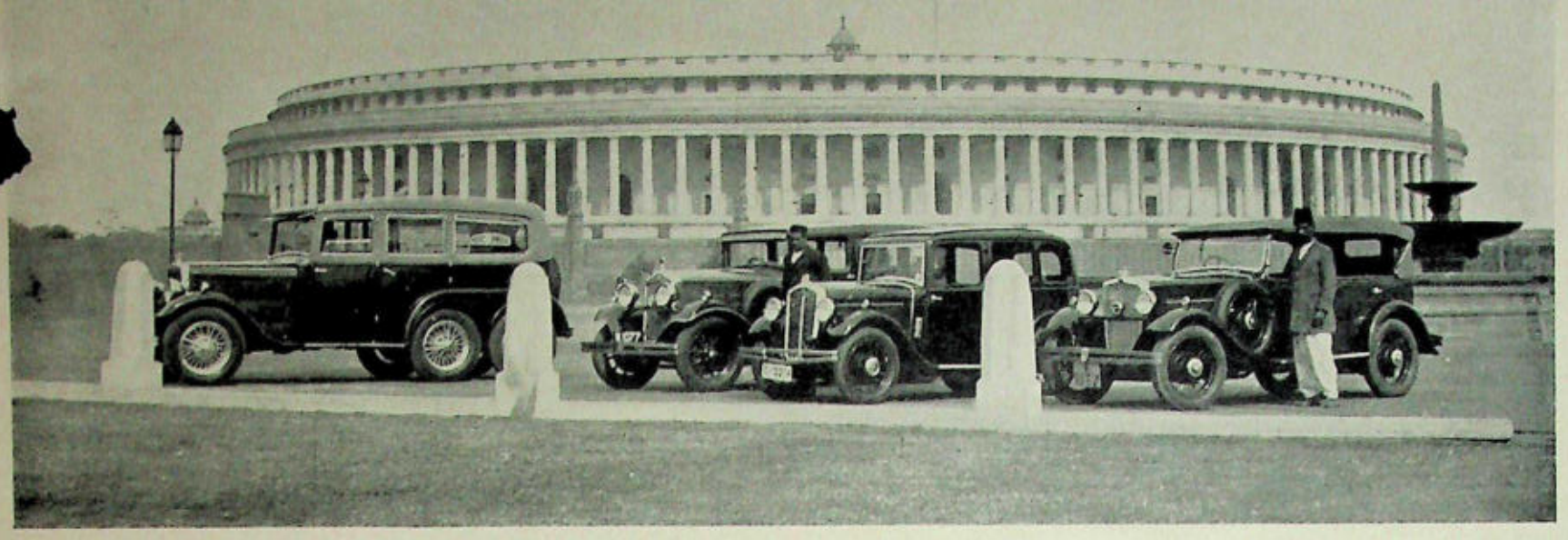
Indeed, the appeal of the yellow paper, faded printer's-ink and quaintly absurd phrasing is now so general that the exhibition of the "English Newspaper through Three Centuries," at present being held at Bumpus's in the Old Court House, Oxford Street, is certain of a wide attendance. Formed in the main from the collection of the Press Club, London, the exhibition comprises a continuous sequence beginning with the Corantos of the reign of James I, and passing through the news pamphlets of the Civil War and the Protectorate to the beginning of the modern newspaper with the publication of the *Daily Courant* in 1702, and the *Daily Advertiser* of 1730, which is regarded as the first modern newspaper.

There are examples of the famous morning, evening and Sunday journals down to the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, with many specimens of the first issues of recent and still existing dailies.

Among the private collectors who have lent exhibits is the Prince of Wales, from whom comes a Coranto of 1620. The first volume of the *Field*, which celebrates its 80th birthday at the end of this year, will also be shown; it contains a large number of drawings by Leech and by H. K. Browne, better known as "Phiz."

Guides for British Holidaymakers.—Outstanding among the guidebooks for holidays in the British Isles during the coming summer, are the L.N.E.R. *Holiday Handbook*, which contains 360 photographs and seven natural colour plates, and *Holidays by L.M.S.*, in which some 500 places are described. Messrs. Burrows have published two typically informative and well-illustrated handbooks, on Stratford-on-Avon and Malvern; and *The Chilterns and the Thames Valley*, by S. E. Winbolt, is a worthy addition to the series of Bell's Pocket Guides. *Summer Holidays at Home*, published by Thomas Cook & Son, Ltd., is a very practical handbook for the whole of the British Isles.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



BRITISH CARS IN INDIA

A Morris Major, two Wolseleys and a Morris Commercial Six-wheeled Saloon outside the Council Chamber (or Legislative Assembly) at New Delhi

HOW MOTOR CARS MIGHT BE IMPROVED

Greater Comfort for Driver and Passengers—Adjustable Pedals and Steering Column—Thief-proof Devices

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

UNTIL A FEW YEARS ago a chassis with an outstanding reputation for reliability would sell, no matter whether it was fitted with good-looking coachwork or not. To-day the position is very different. The degree of excellence attained by motor manufacturers in general is such that reliability, as regards mechanism, is taken for granted, and any firm that wishes to succeed must produce a car that is not only reliable but good to look at.

SEATING ACCOMMODATION

Outward appearance is not, however, the only point motor manufacturers must consider. As time goes on, intending purchasers pay more and more attention to the comfort of a car. Having chosen a model of attractive appearance and proved reliability, then comes the question of seating accommodation and the comfort thereof. The quality of the upholstery is a vastly important matter, yet I have, on many occasions, sat in cars, otherwise excellent, that were distinctly uncomfortable. I have often wondered why this is tolerated.

The cushions may be hard and devoid of buoyancy, or their angles unsuitable to the individual passenger; the back of the seat may be too upright; on the other hand, it may slope too much, not yielding the correct amount of support to one's back. The result is that after a long journey both driver and passengers emerge from the car feeling tired out—an unhappy state of affairs—which could have been obviated had attention been paid to these important details when the body was under construction.

ARM- AND LEG-ROOM

"One man's meat is another man's poison"—this is a proverb which applies with equal force to the needs of the individual motorist, and I consider that every intending purchaser of a new car should—before the final selection is made—pay particular attention to this detail.

It is extremely important that the driver should feel thoroughly comfortable and at home when sitting at the wheel. The sliding-armchair type of seat has done much to help in this respect since the occupant can push the seat farther away from the wheel to suit his length of arm. In my opinion, however, the length of the pedals should also be adjustable, so that these can be fixed in the correct position to suit each driver's particular requirement.

There is yet another feature I should like to recommend, although I realise that if it were universally adopted it might increase the price of cars a little. I refer to the rake of the steering column, which, in my opinion, should be adjustable, as well as its length. If all manufacturers adopted this device every driver would be assured of the maximum amount of comfort when at the wheel.

Some years ago the Itala factory brought out a chassis in which all these ideas were incorporated. The rake and the length of the steering column were adjustable, the latter adjustment being obtained through one-half of the column being telescopic, whilst all the pedals, through adjustment, could be lengthened or shortened at will. I have often wondered why this practice has not been adopted by other manufacturers of high-priced vehicles, as it is these attentions to detail which are so much appreciated by the discriminating purchaser.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN CHESHIRE?

The Priest's House, at Prestbury, now used as a bank, is reputed to be the oldest house in Cheshire. The car is an A.J.S. Saloon

INEFFICIENT JACKS

There are other small details I should like to mention, the first being that I have often bought cars and found that there was no provision made for stowing away the footpump—which was too long to be carried in the tool-box. Presumably, the manufacturer imagined that this useful article should be left at home in the garage!

Then again, even to-day, a car may be sold complete with a jack which is often incapable of raising the back wheels off the ground without the aid of a block of wood. This may only be discovered when it is too late, and there is no such block available. I strongly recommend every motorist, if he has not already done so, to test the jack on his new car and see whether it will or will not raise both front and rear wheels off the ground. This may save him considerable delay on the road later on.

USEFUL ACCESSORIES

To me it seems essential that a car should have ample accommodation for tools, so that one may be prepared for any and every eventuality. Ever since the day I got badly bogged in a field I have carried a set of chains on my car all the year round. Another simple yet useful accessory to include in one's kit is a length of wire rope with a hook spliced at one end and a ring at the other. It may never be needed, but there is always the possibility of sliding into a ditch some day, and when a tow rope is required it is seldom available.

To have ample space in a car for the stowing of such articles as gloves, maps, and even more bulky things as an electric torch is an obsession of mine. It is agreed that many of these can be placed in the cubby-hole in the dash (if there is one), or in the pockets fitted to the doors, but some cars are even devoid of this useful space. This is a point that manufacturers should watch, for it is annoying to be deprived of such essentials.

Now regarding thief-proof devices. One of the best means of preventing your car from being stolen is to lock the change speed gear in the neutral position. Certain cars are fitted with a special lock for this purpose, and I marvel that this system has not been more universally adopted by manufacturers, as it is the best means of preventing a car from being tampered with. True, a thief could have your car towed away, but the chances of this are remote.

THE NEW ATLANTIC TRIUMPH

Miss Earhart's Amazing Fight Against Great Odds

TO THE ANNALS of distinctive flights by women aviators must now be added the name of Miss Amelia Earhart, the 34-year-old wife of Mr. G. P. Putnam, the American publisher, who, by her thrilling west to east Atlantic crossing has, through sheer courage and resourcefulness, successfully accomplished one of the most outstanding flights in history.

Miss Earhart set out last Saturday from Newfoundland—having flown thence from New York on the previous Thursday—and landed in a field near Londonderry, after thirteen-and-a-half hours in the air.

She has thus set up four new air records:

(1) Miss Earhart is the first woman to fly the Atlantic alone.

(2) Her time—13½ hours—is the fastest on record for an Atlantic flight.

(3) The crossing constitutes the longest straight-line flight ever made by a woman.

(4) She is the first person to fly the Atlantic twice.

It will be recalled that in 1928 Miss Earhart crossed the Atlantic accompanied by the late Mr. Wilmer Stultz and Mr. Louis Gordon, and her present achievement has been made five years after Col. Lindberg startled the world by his famous lone crossing.

WHEN TROUBLES STARTED

The first four hours' flying from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, were, from Miss Earhart's account, uneventful enough, but after this she underwent startling experiences which might well have determined the most hardy and experienced pilot to turn back.

Some idea of what Miss Earhart had to contend with can best be obtained from her own words: "My altimeter had failed and I did not know at what height I was flying. All around were dark rain clouds which seemed to get thicker and thicker with each succeeding minute. It was night, there were many hundreds of miles before land could be reached—and I was alone."

The weather gradually grew worse, and blind flying was resorted to. After some time, Miss Earhart climbed her machine to such an altitude that ice formed on the wings of her machine and the engine revolutions counter froze.

The next trouble which assailed her was that one section of the exhaust manifold on the engine began to leak. The flames from the explosions in the cylinder soon burnt away the metal—indeed, a fragment of the manifold became detached and fell into the sea—"then," she said, "I had trouble with my petrol gauge, and petrol was leaking into the cockpit."

After about ten hours of nerve-wracking difficulties, Miss Earhart made Ireland and effected a good landing.

On her arrival at Hanworth early last Sunday evening, in a heavy thunderstorm, she was met by Mr. Andrew Mellon, the United States Ambassador, Mr. L. G. Reynolds (representing Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air), Lieut.-Col. Shelmerdine, Director of Civil Aviation, the Master of Sempill, Aviation Editor of the *Field*, and others.

EMPLOYING THE LIGHT AEROPLANE COMMERCIALLY

Early Pioneers—Air-Taxis v. Air-Liners—Connecting Croydon by Feeder Services

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field.")

THE LIGHT AEROPLANE was designed and developed primarily for sporting purposes, and its chief sphere remains, and must remain, that of sport and pleasure.

But for all that, it has very many practical applications in the realm of commerce, and almost every year sees an increasing use of standard or adapted light aircraft for profitable purposes.

This fact was realised very early by certain far-seeing big business organisations, which purchased machines partly for propaganda purposes (the aeroplane was then uncommon enough to attract attention), and partly to enable their salesmen and supervisors to keep in touch with the many departments of their companies.



MISS AMELIA EARHART INSPECTS HER MACHINE AFTER HER REMARKABLE ATLANTIC FLIGHT—AND IS, INCIDENTALLY, ACCLAIMED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF ADMIRERS

Chief among these early commercial users of the light aeroplane were the oil groups, which have found the machines so satisfactory for these and allied duties that they have since increased their fleets. It may be noted, too, that these same companies have found a wide field of usefulness for light aircraft in the control of oil well operations in undeveloped countries.

In this country, the chief commercial uses of the light aeroplane are for taxi work and private hire services, for which they are being increasingly used.

The economy of modern types, coupled with their roominess and comfort, make them ideal for this purpose, and practically all the companies hiring out machines employ them. Here, indeed, is one of the most valuable and important of the commercial uses of the light aeroplane, and one that merits closer attention.

The advantages of travelling by the air lines have from time to time been discussed in these articles, and some remarkable examples of saving time and money have been given. But, in one sense, the private hire machine goes one better.

The air lines, like railways and steamships, have to run to a time-table along a scheduled route, and, though the times of departure and arrival are now much more conveniently arranged than they were a couple of years ago, they still often do not meet requirements.

Most business men think of air travel when extreme urgency is necessary—it may be late in the evening, or in the early morning. Their one aim in travelling by air is to reach their destination as soon as possible, and cost is a secondary consideration.

It is here that the light aeroplane on charter helps. It is available at any hour. A telephone call to one of the hire services will ensure that a machine is in waiting as soon as the client can reach the aerodrome. And when it comes to the actual flying, the light aeroplane takes the shortest possible route.

It is practically free to choose any route desired, with the exception, of course, that it must observe the regulations relating to "corridors of entry" to foreign countries.

Thus, it is often faster than the air-liner, while the cabin of an up-to-date machine makes it quite possible for the business man to work while in flight.

Nor is the cost excessive. Tariffs vary, of course, according to the type of machine hired, but they range from about 1/- per mile for a two-seater, upwards. Even a comparatively [illegible] journey, therefore, is not unduly expensive; and it must be remembered that hired machines are employed principally in emergencies when cost does not count so much.

These advantages—speed, directness and cheapness—are equally applicable to the privately-owned machine used for business purposes. Here, the saving in cost is likely to be considerable, and may even compare favourably with either air-line travel, or travel by boat and train.

Taxi work is the chief commercial use of the light aeroplane to-day; but there are other spheres in which it is rapidly coming to the fore. At present in this country all our air services are based on Croydon, and there are no regular internal airways.

Although the experiment of running services to and from certain Northern towns was tried, the results were somewhat disappointing and, in consequence, the services were discontinued. It is believed, however, that such services with smaller machines might be profitably run.

The ideal aimed at, then, is to connect Croydon with other towns by feeder services. Machines used on such services will not have to carry large loads; but they must be speedy, reliable and economical. The modern light aeroplane answers these requirements exactly, and is in use, more particularly abroad, for feeder services.

With the growth of the use of air mails, which may certainly be expected as soon as machines specifically designed for mail-carrying are introduced and night flying is started, the need for feeder services will become greater and greater. When this condition arises, it is likely that adaptations of the light aeroplane may be produced intended solely for mail carriage.

VALUE IN TRAINING

Much has been learnt from the operation of light aircraft for sport and touring, and the results of the past five or six years' experience could easily be interpreted in terms of a light mail- or goods-carrier. One interesting adaptation of this kind was, indeed, brought out last year, when a modified Comper Swift was built.

Perhaps, however, the most notable triumph achieved by the light aeroplane outside its sporting uses has been in training. There is not a flying school in this country, or an Air Force in the world, that does not now use light aircraft for some phase of instruction.

The reason is not far to seek. In the old days, the would-be pilot graduated from machines safe and easy to fly, through more difficult ones to full-sized Service types. Each handled differently, and the pupil had virtually to start afresh at each stage. To-day no such difficulties arise. He starts on a standard light type, which, if he is a sporting pilot, is what he will finally fly.

But even if he is a Service pilot, he has nothing to unlearn, for the light aeroplane handles in exactly the same way as its bigger brother; it will do almost anything (including inverted flying) that any other type will do. It is the large aeroplane in miniature, and it has banished all the terrors from learning to fly, besides saving enormous expense and time to all concerned.

UP THE CHANDRA-BHAGA VALLEY

New Ground for the Sportsman and Traveller in India

By LT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY

IN THESE DAYS, when sportsmen and travellers are always looking for new grounds to visit, it is surprising how they neglect some easily accessible tracts which provide wonderful scenery and good sport.

Of such is the valley of the Chandra-Bhaga, which is called the Chenab after leaving the Himalayas, and which gets its first name from its sources, the Chandra and Bhaga streams. Both of these rise in the vicinity of the Bara Lacha Pass, drain the greater part of Lahoul, and join about ten miles west of Kailang, the principal village of the district. At the junction the cliffs on the left bank tower almost sheer 8,000ft. above the river, to culminate in the 20,000ft. triple summits of Ghasa.

About 20 miles below the junction the river enters Chamba State, and flows right through its northern half, passing through gorges of unsurpassed grandeur, to reach the Kishtwar district of Kashmir. A further 60 miles brings it to Kishtwar town, and thence it cuts its way through the outer ranges to the Jammu plains and the Punjab.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING

Throughout its course, and particularly in Kishtwar, the shooting is excellent. There are more pheasants, of more species, than anywhere else in the Himalayas, and in one Kishtwar nullah I shot seven species of big game in a fortnight—brown and black bears, ibex, tahr, goral, serow and musk deer. There are also snow leopard and, that inevitable pest, the panther. The big game thins out the farther you go up-river, but the bharal is added to the roster in the vicinity of its sources.

In Lahoul, where the climate is more severe, the elevation at the Chandra-Bhaga junction being 10,000ft., the hillsides hold forests only on sheltered slopes; but the farther north one goes the trees increase; until, in Kishtwar, both banks are densely clothed with forests, broken with sheer cliffs and patches of grass, which hold a wealth of animal life of unending interest to the naturalist and sportsman.

The climber has entirely neglected this country, although immediately opposite Kishtwar town the cliffs rise steadily from the 4,000ft. level of the river to the glorious Brama Peaks, over 21,000ft. high, set in surroundings of unequalled beauty. Forty miles higher up the valley the Bhutna comes in on the right bank, and gives access to glaciers of considerable size and several peaks of over 21,000ft., most of which are quite unexplored.

FINDING LOST ROUTES

A keen mountaineer might make a circuit through the Bhutna Valley, over the Umasi La at its head into Zanskar, then via the Pense La, Suru, and one of the Nun Kun passes into the Wardwan Valley, which joins the Chandra-Bhaga opposite Kishtwar town. There is much profitable exploration to be done, and one of the lost routes from Zanskar to the Wardwan might be re-discovered.

To the ethnologist there can be few river-systems of greater interest. Lahoul is in contact with the pure Buddhism of Ladakh and Spiti, so is a country of *manipanis* and *chortens*; but the primitive Hinduism of the Kulu Valley has infiltrated from over the Rotang Pass. Kishtwar is Hindu, and marks the halting-place of Mahomedan inroads from the north, so along the course of the river is found every form of transition between the two religions.

The temple at Triloknath, a noted place of pilgrimage in Chamba, houses a footprint of Buddha's, and was built by the man who built the Doongri Temple at Manali, which lies at the head of the Kulu Valley. His carving was so beautiful that, on completion of his work, the Manali rajah cut off the sculptor's right hand, so that he should carve nothing more beautiful for any other chieftain. The artist was evidently devoted to his art, for he learnt to carve with his left hand; then built the Triloknath temple, which was more beautiful than that at Manali. The Triloknath rajah made no mistake about further competition, for he cut off the artist's head.

BUDDHA'S FOOTPRINT

In Kishtwar I once saw the inception of a Hindu cult. Having shot a tahr, I was posing it for a photograph close to a difficult track known as the "old road" from Lidrari to Shasho. In order to get the right focussing distance, I cleared away a lot of dead leaves from a flat rock projecting from the cliff, and uncovered a curiously-shaped depressed mark, like some palæolithic footprint. Having taken the photograph I noticed my Hindu shikari and the tiffin-cooli consulting over this mark in awed whispers, and they finally salaamed to it with a devout "Ram Ram."

Five years later I passed that way again with the same shikari, to find the mark carefully cleaned and anointed with ghee, red paint being liberally distributed on the rock. I asked the shikari the reason of this, and he said that it was probably one of Buddha's footprints, but if not, it might be that of a god. Buddha must have had remarkably big feet; in keeping with his tooth enshrined at Kandy.

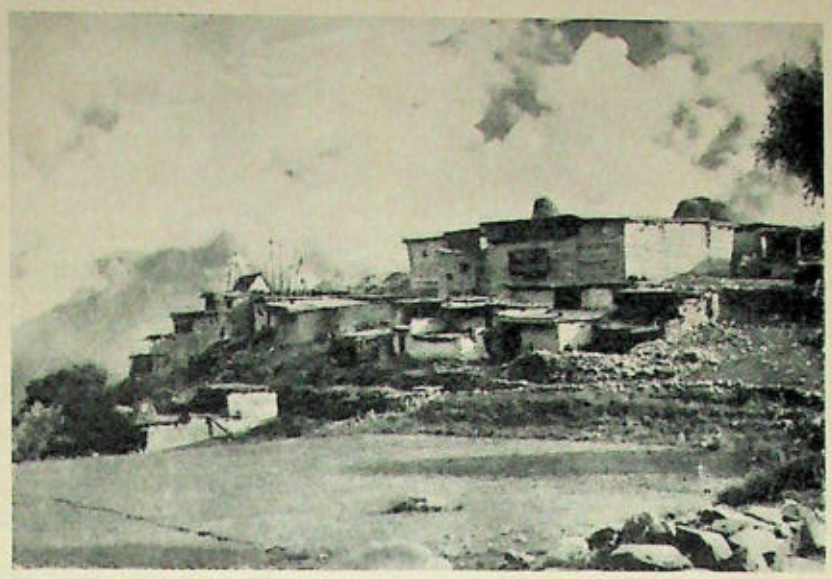
WHEN AND HOW TO GO

The Chandra-Bhaga can be reached by several routes. From Srinagar it is 50 miles by motor, and the same distance on, by any one of three passes, to Kishtwar. Kishtwar can also be reached by marching up the Chandra-Bhaga from Batot on the Jammu—Srinagar motor road. The Chamba portion of the valley is best reached by rail and motor to Dalhousie; thence via Chamba town and the Sach Pass.

Lahoul is still more accessible, for the Kangra Valley railway and the Kulu Valley motor road bring Manali within two days of Lahore, and from there it is five easy marches over the Rotang to Kailang.

The big game hunter should reach Kishtwar in the spring; for the animals follow the melting snow up into the tangle of peaks and glaciers where even the local people do not know their way about. The pheasant shooter should be there in late autumn or winter, and the mountaineer just after the monsoon is over. A trip to Lahoul is best made in August and September, and can be combined with trout fishing in Kulu.

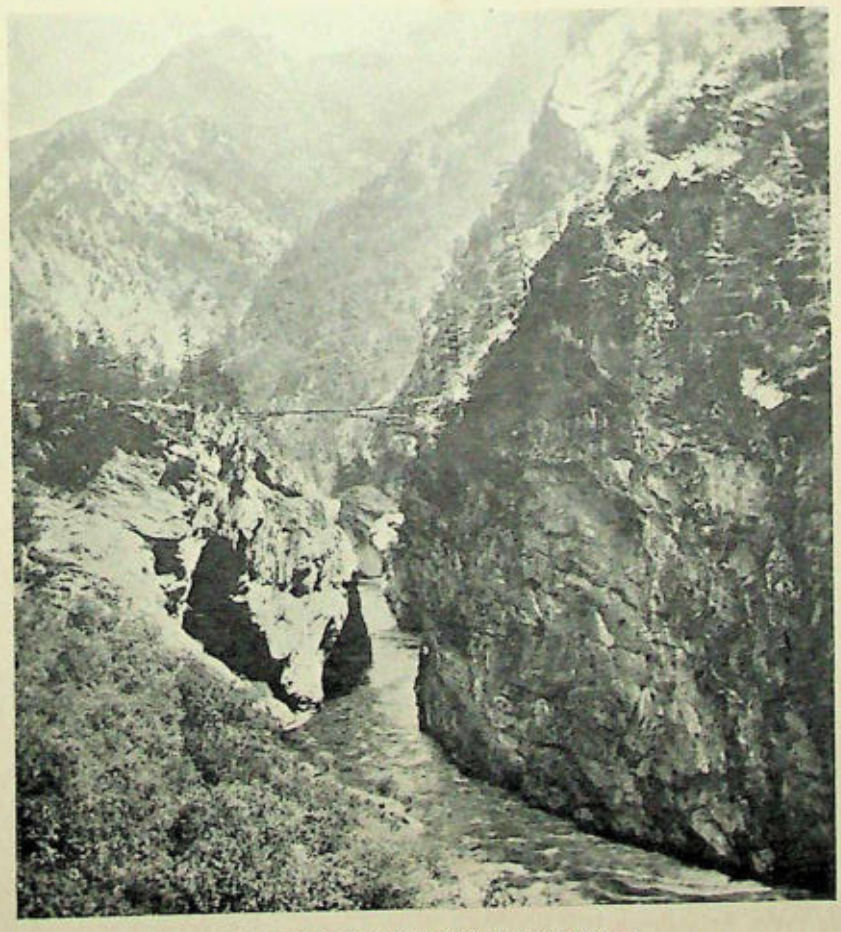
I once followed the river from the Baralacha Pass to Kishtwar in August and September, taking a leisurely three weeks over it, and can only wish any friend of mine as pleasant a journey.



TRILOKNATH VILLAGE, WITH THE TEMPLE ON THE LEFT



LOOKING DOWN THE BHAGA VALLEY FROM KAILANG
A Buddhist Monastery can be seen in the centre of the picture, with Mount Ghasa in the background



THE RUGGED VALLEY OF THE CHENAB

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

A Book for a Novice.—You will find that the volume *Elements of Angling*, by the late H. T. Sheringham (Field Press, 7/6 net), deals simply, but effectively, with the "how" of fishing as a whole—bait, wet fly, dry fly, spinning, etc. This is probably the kind of book you have in mind.—*D. F., Sussex.*

Recent Book on Salmon Fishing.—The new Lonsdale Library volume would be likely to fill your need. It is a general review of salmon fishing with descriptions of the most modern developments—*Salmon Fishing*, by Eric Taverner and others; Seeley Service and Co.; 25/- net. A book nearer the price you mention is *Fishing for Salmon*, by Cyril D. Marson; A. and C. Black; 7/6 net.—*J. R. M. H., Punjab.*

The following books dealing with Angling are recommended: "Elements of Angling," by H. T. Sheringham, 7/6; "Fishing: Its cause and cure," by H. T. Sheringham and E. Studdy, 5/- and 2/6; "Where to Fish," by H. D. Turing, 5/-; "Trout Streams," by W. Carter Platts, 7/6; "Fly Fishing," by J. C. Mottram, 7/6; "Sea Trout," by J. C. Mottram, 6/-; "Practical Letter to Young Sea Fishermen," by John Bickerdyke, 5/-; "A Mixed Bag," by Red Spinner, 3/6. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

Farm

Hen Folds.—Hen folds, such as described in our issue of May 14th, are in use at the farms of Mr. A. J. Hosier, Wexcombe, Marlborough. We believe that Mr. Hosier makes these folds for himself, and would probably be prepared to execute an order for them.—*S. D. L., Glos.*

Manuring Kale.—Even though a liberal dressing of farmyard manure was ploughed into the kale ground in the autumn, an extra dressing of nitrogenous fertiliser now, at the rate of 2cwt. per acre, will secure a heavier crop. Kale is a gross feeder and responds to heavy nitrogenous manuring.—*K. H. L., Hants.*

To Destroy Charlock in Corn.—Good results can be obtained by the use of finely ground kanit for charlock destruction. Calcium cyanamide, another finely ground fertiliser which has a searching effect on broad leaves, is also useful. Neither materials will harm the corn crop, but will rather stimulate growth.—*C. N., Cambs.*

Plague of Flies in Cowshed.—Experiments have been conducted to test in practice the possibility of using coloured lights to keep flies away from cowsheds. Flies dislike red and yellow colours, and it seems practicable to colour the windows yellow, thus making the conditions uncongenial to them, without robbing the shed of too much light.—*H., Co. Down.*

Blue and White Pigs.—This colouring is generally associated with the Large White and Large Black cross, though the Large White and the Saddleback cross will result in pigs similarly marked. We do not know of any tests made to compare accurately the merits of blue and white pigs with other types, but they have a reputation for doing well.—*A. N. L., Devon.*

Open-Air Dairying.—Several articles describing Mr. Hosier's method of dairy farming have been published from time to time in the agricultural Press. A report on the economic aspect of his methods was published recently by the Institute of Agricultural Economics at Oxford, from whom you could obtain a copy. No doubt if you wrote to Mr. Arthur Hosier, Wexcombe, Marlborough, he would be willing to let you have any information you desire.—*P. C., Herts.*

Grass Mower for Orchard.—Your request for information regarding a grass mower suitable for use in an orchard with young trees and to be drawn by a strong pony was passed on to Messrs. Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies, of Ipswich. This firm replies that they have a machine, the "Triple," which is easily drawn by a strong horse. This has a total cutting width of 7ft., and provided the machine could be drawn down the rows without interfering with the branches of the trees, this would be a quick and economical method of keeping the grass cut. If, however, the rows are so narrow that they would not permit a machine of this cutting width to be drawn through, then a single unit of the "Triple" mower, which is equal to a machine with 30in. cuttingwidth, can be drawn through by a strong pony. Much depends, however, on the nature of the ground, the arrangement of the planting of the trees, and whether they are of the bush or standard variety.—*M. R., Emsworth.*

Farm (*Continued*)

Garden

An Uncommon Wood Anemone.—The flower sent by you is a form of the common wood anemone (windflower). It is interesting inasmuch as many variations of the type have been discovered in the Hampshire woods this spring. Out of the number seen so far, yours is decidedly the finest form, and it is worthy of special cultivation. Botanists say it is a "mutation" or sport, not a distinct species, and they are now busy collecting data in reference to these various forms which have made their appearance in English woodlands.—*J. A. V. M., Fareham.*

Young Pine Trees.—The specimens sent reveal the existence in a rather bad form of the "pine aphis" (*Chermes pini*). If you do not eradicate this pest your young trees cannot thrive. Paraffin emulsion, regu[lated] sprayed on the trees until the white wo[ol] disappears, is the best remedy for [the] trouble. You can obtain this ready-[made] from your nurseryman with full instructions as to strength, etc.—*R. G. V. V., Tilford, Surrey.*

Naturalist

Monkey Biting Tail.—Painting the end of the tail with a 1 per cent. solution of picric acid in water once a day may induce it to heal and at the same time, owing to the taste, prevent the subject from biting it, but we fear that amputation of the affected part will prove necessary in the long run.—*A. C. S., Cromer.*

Lice on Tortoise.—The lice may be got rid of by painting the affected areas with olive oil once or twice a week for three weeks, the repeated applications being necessary to catch the young lice as they hatch from the eggs, which are unaffected by the dressing. The tortoise may have picked up the parasites from the grass, but it is more probable that he was infested when purchased.—*W. R. C., Berwickshire.*

Little Owls as Pets.—Little owls are easily reared and make very amusing pets. Raw meat, chopped up, may be given as food, but whenever possible, insects (such as cockroaches and beetles), earthworms, mice and sparrows should be supplied. On no account should these birds be kept in cages; the best enclosure is an aviary, with a sheltered indoor and wire topped and fronted outdoor portion. When thoroughly tamed they may be kept loose about the place, in the house or if one wing is clipped, in the garden.—*E. H. S., Berks.*

Insects Identified.—Both the creatures of which you send such good descriptions are "common objects of the countryside" in spring. The first, which you describe as "a tiny bug-like insect, usually found in fairly dry soil, about ⅛in. long, and only noticeable through being of a vivid and intense scarlet," is what is commonly known as the red or velvety mite (*Trombidium holosericeum*). Mites are not really insects, being closely related to the spiders; and this particular species is the adult form of that nuisance of late summer, the "harvest bug." Your other description, of a fly which "appears about this time of year, sometimes in considerable numbers, but never seems to come indoors," obviously fits the St. Mark's Fly, so called because its usual date of emergence falls round about St. Mark's Day. It is, as you say "black, rather bigger than a house fly, but much slimmer in build. It has rather a weak, wavering flight, and is conspicuous through its habit of hanging its long legs down."—*T. H. P., Yorks.*

Training Otters to Retrieve.—We do not see any reason why otters should not be trained to catch fish in this country as they are by native fishermen in the East. Otters are readily tamed, and we know of individual cases where a pet otter, taken for a streamside walk or by boat, has plunged in repeatedly and returned each time with fish which it has laid at its master's feet. Sir Harry Johnston, in his *British Mammals*, quotes Professor Bell's directions as to how a young otter may be tamed and trained: "They should be procured as young as possible, and they are at first fed with small fish and water. Then bread and milk is to be alternated with the fish, and the proportion of the former gradually increased till they are led to live entirely on bread and milk. They are then taught to

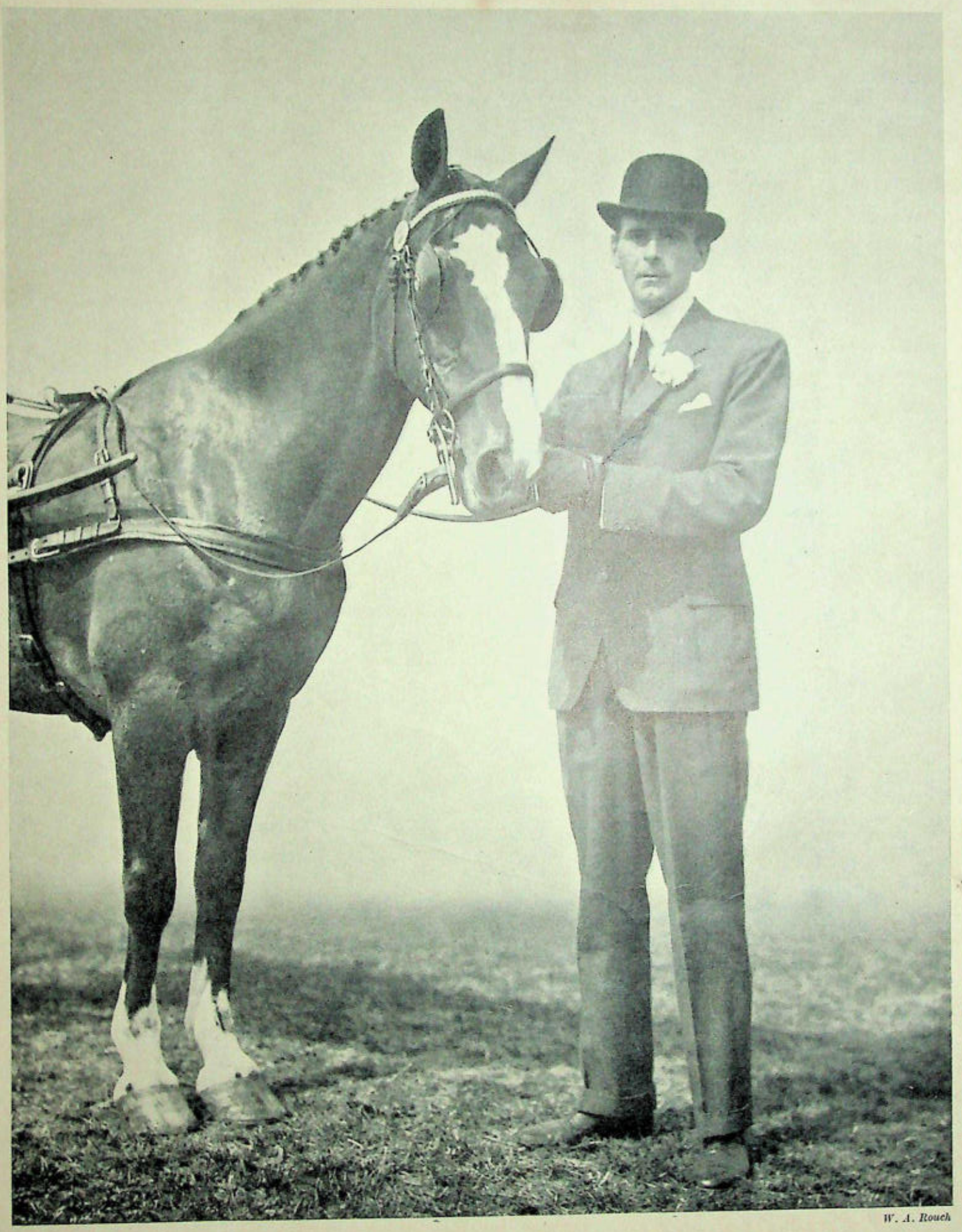
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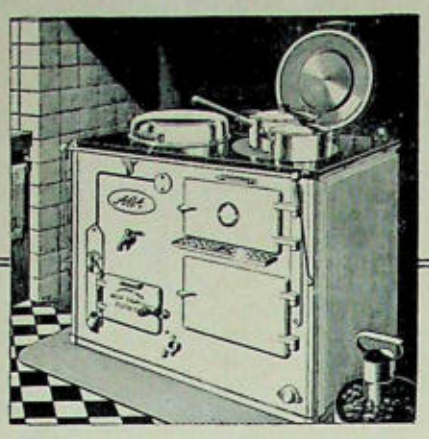
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W. A. Rouch

MR. NIGEL COLMAN, M.P., WITH HIS FAMOUS HACKNEY, AUTHORITY

Mr. Colman is show director of the International Horse Show and also of the Hackney Horse Show held at Guildford this week. An excellent whip, Mr. Colman frequently drives his own horses in the show ring, and will always be remembered as owner of "Authority," one of the veteran champions of the hackney breed



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THE PRINCE TO FARMERS

FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES, farmers, in common with industrialists and merchants will listen to a straight talk on their business methods, and they will accept his advice, which is always well-considered. The Prince has rendered signal service to the nation by his speeches at a time of uncertainty in the business world, and none of them was more opportune than his address to the mass meeting of farmers and farm hands at the Bath and West Show last week.

There is no need to emphasise the difficult circumstances of the agricultural industry at this time. Everyone concerned with the land knows only too well how acute the financial position is after a succession of unprofitable years. Inevitably there is impatience with the seeming delays in safeguarding the home industry more effectively against the competition from overseas which has overwhelmed it, but it will not do for farmers to sit down and wait for Government action. They have to follow the Prince's example and be up and doing all the time. They cannot afford to let the nation forget that agriculture is the greatest of our industries in respect of the number of men it employs, the capital invested in it, and the value of its produce.

It is true that in this country we divorce agriculture too much from other industries, and its prosperity and depression too much from theirs. Though the farmer has fickle Nature to deal with, his business problems are much the same as those which face the head of any big manufacturing concern. In the Prince's view there are two main questions: the first, more efficient production; and the second, effective salesmanship. In reality the two are bound up together, because the man who is producing what the market wants finds his selling problem greatly simplified.

On his home farm at Stoke Climsland, in Cornwall, the Prince is showing how in everyday practice the farmer can cater for the market preferences. The native sheep of this part of the country are large framed and too coarse to suit the fancy of the consumer, who wants small cutlets rather than the solid legs of mutton which his grandfather favoured. To meet present-day requirements Ryeland rams are being used with the Devon ewes at Stoke Climsland, and the cross gives excellent light-weight lamb for the early summer demand. This is but one practical example of what the Prince had in mind when he urged West Country farmers to keep a close watch on the markets so as to produce the variety and quality required by the public.

In any industry the sales department is one of the most important sections of the enterprise. On this point the Prince took the opportunity of reminding his audience that the British farmer now has a very useful piece of sales machinery in the National Mark, which denotes genuine home produce, graded and packed to definite national standards, and covering an increasingly wide range of produce. It is because of attractive presentation rather than quality that the people in the big towns have learned to prefer imported butter and bacon to home produce. In the Prince's words, "we must not be too proud to look round and learn from our competitors. If we are going to make farming an economic proposition we must study our sales organisation very closely."

This is eminently sound advice, and it is a line in which farmers can make a start now. Model marketing schemes may be prepared by the Reorganisation Commissions now sitting in London, but the real responsibility for regaining lost custom will come back on to farmers themselves when the Commissions have presented their reports and disappeared from the stage. The immediate future, while we wait for the words of wisdom from Whitehall, can be employed most profitably by deciding the course of production on our own farms which will best qualify home produce for the first place in the consumer's choice.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

THROUGHOUT the British Empire and wherever English is spoken, his loyal subjects this week will wish His Majesty King George the Fifth many happy returns of his birthday. That wish will be strengthened by the remembrance of the shadow that passed over the King's life in his illness of four years ago, and by the realisation that he is only now enabled to enjoy to the full the best of opportunities that life affords.

Each one of his subjects feels that in the King's life is represented his own outlook on everything that is essentially British. The King joins at all points and in every direction in the activities of his subjects—in sport, in games, in the serious work of politics, in every national aspiration. It is in no mere form of words that his subjects pray for him that he may enjoy the blessings of health, wealth and many more years of happy rule over his people.

HESTON AERODROME

To those imaginative people who delight in seeing fantastic visions of a scientific future, the new buildings and arrangements at Heston Aerodrome will seem the thin edge of the next and long-expected wedge. Heston is organised on correct Wellsian lines. Years ago one heard of air taxis and tours and expected the number of cars on the road to be noticeably diminished and every inn to have its landing ground. It will be a long time before aeroplanes have much effect on road traffic or on the licensing question, but in a year or two the flying crowd at such events as the Boat Race will undoubtedly have to be regulated by police planes. Heston now sets a very high standard for civilian aerodromes, and its design and facilities should substantially increase the popularity of flying.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

We may hope that the petition, unique in its character, which has gone from Oxford to Parliament in regard to Waterloo Bridge will have its effect. Here is one of the greatest of our national monuments which for years has lain wounded by the great river that it spans, while London County Councillors have argued whether it should be pulled down or whether another bridge should take its place. Outside the London County Council all men of learning and of knowledge of art and beauty have agreed that nothing but the direst necessity could justify the destruction of so splendid a piece of architecture. Engineers of the highest standing have urged that reconditioning is easy, and far cheaper than a new bridge. Road authorities have pointed out that to build a new bridge with six instead of four lines of traffic is senseless when the Strand cannot absorb such a mass of vehicles.

Still the London County Council insists on the destruction of the bridge. It is now for Parliament to refuse the money which would enable the Council, against the wishes of Englishmen all over the world, to have their way.

IN RICHMOND PARK

Those who find a pleasure in riding in Richmond Park are expressing great concern at the proposed regulations which suggest closing Richmond Park to horse riders at noon each day. At a recent meeting of those interested in this subject it was stated that riding is now enjoyed by all classes of society, and there are many who can only find time for it after business hours and at week-ends. Richmond Park is the poor man's riding ground, and is now one of the few parks where horse riding can be had. So to close the park to riders at noon would debar a large class—in the evenings and week-ends—from one of the finest forms of exercise.

And if the number of riding horses were to decrease would not there be more unemployment among grooms, saddlers, farriers and others engaged in the vicinity of the park? Horses seemed to have been blamed entirely for damaging the turf, but perhaps this is an injustice. What of footballers and those who park cars? At a meeting held last year the Office of Works stated that if tracks for riders were laid down a portion of the expense would have to be borne out by the riders, and the meeting resolved to ask whether tracks could be laid if a fund were started.

TRESPASS BY PICNIC

Among the difficulties of the landowner caused by the extended use of motor cars one of the minor but most troublesome is the party of picnickers. The owner of a clearing in a wood, or a stone or gravel quarry, or any convenient situation close to a road, is confronted suddenly as he walks about his property with a party of persons who have drawn up their car and are seated on the grass with their luncheon spread round them. What is he to do?

The answer no doubt can be simple. He just orders them off. But to that there can be two reactions. To begin with, it may seem to him a churlish thing on a summer's day to drive off a stretch of grass in the country a few people who only ask an hour or so for a meal. And another possibility is that the luncheon party may claim that, even if they are trespassing, they are doing no damage, and they may refuse to move. Is he then to resort to violence, or to ring up the police?

In any case, the amount of nuisance caused by picnickers throughout the season cannot be questioned. Probably the landowner's best course is to erect notice-boards warning them off. Their trespass in that case becomes deliberate, and only the worst offenders, who need no consideration would disregard the warning.

MR. ALFRED BENZON

News has reached us from Copenhagen that Mr. Alfred Benzon, the well-known authority on yachting, died last week at the age of 77. Mr. Benzon had for many years played an active part as Danish delegate to the International Yacht Racing Union. In 1906, when the first International Conference was held under the chairmanship of Mr. Augustus Manning, Mr. Benzon represented Denmark, and at this Conference, which was to revolutionise the measurement system and design of racing yachts, his colleagues were Sir William Burton and the late Mr. R. E. Froude, F.R.S., who were delegates of the Y.R.A. Mr. Froude it was who originated the phrase "habitability with speed" to describe the type of racing vessel required by yacht owners—a phrase which is freely used to-day by yachtsmen when discussing rating and measurement rules. The Rating Rule of 1906 would never have been arrived at without the help of Mr. Alfred Benzon, for it was he who formulated the famous "d" measurement system now used by both the International Yacht Racing Union

and the North American Yacht Racing Union. So great an enthusiast and an authority as Mr. Benzon will be greatly missed.

MEDICINE FOR GRAYLING

If the great increase in the shoals of grayling which infested South Country streams last year was rightly diagnosed as the indirect effect of high water, it looks as if the present season may turn the epidemic into a plague. One fisherman, at all events, is of that opinion, judging by a recent advertisement in the *Manchester Guardian* offering, in effect, to reduce the superfluity by "swimming a little gilt-tail worm for grayling only" between October and February. The advertiser offers as well to make "a specific pecuniary donation" for the privilege.

Here seems a real chance to prove the skill of the Midland angler against the wiles of chalk-stream fish. The expert at light float fishing, particularly if loose ground baiting were employed, could probably secure some phenomenal baskets in the autumn, and the risk of trout being caught, provided a knowledgeable man is handling the tackle, is not as great as is often supposed. The private owner who does not himself fish after the trout season might well consider such an offer.

ARE BARN OWLS SCARCER?

A census of barn owls is on foot, organised by the R.S.P.B. Their diminishing numbers, the society states, "is giving concern to agriculturists and students of bird life." And rightly so, for the white or barn owl is the most useful of a useful family, and its disappearance from agricultural England would be a tragedy. A haunter of farm-buildings, of stackyards and cowsheds, it is the greatest check upon man's enemy, the rat. On barrows, too, it exercises a moderating influence, which is full compensation for the small toll taken of more useful birds.

If this once abundant bird is becoming scarce and local in its distribution, what is the reason? There are two possible explanations—first, that, like other typically rural birds, the barn owl is being ousted by development; and, secondly, that it suffers in competition with the brown or wood owl, which seems definitely on the increase. Where does one look for the barn owl's nest?—in the dim recesses of belfry or barn or hole in ruinous wall. These are rustic situations, and it may well be that modern England is becoming too cleanly and tidy a place for a bird of such tastes. Like the swallow, the barn owl finds garages a poor substitute for cowsheds.

FLOOD WATER

Not for many years has so much loss and destruction been caused as by the floods brought down by the rains of May. In Derbyshire and Yorkshire and in the valleys of the Ouse and Trent the rivers have overflowed thousands of acres, and damage has been done to agricultural land from which it cannot recover this season. That is the more serious side of the floods; incidentally, the prospects of the shooting season so far as wild pheasants are concerned, have been ruined.

What can have happened to the partridges may remain guesswork. If the third and fourth week in June is taken as about the date when the majority of partridge nests in the Midlands are due to hatch off, the outlook is not hopeful. Hen partridges cannot sit in water. Let us hope that with the new sunlight of June they may go down on dry nests and hatch out strong, if late, broods to make amends for the pheasants.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

During the month just over, the wettest and worst May within living memory, some of us may have found a new meaning in the song in *As You Like It*:

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

That was just it; we went with our friends to the greenwood, and day after day we found our enemy, winter and rough weather. And we ended the month, perhaps, with the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*:

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day."



A NEW SCHEME FOR BRIGHTER CRICKET

Intensifying Competition Without Harming the Game

SO MANY FANTASTIC SCHEMES to quicken public interest in county cricket have been advanced in the last few years that it is a pleasure to encounter one which is not only based on sound reasoning, but does not seek completely to revolutionise the game. This scheme is put forward from Landford, Salisbury, by a reader of the *Field*, who explains its chief points so clearly in his letter to us that we cannot do better than set them down in his own words. He writes:

"It is beyond question that the County Championship under present conditions is not self-supporting; also that in these days the backbone supplied by members' subscriptions is more likely to decrease than to increase. I submit a proposal, sounding more drastic than it really is, which if carried out might secure more consistent support from the public.

"Each county should spend, as now, three days away from home for an out-match; but these three days should be equally divided as to hours of play, and *two* matches—not only one—should be played during them on the opponents' ground; each match to last one-and-a-half days, and to be played under the rules obtaining for one-day matches now, viz., the side leading on the first innings to be declared the winner unless each side completes two innings.

ASSURING A KEEN STRUGGLE

"There would thus be four one-day matches played between each of the opposing counties per season—two out, two at home. Points for the Championship to be scored as found desirable.

"The advantage of this scheme would be that at any time during the three days spectators would be assured of witnessing a keen struggle. The side reputed stronger would make runs quickly and declare; the weaker side, if it had two or three forcing batsmen, might still win, and there would be ample opportunity for defensive cricket, always a sound feature of the game, to play its true part by warding off imminent defeat.

"I have proposed three days for two matches instead of a day each, so that travelling expenses might be kept down. The side that lost the toss on the first day might have choice of innings for the second match. The old and much fairer division of the week into Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday instead of Saturday, Monday, Tuesday could be reverted to, a further saving in hotel expenses. Practically every cricketer would be on view on each of the three days.

"I cannot see that this arrangement would interfere in any way with the true spirit of the game. Instead, I think it would intensify both attack and defence. Of course, no side would be obliged to play the same personnel in both matches, and this would allow amateurs who can spare a day-and-half, but not three days, a greater opportunity.

MODIFICATIONS REQUIRED

"The groundsman would have to prepare two pitches instead of one, but his wicket need only endure a day-and-a-half's wear instead of three days'. Speaking generally, weather and wicket conditions would be more equally distributed to the contending teams.—N."

We are not going to say that we see no objection to this scheme as our correspondent has expressed it; but with certain modifications it seems to us to offer many more advantages than disadvantages—looking at it broadly from the viewpoint both of the county clubs who are struggling for their very existence and of the paying spectator whose support has become more vital than ever to them.

In a normal three-day match the rules at present prescribe for eighteen hours of play, so that if two matches instead of one were played each match would occupy nine hours, the one ending and the other beginning mid-way through the second day. Rain might more easily ruin these shorter matches than the three-day match.

For instance, if no play was possible on the first day the first match would be practically wiped out; and instead of, as at present, seeing a two-day match on the second and third days, spectators would be provided with a match of only a day-and-a-half.

REWARDS FOR ENTERPRISE

The proposal that these shorter matches should be played under one day match rules and decided on one innings unless two innings could be played out does not seem to us quite adequate. Supposing "Ayshire," batting first, score 260 in four hours, and "Beeshire" reply with 245 in three hours.

Two hours remain for play; but "Ayshire" have already won the match and are not likely to risk losing it for the sake of making a sporting second innings declaration and allowing their opponents to bat again. There would be two hours of stalemate batting merely to play out time.

A simple remedy would be to give some incentive to teams to go out for a win on two innings if possible. Thus, two points might be awarded for a win on one innings and three points for a win on two innings. In that case it would be necessary to rule how soon a first innings declaration could be made, or we should certainly be having more "freak" declarations as a means of forcing a win on two innings. The minimum might be fixed at three hours—or one-third of the time available for play, as in three-day matches.

With this modification our correspondent's scheme could hardly fail to lead to more intense competition without necessarily impairing either the spirit or the arts of the game; for, as he points out, defence would still play its part in saving a game as well as attack in forcing a win.

BRINGING BACK THE AMATEURS

A three-day match in which one side is hopelessly outplayed loses in attraction to spectators, and may be over in two days or less. With two matches to be played instead of one, the side beaten in the first match would have the chance of starting level again in the second match, thus re-creating the spectators' interest—and three full days' play would always be practically assured, barring interruptions by rain.

Take the case of this year's Yorkshire *v.* Lancashire match, in which Yorkshire were for once overwhelmed. How much more interesting would have been the meeting between these famous rivals if a second match could have been played.

The prospect of the more frequent appearance of amateurs who cannot often spare the time to take part in a three-day match would no doubt be welcomed by several of the county clubs, and certainly would be welcomed by many spectators. Far too many promising amateurs are now virtually lost to first-class cricket because they can appear in county matches only at rare intervals.

The scheme is, we think, worth a trial, and for this purpose it could easily be applied, in principle, to one or two of the "friendly" or non-Championship matches played during the season.

THE HISTORY OF BROOKS'S CLUB—I.

How Pitt Was Proposed by Fox—Political Rivalry With White's—The Duke of York Fights a Duel

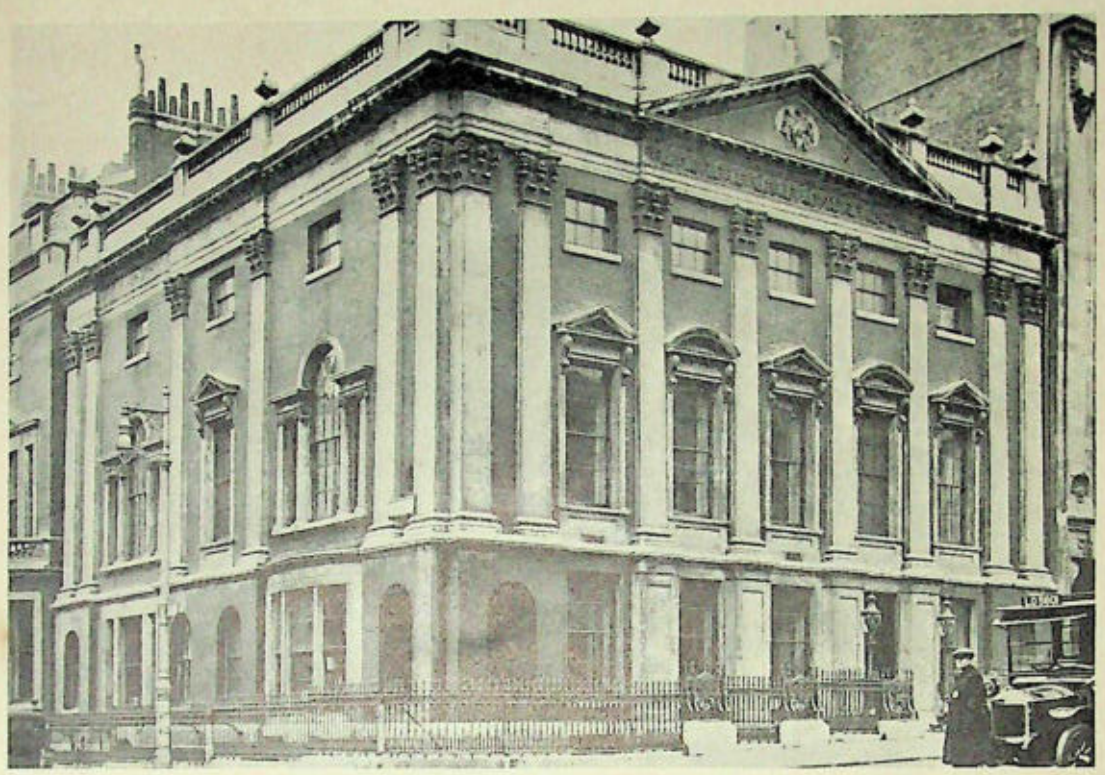
By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

BROOKS'S CLUB was founded in 1764 by a Scotsman named Macall, who took the name of Almack, which was merely an inversion of his real name. He started the club in Pall Mall on the site of where the Marlborough Club stands to-day, and in the following year opened Almack's Assembly Rooms at the back of the club in King Street.

Although we have no definite data to go upon, it is reasonable to suggest that Almack, finding that he had more on his hands than he himself could deal with, handed over the management of his club to Brooks in 1774. All the same, Almack remained the proprietor, and the club was known as "Almack's."

We know this because the name of Almack seems to have lingered on down to 1778, several letters in the Selwyn correspondence being so addressed. It was in that year that Brooks's moved into the premises which the club now occupy.

Almack's was in those days notorious for its high gambling, as is shown by a letter written by the Earl of March to George Selwyn in July 1765, in which he comments on the largeness of the stakes played for.



AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF BROOKS'S CLUB, ST. JAMES'S STREET

FIRST MENTION OF BROOKS'S

The first mention of Brooks's (which I notice in Gillray's *Caricatures* is spelt "Brookes") appears in a letter of A. M. Storer to G. Selwyn of August, 1774.

Although the high gambling in the club was doubtless a big advantage, it cut both ways as far as Brooks himself was concerned. The rule that ready money only should be played for was an inconvenience to members, especially to those who were comfortably ensconced in their chairs at the faro table, and who found themselves with no more wherewithal upon them with which to continue the contest. So in order to obviate this, Mr. Brooks used to be always on hand with the needful.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising to hear that, after some eight years, the poor man,

"Who nursed in Clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid,"

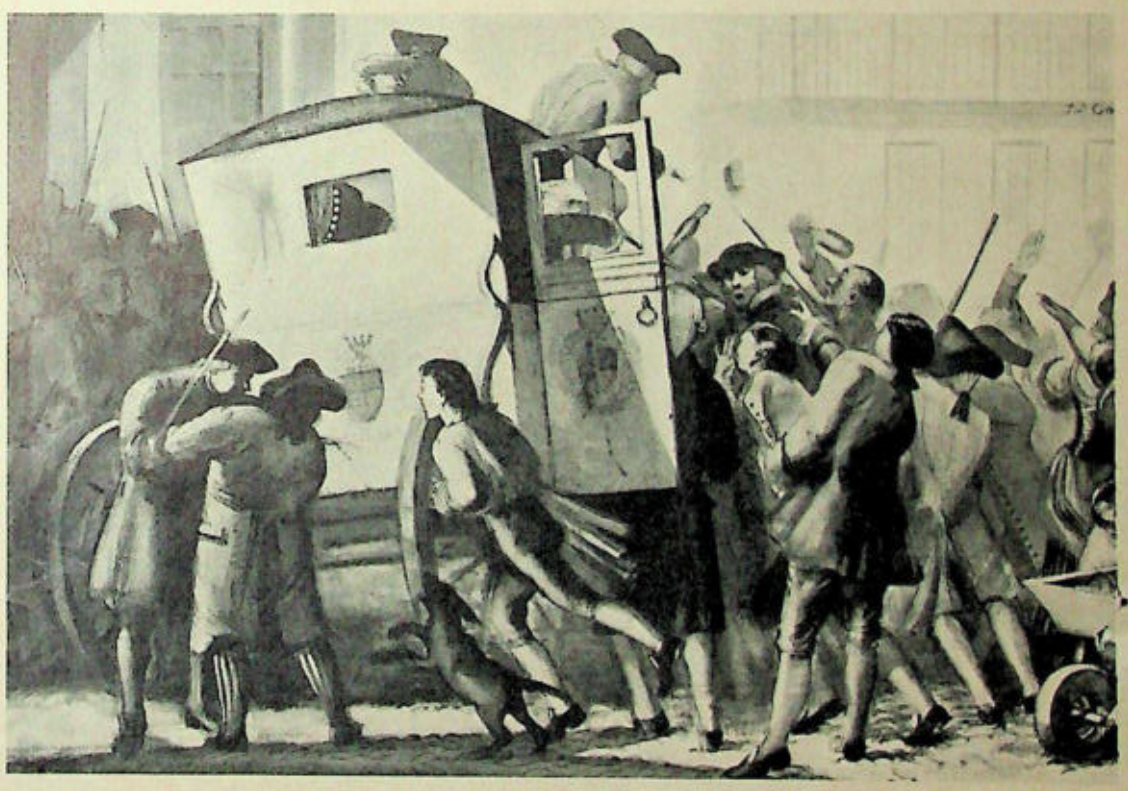
retired from the mastership of the club, and wishing no doubt that he had blushed more frequently, died in poverty in 1782. There is a tradition that, in order to escape the rapacity of his creditors, the body of Brooks was interred in a small vault still existing under the pavement of St. James's Street. But there is no evidence of this in the records of the club, and the legend may have been suggested by the smallness of the vault, which would just contain a coffin.

At the date of his death, Brooks's and White's were more or less non-political clubs, the latter entirely so, but when in 1783 Pitt, a few months before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, was elected a member of White's, a change took place. It should be mentioned that Pitt had been elected as a member of Brooks's at the instigation of Fox, some two years previously, under the following circumstances.

In his maiden speech he supported Burke's Bill to reduce the King's Civil List, and was acclaimed by the Whigs as a powerful ally. Fox took him off forthwith to Brooks's and had him elected on February 28th, 1781. But from the moment that Pitt, having disassociated himself from the Whigs, was elected to White's, Fox surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, with Brooks's Club as his stronghold.

Pitt, as the King's Prime Minister, became identified with the court, and White's and Brooks's were not only the headquarters of the rival factions, but were recognised as such by the outside public. For instance, in February, 1784, just six months after Pitt's election to White's, the following incident occurred.

Pitt, at the age of twenty-four had become Prime Minister in December, 1783, following the fall of the Coalition Government, and in February, 1784, the Corporation of London resolved to pass a vote of thanks, and vote him the Freedom of the City, which was to be presented in a gold box costing 100 guineas. A representative committee called upon him on February 28th, marching in procession to his house in Berkeley Square, where he lived with his brother, Lord Chatham.



"THE PEOPLE . . . FORCED OPEN THE DOORS OF THE COACH AND AIMED SEVERAL BLOWS AT THE PRIME MINISTER"

PITT IS ACCLAIMED BY THE PEOPLE

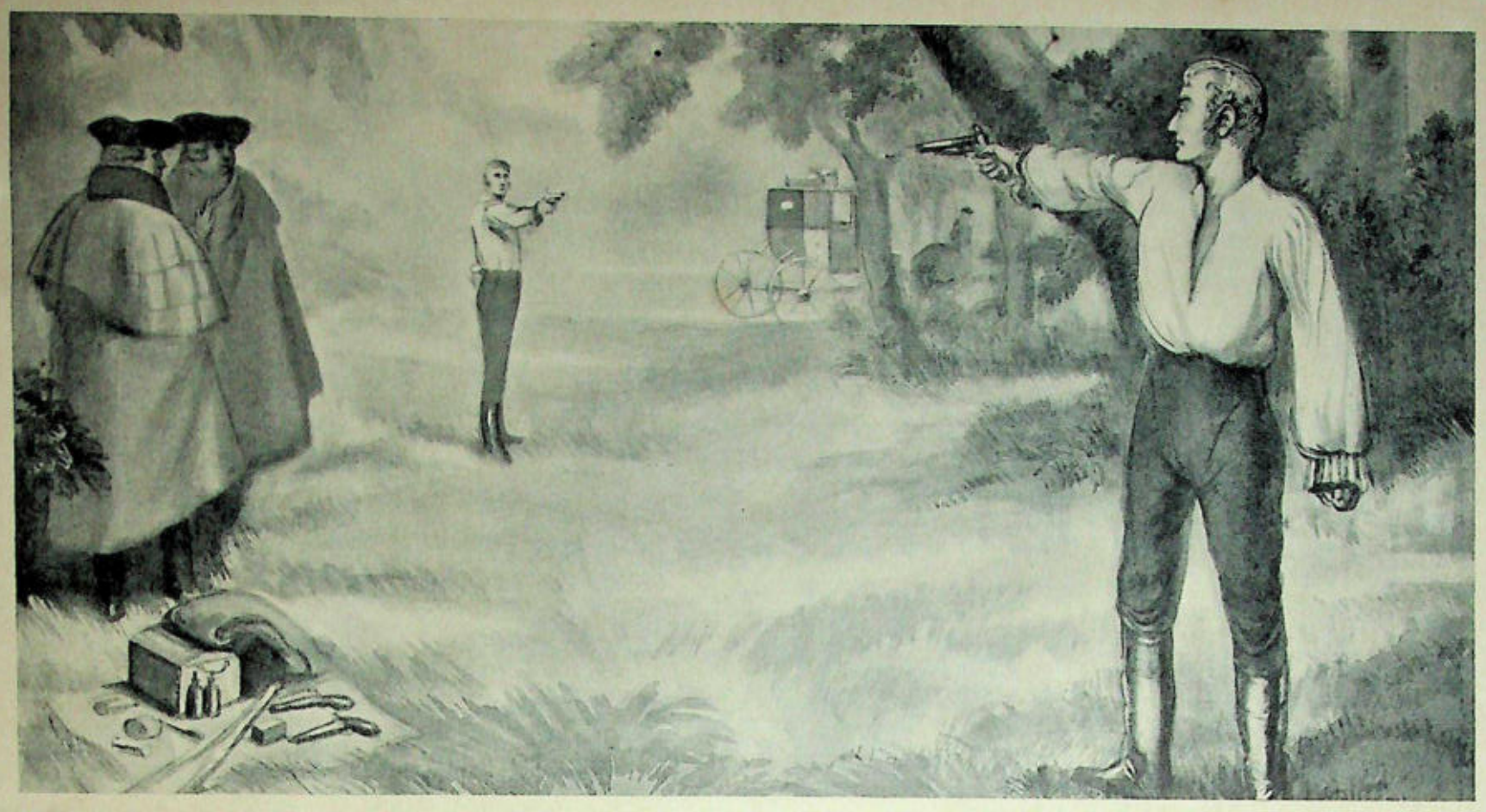
After presenting him with the vote of thanks, and the gold box, the whole party proceeded to the Hall of the Grocers' Company in the Poultry, where the Prime Minister was engaged to dine. Berkeley Square was packed with people from an early hour, and the already great concourse increased in numbers during the progress of the procession through the City. It developed, in fact, into a triumphal march, Pitt being acclaimed on all sides with a vociferous welcome.

After the dinner the same scenes occurred much, of course, to the chagrin of the Opposition, who had always regarded the "Friendship of the People" as their exclusive right. The annoyance caused seems to have been a little too much for them to bear, at least with only passive resistance, for when the coach containing Pitt, Lord Chatham and Lord Mahon was being dragged up St. James's Street, and had reached Brooks's, it was set upon by a violent crowd.

The people, armed with bludgeons and broken chair poles, and (it is rumoured) assisted by some members of the club, forced open the doors of the coach, and aimed several blows at the Prime Minister, which were with difficulty warded off by his brother, Lord Chatham. After a desperate struggle, during which the coach was nearly demolished, and those who were dragging it badly bruised, Pitt managed to gain the shelter of White's Club, which was, of course, almost opposite.

"See the sad sequel of the Grocers' treat,
Behold him darting up St. James's Street,
Pelted and scared by Brooks's hellish sprites,
And vainly fluttering round the door of White's."
(*Rolland*, 1785.)

"Who vainly fluttered round the door of White's" is, I suggest, what is meant. I do not imagine Pitt did much "fluttering" when he got to White's.



"THE DUEL WAS FOUGHT AT WIMBLEDON, LORD MOIRA ACTING AS THE DUKE'S SECOND, AND LORD WINCHELSEA REPRESENTING LENNOX"

The political rivalry between the two clubs was intensified by the entry into public life of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He from the first chose Fox as his adviser, in his opposition to the King, although he did, later on, become a member of White's. There is no doubt that he was kept in leading strings by his strait-laced father too long, and showed his resentment by joining the latter's political enemies.

It was chiefly in Brooks's Club that the numerous schemes evolved by the Whig Party, which had for their object the playing off of the Heir Apparent against the Crown, were hatched. Later on when his father became insane, he would sit in Brooks's, and tolerate, without interference, such a call at cards as "I play the lunatic," instead of "I play the king," thereby showing, to my mind at all events, an entire absence of filial respect.

The Prince would take strangers down to Windsor to listen to the ravings of his father, but just when the Regency seemed within his grasp, the King recovered. White's at once gave a great ball in honour of his return, which neither the Prince nor the Duke of York attended, actually putting up their tickets to public auction. Three weeks later Brooks's retaliated with a grand gala at the Opera House.

TROUBLE BREWING

Although the headquarters of the Prince's faction, there were many old Whig members who had never identified themselves with Fox, Burke and Sheridan, and were as anxious to welcome the recovery of the King as White's, over the way, were. But the Prince's attitude towards the ball at White's gave a Party character to that of Brooks's, and all the ladies of the court refused to attend.

The great Mrs. Siddons appeared as Britannia, and recited an ode which began:

> "Refulgent from its zenithed height,
> the vast orb showers the living light."

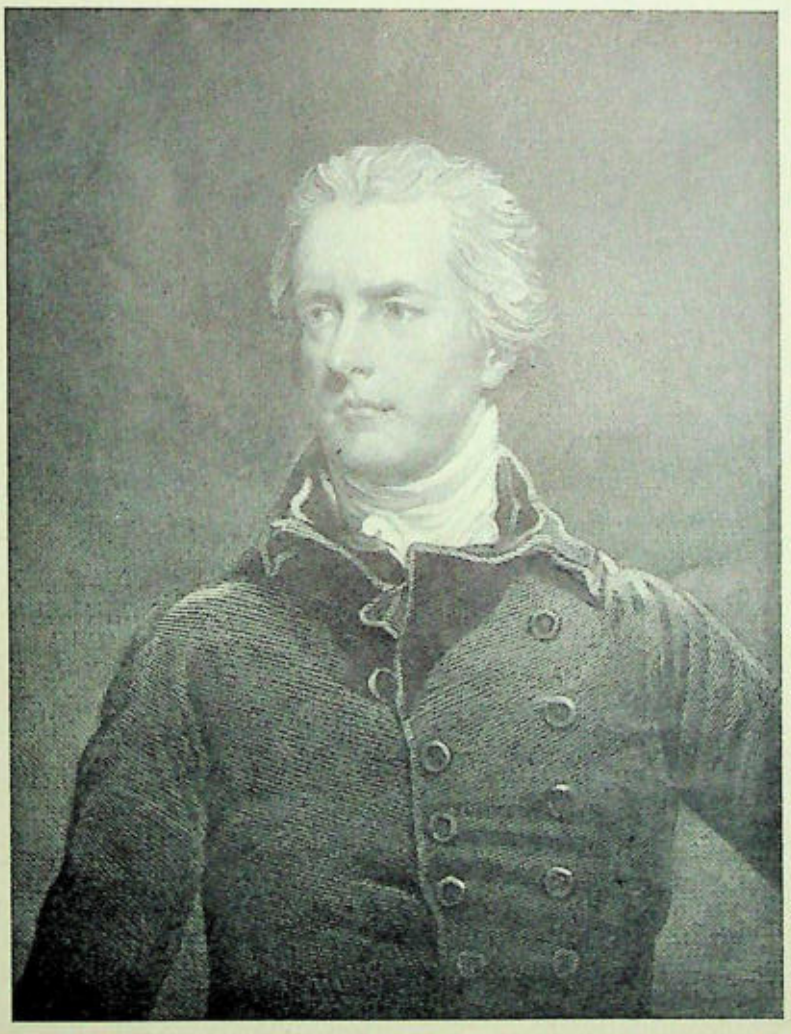
I will spare the reader further quotation.

Feeling ran so high between the rival factions of Brooks's and White's, that the Court adherent Col. Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, fought a duel with the Duke of York, under the following circumstances.

Lennox had been granted a command in the Duke's own regiment, the Coldstream Guards, without reference to the Duke himself. This was an unmilitary procedure, and the Duke pointed this out to Lennox, telling him that though he was pleased to have him in the regiment, the manner of his appointment was detrimental to the Service.

Instead of accepting this as it was meant, Lennox curtly replied that it was the King's wish that he should be in the regiment, and that was enough for him. He then spoke slightingly of the Prince of Wales, and was rebuked by St. Leger. Later on he heard that the Duke had referred to a snubbing he had received, and insisted on being given the name of the person who was supposed to have snubbed him. The Duke refused to give the name, and Lennox challenged him to a duel.

Through all this there can be traced the rivalry of the factions, Lennox, the King's champion at White's *versus* the Prince of Wales and Duke of York at Brooks's. The duel was fought at Wimbledon, Lord Moira acting as the Duke's second, and Lord Winchelsea representing Lennox. Pistols were used at twelve paces. Lennox fired, and the bullet cut off a curl from the Duke's forehead. The latter did not return the fire. There is little doubt that Lennox meant business, as Winchelsea's carriage was provided with all necessaries for a hasty flight.



WILLIAM PITT
From an engraving by J. Thomson after the painting by Hoppner

The customary hours for dinner in those days differed to a marked extent from those in vogue to-day. For instance, at Brooks's, dinner was served at half-past four and the bill was brought in at seven. Supper began at eleven, and ended at half an hour after midnight. The cost of the dinner was eight shillings a head, and of the supper, six, and anyone who had been present during any part of the meal hours paid his share of the wine.

One of the chief features of Brooks's, certainly for the first 40 years of its existence, was the high gambling which prevailed there, as the early rules clearly prove. At cards or at Hazard no one might stake on credit, nor borrow from any of the players or bystanders.

"Every person playing at the new Quinze table shall keep 50 guineas before him"; "Every person playing at the 20-guinea table shall keep not less than 20 guineas before him."

WALPOLE'S LAMENT

It was the inconvenience of these rules, and the subsequent disregard of them which led to Mr. Brooks's penury.

The passion for gambling at this period pervaded society, and was more of a profession than a pastime to the leaders of the London world, and the sums lost and won at Brooks's seem almost incredible.

"The gaming," wrote Horace Walpole in 1770, "is worthy of the decline of our Empire. The young men lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand last Thursday, but recovered it by one great hand at Hazard. He swore a great oath, 'Now if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions!' Mr. Thynne having, according to a note written opposite his name in the club books, 'won only £12,000 during the last two months, retired in disgust, March 21st, 1772; and that he may never return is the ardent wish of members.'"

The Selwyn correspondence teems with references to the gambling at Brooks's, and to the straits to which the losers were reduced.

(To be continued.)

A FRESH START IN BRITISH GOLF

The Promise of the Championships



THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION
J. G. de Forest, who defeated the runner-up, Eric Fiddian, by 3 and 1

OF ALL THE IMPRESSIONS left by the Amateur Championship at Muirfield one stands out above any other. It is that we have at last the makings of a Walker Cup team which will win matches for us. The new team will not have many of the old members.

We need not be ungrateful to or inappreciative of the old Walker Cup teams. When they were led by Roger Wethered and Cyril Tolley at their best they had some great golfers among them. It was their misfortune that they encountered better teams from America, and, if the Americans were not much better then, we can hardly bring ourselves to say that the run of the green was with them. At any rate, they won.

But Muirfield, and before that Sandwich, when the English Close Championship was played there last month, has disclosed to us that we have a number of young golfers, powerful in every sense of the word, who are not going to be beaten by any American grooved swinger, unless he can fasten on to his swing something of the talent of a Bobby Jones or Francis Ouimet.

This hope is framed in no disrespect of American ability, which is great and has taught us a great deal. But the Americans themselves say that they have had a long innings and that it is probably now our turn. It is. We look to our de Forests, Fiddians, McRuvies, Bentleys and Leonard Crawleys to go in and knock off the runs.

It may be iconoclastic to say so, but there are some golfers who would have liked to see a clean sweep of all the members of former Walker Cup teams, and a new eight selected. Such a step would be foolish and impolitic, whether considered from the point of view of winning the match, or in its influence on the development of British golf, or the encouragement of British golfers. Experience and the big match temperament are considerations which cannot be set aside, and a fine golfer's ability is not to be rated by his failure to win through a single eighteen-hole match in the hurly burly of a championship.

WALKER CUP DISAPPOINTMENTS

A golfer's claims to a place in a representative team are measured by the general quality of his golf, and of that the Walker Cup selectors are better judges than any casual critic. At the same time, in deference to such critics, it must be admitted that the results of Muirfield were not indulgent to the selected team. Three of them, J. T. Bookless, J. Burke and J. A. Stout, did not enter, and so, in Hamlet's phrase, "escaped calumny." Of the five who did enter, only one, Eric McRuvie, survived to play in the last sixteen.

In the *Field* before the event a page of portraits of the youthful aspirants for the championship included four who reached the last sixteen, and three, J. de Forest, Eric McRuvie and Eric Fiddian, who reached the last four. This fact is recalled not in self-gratulation on a forecast, which was merely good fortune, but in order to emphasise the youth of the golfers who are now beginning to take their place in the forefront of British golf.

The fourth golfer in the semi-finals was Lionel Munn, a great golfer at the age of 46 if ever there was one. But those who remember him in his best years, when he won the Irish Open Championship regularly before the War, will also recall that spectators were urged to "come and see Lionel Munn drive." He was accounted a long driver then. At Muirfield the youngsters were outdriving him by 50yds.

THE WINNER KEEPS HIS HEAD

Of the final and of the winner and the loser nearly all that has to be said has been repeated many times over. There were, and are, some who believe Fiddian to be the finer player, but de Forest was the better golfer on the day. He played with his head, and so would have won the commendation of Walter Hagen, who says that "golf is a game played behind the ears."

Fiddian, after handicapping himself almost hopelessly by losing six out of the first seven holes, got his man down to one. Then he threw away his chance to square. It was Fiddian who, after that crucial moment at the short thirteenth hole, kept control. It must also be remembered that Fiddian had received his share of luck in the earlier rounds. Peech, whom he beat at the nineteenth, was one up with two to play; McRuvie let him off at the eighteenth. But Fiddian and McRuvie are both sure to win this championship sooner or later.

It is the hope of all of us that the new start in British golf may be given similar demonstration at Prince's, Sandwich, next week. We have among the youngsters some very long hitters whom those lengthy links will suit, though we are painfully aware that length alone will not beat the Americans. From the page of photographs two portraits of those who are famous among the old guard, Abe Mitchell and Arthur Havers, are absent.

Both have shown unmistakable signs in the last week, by record rounds, of being in form. Mitchell has done better with four consecutive rounds to establish a new record. But we note that this fine performance was only two strokes better than that of Easterbrook.

THE STRUGGLE AT SAUNTON

Before Mrs. Glenna Vare brought her team of American ladies to England for the double purpose of playing the first official team match and of assaulting the Ladies' Amateur Championship by mass attack, she declared that it was the strongest ever sent over.

After the match at Wentworth the British defenders began to believe her, and we think it is time that the excuses for their defeat, arising from want of proper preparation and co-ordination before that disastrous match was played, should be forgotten. Or, if not forgotten, they should be pigeon-holed only in the determination not to commit the same mistake again.

It was "up to" the British defenders to show that Saunton could redress the balance of Wentworth. How far they succeeded this week's play in the championship will have shown. In spite of the fact that three out of the first five places in the qualifying competition were occupied by Americans, the results of the first round of the championship proper were very reassuring, with four of the seven American qualifiers put out and all five of the French contingent eliminated. A notable victory was that of Miss Jean Hamilton, who defeated one of America's greatest hopes, Miss Maureen Orcutt, by two and one; while Scotland got in a hefty blow when Miss Doris Park, daughter of the famous Willie Park, and twice runner-up in the Scottish ladies' championship, caused a sensation by beating "Hard Hitting Helen" Hicks by three and two. Mrs. J. B. Watson, four times Scottish lady champion, continued the good work by a six and four victory over Mrs. Harley Higbie, who was one of the American reserves for the Wentworth match.

E. S. G.

See also page 848



AMERICA'S UNFULFILLED HOPE: MISS MAUREEN ORCUTT, WHO HEADED THE QUALIFYING COMPETITION OF THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT SAUNTON, AND WAS DEFEATED BY MISS JEAN HAMILTON IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP PROPER

OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP ASPIRANTS

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGERS



MACDONALD SMITH, THE HOPE OF CARNOUSTIE

Macdonald Smith, who is the most finished product of a family of Carnoustie golfers, adopted America as his second home, and has been more than once a favourite for the British Open Championship. He has finished third in it three times



T. D. ARMOUR, THE HOLDER

Tony Armour began as an Edinburgh amateur and, after a successful career in which he played for Great Britain, turned professional at 30, and was even more successful in America than at home. He has, as a naturalised American, won both the United States and the British Open Championships



EUGENE SARAZEN, THE LATIN-AMERICAN

Beginning golf as a caddie at the age of eight, he competed in his first United States Open Championship at nineteen, and won it at 21. This is his third attempt in Great Britain. He is short but determined, and good with all his clubs

THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE



HENRY COTTON, THE THEORIST

Henry Cotton is one of the younger, if not the youngest, school of English professionals. A Dulwich boy, he adopted golf as a profession and is one of the most thoughtful of players. He won, recently, the Southport Dunlop Tournament and is a great advocate of the American inside-out swing



PERCY ALLISS, THIRD LAST YEAR

Percy Alliss has not found his best form this year, but he is one of the most accomplished of our professionals, and was thought by Walter Hagen to be better than any of the Ryder Cup team who went to America last year. He has lately returned to England after being for some years in Berlin



ARCHIE COMPSTON, THE LONG DRIVER

Archie Compston is a golfer who has completed his own golfing style by hard work, and added to the long driving which once won for him the Field competition, good iron play. He has had more than one chance of winning the Open, and has once lost it in the last round by destructive play at one hole

THE YOUNG GUARD



ERNEST KENYON, IRISH OPEN CHAMPION

Kenyon is a burly Devon man who can hit the ball a very long way and go on doing it. He won the Irish Open Championship from a strong field last year, and should be well suited by the trying length of Prince's, Sandwich



S. EASTERBROOK, A RYDER CUP CHOICE

Easterbrook, who is a fine hitter of the ball, and a very sound driver, was chosen for the Ryder Cup team and is always a dangerous opponent in match play. He has not been fortunate this year, and it remains to be seen if he will do four good rounds



A. H. PADGHAM, OF ASHDOWN FOREST

Padgham, who comes from Ashdown Forest, a nursery of long drivers, consolidated the reputation which he had been building up for some years by winning the P.G.A. Championship last year. He needs only consistent putting to head the first flight

COUNTY CRICKET CLUBS DRIFTING INTO BANKRUPTCY

Penalties Imposed by the Weather

By NEVILLE CARDUS



WHAT WE GET!

A scene typical of county cricket grounds last week-end. We can take heart from the words of Mr. Napier Shaw: "The weather always pays back the days it borrows"

AS I WRITE THESE LINES the fields of England are moist and unpleasant; rain falls everywhere, and only a few hollow footsteps echo along the front of cricket pavilions. Not a ball was bowled in county cricket on Friday and Saturday, May 27th and 28th.

I have just been on a tour, lasting more than a week, from Manchester through the Midlands, to Lord's, then to Cambridge and Leicester, and back to Manchester. And I have been able to watch only two days' play—tragic even in these times, when summer seldom comes to us in the glory of bygone years.

County clubs are drifting into bankruptcy; last season the weather was bad enough, in all conscience, but this May has strained philosophy too far. Perhaps by the time these notes are in print sunshine will at last be blessing our land; frankly, I can scarcely hope for it.

What has happened to summer in England? I can recall cricket seasons of perpetual warmth and bright light. I remember playing as a boy right down to the setting of the sun on scorching afternoons, playing until all our young tongues were hanging out with thirst. And then, when we arrived home in the dusk, we were told to be careful with the drinking water, because it had been cut off owing to the "drought"!

WHY THE CROWD WORE "CADIES"

If you will look at the old photographs in the pavilion at the Oval, you will see views of the ground and the crowds there, during forgotten Test matches. And you will see that in the crowds men are wearing the straw hats of the period, flat cylindrical comicalities which were called "cadies."

Laugh at them, O modern bright young men—but the fact remains that these curious devices were invented to protect the heads of Englishmen from the rigours of summer. Who in his senses would even dream of such an invention at the present time? Where lives the last man who bought a panama to wear at a cricket match in these parts of the world?

And what is the cause of the deterioration of our brief summers, which we pray for and hope for all through the dark interminable months of winter?

I spoke the other day to one of the oldest inhabitants of a country village. He leaned over a fence (the rain had for a moment ceased, and the air was rich with lovely smells). The ancient countryman spoke the following words, dogmatically if quaveringly: "It's this yere wireless, sur. All that noise in the atmosphere—it's not natural. It meks for clouds and all manner of confusion in the sky, sur!"

I pointed out that wireless is established in places like Rome, where the weather still manages to keep fine. "Ah," replied the old man, "But maybe the weather in them parts is not as orkardly inclined as it be yereabouts, sur."

All of which is not, I confess, connected with cricket. But what is a desperate writer on the game to do at the moment; how make any sort of article, unless he talks about the weather?

Curiously enough, it is on wet days that the imagination becomes especially active with lovers of the game, if they are men of solitude, who cannot help but linger about a pavilion, even though all the players have gone home, leaving the field vacant and so quiet that the rain may be heard dripping from the trees.

In the middle of the field, misty and forlorn, stretches the wicket, habited only by busy birds. What might have happened out there had the weather kept fine? O the pages of history ruined in the book of cricket by depressions from the Atlantic!

MIRACULOUS LAST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP

Suppose that on a certain day at Chesterfield years ago the rain had fallen from noon till evening. Would any of us now be credulous enough to regard as a thing possible the stand achieved by J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe—554 for Yorkshire's first wicket? And if rain had washed out play on a certain day a year or two ago at Melbourne, who of us now would be ready to believe in the miraculous last-wicket partnership accomplished by Kippax and Hooker—307; and not one less, made with the outfielder near the pavilion thinking all the time that the *next* ball would surely be the last; we can imagine him turning half round at the bowling of every ball, ready to get home first to the shade and comfort of the dressing room!

Countless prodigies have been prevented at cricket by the spoil-sport weather; prodigies inconceivable, because fact always goes beyond fancy. What would the literary critics say of any author who, in a cricket story, made his hero behave in this fashion? A century in the first Test match of a rubber; then a score of 250 in the next; then a score of 330 in the next; then (to lend an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise convincing narrative) a modest score of about 14; then, to crown all, a score of 230 in the next and final Test of the season and the book.

The critics, we can be sure, would tell our author to put some sort of control upon his imagination. Yet in 1930 Bradman was equal to this incredible sequence of heroic wonders.

If last Saturday had burnt away gloriously with inspiring sunshine, some bowler might have done for the first time a deed which I am certain will happen in first-class cricket sooner or later—ten wickets in ten balls. There is no reason in science, in the logic of cause and effect, why the luck that gets a "hat-trick" should not extend to ten balls and ten wickets. But a feat so glorious as this must, simply must, have a fine day—a hot day, in fact, after a night of rain!

CAMBRIDGE OUT TWICE IN A FEW HOURS

I have at the moment of writing seen no cricket since the match at Fenner's between Cambridge University and Nottinghamshire. The University were bowled out twice in a few hours for 34 and 81, after Nottinghamshire had made 382 for six and declared. The collapse came shockingly soon after two fine victories by Cambridge over Essex and Middlesex.

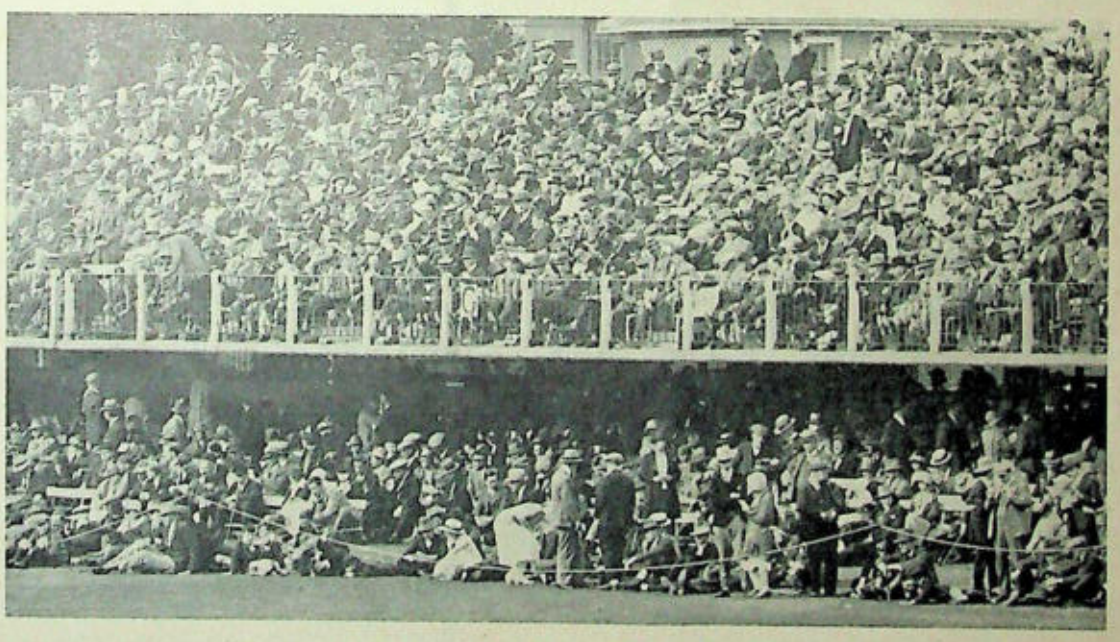
The in-and-out form of his team this year must be causing Hazlerigg a deal of perplexity. But it will be safe for him not to take too seriously the terrible batting against Larwood and Voce. It was one of those curiosities of form which cannot be discussed in terms of technique. None of the Cambridge batsmen stayed in long enough against Nottinghamshire even to demonstrate that he was a bad player. And, of course, Larwood and Voce happen to be, on their day, the two most intimidating bowlers in the country.

If ever the wickets get hard and fast, I shall expect to see plenty of runs scored from ordinary bowling by Hazlerigg, Ratcliffe, Wilcox, Hadingham and Winlaw. I fancy, in fact, that Cambridge this year is essentially a team for hard pitches.

NOTTS LIKELY TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP

At any rate, the bowling of Farnes, Rought-Rought and Pelham is of the fast-medium or medium kind that likes some "bounce" from a hard earth. Hazlerigg ought to try to discover a leg-break bowler in time for the University match at Lord's.

Nottinghamshire seem likely to win the championship this year. On all wickets their attack should do well—there is the pace of Larwood and Voce, and also the off-breaks of Sam Staples. Voce, too, can make some sort of show as a left-handed spin bowler on a "sticky" pitch, though I am sceptical about any cricketer's ability to combine in himself two different styles of attack—especially a difference which extends from fast swingers to a leg-trap to slow spinners from the leg-stump to the off.



WHAT WE WANT!

Lord's filled to overflowing seven years ago. The recent spell of bad weather has, it is estimated, lost the counties £20,000, and last Saturday no play was possible in any county match, while the gate receipts at the Somerset and Worcester match recently were only £15. Unless the weather improves and grounds are once again filled the counties will be in serious financial difficulties at the end of the season

Nottinghamshire's batting, too, looks solid and terribly efficient—good Midland county hardware, a little short of urbanity, no doubt, in the absence of George Gunn.

ROUND THE WICKETS

Championship Pointers

DURING THE DISMAL RAINY DAYS spent behind pavilion windows last week, a group of cricketers were discussing the relative championship chances of some of the leading counties. It was generally agreed that there is less than usual to choose between Lancashire, Yorkshire and Notts this season, but the chances of Notts were particularly favoured because the team is now so well equipped with brilliant all-rounders and coming young players.

Neither Kent nor Gloucestershire were specially fancied because both counties are relying too much on one bowler, but Sussex and Derbyshire were regarded as rather dark horses.

(*Continued on page* 844)



Photo: A. G. Britten

THE SELF-SACRIFICING BRAVERY OF A SMALL BIRD RECORDED BY THE CAMERA
This wonderful photograph shows a hen reed-bunting actually pecking the nose of a rat which had already destroyed two of her eggs

"INFANT WELFARE" AMONG BIRDS

Some Strange Contrasts in Family Life

By T. A. COWARD

ALTHOUGH in early June the young of many of our resident birds have become competitors of their parents, those of the migrants and of the later nesting species are still needing constant parental care. Young brown starlings, with streaky grey underparts, squabble and hiss in the tree-tops as they gorge on destructive larvæ, but many still chase their indifferent parents, stating untruthfully that they are unable to fend for themselves; ravens, crows and rooks are not always merely indifferent, but plainly indicate that they have no further use for juveniles.

But wood, lane and marsh ring with anxiety notes of warblers; willow-wrens pipe pathetically when we are near their domed nests or irresponsible infants in the bushes, white-throats scold as we pass along the lane, and sedge-warblers churr angrily from the withy-bed.

THE CUCKOO'S EVIL CHILDHOOD

With most birds the parental instinct is strong throughout June and in many until well into July. It ceases to function, so far as we can see, with the end of the summer. In many species—the various titmice, for example—it is replaced by or merges into the gregarious or sociable instinct; families join to become communities or flocks, but they cease to be family parties. Throughout the winter the mature herring-gull will feed alongside its grey mottled yearling, but knows it only as another gull, not as the grown-up infant which it fed so carefully.

In infant welfare there are some strange exceptions to the normal methods of parental care. Naturally we think of the behaviour of the cuckoo. Young cuckoos that have gained partial use of their wings, having burst the woven sides of the nests in which they spent their evil childhood, and trampled them flat with their uneasy shufflings, now perch on posts or mounds, or balance precariously on hedge tops, whilst, like the daughters of the horse-leech, they continually cry "Give, give," overworking their too patient foster-parents.

The cuckoos' parental instincts are usually described as degenerate, but for the needs of their offspring they are efficient. The unconscious instinct of all creatures is to reproduce and provide for the welfare of the offspring. The cuckoo does this, but with a natural instinct which may be compared with that of the solitary wasp that stocks a nest for larvæ which it will neither see nor care about.

NURSERY SCHOOLS OF DUCKLINGS

Strikingly different is the nursery school habit of some of the ducks, the handsome shelduck being perhaps the best-known example. One pair of shelducks will look after two or more families, not two broods of its own, but the young of other pairs will join forces with its own. Communal laying is known in shelduck colonies; indeed in one case four eggs were added to a nest clutch on the same day; it is therefore probable that all broods of, say, upward of a dozen or a score are the progeny of more than one parent.

However this may be, I have seen a pair, male and female, not two ducks, followed by over a score of ducklings distinctly of two ages; and a friend of mine counted over 60 with only two mature attendants. Is this intentional relegation of responsibility by birds that are still stirred by the urge to lay, or by broody ducks?

Is it unconscious adoption of young by pairs that have reached the stage when instinct commands care of ducklings? Or is it the start of the sociable instinct in these juveniles, which leads them, like all young things, to seek companionship of those of their own age? Similar joint parties of young, under the charge of adult birds which are not their immediate relations, have been noticed amongst eiders and mergansers.

YOUNG BIRDS WHICH HELP THEIR PARENTS

What may be termed a higher development of domestic child welfare is not infrequently shown by moorhens, which are normally double-brooded. The young of the first brood will, at any rate occasionally, help to tend and feed their younger brethren. It is only fair, however, to state that in one case which came under my notice, the female moorhen resented the kindly offices of her older children and attacked them when they strove to assist.

The assiduous care of the young by parent birds, especially by the mother; the almost self-sacrificing bravery when eggs or infants are threatened, are, apparently, beautiful traits. Herewith is a photograph of a reed-bunting actually pecking the nose of a rat which had already destroyed two of her eggs. My friend who took the picture shot the rat and so saved the remainder of the brood. But whatever the sentimentalist may think about such heroic action the fact remains that all this devotion—we might almost call it moral devotion—is transient.

The bird is, in due sequence, stirred by uncontrollable forces; at one time it must seek a mate, at others pair, build a nest, lay eggs, feed and tend young, and then—what? Cease to care about them, forget all about nest, eggs, young, and in some cases even mate, until once more the spring comes round and sexual impulses are again aroused.

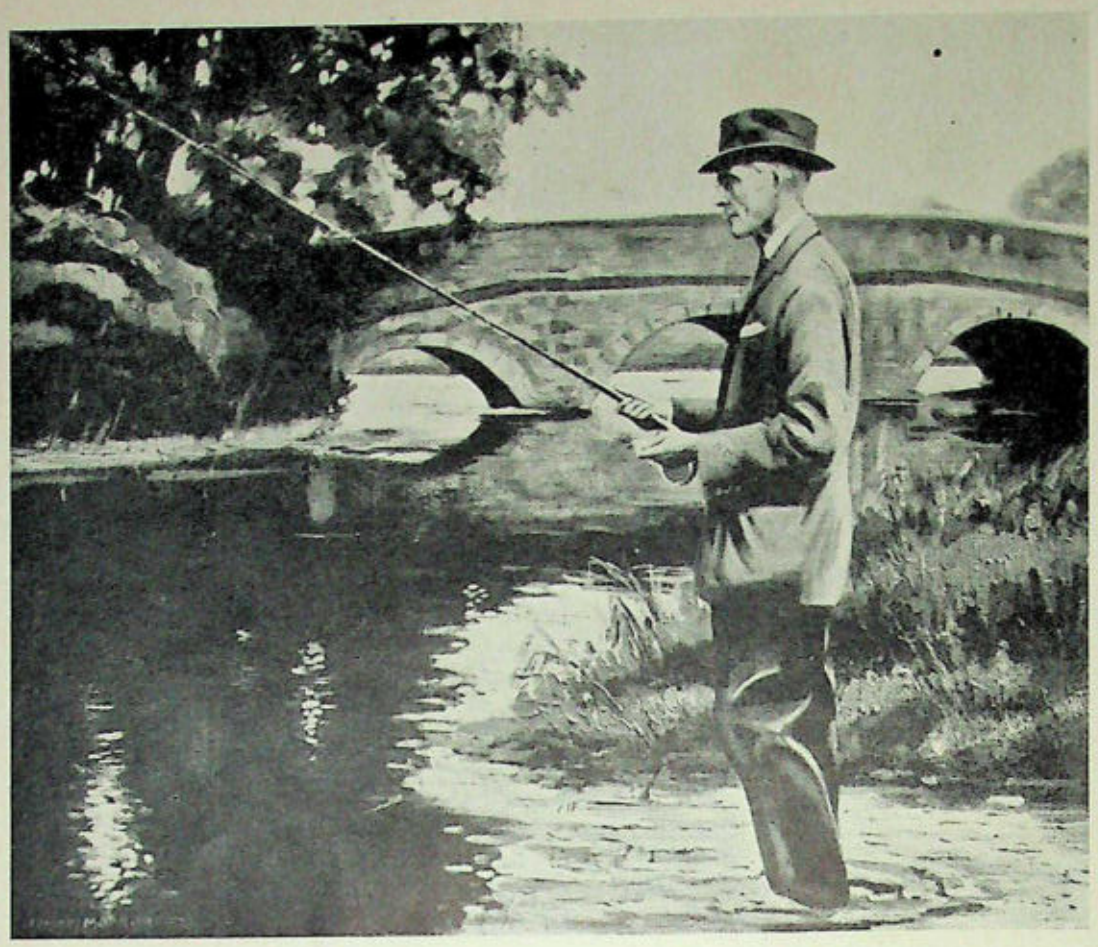
EXIT THE NIGHTINGALE

Jane's Growing Silence Among the Birds

WITHIN A WEEK the nightingale will have ceased to sing—in place of that melody which is the South of England's pride a guttural croaking will be all we may expect from "the prince of songsters." Within three weeks the cuckoo will have ceased to call, and a sound that, in memory, is part and parcel of summer at its best will be absent from the English countryside. So quickly do the seasons pass.

Red-backed shrike and nightjar complete our list of summer birds, and each has fairly obvious reasons for waiting until well into May before putting in an appearance. The former is, perhaps, better known as "butcher bird," from its habit of impaling its victims upon thorns. These victims may be fledgling birds or even full-grown linnets or other species small enough to overpower, but the bird's chief diet consists of bees, and for an abundance of these it must wait until spring is fairly settled in the saddle. From the few records received it would appear that these shrikes have been even later than usual this year. Mr. J. E. Austin, for instance, noted it first at Wadhurst, Sussex, on May 24th, and the first record to hand for Surrey—May 21st, at Chobham Common (Mr. W. Kay Robinson)—is not much earlier.

The nightjar, which feeds at dusk and sometimes through the night, upon cockchafers and other beetles and upon moths, was a little earlier. On May 6th, Mr. Chas. Gibbs put one up at Cuckfield, Sussex; and on the evening of May 14th, Mr. E. Fraser Stanford heard it churring at Bisley. Mr. P. Hogg reports it from the Wytham estate, in Berkshire, on May 21st.



MR. ARTHUR N. GILBEY FISHING THE TEST
From a painting by Major H. E. Morritt in the possession of the Houghton Club

THE HOUGHTON CLUB

Some New Chronicles of England's Most Famous Trout-Fishing Club which Celebrates its 110th Anniversary this Year

IT IS NOW TEN YEARS since the Houghton Club celebrated its centenary and, incidentally, published its Chronicles, which were compiled by Sir Herbert Maxwell, and brought the printed history of this most famous of English fly-fishing clubs up to 1907. Mr. R. P. Page, C.B.E., has now taken up the tale, and the club has produced a supplementary volume which brings the record up to 1930.

They make fascinating reading these extracts from the day-to-day diary of this old club. There is about them something akin to the incidents in the private lives of men which have made their mark in history, a peep, as it were, into the trifling happenings which do not appear in their public record, but which have had their share in creating the greatness which all men can see. To the ordinary angler there is an austere secrecy about the doings of the Houghton Club members which places them almost in a class apart. The reports of their fishing which appear week by week in the *Field* read like official bulletins—the time of the hatch is recorded, the flies which composed it listed, the capture of fish which would make a red-letter day for most of us are entered with phlegmatic brevity. About the captors and their methods there is a god-like silence. Somehow one cannot imagine a club member's fly being caught up in the grass behind, or his waders leaking, or visualise him suffering from the annoyances which afflict the rest of us; it would be out of keeping with the picture.

FIVE BRACE—25lb. 2oz.

In the Chronicles the veil is lifted for a moment. One opens the book at random—"9th May. Mr. Gilbey killed ten trout weighing 25lb. 2oz." Five brace averaging over 2½lb. apiece! "25th May. Mr. Thomas hooked a salmon above the Bossington hatches, but the fish broke him and escaped." That was more than a mere fishing disaster, for the fish remained in the water, and the Houghton is possibly the only club in the world where salmon are vermin. "New chairs have been purchased for the huts, as the old ones which have been there for over thirty years have worn out and become untrustworthy"—a disaster averted! There is a human touch about that entry, though perhaps it increases one's respect for the members. Thirty years is no bad life for a fishing-hut chair, and it looks as if periods of rest were few and far between.

But apart from the intrinsic interest of such entries, the great value of these records lies in the bird's-eye view of many years' fishing which they present and the deductions it is possible to draw from them. Take the variation in fly hatches for example. For many years there was, for all practical purposes, no Mayfly hatch on the Test, but in 1919 the fly appeared again on the lower lengths of the water. It increased in strength year by year, working steadily upstream, till in 1924 it had re-established itself in as great numbers as formerly.

Mr. Page is inclined to discount the theory that the drake has an upstream flight to compensate for the tendency of the current to wash the eggs downstream, but this re-establishment of the fly by a gradual upstream appearance seems strongly in favour of it.

WILL THE GRANNOM RETURN?

Attempts to re-establish the Grannom, which has also disappeared from the club's water, have proved fruitless, possibly due to summer weed cutting, when the larvæ are lost to the water by being carried away on the floating weed. An even more serious loss is threatened in the diminution of the blue-winged olive. This seems to be due to a very curious cause—flies have been seen depositing their eggs on the tarred roads, the smooth surface of which, when wet, they seem to mistake for the river.

The floating boards, invented by Mr. J. W. Lunn, of which a description appeared in our columns two or three years ago, are proving a great success in the preservation of fly life. Many varieties of spinner lay their eggs on the underside of these moored and floating boards, and are thus protected from attack by caddis which devour large quantities of the larvæ of other flies wherever they can reach them by climbing.

HOW THE FISHING IS MAINTAINED

One turns naturally to the chapter on stocking to see "how it is done." The supply of fish to the club's water has been maintained, as is well known, principally by judicious stocking. Horseflesh has proved the most stimulating food for quick growth but produces an uneatable fish; sea fish and mussels provide fine table quality but will not give the growth necessary for obtaining good-sized fish young enough to rise to surface food; so the club has had recourse to the inevitable compromise and feeds the fry on horse for a couple of years and then on fish for a period before turning them out to fend for themselves in the stream.

A number of fry also are turned directly into the river, but evidently they are not so useful as the fed fish. As has been the experience elsewhere they rise freely when small, but have become too well-educated to the artificial fly before they become sizeable.

The frontispiece to the volume, which is well illustrated by photographs of members and views of the water, is a particularly good portrait of the club's most notable member, Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey, to whose energy and resource it owes so much of its success. It is reproduced from the painting by Major H. E. Morritt, and shows him fishing on the club's water.

A printed slip tells us that a few copies of the earlier volume are still obtainable from the honorary secretary at Stockbridge, price 30/- net.

Further Chronicles of the Houghton Fishing Club, 1908–1931. Edited by R. P. Page, C.B.E. McCorquodale & Co., 43, Cardington Street, Euston Square, London, N.W. 1. Price 15/- net.

AFTER TWENTY-THREE WEEKS

A Mayfly Tragedy

ONE CHRISTMAS MORNING, on the banks of a stream not a hundred miles from London, a freshly-caught trout lay languidly opening and shutting its gill covers. I had just landed it and removed from its lips the triangle of a 2in. spoon intended for a pike. It was an unspawned hen fish, and to all seeming was not going to spawn that season. Its length was 25½in. On that particular water a fish of that length, in prime condition, should weigh rather more than 8lb.

None the worse for its experience, the trout after being nursed back in the water to normal breathing, unconcernedly swam away.

Twenty-three weeks later the Mayfly had come and almost gone. It was a disappointing season. The weather had been consistently wretched. Persistent winds from the south-west blew the fly away from the water as soon as it had hatched; the evenings were chill and cheerless, rising trout were few and far between.

On the evening of June 4th—miraculously and for a brief spell—there was a lull in the wind. A few grey drakes ventured out and planed up and down the river. At the head of a side stream and within a stone's throw of the place where I had caught my Christmas Day trout a fish started to rise, taking spent fly. I hooked it, and until it was in the net almost believed it was the very same fish. But I then saw it obviously was not, though it was no mean specimen, weighing as it did 4¾lb. for its 21½in.

AGAIN THE RINGER

As I was disconsolately making my way to a less exposed place I saw a rise in the main stream not 2yds. away from the near bank. It was a noisy, splashy sort of rise; the rise that is associated with a trout of immature years, and as yet untrained in table manners. For lack of something better to do, however, I manœuvred into position and angled for that fish.

It would be more truthful to say that I tried to angle and failed. Kneeling in a boggy meadow deeply pitted with hoof marks such as are made by heavy draught animals, alternately anathematising the wind and the profusion of rank herbage in front and behind, I endured bafflement for two hours. Through it all the wind blew with unabated force.

The fish continued to rise at intervals, taking spent fly in rapid succession and then subsiding into periods of silence lasting for ten minutes or longer. In one of these intervals I had seen something; and it was certainly not a small trout. That was why I continued the siege in that wilderness of bleak discomfort.

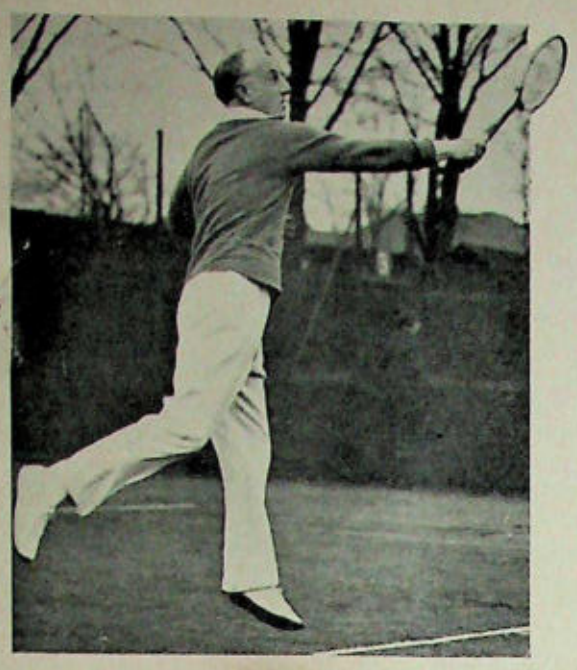
Just before dusk the wind sighed itself to sleep, and at last I did manage to place my fly (with the "shepherd's crook" accidentally achieved) in the channel between the weed beds, where the fish had been rising; though, as a matter of fact, it had not then put up its neb for quite 20 minutes. Naturally, at that moment—a gibing fate at my elbow—there was a quiet rise and the fly disappeared. I struck on the half-volley. There was a sudden, startled plunge. In less time than it takes to tell it, the 35yds. of dressed line was emptied from a screaming reel, and then a sickening sensation of slackness.

I reeled up in silence. There were no words for it. None even to curse myself for striking too quickly. But it was my Christmas Day trout all right. I never saw it again or heard of it.

That is the sort of thing that happens in Mayfly time.

T. P. T.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xii. and xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xi.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv., v. and vii.; "Pisciculture," page xii.



A NEW PRESIDENT FOR THE L.T.A.
Sir Samuel Hoare in play at the Surrey Hard Court Championships at Roehampton

LAWN TENNIS STARTS IN EARNEST

Delusive Results at Auteuil—A Good Performance at Chiswick—Lord D'Abernon's Successor

By J. E. COLLETT

THE RESULTS of the doubles play by the British pairs in the French championships would appear to have been more delusive than indicative. This might have been expected of an assortment of pairing which was mainly experimental, and was in action on hard courts when comparative ability on grass was that which was to be sought.

There is an obvious disadvantage in the incidental prolongation for a fortnight of the spring hard court period, which is represented by the French meeting, and the imposition of it by the rainy weather at home. We are in easy hail of Wimbledon and shall enter short of grass court practice.

AN UNSOLVED DOUBLES PROBLEM

It may be argued that this will put us on a fairer standing in relation to our visitors from abroad, but one would rather translate it as another urge for a rearrangement of dates, calculated to make the championships on grass a tournament more expressive of the best the competitors could do on that surface.

For what it was worth, we must be thankful for the doubles lesson of Auteuil. Nevertheless it was more a repetition of what one knew than a rehearsal of what one wanted to know. F. J. Perry and J. S. Olliff were shown capable of wondrous work, as witness their ten-minutes set finish of a five-set match against the Czechoslovakians, R. Menzel and B. Marsalek, and of a stout fight—but not quite to a finish—against the presumed French Davis Cup pair, H. Cochet and J. Brugnon.

I. G. Collins and G. P. Hughes can hardly be said to have been proved as a pair. Collins was off his service particularly, and his form generally; Hughes, as ever, was a staunch supporter of an errant partner, but not quite strong enough to carry victory with a burden.

There is, on the face of things, no reason to suppose that the partnership is an improvement on the ideal Gregory—Collins combination, which will be available for the crucial Davis Cup ties if called upon.

There is a point, by the way, which has been forgotten about Dr. J. C. Gregory. He is not merely a doubles player. He might regain his earlier singles form, and this might place him next to Perry and Austin in ranking.

As long ago as 1926, he met Cochet in the last eight at Wimbledon, when the Frenchman only won 3/6, 6/4, 6/2, 4/6, 6/3; three weeks later they met again in the final round of the Davis Cup at Cabourg, when once more Cochet won, but only at 7/5, 4/6, 7/9, 7/5, 6/0. In the absence of H. W. Austin, he might be a better choice than either Hughes, H. G. N. Lee, or H. F. David.

Miss F. James, possibly in fact and certainly in consideration of experience, gave a very promising exhibition of tactical skill and a more heartening display than her partner, Mrs. Godfree.

The question arises, whether we have to face the fact that Mrs. Godfree will continue to be unable to regain her championship form. This is disquieting because she was marked for a place in the Wightman Cup doubles in the normal course.

The unhappy dispatch which was administered to Miss Nuthall and Mrs. Whittingstall in the final of the women's doubles by Mrs. Moody and Miss Ryan was more or less foreshadowed by earlier matches. Mrs. Whittingstall had been her erratic self, and though the heavy part of heroine had been splendidly played by Miss Nuthall, she could not be expected to take the stage successfully (even if better supported) against two such greater stars, one of whom, Miss Ryan, has been for many years the best woman doubles player in the world, both by reputation and through recorded achievement.

The play of Miss N. M. Lyle in the Middlesex championships at Chiswick Park was impressive. She appears to have added to her varied stroke equipment the confidence and courage to use it at the right moments; her control is now exerted with less conscious effort.

In the circumstances one would not have been surprised to hear that she should have been asked, after all, to take part in the Wightman Cup trials this week. She was playing well enough on the finals day at Chiswick to have beaten players who had been invited.

But the few weeks of the "big game" preceding Wimbledon are such a hustle; and when time is the essence of the contract the business of picking teams is, perhaps, likely to be a fall-back on last year's form at the last minute.

A CROWDED WEEK

Its non-appearance in the fixture list at one time suggested that the match against U.S.A. (men) announced for June 10th and 11th had been eliminated from the international events in order to make room for our Davis Cup tie against Poland in Warsaw. However, the fixture now stands.

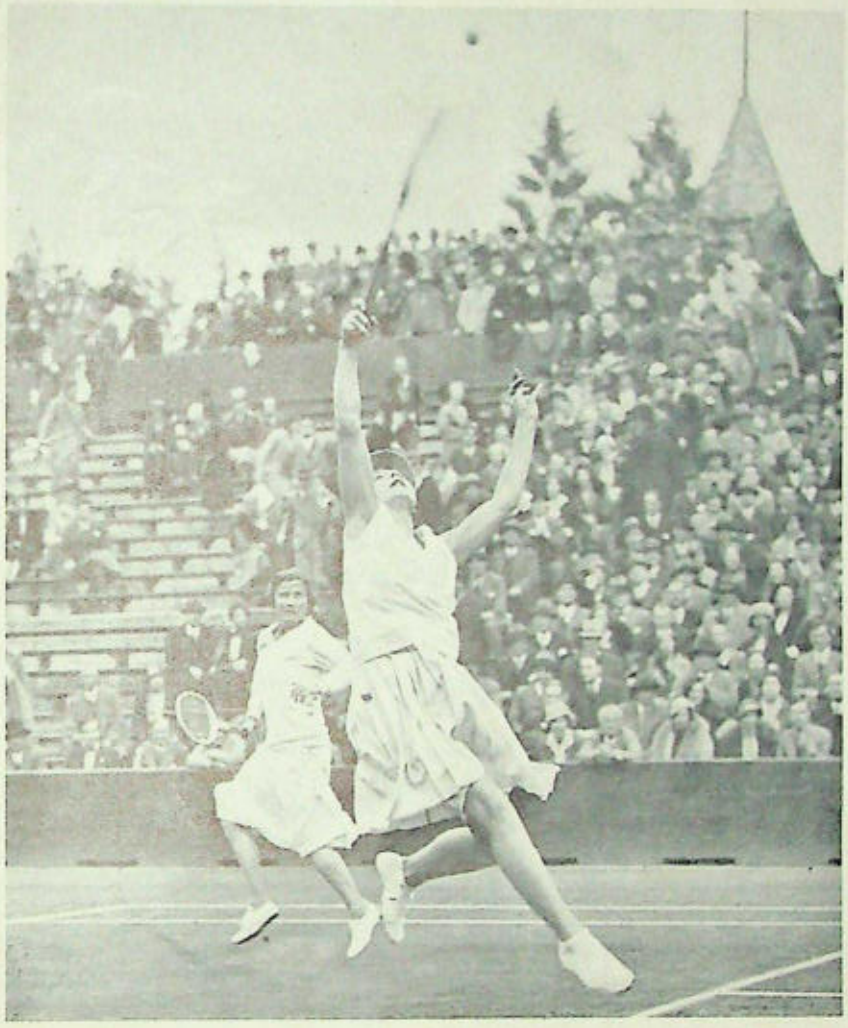
Had the event been dropped to ease the schedule, the Beckenham Tournament would presumably have benefited if the Americans had thought they would get a stiff enough knock there. At all events, they would have been sure of a hearty welcome and every consideration from the committee of the Beckenham C.C., whose efforts have put the Kent singles championships, ever since their innovation in 1886, among the outstanding events of the year.

The present holder of the Kentish men's title is Dr. Gregory, and the roll includes in chronological order the names of H. S. Barlow, M. F. Goodbody, W. V. Eaves, H. S. Mahony, A. W. Gore, H. L. Doherty, N. E. Brookes, A. F. Wilding, H. Roper Barrett, Beals C. Wright, A. E. Beamish, A. R. F. Kingscote, W. M. Johnston, and R. Lycett.

Among the ladies are Miss M. Shackle, Miss Austin, Miss C. Cooper (now Mrs. Sterry), Miss D. K. Douglass (and later as Mrs. Lambert Chambers), Miss M. Sutton, Miss A. M. Morton, Miss Boothby, Mrs. McNair, Miss Ryan, Miss K. McKane (now Mrs. L. A. Godfree), Señorita L. de Alvarez, and Miss Helen Wills (Mrs. Wills-Moody).

The retirement of Lord D'Abernon from the Presidency of the Lawn Tennis Association, in view of the valuable work he has done, is to be regretted. His successor, who will assume office some time in October next, is to be Sir Samuel Hoare, an enthusiast of the game and himself a keen player.

Lord D'Abernon's interest was not confined to attendance at council meetings; he was continually present at matches, tournaments and trials. He would come on the ground unobtrusively and mingle with the crowd. He was thus able to observe and note everything from the angle of the average spectator. A man of dignity, deeds and determination, he will be difficult to follow and match.



MRS. WILLS-MOODY AND MISS RYAN AT AUTEUIL
The American pair in action against Miss Nuthall and Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall in the final of the women's doubles



WINNER OF THE MIDDLESEX CHAMPIONSHIP
Miss Nancy Lyle, daughter of Sir Leonard Lyle, who defeated Mrs. Peacock in the women's singles at Chiswick last Saturday

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A Guide to the Canaries.—Like its many predecessors, the new *Brown's Madeira, Canary Islands and Azores* is a model guidebook. It contains Spanish and Portuguese phrases, and notes on pronunciation, and all the local information that a visitor is likely to want. The fact that this is the fourteenth edition shows how frequently the book is revised. Its author has long been a resident of Teneriffe.



MR. TOM WALLS, OWNER OF THE DERBY WINNER, AS MASTER OF THE SUSSEX STAGHOUNDS
From the painting specially executed for Epsom week by A. G. Haigh
Reproduced by permission of the artist and Messrs. Arthur Greatorex, Ltd., 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1

AN ACTOR'S DERBY

Mr. Tom Walls Scores the Most Popular Victory of Recent Years—Why the Favourite Lost

ONCE MORE the Derby favourite has fallen from grace. In the Derby of 1932 Orwell, acclaimed by many "as the horse of the century," made a very poor show. Indeed, in every part of the race he was well and truly beaten, and without disguising facts I would say that I expected him to be so. Before the horses went to the post this year's favourite did not appeal to me, covered as he was in clothing from head to tail. The question is, are not Orwell's hocks and stamina, as was noted in the *Field* after the Two Thousand Guineas, under suspicion? I think they are, and the Derby running goes very far to prove it.

There was a good deal to be learnt from a careful inspection of the runners. In that sunlit paddock one of the first colts to appear was the Northern hope, Portofino, a colt which is rather on the leg, but which carried a true Middleham polish, and which was prominent in the early stages of the race. I am afraid that Spenser is only a pony, and he was quite dwarfed by the majority of the field, although you could see the muscle rippling under his bay coat.

Much more to my liking was the improvement which was quite evident in the lop-eared Miracle, who might train up into a very great horse indeed. How good Miracle will be when he has filled out nobody quite knows.

COCKPEN MAKES NO SHOW

With the unexplained quantity, Cockpen, rumour was rife. Lord Woolavington's colt carried far too much flesh, added to which his hocks are in another parish. Cockpen does not appear as the great colt which Beckhampton folk think him to be. In the Derby parade, to my mind, he more resembled a first-class selling hurdler. Mr. Tom Walls, who was reared amongst horses, and who comes from a sporting Northamptonshire family, was hopeful indeed that April the Fifth would ultimately carry off the spoils of the greatest race in the world.

That he had reason for his hopes is evident if you analyse April the Fifth's pedigree. This great slashing brown colt is by the Derby second, Craig-an-Eran, son of the Derby winner Sunstar, out of that very genuine mare named Sold Again, who traces back from her dam Market to Marcovil, the sire of that great stallion Hurry On.

LOOKING TO THE ST. LEGER

April the Fifth is christened after his owner's birthday and was bought very cheaply for 200 guineas. He is quite one of the best movers I have ever seen, and there is no reason why he should not win the St. Leger, provided that Mr. Tom Walls does not give him too gruelling a time before the great Doncaster classic.

There were also other colts in the Derby field which it will be as well to remember when St. Leger time draws nigh. Wyvern, a beautifully coloured chesnut son of Coronach and Salamandra, is one of them. He is built rather on the "cobby" side, but has magnificent propelling power from his well-made quarters and strong hocks. Andrea, too, cannot be left quite out of the question, for there is no doubt that this carrier of the Marlborough "brown and pink hoops" is a very useful colt up to a mile, although he might be a little better behind the saddle.

A GOOD "FIELD" TIP

April the Fifth was given in last week's "Field" as one of the most likely long shots for the race, and it was pointed out that none of the Derby colts had more rapidly enhanced his reputation than Mr. Tom Walls's winner.

THE BIGGEST COLT IN TRAINING

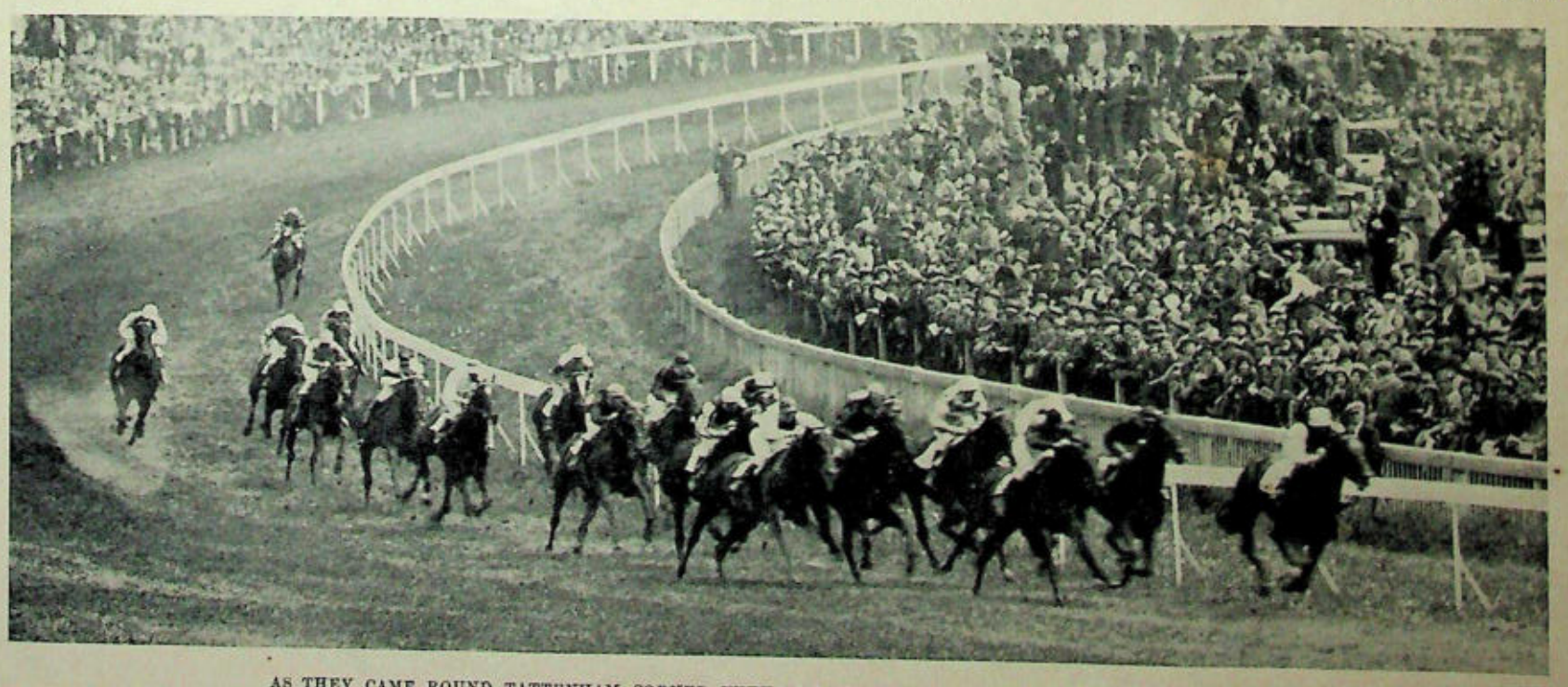
One of the biggest colts in training is the one-time Derby hope, Jiweh, who must measure at least 17 hands high, and, to my mind, will make a very useful four-year-old when he has had time to mature.

Another useful sort for Doncaster is the second, Dastur, who was only beaten by three-quarters of a length from scoring another Derby success for H.H. the Aga Khan. Claiming Solario as a sire, this upstanding colt has a definite future in front of him.

Speculations as to the St. Leger apart, all sportsmen will pay tribute to the skill and perseverance of April the Fifth's owner. Mr. Tom Walls has raced since he was a boy, and some few years ago distinguished himself in gentlemen rider races, especially on top of the unfortunate Tons of Money, which, I believe, is now being hunted in Warwickshire.

The only actor to hold a trainer's licence, Mr. Tom Walls has ridden a good deal in Australia and has had many useful horses under his charge, including Autocrat, winner of the Liverpool Cup, John Silver and Caballero. After having had a bad smash with his own pack, the Sussex Staghounds, last season, Mr. Walls is now completely restored to health and is only waiting for his Derby winner to make a double in the St. Leger.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



AS THEY CAME ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER WITH THE NORTHERN COLT, PORTOFINO, IN THE LEAD

AND NOW FOR ASCOT

Another Feast of Racing at the Royal Meeting



CAMERONIAN'S OWNER WITH HIS WIFE
Both Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dewar are hopeful that Cameronian will return to form in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup

IMPORTANT EVENTS in the racing world follow each other swiftly at this stage of the season. As soon as Epsom is over, we prepare for Ascot, which opens on the 14th inst., with every prospect of achieving its customary brilliance from the social as well as the sporting point of view. As usual, there will be seven races on each of the four days, and the prize money will again be on a princely scale. Even in the least important of the events there is £1,000 in added money, while in the Gold Cup no less than £3,500 to the winner, £700 to the second, and £300 to the third is added to the sweepstakes.

Apart from its high monetary value, the Gold Cup remains the most coveted of all racing trophies, and its winner may properly be pronounced the champion stayer of his year. It will be interesting to observe whether Trimdon is able to add his name to the select list of horses who have won this race more than once—a list which includes such celebrities as Prince Palatine, The White Knight, Isonomy and Fisherman. Having disposed of Singapore by the narrowest of margins twelve months ago, Trimdon will have a new set of antagonists, and it will be a wonderful feat if the Manton horse should prevail against the newcomers, who will probably include one or two of the finest stayers in France.

Gen. Lambton's great horse showed himself to be in form recently in the Yorkshire Cup by beating the Chester Cup winner, Bonny Brighteyes, after one of the prettiest races one could wish to see. So long as the British Stud produces horses of the stamp of this son of Son-in-Law, the reputation of our thoroughbreds for stamina, courage and weight-carrying powers will be maintained.

SOME TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF QUALITY

In accordance with precedent we shall in all likelihood see at Ascot some two-year-olds of better quality than those which have attracted attention so far. It will not be surprising if the Manton stable, which has not been conspicuous in this department up to the present, produces some formidable competitors for races like the New Stakes and the Coventry Stakes. We have already seen several smart youngsters from Beckhampton, notably that brilliantly speedy filly Supervisor, who is to run for the Queen Mary Stakes, and the Manna colt Manitoba, a winner at Salisbury recently.

When we watched this colt at work with the rest of the Beckhampton string just before the opening of the season, we marked him down as the most likely of all Mr. Fred Darling's two-year-olds to achieve high distinction, and we shall be curious to see how he shapes against the other cracks at the Royal Meeting. Berystede, the dam of Manitoba, is by Son-in-Law out of Beresina, by Swynford out of Brig of Ayr. An interesting story is to be told of her. She belongs to Mr. Darling, who sent her, in 1928, to be mated with Coronach.

A PROFITABLE BARGAIN

Not long before she was due to foal she was purchased by the late Lord Dewar for £7,000. When the foal arrived, however, the result was bitterly disappointing, and Mr. Darling then and there sat down and wrote out a cheque for the amount he had received for her, asking Lord Dewar that he should be allowed to have the mare back. This arrangement was agreed to, and it was thought at the time that Lord Dewar's stud was well rid of this young mare. But now that she has produced such a smart colt as Manitoba, which belongs to Lord Woolavington, it is realised that Mr. Darling may have had the better of the deal in taking the mare back.

Among the colts who did not accept for the Derby, their owners and trainers having in mind their Ascot engagements, was Loaningdale, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme's good-looking half-brother to Racedale and other winners. According to present arrangements, he is to run for the St. James's Palace Stakes, a race he may win, considering that Orwell was not entered for it. As usual, this will be one of the most valuable races of the meeting, though its worth to the winner will again be exceeded by the Coronation Stakes, in which a relatively moderate filly has the chance of carrying off something like £6,000.

The Gold Vase, the gift of His Majesty, has rather an elaborate scale of penalties and allowances, which gives the race the appearance of a handicap. The maidens in the entry include the King's own four-year-old Ashridge, but he has done nothing so far to suggest that he is likely to develop into a winner at Ascot. A colt much more likely to carry the Royal colours to victory at the meeting is Limelight, which, we are informed, will run for the Jersey Stakes on the concluding day of the meeting.

It is expected that R. B. Bennett will be a competitor for the Gold Vase. This is the only horse Lady Houston has in training at the moment, and she has named him after the Prime Minister of Canada. She has expressed the ambition to own a colt of the classic standard, and her trainer, Mr. S. H. Darling, will probably be instructed to purchase a few well-bred yearlings with this object in view.

The best sprinters in training will be seen at Ascot in such races as the Fern Hill Stakes, and the King's Stand Stakes. Portlaw proved himself about the fastest horse last season, but will have to look to his laurels. Two three-year-olds well in the running for the sprinting championship are Dorigen and Sorrento.



W. A. Rouch

WELL FANCIED FOR THE ASCOT GOLD CUP
Trimdon (Son-in-Law — Trimestral), which may follow in the footsteps of other great horses and annex the coveted Ascot prize twice



LORD ROSEBERY AND SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD
This season Lord Rosebery retired from his position as senior steward of the Jockey Club, and is optimistic that Sandwich will set the seal upon his St. Leger victory by winning the Ascot Gold Cup

GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS AT OLYMPIA

A Parade of Famous Horses

RACING MEN and women who walk through those stately aisles of stalls and boxes, comparing pedigree against performance, will be interested to hear that every afternoon and evening there will be a parade of famous Grand National winners, all of which now find honourable retirement in wide, green paddocks. How will they appear at the International Horse Show? How many will recognise Ally Sloper with his summer coat on, or Poethlyn with a summer's fat on his well-sprung ribs? It will be an interesting parade recalling brave days at Aintree, of hard-fought finishes, of sensational successes, of the luck of sport which gives an added spice to the excitement of it all. And the horses which will be on view include such famous winners as Ally Sloper (1915), Poethlyn (1919), Shaun Spadah (1921), Music Hall (1922), Master Robert (1924), Sprig (1927), Tipperary Tim (1928), Shaun Goilin (1930), Grakle (1931).

And perhaps next to silk a bit of scarlet comes dearest to the racing man's heart. That desire will be gratified at Olympia, for at every performance one of a number of packs will be brought into the ring, with huntsmen and whippers-in in hunting kit—a joyous summer reminder of the happy days which await us in November.

The packs are the Duke of Beaufort's, Bicester and Warden Hill, Old Berkeley, Major Smith-Bosanquet's, Warwickshire, Pytchley, Quorn, Grafton, and Whaddon Chase.



A GOOD SPECIMEN OF DIBATAG
The best horns are those which have a distinct forward curve, as against the straighter, smaller ones

SPORT IN BRITISH SOMALILAND TO-DAY

II.—Where to Find the Best Game

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON

BRITISH SOMALILAND strikes me as being an easy shoot in every way. It is too small a country to offer much variety. There are no mountains, deserts, forests, or great rivers. It is a quiet backwater before the great Habishe mountains plunge into tropical Africa or the pitiless wastes above the Tana river.

I have mentioned the twelve species of game common to Somaliland. I have also noted that the habitats of many of the species are very local. Since Blaine and I went out to collect specimens of three varieties only—namely, beira, dibatag and lesser kudu—it is of their haunts only that I can speak authoritatively, and then there are many better places that we did not visit.

Moreover, the route chosen would depend on whether the shooter were out for the so-called rarities only, or for a general bag.

We found that two good places for beira were: (1) The small detached hills eight miles south of Sheik, not far from the wells at Dubba, and on both sides of the Sheik—Burao road. (2) The long, flat-topped hills immediately west of and above Lafarug on the Berbera—Hargeisa road, 30 miles from Berbera.

They are queer little puce-coloured beasts, rather resembling a steinbok, or a klipspringer. They are generally seen in pairs or threes on bare, stony hillsides. They often lie up in the heat of the day under a patch of shady thornbush in a small nullah. We never found more than one herd on any one small hill, which took perhaps three hours to explore.

Although very alert, they were not very wild, and tried to keep to their original hill even when disturbed. They were constantly on the move, save when they settled down for the midday siesta. Thus they were hard to approach, since they were always trickling away amid small bush and rocks, or else intensely hard to spot in shadow.

A GOOD PLACE FOR DIBATAG

They were the hardest animal I have yet met to keep in view, and always seemed to fade away from sight like the smile of the Cheshire cat, partly owing to their coloration and partly to their constant movement in and out of cover. When they stood motionless, even in the open, they were harder to see than ever, due to light and shade. The horns of the males, about 4in. long, are very difficult to distinguish, even with field glasses.

They are often found quite close to a herd of sheep and the attendant shepherds. Other game to be seen near by is Speke's gazelle and dik-dik.

A good place for dibatag is in the Khansa thornbush forest 25 miles south of Burao, to the east of the Aik road. The district is called Bali Shala Shala. A competent guide would be necessary, as their haunts are so very local. They are also reported south of Aik, and towards Bohotle.

At Bali Shala Shala, their best haunt would be contained in a five-mile circle. To the south the thornbush was too dense; north and east it was too thin and full of camels.

They can best be seen in the more open jungle at the edge of the denser thornbush forest and are by no means rare and would possibly be seen three or four times in a morning's hunt. They are generally in twos or threes up to herds of five. I never saw more than one mature male in a herd.

They are also queer beasts, slightly bigger than a goat, puce coloured, long in the neck and the legs, and with the peculiarity that when alarmed into a trot they raise their 15in. long tail stiff and erect in the air. The best horns, 11½in. to 12½in., are those which have a distinct forward curve as against the straighter, smaller ones, and can therefore be best seen from a side view.

GERENUK FAIRLY COMMON

Even when alarmed into a trot or gallop retreat, dibatag do not seem to go far, and can be cautiously spoored up in the soft, sandy soil. They generally make for the denser bush, and are apt then to be jumped in impossibly thick cover. To ensure a good head it generally means picking up the herd three times.

Once at, say, 300yds. to make sure there is a male with them; then to approach near enough to see if his horns are good; thirdly, for your shot. They are so alert, and so constantly on the move amid scattered bush, that it is seldom possible to eliminate one of these successive steps.

Gerenuk was also fairly common in this area. Herds of both specimens were apt to commingle.

Lesser kudu are, of course, neither a rarity nor indigenous to British Somaliland; but it is one of the best and most central localities for them. As they are a fine trophy and an equally sporting quarry they deserve special mention.

We went to Mandere district for them, 40 miles from Berbera, on the Hargeisa road; but from information received it seems that the jungle a few miles short of Hargeisa would be better. There must be many haunts of lesser kudu, and the less well known one's shooting ground the better the chance of a good head.

SPOTTING FROM ANT-HILLS

Lesser kudu are not found on the hills which enclose Mandere, and cleave only to the dense bush which fringes the several broad, sandy tugs which intersect the valley plain. Their favourite food is the "pineapple" aloe (Da-ar) and low seisal bushes (Hig), and they are never far from such. The bush is very thick and dense, varying from shoulder-high thorn to 8ft. to 10ft. high dense green-leaved or creeper-clad trees (Addei and Armo). During March the bulls were not necessarily with the cows, and the herd nearly always split into individuals when disturbed.

Bulls were more common than cows, and there was a fair proportion of shootable bulls. At the beginning, different bulls were often seen three times in a morning's hunt. From our experience, bulls are very soon disturbed out of each hunting zone. If one cannot make one's selection and shoot within the first three days from one camp, one's chances are daily minimised. Spooring up was employed all the time, and spotting from trees and ant-hills was useful.

LIONS' SPOOR SEEN

Generally the beast was first seen staring at one, 150yds. away, with only head and neck visible above the thornbush. Field glasses can be used, but the time wasted generally loses one all chance of a shot. Until the jungle is disturbed, and the quarry restive, they can often be spoored up again for another chance.

Having missed our first opportunities by being too cautious, we had much difficulty in bagging fair heads at all, and a fortnight's hunting was barely enough. Yet always remained the feeling that you might walk out of camp one day and by sheer luck bag a good head within a hundred yards.

Gerenuk and dik-dik were fairly common, and lions' spoor was seen.

The rest of the information is hearsay, but probably accurate: greater kudu and lion on Gan Libau hill, the highest peak above Mandere. Also all along the hilly barrier which runs east and west. Swayne's hartebeest between Hargeisa and Jig Jiga on the Abyssinian frontier.

Oryx beisa in many localities; near the coast, 50 miles north of Berbera; near Hargeisa and up towards Zeila. Aoul, or Soemmerring's gazelle, near Hargeisa and probably always on the fringe of the oryx country. Klipspringer between lower and upper Sheik.



A TYPICAL ANTHILL NEAR AIK
These towering structures thrown up by the white ant sometimes prove useful for sighting game

TESTING A NEW CARTRIDGE

Result of Long Range Rifle Match

THE FIRST LONG-RANGE RIFLE MATCH of the season was shot on Col. Hopton's private range at Canon-ffrome during last month, and was of more than ordinary interest, as it provided an opportunity of the first public trial of a new cartridge.

Ever since the War the long range match rifle shots at Bisley have been gradually evolving a cartridge known as the .303 Magnum, which is loaded with a special non-fouling stream-lined bullet of 175 grains, while the muzzle velocity is about 2,850 f.s. The case is distinctly larger than the service Mark VII. case, and the new cartridge is really a combination of the Magnum and the Mark VII. It is known as the ".303 Mark VII. Stream Line" and consists of a non-fouling stream-line "magnum bullet" loaded in the existing service case, while the charge is a special granular nitro-cellulose powder.

SUITABLE FOR SERVICE RIFLES

The result is that all the advantages of the Magnum cartridge, or very nearly all, are conferred on a cartridge which can be used in ordinary service rifles. Owing to the smaller capacity of the case the powder charge is less than that of the Magnum, and the muzzle velocity is also less in consequence. But this reduction is little more than 100 f.s., the actual M.V. being 2,700 f.s. when the cartridge is fired in a special match barrel of the same type as is used with the Magnum cartridge. In the short barrel of the S.M.L.E. in which the "leed" is also longer than that used in a match barrel, the M.V. is 2,500 f.s., or 50 f.s. more than that of the existing Mark VII. cartridge. But owing to the use of a stream-line bullet the extreme range is 5,000yds., as opposed to 3,500yds. of the Mark VII.

In the Canon-ffrome Match, "A" Team (Lord Cottesloe and Major Burrard) used the Magnum cartridge on the first day, while "B" Team (Col. Hopton and Mr. Jones) used the Mark VII. Stream Line. On the second day, however, "A" Team used the last-named cartridge, while "B" Team used the Magnum. By this plan it was hoped to obtain as exhaustive a comparison as possible between the two cartridges at ranges from 1,100yds. to 1,500yds. Unfortunately, however, rain on the afternoon of the second day prevented completion of the programme. But enough evidence was obtained to indicate that, as far as accuracy and sensitiveness to wind were concerned, there was little to choose between the two cartridges. The accuracy of both cartridges was all that could be desired, even up to the extreme distances of 1,400yds. and 1,500yds., and the difficult fish-tail wind had similar effects on both scores.

TEAMS' SCORES

Among the spectators were Mrs. Hopton, Miss Farmar, Miss Baskerville, Gen. Sir C. Dobell, Brig.-Gen. Evans, Col. Pettit, the High Sheriff of Herefordshire, Major G. W. Davey, Com. C. Davey, Major J. Egerton, and Mr. Edwards.

Mr. R. Hopkins was responsible for all the admirable arrangements at the firing point, while Mr. T. Beaven superintended the marking in the butts. Col. P. Neame acted as umpire. The scores were as follows:

	First Day.					Second Day.			
"A" Team.	1,100yds.	1,200yds.	1,400yds.	1,500yds.	Total.	1,400yds.	1,400yds.	Total.	Grand total.
Major G. Burrard	44	64	38	60	206	39	43	82	288
Lord Cottesloe...	44	63	38	64	209	34	43	77	286
					415			159	574
"B" Team.									
Col. J. Hopton...	39	65	37	57	198	46	40	86	284
Mr. F. W. Jones..	42	58	44	50	194	46	40	86	280
					392			172	564



"BY THE LOCH SIDE": F. T. CH. BANCHORY REX AND BANCHORY BLAZE PORTRAYED BY MR. WARD BINKS
Reproduced by permission of the artist and Messrs. Arthur Greatorex Ltd., 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1

A MAHARAJAH'S GUNDOGS

Mr. Ward Binks's Forthcoming Exhibition

DURING the second week of June and through July, an interesting exhibition of gundog pictures by R. Ward Binks will be opened at the Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1. "Sporting Impressions on Moor and Fell" conveys a new aspect of the artist's work, for in most of the paintings the dogs are portrayed in a natural setting. Among those shown are a large number of paintings of gundogs belonging to that very enthusiastic field trial supporter, the Maharajah of Patiala, and the titles show that many of Mr. Binks's subjects hail from the kennels of Lorna Countess Howe.

Field Trial Arrangements.—The Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society's trials will be held on October 7th and 8th, at Wilbury Park, Salisbury; and the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club will hold their trials at Margam Park, S. Wales, on Thursday and Friday, December 1st and 2nd. The judges of the latter event will be Sir Meyrick Hollins and Messrs. E. E. Turner and W. L. McCandlish.

ROUND THE WICKETS

(*Continued from page* 836)

Lancashire have beaten both Yorkshire and Derbyshire in convincing fashion, and certainly seem to be feeling the loss of Macdonald and R. Tyldesley less than was expected. Yorkshire cannot be judged too hurriedly from that ignominious defeat by Lancashire. Did they not last season crash their way to the championship after having seemed almost out of the running for it ?

THE INDIAN TEAM'S FIRST DEFEAT

After the fine form they had shown against Oxford and the M.C.C., the defeat of the Indian team by Hampshire by as much as an innings and 103 runs appeared somewhat surprising. It was due chiefly to their lack of experience of a wicket helpful to bowlers.

Hampshire are as well off as most counties for bowlers who can make use of a wicket, and the way in which Kennedy, Bailey, Boyes and Creese lured some of the Indian batsmen into false strokes showed their disadvantage under such conditions.

In addition, the Indians were unfortunate enough to find Arnold in his best batting form—which is a disheartening enough experience for any bowler.

ESSEX UPS AND DOWNS

Essex are again this season a side of curiously in and out form. They have several batsmen who may at any time make runs freely and ought to do so fairly regularly ; the trouble is that they so frequently fail in turn, and this has an unsettling influence on the side as a whole.

Take, for instance, their batting against Kent last week. In the first innings the opening pair were dismissed for ten runs, O'Connor came to the rescue with 83, but the next best score was 35 by Nichols. In the second innings, Pope (26) and Cutmore (65) made a promising start, and Nichols again batted well for 44 ; but this time the later batsmen collapsed, and Kent, having made 404, won easily.

It is almost the same with the Essex bowling. Nichols, O'Connor, Eastman or Smith have their days of pronounced success, but not often enough to make the attack as good as it should be.

SUSSEX'S OXFORD BOWLER

Sussex introduced into their team against Leicestershire last week R. S. G. Scott, who was one of Oxford's chief bowlers last season, and did a fine performance against Cambridge in taking six wickets for 64 in a first innings of 385.

With his fast-medium swinging deliveries, Scott at once proved successful for Sussex, taking seven Leicestershire wickets for 60 runs and helping materially in that county's defeat by an innings and 93 runs.

If Scott is able to play at all frequently, he will provide welcome support for Tate and Wensley, who are sometimes called on for rather more bowling than is good for them.

CAMBRIDGE BATTING CONTRASTS

Cambridge had an unusual experience last week in beating Middlesex by an innings and then being themselves beaten by an innings by Notts.

The Notts match made the University bowling and batting seem of very poor quality. Keeton, scoring 200 not out, of a Notts total of 382 for six wickets, obtained a complete mastery over the bowling, and Walker (56) and A. Staples (51) drove home the advantage. The University batsmen, in turn, found Larwood and Voce altogether too good for them.

Unsettling as such an experience may be to a University captain, it is as well to remember that the Notts players chiefly responsible for it are men of Test match calibre. Probably more true to relative 'Varsity form was the University's play against Middlesex, when D. R. Wilcox made his second consecutive hundred, and K. Farnes, R. C. Rought-Rought and A. G. Pelham bowled well enough to dismiss Middlesex for 133 and 158.

RECORDS OF THE INDIAN PLAYERS

Outstanding Performances of Batsmen and Bowlers

IN THEIR FIRST COUNTY MATCH, against Sussex, the All-India eleven gave definite signs of being a good side. On this occasion they were watchful—especially the earlier batsmen—but later they proved themselves very willing to hit and risk the consequences.

CAPT. C. K. NAYUDU has stood out so far as the most consistent batsman. Going in fifth wicket down against Sussex he at once attracted attention, carrying his bat for 25 and proving himself a cheerful run-maker. Against Mr. Martineau's XI. he scored a breezy 23 not out, which included two sixes, but against Glamorgan he found runs more difficult to collect, although he had some nice shots to leg in his 23. It was against the M.C.C. at Lord's that he proved once and for all that he is a class player by making 118 in faultless style. In the amazing collapse against Hampshire Nayudu made top score of 18 in the first innings. In his batting he combines a careful defence with beautifully effortless and powerful attacking strokes. That he is also useful with the ball was proved against the M.C.C., when he was the most successful bowler, taking four wickets for 31 runs.

S. WAZIR ALI jumped into prominence when he made a splendid 108 against Glamorgan. Against Oxford University he was in great form from the commencement and hitting hard with the middle of his bat he carried his total to 132. A poor delivery from Bowes put him out of the M.C.C. match early on, but his wicket should prove hard to capture in the Test match.

S. M. H. COLAH proved himself the most interesting batsman against Mr. Martineau's XI., hitting up 50 in moderately quick time. Most of the Indians found considerable difficulty in playing the spin bowlers of Glamorgan, but Colah made a sound 40, and he had some delightfully well-placed shots in his 35 against the M.C.C. He is at his best on a fast wicket.

S. NAZIR ALI batted steadily against the Sussex attack and made 44. He also captured five wickets for 69.



J. E. LOVELOCK, WHO SET UP A NEW BRITISH MILE RECORD, OF 4 MIN. 12 SEC. WHEN RUNNING FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY AGAINST THE A.A.A.

R. H. Thomas and J. F. Cornes were not competing in this race and Lovelock became Oxford's first string. He forced his third string, M. J. Albery, to cover the first half-mile at an amazing speed, and then took the lead, covering the last quarter-mile well inside the minute

JEHANGIR KHAN was the most successful bowler against Glamorgan, taking four wickets for 48 runs. Against Hampshire he took three wickets for 63 runs, and made 27 out of a total of 119 in the second innings.

MAHOMED NISSAR took six wickets for 11 runs against Blackheath, and also took the honours of the attack against Oxford University when he captured six wickets for 32 runs. He bowls a slow ball which often deceives the batsman.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ATHLETIC MEETING

Records go by the Board at Oxford

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

IF LAST WEEK'S MATCH at Iffley Road can be taken as any criterion—and it assuredly must be so taken—of the quality of English athletes in 1932, then, as assuredly, our Olympic team, small though it will be, is going to do better at Los Angeles than any of its predecessors.

F. R. Webster, seventeen years of age, was the baby of the team and won his place by merit of an 11ft. pole vault at the British Games. At Iffley Road he was defeated by his first string, H. Ford, at 11ft., but cleared 10ft. 6in. to tie for second place with the Oxford representatives. In the high jump we had Sergt. Boy Land, R.E., already an international, who jumped 6ft. 2in. in somewhat clumsy style ; and eighteen-year-old S. R. West, who gave a faultless exhibition of the Eastern cut-off method when he cleared 6ft. 1in.

R. L. Howland, A.A.A., beat the English native shot-putting record with an opening heave of 45ft. 5in., and never did worse than 44ft. 8in. in four putts ; but J. Byles, the American-Oxonian, replied with 45ft. 5½in., to win the competition ; and then big Howland took an exhibition putt, which was taped at 47ft. 9½in., which, done in competition, would have beaten his own record.

In the half-mile J. F. Cornes elected to tackle T. Hampson (English and Empire Games champion and record holder). J. S. Watt, evidently running to his president's orders, cut out a terrific pace and Cornes took over the lead at the last bend.

Hampson, imperturbable as ever, moved up to Cornes' shoulder, and one sensed that the latter must be experiencing that awful sensation of being overtaken by a fast train, for Hampson never sprints, he just piles on the pace, and one had the feeling that he could have run a great deal faster than the 1min. 54⅘sec. in which he beat Cornes and equalled the track record, which has stood since 1886, quite comfortably.

BURNS BREAKS ANOTHER RECORD

The three miles was even more impressive. J. A. Burns, A.A.A., four miles champion, once again made a complete procession of the race, which he won in 14min. 22sec., thus completely eclipsing the track record of 14min. 45sec.

The *pièce de résistance* of the whole show was, however, the one mile. Both R. H. Thomas and J. F. Cornes were kept out of this race.

Oxford, therefore, relied on J. E. Lovelock, who has run second string to Cornes all the season. Last March, Lovelock, at the Inter-University Sports, ran Cornes to a dead heat in 4min. 22⅘sec. ; a week ago he was beaten in the U.A.U. championship, by Cornes and J. G. Helps in 4min. 21⅘sec.

Against the A.A.A., however, Lovelock, for the first time, emerged from beneath the shadow of his president, and before the half-distance was reached I heard him calling to his third string, M. J. Albery, who was striding out ahead, for more speed and yet more speed.

And yet the hand of my stop watch showed that an amazingly fast half-mile had already been run. A moment later and Lovelock was in the lead and setting his own gait. And that gait carried him through the last quarter well inside the even minute, to breast the tape in the new British record time of 4min. 12sec.

After that staggering mile at Oxford one might have expected an anti-climax in the last event, but the way Joe Simpson, A.A.A., tore through the 220yds. low hurdles to win by a street in the new track record of time 25⅕sec., was yet another revelation.

L.A.C. REGAIN THE KINNAIRD TROPHY

Lord Burghley Beaten in the High Hurdles

THE KINNAIRD TROPHY inter-club athletic contest was founded in 1909, and the Polytechnic Harriers, who promote the meeting, remained the holders right up to the War period, except for the year 1911, in which England's oldest athletic club, the London A.C., were victorious.

The formation of the Achilles Club in 1920 turned the meeting, as an inter-club fixture, into something of a farce, for the combined past and present strength of Oxford and Cambridge has usually proved too great for all clubs, except the Polytechnic, who regained their trophy in 1921 and 1925. This year, however, the Achilles committee very sportingly agreed to split their forces into two teams, "Achilles Oxford" and "Achilles Cambridge."

A NEW SCORING SYSTEM

The result was that, last Saturday, the L.A.C. regained the trophy that they held last 21 years ago. It is further of major significance that Oxford finished ahead of Cambridge, as they did a week earlier in the U.A.U. Championships, and at both meetings the system was in vogue whereby all placed competitors score points for their side, a system, incidentally, which the senior universities have been urged to adopt for the decision of the Oxford and Cambridge sports.

In the course of the Kinnaird Meeting, Lord Burghley was at last beaten in the high hurdles by R. St. J. Harper, but D. O. Finlay was third, and a pocket handkerchief would have covered the three. J. W. Follows, Oxford, again ran a great three miles, and, although educated in U.S.A., is British born and will be eligible for Great Britain at the Games.

The destiny of the trophy remained in doubt right to the ultimate event, and could E. R. Bradbrooke have produced his British Games high jump form of 6ft. 2in. Achilles Oxford would have won. As it was H. A. Simmons secured the trophy for the L.A.C. by winning the high jump at 5ft. 11in.

WHICH RIG IS IT TO BE—

Cruiser, Cutter, Yawl, Schooner, or Ketch?

By L. LUARD

MOST YACHTSMEN have decided opinions about rigs for cruisers—opinions that are often the result of prejudice rather than of impartial judgment; but the truth remains that there is little to choose between the various rigs when everything is taken into consideration. Certain rigs are more suitable for certain purposes than others; and selection should be governed as much by examination of the prevailing conditions and circumstances in which a yacht is to be used as by personal preference.

The schooner is probably the least popular form of rig in England, though undoubtedly the most popular in America, and the reason for this divergence of view is not hard to find; for reaching winds prevail on the American seaboard, while around our shores coastal cruising entails a high proportion of windward work.

Compared with a cutter or a yawl, the schooner is less efficient when beating, and is inclined to be hard-headed when running in heavy weather owing to her large mainsail; the weight of her spars and gear are heavy in proportion to sail area; her foresail, high and narrow, is a poor performer, and a larger crew is necessary to handle the numerous sails she carries than in differently rigged yachts of the same size. On the other hand, she is as fast as the cutter on a reach, or with the wind two points free even; she will usually heave-to under a foresail only; and when fitted with a Bermudian mainsail her windward qualities are greatly improved.

SAIL PLAN SPREAD TOO FAR APART

In a hard blow, with foresail handed, a Bermudian main schooner becomes, in point of fact, a cutter but with the difference—that her sail plan is then spread too far apart to give the fullest efficiency. For coastal work in home waters the schooner rig appears to be the least suitable type it is possible to choose; but for deep-sea work, owing to the ease with which sails can be handed instead of reefed, without destroying the balance, it possesses many good points.

In all-round ability, with boats up to 50 tons, the cutter is hard to beat. The mast, in a well-designed boat, is stepped far inboard and is therefore more efficiently stayed than one placed more forward; spars and gear are lighter in proportion to sail area than in any other rig, simpler, and less liable to chafe. The large mainsail does not require a heavy hoist, and the gaff is consequently more under control.

In choppy seas the concentrated sail plan produces a steadier and more constant drive. She should handle as well under mainsail and jib in narrow waters as under staysail and trysail in heavy weather; and she can set jackyard, gaff or jib-headed topsails—the last being a splendid sail over a reefed mainsail. If rigged as a Bermudian cutter, a full 10 per cent. reduction in sail area can be made without corresponding loss of speed, and performance to windward is definitely better.

DIFFICULT REEFING

But a cutter rig has certain disadvantages. Reefing is more difficult, and can be an unpleasant job with a long projecting boom. Unless of the fast cruiser type, which will tack under staysail only, the mainsail must usually be set to get underway; she is inclined to be heavy on her helm when running; and the loss of the mast would almost certainly cripple her—a danger to which Bermudian rig is more liable.

The yawl—very popular in the smaller classes—being in reality only a modified cutter is, therefore, less efficient taken as a whole. The mizzen, usually too small to be of much service, is back-winded by the mainsail, and often has to be pinned down so tight to make it set when beating that it becomes useless; nearly always it is the first sail to be handed when the wind freshens, but if the main topsail is stowed at the same time the equivalent of a cutter's first reef has been taken in; and as the main boom is well inboard, further shortening of sail is a comparatively simple matter.

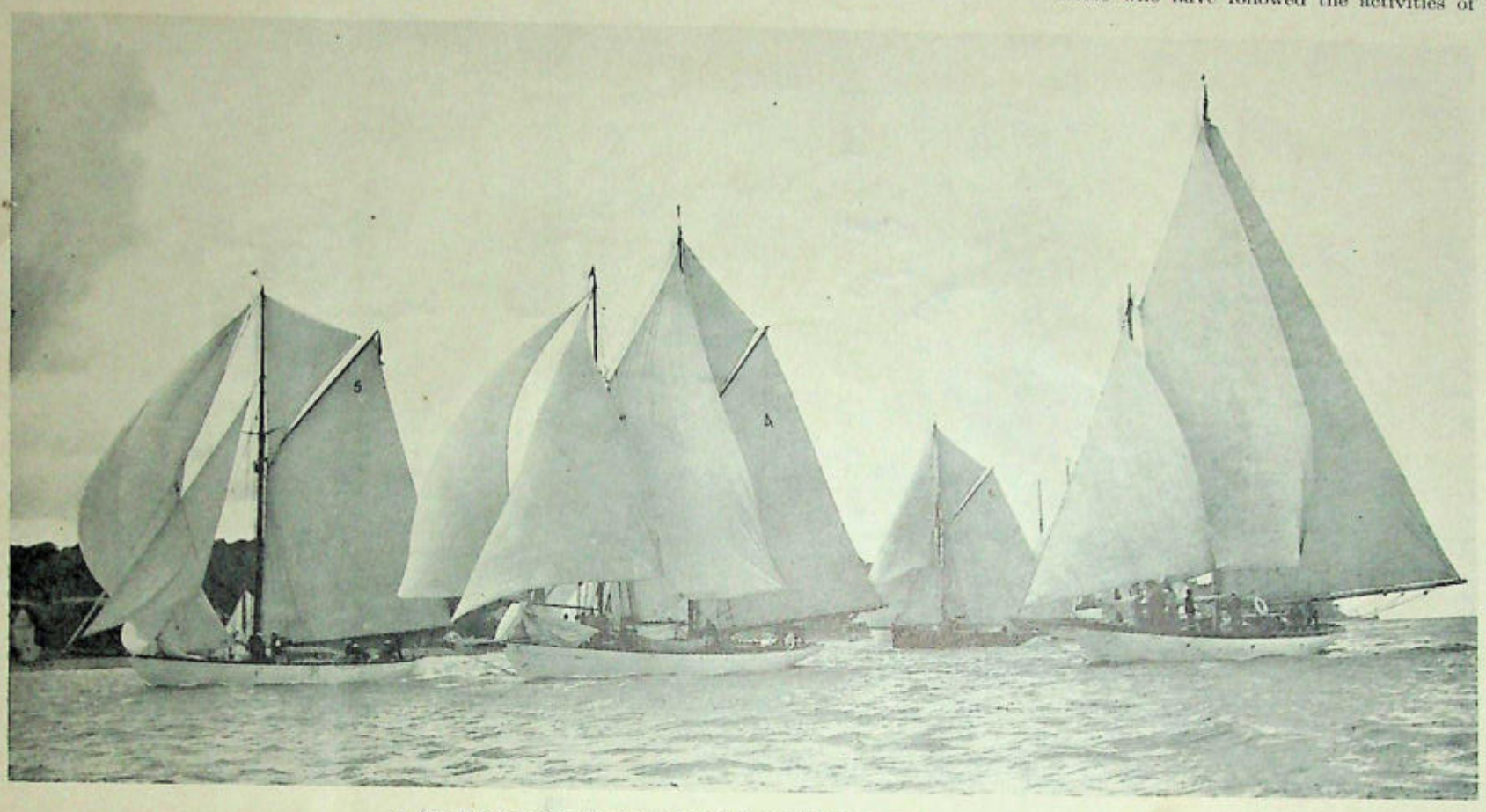
If forced to ride to a sea anchor a yawl's mizzen would form an excellent steadying sail, though a really strong jib-headed one should be kept for this purpose. Few yawls will turn to windward under headsails and mizzen only unless they are of the fast cruiser type; but the rig, as a whole, is efficient and seamanlike, and especially suitable for single-handed cruising.

WORKING WITH A SMALLER CREW

Many consider the ketch rig is ideal for a deep-sea cruiser, where ease of handling becomes an important factor. But the rig is heavy and cumbersome in small yachts, though it becomes more efficient and popular as size increases. Wear and tear on gear is inclined to be heavy; sails are high, narrow, and therefore pressing; but a yacht will look after herself better with this rig and be steadier on her helm, and can be worked with a smaller crew. The mizzen, not being back-winded like that of a yawl, is more efficient, sets better, and can be used in conjunction with the headsails alone to work to windward.

Once mizzen and jib are handed, the equivalent of two reefs has been taken in, though better progress will be made if sails are snugged down all round. A ketch is usually slow in stays, tends to be unhandy, and cannot compare with a cutter on a beat or a schooner on a reach. But she runs well.

The problem of finding the best rig is really personal. It depends on the use to which the yacht is to be put, on size, on the performance required, and on the crew that can be carried.



A VARIED CHOICE OF RIG AMONG THE STARTERS FOR A FASTNET RACE

MISS ENGLAND III. AND THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD

Problems Which Beset High-Speed Craft Designers

AT THE LAKE GARDA MEETING last week, Mr. Kaye Don failed to beat the record set up by Commodore Gar Wood by some six miles an hour. Last February Miss America IX. achieved the remarkable speed of 97.7 knots, which in landsman's language is 112.43 miles per hour, and the average speed at which she recaptured the world's record, was 97.1 knots, or 111.71 miles per hour, a speed 2.5 knots faster than that of Miss England II. at Lake Garda in July of last year.

Those who have followed the activities of Miss England III. since her launching will be asking now, "Why did she fail?"

She is fitted with two twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce engines which develop 1,975 b.h.p. These engines are the same as were used in Miss England II., but they have been slightly modified, and as installed in the new boat each have an output of 1,975 b.h.p. at 3,000 r.p.m.—an increase of approximately 150 h.p. over that developed by Miss England II. In addition to this increase in horse power, Miss England III. has twin screws, each engine driving its own propeller, through a clutch and forward gear box.

SPEED SACRIFICED FOR SAFETY

The present trouble may possibly be due to the problem of the combination of propeller size and gear ratio—a problem, incidentally, which is one of the most difficult that designers of high-speed craft of this type have to face. Again, it has been suggested that the weight of the hull is responsible for loss of speed. In point of fact, however, the hull itself is some 800lb. lighter than that of Miss England II.

Mr. Kaye Don is reported to have said at Gardoni that speed had been sacrificed for safety in Miss England III., but at the same time it seems more probable that the lack of speed is due to one of two factors — propeller trouble or hull design — for although remarkable progress has been made since the War, we are still only experimenting, and at present increased speed seems to be gained only by increased horse-power.

SOLENT.

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—
CROUCH, BLACKWATER AND COLNE RIVERS

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

This is the fifth article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Previous articles: Lowestoft, Southwold, Deben River, and Harwich

IF A STRANGER, accustomed only to deep water sailing and rocky coast, approaches these three rivers for the first time, he must needs proceed with caution between the numerous shoals which lie some distance from the low-lying shore. Landmarks are few, visibility frequently is poor, but there is an adequate system of buoys and beacons which must not be encroached upon.

Having arrived from Harwich and passed Clacton, the outer approaches to the Colne and Blackwater will be found marked by the red conical Priory Spit buoy and the red conical Eagle buoy, while to the southward will be seen the red and white, vertical striped Knoll can buoy, which has a light. To the north-west will next be identified the N.W. Knoll can buoy, which is red and white chequered.

If proceeding into the Colne, the channel will reveal itself immediately to the north of the N.W. Knoll. On the starboard hand leave a red conical buoy having a staff and globe topmark. This is the Colne Bar. On the port hand leave a spherical buoy having red and white horizontal stripes. This is the Bench Head. Give each of these two last mentioned a wide berth and carry on northward till you come to a black can light buoy, which flashes every five seconds, and marks the western side of the Colne. This is the Inner Bench Head, and is left to port.

BRIGHTLINGSEA CREEK

The entrance is now easy, the eastern side of the fairway being marked by red conical buoys and the western by black can buoys. The stranger must not be confused by an additional line of buoys to the west of the latter; these black and white ones being only fishery buoys.

Brightlingsea creek will next open up on the starboard hand, but this harbour is generally pretty full, though a good anchorage can usually be found for small craft inside, near the south-west end of the island which separates the creek in two. Most yachtsmen, however, will prefer to bring up where indicated by the plan—that is to say, either off the hard at East Mersea, just opposite Brightlingsea Creek, or a little farther to the north-west in Pyefleet Creek, which is quite a snug berth. Unless there is some special reason, Brightlingsea is better avoided owing to its congestion and sundry petty annoyances; but there are shops, yacht-builders, sail-makers, and other facilities. In entering Pyefleet leave the black buoy well to starboard and anchor just inside the creek. The fishery police boat will be observed within, her duty being to protect the oyster beds.

ENTRANCE TO THE BLACKWATER

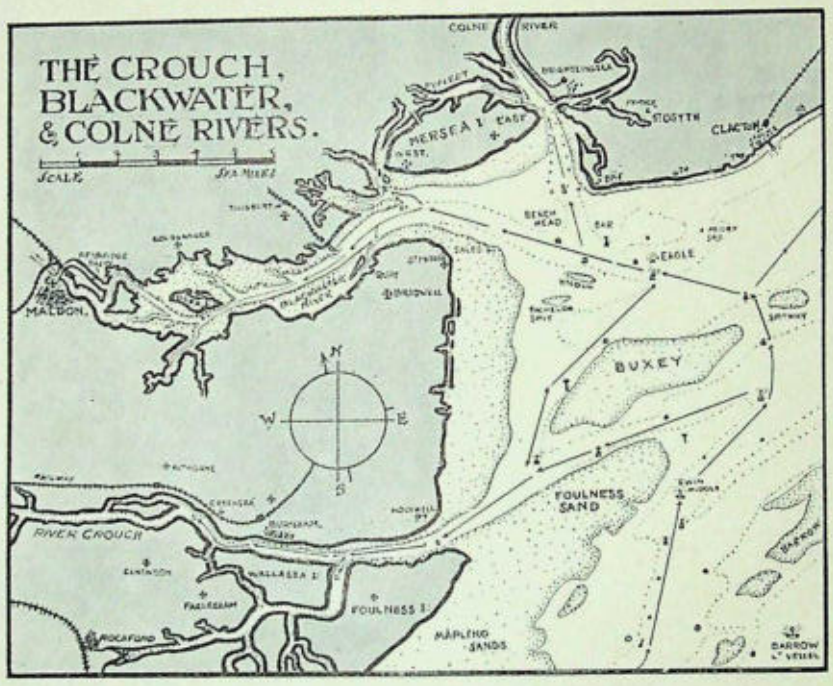
The entrance to the Blackwater from the N.W. Knoll buoy, as indicated by the plan, is much simpler than the Colne, the scenery is more pleasing and varied, with deeper water. On the north side West Mersea, on the south Bradwell Creek, and at the south-western end the anchorage off Osea Island all afford berths; whilst still farther up the river is Heybridge Basin, with its lock gates and perfect security. There is plenty of depth in the Blackwater channel so far as Osea Island, but an easterly wind is apt to make the river uncomfortable for small vessels if anchored anywhere east of that island. A red fixed light is shown from Osea pier-head: and two red fixed vertical lights on Tollesbury pier.

Beware of standing in too close on the northern side, where the Goldhanger flats run out to restrict the channel after Tollesbury pier has been left to the eastward. Above Osea Island the channel is marked on the north side by red barrel buoys and on the south by black barrel buoys. If intending to reach Heybridge, and you have come up the Blackwater with only the young flood, it will be necessary to anchor off Osea pier until sufficient water has risen for navigating the upper reaches.

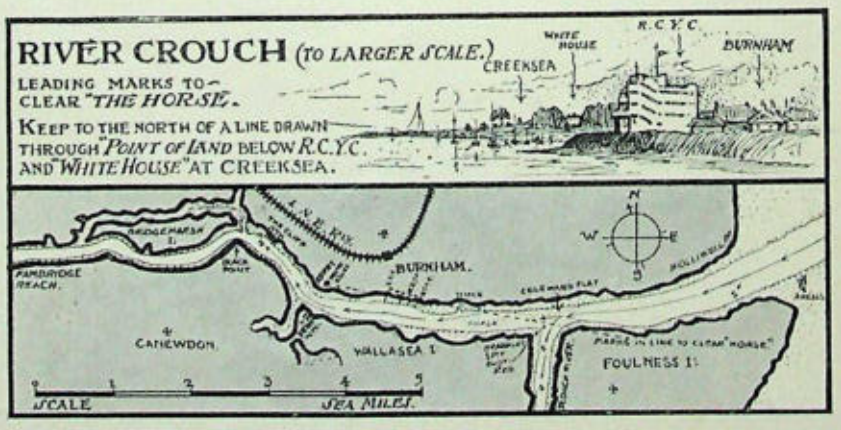
At Neaps there is not less than 4ft. from here to Heybridge Basin, when the tide is half-flood, but the lock-gates are not opened for longer than an hour before and after high water. Perfect security, peace and picturesque surroundings will be found in the Basin, where the environment is strangely reminiscent of Holland. After passing through the lock, make fast to the bank on the port hand at a convenient distance up this quiet canal.

Bradwell Creek, whilst affording good anchorage in normal weather for light-draught vessels, is so narrow and twisting, its guiding marks are so subject to change, the small buoys so frequently missing from their positions, and the 6ft. holes so uncertain, that a stranger should not attempt using this inlet except with the aid of local knowledge. The best and most up-to-date information of these Essex waters is to be obtained from the sailing barge skippers. At high water Bradwell Creek is exposed to fresh winds from the north-east.

Better anchorages will be found off West Mersea. Having come up the Blackwater from the N.W. Knoll, leave the Nass Beacon to port, but not less than 200yds. away, for the spit runs out considerably. If at all nervous, it is better to keep the lead going and creep in along the northern shore of the Blackwater, which is here the southern side of Mersea Island. When the Nass Beacon bears S.E. you are well inside the area known as Mersea Quarters, and a stranger may find it advisable to anchor. A more sheltered berth, especially when the wind is easterly, can be obtained after sailing past Packing Marsh Island up Thorn Fleet, and then anchoring near the Gut (which gives access to the anchorage off Mersea village, locally known as the "City"). Packing Marsh Island is characterised by some sheds.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CROUCH, BLACKWATER AND COLNE RIVERS
Courses indicated by arrows



The Raysand Channel, connecting the Blackwater with the Crouch, should not be attempted by strangers except in clear daylight and with plenty of tide. Its least depth at L.W.S. has varied during the last quarter of a century, but to-day half a fathom about represents the shoalest. Neaps, however, rise 10ft., and Springs 14ft. 8in., so that at half-flood you can be always sure of more than 8ft. The Raysand Channel passes between the mainland on the west and the Buxey Sands on the east.

From the N.W. Knoll steer for the Knoll light-buoy, thence alter course to leave the North Buxey buoy (red and white chequered can) to port. Thence steer to pass half-a-mile westward of Buxey Beacon, which consists of a mast 30ft. high with crosspiece, forming a T-shape. From this half-mile distance steer S.W. ½ S. to pass nicely to the westward of the West Buxey light-buoy (spherical, red and white horizontal stripes).

You are now at the entrance to the River Crouch, with Foulness Sand to the southward. The low, marshy, inconspicuous scenery affords no assistance, though a careful compass course from the West Buxey buoy, together with the use of the lead, will bring you between Holywell Point and Foulness; but beware of the flood setting you too far to the southward. You are now well in the Crouch and can sail right up. In fine settled weather, if stopping only till to-morrow's tide, anchor south of Holywell Point towards the Foulness shore, yet not too close. Proceeding up river, the Roach will be passed on the southward. An excellent anchorage, secure from easterly and westerly winds, is found a short distance up the Roach on the western side. Beware of the Branklet Spit, which projects from the N.E. corner of this western bank of the Roach.

MAKING FOR BURNHAM

A small white buoy, which marks the Branklet extremity, should be left to port when coming up the Crouch towards Burnham.

There is a "horse" one mile west of the Roach almost in the middle of the Crouch, and this shoal has not more than 3ft. of water at L.W.S. Some yachtsmen prefer to leave it by the south channel, others by the north. When using the latter, it will be noticed that the following marks will clear the eastern end of the shoal. Keep to the north of an imaginary line drawn through the point of land below the new Royal Corinthian Yacht Club building and the white house at Creeksea. (This will be recognised by the sketch in accompanying plan.)

Strangers will find the anchorage off Burnham so congested with yachts and moorings that it is better to bring up either half-a-mile below the town, or about a mile above the Ferry abreast of "The Cliff" between Creeksea and Althorne Creek.

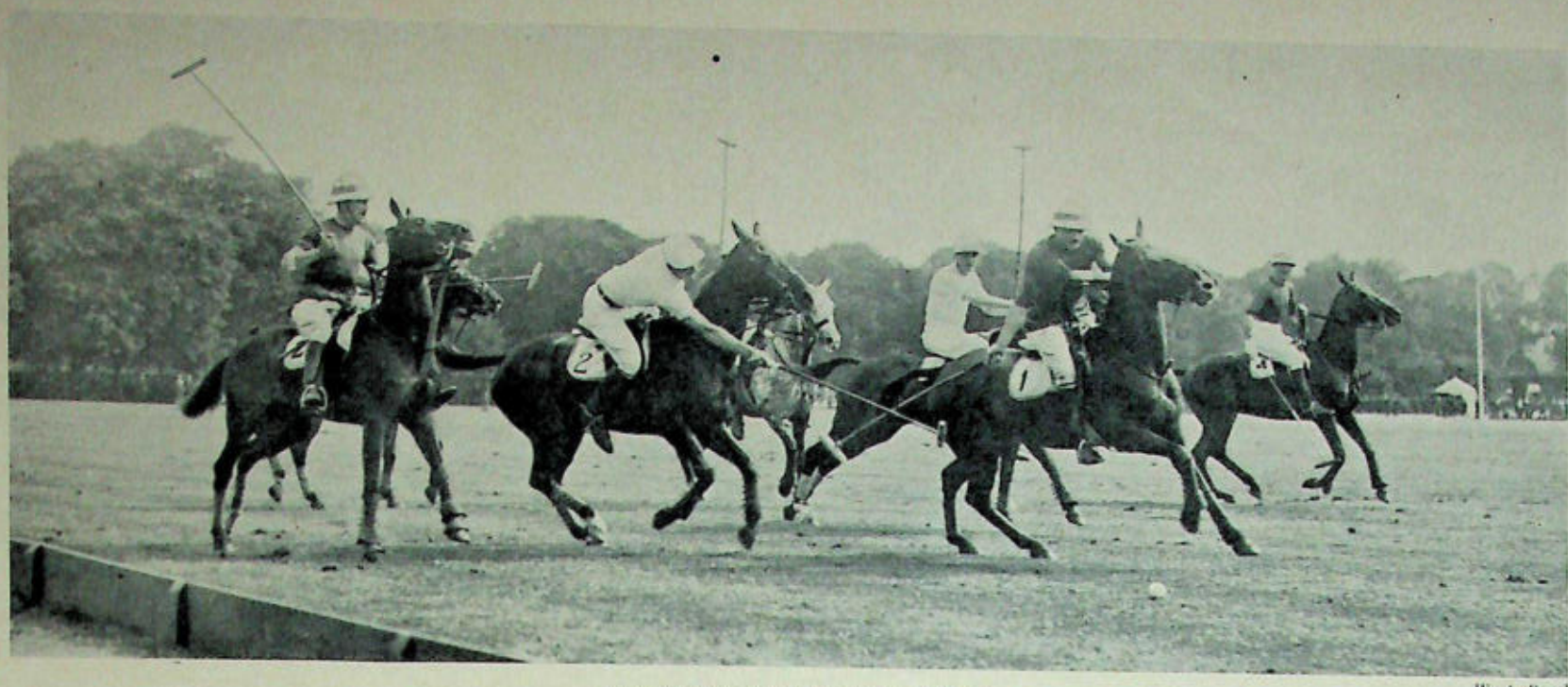
When leaving the Crouch, and bound out by the Whitaker Channel, the northern shore is marked by the West Buxey light-buoy and the South Buxey red conical buoy. The south side has the Ridge (red and white chequered can) buoy with staff and cage topmark; next the Whitaker Spit beacon (with its cut-off cone top), which is 46ft. high. The eastern extremity is marked by the Whitaker Spit spherical (black and white horizontal striped) light buoy.

YACHTSMEN AND THE Y.R.A.

ONCE MORE the *Red Book* of the Yacht Racing Association has made its appearance, and yachtsmen throughout the country who go racing will be carrying this volume in their pockets from now till the end of the racing seasons. The Y.R.A. has now governed the sport in British waters for many years, and it is interesting to note that one of the founders of this distinguished body was the late Mr. Dixon Kemp, at one time Yachting Editor of the *Field*.

Yachtsmen, from the owner of the largest and most costly racing cutter to the owner of the smallest dinghy afloat, sail under the Rules of the association and turn to its counsel when they require a fair and just settlement of their disputes. Yet it is surprising when we consider what a small proportion of the vast number of yachtsmen who go racing belong to the Y.R.A.

The first Rule in the *Red Book* is "The object of the Yacht Racing Association shall be the promotion of the interest of yacht racing," and this rule has been faithfully adhered to since the foundation of the association. It is to be hoped that those who have received so much help from the Y.R.A. in the past will show their gratitude by becoming members, as by so doing they will encourage the sport in all its branches.



W. A. Rouch

PLAYING ON DAMP ENGLISH GROUND

A scene at Hurlingham during an International match, showing Mr. T. Hitchcock hooking Col. H. A. Tompkinson's stick. Col. Tompkinson is now manager of the Royal racing stable

WHERE AMERICA SCORES OVER US IN POLO

The Advantages of Sun, Fast Grounds and Enthusiastic Crowds

By LT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

WHEN WE CONSIDER the amount of care and attention which is paid to a cricket pitch, tennis court, football ground, or golf links, not only before an important match, but the whole year round, it will be immediately realised how much stress is laid on having a perfect surface on which to play these various games of skill with accuracy. To polo players this perfect surface is every bit as necessary, if not more so, and yet how seldom in England is it possible to obtain ?

On walking over the old ground at Ranelagh on the morning of May 1st I longed for all those who hope to play polo in London this year to be with me. The grass had just been cut and rolled, as it invariably is on the morning of a match, and I have no hesitation in saying that at that moment there was no better polo ground in the world—not a scar, not a mark ; it would seem almost impossible to miss a white ball on that vivid green carpet. But the ground was soft, and in less than one chukker's play it would closely resemble a ploughed field. And yet in a very few days members will be clamouring to play on it.

I have often in the past done so myself, and then in June have joined with the "grumblers" at the ground being "bumpy"! Some grounds dry much quicker than others, but if played on while wet they all cut up more or less—it is only a question of degree—and they are never the same again for the rest of the season. To play or not to play, that is the problem which, during a wet year confronts every polo manager at least three times a week, especially in London.

MORE GROUNDS FOR PLAY IN AMERICA

But these difficulties do not affect the Americans to the same extent. They have many more grounds at their disposal than we have, consequently they are able to set aside one or more, and only use them for big important contests. The International field at Meadowbrook has a better imitation of our turf than any other ground I have seen outside these shores, and the authorities are in a position to be able to reserve, and consequently to preserve it. But this cannot be done in London.

More important even than the ground is the climate. This wonderful turf of which we are so proud is produced by constant rain, which at the same time does so much to retard our efforts at producing a really good polo team, because it is not really much use having wonderful turf unless one can keep it so, and as long as the grounds are wet and soft this is impossible.

There is rain in America also, but not in the same way, or to the same extent. Nor is it rain only which stops us, for polo is essentially a summer game: it wants sun to make players and ponies really happy, and they get much more of that in America than we do ; moreover, if the players have sufficient means (most of them have) they can follow it and play practically all the year round, for California and Florida are winter polo Paradises.

I have never been to California, but I spent a delightful couple of months in Miami six or seven years ago, and simply loved it. They had five grounds laid with Bermuda grass, which is nothing more or less than a glorified edition of our old friend "Dhoob" in India, and it's hard to beat. They were rather sandy, but never cut up, and provided between them for the two months we were there a perfect surface.

It was a glorious climate ; we practically lived in bathing kit except when riding or playing polo, and this during January and February. Just imagine what it would mean to players here if there was somewhere in their own country where they could play and practise under these ideal conditions during the winter months. The nearest approach is Cannes, where there has been good fun—yes, and good polo too (it is quite possible to combine the two)—in the past ; but on the whole the climate is, let us say, capricious.

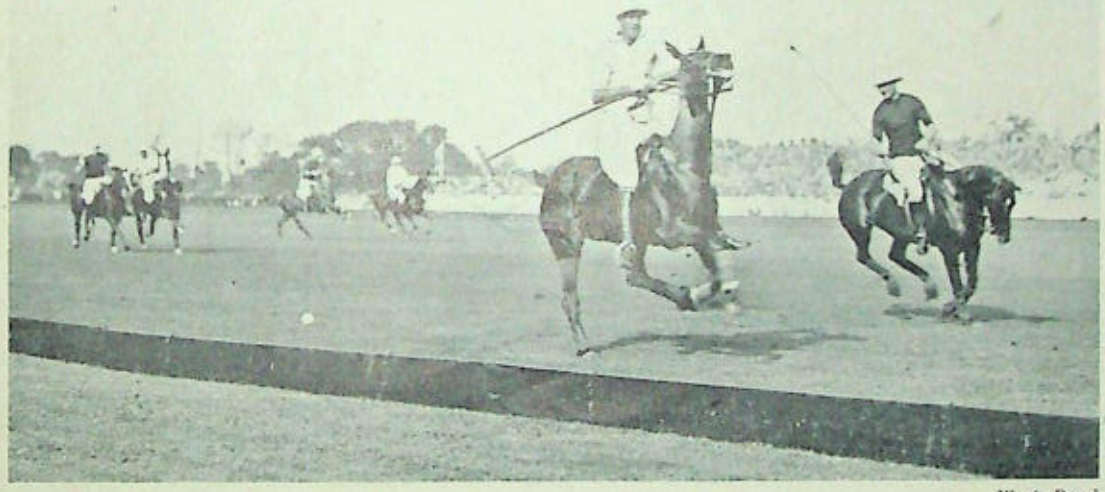
But it is too cold to play polo seriously anywhere in England during the winter, although much can be done in the training of ponies, and to a certain extent players, at places like Tidworth, or anywhere where there is good "going" which naturally dries quickly. But from an international point of view there is no doubt that the Americans, by being able to follow the sun in their own land, and play real good tournament polo practically all the year round, have an enormous advantage over us.

Then the whole atmosphere round Meadowbrook breathes polo far more than is the case anywhere here. The little village of Westbury on Long Island is to Meadowbrook rather what "Melton" is to the famous Leicestershire packs—polo is the only topic of conversation at one, just as hunting is at the other. When I was in America in 1923 and 1924 all the little boys in the neighbourhood not only knew us within a very few days of our arrival, but even our ponies' names as well. They all have tiny polo sticks with which they knock polo balls about the streets.

There always seem to be huge crowds of enthusiasts at any polo centre in America willing to pay admission for themselves and cars to witness any good match.

The takings at an international match at Meadowbrook are colossal, whilst those at the numerous clubs all over the country for any tournament amount to considerable sums.

What a difference it would make to our various polo committees if they could rely on a huge gate ! I cannot believe that our English people are less enthusiastic than the Americans over the finest game in the world. Nothing is more exhilarating or exciting to watch than a first-class game of polo, nor is anything more depressing than a poor one ; but surely that applies to every game.



W. A. Rouch

AT MEADOWBROOK ON A GROUND WHICH IS FAST AND TRUE

A check on the boards, showing an exciting moment when America played England for the Westchester Cup

AN ABSENTEE FROM SANDWICH

Hagen : Four Times Winner of Our Open Golf Championship

By Lieut.-Col. CYRIL FOLEY

IT IS A THOUSAND PITIES that Walter Hagen was too late with his entry for the Open, at St. George's, Sandwich, this year, as the competition loses thereby one of its chief elements of interest. Taking into consideration that he is an invader and therefore playing away from home, his performances in this competition have been quite extraordinary.

He arrived in this country in 1920, full of confidence, having figured out on the boat coming over exactly what he was going to do at each hole. Things, owing to the wind, did not plan out according to schedule. Hagen, to his credit, saw the humorous side of it, and roared with laughter. There was always hope for him after that. When he returned he had the wind beaten. Let us set out what he has actually accomplished, treating his initial appearance at Deal in 1920 as a "trial ball."

In 1921 he was sixth with 302 at St. Andrews, Jock Hutchinson winning, after a tie with Roger Wethered at 296 each.

In 1922 he won at Sandwich with 301 to Duncan's 302, when the latter, coming in last of all the competitors, framed his memorable come-back with a 69, when 68 would have tied and forced a replay.

In 1923 he lost by one stroke to Arthur Havers at Troon with 296 to 295.

In 1924 he won for the second time at Hoylake with 301, when E. R. Whitcombe was the runner-up with 302.

In 1926 he was third at Lytham and St. Annes with 295 to R. T. Jones's 291, and Watrous's 293.

In 1928 he won at Sandwich with 292 to Sarazen's 294.

In 1929 he won at Muirfield with 292 to John Farrell's 298, and did the record of the course 33+34=67, which was also the lowest score ever returned in the Open Championship.

Thus, in seven attempts on the Championship, he has been successful in four, second in one, third in one, and sixth in one, a truly phenomenal performance, and second only to Bobby Jones, who, after *his* "trial ball" at St. Andrews in 1921, has won it on all the three occasions that he has entered for it.

Bobby Jones has taken 291, 285, and 291, giving him an average of 72.25 for his twelve rounds, and Hagen has averaged 74.25 for each of his 28 rounds. Taking into consideration the amount of rounds that Hagen has played, it is hard to say which is the most notable performance.

From 1921 to 1931 inclusive, namely, eleven years, 29 foreigners (including those from Great Britain who have become naturalised Americans) have occupied the first four places in the Open Championship, out of a possible 44. Fourteen of these places have been filled by home-bred Americans, nine by English-Americans, two by an Australian-American, and one by an Argentine.

America has won ten out of the last eleven Open Championships, on seven occasions with home-bred Americans, and on three with English-Americans. The only winner for Great Britain during that period is Arthur Havers.

(*See also pages* 834 *and* 835)

A NEW CRUISER-WEIGHT CHAMPION

Petersen's Improvement

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

HARRY CROSSLEY lost his title to Jack Petersen at the Stadium Club before a very poor attendance. The manner of Petersen's victory surprised me, for I did not think him capable of outpointing a boxer as good as Crossley. But the margin in his favour must have been quite large at the end.

Crossley was in danger of being knocked out in the thirteenth round, when the Welshman at last managed to connect with his right hand. But the fight had been decided long before the thirteenth round. The fifth was, to my mind, the turning point. In that round Crossley lost the initiative, which he could never regain.

Petersen is learning the use of a left hand, and, if it has not as yet much power behind it, it is remarkably accurate and very fast. But his defence is still negligible. It is his good fortune that he has not yet met a man with a heavy punch allied to some boxing ability. Crossley marked him fairly severely, and Crossley has no punch worthy of the name.

Petersen's right hand will win him many fights; when he develops a close defence he will win a big championship. His next contest is with Meen for the Heavy-weight Championship. Meen is a heavier puncher than Crossley, but his defence is poor and his brain moves slowly. He will not, I think, be able to avoid Petersen's right hand, and July should see a new heavy-weight champion.

Jack Doyle, the latest heavy-weight sensation, won his third fight with another quick knock-out. Each of his three professional contests have ended in the first round. This young Irishman possesses a real punch that is going to take him a long way. Moreover, punching power is not confined to his right hand. He clipped Bill Partridge with a left on the side of the head and Partridge took a long count. Had the blow landed a little lower the fight would have ended there and then. As it was, it needed but one more punch. Doyle is a real find. It is to be hoped that he will not be spoilt by undue publicity.

SCHMELING'S HEAVY-WEIGHT TITLE

The World's Heavy-weight Championship will shortly be in the balance. Max Schmeling, the champion, is defending his title against Jack Sharkey, an American of Lithuanian birth. The contest in itself, being between a German and an American, can have little interest for the British boxing public. The result, however, is of some considerable importance.

If Schmeling wins there is a definite chance of a world's title match being staged in London, for boxing is not doing well in the States, and Schmeling would not be averse to fighting for £10,000. But if Sharkey wins, as is, I am afraid, more than probable under the existing rules in America, there is no possibility of any such contest taking place in Europe. Sharkey has an exaggerated idea of his own value as a box-office attraction.

The Heavy-weight Championship would return to America, whence it was once allowed to slip by a slow-witted referee.

OXFORD SUMMER EIGHTS

Too Many Bumps Spoil the Racing

IN MY ARTICLE LAST WEEK I commented on the unevenness of the crews, and the last four days' racing bore out this criticism in no uncertain fashion. Even on the last day there was the high total of 20 bumps, proving that, even after six days, crews had not yet found their level.

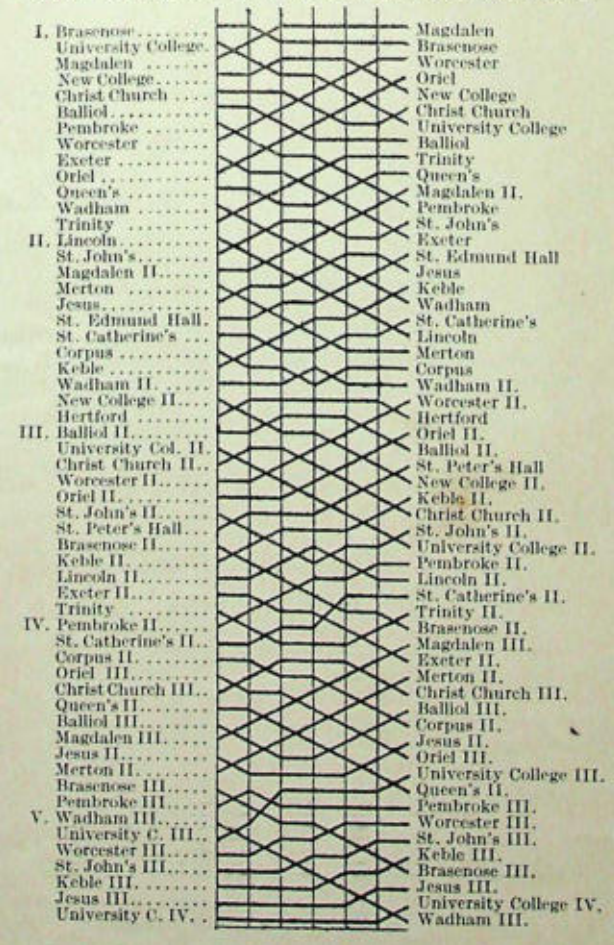
Analysing this still further we find that only six boats in the first division, three in the second division, three in the third division, one in the fourth division, and four in the fifth rowed over on the last day. Out of the first 49 boats taking part in the week's racing, only 21 avoided being bumped.

One striking feature was the success of the "foreign" coach, and Mr. J. H. Page, of the Thames Club, can be singled out for a special mention since his efforts with Oriel brought the reward of six bumps and raised them to the fourth position on the river.

Magdalen, after going Head of the River on the second night at the expense of B.N.C., were never extended, and judging by the success of their second and third crews they are likely to retain the position next summer.

H. B. L.

TABLE OF BUMPS IN THE OXFORD SUMMER EIGHTS



PROSPECTS FOR THE MAY RACES

Will Pembroke Remain Head?

THIS YEAR Pembroke start Head of the River, and on paper, with three of this year's leading Blues and coxswain, they ought to stay Head with ease. A fortnight ago, however, this did not look the case at all, but since making certain changes of order, and with Mr. Nisbet coaching them, they have certainly improved a lot. It is not so polished and flexible an eight as the one which went Head last year, but, on the other hand, some of the oars are a great deal more experienced. Best, who had the great misfortune not to stroke this year's 'Varsity crew, is stroking them, and Luxton is rowing 2 and McCowen 7.

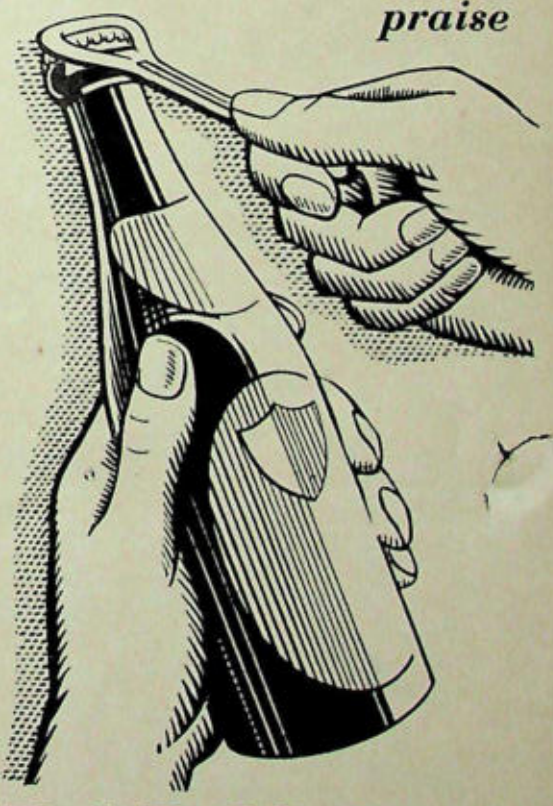
Jesus have a crew of greater experience and pace than last year, and, moreover, they are being coached by Mr. Fairbairn. They have no one outstanding, like the Head crew, but in contrast to the latter they are more evenly balanced as regards personnel. The position of these two boats is interestingly similar to that existing at the beginning of the Eights at Oxford. The crew, besides rowing with a typical Jesus rhythm, have good command of their boat, and Pembroke will have to be fast to keep away.

Selwyn start third on the river, the highest position this comparatively small college has yet attained. They are a very useful crew, but they are rather inclined to bully their boat instead of allowing it to run between the strokes. We now come to the first of the fixed-rowlock crews in Lady Margaret, Third Trinity and First Trinity, with Christs on swivels. Lady Margaret are rather ponderous, and Selwyn should have no difficulty in keeping their place.

Third Trinity have easily the best crew since their Grand winner of 1929, and although they have not much power, they are certainly fast for a short distance and will be dangerous for that reason. Payne is at stroke, Fletcher is once more rowing at 7, and Rickett is at 6. Christs are a useful crew, although they, too, are light. Trinity Hall at last have followed the lead of many others and adopted swivels; they must learn, however, that hard leg-work is also necessary before a boat will travel fast. Peterhouse, another swivel crew, do not appear to have quite the pace of some of their crews of late years, but they are undoubtedly fast. Two good second-boat crews from Pembroke and Jesus will once again fight for the honour of being the highest second boat on the river.

The crews in the lower divisions are of a higher standard than usual, one outstanding point being that they have good control of their boats.

OLD BLUE.

A BRITISH LAGER
that world-travellers praise

BARCLAY'S LAGER
SAY 'BARCLAY'S' AND BUY BRITISH

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

WHY THE AMERICAN LADY GOLFERS WON

SIR,—In all the expert accounts of the "first official international match between British and American women golfers," which drew such vast crowds to Wentworth on May 21st, I have seen only one hint at the real cause of our defeat. Some say it was weak putting, others that our approaching was at fault; but one Special Correspondent gets nearer the mark when she observes that our second pair, Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Watson, had never played together in foursomes before.

Add to this the almost incredible fact—within my own knowledge—that our third couple, Miss Gourlay and Miss Doris Park, had never been partnered together before either, nor had one single preliminary practice round together, and the wonder is not that our side lost all the foursomes but that they made so good a fight of it as they did.

I saw the match and venture to say that, shot for shot, our ladies were more than a match for the Americans. But, if the better side did not win, we are forced to the melancholy conclusion that the better-managed side did, and deserved their triumph; and all that remains is to congratulate the United States Ladies' Golf Union—or whoever was responsible—on their superior staff-work.

The invaders characteristically left nothing to chance.

Bracken Lodge, Worplesdon Hill, Woking, Surrey. Yours faithfully, CHARLES AMBROSE.

TRANSPORTABLE ROWING EIGHTS

SIR,—I have read with interest your article *re* the new Thames Rowing Club sectional eight, built for travelling purposes, and wish to say that there is nothing special in the design, with the exception that it is the Dr. Bourne.

It may interest you to know that London R.C. have also just had one turned out by our firm, in which they are competing at the regatta in Paris. The L.R.C. eight is just a replica of that built by us last year, and used successfully in the Grand against the good German eight.

We build quite a quantity of the sectional eights, having supplied one to Winnipeg, and have another on order for the New Zealand representative eight for Los Angeles, and also one for Fort William, Canada. You will remember that several years ago, L.R.C. and Argonaut rowed a dead-heat in the Grand. Argonaut were using a sectional of our build. I hope this will be of interest, and also show that there is nothing out of the way in design in these boats, and that the brass plates used to bolt the washboards together, with the bulkheads, only weigh about 12lb. extra. A few years ago we built the New Zealand Club's thirteen sectional eights, one order. Yours faithfully,

Putney, S.W. W. SIMS (G. Sims & Sons).

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field* you refer to an eight that is being built in three sections for the Thames R.C. by Messrs. Sims.

Twenty odd years ago I was attending a Canadian Henley, held at Welland, when Mr. Vivian Nickalls pointed out the two-sectional eight belonging to the Detroit R.C.; and I think it was found to be very satisfactory.

Yours truly,

Canterbury. RUPERT WHEELER.

A PROLIFIC EWE

SIR,—Mr. Rodocanachi's letter in your issue of May 7th, reporting an instance of super-fœtation in an ewe, much interested me, as I have had a somewhat similar case. In March, 1928, an Exmoor Thorn ewe of mine had rather a large single lamb, which was weakly and only lived for about 36 hours; after its death the ewe very quickly went dry.

Twenty-three days after the birth of the first lamb the ewe had twin lambs—one of them a black one, something of a rarity in this breed—which she successfully reared. By no possibility could a mistake have been made, nor could the ewe have adopted another ewe's lambs, as the only other sheep in the field with her were three or four which had lost their lambs.

Adoption of lambs is probably not very uncommon, and I have even known a case of a ewe, which already had one lamb, stealing two lambs from another ewe which was in a dying condition; I allowed her to keep one of them.

The normal period between "heats" in a ewe is undoubtedly about eighteen days, not fourteen.

Yours truly,

North Farmcote, Winchcombe, Cheltenham. R. F. COURAGE.

DITCH CUTTER WANTED FOR SOUTH AMERICA

SIR,—I have often received inquiries from South America for an excavator capable of performing the work described below, but up to now have been unable to find such a machine. I wonder if you or any of your readers can assist me.

A light-weight mud ditch cutter, capable of working without sinking in the mud, and cutting a clean ditch, discharging the soil excavated on to one or both sides of the trench. The ditch to be of rectangular section with vertical sides and smooth walls and bottom, and of a section varying from 20in. by 20in. to 80in. by 40in.

The soil forms a large part of the river basins and deltas of South America, and is composed of a layer of 90 per cent. of clay, 10 per cent. fine sand, and is covered by a top layer of humus and vegetable matter (soft weeds) of from 2in. to 18in., mostly alluvial silt, constantly soaked with water. A man can walk on this soil, but begins to sink once the top crust is broken.

The ditch cutting work is at present done by hand with spades, and costs about sevenpence (7d.) per cubic metre, and what is wanted is an inexpensive power-driven ditch cutter capable of being worked by unskilled labour.

Yours faithfully,

The Brazilian Information Bureau,
5, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. 1. A. DANVERS, *Director*.

CLIPPING A SWIFT

SIR,—One does not often get the opportunity of handling a swift (*Apus a. apus*), but I picked one up recently in the roadway, quite unable to fly, and on examination I found that the first, second and third primaries of the left wing were badly twisted 2½in. from their extremities.

I cut off the damaged feathers (one of which I enclose) at the points where the shafts were broken, and in order to balance the wings I cut off equivalent lengths (2½in.) from each of the three primaries of the right wing, and then I launched the bird in the air.

The first attempt at flight was not very successful, but the second attempt was better, and the swift covered some 50yds. before colliding with a grassy bank. At the third attempt, however, the bird cleared all obstructions, and when I last saw it was flying strongly at quite 500ft., and had been joined in the air by another swift.

In *Witherby's Practical Handbook* it is stated that swifts do not commence to moult the wing feathers until November. I wonder how my swift will fare until then, with its wing span reduced by 5in.?

Yours faithfully,

Farley Green Cottage, Albury, Surrey. OLIVER HOOK.

SALMON OR OTTER?

SIR,—On May 7th I was fishing a spinning prawn off a platform erected in the River Slaney by the owner of the fishing, to enable him to fish near the mouth of a feeder which is a good resting place for salmon.

The platform is not more than 12yds. or 15yds. long, and it is not possible to follow a fish either up or down the river, except for the length of the platform.

About the third cast I was nearly pulled off the platform by what I thought must be a very heavy fish.

There was no sudden dash and no commotion in the water, but the line was taken slowly up the centre of the big river.

When about 150yds. of the line had been taken out I put on a greater strain, as I had very strong tackle, but it had not the slightest effect on the fish.

The line was taken up through another salmon throw, where there is very fast running water, and the cast was broken about 6in. from the end of the line.

I have killed fish of over 40lb. in the Shannon and the Nore, but never had a like experience with any fish.

There are a great many otters in the Slaney, and my host thought that one might have taken my spinning prawn.

Perhaps you would be so kind as to let me know whether there is any record of such a thing having happened.

Belgard, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin. Yours faithfully, ANTHONY F. MAUDE.

[It is not very probable that an otter would itself take the prawn, but it is quite possible that a small fish may have taken the bait and an otter have taken the fish. The place described by our correspondent where a side stream swings into a main river is a likely spot for accidentally foul-hooking a salmon, and a fish thus hooked shows surprising strength for its weight.—ED.]

SPARROWHAWK EATING THRUSHES' EGGS

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. John W. Young's letter in your May 14th issue, stating that a hen sparrowhawk had been seen to eat thrushes' eggs. I had a somewhat similar experience early last month when a hen sparrowhawk attacked a pigeon and followed him into the pigeon-loft, where she killed and ate it. She then turned her attention to some nests, which had been vacated in the meantime, and proceeded to break and eat the eggs.

I was not a personal witness of the scene, but, being called by a groom, who was present, arrived in time to see the scattered eggshells, and also the hawk, which had failed to escape from the loft.

Malvern, Worcestershire. Yours truly, I. N. PRESTON.

RIDING IN RICHMOND PARK

SIR,—What some of us who are keeping off the tracks fear is, that when we have made new ones the authorities may stop us altogether. I hope this is a groundless fear? If we are unable to ride in Richmond Park, there is only Wimbledon Common left to us. This would mean that the riding schools on the Richmond side of the park would find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to live.

I think the great majority of us who ride regularly in Richmond Park are only too ready to do what the park authorities want. But it would be a great relief to know that the "Keep off the Tracks" order is not a first step towards turning us out altogether.

Yours truly,

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W. 1. ROLAND STURGIS.

AN INGENIOUS GRINDING MACHINE

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter appearing in the issue of the *Field* dated May 7th concerning "an ingenious Indian grinding machine" used by the natives of the North-west Frontier.

It may be of interest to your readers to know that mills similar in almost every detail of structure are still in use in this country. The crofters of the west coast of the Island of Lewis, and I have no doubt in the remoter parts of the Highlands, construct similar mills over rapid streams. The mill is usually housed in a hut built of dry stone and roofed with turf.

I have seen many clever contrivances for regulating the flow of the water and for holding the grain, but the principle is the same as your correspondent describes. Yours faithfully,

Derwent, Helensburgh. GERALD F. BAIRD.

CANNIBAL TROUT IN ACTION

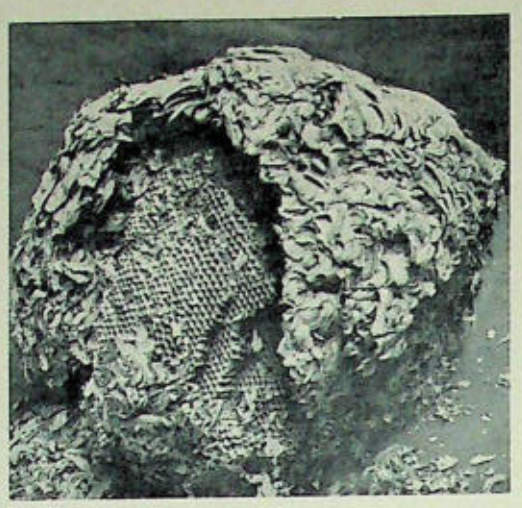
SIR,—When dry-fly fishing on a small chalk stream near Andover recently, I had the good fortune to see a cannibal trout in action. While kneeling down casting for trout farther upstream, I saw a muddy swirl in the stream level with me. When the water cleared I saw a large brown trout, probably about 3lb. in weight, lying on the bottom with a trout about 6in. long in its mouth, firmly held by the back of the neck. Trying to poke the big fish with my rod point did not disturb it in the least, and it still held on to its victim.

Then it turned and swam leisurely down stream. I followed, and by launching a determined attack with a landing net, caused it to let go of the small trout. This fish did not seem to be badly hurt, and swam rapidly away while the cannibal retired to a patch of weed.

Some five minutes later I was joined by another member of our fishing syndicate, and was able to show him the fish, which did not appear to mind our presence in the least; in fact, I prodded it with my rod point for the edification of a small boy. This stirred up the cannibal once more, and in a few seconds it had another very small trout by the back of the neck. Thereafter every trout in the pool dashed round in circles quite terrified. When the commotion subsided, the cannibal could be seen on the bottom, but there was no sign of its victim.

This large fish has had many a fly cast made over its nose, but never showed any inclination to take. We have now declared war on it, and propose to remove it by fair means or foul.

Tidworth, Hants. Yours truly, R. H. BOWER.



FOUND IN THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, OSBORNE
(See Letter "Wasps' Nest in the Roof")

WASPS' NEST IN THE ROOF

SIR,—The interesting wasp nest shown in the enclosed photograph was discovered in the roof of one of the corridors of the Royal Naval College at Osborne by some workmen who were seeing to the electric wires. The nest was completely hidden from view, and in total darkness. It measured 3ft. in circumference and 1ft. in height. It was due to the cutting out of a piece of the ceiling to enable a workman to get through to lay some wires that it was brought to light.

The outside of the nest was beautifully made from a material like coarse paper, made from the woody matter of plants and the bark of trees, worked into a plastic mass by the jaws of the wasps, which, mixed with their secretion, formed thin layers.

The nest was used last year, but although the wasps were seen, their nest could not be located, and it has probably been there for several seasons. There is a single row of cells in each comb, and the combs are ranged one above the other, not side by side, as are those of the bees.

Yours truly,
East Cowes, I.W. W. WHITE & SON.

HABITS OF ELVERS

SIR,—Seven young eels taken from a stream at Lewes on April 21st this year and transferred to a glass bowl have been under close observation for a month. These elvers like to lie almost motionless among masses of Starwort (*Callitriche*), being then difficult to detect, simulating to some degree the stems of the plant.

Periodically the elvers make a snap and, I think, sometimes feed on *Entomostraca*, and too, appear at times, to be searching among the Starwort leaves for food. On more than one occasion I have observed detritus clinging to their mouths. They do not like direct sunlight, and when placed in a room where the morning sun shone direct on the glass bowl became very restless, swimming about with great rapidity, and even forcing their way right out of the bowl.

A local fishmonger showed me an eel measuring 10in. long, which he kept in an aquarium with goldfish. He informed me he had had it a year, and was originally brought in with whitebait an elver 3in. long. This shows a growth of 7in. in the year. On asking what the eel fed on, the fishmonger replied he did not know, never having seen it feeding, but supposed it partook of "ant's eggs" supplied to the goldfish, which is most improbable. This eel spent the whole day lying inside a big shell. Some few years ago a lady showed me an eel she had also kept for a year living in a large wooden tub but concealed nearly all the time in a drain-pipe. This eel refused all food offered to it, and yet these two eels cited were apparently quite healthy and lively.

Yours truly,
50, Tisbury Road, J. GORDON DALGLIESH.
Hove, Sussex.

SCARCITY OF WOODCOCK

SIR,—I was much interested in the recent letters in the *Field* on the scarcity of woodcock this season. Without exception this has been the worst year on record, and seemingly each succeeding year gets worse than its predecessor.

Birds generally arrive here on or about October 10th, with a N.E. wind, and later on with a S.E. wind and morning moon from France, which is only about nine miles from this island.

Some years ago woodcock were very plentiful, and a bag of seven brace was quite usual before breakfast, and I have known some years when they were literally on the island in hundreds, one man alone in one day killing between 25 and 30 brace.

Since 1914 they have been fewer and fewer, and many attribute it to the fact that the heavy firing on the Western front diverted them from their usual air lines, and they have never returned to them.

Caskets lighthouse, once the point for which they seemingly arrived, is now deserted by them. The perches fixed by the Wild Birds Protection Society are wasted, and the keepers assure me there is now an almost entire absence of small birds. This year has been exceptional with them in this respect.

Yours faithfully,
Victoria Street, N. W. GAUDION.
Alderney, C.I.

"TRESPASS IN PURSUIT OF SPORT"

SIR,—The article "Mass Trespass Rambles" in your issue of May 7th ventilates a grievance that is not confined to the owners of grouse moors.

The action of the "hikers" was clearly indefensible, and I agree with you that it is satisfactory to know that the police took action.

I trust, therefore, that you will give equal publicity to this complaint of a landowner, albeit in a very small way, but representing the views of a good many similar "victims."

Throughout the hunting season Masters of Hounds (both fox and stag) commit and incite "mass trespass" in pursuit of their quarry. I live in a fox-hunting country, and no less than four times in the last three years I have been annoyed by hounds chasing a fox through my garden. In



106LB. NILE PERCH WHICH TOOK 6 HRS. 25 MINS. TO BRING TO GAFF
Girth, 3ft. 3in.; Length, 4ft. 9ins. Tackle, Hardy 12½ ft. rod and Hardy Longstone reel
(See Letter "A Large Nile Perch")

one instance the fox took sanctuary in my tool-house while I was attending to my fowls near by. I closed and locked the door in pity for the hunted beast. The whole pack, the Master and hunt servants and some fifteen to twenty of the mounted followers invaded my premises, and the Master was very rude indeed when I ordered them to go away.

Some of the field even suggested breaking open the door of the tool-house, and I think that they would have done so if my son had not brought me a gun with which I threatened to shoot any hound that entered the building.

It is true that, in response to my solicitor's letter threatening legal proceedings, a full apology was tendered, but the fact remains that twice since that date hounds have run through my garden and frightened my prize poultry.

Every season cases are reported of hounds killing a fox or a deer in small private gardens, frequently to the annoyance or horror of the owners, who are generally afraid to remonstrate for fear of incurring the odium of those in high places. Yet what would the M.F.H. say (and do) if a number of hikers were to trespass in his gardens and grounds?

Your article gives the opportunity of ventilating a very real grievance, and I trust that you will afford me the courtesy of publicity in the "Letters to the Editor" column of your paper.

Yours faithfully,
Devon. T. W. BRANCKTON.

SNIPE'S NEST WITH FIVE EGGS

SIR,—With reference to J. H. Vickers's letter in your paper of May 21st and the photograph of a snipe's nest containing five eggs, I may say that on May 3rd last year I, too, found a snipe's nest with five eggs on the bank of our trout stream here.

I carefully examined and compared the eggs, which were all of the same type, and I feel sure had been laid by the one bird.

As he says, it is very unusual for snipe, plover, redshank, curlew, etc., to lay more than four eggs; and after having examined many snipe's nests over a period of 44 years or so, I had never previously seen one with more than four eggs.

Yours truly,
Driffield, B. N. BENNETT.
Yorkshire.

FEEDING DIFFICULTIES OF MALFORMED BIRDS

SIR,—In view of the letters that have appeared in your pages lately concerning malformed birds, perhaps the following will not be without interest.

Last summer a pair of nuthatches appeared in the garden, and it was noticed that the hen's lower mandible was shorter than the upper, as a result of disease or accident. The birds visited the food-table regularly, and in course of time the hen's lower mandible rotted away to a rudimentary stump, whilst the upper developed to more than normal length. The bird soon became incapable of dealing with any but soft food, which it scraped to the side of the table where it clung. The remaining mandible was used in a sickle-like fashion to draw the food to the table edge, and so drop it into the mouth.

It was pathetic to see the bird's difficulties increasing more and more as time went on. It evidently succumbed to the disability at last, as one day in the autumn it failed to come for its rations.

Yours faithfully,
The Cottage, M. L. BELLIN-CARTER.
Wellington College, Berks.

A LARGE NILE PERCH

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Nile perch (106lb.), caught in the Main Canal (B.N.P., Sudan), may be of interest.

I believe this is the heaviest fish caught so far from the Main Canal, Senner Dam and the Nile in the Blue Nile Province.

The length of time (6hrs. 25min.) taken to bring it to gaff I think is the most interesting. During the whole of the time it made few really fast runs, and only showed itself three times about an hour before being gaffed.

Tullimaar, Yours faithfully,
Perranarworthal, LAWES-WITILWRONGE.
Cornwall.

[A Nile perch of 195lb. was caught at the junction of the Blue and White Niles some years ago. The record at present seems to be held by a fish of 280lb., from Lake No, on the Bahr-el-Ghazal.—ED.]

A CAMOUFLAGED NEST

SIR,—In my garden at this address I have found a very striking instance of camouflage of a chaffinch's nest. It is built on a branch of a cherry tree against the wall and immediately alongside a bunch of blossom.

A chaffinch's nest is always a thing of beauty in itself, I think, but this one struck me so much that a friend of mine kindly photographed it.

Yours truly,
Ord House, W. F. MACKENZIE.
Muir of Ord, N.B.



PUZZLE—FIND THE CHAFFINCH'S NEST
(See Letter "A Camouflaged Nest")



THE WARWICKSHIRE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB CRICKET ELEVEN OF 1867
(See Letter "A Cricket Team of the 'Sixties")

A CRICKET TEAM OF THE 'SIXTIES

SIR,—In these days when Victorian survivals of sporting and social events are being published, the enclosed photograph may prove interesting and amusing. It was taken in Paris about 1867, and is the Warwickshire Knickerbocker Club eleven which went over to play a French team, I believe.

All these gentlemen players represented are not necessarily of Warwickshire, but some are Surrey men. I belonged to the old Crystal Palace Cricket Club, of which my father, the Rev. Rupert Montague Browne, was vice-president, and is in the group.

Their colours were red and white, and certainly somewhat bizarre for these days. Their motto was: "Tou ti Nur" (Run it out).

Yours truly,
RUPERT M. BROWNE.
Sutton,
Surrey.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES AND THE FARMING INDUSTRY

SIR,—This winter some of the members of our Women's Institute put in a good many hours' voluntary work to try and help the farming industry in fields where those who owned land could not afford to pay for sufficient labour. The enclosed photograph shows work being carried out on a neglected hedge. Both hedging and ditching were tackled, and now docking is the order of the day.

Yours truly,
NANCY F. GIBSON.
Ugley Green,
Essex.



WORKING ON A NEGLECTED HEDGE—A NEW FIELD OF SERVICE FOR WOMEN
(See Letter "Women's Institutes and the Farming Industry")

FOSTER-MOTHERING FOX CUBS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of fox cubs being reared by the cat at the farm of Mr. Eric Andrews, our local farmers' secretary of the South Devon Hunt, may be of interest to your readers.

We unfortunately disturbed the vixen whilst a badger dig was taking place, and so the litter had to be taken and given to the cat, which has made the most successful foster mother. Two more of the litter, making five in all, are being brought up by a cat on another farm.

The cubs are amazingly strong and healthy, and play all day long in the loft where the cat originally had her kittens. She seems to prefer the strange



CAT WHICH PREFERS STRANGE BABIES TO HER OWN
(See Letter "Foster-mothering Fox Cubs")

babies, and will only leave the cubs for a short time to get her own food. Previously she has been inclined to be a neglectful mother.

Yours truly,
BERYL KINGDON (Miss),
Hon joint sec., East Devon Badger Club.
Little Easton,
Chagford, Devonshire.

SHOULD LADIES RIDE IN POINT-TO-POINTS?

SIR,—Steeple chasing, and especially that branch of the sport which comes under the title of Point-to-Point, has always been considered a gallant sport.

If ladies do not wish to keep the place they have ornamented in the past, I suppose in these days of suffrage, etc., it cannot be stopped; but why should they try to injure one of our greatest sports, especially by competing against their natural protectors, as suggested by "Patience" in your issue of April 16th?

For example: Hotspur (Miss Dove) and Marathon (Mr. Crasher) are the only two left with two fences and the run-in to go. Marathon has been well backed by Mr. Crasher's friends, and that well-known rider sees he has no chance of beating Hotspur bar accident.

The gallant gentleman rider is in a quandary. Shall he race Hotspur at one or both of the last two fences in the hope of getting that good horse badly placed and putting him down?

This is only one out of many examples that might be quoted. One would suppose that one glance at a "picture" of ladies trying to be jockeys would do the rest.

Yours faithfully,
H. S. PAGE.
Rocksavage,
Bluemont, Virginia.

THE SIZE OF EELS

SIR,—I was very much interested in your article in the *Field* of April 23rd regarding the size of eels.

I am enclosing a snapshot of an eel caught by my brother and myself at Bembridge on the Isle of Wight which measured considerably over 6ft. in length and weighed between 65lb. and 70lb. This snapshot does not show the full length of the eel owing to the fact that the tail was on the ground and we were unable to hold it up to its full length.

Yours truly,
GEORGE B. ST. GEORGE.
New York City.



A BEMBRIDGE EEL
(See Letter "The Size of Eels")

SPANIEL AND MOLE

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter signed "Perluto," from Warkworth, Northumberland, in the *Field* of April 23rd.

I have a six-year-old Springer bitch who has, during the past eighteen months, developed a special talent for catching moles. Locally these often work little below the surface in pastures. She will range a field with the wind in her favour and will "point" a mole in the same way as pointer or setter did in the days when they were used more than they are now. She "draws" up to the place where the mole (Moudywarp in Northumberland) is working and, if left to herself, generally manages a capture. She has been bitten occasionally, but is now too clever for that to happen often, and, though having a tender mouth, will bring her booty home in spite of repeated attempts of the mole to lay hold.

Yours truly,
Fairlands Estate Office, T. J. YOUNG.
Stevenage, Herts.

DANGERS OF THE ROAD

SIR,—I was glad to see your article in the *Field* of May 14th. As a motorist for 22 years I am not surprised at the number of accidents when one sees the cases of bad driving on our roads every day.

There are thousands of men and women who hold licences who are no more fit to drive on our busy roads than to drive an express train. As long as driving licences are issued to anyone for 5/-, without a test as to fitness, accidents will not only continue but increase. The present system is "asking for trouble," and surely it has been found. The majority of accidents are due to a want of road sense and inability to act in case of emergency.

Heavy fines and imprisonment will not make bad drivers into good ones, and the sooner the driving test is enforced (as in Germany) before a licence is issued, the better, and our roads will be safer for all. Yours faithfully,
Felixstowe. MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

A LATE SNOWFALL

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a very rare spectacle—a snowfall in Riga on May 11th this year, which might have caused considerable damage to budding nature had it lasted longer. Even old residents in this town do not recollect ever having seen snow in such large flakes.

The photograph was taken in very poor light, at 6.30 in the evening.

13, Elisabeth Street, Yours truly,
Riga, Latvia. G. W. BERRY.

ELEPHANTS REMOVING THEIR DEAD

SIR,—The letter by Mr. R. C. Morris in the *Field* of May 21st, is most interesting, as he gives four instances of Indian elephants having moved the corpses of their fellows. As I wrote before, I have never seen or heard of a case of African elephants touching the body of a dead companion, although I have seen on two occasions elephants try to help a wounded one away.

Mr. Morris, who is an excellent authority on game, thus settles this question regarding the Indian species, but in none of the examples he gives does he mention a greater distance than 20 yards; and he will agree that this is quite a different matter to a herd of African elephants carrying the remains of a bull rhino "some 300 yards into the forest, which they thought a more appropriate burial ground." (*Field*, March 5th, 1932. Letter by "J. B.").

The word "remains" is, I think, too ambiguous, for it might mean a complete body in the flesh, a whole skeleton, or a few small bones. "Burial," too, usually means interment, so if "J. B.'s" letter is to be taken literally the elephants which took away his friend's rhino because it was too exposed to public view in the open, actually scraped a grave with their feet and likely used their tusks as picks to soften the baked ground! Really "J. B.'s" tale is too incredible for belief, and even Mr. Morris's assertion that elephants do sometimes move the bodies of their own kind is no proof that they would carry a member of a different species 300 yards to bury it. What with disgusting faked films, and false descriptions of natural life one sees and hears so much of to-day, it is, I think, the duty of those who spot palpable exaggerations to draw attention to them.

With regard to Mr. Morris's remarks on rifles for elephant shooting, I am quite aware that Indian sportsmen prefer heavy double-barrelled weapons, but he is incorrect in writing that African hunters also do so. All the most expert elephant hunters I have heard of prefer single magazine small bores if they make a practice of usually taking the heart shot. The first essential is accuracy, and it is much easier to shoot straight with a small bore than it is with a heavy large one.

Doubtless for body shots the big bullet kills slightly quicker, especially in the lungs, but for the brain shot at elephant or hippo there is nothing modern that can beat the old type .256 or .275 solid blunt-pointed bullets.

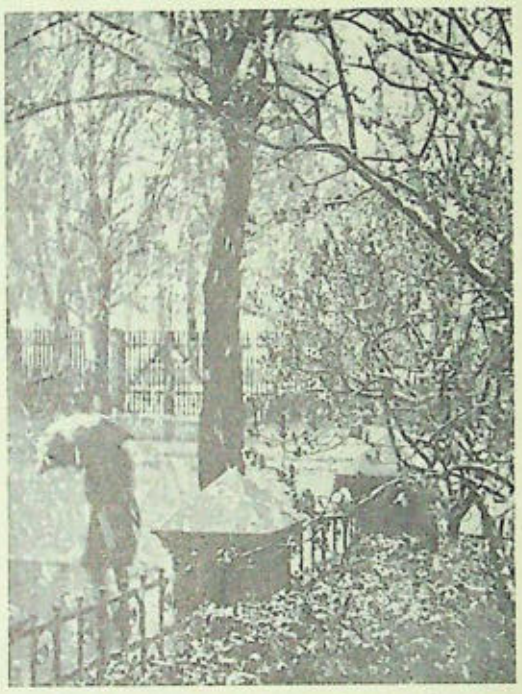
Sharp-pointed projectiles are most unreliable, as the nose often gets bent on round bones and deflects the bullet. I know of a case of a sharp 7.9 m.m. bullet which hit an antelope on the point of a shoulder, and the bullet ran under the skin and broke a hind leg.

Belmont, Yours truly,
Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Winter Flowers Without a Greenhouse.—I wonder if you or any reader would be kind enough to advise me on the growing of winter flowers without a greenhouse? I should like to know the best plants to grow in England in general, what books to read and what nurseryman to order from. What could be done with plain glass cucumber frames resting on the ground; also about winter flowering shrubs.—ALAN NICHOLS, Oak Tree Cottage, West Common, Haywards Heath.

Pied Blackbirds.—As an ornithologist I was keenly interested in a letter appearing in your valuable paper on the above. Pied blackbirds are not very uncommon. I have had one in my garden for the past three years, and naturally, being a sport from the black, it does not reproduce pied birds. What is much more rare is the true albino blackbird, that is, a pure white one with pink eyes.—R. FLETCHER HEARNSHAW, F.Z.S., Fox Hill, Burton Joyce, Notts.



A RARE SIGHT IN RIGA—SNOW IN MAY
(See Letter "A Late Snowfall")

Empty Cartridge Cases Wanted.—In a recent number of the *Field* an inquiry was made for the address of a children's play centre where empty cartridge cases were needed as toys. The name and address is Children's Evening Play Centres, 36, Tavistock Place, London, W.C. 1.—GEORGE L. HARRISON, Poplar House, St. Davids', Pennsylvania.

Fifteen Ferrets in a Litter.—With reference to your reply to a correspondent in your issue of April 16th *re* the number of young in a litter of ferrets, some years ago I had a ferret with a litter of fifteen. She reared every one successfully. I thought this might interest you.—PETER DODS, Clovenfords, Galashiels.

Homing Pigeon and Peregrine Falcon.—When crossing a large grass field in South Devon at the end of April, I came across a litter of pigeon's feathers. On closer examination I found also a well-picked backbone and only one leg which was ringed KHC 434 NU HP $\frac{30}{}$. This was obviously the work of a peregrine falcon, and possibly the disappointed owner may be glad to hear that the pigeon's failure to return was due to no fault of its own.—H. E. H., Devon.

Goldfinches and Goldcrests.—Recently I watched a pair of goldfinches apparently examining a goldcrest's nest in a fir tree in my garden; one was actually hanging to the underside of the nest and appeared to be pilfering. I was very annoyed to-day (May 14th) to find the nest on the ground, still containing two unbroken goldcrest's eggs, also two broken ones. As the goldfinches are not yet building, I firmly believe they deliberately tampered with the nest in order to destroy it. This is all the more remarkable for I have not found a goldcrest's nest here for years—indeed, they are most uncommon in this valley—and goldfinches abound.—WILLIAM READ, New House, Downton, Wilts.

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

A FEW NOTES relative to the attractions of National Savings Certificates for investment purposes appeared in this column about eighteen months ago, but it may be of interest to refer to the subject again in view of the fact that the longer dated British Government securities cannot be obtained at the present time to yield more than 4 per cent. gross, and even then the purchaser incurs some risk of capital depreciation.

A method is illustrated below by which £400 can be invested for ten years, on the same security as British Government Stock, to yield an annual income return equivalent to £5 8s. per cent. gross without any fear of capital depreciation at the end of that period.

Five hundred National Savings Certificates can be purchased by any private investor at 16/- each. The Post Office charges no commission, and the net cost is therefore £400. These certificates are issued by the Lord Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury under the authority of Act of Parliament, and repayment can be demanded at any time on giving three days' notice. On the first anniversary of the date of purchase 3d. is added to each certificate and a further addition of 3d. is made for each complete period of four months that the certificate is held after the first year. If the certificate is held for ten years a bonus of 1/- is added to it at the end of that period. In this way a certificate which costs 16/- to-day becomes worth 24/- in ten years' time.

The cost of 500 certificates bought to-day at 16/- each is £400. In ten years' time each of these certificates will be worth 24/-, and 334 certificates will therefore be worth £400 16s. It follows that, provided an investor does not sell more than 166 of his certificates during this ten years' period, he will suffer no ultimate loss of capital. The following table shows how these 166 certificates can be sold in order to obtain an average annual yield of £4 1s. tax free.

June, 1932.	Buy 500 certificates at 16/- each.			Cost £400	
				Amount realised	
June, 1933,	have 20 certificates repaid at 16/3 each			£16	5 0
.. 1934,	.. 19 ..	..	17/- ..	16	3 0
.. 1935,	.. 18 ..	..	17/9 ..	15	19 6
.. 1936,	.. 18 ..	..	18/6 ..	16	13 0
.. 1937,	.. 17 ..	..	19/3 ..	16	7 3
.. 1938,	.. 16 ..	..	20/- ..	16	0 0
.. 1939,	.. 16 ..	..	20/9 ..	16	12 0
.. 1940,	.. 15 ..	..	21/6 ..	16	2 6
.. 1941,	.. 14 ..	..	22/3 ..	15	11 6
.. 1942,	.. 13 ..	..	24/- ..	15	12 0
				0	16 0
Total...	166			£162	1 9
			Average for ten years	£16	4 2

The investor will then be left with 334 certificates which he can have redeemed at 24/- each, thus realising £400 16s. The extra 16/- has been added in the above table to the amount realised in 1942, when the original £400 will be available for reinvestment.

It is clearly stated that interest on Savings Certificates is not liable to income tax, and it will thus be seen that on an outlay of £400 the investor is obtaining an average annual return of £16 4s. 2d. free of tax, which works out at £4 1s. 0½d. per cent. per annum, and is equivalent to a gross return of £5 8s. with income tax deducted at the usual rate of 5/- in the £. This calculation makes no allowance for any additional benefit which an investor may obtain through the fact that this interest is not liable to super-tax.

No one person is allowed to hold more than 500 certificates, but these notes may be of more than merely academic interest to readers who have wished to invest a small amount of money in British Government securities but who have hesitated to do so on account of the high price levels to which such stocks have risen and the consequent low percentage of income return, and risk of capital depreciation.

The very small amount of trouble that the annual selling of the requisite number of certificates entails, seems little to give in these kind of times by way of insuring the realisable value of the capital thus invested. It should not be taken for granted that these certificates will always be obtainable at 16/-.

PACTOLUS.

Bargains in Clothes.—One of the redeeming features of a depressing period, from the purchaser's point of view, is the present low price of clothes. Tailors have certainly cut the price to suit the customer's pocket. Suits of the finest material and West End cut are now to be obtained at prices which urge replenishment of wardrobes. Costs have not fallen so low, however, as might have been suggested by the illustration of a Burberry overcoat which appeared in our issue of May 21st. Through an error this was priced at "from 5 guineas," a figure which referred to the well-known Burberry weatherproof. The overcoat is made from Burberry proofed tweeds, costs 10 guineas, and, as many can testify, is a first-rate bargain in style and wear at the price.

NEW FEATURES AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

A Motor Cycle Which Carries Eight Riders

CRITICS of the Royal Tournament have been heard to charge its organisers with lack of initiative in varying their programme. This year they cannot justify the accusation, for the Tournament has been framed to include pageantry, athletic training, warlike operations and feats of equitation and motor-cycling.

As to the things one expects to find at the Tournament, they are still there, and many of us look forward to enjoying such fine performances as the musical ride of the Queen's Bays, the drive by "J" Battery, R.H.A., and the smart arms drill put up by the King's Squad of the Royal Marines. Nor should we omit from such a list appreciation of the keenness and competitive spirit shown in that old curtain-raiser the Field Gun Display of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. A new note of comparison, by the way, is introduced into the description of this event when it is stated that the gun tube so nonchalantly slung about weighs as much as an Austin Seven.

HAIR-RAISING FEATS

No one could complain of lack of variety in the other features introduced. It is worth going farther than to Olympia to see the activity ride of the Life Guards. The manner in which the N.C.O.'s and troopers jump without reins, undress on their mounts and clear a spread fence with the saddle held high above the head is a credit to the training of the Equitation School at Weedon. As though to rival their display and show that a motor cycle can be as tractable as a horse, the despatch riders indulge in hair-raising and amusing evolutions, including what can only be described as "aero-batics." One particularly impressive event is the carrying of no less than eight riders on one machine—a task which calls for exceptional skill on the part of the driver.

In physical drill the Royal Air Force is always up to the highest standard, and the Senior Service adds to the athletic programme by marvellous manœuvres among window ladders high in the roof of Olympia. The demolition of a bridge in a rearguard action brings in the Royal Engineers, and has its dramatic moment when the enemy advance so rapidly that the charges cannot be exploded. The electric leads are cut and cannot be repaired, and the demolition is finally effected by shooting at the fuse junction box with a revolver.

The finale of the Tournament deals with the historical legend of the presentation of the infant son of Edward I. to the Welsh as their Prince. It brings in a pageant of knights in armour and the history of that distinguished regiment the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is Colonel-in-Chief.

HUNTERS IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Level Classes at Bath and West Show

HUNTERS and other saddle horses were numerous and of excellent quality at the Bath and West Show, and fortunately, though the weather was unseasonably cold, with white frost in the early morning, the two days on which they were judged remained fine throughout, with the result that the going was good on the high ground of Barwick Park, near Yeovil.

Lady Helen McCalmont's champion Handley Cross was seen at his best in the judging ring, and this usually sedate mannered chesnut was quite on his toes, and more lively than usual when away from his favourite hunting field. At eight years old the big son of Marshal Ney is now at his very best, and the more one looks at him the greater is the surprise that he should ever have been seconded to Mrs. Vaughan's lighter-framed Hecland. He now completely dominated the weight-carriers, of whom Lord Rosebery's attractive seven-year-old chesnut Sunkist was rightly placed second, and Miss Barbara Blackwell's bay Jack Tar, of the same age, third, with the Irish-bred eight-year-old son of Agadir Eclipse 2nd, shown by Mr. James Pooley, reserve.

Of the middle-weights Lady Helen's six-year-old bay Blank Cheque did not make anything like such an attractive show as he did at Islington, and the Swansea judge Mr. H. L. Lang-Coath put him down third to Lady May Ainsworth's six-year-old brown Cottage Pie, with Mr. Herbert Knight's Washed Out, of similar age and colour, intervening, and Sir Henry Hoare's Tidal deserving of honourable mention. Both in the under 14st. novice class, and as the best of the four-year-olds, the bay Sir Francis, who won at Oxford, scored again for Lady May Ainsworth, followed in the first case by Capt. Arthur Palmer's Tidworth winner Vinegar Hill and Mr. Arthur Brake's Curtain Raiser, and in the second by Capt. J. Howard Marshall's Huntsman and Mr. Brake's Game. In the over 14st. novice class Mrs. Savile Petch gained first prize for her five-year-old bay Trusty Knight, Huntsman being placed second and Mr. Brake's second string, Repeater, third.

A FINE SHOW OF LADIES' HACKS

The judging of the hacks and riding ponies and also of the breed classes of polo ponies was in the capable hands of Col. G. Pleydell-Railston, whose placings in the novice class for hacks any height were in the following order: Cheshire Cat, shown by Major Faudel-Phillips; Constance Duchess of Westminster's Spanish Main, and Miss Busfeild's Ben Hur, the same order being maintained when these three were ridden by ladies with side-saddles. In a third class for animals of any height, Spanish Main was first and Lady Stavordale's beautiful grey mare Sourya second, the winning weight-carrying cob being Solid Silver 2nd, another grey belonging to Mr. Frank Bate, of Launceston.

In the polo classes Lord Digby took first prize and the silver medal of the National Pony Society with Dancing Girl 3rd in the class for mares in foal or with foal at foot, Capt. W. H. France-Hayhurst getting second prize and reserve for the championship with Rosine, and Lord Digby third for Precious, all three chesnuts. The best of the yearlings was Early Love, a brown colt by Love Song, the property of Mrs. J. Oscar Muntz, Lord Digby's chesnut filly Alice in Wonderland, by Malice, and his brown filly Gina, by The Carpenter, being respectively second and third. Malaxer, a brown colt by Malice, owned and bred by Capt. the Hon. C. K. Greenway, headed the two-year-olds. Sheer Delight, a chesnut filly by Malice, brought second money to Lord Digby, and Miss B. G. Cory-Wright's Cassia 2nd, a bay daughter of Gold Eagle, was third. Golden Gate, a chesnut son of Friarsgate, gave Lord Digby yet another first prize as the best of the three-year-olds, both second and third prizes in this class being taken by the Misses Calmady-Hamlyn and Dawson for Mill Leat, a chesnut filly by Stortford, and Patience 5th, a grey daughter of Lanchester. The National Pony Society's silver medal for the best colt, filly, or gelding was awarded to Malaxer, with Golden Gate reserve; the silver medal for the best brood mare going to Dancing Girl 3rd, with Rosine reserve, and the bronze medal for the best foal to Mrs. Muntz, for Early Market's foal by Love Song, Rosine's foal by Silverdale Loyalty being the runner-up.

PALAFOX.

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Tattersall's

THERE was a big company at Knightsbridge last Monday, and many hunters were sold.

HUNTERS.

Property of Mr. G. Dickinson: Arctic Fox (1927), b g, by Silver Fox c—Isis, 110gs. Property of Capt. G. D. Heslop: Regina, ch m, by Silver King, 58gs. Property of Mr. E. W. W. Bailey: Brave Girl (1924), br m, by Brave Chap—Squeal, 82gs.; June, ch m 75gs. Property of Lady Dorothy Fraser: Coilletee, b g, by Kings borough, 72gs. Property of Mr. G. E. Myers: Gr m, by Comic Charlie, 52gs. Property of Mr. G. Tenison: Cranston, b g, by Red Rhetoric, 50gs. Property of Mr. Hugh Sumner: Handy Andy, b g, 170gs. Property of Mr. R. Marshall Buchan: Peggy, b m, by Scarlet Rambler, 78gs.; Flight, ch m, by Red Iron, 83gs.; Masterpiece, ch g, by Red Iron, 58gs. Property of the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, M.F.H.: The Antelope, b g, by The Ant, 250gs.; Glandor, b g, 150gs.; The Ringer, br g, by Erchwemos, 160gs.; The Bann, b g, by Take Care, 200gs. Property of Mr. E. R. Ellis: The Friar, gr g, by Simon Orb, 140gs.; The Rover, b g, by Agadir, 130gs. Property of Mr. S. Graham: Myrtle, ch m, by Maccanna, 58gs.; Carnalea, b m, by King David, 87gs.; Remus, b g, by Romus, 85gs.; Wexford, b m, by Cyllius, 110gs.; Kilfree, b g, by Romus, 71gs.; Bansha, blk g, by Hopeful Bachelor, 80gs.; Maid of Earley (1926), b m, by Sicyon—Polkerris, 51gs.; Golden, ch m, by Vigneron, 93gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Brenchley: Benedictine, b g, by Brandimintine, 150gs. Property of Mr. A. C. Cutler: Peppercorn, b g, by Wax Bullet, 135gs.; Northwick, gr g, by Young Gobbet, 70gs. Property of Major S. C. Deed: Godiva, gr g, 50gs.; Pagan, b g, by Tresilio, 120gs.; Arabella, b m, 70gs. Property of Mr. R. H. Thomas: Hillmorton, b g, 62gs.

Hunters from the South Oxfordshire Hunt: Plunder, b g, 50gs.; Parrot, blk g, 50gs.; Peewit, blk g, 68gs.; Planet, b g, 78gs.; Pintail, ch m, 76gs.; Perhaps, b g, 96gs.; Plover, ch g, 70gs.; Pigeon, gr m, 80gs.; Penguin, b m, 50gs.; Puffin, ch g, 69gs.; Pippet, b g, 60gs.

York May Sales

MESSRS. WALKER & SONS held their annual May Race Sales at their repository, York, on May 24th, 25th and 26th, when they offered about 60 hunters, etc., each morning. There was a very large and influential attendance of buyers, especially on the second and third days, and trade throughout was remarkably good, a large number of horses making from 100 guineas to 300 guineas, which latter figure was given for Mr. C. Oldfield's bay gelding Kellsown. The following is a return of the actual sales during the three days:

Property of Mr. C. Oldfield: Kellsown, b g, 300gs.; Shah, b g, 74gs.; Peter Pop, ch g, 56gs. Property of Capt. T. Wickham-Boynton, M.F.H.: Kioto, b g, 250gs.; John Brown, b g, 70gs.; Norton, b m, 86gs.; Biscuit, br g, 62gs.; Scarborough, b m, 64gs.; Monomark, br m, 50gs. Property of Major Gordon B. Foster, M.F.H.: Bugle, gr m, 80gs.; Dunross, b g, 160gs.; Acrobat, br g, 270gs.; Andrew, br g, 105gs.; York, ch g, 240gs.; Actor, ch g, 160gs.; Rowston, b m, 255gs.; Duchess, br m, 180gs. Property of Major Hon. Edward Lascelles, M.F.H.: Chunks, b g, 260gs.; Warwick, br g, 52gs. Property of Lord Grimthorpe: Ballyshore, ch g, 100gs.; Gladsome, ch m, 100gs. Property of Lord Middleton: Red Admiral, ch g, 200gs.; Crawley Cowslip, ch m, 76gs. Property of Sir Digby Warren, Bart.: Sneeze, ch g, 200gs. Property of Viscount Mountgarret: Lady Hill, gr m, 105gs. Property of Major W. F. Wailes-Fairbairn: Ch g, 120gs.; B g, 125gs. Property of the Grove Hunt: Handy, ch m, 105gs.; Marcus, br g, 185gs.; Lancaster, b g, 64gs.; Harriet, br m, 80gs. Property of the Hon. Charles FitzRoy: Oak Leaf, bl g, 170gs.; Ravensdale, ro g, 175gs.; Warrior, br g, 66gs.; Letton, ch g, 52gs.; Romford, br g, 80gs.; Royalist, br g, 82gs.; Treasure, br m, 56gs. Property of Lord Southampton: Peter, gr g, 110gs.



ONE WAY OF GETTING OVER AN OBSTACLE

Despatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals in their Royal Tournament motor cycle display

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BOOKS

CLASSIFICATION OF SOUTH AFRICAN WINES

Labels which Guide the Consumer

THE BRITISH TRADE and the consumer bestowed group names on Continental wines which have become standardised to denote certain classifications of wine. It is interesting to note that these names were not originated by the producer in France and Germany, but were brought into use by the consumer. Such names as hock, moselle, burgundy and claret are not the creation of the Continental wine grower, but they have come to signify certain classifications of wine.

When South Africa began to market her table wines, an outcry arose against her scheduling her products under such headings, such an action being interpreted as an attempt to impersonate Continental produce. But such would have been quite foreign to the mentality of the South African wine farmers; indeed, they have a nomenclature of a richness that no other country can equal. Place names as Riebeek Kastell, French Hoek, Tulbagh and Paarl would have been ideal for naming vintages, and such is the pride of South Africa in her own country that she would have liked to rely upon such names alone.

The consumers' interests, as well as those of the trade, had, however to be considered. Their reaction to the suggestion of purely South African nomenclature was briefly this: "The names are attractive, but what type of wine do they cover?"

It became necessary, therefore, to carry a sub-title such as "South African Hock" to guide the buyer.

A STORM OF CRITICISM

This aroused the criticism of those in the trade whose interests were in the marketing of Continental wines, and for a time there was the fear that this agitation would result in the Dominions being barred from using classifications that the Mother Country had made.

Portugal did succeed, when the trade treaty with Britain was renewed, in getting the latter to agree that the word "port" was to be used in reference to wines shipped from Portugal only. On the face value this seems to be sound, but in practice wine is transhipped via Portugal to get the name. Moreover, when wine is once on the market in England there is nothing to prevent the use of the words "port type."

It is inconceivable that with the recognition of the value of stimulating inter-Empire trade the British Government will extend the practice and give to Continental wines the sole right to titles which form the only classification the average wine drinker knows.

There is little doubt that in a few years' time the place names connected with our table wines will be household words, but during this period of development our wines must have the protection that the present classification gives.

One field that still remains to be developed is the production, by natural means, of sparkling wines. It is doubtful whether this will come during the next few years, for the technique is the main obstacle.

What is certain, however, is that new brands of our wines will come on the market, and the competition will be welcomed by both the grower and the established distributor.

ENCOURAGING THE GROWER

The grower will be encouraged to improve his vineyards, while the established distributor will find a partner to bear the cost of publicity and the necessary rivalry to ensure that the quality of the wine sold is annually bettered.

In concluding this series of articles on South African wines, may I close on a personal note. The attempt has been to cover the subject from the personal experiences of the writer, freed from any inspired sources of information. The problems of the producer, the drawbacks in our present production and marketing methods, have been arrived at from private research.

I claim nothing more for South African wine than its intrinsic merit entitles it, and that the claim is sound is borne out by its rapidly increasing number of consumers.

KYK.



A TYPICAL SOUTH AFRICAN VINEYARD, SHOWING THE GRAPES READY FOR THE HARVEST

The Bicester Hunt Horse Show. — The Bicester Hunt Horse Show, which has been in existence for some 70 years, has for one of its primary objects the keeping in touch with farmers and so encourage the breeding of hunters. The president, the Earl of Jersey, has again granted the use of Middleton Park for the show, to be held on Tuesday, September 6th, 1932

BY APPOINTMENT



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Burgoyne's

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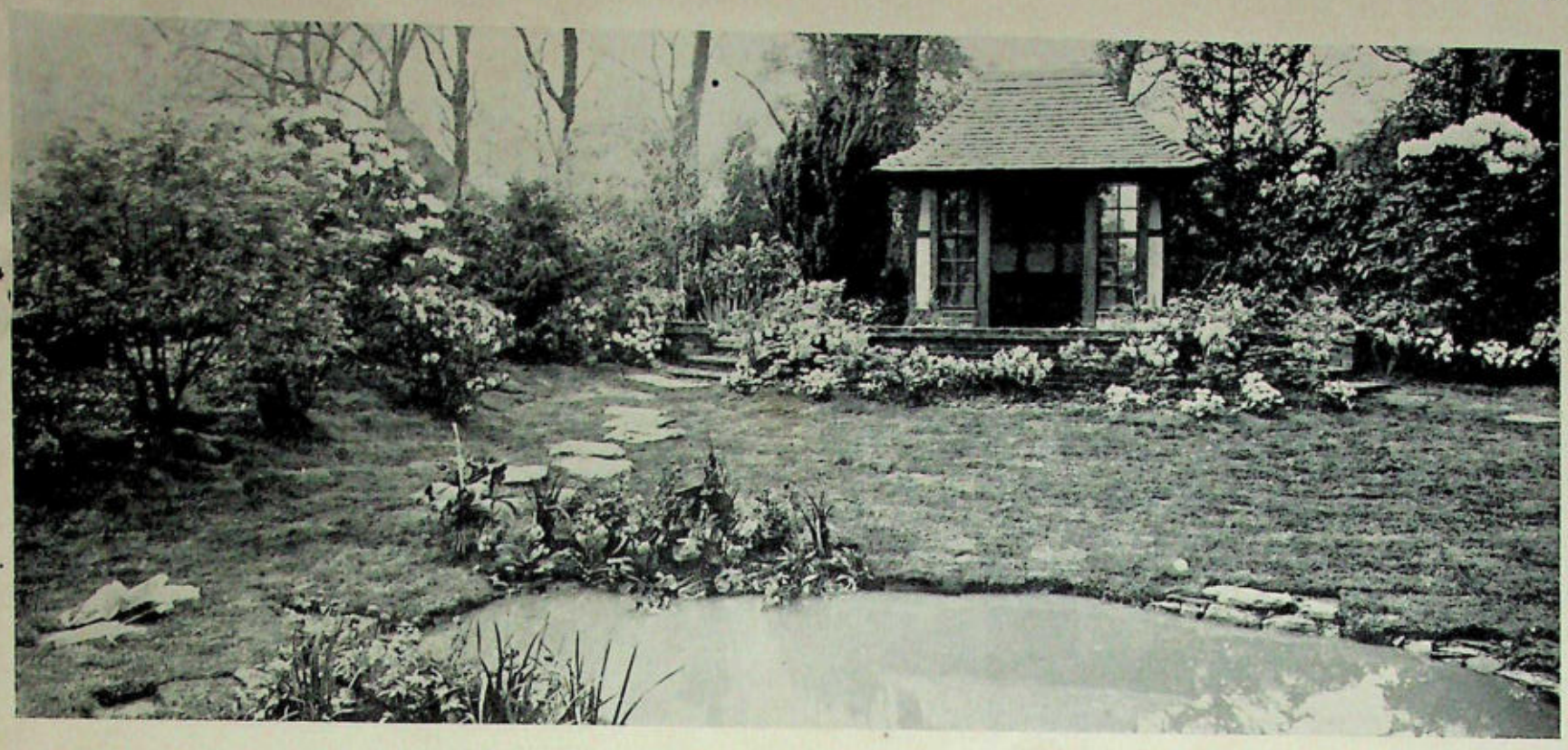
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A CHELSEA POOL AND SUMMER-HOUSE GARDEN DESIGNED BY MESSRS. WALLACE

The Country House

THINGS LEARNT FROM THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

Colour at Little Cost—and an Old Plant Newly Discovered

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

AT THE CHELSEA SHOW the range of interests was so vast that I must confine myself to saying only a little about the interesting and rare plants and what one could learn of especial value in these hard times, when so many have to reduce cost of labour and expenditure in the garden.

In regard to rare plants, I wonder how many were attracted by two humble but charming little plants which were grown in England in Queen Elizabeth's reign, but, at least for the last twenty or thirty years, and probably much longer, have been excessively rare ?

I was enchanted when I caught sight of the old "hen and chicken" daisy (shown by Mr. Sims). A daisy with each flower surrounded by minute daisies radiating from the parent flower itself and looking like little planets around a sun. This is the daisy that is described in the *Paradisus* as "the childing daisy." A charming thing for the rock garden, and why have we allowed it to disappear ? In olden days they had also a red variety, which must have been even more attractive.

Then there was the old blush pink lily of the valley, shown by the Marsden Hardy Plant Nursery, and described by Parkinson, 300 years ago, as rare. Nothing equals the pearl-like loveliness of the white lily of the valley, but this has a quaint charm of its own and it is deliciously scented.

A PLANT FROM OLYMPUS

Rarities for the rock garden were, of course, a feature of the exhibits of such firms as Messrs. Ingwersen, Gavin Jones, Clarence Elliott, Reuthe's, etc. Apart from rarities such as *Anacyclus depressus* from Mount Atlas, which was one of the "star" plants of last year, Mr. Ingwersen was showing *Jankæa Heldreichii*, a lovely subject which he went specially to Mount Olympus to collect.

The rosettes are Ramondia-like and the flowers like corruscated lavender gloxinias. It cannot endure moisture on its leaves, and needs verticle crevices or pans in the alpine house. Mr. Reuthe's rarities included *Rhododendron Kotschii*, *Cyathoides ericoides*, and *Schizocodon macrophyllum* (the last-named from Japan).

Amongst Messrs. Waterer's interesting treasures was the beautiful little aster collected by the late Mr. Forrest, and *Pentstemon Crispii*, which is a hybrid of *P. Bridgsii* and *P. Roezellii*. Mrs. Bucknall, of Creagh Castle, Doneraile, had the only exhibit of that beautiful and hardy Chilean plant *Habranthus pratensis*.

Lady Aberconway and the President, Mr. McLaren's exhibit naturally attracted a great deal of attention. Among the beautiful poppies were *Meconopsis regia*, *M. betonicifolia*, a purple form of *M. grandis* ; there were several hybrids (raised by himself) of *Rhododendron Griersonianum*.

W. T. Marchant, of Stapehill, Wimborne, had some most interesting rarities, including *Acer griseum*, *A. Japonicum* (the true kind is rarely seen), *Salix Fargesii*, and the extremely rare *Viburnum furcatum* and *Corylopsis sinensis*. Messrs. Wells, of Merstham, had *Lewisia cotyledon* in variety, and *Primula chunglento*, which is a hybrid of *P. pulverulenta* and *P. chungensis*.



MESSRS. SUTTON'S EXHIBIT
One of the best spectacular displays at Chelsea

Keeping small greenhouses full of colour is a problem if expenditure has to be limited, and I think one realised what a remarkable display, at little cost, can be secured from Gerberas. Messrs. Engelmann had a glorious display, and these lovely Barberton daisies (*Gerbera Jamesonii* hybrids) can be had in flower the year round at the cost of 2/6 for the seed.

The range of colour is beautiful from white to orange red and including many shades of pink. They like a rich, well-drained soil, and in the warmer parts of these islands they flower well out of doors given a southern aspect and well protected. Gerbera seed has to be sown as soon as it is received, because it does not keep its power of germination for more than a few months.

Few plants give such a display for so little cost as geraniums. They give a remarkable display of colour through the winter, with the minimum of labour and heat. Everyone who saw Messrs. Case's (of Taunton) exhibit, must have been charmed. Amongst the doubles I was particularly taken with Chavarri Hermanos and Emperor Nicholas, and the delightful cactus geraniums, notably the soft hydrangea pink Alfred Zitzer, and the salmon-coloured Fascination.

CRIMSON COLUMBINES

Aquilegias make a glorious show at little cost. It is curious how few people grow them for indoor decoration ; yet a bank of them in mixed colours is a lovely sight. Plants lifted in January and brought into a temperature of 45 degrees (they will not stand a higher temperature) make a display as early as April. Mr. Wall, had as usual, a very beautiful exhibit of them.

Reddish colouring has so far been conspicuous by its absence from columbines, and it was interesting, therefore, to see Messrs. Bee's exhibit of Crimson Star, which attracted a great deal of attention. It is a striking flower, and the name aptly describes it.

Tulips were poorly represented last year, but this year's shows were remarkable. Messrs. Dobbie had a very fine show, including the pleasing Dido ; Messrs. Barr had many of the Gesneriana hybrids, and the beautiful pink Idyll. Lovers of striped tulips were attracted by those in Messrs. Wakeley's exhibit—notably Crimson Beauty, Indian Chief, Picotée and Striped Beauty. Lady Derby, with its pink petals tipped with green was more curious than beautiful.

The Orpington Nurseries had some beautiful irises, notably Pervanah, a seedling from Moonlight, with falls of a beautiful texture, and Hassan. The Hocker Edge Nurseries had the rare and interesting irises *I. Barnumæ* and *I. Ewbankiana*, from Teheran.

For spectacular display the finest exhibits were Messrs. Sutton's gloxinias, streptocarpus, etc. ; Messrs. Carter's wonderfully arranged show of cinerarias, *Phlox Drummondi*, double pink stocks, etc. (their schizanthus were particularly fine) ; Messrs. Blackmore & Langdon's delphiniums, Messrs. Allwoods and Messrs. Engelmann's carnations (Messrs. Allwood exhibited a giant flowered Malmaison over 6in. across), and the outstanding exhibit by Messrs. Wallace of lilies. The lilies were beautifully shown off by the hardy bamboos and the Japanese maples.

Messrs. L. R. Russell had a remarkable show of greenhouse plants, one of the most interesting exhibits being a large specimen of the stag's horn fern, *Platycerum grande*.

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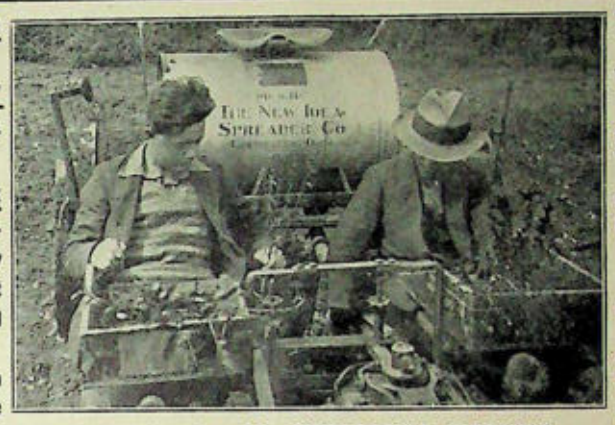
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Picture No. 58.—AN INTERESTING MACHINE.

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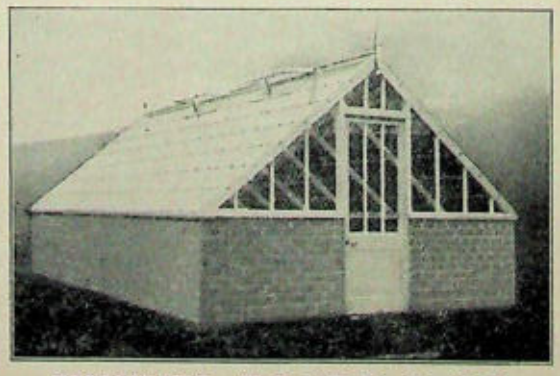
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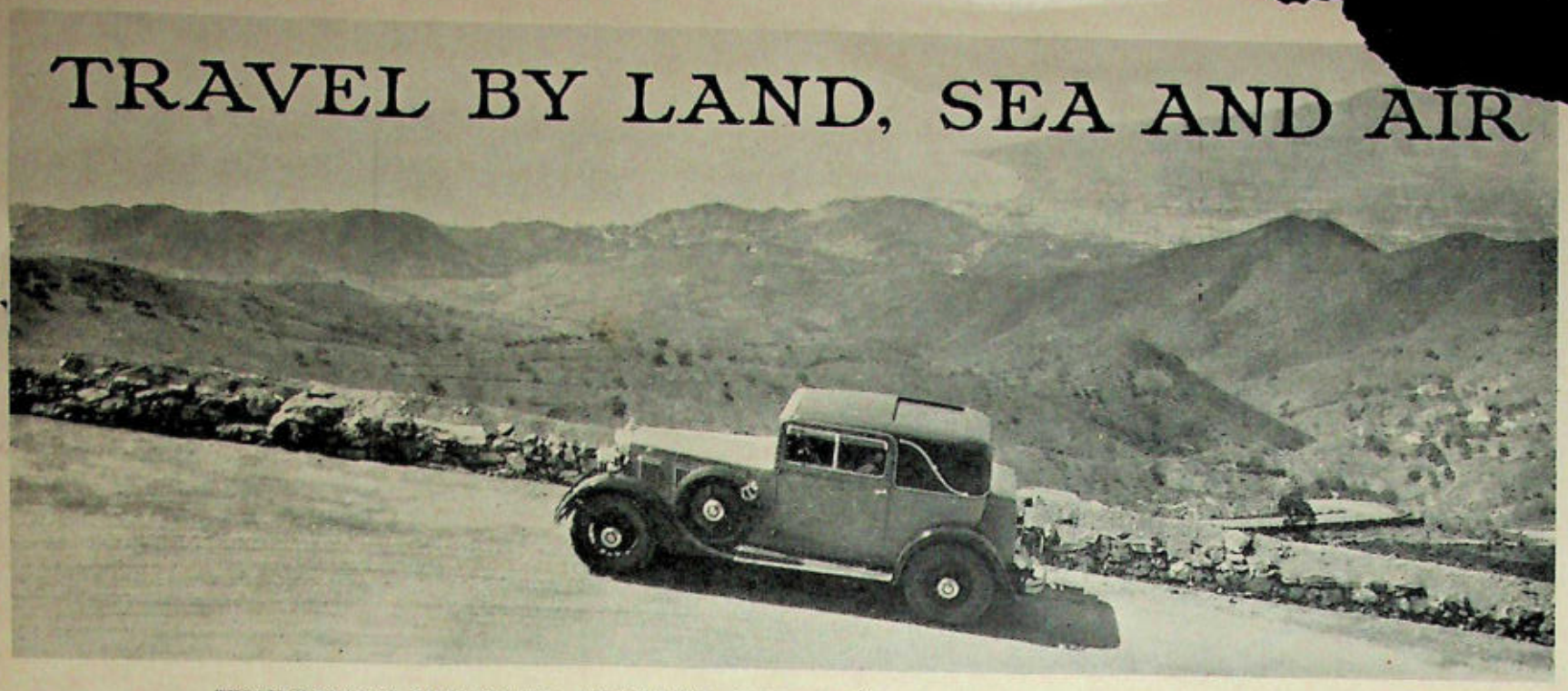
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The Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THROUGH SPANISH HILLS BY CAR: A MORRIS ISIS SPORTS COUPÉ ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM MALAGA TO GRANADA

BREAKING SPEED RECORDS IS NOT AN EASY JOB!

Why Some Recent Attempts Have Failed—"Wizard" Smith's Bad Luck—The French Mystery Car—My Recipe for Success

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

"WIZARD" SMITH has abandoned his attempt on the land speed record for the present, and is now on his way home to Australia from New Zealand. I understand, however, that he hopes to return to Ninety Mile Beach in November for a further testing out of his car.

Thus ends, for the moment at any rate, an attempt to wrest from the Blue Bird the world's land speed record which she at present holds with a speed of 253.9 m.p.h.

NERVE-WRACKING DELAY

Smith had been singularly unfortunate in the matter of weather, and had been standing by for several months waiting for the conditions of the beach to improve. These long delays are, under such circumstances, most irritating to the nerves of any driver, and certain differences of opinion between himself and the designer of the car did not help matters.

If an attempt of this sort is to be successful, it is imperative that everyone in the team should pull together, and any differences that may exist between individual members should be cast on one side until success has been achieved. Real team spirit means everything in motor racing.

Delays and difficulties are bound to crop up on occasions like these—and I write from experience—but victory is all the sweeter when, after battling against odds, it is finally attained. I can fully appreciate Smith's feelings as, day after day when the tide receded, he found the beach still in an impossible state. I have so often experienced the agonies of "endless waiting" myself.

SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES

It has, however, taught me one thing, and that is to seize the first opportunity of making an attempt, instead of waiting a few days longer on the off-chance of improved conditions. If one waits till the morrow, conditions, instead of improving, may get worse. Because I refuse to wait indefinitely I have seldom, if ever, had a perfect beach to run on, but have taken the best moment that offered, having previously studied the local weather conditions and learnt what variations in the wind were likely to improve the surface of the sand.

During the time of waiting one must spend every available moment in the car, in order to be sure that it is not only in perfect condition, but ready at any moment for the supreme effort.

Monsieur André Stapp, the young French inventor who spent nearly three years designing and building a new car with a view to creating a new world's record, unfortunately came to grief a few weeks ago when testing his car on the sands at La Baule on the west coast of France. Apparently this speed monster caught fire whilst travelling at a speed of about 70 miles per hour, and before M. Stapp could slow down sufficiently he had to leap for his life, and in doing so broke his arm.

Here, again, another attempt has had to be abandoned because, apart from the personal injury sustained, the car was badly damaged before the flames could be extinguished.

To build a car capable of travelling faster than any speed previously achieved is a tricky business. To construct a record breaker on paper is easy, but to achieve speed in reality is a very different matter. Stability is a vitally important problem since, even though a car may be capable of reaching the 300 m.p.h. mark, if it gets out of control at 200 m.p.h. the extra theoretical speed is, of course, useless.

Reliability is another important point, and every single part of the mechanism of the car must be equal to its job, and its factor of safety sufficiently high. Even when it seems perfect in every respect (no easy matter under the most favourable circumstances) there are many other aspects to be considered.



IN THE FLOODED MIDLANDS

A Wolseley "Viper" ploughing its way along a road at Stonebridge, near Meriden, Warwickshire, during last week's floods

...look after his ...e mechanics must ...most experienced and reliable obtainable, for any oversight on their part might easily spell disaster, ruining any chance of success there might have been; and lastly, there is that element of luck, in so far as the weather is concerned.

If setbacks occur from this source, it is of no earthly use allowing your nerves to get the better of you. If you do, your mood will instantly communicate itself to those around you, and general discontent will prevail in place of the team spirit referred to above.

I know how difficult it is to appear cheerful when things look at their blackest, but if the goal is worth reaching it is worth striving for until it is finally reached. In a word, record breaking is a most interesting hobby, but it requires infinite preparation, patience and determination to overcome those unforeseen obstacles that may at any moment present themselves.

ASCOT'S NEW CAR PARK

Accommodation for Over 2,000 Cars

VISITORS to Ascot Races who go by car will be better catered for this year than in former years. Holmwood Lodge, High Street, Ascot, which stood immediately behind the entrance to the Grand Stand, has been pulled down, and its grounds, covering an area of some eleven acres, have been converted into a car park with accommodation for over two thousand cars.

The car park is adjacent to the covered way which affords easy access to the course and a means of protection in the event of inclement weather.

The Automobile Association has undertaken the management of the new car park, and its own patrols, fully experienced in the parking of cars, will be in attendance to assist motorists. Accommodation can be reserved by applying to the Automobile Association or to any of the leading ticket agencies.

MOTORING NOTES

JUNE 10th and 11th are the dates fixed for the Second Riley Twenty-four Hour Reliability Trial, which comprises two sections—a night section and a day section. It is anticipated that the number of entries will run into three figures.

* * *

"Dart" speedboats, hitherto imported into this country from America by Mr. J. W. Shillan, are now to be manufactured at Mr. Shillan's Ipswich works under the trade mark "Rytecraft."

* * *

Motorists are reminded that the concession recently announced by the Minister of Transport permitting motorists to lock the doors of their cars when they are left in public parking places, applies at present only to the London Traffic Area. The R.A.C. suggests that whenever a car is left in a parking place situated outside the London Traffic Area, the driver should ask the attendant in charge if it is permitted to leave the doors locked.

* * *

The Royal Scottish Automobile Club's first Scottish Rally takes place on July 4th–9th. The route will be approximately 1,200 miles long, and there will be six Starting Controls: London, Droitwich, Harrogate, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen.

* * *

A motor-cycle which has stiff side panels which cover all its working parts, just as does the bonnet of a car, has been introduced by the Triumph Co. This feature not only ensures cleanliness of the machine, but protection for the rider as well.

NEED FOR A NATIONAL SPORTING COMPETITION FOR LIGHT AEROPLANES

How It Would Raise the Standard of the Flying Clubs—What the King's Cup Race Has Proved—The Propaganda Value of Air Contests

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

AIR-TOURING to-day seems to occupy the greater part of the attention of those interested in flying, with the result that the strictly sporting side of the light-aeroplane movement is being forced into the background.

It is not altogether desirable that this should be so, as it is probable that but for the conduct of competitive events, the growth of aviation would not have been so rapid, and competitions tend to "improve the breed."

To-day, since the Schneider Trophy Race is no more, practically the only real interest aroused in sporting flying is in connection with outstanding events such as the King's Cup Race, which is becoming almost as much a part of the sporting year as the Derby or the Boat Race; a large and growing public eagerly awaits news of it.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

But elsewhere there is not the same enthusiasm. There is even evidence that interest is waning in the usual club displays and similar local events.

The reason for this seeming paradox is that at local pageants the competitive element is all too often lacking, and the public wants something more than a display of acrobatics on light aeroplanes.

There is a tendency to regard them as "family affairs," and the keenness that one sees in the King's Cup Race is not present. On the other hand, the big events give an example of competitive sporting flying at its best.

So far as the big events are concerned this year, the King's Cup Race remains the chief, as it will continue to be. The rules have again been slightly altered, for the experience gained last year, when professional pilots were excluded, has shown that the time for the all-amateur King's Cup Race has not yet arrived.

Undoubtedly, the fact that the King's Cup Race is this year open to all will materially add to its interest, for not only will some of the best-known men in aviation be taking part, but some new machines of promise will be seen. This is definitely good, as it will enable the general public to see how aviation is progressing, not only in regard to light-aeroplane design, but all round.

Racing will be keener on account of the greater number of skilled pilots competing, and the eventual winner will feel that his (or her) achievement is something really worth while.

While the King's Cup Race must remain the blue riband of the air, there is general agreement among those interested in sporting flying that what is vitally needed is a competition, but *not* a race, for light aeroplanes that will arouse national interest.

The King's Cup Race shows clearly that there are quite sufficient private pilots in this country to make a really good sporting event; and nothing could do more good to the movement than a competition embracing them, though not clashing with the King's Cup as the chief event of the year.

This competition would not be limited to individuals competing on their own account. Clubs could enter teams of four or six, and points could be awarded for the performance of each competitor, the team with the highest total being the winner.

Such a competition would have many advantages. Not only would it be on broad enough lines to arouse interest in all parts of the country, more especially as local patriotism would be called into play, but it would help to raise the standard of flying in the clubs.

Members would be keen to gain a place in the team, and would practise as often as possible. The clubs themselves would be more anxious to encourage talent, for the race would be practically an annual test of the relative efficiencies of the clubs.

The event visualised would not involve any racing, but would be framed so as to allow pilots to show their skill in air pilotage and aircraft to exhibit their particular virtues.

The *Morning Post* competition is a move in the right direction. The magnificent symbolical trophy recently given for such a competition by Miss Cumberbatch and designed and executed by that great master, Omar Ramsden, has come at a very opportune moment.

As a means of arousing an interest in the air nothing can do better than sporting events. Before the War, it was the racing at Hendon and Brooklands that brought the public to see that there really was something in flying; and the decision to try out the old type of racing round pylons at Brooklands is one that will be watched with interest by all concerned.

SKILL AGAINST SKILL

Records are lessening in value as propaganda because their making and breaking is becoming commonplace, and in any event the personal element is not pronounced.

It is the pitting of skill against skill, machine against machine, that makes the public alive to the significance of air races. When people see forty or fifty men and women, to whom flying is nothing more than a pastime, racing against each other at high speed and without mishap, they are impressed, and the impression lasts.

That is why it is vitally important that sporting flying be not neglected in the general interest in air touring. The competitive element must be maintained for the good of the whole movement. Such flying is far more likely to attract big entries than motor racing, because standard machines are quite capable of performing creditably, whereas it is only the special models that stand a chance on the motor track.



EGYPTIAN AIR SQUADRON LEAVES FOR CAIRO

A squadron of British-built aeroplanes and their British and Egyptian pilots, which forms a complete squadron of the new Egyptian Air Force. Capt. Stocks (fourth from left) is in command



OFFICIAL OPENING OF CHELMSFORD AERODROME AND INAUGURATION OF ITS FLYING CLUB BY SIR ALAN COBHAM

Sir Alan (facing camera) with Brig.-Gen. R. B. Colvin, C.B., Lord-Lieutenant of Essex, and Lady Gwendoline Colvin, on Sir Alan's left



HARLECH CASTLE "STANDING PROUDLY ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE THE HARLECH MARSHES"

WESTWARD INTO WALES

Touring by Car in a Land of Castles

WALES is a land of castles, old ruined fortresses which have played their part in the unfolding of the nation's history, and which stand to-day as grim memorials of a restless age that has long since passed away. It was in the reign of Edward I. that the final onslaught against the Welsh was made, and their land finally reduced to submission to the English crown, by the death of Llewellyn in 1282.

We may forget those old wars and find interest in tracing the route of the Conqueror to visit the castles he built or restored in order to make his conquest sure. This route, with minor detours, leads through some of the finest of the Welsh scenery, and along some of the most beautiful roads of the Principality.

STARTING AT CHESTER

A start may be made at Chester just east of the border, although Chester Castle was built, not by Edward to subdue the Welsh, but by William the Conqueror to subdue the English. The days were when the sea washed the walls of Chester, and the rings to which vessels were moored may be seen to-day on the castle walls.

The road thence along the coast of North Wales as far as Rhyl—31 miles—is not of special interest, for the railway mars the views of the widening estuary of the Dee; but, south from Rhyl, Rhuddlan Castle may be visited on the banks of the River Clwyd.

It was built before the Norman Conquest; strengthened by William I., and rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277. It was here that a son was born to Edward, to become the first Prince of Wales.

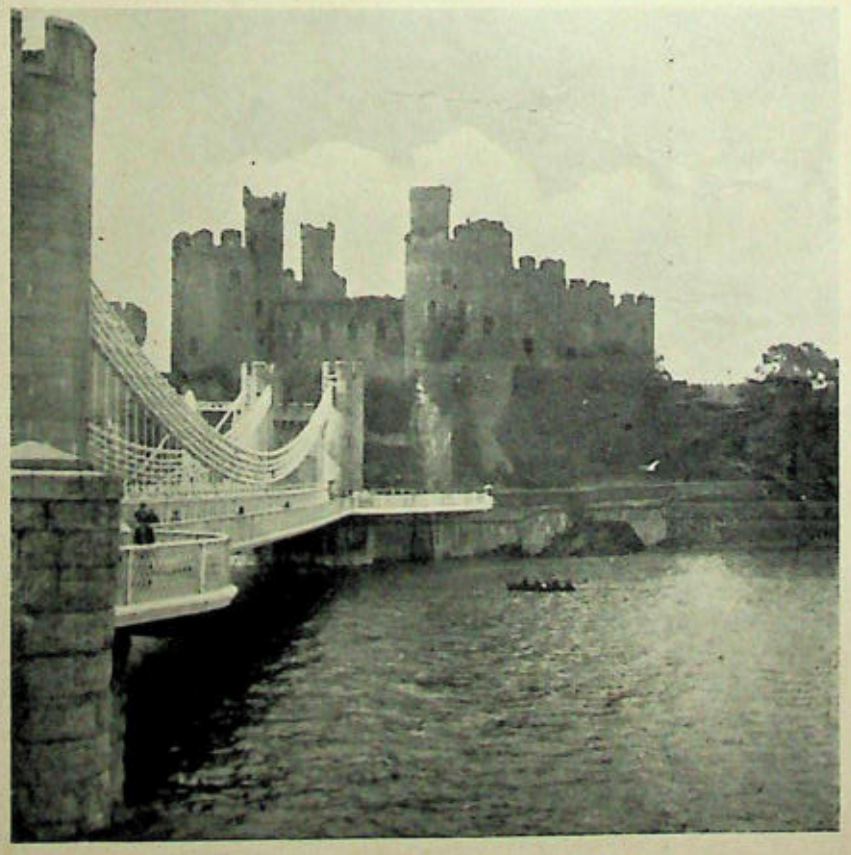
At Conway, 47 miles from Chester, stands, perhaps, the best known of all the Welsh castles, holding a prominent position at the mouth of the River Conway. Its massive walls and towers have withstood well the ravages of time. Here Edward I. was imprisoned in the castle he himself had built, till the falling tide enabled reinforcements to cross the water and save him from what threatened to be a tragedy to his cause.

The westward road from Conway follows the contour of the shore, save that an engineering feat of to-day is diverting it through the solid rock of the mountain to avoid the peril of falling rocks along the old road.

The motorist, however, is well advised to turn inland from Conway and take the road over the Sychnant Pass for Penmaenmawr for the sake of the charming scenery, and the remarkable echo which may be heard from the "[illegible] Echoes," which abuts the road.

The main coast road is regained at Penmaenmawr, and the coast is followed almost all the way to Bangor, with open views of the sea northward and the barrier of the mountains as a wall to the south. With [illegible] time to spare a visit may be made to the Aber Falls, a few miles inland, for though [illegible] these falls are always [illegible]

Across the [illegible] the Suspension [illegible] Castle is reached a mile [illegible] the coast. This Edwardian fortress, built in 1296, is of curiously Moorish design, its low towers suiting the marshy nature of the land. Although holding a strategic position on the Menai Strait it has taken no important part in the history of Wales.



CONWAY—"PERHAPS THE BEST KNOWN OF ALL THE WELSH CASTLES"

Back again on the mainland, and turning southward, Carnarvon is entered after nine miles, and its castle is said to be the finest south of the Tweed, with the exception of Alnwick. It has been extensively repaired, and is worthy of more than a cursory inspection. In the King's Gate is a statue of its builder, Edward I.

The banqueting hall is very extensive and the Eagle Tower, bearing the eagle crest of the Plantaganet king, is 120ft. in height. The castle is more picturesquely seen from across the water of the harbour.

TOWARDS CRICCIETH

For the sake of the scenery it is well to proceed from Carnarvon up the desolate but magnificent Llanberis Pass, and at the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, where Charles Kingsley stayed, turn south by Llyn Gwynant to Beddgelert; whence, by the Aberglaslyn Pass, Portmadoc is reached after eight miles, and a few miles east is Criccieth, with its somewhat diminutive castle standing on a low eminence.

From this castle there is a beautiful panoramic view over Carmarthen Bay and right down the coast of Wales. Edward I. rebuilt and strengthened an old fortress which he found on this site. It has recently been renovated, as it was in danger of falling.

"MEN OF HARLECH"

Across the waters of the bay may be seen the towers of Harlech Castle, standing proudly on the cliffs above the Harlech marshes. There was the foundation of an older building here when Edward arrived; and, seeing the strategic value of the position, with its impregnable wall of rock seaward and a deep fosse inland, he erected an imposing castle in 1283.

Owen Glyndwr occupied it in 1404, and Margaret of Anjou found asylum within its walls 60 years later after the defeat of Henry VI. During its defence against the Earl of Pembroke in 1468, it is said, the well-known melody, "The March of the Men of Harlech," was composed.

ALLAN PHILLIP.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. They must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Book on Dry-fly Fishing.—A book which you would find useful is *Dry-fly Fishing for Beginners*, by Major R. C. Simpson, 3/6 (A. & C. Black). For fly-tying you might try *How to Tie Flies for Trout and Grayling*, by H. G. McClelland, 5/– (*Fishing Gazette*).—*H. A. W., Oxford.*

Fishing Club's Address.—The address of the Red Spinner Angling Society is 56, Chiswell Street, London, E.C. 1. You will find it duly entered on p. 370 of the new edition of *Where to Fish*. All London clubs however, are listed under "London," which accounts for your not being able to find it under "R."—*R. H. C., London.*

Fishing on the Tavy.—Tickets for the Tavy and Plym Fishing Association's water can be obtained from Mr. W. W. Mathews, Solicitor, Church Lane, Tavistock. Hotel at Tavistock: The Bedford. Hotels at Yelverton: Devon Tors; Beechfield; Rock. Hotel at Launceston: White Hart, which has its own water. For flies enquire locally, or take down a selection as suggested recently in the *Field*: Olive quill, pheasant tail, blue upright, hare's ear, tup, blue dun, etc. Devon minnows are usually the most popular spinners.—*T. E. B., London.*

The following books dealing with Angling are recommended: "Elements of Angling," by H. T. Sheringham, 7/6; "Fishing: Its cause and cure," by H. T. Sheringham and E. Studdy, 5/– and 2/6; "Where to Fish," by H. D. Turing, 5/–; "Trout Streams," by W. Carter Platts, 7/6; "Fly Fishing," by J. C. Mottram, 7/6; "Sea Trout," by J. C. Mottram, 6/–; "Practical Letter to Young Sea Fishermen," by John Bickerdyke, 5/–; "A Mixed Bag," by Red Spinner, 3/6. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

Farm

American Hay Stackers.—One firm of makers is Messrs. G. Brown & Son, Victoria Iron Works, Leighton Buzzard. Their hay stacker costs £39 10s. It was introduced last season and has, we understand, given satisfaction.—*O. C., Wilts.*

Rothamsted Experimental Station.—Visitors are always welcome to go round the plots at Rothamsted, and no charge is made. It is desirable that a few days' notice of the visit should be given. The address to write to is: The Secretary, Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Herts.—*H. K. M., Angus.*

Winter Green Food for Calves.—Your requirements would be met if half the acreage were sown with thousand-head kale and the other half with purple-topped swedes. Either crop can be taken off the ground as wanted after Christmas. Thousand-head kale withstands frost better than narrow-stem kale.—*L. F. H., Cambs.*

Slugs in Seed Bed.—Many people have different notions for catching slugs. Bran moistened with vinegar and placed on rhubarb leaves attracts them, and they will also gather under orange or grape fruit skins placed among the seedlings. The slugs can then be collected each morning in a bucket of water.—*H. A. N. L., Oxon.*

Feeding Grass Lambs.—Cross-bred lambs in grass flocks can advantageously be allowed a small ration of concentrates to hasten fattening. Creeps can be made in the field which they can enter though the ewes are barred. A useful mixture of foods for this purpose is three parts of flaked maize and one part of linseed cake.—*R. C., Hants.*

Finance

Shares for Appreciation.—The dividend on Shawinigan Water and Power Company shares has been reduced to the rate of $1 per annum, but, even so, a further purchase of the shares for averaging purposes at the current price of about $12 (London) should prove to have been well worth while in due course. The earnings of the company have been very seriously affected by the disparity in the value of the Canadian and the United States dollar, and by the acute industrial depression in the area served, more especially as regards the pulp industry. But whenever trading conditions become more normal the demand for electric power will again increase.—*R. S., Ceylon.*

Hunting

Concerning Tom Moody.—Tom Moody was born at Broseby, Staffordshire, and was whipper-in to the Willey, who hunted part of the Shropshire country towards the end of the eighteenth century. Possessing a great reputation both as a horseman and a whipper-in, Tom Moody was said by Stephen Goodall to be "fonder of fishing than hunting, and fonder of strong ale than either." Tom Moody did not, as you suggest, die in the hunting field, but on November 22nd, 1796, at the age of 40.—*L. J. S., Melton Mowbray.*

Hunt Funds and Clubs.—Subscribing to hunt funds and becoming a member of the hunt club are two totally different things. It is not every hunt which has a hunt club, and when the latter does exist it is sometimes open to only residents in their particular country. If you happen to be eligible you must be proposed and seconded in the usual way. Perhaps when you have settled down in your new residence you will be able to obtain more important information from the secretary of the hunt as regards the rules in force relative to hunt funds and clubs in the country.—*J. E. T., Cheshire.*

Miscellaneous

Rain Gauges.—You should be able to obtain a rain gauge to suit your requirements from Messrs. Negretti & Zambra, 38, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1. They have a complete stock of gauges, including the 5in. Snowden type, which is priced at 27/2.—This is the usual type used. You might, however, prefer the 8in. M.O. pattern, priced at 65/–. This firm also supply recording rain gauges up to £20.—*C. C. T., Somerset.*

Naturalist

Homing Pigeon.—We do not enter into correspondence in regard to lost carrier pigeons. We have forwarded the ring you sent us to the Editor, *The Racing Pigeon*, 19, Doughty Street, W.C. 1.—*L. G., Ringwood.*

Field Glass for Watching Birds.—In a theoretically ideal field glass the following properties would all be combined: Required power, great luminosity, large field of view, light weight and small bulk. In actual practice, however, such a combination is impossible, because the combination of the first three properties can only be obtained in a bulky and heavy glass, and so a compromise must be made.

The first point to consider is the power. Some observers prefer a magnification of 12 diameters, but this is really too high to be practical, as it entails loss of luminosity and field of view, while it is also too high to permit of steady holding by hand without a rest. The best magnification is undoubtedly 8 or 6 diameters, and it is immaterial which is selected.

Luminosity, field of view, and weight should be decided on after an actual trial with different glasses, as one person may prefer to have a glass which gives great luminosity and field of view in spite of its bulk and weight, while another may place extreme portability as of first importance. And, as has already been explained, the result must always be a compromise.

A monocular glass is naturally but half the weight and bulk of a binocular, and consequently it is possible to obtain a glass of considerably greater optical capacity without the unwieldly bulk of a binocular; and the cost is also much less. But some individuals find it both difficult and tiring only to use one eye, and in such cases a binocular is the better, while it also has the advantage of giving an enhanced stereoscopic effect, due to the centres of the object glasses being further apart than those of the eye-pieces.

For a one-eyed observer, however, the choice will naturally fall on a monocular glass.—*R. S., Ozon.*

Shooting

Re-Proving of Guns After Conversion to Ejector.—According to the Proof Act of 1868 a barrel becomes un-proved after Proof if it has been reduced in strength so that the Marks do not represent the Proof necessary; if the Marks have been defaced, or if the barrel of one type of weapon has been converted to another type—that is if a flint lock has been converted to a percussion action, or if a muzzle loader has been converted into a breech loader.

It is, accordingly, perfectly true, in the strictest legal sense, that it is not necessary according to the law to have a gun re-proved after it has been converted from a non-ejector to an ejector. But this legal position only exists because ejectors had not been invented in 1868.

When an ordinary non-ejector breech-loading gun is converted into an ejector the walls of the chambers are almost invariably reduced in thickness, because the hole bored in the breech end of the barrels which receives the long leg of the extractor must usually be enlarged so as to receive the long legs of the twin extractors of the ejecting mechanism. The diameter of the whole leg formed by the two semicircular legs of the extractors of an ejector is invariably greater than the diameter of the solid single leg of an extractor of a non-ejector, because the solid leg is stronger, diameter for diameter, just because it is solid. On this account the split leg of an ejector is invariably larger.

The fact that a larger long leg has to be received means that the hole which accommodates it must be enlarged; and this *must* reduce the thickness of the walls of the chambers, and so reduce the strength of the gun.

Consequently, whatever the strict legal position, it is certainly wrong for such a gun not to be re-proved. If the strict legal interpretation is enforced, it must mean that other alterations can be done to guns which reduce their strength after they have been proved; and if such procedure became general the whole value of Proof would become abortive.

We feel sure that the Proof authorities are very much alive to this danger and are anxious to do all in their power to check any such tendency. Not long ago the Proof Master of the Birmingham Proof House wrote to us asking us to give publicity to the fact that any non-ejector gun which is converted to an ejector should be submitted for re-proof after the conversion was effected, and the words "Converted to ejector by . . ." should be engraved on the rib or in some equally conspicuous position. And we were glad to publish a short article to this effect.

If the gunmaker who has carried out the conversion to ejector declines to send the gun for re-Proof, there is a strong presumption that he is aware that he has so weakened the walls of the chambers that the gun is not likely to pass Proof.

We would accordingly advise you to refer the matter to *both* the London and Birmingham Proof Houses for their opinions.—*J. M., Cheshire.*

The following books dealing with Shooting are recommended: "New Ways with Partridges," by R. Page, 3/6; "Elements of Shooting," by E. Parker, 15/–; "Pheasants," by W. B. Tegetmeier and E. Parker, 10/6; "The 'Field' Game Register," 7/6; "Hunting Trips in Northern Rhodesia," by D. D. Lyell, 25/–; "Nyasaland for the Hunter and Settler," by D. D. Lyell, 6/–; "Wild Life in Central Africa," by D. D. Lyell, 12/6; "Sporting Days in Southern India," by Lieut.-Col. A. J. O. Pollock, 17/6; "Hunting the Otter," by A. Allan, 6/6. To be ordered at booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930) Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

Turf

Blandford's Pedigree.—Blandford, a brown horse, was foaled in 1919 and was by Swynford out of Blanche, by White Eagle from Black Cherry, by Bendigo. Through John o' Gaunt, Blandford traces back in tail male to Isinglass and Sterling. Blandford was bred at the National Stud, and is, of course, the sire of Trigo and Blenheim, both Derby winners.—*W. E., Camberley.*

Pedigrees of Ardoon and Crackenthorpe.—Ardoon was a bay, by St. Frusquin out of Multrue, by Springfield out of Helioscene, by Hampton. Crackenthorpe was foaled in 1887, and was a son of the Derby winner Hermit. He died in 1917 aged 30 years. With regard to your second enquiry we should advise you to study such works as *The British Thoroughbred Horse*, by W. Allison; *The Thoroughbred Racehorse*, by Major James Platt; *Breeding Racehorses by the Figure System*, by C. Burill Lowe; *Veterinary Notes for Horse Owners*, by Capt. Hayes; and *The Horse-Breeders' Handbook*, by Jos. Osborn. Some of these books may be out of print, but you will probably be able to obtain a copy from one of the following firms: Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, 350, Oxford Street, London, W.1; Messrs. Francis Edwards, 83, High Street, Marylebone, W. 1; or Messrs. W. G. Foyle, 119, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.—*M. P., Salisbury.*



ENCOURAGING CIDER APPLE PRODUCTION IN DEVONSHIRE

THE group amongst the cider orchards assembled on the occasion when Lord Carrington presented the Whiteway Cups at a field day organised by the Devon County Agricultural Committee. These cups were originally offered for annual competition by Mr. H. Whiteway, sen., there being classes for the best-kept orchards, most improved orchards, orchards showing the biggest percentage yield of crops, etc., but eventually the cups were officially recognised, and are now under the auspices of the Devon County Agricultural Committee. When the cups are won outright, Mr. Whiteway, sen., replaces them. Usually the presentation of cups to the winners takes place in the Guildhall at Exeter, but this year the ceremony was held, as mentioned, in the orchards, Messrs. Whiteways' being selected as the largest in the area.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF OTTER HUNTING FIXTURES

For week ending Saturday, June 11th

Fixture Cards for use in the current issue of the "Field" must reach this office not later than the first post on the preceding Tuesday morning.

ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (June 4th), Leighton Bridge on Severn; Tuesday, in district on Severn; Thursday, Caersaws Bridge (up) (by invitation); Saturday, Llanidloes (Clwyedog) (by invitation)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (June 4th), Bletsoe, nr. Bedford; Tuesday, Offord Mill, nr. St. Neots (up); Thursday, Offord Mill, nr. St. Neots (down); Saturday, Tempsford, Beds—10.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (June 4th), Sheepwash Bridge—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (June 4th), Brantham Mill, nr. Flatford-on-Stour; Thursday, Langford Bridge, nr. Maldon; Saturday, The Mill, Kelvedon—10.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (June 4th), Bishops Waltham; Monday, Titchfield, near Fareham; Friday, Upavon—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (June 4th), Stopham Bridge; Monday, Hartfield Station; Wednesday, Wentworth Golf Club (by invitation); Saturday, Hellingly Station—10.30.

WYE VALLEY.—Monday (June 6th), Crewbridge (Glam.); Wednesday, Dinas Powis; Thursday, Ogmore Castle—10.30.

SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (June 4th), Cairnfoot (Nith); Tuesday, The Kennels (Annan); Thursday, Longtown Bridge, Esk (joint meet with Carlisle Otter Hounds); Saturday—where finish June 7th on the Annan—9.30.

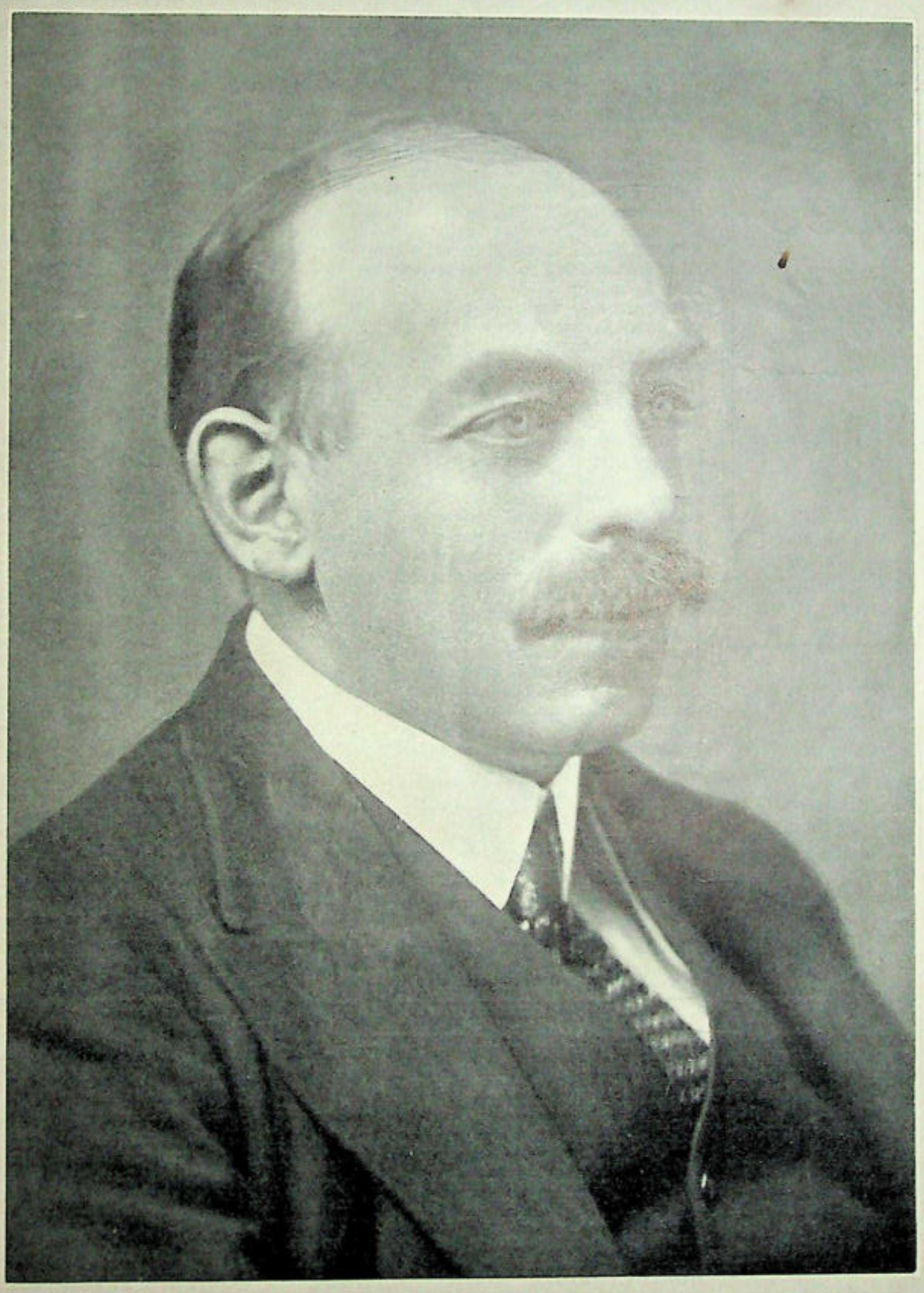
THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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MR. DAVID DAVIES, A NEW BARON IN THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST

For many years this popular Welsh sportsman has been closely identified with sport in most of its branches. At one time he was Master of foxhounds, beagles and otter hounds, and he has always been a staunch advocate of the excellent working qualities of the Welsh hound. He is also a keen fisherman and a good man behind a gun



Right on the rails, hemmed in by a surging crowd. Why struggle back to the car when you can carry a light meal as easily as you carry your field glasses ?

For the Races

Here's a case for investigation ! The "Thermos" Tourist Case, specially designed for Racegoers who neither wish to struggle to obtain lunch nor be bothered with cumbersome lunch kit. The "Thermos" Case is made in plain, high quality English hide with long leather shoulder sling. It is fitted with a sandwich tin, which keeps all food fresh, and a "Thermos" Flask No. 06 the finest flask obtainable, beautifully Chromium plated, and almost unbreakable.
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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.

THE FUTURE OF THE TOTALISATOR

OUR READERS will recall that, last year, we published a short series of articles from a special correspondent in which the somewhat facile optimism of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, as to the future of the Totalisator in this country and under their management, was subjected to criticism.

The third annual report and accounts of the Board have now been available to the public for several weeks ; and there is little contained in the one or shown in the other to meet the criticism that has been levelled at the administration of the Board.

It is well to remember that the Totalisator and the Control Board were intended to be a means to an end. The object of their existence is stated in the Racecourse Betting Act of 1928 to be "the improvement of breeds of horses or the sport of racing."

The first annual report of the Board asserted that "the experience gained has clearly established the fact that the Totalisator . . . can be operated remuneratively and provide surplus funds for the objects laid down in the Act," and that the Board "are confident that their first year of work has produced results that . . . give promise of even greater benefits to the industry of horse-breeding than were contemplated. . . ." It is difficult to read any justification for that claim in the report now available.

In the early days, Lord d'Abernon, a member of the Board, prophesied a turnover of more than £60,000,000 annually and a revenue of £4,000,000. Mr. Winston Churchill proposed to budget in 1929 on the basis of £180,000,000 going through the Totalisator. The Board in their first annual report estimated to get half the course betting, or some £22,000,000 on the 1928 figures, and a proportion of the away betting. In the period covered by the latest report the latter is less than 1 per cent.

How far these hopes were from the possibility of being realised can be seen from the presentation in this report of a turnover of under £4,000,000. It is clear that the Board underrated the problem they were faced with.

The position is serious. The £466,000 liabilities to "Loan Account" and £70,000 due to "Sundry Creditors," shown in the accounts for 1929, rose in 1930 to £1,800,000 for "Advances" and £227,000 for "Sundry Creditors." The latest accounts show £2,206,000 on the debit side for what are termed "Advances," presumably a bank overdraft, and £116,000 due to "Sundry Creditors."

As against this debt the assets of the Board can be of little value unless they can be operated at a profit. The auditors of the accounts attach to their signature the observation that "No provision has been made during the year for depreciation of buildings, equipment, etc." In fact, the Board's operations are still being carried on at a loss, the deficit in the last year reaching a figure of some £43,600. Had there been an allowance of only 5 per cent. for depreciation this loss would obviously have been larger.

Salaries and wages of administrative staff cost £31,000. It would probably have been better to entrust the control of the machines to the racecourse executives, who might at least be expected to show practical knowledge of the problems to be met, under the control of a small committee of the Jockey Club and N.H. Committee.

We think, too, that the report would have been better without the misleading comparison between S.P. odds and Totalisator odds. Everybody acquainted with racing knows there is little or no basis for the alleged comparison. Moreover the bookmakers can at least point to the fact that they have contributed in the three years, through increased charges for admission provided for in the Act of 1928, some £300,000, while the Totalisator has yet to make a beginning.

In face of this latest tabulated record of failure it is somewhat ironic to read, in the first annual report of the Board, an elaborate analysis of the objects to which the surplus funds were to be devoted. The question will now be still more insistently asked, What assistance is the Totalisator likely to afford to "the improvement of breeds of horses or the sport of horse racing" ?

NEW RAILWAY RECORDS

AMONG THE MANY RECORDS of speed and distance achieved during the past few months one deserves special recognition because of the length of time during which there has been an opportunity of making it, and the number of competitors who have been potentially in the field. Very few persons have flown or have tried to fly long distances alone, so that with luck and courage—admittedly in large measure—a single person may suddenly create a record, and another person almost as suddenly beat it, as did Miss Earhart in her gallant Atlantic flight the other day.

But a record in railway speed is not so easily created or beaten, and the achievement of the Great Western Railway with their engine Tregenna Castle, in its run from Swindon to Paddington on Monday last, is a remarkable addition to the history of railroad travel in this country. The Great Western Railway were out to beat their own record set up in September last, and they succeeded.

ROAD v. RAIL

In September the Cheltenham Spa Express, drawn by the Launceston Castle, a sister engine to the Tregenna Castle, in inaugurating the new schedule of 67min. for the 77.3 miles between Swindon and Paddington, covered the distance in 57min. 30sec. On Monday the Tregenna Castle made the journey in 56min. 47sec. from start to stop, which means an average of 81.6 miles an hour. At one stage for 30 miles speed was maintained at 90 miles an hour, with a maximum of 92.3 miles. This beats all existing railway records, and is one more magnificent tribute to the work of British engineers and mechanics. Incidentally, it may suggest valuable data for the adjustment of competition between road and rail. Which is preferable, as regards wear and tear of mind and body, to ride or drive at 80 miles an hour, and by which method of transport could goods in bulk be the more easily moved from one place to another ?

AFTER THE DERBY

Once more from the aftermath of the Derby, when a hot favourite failed to stay the course, emerges an interesting point which is worthy of consideration. It seems that Epsom is certainly not an ideal racecourse, with its bends and hills and gruelling finish. Do not racing men, in the argot of their kind, term it "the rogues' course" ?

But not every rogue-racehorse wins at Epsom, for it is an undoubted fact that the course of gradients and inequalities of ground demands a definite type. There must be length and scope and freedom of movement which will allow colt or filly to gallop up a hill, maintain speed on the downward slope, and come round Tattenham Corner at very nearly the speed of an express train. Beautiful as Orwell is in conformation, we cannot overlook those straight hocks and upright pasterns, and in dealing with the defeat of one of the best colts of recent years we should bear in mind the fact that his sire, Gainsborough (whose Derby victory was gained in the dark days of the War, at Newmarket), has yet to get a Derby winner. Orwell's pedigree does not carry the same weight of appeal as that of April the Fifth, in whose ancestry crop up such famous names as Sunstar, Sceptre, and Marcovil.

Does it not all go to prove that Derby winners both in point of view of pedigree and conformation have to be of definite type ? So for that matter do winners of the Grand National, for both Aintree and Epsom are courses which are impossible to compare with others in this country.

COARSE FISHING OPENS

Next Thursday sees the opening of another coarse-fishing season—to many the opening of the fishing season without any qualifying adjective. As an opening day it has not the glamour which it had 50, or even 20, years ago, for now that road transport has brought so many formerly inaccessible waters into touch with the great industrial centres trout fishing has become a possibility to men who formerly regarded it as beyond their horizon—if only as a means of filling in the time till June 16th. But even for the angler whose fly rod takes pride of place in his tackle cupboard, there is a rare fascination about the stiffer weapon which will swing a light quill into the dark run between the weed beds, where it cocks so jauntily and then, with a sudden stillness, moves swiftly down the glassy surface, with always the hope of that silent disappearance as an unseen fish takes the bait at the tail of the swim. But it needs hot days and the cool shadow of the willows to get the full flavour of that noiseless struggle with something in unseen depths.

VARIATIONS OF CRICKET FORM

Variations of weather have produced some interesting variations of cricket form. Seldom have spin bowlers had so many opportunities to show that they can make use of a helpful wicket, and some astonishing performances have been the result ; but it should not be forgotten that the larger stumps now in use have added to the trials of the batsmen.

Some of the batsmen began to take revenge when, at the end of last week, most of the county grounds had begun to dry out a little ; and bearing in mind the coming tour to Australia, it is important that both batsmen and the bowlers who have wreaked such destruction on helpful wickets should be seen under conditions as nearly as possible similar to those usually experienced in Australia before their possibilities can be assessed.

From that point of view, wet wicket form is of no help to the three Selectors to whom is entrusted the task of choosing the team for Australia, and they have had very little to guide them in the selection of the teams for the Test trial at Manchester next Saturday.

HOLLAND IN THE COUNTRY

Dutch tendencies are becoming noticeable among the smaller houses now being built in the countryside. Where a few years ago new buildings could be seen taking on the gables and timbering of imitation Tudor, they now reproduce the white walls, green shutters and grey-green roofs of the South African Dutch farmhouse. And the style is

not one to be regretted. Certainly it seems more capable, with its sweeping white front, of taking in the garage annex than did its Tudor forerunner; and in any case the "Olde Englishe" theme has long ago been worked to death.

Architecture is a subject to which countrymen might well pay more attention. Much could be done, in districts where "development" is likely, by the forming of local associations to decide first what style of building best suits the district, and then to induce architects and contractors to adopt it. Let it be remembered that nothing can save the face of England from changing. Perhaps it is because England is growing old; in which case it is for her lovers to see that she grows old gracefully.

"COASTAL DEVELOPMENT"

Poole has for long been the sleeping, if senior, partner of Bournemouth, and now it has woken up and is busily developing its extensive property in a way which will be in keeping, and possibly in competition, with its neighbour. What Cobbett might have called "a villainous tract" or "a rascally heath" is to be ornamented with cascades and drives, and a Solarium is already being built on the coast, together with other and more conventional institutions.

The old port of Poole, being some distance from the sea, will hardly be affected by these changes in its remote suburbs, and many cruising yachtsmen are hoping that it will still be possible to anchor in solitude off Brownsea Island and to thread the winding channels of the harbour up to Wareham without encountering swarms of motor boats, and feeling compelled to help innumerable dinghies off the mud.

[redacted]ARNING TO YACHTSMEN

In the advertisement columns of this issue the [redacted]ssociation of Salmon District Fishery Boards for Scotland call attention to a form of "poaching" which is sometimes indulged in by unknowing yachtsmen or small boat owners in their visits to Scottish waters. This consists in supplying the larder with salmon usually by means of a splash net. Probably the great majority of yachtsmen are quite unaware that the rights of salmon fishing in the sea being vested in the Crown it is illegal for visitors to take salmon, and the Fishery Boards are anxious that the practice should cease.

JUNE AND WET GARDENS

May this year, we have learnt from the weather statistics, was the wettest known for over 50 years. The average rainfall of the month is 2.41 inches. This year we had 6.30 inches, of which 3.67 inches fell on May 20th, 21st and 22nd—a dismal record.

Yet a wet May can bring its compensations to gardens, particularly on sandy soils which are quickly affected by a hot sun. In cool and showery weather some of the flowers go over less quickly and the blossom remains longer on the bough. During the past few weeks the aubrietias have kept their purples and crimsons to mingle with the wallflowers and the early irises later than usual, and it is not often that the beginning of June sees the lilac and laburnums still opening side by side with the may. The pinks and the roses are late, but what matter? They will last the longer when they open to the sun.

ABOVE GODSTOW

Now that the Oxford Preservation Trust have [redacted]ured the land adjoining Godstow Mill, it may be [redacted]ible once more for wanderers by the river to [redacted] beyond the sites of shacks and caravans, and [redacted]ee in imagination instead of careless squatters [redacted] figure of Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy*—the giver to village maids

Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves . . .

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air——
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!



HELP FOR THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE

A New Scheme for a National Need

THE WALLS of the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town are falling down.

That is the precise truth. The buildings, two years ago, were condemned as unsafe by the London County Council. And ever since, as is the way with buildings in bad repair, their condition has become gradually worse. Actually there are parts of the structure which have to be propped from outside; rain pours through the roof, and the scientific and educational work of the college, which is the central source of the training of veterinary surgeons throughout the country, is carried on under almost unbearable conditions.

This is the state of affairs, as regards the recognised veterinary authority of this country, in a nation which stands first in the world in its care of domestic animals. When Englishmen travel abroad, when they watch the treatment of beasts of burden in certain Continental countries, when they read of the horrors of a bull-fight, when they hear of the treatment of worn-out horses, when they know what can be the sufferings of cats and dogs and cage-birds whose lives count for so little in over so large an area of civilised Europe, they thank Heaven that animal life in their own country has every possible form of protection. Yet the walls of the college responsible for the care and the cure of thousands of animals during the year are in danger of collapse, and the work of the college itself, unless it can be rescued from its difficulties, can suffer no other fate but compulsorily closing down.

A DESPERATE SITUATION

Obviously the need of the college is to rebuild. But this means a quarter of a million of money. Towards the necessary sum the Government has promised a contribution of £150,000, provided that the college itself can collect £100,000. The college embarked on this task two years ago. They approached landowners, owners of pedigree stock, owners of racehorses, sportsmen of every rank and description, animal lovers rich and poor, and after expending every effort which the energy of the principal, Major Frederick Hobday, the chairman, Sir Merrik Burrell, and the other governors of the college was able to direct, they found that they had got together the sum of £50,000, and that seemingly by no effort could they increase or attract further subscriptions.

The situation last year became desperate. It was relieved by a contribution from a munificent donor of £25,000; this, however, was earmarked for work in a particular direction. The college authorities, in any case, were short of £25,000, and there seemed to be no source from which further money could be collected.

Yet this, too, seemed unbelievable. It could be calculated that if every person who took out a dog licence would contribute only a few pence, the money would be forthcoming to-morrow. Yet, absurd as this situation might appear, it became a plain fact to be recognised, that you cannot raise a really large sum by asking for a very large number of small subscriptions. Actually, almost every person when so approached—when asked to contribute, say, sixpence—regards so small a gift as useless. Yet the fact remains that nearly 2,000,000 dog licences are taken out every year, and that 2,000,000 threepenny pieces come to £25,000.

Could the money be collected in small amounts by some other method? The governors of the college—among them are the Marquess of Crewe, the Earl of Harewood, the Earl of Yarborough, Lord Daresbury, Lord Harlech, Lord Glanely, Lord Mildmay of Flete, Lord Woolavington, to name only a few—decided to appeal to a popular newspaper with a large circulation to organise a competition in aid of the funds of the college. The *Daily Herald* thereupon undertook to provide a prize of £15,000 in a competition which should appeal to animal lovers throughout the country.

TWELVE SLOGANS

The conditions are simple, and consist of choosing the best twelve out of 28 slogans, the winner to be the competitor whose list of slogans agrees most nearly with the list decided upon by a Committee of Experts, and the price of a ticket for each entry to be 6d. Here are some of the slogans:

"I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?"
"I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf."
"You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?"
"We can't speak, but we look to you to see us through."
"Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands."

The Royal Veterinary College how asks for helpers to sell books of sixpenny tickets, and asks of each reader of the details of the competition, "Will you sell some of the tickets yourself?"

The *Field* cannot but wish the Royal Veterinary College the best of success in its new adventure. The address to which subscriptions or offers of help should be sent immediately, is the Royal Veterinary College Appeal Headquarters, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

GOSFORD

By AGNES MARY LAWRENCE

There is sand between the pages
That tell of Rimini:
And the trickling rasp of the dry-brown dust
Wakens a day in June—
A day of yellow sand-hills, by a sun-flecked idle sea—
And a lover who read in that drowsy noon
Of lovers long ago,
Down on the beach at Gosford
When the sleepy tide was low.

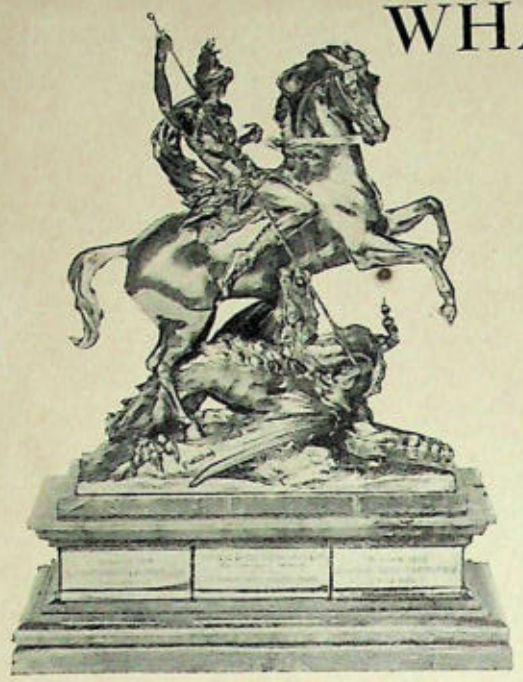
The soft, contented humming of the little, brown, wild bees,
The scent of the creamy roses on the springing sandy turf,
Fell through the noontide stillness, from the wings of a vagrant breeze.

There are silvery grey bent-grasses where the rosy sea-pinks grow,
And a curving line of driftwood, left by the breaking surf,
Still on the beach at Gosford
When the lazy tide is low.

But you have been dead, my dear,
For many a year.

WHAT TO SEE AT THE HORSE SHOW

Hounds—and a Parade of Grand National Winners



A COVETED OLYMPIA TROPHY

The challenge cup presented by H.M. the King for officers' jumping

THE OPENING of the International Horse Show at Olympia on Thursday, June 16th, will be attended this year, it is hoped, by their Majesties the King and Queen, and their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York. Once every year Grand Hall, Olympia, is transformed into "indoor Ascot"—a title well merited, for the background of music, flowers, colour and immaculate costumes compares favourably with the gaiety of the outdoor scene, while the ring itself presents a spectacle of supreme beauty and grace, both in movement, colour and form.

The Horse Show, it is hoped, will never die out, for, as Mr. Bertram Mills pointed out at a recent luncheon, such a loss would involve a similar extinction of local horse shows, and would inevitably be to the detriment of British horse breeding. It is a well-known fact that breeders from all over the world visit Olympia as a market to replenish their stock, for climatic conditions render the British-bred horse paramount.

BIGGER, BRIGHTER AND BETTER

This year's show promises to be bigger, brighter, and speedier than ever, and prices are to be consistent with the times. New and attractive features have been organised, and the committee, realising the value of such features, are still formulating further novelties, though these are not as yet fully determined. Music is to be provided by the famous St. Hilda's Band, and the floral decorations, carried out by Messrs. Sutton & Son, of the Royal Seed Establishment, Reading, will this year be particularly beautiful.

An interesting new feature is to be the daily parade of recent winning horses of the Grand National—a grand chance for the uninitiated to observe those points by which a horse is likely to qualify for a winner. They may not, perhaps, realise that there are many points of difference between horses bred for steeple chasing and those for flat racing.

Among the Grand National winners is Lord Airlie's famous Master Robert, winner in 1924 against 30 other horses; and Mrs. Partridge's Sprig, winner in 1927 against 37 competitors.

Another special feature is to be the "march past" twice every day of famous packs of foxhounds, such as the Old Berkeley (whose country once extended from the Marble Arch to Bristol), and the Quorn. This should present a lively and vivid spectacle, as hounds will be in charge of huntsmen and whippers-in arrayed in full hunting kit.

A NEW JUMPING FEATURE

A new jumping feature this year is a special display for boys and girls under sixteen years of age, with ponies not higher than 14.2. Amongst those entering for the King's Gold Challenge Cup are Commandant De Laissardiere, already twice a winner, and Capt. J. Misonne, last year's winner. France, Belgium and the Irish Free State will also compete, together with some 50 officers of the British Army.

The children's riding classes (open) are again popular, and number some 30 entries. Among prominent riders are Miss Peggy Pacey, of Clifton Hall, Rugby; Miss Jill Hermon-Errimon; and Major Misa's daughter, who will ride her pony Dandy.

Prominent exhibitors this year include Lady Wright of Durley, Lady Hobart, Lady Stavordale, Lady Diana Shedden, Constance Duchess of Westminster, Lady Ainsworth, Lady Helen McCalmont, Hon. Mrs. Greaves, Nigel Colman, M.P. (chairman of committee), Sir Edward D. Stern, Bart., Col. Sir Harold Wernher, K.C.V.O., M.F.H., and Lieut.-Col. Sir A. G. Weigall, K.C.M.G.



TO JUDGE LADIES' HACKS

Lady Blanche Douglas, a sister of the Duke of Beaufort, with Lady Kimberley, whose husband is the famous polo player. Lady Blanche's partner in the ring at Olympia will be Mrs. E. Cator

LADY TO JUDGE COACHING CLASSES

Among the judges already appointed are the Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., G.C.V.O. (costers' turnouts); Miss A. S. Brocklebank, O.B.E. (four-in-hands and coaching marathon); Viscount and Viscountess Ebrington (officers' chargers and children's riding class); Lady Blanche Douglas (ladies' hacks); Hon. T. Holland-Hibbert, M.F.H. (hunters); Mr. Claud F. Goddard (trade turnouts), last year's winner of both the Lonsdale Challenge Cup and the Mappin Cup for road coaches.

The ever popular Coaching Marathon is again a feature of this show, and includes the usual items—marathon road coach, park teams, road teams, marathon drags. Amongst the entries are Sir Edward Stern, Bart., Mr. Claud F. Goddard, the Royal Engineers' coach, Royal Artillery coach (Woolwich), Royal Artillery coach (Larkhill). The Coaching Club, the sole surviving club of the "good old days," has also many exhibitors.



OVER THE STILE WITH PLENTY TO SPARE

Miss June Lees Smith, a competitor at Olympia, taking the stile in the correct fashion

"THERE IS ROOM FOR THE OLD HORSE YET"

Still a Keen Demand for All Breeds

By BERTRAM W. MILLS

IN SPITE of the fact that we are living in a mechanical age, and particularly when it comes to transportation, I am very definitely of the opinion that the horse has by no means outlived his usefulness, or passed into the category of has-beens. And this, I venture to submit, is also the considered judgment of all true lovers of that distinguished animal.

I do not assert, however, that the horse still holds the same supreme position in man's affairs as he did before the advent of the steam engine; even less so now that a can of petrol provides us with a speedier mode of travelling.



WELL OVER THE WALL

Miss Vera Thackeray, who will be seen in the saddle at the International Horse Show, riding one of her prize-winning show jumpers

Consider for one moment how, remote from one another were the inhabitants of even neighbouring villages almost less than a hundred years ago, when our forefathers had to depend upon their horses, or even that other trusty steed, Shank's pony, for intercommunication.

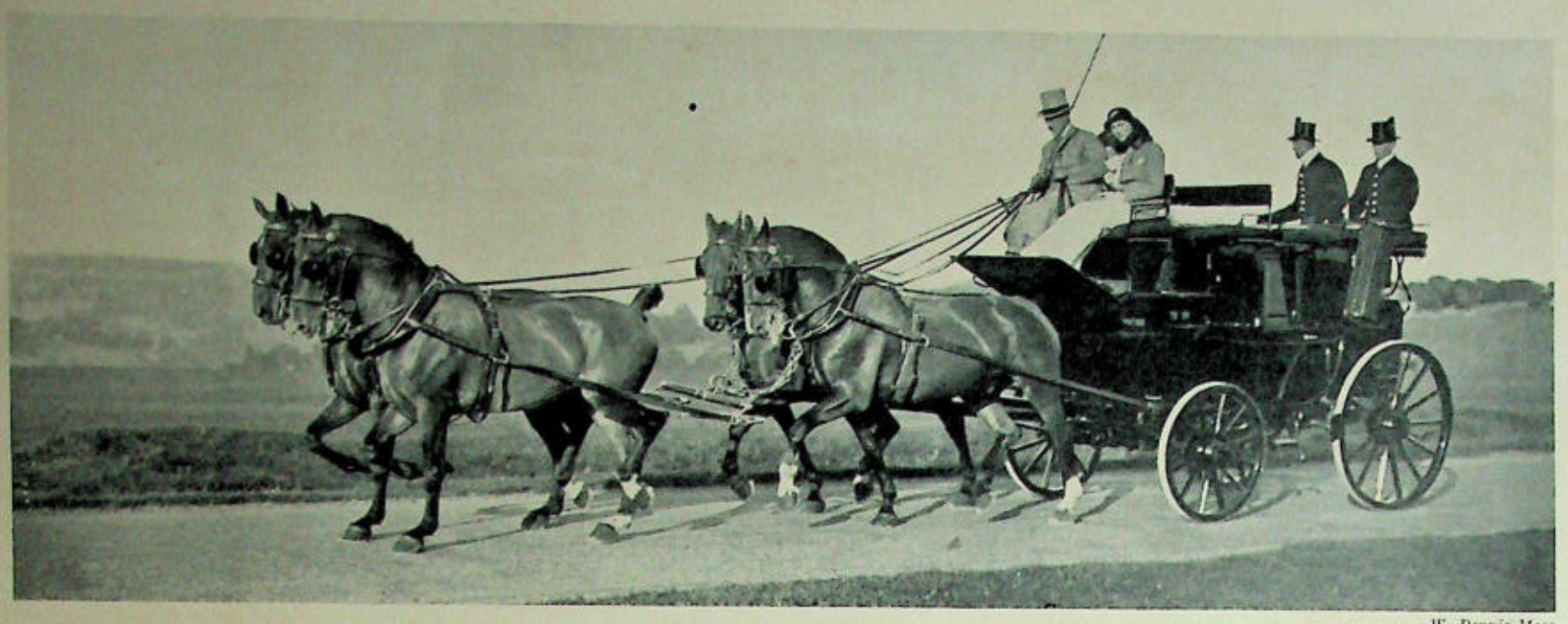
THE HORSE STILL PLODS ON

When Stephenson gave us the immeasurable blessing of transportation by steam there were those, and vast numbers of them, who solemnly shook their heads and piously predicted that the steam engine would soon mean the passing of the hors... that in a short space of time he would becom... curiosity or as extinct as the Dodo. But it wa... long before man had adapted his mind to the... mode of travel, and gladly availed himself ... wonderful and innumerable broadening influen... but the horse still plodded gallantly along, as ha... been his wont for centuries.

True, he was no longer called upon for those remarkable exhibitions of speed in carrying the King's mails up and down and all over the country. For all practical purposes, however, it did not seem that steam had displaced him from the road at all.

And it had not, for statistics will show that the breeding of all classes of horses continued more actively than ever, and the demand for every kind of horse was as great and in all probability even greater than in the days when horse travel was the only motive power on land.

When at last the motor became a practical entity for commercial purposes the same pessimistic cries were heard that the horse would be driven off the road; but years have passed, and he still continues his placid way. Perhaps not altogether in his old ornamental manner, but nevertheless just as useful.



W. Dennis Moss

"THESE 'ERE NAGS WHICH THE ENGLISH DRIVE ARE FIT FOR A DERBY WIN"
Mr. Sidney Allen's famous team of bays, so well known at the International Horse Show

If you want to see a demonstration of his usefulness and to ascertain at first hand whether the horse is soon to become extinct, let me recommend a visit to Dockland. There may be seen every day of the week the horse still in his supremacy hauling to and fro imports and exports. See how quickly the creatures help to load and unload the shipping that traverses the Seven Seas.

If it were possible for us to return to this Vale of Tears, say a century from now, I am free to predict that the horse would still be found in man's service, even though the railway had become non-existent, the automobile had passed into the museums of antiquity, and the aeroplane had at last achieved its destiny of becoming the only means of rapid transit and had practically annihilated distance.

FUTURE OF THE HORSE ASSURED

The future of the horse throughout the world is just as sure to-day as ever it was, and all honour should be accorded to men like the Earl of Lonsdale and his colleagues of the International Horse Show that takes place annually at Olympia, to say nothing of the promoters, women and men, of the horse and agricultural shows held all over Great Britain each year. Those people, good sportsmen that they all are, perform a great national service in encouraging the breeding and well-being of one of man's best friends.

Depend upon it, if there were no such exhibitions there would soon be a very marked depreciation in the stock and a gradual diminishing of many of the fine points that contribute towards the quality of British-bred horses, acknowledged to be second to none in stamina and quality in Europe and beyond the seas.

It is well known that colonial and foreign breeders come to this country every year from all over the world to replenish their stock because they know perfectly well that the British-bred horse is superior in every way to his foreign cousins, and to keep up quality and character a new strain of British blood is of immense value, if not essential.

The excellence of the British horse is, I make bold to believe, mainly due to our climatic conditions, and the care and thought that for generations our breeders have devoted to pedigree stock.

HOW HORSE SHOWS COULD BE IMPROVED

Attractions Which Make for Financial Success

By LORD DORCHESTER

THE ATTENDANCE at an average horse show consists of approximately 10 per cent. horse lovers, or those interested in horses, and 90 per cent. of general public bent upon a day's outing; so, in considering the possible improvements, one must study the proposition from the point of view of this great majority, upon whose attendance or absence hinges the financial success of all horse shows.

At present the 10 per cent. have much the best of it, but even from our point of view (for I class myself among the minority) there exists plenty of room for improvement. Show schedules, based upon previous experience, are framed with a view to attracting good entries, since executives, arguing from the analogy of racing, still believe that good entries mean a good attendance. However true this may have been in the past, it is not the case nowadays.

To start with, nobody knows whether the entries are good until they get to the show, while the papers tell the race-goer what horses have arrived and which are probable starters. But granted that the entries are good, even the horse-lover is assured of many long periods devoid of any interest, unless he is one of those exceptional people who are thrilled by every kind of equine exhibit, from hunters to pit ponies.

THREE HOURS OF BOREDOM!

As a rule, the 10 per cent. have their particular preferences, even among horses: some like hackneys and some like hunters, and some may like both, but very, very few are so interested in all the classes as not to be bored by the protracted judging which occupies so much time at shows. Three hours on a hard chair is a great trial, and when this involves the judging of six classes that you do not wish to see, for two that you do, you begin to wonder, is it worth while?

If the minority, the horse-lovers, are often bored, it is easy to understand the waning interest of the majority. Of course the novelty helps to ease the strain for these latter, but as that wears off the chairs become harder, and the judging seems more



W. A. Rouch

MR. BERTRAM MILLS "TOOLING" THE OLD BERKELEY COACH
This photograph, taken on the Oxford Road, has an old-world atmosphere with its cock-horses and postilion. There are few better whips than Mr. Bertram Mills—one of the present-day stalwarts of coaching

interminable than ever. Spectators must pray for some relief from the lengthy anatomical inspections of the entrants by the white-hatted, check-suited, horsey-looking judges. How wearisome is the mounting in succession of every horse—if it be a riding class—the stately cantering round the ring, the taking-off of the saddles, more anatomical inspections, then a conference before some horse is remounted and ridden round again; and so on and so forth, until one hopes that the judges will be kicked off, just for something to look at—and how delighted everybody would be! I have been a judge, so know their difficulties, but I also sympathise with their victims, the spectators!

POPULARITY OF JUMPING

Unquestionably jumping is the most popular attraction at a horse show, but even this can be too spun out. The same applies to a handy hunter competition, which is now a feature of every show, and I would like to remark that this particular competition depends entirely upon its organisation as to whether it is moderately interesting or a weariness of the flesh.

Very often there are twenty or more competitors, and I defy anyone, horse-lover or otherwise, to continue to be interested after the first half-dozen have gone the round. Incidentally, there is nothing exciting in seeing a man dismount, take down a rail, lead his horse through the gap, replace the rail, mount, and go on!

Destructive criticism is easy but futile; so, after the foregoing general remarks, herewith a few suggestions which, if adopted, might serve to lighten the somewhat pompous monotony of the average horse show.

Infinite variety and movement are the hall-marks of a successful entertainment. So, for a start, all judging should be over in the morning, and preferably before the show opens to the general public. Special tickets might be issued to include the judging, which would call attention to the fact that the latter was only a minor preliminary. The classes should parade in order of merit during the afternoon performance, and the parade of each class should be sandwiched between something more spectacular—such as demonstrations of trick-riding, tent-pegging, or a comic turn, a small pageant, a coach-horn blowing competition, etc.; and at intervals during the afternoon the various jumping competitions could be worked off.

FINE EFFECT OF DRIVING CLASSES

The driving classes might well be judged in the afternoon—polished paintwork, flashing wheels, and glittering harness give a fine effect, as do the glossy, high-stepping horses. And since there are no hidden mysteries here, every spectator considers himself competent to judge the teams, and it interests him or her to see that judgment endorsed or rejected.

Change the items continually, avoid monotony, let event succeed event as rapidly as possible. Relegate to the background all necessary but boring features, such as judging and preliminary eliminating competitions, but give to the thrilling and picturesque all possible limelight.

Good showmanship consists in studying mass-psychology, and playing up to its rapidly changing tastes and fashions. St. Paul accused the Thessalonians of always hearing and telling some new thing. Our people are just the same; they have become connoisseurs in novelties, who, if they cannot find them in one place, will seek them in another. Therefore no horse show can survive as a horse show pure and simple unless it offers other attractions besides jumping and show classes. Executives must move with the times and provide those attractions if they wish to focus public interest upon their show.

Finally, and most emphatically, innovations must be well and continuously advertised if the show is to reap the full benefits from its enterprising departure from old-fashioned routine.

HOW TO SHOW A LADY'S HUNTER

Strict Attention Necessary to Judges' Orders

By "PATIENCE"

THE WOMAN who undertakes to ride for show purposes, and is new to the business, should bear in mind that the preparation of a hunter for the ring is just as important as his preparation for the hunting field; so that when a horse goes into the ring he should be in the best of condition. To put it shortly, he should be "big but fit." Fitness is important, because some judges, wisely perhaps, make exhibitors gallop their horses in the ring before they themselves get on them to try them.

KEEPING A HORSE FIT

It is much more difficult, of course, to keep some horses looking fit and well throughout the show season than it is others, as some horses fret themselves on the journeys, and are not happy in strange boxes and alien surroundings. A knowledge of horse mastership is extremely useful to the woman who is showing her own horse or horses throughout the season, and who may not have a reliable stud-groom to see to this part of the business for her.

Having got herself and her mount into the show yard, the intending rider should keep her eye on the clock, or on the catalogue of events, and get saddled in good time to get her horse used to the feel of the saddle, and she should then be on him in time to ride him about a bit, and get him used to the strange and, to some horses, alarming sights and sounds of the show yard, before he goes into the arena.

As to dress, side-saddle riding being usually the order of the day for ladies' hunter classes, habits will be worn; bowler hats, with or without a veil, are worn at country shows, top hats at Olympia. At some country shows collars and ties may be allowed to replace a hunting stock, but they are not permissible in the class for ladies' hunters in Dublin, where regulation hunting dress must be worn. If a woman exhibitor is going to ride astride she had better model her costume on that of some admittedly well-dressed male exhibitor.

SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

And here, as usual, we arrive at the never-ending controversy, "side-saddle or astride." On this point I have so often expressed my own views that it scarcely seems necessary to repeat them here. Those recently sent me by a young lady who does a good deal of show-riding will be found much more interesting than my own by the majority of readers so I give them in her own words: "Side saddle or astride? Many horses look and go better in a side-saddle, and most women look much nicer. Of course, a green horse will miss the rider's right leg."

As to the horse's equipment, people of an older generation may think it superfluous to warn intending young show riders that a snaffle bridle will not do for a show ring; but it should be remembered that the time was when such a thing was never seen in the hunting field either; and nowadays it is sometimes seen there. Any kind of double bridle which suits the horse which is being shown will do, and he should not appear in a martingale.

The exhibitor should keep her horse under the judge's observation as much as is compatible with good manners and the discipline of the ring, and should take care not to get him bu[illegible]ed up close against the other horses, but keep a prope[illegible] distance between the horse on either side of him, or th[illegible] rear and front horse, as the case may be. If she has to correct her horse in any way, or has a difference of opinion with him, it should be where the judge's eye is not likely to fall on her.

DO NOT "SHOW OFF"

The strictest attention to the judge's orders and wishes should be observed. It is curious to notice how some exhibitors will continue to gallop after the order to stop has been given, and sometimes old hands are offenders in this respect. Whether this arises from inattention or from a desire to "show off" it is equally reprehensible, and is likely to prejudice the judge against the person who behaves in such a manner.

Going about showing horses is a very pleasant way of passing the summer, and show-riding is excellent practice in equitation, so that any woman who likes riding and has a good-looking hunter in her possession might do worse than enter him in as many suitable events as she can, and ride him herself.



A YOUNG FOLLOWER OF THE CRAVEN

Miss Dickson leading the Craven field on her useful pony—a fine performer over a country

From the original water-colour painting by F. A. Stewart and reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vicars, 14, Old Bond Street, London, W.

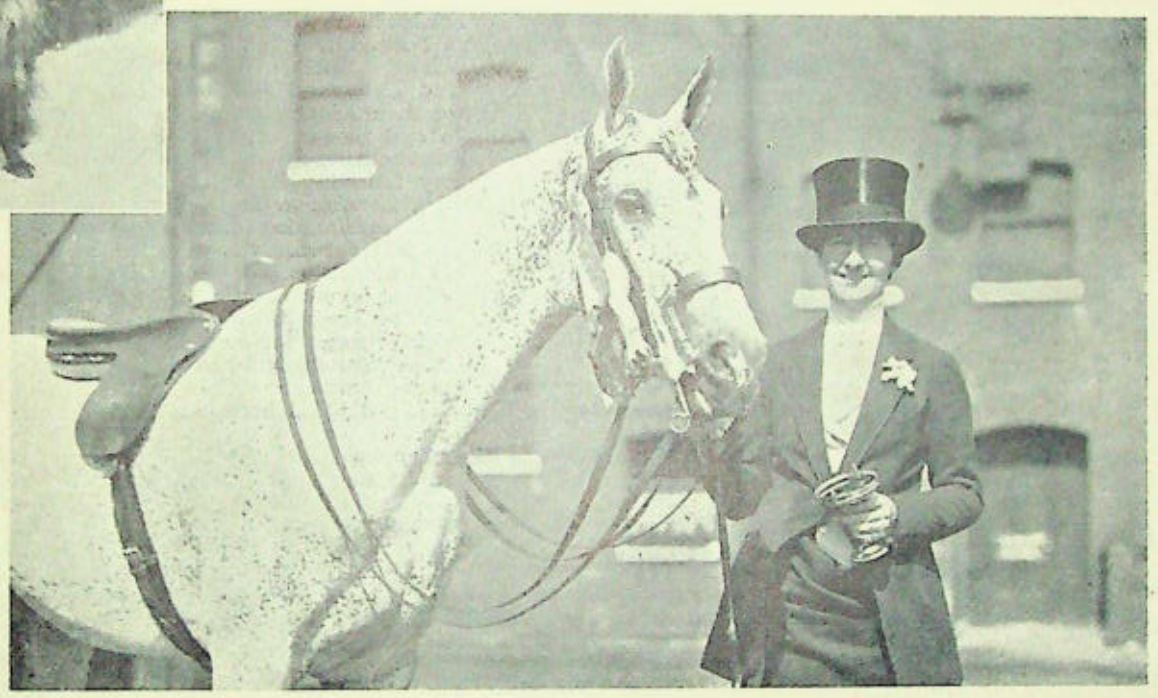
OLYMPIA CALLS THE LADIES



AN UNUSUAL PORTRAIT OF MRS. A. J. MUNNINGS
The wife of the famous artist is riding hacks at Olympia



A WELL-KNOWN HORSEWOMAN
Miss Betty Marsh and her prize-winning horse King Bee





(LEFT) LADY DIANA SHEDDEN, WHO IS WELL KNOWN WITH THE "BLUE AND BUFF," AND (RIGHT) MRS. A. R. KENT, WHO IS THE USUAL PILOT OF THE WELL-KNOWN HACK LORD SLANE





W. A. Rouch

TWO DIFFERENT MODES OF RIDING
The Hon. Diana Allsopp mounted on Fair Flight side-saddle, and Miss Gladys Yule, who favours the popular cross-saddle method

HAMMOND PROVES HIS CRICKET GENIUS AT LORD'S

A Demonstration of Complete Technical Mastery

By NEVILLE CARDUS



HAMMOND—THE BATSMAN

Following a brilliant display of 70 against Middlesex at Lord's, Hammond made 113 in his second innings. Once again we saw the real Hammond lying back and forcing the ball away on the off-side

LAST FRIDAY, June 3rd, a beautiful innings was played at Lord's by Hammond, in the match between Middlesex and Gloucestershire. On the pavilion, the connoisseurs looked at this delectable piece of cricket, and in every stroke they saw again the glory of the Golden Age. The innings was as classic as the Elgin marbles.

This game between Middlesex and Gloucestershire was throughout splendid and worthy of a special page in the historian's notebook. A writer of public school stories could not easily have "produced" a match so full of the charm and the chances of cricket.

First of all, there was a breathless scramble for a first innings victory, with only a few runs dividing the opponents at the finish—and a "hat-trick" by Peebles thrown in.

Then Middlesex batted again and lost eight wickets for not many more than 200. Whereupon, the ninth wicket scored over a hundred, and Hulme and Price were the youthful heroes, both so pleased with their own jolly hitting that, as they raced up and down the pitch, they sometimes dropped their bats like schoolboys.

THE TEST OF A GREAT BATSMAN

And all the sunny afternoon through the veteran Parker bowled and bowled, four hours unchanged—and another veteran, Dipper, was asked by his captain to cover a huge outfield, so that we saw Dipper panting away into the distance while fives were run, to the accompaniment of the cheers of a very happy crowd. In the Tavern, men left their drinks to come out and watch the fun; I can say no fairer than that!

And on the last day of this perfect cricket match, Hammond's century crowned all. At the close of play on the second afternoon he was not out, and Gloucestershire had lost two wickets for 35 and needed another 331 for victory.

When Hammond sat down to his breakfast on Friday, June 3rd, he must have known that it was "up to him" to make a hundred that day. And, like a great player, he did exactly what he was expected to do, exactly what duty and his reputation demanded. Here was the proof of true greatness. I define a great batsman as one who will nine times out of ten score a hundred on those occasions when all depends on him—those searching hours when he can say to himself, "If I fail to-day we are irretrievably lost."

To watch this innings of Hammond was to experience beauty. I was moved as though by a symphony, or noble sculpture. His batsmanship really ought to have been more than cricket; it ought to have been authentic art, some permanent expression of balanced strength and poised energy, all expressing manhood in the prime—and Lord's in all her dignity on a summer day.

STATELY COVER DRIVES

An artist, painting Hammond on June 3rd, would have needed much grandeur of brush to render justice to his subject. Hammond played so easefully yet so powerfully. It was the batsmanship of ripe mastery, a finished technique touched with the bloom of style. The cover drives were stately without being pompous; Hammond made every stroke with a quite effortless action; the modesty of art sweetened his dominance.

His leg-glances, quick and never congested—though often they were achieved from balls close to his body—caused us to catch rapid breaths of admiration. The innings possessed a remarkable blend of offensive and defensive technique; you could not say where the one ended and the other began.

Hammond's masterpiece had more than the significance of the situation in which it was created. Gloucestershire easily lost the match in spite of it. But to those of us who are already thinking of the England team's chances in Australia next winter, Hammond's demonstration of complete technical mastery, and also of a mellow calmness of temperament, was a source of deep satisfaction.

It is only the other day that critics were asking what had happened to the Hammond of a few years ago—the Hammond whose brilliance set the country agog. Well, there comes to all men who are artists a period of transition, when youth changes to manhood—when nature insists upon some dress of art, some proportionate admixture of taste.

Hammond could never have played as he did at Lord's last week if he had not learned to reserve his energy, if he had not developed skill until it was inspiration's master, or better still, inspiration's helpmate.

AN ANSWER TO BRADMAN

No longer does Hammond astonish the gallery by throwing back his head at the sight of a half-volley; he is a true batsman, in command of an almost flawless machine. Technique is three parts of greatness—and Hammond knows the fourth part, consciously or unconsciously, for everything he does, every stroke and movement, is beautiful to see. Our answer to Bradman next winter!

On the day following Hammond's innings for Gloucestershire, Lord's saw Hearne make 143 not out against Lancashire, in cold dreary weather. The difference was between the warmth of genius and the chill of calculation.

Hearne's cricket is mathematical; he moves like a precisian—a few steps forward (to play back!), then an upright stance, bat in front of the legs; then a deflection after the ball has hit the blade. I have never seen Hearne show that he is *savouring* cricket; his face, like his batsmanship, is impersonal.

Last Saturday he saved the Middlesex innings from disaster, because after he and Hendren had lifted the score from 35 for two to nearly 200 for three, there ensued a collapse.

Hodgson, in a spell with the new ball, took five wickets in six overs—and momentarily he gave some aspect of deadliness to Lancashire's commonplace attack. Middlesex lost eight wickets for 220; but Hearne remained on view, a model of deportment until at the last he tried to force the game, and then actually hit the ball into the air.

I do not believe that Hearne enjoys a lusty swing of the bat; a sudden and violent boundary in a typical Hearne innings is like a sudden and violent blot on a page in an auditor's immaculate ledger. It is—to try another metaphor!—as though Mr. Turveydrop were to turn a somersault, in sheer hi[gh] (and forgetful) spirits.

Nothing was better at Lord's last Saturday t[han] the wicket-keeping of Duckworth. He snapped [up] flashing catches; he allowed no byes; he was here, there, and everywhere—a little spring-heeled Jack. And like the truly great stumper, he was always hostile to the batsman, hinting of all manner of pickpocketing behind the back! Duckworth is easily England's greatest wicket-keeper.

ROUND THE WICKETS

Lethargy in the Field

WHILE MUCH DISCUSSION centres around proposals for making county cricket more attractive to spectators, it may be questioned whether the county teams themselves are doing all that they could towards this end.

Last Saturday at Lord's, when Middlesex were batting laboriously against Lancashire, an appalling amount of time was wasted by the leisurely way in which the fieldsmen changed their positions between the overs.

The bowler was often able to carry on a conversation with the umpire or batsman while his colleagues strolled slowly to their places—although it was cold enough, in all conscience, to make most people glad to move quickly.

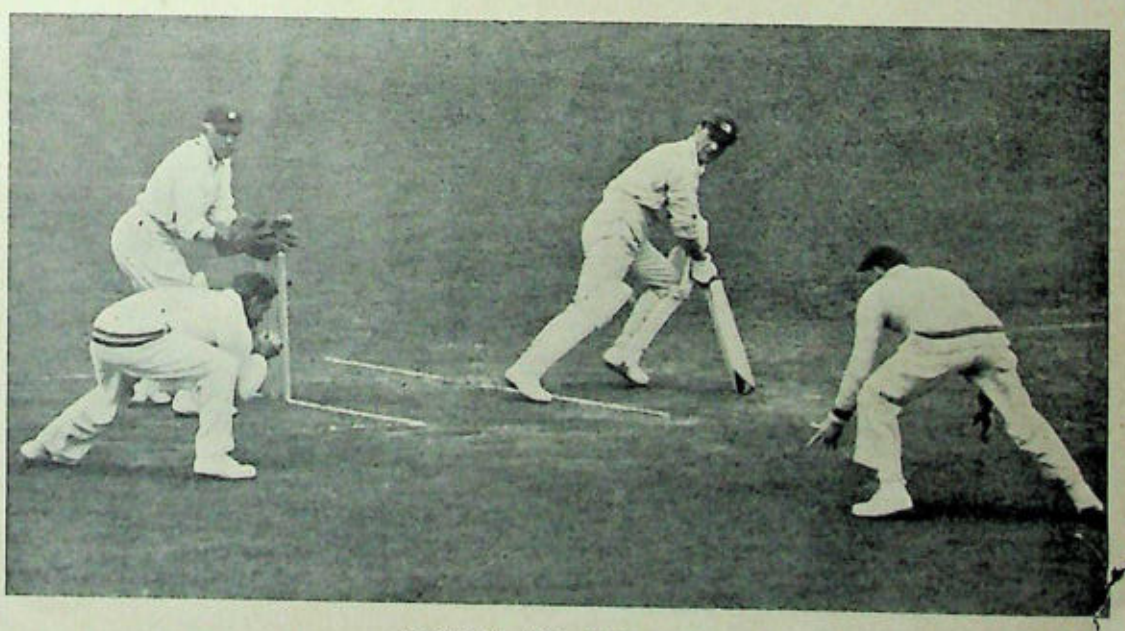
Is it too much to ask that fieldsmen should move briskly—even to trot—into their positions between overs? That alone would brighten the game considerably for spectators.

YORKSHIRE LAPSES

Following upon their ignominious defeat by Lancashire, Yorkshire's defeat by Hampshire last week gave an impression that all is not well with the Champion County.

Hampshire are certainly an improved team this season, particularly in bowling on a helpful wicket; but Yorkshire have bowlers who should be able to make equally good use of a wicket, and their failure to do so contributes to their defeat.

Another cause was the unevenness of their batting, which broke down badly in the second innings, although Sutcliffe was master of the situation to the extent of 104 not out. But even Sutcliffe has so far not been as consistent as he was last season. Leyland has been out of form, and the side has more than a suspicion of a tail.



HAMMOND—THE FIELDSMAN

With his total at 5 Hearne was caught by Hammond off a ball from Goddard in his first innings, and in his second knock he was caught by the same player off a ball from Parker. It is interesting to note that Hearne twice captured Hammond's wicket during the game, once clean bowling him and on the other occasion getting him stumped by Price

A CURIOUS DECLARATION

The Notts captain, A. W. Carr, sprang a complete surprise when, with rain curtailing play in the match against Middlesex, he declared his first innings closed on the third morning with a total of no more than 86 for seven wickets.

This was one of those bold moves which are loudly applauded if they succeed and roundly condemned

(*Continued on page* 884)



POINTING OUT THE WAY ON THE BRACKEN-COVERED SLOPES OF SUSSEX
A party from the Stubbs Farm Riding School near Midhurst

CAMPING ON HORSEBACK

An Experience Which is Worth Trying

AN INTERESTING experiment was made last summer and is to be repeated this year, an experiment so unusual and so fraught with possibilities for those who love horses and the closest association with them, not to speak of the joy of life in the open air, that some description of it is very well merited.

At the latter end of the most unkindly summer of 1931, some dozen or more enthusiasts of both sexes pitched their camp and tethered their horses on the edge of one of the most picturesque downland villages of Sussex. Under the shelter of a belt of trees fringing England's largest tithe barn and adjoining an ancient priory, these pioneers spent two weeks, each "doing" his or her own horse, riding as a party over the rolling Downs westward to Lewes, eastward to Eastbourne, and, as they daily reached the high ground, the never-ending charm of this most delectable country must have impressed itself on them.

GLORIOUS SURROUNDINGS

Here was the Weald with its nestling brown-gold hamlets, while under the hills which they had climbed lay those very jewels of English villages whose names speak romance to all Downsmen and to many others—Alfriston, Litlington, Firle, Alciston and Alfriston—Alfriston, which must always be associated with King Alfred and his unfortunate lapse with the cakes. Stretched in front of them lay the English Channel, whose waters (in normal summers) dance in the sunshine.

A horse to ride each day, life in the open air, a canvas roof only to shut out the stars, a cheery evening spent sitting around the camp fire, much stretching of tired legs from deck-chairs when pipes smoke at their best; it is not surprising that these pioneers talked of their camp for 1932.

If a riding camp of this description is likely to make an appeal to any considerable number of people, and of this there can hardly be any doubt, it is as well to give some details of the arrangements made for the present summer. The site chosen is the same, and although throughout the country many most desirable spots could be selected, it would be difficult to find a better one, as it is placed in romantic surroundings at the foot of the Downs, where the "going" is better than anywhere else. It is sheltered, too, and, standing as it does at the top of a sloping meadow, it is dry.

The camp starts at the beginning of July, and is continuous so long as the demand exists, and let it be noted by beginners in riding, that suitable horses are found for them. At a charge of 6 guineas per week a horse, saddle, bridle, headstall, tethering rope and grooming kit are provided, with bell tent for sleeping. If two only want to share a tent, a small extra charge is made. The camp is divided into three sections—married quarters, men's and women's, and meals are served at an hotel in the village.

The rides and horses are under the control of qualified persons, and everything, in fact, appears to be included in the charge, except bedding and drinks. Eastbourne is but seven miles away, so that sea bathing and other seaside attractions are available, and river bathing is to be had a few hundred yards from the camp.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR

Camping must necessarily appeal to a limited number of people only; to those to whom fresh air, the countryside and a certain amount of roughness of living presents attractions much superior to the more conventional life of the town. Such attraction must surely be increased if a horse is added to ride, to feed, and to groom.

The novelty of having a horse for a week or two as a real companion, in much closer touch than is possible in the normal stable life, is here. What a widening of interest to those who only know horses that are handed to them to ride and are returned and then forgotten!

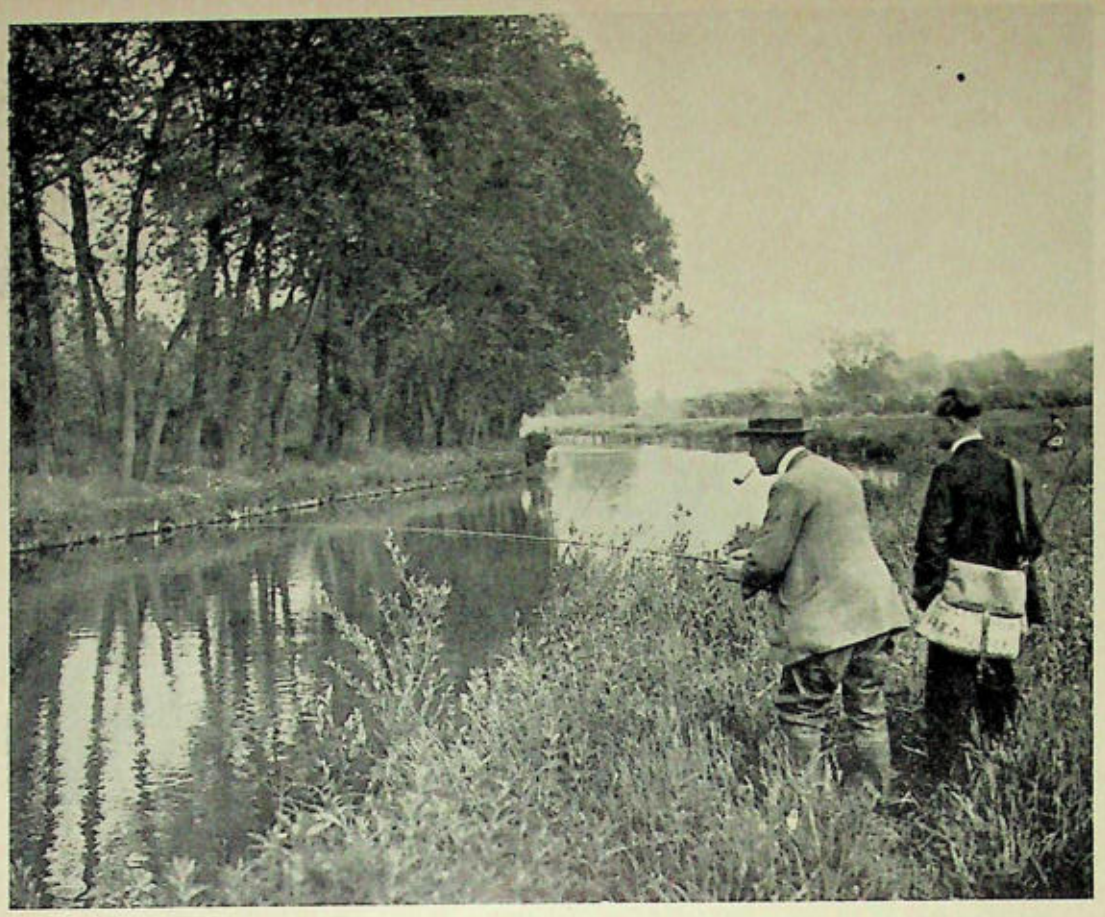
To an age which seeks novelty, to an age which more than ever turns from the more conventional restrictions of the town to the open spaces, and to one which apparently is inclined to desert the modern form of transport in pleasure and revert to the horse, this camp must surely make its appeal. To many it may appear to have interesting possibilities, to some a holiday to long for in prospect, and to look back upon as a memory of an ideal fulfilled.

MARTIN GALE.



OVER THE SAND DUNES IN SOMERSET
Children scaling the heights near Burnham-on-Sea, where a fine stretch of sand gives plenty of opportunities for the younger generation to go "a 'ossback"

Old-Established Saddlers.—It is difficult to find a more attractive and extensive range of hunting and polo equipment in London than is to be seen at Messrs. George Parker & Sons (Saddlers) Ltd., 17, 18, 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C. (opposite Aldridges). Here you will find everything conceivable from saddlery to stable brushes, most moderately priced considering their superior quality. Messrs. Parker have been renowned as suppliers of new and second-hand saddles and equipment since 1851.



MAYFLY ON THE CHALK STREAM
A well-known reach of the Kennet near Hungerford

TEACHING A BOY TO FISH

Chalk Stream Lessons Are More Hardly Learned, But Once Acquired Make Better Fishermen

AS THE HOLIDAYS approach, many anglers will be thinking of small sons and nephews of an age for initiation to their art.

This pleasant task is not as simple as it was. To-day, the Scottish lochs and burns alone survive as a beginner's paradise, where the small boy can kill fish without much difficulty. On those waters his cast is clear, and the fish still willing to rise at a novice's fly. There, too, the winds become his friend, and he will be unlucky if the thrill of a tight line is unknown for long.

But on a chalk stream things are different. Here, he can hardly see over the sedges, his quarry is as wary as a fox, and his back cast often an agony among meadowsweet or withy. Gone are the days when it was enough to give a boy an old rod and pack him off to the river. Such methods now might mean his early return one evening, convinced that fishing was a "mug's game." Heaven forbid that a boy of ours should harbour such a thought!

Almost every boy when he is given a rod for the first time will instinctively cast double-handed. That is surely wrong on a chalk stream, where ambidexterity is an asset to be cultivated from the first. Even for a small boy this is only a matter of starting with the right rod. His double-handed impulse comes almost entirely from one too heavy or long.

CHOOSE A LIGHT ROD

For a boy aged ten to twelve, a rod 7 to 8ft. long is ample. It should be as light as possible, though weight is less important than perfect balance. When choosing a boy's rod, remember his weak wrist and small hands. Above all avoid a rod that whips in the butt. Do not economise with an inferior reel, or resurrect some ancient gunmetal contraption from a dusty attic. Choose a line with care, heavy enough to help a mistimed cast, yet not so heavy that it balks a slackened lift, or smothers the "snatch" of the rod.

On a chalk stream it is essential the boy should cast well. His primary error will be that he takes the rod too far back, and then hurries the forward return. This originates from over-flexing the wrist. For the chalk stream boy a stiff wrist is as important as a straight bat in cricket. His teacher's slogan should be "Keep the forearm aligned with the butt, and pivot from the elbow." This adds working length to the rod, and forms a natural check to the primary error. "Flick of the wrist" cannot be taught in fishing any more than in rackets or golf. It is a gift of the gods, given to some before others.

Fortunately, small boys are excellent mimics. If, while casting, they stand obliquely behind their teacher, where they can copy his actions, they will soon pick up the rudiments of timing and rhythm. Make lawn practice on such lines short, for the boy will be itching to get to the water. Keep his rod "put up" and handy throughout the holidays; he will fill many odd moments dry-casting, and the wastage of line will be worth it.

At the river, it is well a fish should be taken on his own rod as soon as possible. There is no greater incentive to keenness than this. Moreover, the most flagrant poaching device is excusable for the downfall of this particular fish.

At first, the wise teacher will leave his own rod at home. He will be saved many temptations thereby. For peace, let him practise the boy early in clearing a tangled cast, and putting on flies. Also, it will pay him to keep his fly box from sight, and to lay in a special store of red tags, alders, Greenwells, and tups until his pupil is advanced enough to explore the realms of a wider entomology.

In conclusion, be it said, that although the early troubles of the chalk stream boy greatly exceed those of his Scots brother, the former will garner many delights withheld from the latter. For instance, the chalk stream boy has a visible contact with his fish that enables him to study its moods and habits in perfect conditions. He will have the excitement of stalking, and problems of generalship, unknown on loch or burn. Such things, and many others, will do much to smooth with their interest the harder path of his beginning. Finally, when success comes to him at last, the companionship of one more angling friend will be the true reward of his teacher.

E. E. L. ATWOOD.

CHANGE PARTNERS

What Happened to the Grilse?

IT HAPPENED IN COWICHAN BAY last season when the lively coho salmon were responding freely to a fly. Some people had discovered only recently that they would do so, though the older (and wiser) knew it all along. Be that as it may, the flash of many oars and circle of numerous paddles enlivened the still water. For a brief interval of full tide the gleam of leaping fish had ceased. I changed from a mighty buck-tail fly to a medium trout fly; it was a No. 6, and first cousin to a Parmachene Belle; I was using a trout cast, tapering from grilse to fine lake, with a season's work behind it.

The new lure immediately attracted a grilse, and after landing it I handed over the outfit to my son and replaced him at the oars. Close inshore another grilse took the lure, and, seeing it to be under a pound, I told him to go easy and fish it lightly for practice. He did so, and all went well; the grilse took out a little line and went down.

I lit the inevitable cigarette and looked up on hearing a screaming reel to see a startled youth grimly hanging on to the rod. There was over 200ft. of line, and it kept on running out. It seemed to me that a salmon had grabbed the grilse, and as I thought it would presently let go, I declined to take over charge.

The run stopped and for a long time the line wa[s] firmly anchored to the bottom. Convinced that h[e] was stuck to a sunken root, I proceeded cautiously [to] to row the boat jerkily. Some line came in, and more went out, which demonstrated that the weigh[t] at the end was alive. We remained *in statu qu[o]* Boats passed and re-passed, but we stayed on a[n] idle as a painted ship.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED

At last I rowed again, and yard by yard the line was retrieved. Then came a time when I peered into the depths to see what we had got stuck in. An ugly form, sullenly fighting, came slowly from below. It was a mighty ling cod, and every moment I expected to see it let go the grilse. I grabbed the gaff, hoping it might hold on too long. I sunk the gaff to my armpit as the case called for unusual methods. The cod came nearer and the gaff went home. "It's all a matter of brain," I remarked, as I hauled the cod over the gunwale; "a fish does not think quick enough."

In that I wronged the cod. It had no option in the case. It was actually hooked by the tiny fly on the side of the mouth. We presumed the grilse was in its cavernous interior, but dissection later showed no grilse. I imagine all the other grilse to which it has communicated the tale of its escape, have called it a liar; and I do not blame them. That cod weighed 19lb., and I have a photograph of it with fly and cast annexed. The which proves nothing, I hear you say. You are quite right, and also quite wrong. It was in his haste that the wise man said, "All men are liars," not at his leisure.

F. W. GALLOWAY.

To Improve Salmon Fishing.—Following on the meeting at the Fishmongers' Hall, organised by the Southesk Salmon Fishing Improvement Association in support of the new Salmon Bill for Scotland, another public meeting is to be held on the Highland Agricultural Society's show ground at Inverness on June 23rd at 11 a.m. This new Bill presents the greatest chance which this generation has had of improving salmon fishing in Scotland, and it is hoped that all anglers will give it their interest and support.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xiv. and xv. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xiv.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xiii.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages vi., vii., and viii.; "Pisciculture," page xiv.



THE COD WHICH CHANGED PLACES WITH A GRILSE



MR. W. B. DE STE CROIX, OWNER OF ZENITH

"SIXES" OLD AND NEW

Candidates for the British-American Cup Team

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

WHILE THE REGATTA FIXTURES for the larger international classes during the coming season have been arranged to begin at an unusually late date, those for the smaller class—the "sixes" and "eights"—are already in full swing, both on the East Coast and on the Clyde.

The one-design and restricted classes around the coast, of which there are now a large and increasing number, and the international 14ft. dinghy class—both up-river and on the coast—have also made a good start.

At the moment, however, the subject which must be of outstanding interest to those who have to do with the sport, is the composition of the team to meet the Americans in the British-American Cup contest which is due to begin on July 18th.

Under the system of scoring which has been adopted for these team races, it appears to be most probable that the best combination would be one which included two yachts which are at their best in from moderate to strong breezes, and two which are of the type which excel in from moderate to light weather.

SELECTION OF TEAM

With the four new "sixes" and the best of the older craft available, it should not be a difficult task to select a really good team to suit the first of these conditions, as craft built for racing in British waters such as the Clyde and Solent are usually of the hard weather type. The choice of a pair to suit the conditions of light weather work may, however, not be quite such an easy proposition.

The American team, if one may judge by past experience, is practically certain to include at least a couple of boats of outstanding merit in light weather, and especially as regards windward work, and their designers are now well acquainted with the particular requirements of the Solent.

The selection committee for the home team will therefore be confronted with the task of selecting a team which will have to fulfil conditions which do not usually obtain during an average season in British waters. I understand that trials are to take place on the Solent for the selection of the team, and that boats are to be sent there from the Clyde and from Burnham, and there can be no doubt that there are a number of excellent craft available.

Among the Clyde "sixes" is the new Mylne boat Vorsa, which made a very good show in her maiden race on the opening day of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club at Hunter's Quay, in a strong southerly breeze and rough water. She finished a little over three minutes astern of Mr. E. S. Parker's Fintra, which is a really good hard weather boat, and well ahead of the other five which started in the race. The second new Clyde boat, is Maida, designed by Mr. John Stephen and owned by himself, Major Charles MacAndrew and Mr. Napier.

Maida is certain to be an interesting boat, as one has become accustomed to expect originality in "Stephen" designs. Mr. Evelyn Parker's Fintra has, as I have said, an excellent reputation as a hard weather boat, and has also to be reckoned with.

The Burnham-on-Crouch fleet of "sixes" is now even stronger numerically than the Clyde contingent, as there are now no fewer than eight boats in the class. Among them are Mr. J. S. Bacon's Finetta, late Felma; Zenith, now owned by Mr. W. B. de Ste Croix; Mr. F. G. Mitchell's Nada, late Dana II.; Mr. H. S. Broom's Bathsheba, late Naushabah; and the new Fife boat Ancora II., which has won the two first races in which she has taken part since she joined the class.

The Solent, which used to be the stronghold of 6-metre racing, cannot be looked to for a number of likely boats; but Mr. F. A. Richards and another Solent yachtsman have stepped into the breach and have ordered a new "Six" from the Fairlie yard which should be ready in time for the Solent trials.

A BRITISH HOPE

As she has been specially ordered with a view to strengthening the British team it may be taken, I think, that Mr. Fife and Capt. R. B. Fife will have taken into consideration the special requirements of the race and the composition of the team from the point of view of "weather" qualifications.

Mr. Fife's wonderful capability of going "one better" than his very perfect last boats, may go far towards turning the scales in favour of the British team, even if the weather conditions are such as are best suited to the American team as a whole. I do not know if Cresta will be available, but on more than one occasion last season she gave promise when well sailed of being a very fast boat in light weather.



Beken, Cowes

A FINE STUDY OF MR. F. G. MITCHELL'S NADA, LATE DANA II.

"SPOILING THE SHIP . . ."

Why Yachts Remain Unsold

LAST WEEK I had occasion to accompany a friend on a tour of the South Coast boat yards. We were looking for a little cruiser of about 30 tons, and whilst there were many boats of about this tonnage on the sale list, we were, nevertheless, forced to visit a great number of yards, for reasons which I give below.

Now, in these hard times it is by no means easy to sell yachts, yet at the same time I should say that the most marketable proposition to-day is a cruiser of about 28 to 30 tons. Such a boat can be run by the owner and one good paid hand, and has enough accommodation below for a comfortable floating home for the owner and his wife or a friend.

Thus, it is far easier to find a 50- or 60-ton cruiser than a smaller vessel. In spite, however, of this demand, I am continually meeting owners who ask if I can find a buyer for their 30-tonner; "I simply cannot get an offer," they tell me despondently, and since last week's tour I understand the reason for their difficulty, for the majority of yachts that were for sale—and not at very low prices at that—were craft which no knowledgeable yachtsman would dream of buying.

OWNERS' FALSE ECONOMY

These vessels, some of which I had known a few years ago as smart little cruisers sailing the summer seas, were now hardly less than wrecks. Through their owners' carelessness they had been allowed to go to rack and ruin. Some had been laid up for three or four seasons either in mud berths or a boat yard.

In the majority of cases the yacht yards were not to blame for the sorry plight of these craft; on the contrary, the fault lay with the owners, who had not been prepared to defray the expense necessary for keeping their yachts in proper repair.

Now, however well a yacht may be built, she very soon falls into disrepair if she is carelessly laid up. The rains of many winters play havoc with decks; dry rot quickly sets in if the cabins are not aired and the bilges are dirty. Thus in a short time a valuable yacht becomes a useless wreck and the owner, by trying to save a few pounds on paint and varnish, eventually loses the whole of the market value of his boat. I saw vivid evidence of this false economy everywhere I went.

PAINT AND VARNISH

The care of a yacht while laid up is a simple and not particularly expensive business. As a general rule with a small craft it is advisable to haul her right out of the water, unless her bottom is coppered and is made of any soft wood such as English elm. In such a case it is better to leave her in the water, for if she is hauled out the wood beneath the copper often remains in a half wet state for a long time.

When a yacht is first laid up she should be thoroughly dried out, her bilges painted with red oxide paint and her decks varnished, whilst from time to time during the out-of-commission period she should be given a coat of paint to preserve her hull as well as more varnish on her decks. The owner should also make it his business to visit his boat now and again in order to see that these jobs are being properly carried out by the yard authorities.

SOLENT.

A Yachting Guide.—The 48th issue of Andrew Thompson's *Yachting Guide and Tide Tables* is now available from the Publishers at Panton House (second floor), 25, Haymarket, S.W.1, price 1/-. In spite of its pocket format, it is, as usual, full of information and notes which are essential to the yachtsman. There are tables of foreign distances, speed, breaking strain of wire ropes, besides particulars of cup winners, winning yachts of 1931, canals, phases of the moon and tide tables.



MR. J. S. BACON, OWNER OF FINETTA

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—THAMES ESTUARY

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

This is the sixth article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Previous articles: Lowestoft, Southwold, Deben River, Harwich and Colne, Blackwater and Crouch Rivers

WHEN BOUND FROM HARWICH to Ramsgate across the Thames estuary, one can proceed either (1) by the Medusa Channel, or (2) by the Cork and Sunk lightships. During daylight hours either is practicable, but by night the Cork and Sunk route will be preferred.

A broad channel exists from the Sunk lightship to the S.W. and well marked by the Gunfleet lighthouse, the Barrow Deep lightship, the Middle Barrow lightship, in addition to the buoys. By working your tide and using caution, it is possible to take some short cuts over the sands with the utmost convenience.

Thus, a small craft with a fair wind by day can get from Pin Mill to Ramsgate in about nine hours by working tides and avoiding detours. From the Stone Banks buoy steer for a position half a mile (but no more) to the S.W. of the N.E. Gunfleet buoy, timing your arrival there to be there about three hours before high water Dover, so as to get the stream running to the S.W. You have now fifteen miles to cover before altering course, and the tide is still favourable till high water Dover. So, having passed the Gunfleet lighthouse (which is a red tower 41ft. high, built on piles, having a red light, fog bell, and also a wireless telephone for life-saving when occasionally vessels get blown on to the Gunfleet sands), another four-and-a-half miles bring you to the Barrow Deep lightship.

BARROW DEEP

The latter will easily be recognisable by its red hull with light-tower amidships, and has its mast aft. Leaving this vessel to starboard, carry on down the Barrow Deep, keeping a careful tally of the buoys, and before you get to the Mid Barrow lightship (red hull, light-tower amidships) it will be high water. Under ordinary circumstances you can cut across the sands from the vicinity of No. 8 Barrow Buoy, and make for the Edinburgh lightship just as the tide begins setting to the N. and N.E. one hour after high water Dover.

ROUNDING THE NORTH FORELAND

The course from the Edinburgh lightship (red hull, tower amidships with half-globe base uppermost at masthead) is towards the Tongue lightship (red hull, mast with ball at top), which can be left on the port hand a mile to the N. Already the Kentish shore and the North Foreland will have been dimly visible for some time. Give the latter a wide berth, after which the Broadstairs Knoll buoy will be left to starboard, and the Quern to port. Ramsgate harbour will now be seen ahead.

By the time you are off the Tongue the tide will be setting N.N.E. Off the N.E. Margate Spit the tide runs N. at two hours after high water Dover, N.E. at three hours after, and E. by S. during the fourth and fifth hours. At the sixth hour after high water Dover, it is running in a S.E. direction. Expect to have the tide against you after rounding the North Foreland, since the stream off Ramsgate runs S.W. from five hours after high water Dover till one hour before when it turns N.E.

A SHORT CUT WARNING

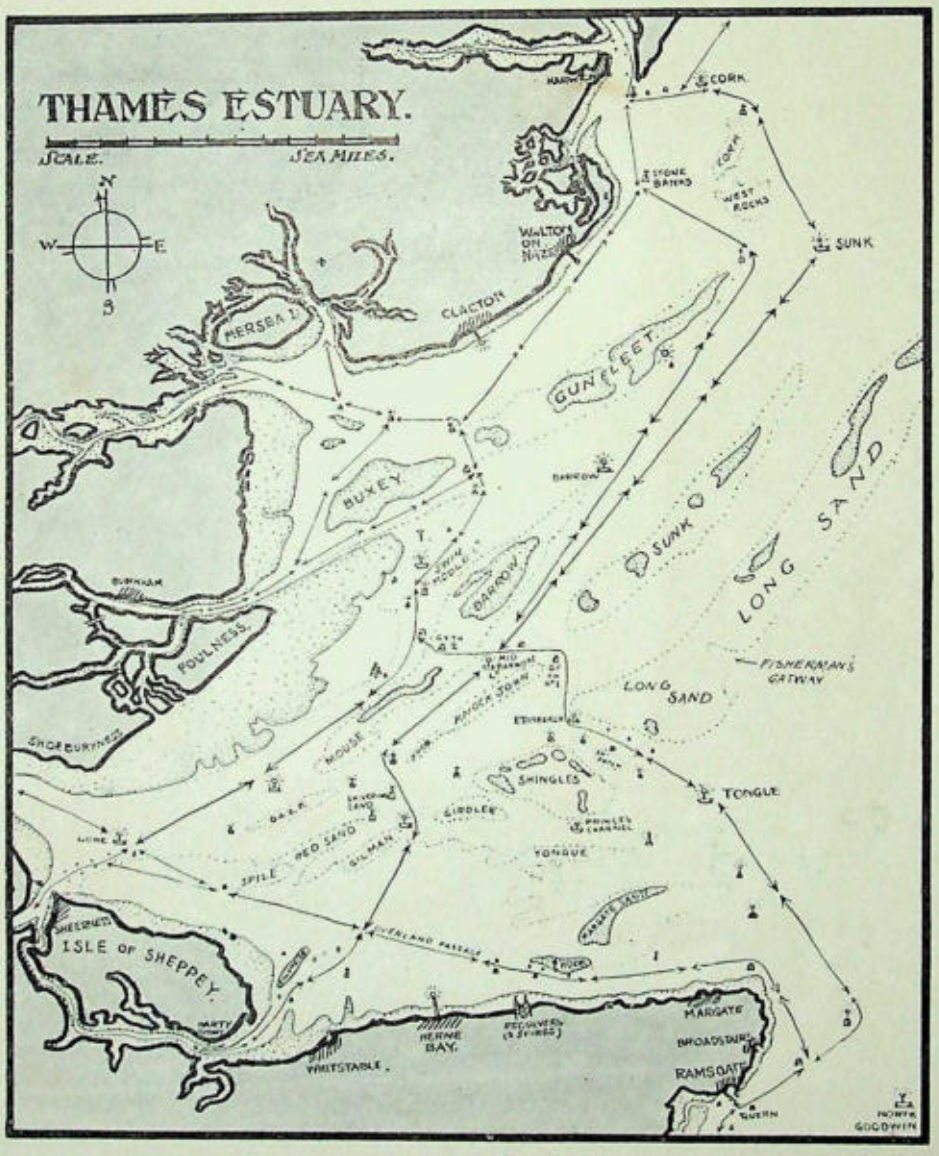
A word of caution is necessary regarding the short cut between the Barrow Deep and the Edinburgh lightship. This should not be attempted in foggy weather, or with a heavy sea. The soundings vary in different years, so the latest information must be obtained of the buoys. Generally, however, small craft will find some conical buoys marked with black and yellow vertical stripes, valuable aids hereabouts in laying a course. It should be mentioned that these are placed not for navigation but for the guidance of vessels employed depositing sludge. The exact passage can be found by reference to the latest chart, the position of the buoys, and the use of the lead; though at high tide for a vessel drawing 6ft. there should be no cause for anxiety.

If bound the opposite way (Ramsgate to Harwich), it will be convenient to come up the Edinburgh with the flood, then cross the sands at high water, and so take the ebb tide all the way down towards the Sunk or N.E. Gunfleet. The positions of the Edinburgh and the Mid Barrow lightships will be found of great assistance.

Yachts bound S. from the Wallet may pass via the Spitway, the Swin Middle lightboat (red hull, with iron lattice structure, and lantern on top), the Mid Barrow (red hull, light-tower amidships), thence across the sands towards the Edinburgh as indicated. From Burnham a cut across the Whitaker Spit can be made when the Whitaker beacon bears S. and the tide has reached half flood. Make for the Nore lightship if bound up the Medway. The Overland Passage is the shortest route from the Medway and East Swale to Ramsgate, but, if there is much wind about, the shallowness of this channel causes ugly short seas for a small yacht.

It is well marked with buoys and the Hook beacon, whilst the two-spired Reculvers towers, and Margate pier, will easily be identified. Thames barges regularly use this passage, which in summertime is frequented daily by the London pleasure steamers. On the way there is an excellent anchorage up the East Swale off Harty Ferry, secure in all weather. This is particularly convenient when bound up from Ramsgate. By putting in here for the night, and cutting across next morning to the Girdler lightship, the whole of the N.E. going ebb can be carried to great advantage through the Barrow Deep towards Harwich.

With a S.W. wind and fair tide short work will be made of the trip from the Swale to the N.E. Gunfleet. But when bound from Ramsgate for the Swale, and a fair tide has been picked up at the North Foreland, the wind often has a way of coming westerly along the land and kicking up a nasty fuss against the flood. Under those circumstances the easily entered Swale becomes very welcome. At night time you can just feel your way in past the buoys, using your lead, and bring up off Shellness; due regard being paid to avoid the Columbine and Pollard banks. Beware, also, when rounding the reach approaching Harty Ferry, to keep well in the southern bend so as to avoid the shoal which runs out from the N. and is apt to entrap strangers.



CROSSING THE THAMES ESTUARY FROM HARWICH TO RAMSGATE BY THE MEDUSA CHANNEL, OR THE CORK AND SUNK LIGHTSHIPS

THREE WEEKS TO HENLEY

London's Trial of Strength—An Improved Brocklebank—Oriel's Good Eight

LONDON ROWING CLUB'S visit to Paris last week-end provided a welcome opportunity for studying the French crew that has entered for Henley. It seems likely, from the results of the racing, that the Grand Challenge Cup, at least, will remain in England.

The only foreign entry for the Grand this year comes from the Société Nautique de la Marne. Their eight is composed in part of a four which holds the European four-oar championship, and the whole crew is certainly in the Grand class. They row a style as nearly orthodox as is desirable on swivels, and are a heavy lot, averaging somewhere around thirteen stone.

At the Paris International Regatta the London eight took about half a length off them near the start, and after that neither crew could make much impression on the other. But London were not rowing at their best, and on the whole it is probable that at least one English crew will be able to beat the Marne eight when they come to Henley.

The Paris regatta emphasised the excellence of Brocklebank as a sculler, and his chances for the Diamonds are now very good indeed. A feature of London's visit to Paris was the excellence of French hospitality, and all the members of the eight are glad that they will have an opportunity of returning the courtesy of M. George Piot, the president of the Paris regatta committee, when he comes over to Henley at the end of the month.

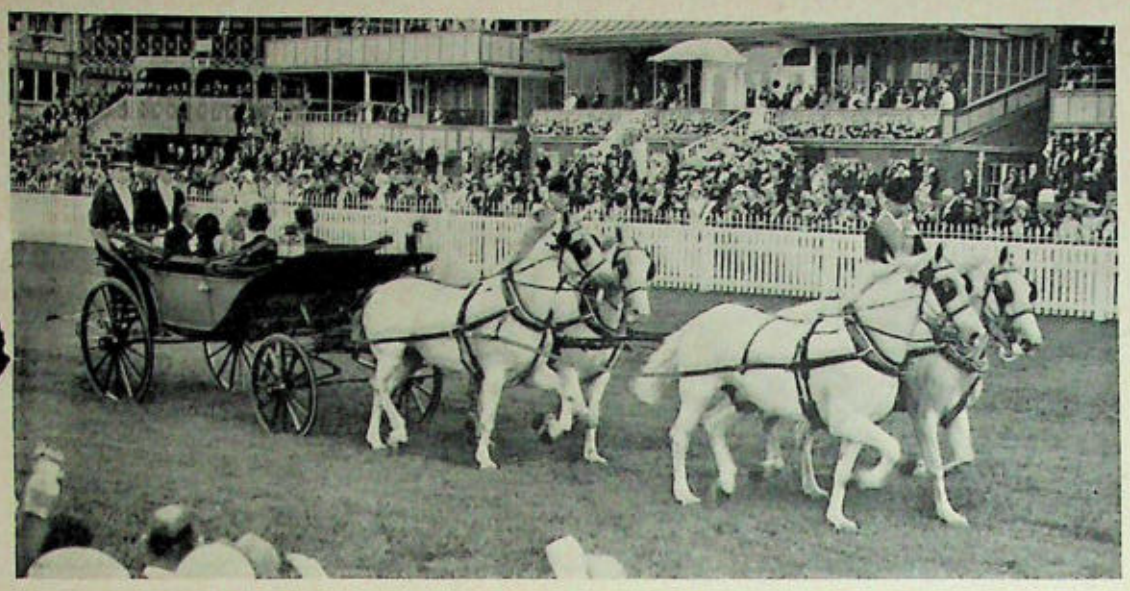
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Good though Brocklebank undoubtedly is, he and the other English scullers will have a strong foreign entry to contend with in the Diamonds. G. Boetzelen, who reached the final of the Sculls two years ago, and who stroked the excellent eight from Berlin R.C. last year, has already shown us that he is a formidable challenger. And H. Buhtz, another German entry, has himself beaten Boetzelen. Of J. C. Petersen, the Norwegian, little is known in this country. G. Von Opel, who, by the way, is the son of the rocket-car designer, is another possible entrant, but unless he improves on his showing in the junior-senior sculls at Reading last week, his chances for the Diamonds will not be very good.

* * *

Reading Regatta provided distinct encouragement for Oxford rowing by the victory of Oriel College in the junior-senior eights. Oriel beat Kingston in the final by three lengths, and their time was actually 4 seconds better than that put up by Thames R.C. in the Thames Cup class. Lensbury, who were beaten in the final of the latter event, showed up as a most promising crew; in their best moments they come very near to Grand rowing.

But the main feature of Reading Regatta was the introduction of a new trophy, to be awarded annually to the junior crew making the fastest time of the day. The trophy has been named in memory of Mr. S. Harrison-Jones, who in the past did so much good work for Reading oarsmanship, and the innovation is an example that may well be followed by other regatta committees.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION ARRIVING AT ASCOT

There is no more enthusiastic supporter of our greatest national sport than H.M. the King, who hopes to see his useful colt Limelight successful at the most popular meeting of the whole racing season

ROYAL ASCOT AND ITS GREAT ATTRACTIONS

Prospects of Salmon Leap's Success in the Gold Cup

RACING AT ASCOT last year was remarkable for the number of successes gained by colts who had run for the Derby. Cameronian appropriately followed his Epsom triumph by carrying off the St. James's Palace Stakes, Orpen won the Hardwicke Stakes, and Sandwich the King Edward VII. Stakes. Other victories were gained by Coldstream, Pomme d'Api, Sir Andrew, Abbots Worthy, Grindleton, and Doctor Dolittle. Never before had the Derby form worked out so well at the Royal Meeting.

How will the Derby colts fare this time? April the Fifth will not be seen for the simple reason that he has no engagement at the meeting. The Derby winner is now being indulged with a well-earned rest. It has been wisely decided that he shall have only one race, probably towards the end of August, as an incident in his preparation for the St. Leger.

There is the choice of several races for Dastur at Ascot, and the work of his trainer will be to find the task which is apparently easiest for the son of Solario, whose form so far this season has been the model of consistency. Miracle cannot repeat the performance of the same owner's Sandwich, as he is not engaged in the King Edward VII. Stakes. The race most likely to suit him at Ascot is the Prince of Wales's Stakes, in which his fine staying powers will have full play.

Royal Dancer, a creditable fourth in the Derby, is likely to miss Ascot in view of his engagement in the Grand Prix de Paris on the 26th inst., and as he is obviously well endowed with stamina the chances are that he will give a good account of himself against the French cracks at Longchamp. The Aga Khan can choose between Dastur, Firdaussi and Bulandshar in the chief event of the French racing season. The only other English entrant worthy of consideration for the Grand Prix is Mr. Singer's colt Leighon, and we fear he is not up to the necessary standard of quality.

INTEREST CENTRES IN GOLD CUP

Clearly the centre of interest at Ascot, as it is almost invariably, will be the race for the Gold Cup. Prospects must now be reviewed in accordance with the running in the Coronation Cup. Looking through the list of winners of the latter race, one is struck by the scarcity of horses which have won it as well as the Ascot Cup. Indeed, since the War Solario is the only performer to have accomplished the double. This does not speak well for Salmon Leap's prospects of completing the double next week, but he differs from the majority of other winners of the Coronation Cup in that he has conclusively proved his ability to stay a longer journey.

His victory last summer in the Goodwood Cup, over a longer course even than that of the Ascot Cup, shows that Mrs. Arthur James's horse is as well endowed with stamina as any in training. It is manifest that he has improved on last year's form at Ascot. His performance at Epsom was even better than it looks at first glance, for he had to make all his own running in a field of almost unexampled brilliance.

What was so impressive was the manner in which Salmon Leap unfailingly pulled out a little bit extra as first one and then another of his rivals endeavoured to peg him back. Speaking of the winner after the race, Harry Wragg, who rode Sandwich, said: "This must be a really good horse, for in addition to being a fine stayer he can produce a good turn of speed." It is highly probable that Salmon Leap will start favourite for the Gold Cup.

We are not inclined to accept the Coronation Cup running at its face value. We think that Sandwich, for one, should improve on it. It was not in his favour at Epsom that he was running for the first time this season. A colt sluggish at home, he will be all the better for the strong gallop on the racecourse, and we expect the additional mile at Ascot to be advantageous to him.

Nor must it be forgotten that Salmon Leap will have Trimdon to beat. There was a margin of five lengths between them in the Gold Cup last season, and many people will question whether Mrs. James's horse has advanced to that extent. We know by his success in the Yorkshire Cup that Trimdon is relatively as good as ever he was, and if he goes fit and well to the post and does not break down in the race (the history of the Manton horse causes us to make this proviso) he should be Salmon Leap's most formidable adversary. Another worthy competitor for Cup honours will be Ut Majeur, who missed Epsom expressly for this event.

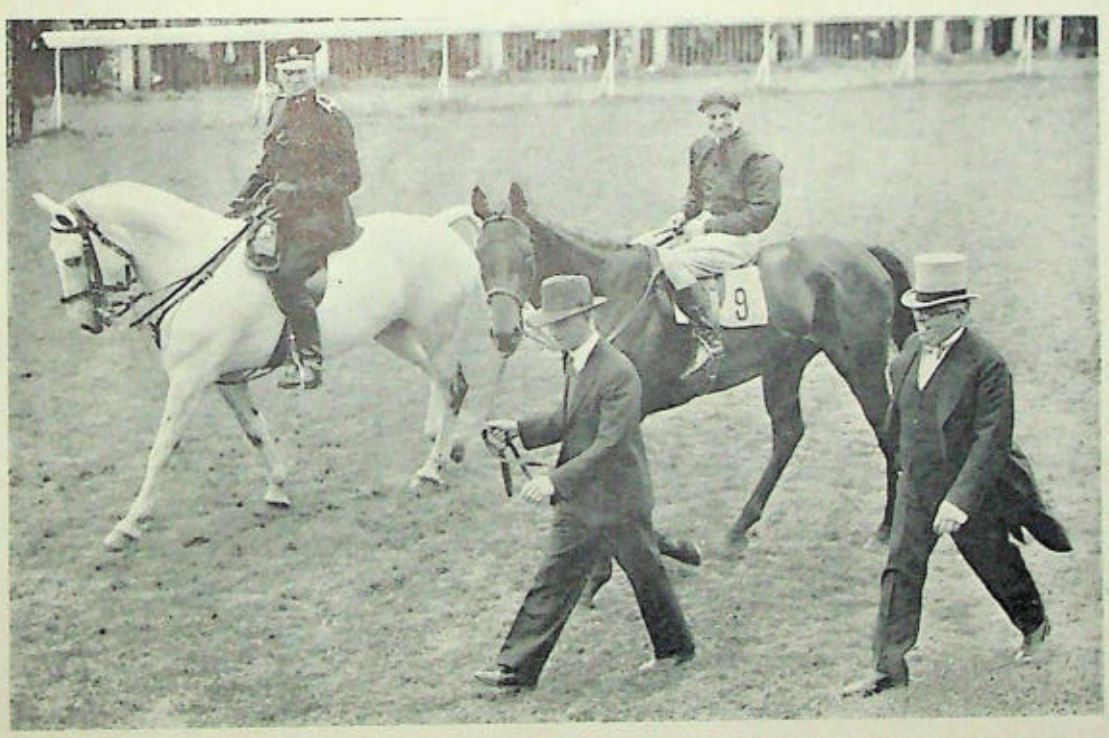
We shall see Brulette in the colours of Lord Woolavington, who has lately purchased her. And we may be sure that the price was a long one, even in these days of depression, as of all the fillies in training she is much the finest stayer. No doubt she will be mated in due course with Coronach, who received during the past season her former stable companion, the even more brilliant Pearl Cap. That Brulette is worthy to take on the horses in the Gold Cup is demonstrated by her victory in the spring in the Prix du Cadran, one of the most noted of French long-distance events.

TRIMDON AND SANDWICH FANCIED

She is one of the gamest of racers, and we believe she will not be disgraced in the strong company in which she will find herself next week. Our definite selection for the Cup is Salmon Leap, and we take Trimdon and Sandwich as likely to follow him home.

Brulette's successor in the list of winners of the Oaks, the Aga Khan's Udaipur, is as shapely a filly as can be found in training. Her victory richly compensated her owner, trainer and jockey for having been beaten by less than a length with Dastur in the Derby. Udaipur fairly outstrode the hot Beckhampton favourite Will o' the Wisp, who did not appear greatly to relish the downhill part of the journey. The winner was beautifully trained, scarcely turning a hair after her race, and as we look over this finely-balanced daughter of Blandford and the famous Uganda, notable for her depth through the heart and her length from hip to hock, we could not but speculate on her great worth as a brood mare.

She is engaged on Wednesday in the Coronation Stakes, one of the richest prizes of the meeting, in which Will o' the Wisp can meet her on 7lb. better terms.



HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN WITH HIS OAKS WINNER

Udaipur (Blandford—Uganda) which won the fillies' classic in the hands of M. Beary, and was bred by her owner at his Irish stud

VALUE OF KING'S PREMIUM SIRES

Proof of their benefit obtained at Guildford

NINE CLASSES for hunters, judged by Major J. H. Dudgeon and Mr. H. W. Nell, at the Royal Counties Show at Guildford last week, were fairly filled with horses of average quality, some of the youngsters in the breeding classes showing good promise. The winning brood mare was Mr. W. J. Fryer's Gaylarch, a combination of the names of her sire, Gay Lally, and her dam, Larch, a daughter of Birk Gill, so that in this case there was distinct evidence of the value of the King's premiums and of the harm that might, and probably would result from their withdrawal.

In the riding classes, with the top-sawyers absent, Mr. E. G. Macandrew, of Pallinghurst, had things all his own way, his nine-year-old bay Slam taking first prize for heavy-weights and afterwards winning the Duke of Sutherland's Champion Challenge Cup and also the cup given by this year's president for the best hunter belonging to a resident in the counties of Surrey, Hants, Berks, Sussex and Kent, the challenge cup presented by the late Sir Francis Barker, and the silver medal of the Hunters' Improvement Society.

(For Racing Calendar see page 902)



"COMING AND GOING IN QUEST OF FOOD"

A SHOOT THAT FAILED

Birds in Abundance but Not for the Gun

WE SAT WATCHING the dancers in the Bolivar Hotel in Lima.

"To-morrow," my gentle friend the minister was saying, "we set off in my yacht for the islands. You cannot say you have seen our Incaland till you have scrambled up those rocks."

"Any game there?" I asked him. "Fur or feather?"

"All the feather you want," he promised me with an enigmatic smile.

"Nothing big?"

"Nothing big," my friend was afraid. "Yet our island game has meant big money for Peru. But you will see."

Next morning at ten we ran down to Callao between low adobe walls, with near outliers of the huge Andean range veiled in the purple mist of a rainless land. From the customs pier we sped off in a launch through the oily Pacific swell, and soon climbed up the white stairway of the Atahualpa. She was like a toy Aquitania, all cream and gold, with an English master and a smart crew of trained Indians from the high sierras.

What talks we had aboard over Yorkshire grouse and Indian ducks, with tricky shots of all sorts, from the wild Lapland goose to wary snipe and tall November pheasants!

"I always use the same load," I explained. "Same powder and same cases. I don't believe in experimenting with new cartridges. I know what mine can do."

BIRDS MORE USEFUL THAN SPORTING

I could not get much out of my Peruvian mentor about the game on those mysterious islands. I began to fear that my defective Spanish was to blame for his muteness. . . .

"We are like the Hindus," he urged presently, as we sat in the little café astern, peeling rosy mangoes or sipping cocktails to which fig spirit had been added. "We Peruvians are a dreamy folk, and leave all the killing to our neighbours, the Chilenos . . . But you will soon be among all the birds you want."

Nearing the Chincha group of islands, I spotted with my binoculars a shabby-looking ship, and saw laden lighters rolling to and from the landing-place.

"What is that old tramp doing here?"

"Loading up—for the farmers' fields at home and abroad. I fear our birds are more useful than sporting." Don Miguel smiled at me again, and I could get no more out of him.

We dropped anchor a mile or so from the nearest rock, and then shot shoreward in a pinnace. A sphinx-like Indian in snowy kit carried my new 12-bores, with a supply of cartridges whose value had already been proven from China to Peru.

From a sandy cove we scrambled up and up in a blazing sun. And then—without a moment's warning—a stupefying panorama of feathered life burst upon me!

All the birds of this habitable globe were surely here, massed together in millions beyond all counting. Vast colonies of squatting cormorants and gannets and pelicans. The whole world was alive with them—black and grey and white, in a setting of calm that made me feel like an assassin caught in the act, and overwhelmed with unholy sense of guilt.

Below us busy gangs of men were wielding picks and shovels. Others were heaping up sacks or carting them down to the waiting lighters. These workers live here for days at a time, sleeping under tarpaulins and bringing all their food from the ship, like Robinson Crusoes of to-day. Not so much as a blade of grass grows on this desert island. I saw the water man plodding along with his burro, laden with kegs, and picking his way through live birds untold.

These were like the sands of the sea for multitude, and they just stopped aside with a timid flutter from under that burro's legs. Here and there a gannet mother nested on a rock. She and her baby brood surveyed the human intruders with a sort of gaping interest. Others again flew up in whirring clouds that darkened the tropical sun, and went skimming through a roaring Pacific surf coming and going in quest of food.

And to crown everything, that boiling surf was fairly alive with great sea-lions, bobbing and slipping and diving in every direction.

A GUN OUT OF PLACE

Can you wonder that I felt like a stray dog [in] some age-old cathedral? I stood rooted to [the] rock, staring at the bird-swarms like a man [in a] trance. The spell was broken by my young [Inca] gun-bearer. He had loaded one of my twin 12-bores, and now came forward with it anxiously.

"Take the thing away," I almost whispered to him. I believe I blushed, as a thug might do at the sight of an automatic pistol in an infants' hospital! "Take it right away," I repeated. "I never want to see a gun again in this sacred place!"

My friend the minister was laughing.

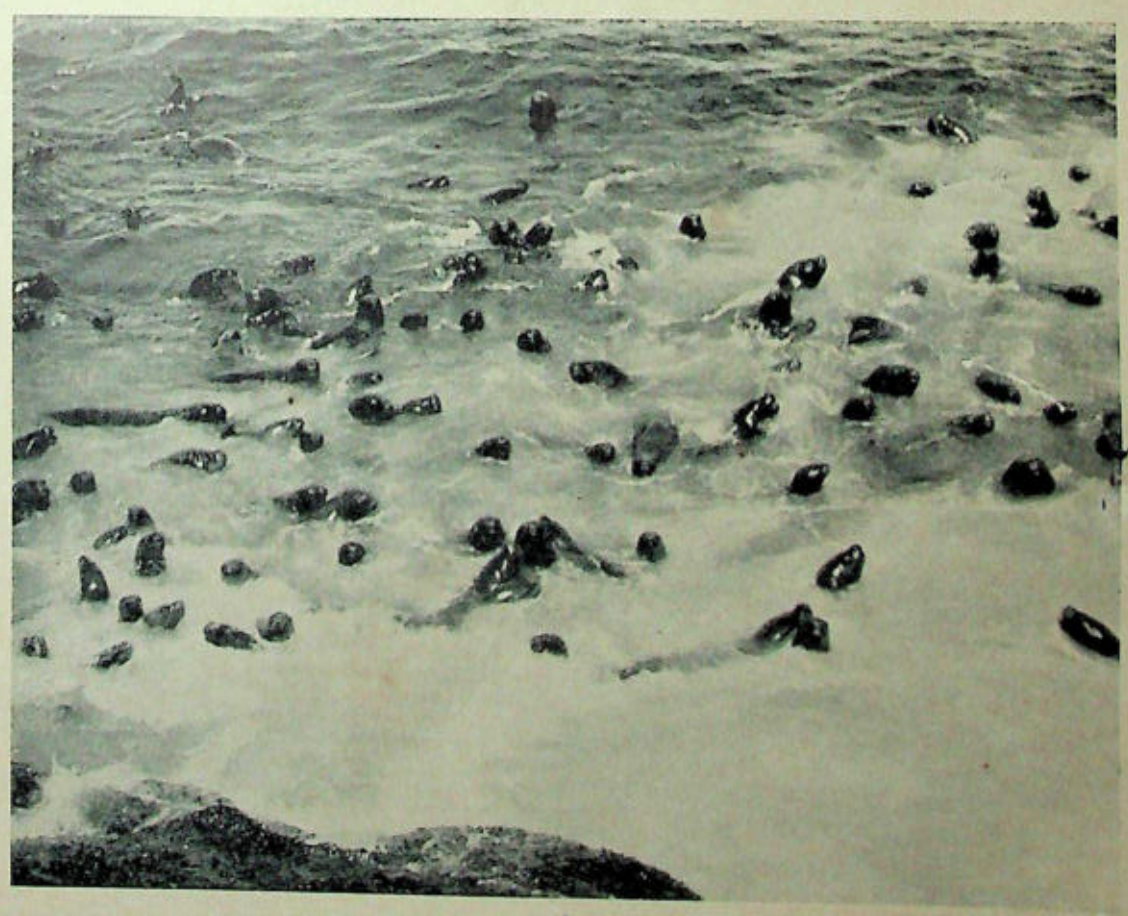
"Do not think I played a trick on you," he pleaded. "But I did want this to be a surprise. Here are Peru's 'Bird Gold Mines.' We have over 50 of them, and I guess they have already given us £60,000,000, if not more. It is just guano those fellows down there are digging out; the droppings of those winged myriads which Nature's marvellous chemistry can turn into wheat and corn to feed us humans when this precious stuff is spread on the farmer's field. So why should we kill our geese of the golden eggs? They are poor eating, anyway. And so tame—as you see—that you could walk on them.

A NATIONAL ASSET

"They are a national asset," he went on, "the[se] endless colonies of birds. When Peru went [bank]rupt in 1890, we turned over these living rocks [to] our creditors, with the railroads and other thin[gs]. And for years and years we were robbed. Con[cess]ionnaires would dig out millions of tons of this rich stuff and only account on the manifests for half of what their fleets took away.

"But everything changed when President Leguia came into power in 1903. You know how that marvellous little man redeemed Peru, so that a single American concern—the Cerro de Pasco Mines—put £10,000,000 into a few ancient holes up there in the snowy Andes at 16,000ft.? They called Don Augusto a 'dictator.' He was the only ruler of our time who 'made' an Empire single-handed without any of the twistiness of—well, whom shall we say? Now shall we lunch here? Or go back to the yacht?"

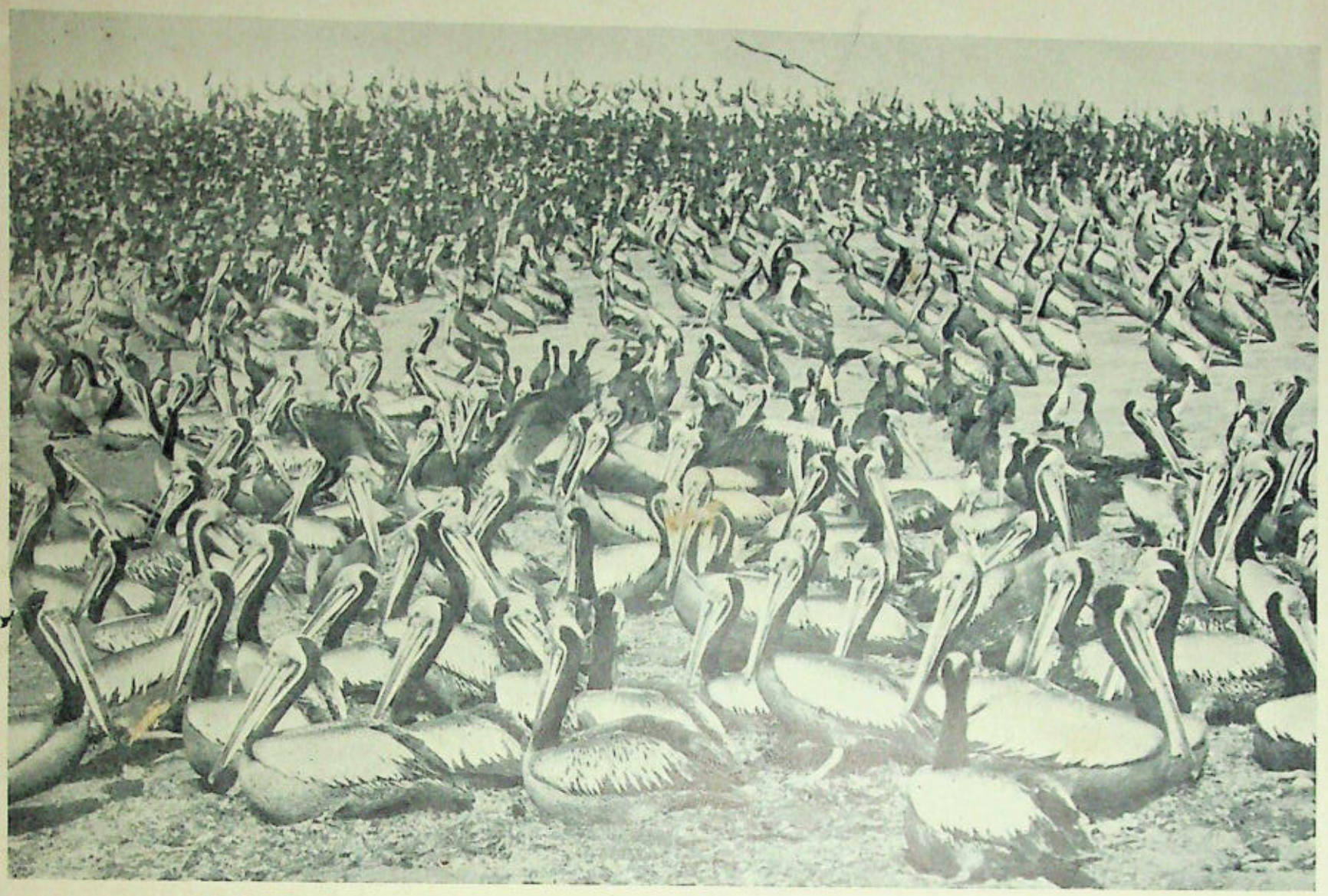
I would not have left the place for all the big game of the East African plains. For here peace fell on the soul of man. Any sort of "war" was outlawed the moment it came into mind. Even the island



"THAT BOILING SURF WAS FAIRLY ALIVE WITH GREAT SEA LIONS, BOBBING AND SLIPPING AND DIVING IN EVERY DIRECTION"

WHERE SEAFOWL MULTIPLY TO MAN'S PROFIT

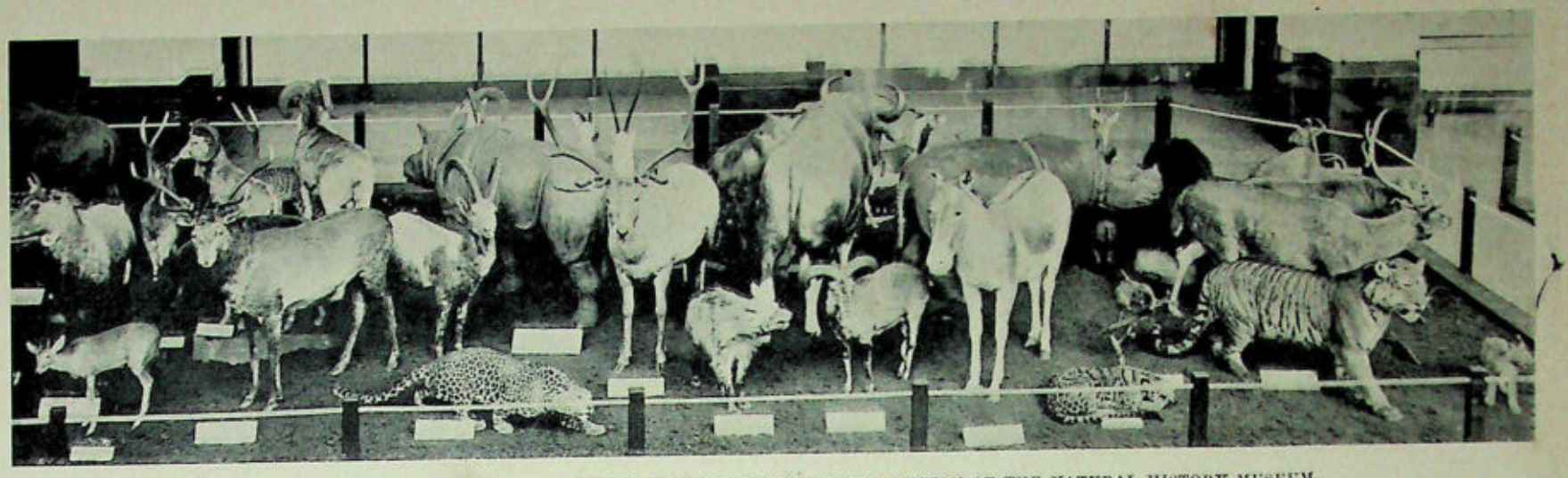
Scenes on the Guano Islands Off the Coast of Peru



SERRIED RANKS OF PELICANS AT THEIR NESTING-PLACE ON THE BALLESTAS ISLANDS OFF THE COAST OF PERU



WHITE-BREASTED SHAGS, BOOBIES AND OTHER SEAFOWL MASSED TOGETHER IN NUMBERS BEYOND ALL COUNTING



BIG GAME OF THE EAST: THE INDO-MALAYAN DISPLAY IN THE ASIATIC SECTION AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Outstanding in this group, which shows only a part of the section, are nylghai, kiang, two species of rhinoceros, gaur, panther, tiger and clouded leopard, as well as the various species of deer, goats and sheep which in Asia largely represent the antelopes of Africa

sounds were full of a lovely solitude; the call of those feathered "colonists"; the sweep and flutter of wings as they rose in vast clouds; the flopping of sea-lions as they appeared out of a warm ocean, to get news of their aerial friends. The blues and jades and hissing snows of the sea formed a heaving kaleidoscope that soothed and delighted every sense. What a refuge was here from the civilised din!

"I feel you have been swindled," my friend was saying regretfully, as his servant spread a banquet on our stony perch. "Never mind," he went on consolingly, "when we get down to Mollendo I'll take you up into high *arroyos*, where you can use your .465 on the vicúña herds, as well as your 12-bore on birds of all sorts, up to the giant condor that preys on the flocks of our Indians!"

But who could think of slaying in that warm isle of rest, where land and sea and sky was an all-pervasive universe of silent friends?

A MEMORY OF PEACE

"We must see the other groups also," I decided later. And so we did, from the Ballestas north and south, then back to the Cabinsas, off Callao—the port of old Pizarro's "City of the Kings."

I did shoot vicúñas in wild regions above Arequipa, where a volcano, El Misti, lifts a snowy cone among other giants of the second greatest mountain range on this planet. But that is another story. What abides always in my mind is that desert island of birds and seals, far down in the world's hugest ocean. There reigns an eternal peace, of which not even Mr. Frank Kellogg could ever have dreamed. If only the plenipotentiaries of his famous pact could have "signed" in the Chincha Group, I will warrant that the very name of "war" would be for ever anathema to all the nations!

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

THE EMPIRE'S BIG GAME ON SHOW

A Great Exhibition at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

By R. I. POCOCK, F.R.S.

VISITORS to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington now have the opportunity of examining, under the most favourable conditions, a representative collection of the game animals of the Empire, grouped according to their countries, thus revealing the resemblances and differences between the continental faunas.

For this exhibition, the first of its kind in the history of the museum, the trustees have sanctioned the use of the new Whale Gallery, only recently completed, the whales and other cetaceans which will ultimately occupy it being as yet not available for mounting.

Entered from the lower end of the Reptile Gallery on the ground floor, the space devoted to the exhibition is about 130ft. long and 90ft. wide, is well illuminated by top lights, and has a spacious gallery along three of its sides from which the animals can be seen to great advantage.

Three areas of the British Empire are represented: Africa, Asia and Canada. Those who wonder at the omission of Australia must be reminded that there are no indigenous game animals in that continent, with the possible exception of the kangaroo.

The first object to catch the eye of the visitor entering the gallery is a white giraffe, kindly lent by Messrs. Rowland Ward for the African section. But for this loan a full-grown example of this animal could not have been shown owing to the impossibility of moving the huge mounted specimens in the upper corridor. For the same reason the elephants, African and Indian, had to be left out, and the hippopotamus is represented by the pigmy Liberian species.

But the rhinoceros, black and white, figure in the African section, as well as the zebras, buffaloes, warthogs, bush pigs and all the typical antelopes, ranging in size from the huge eland to the tiny dik-diks no bigger than hares. Lions, leopards, hyænas, etc., are also here, and even jackals, though the claim of these carrion-eaters to be regarded as game animals is open to dispute.

LINKS BETWEEN ASIA AND AFRICA

Rightly included in the African section are the Barbary stag and sheep and the Nubian ibex which, aliens to the African fauna, serve to link it to that of Indo-Malaya in the Asiatic section, where deer—sambhur, chital, barasingh and others; wild sheep—urial, bharal and ammon; wild goats—ibex and markhor, are much in evidence, associated with a mere handful of antelopes—nylghai, black buck and a few others.

Amongst the carnivores, in addition to tigers and leopards, may be noticed bears and wolves, which are alike unknown in Africa.

The Canadian fauna is, in comparison, rather poor in game animals. But the section shows that it has some magnificent species in the elk or moose, the caribou and the polar and grizzly bears. Smaller herbivores are exemplified by white-tailed and black-tailed deer, Rocky Mountain sheep and goats and the prongbuck; carnivores by the puma, wolves and foxes.

The walls of the hall and gallery are covered with trophies in the form of mounted heads, some of the specimens being the "record" horns sportsmen prize so greatly. Altogether this magnificent display does great credit to Mr. J. G. Dollman, who is also responsible for the illustrated guide to the exhibition, which may be obtained for the modest fee of sixpence.



BIG GAME OF AFRICA

Here are giraffe (an albino specimen), zebra, buffalo, warthog and many other typically African animals, including a fine selection of the antelopes, in which bongo, eland, wildebeest and the tiny dik-diks are conspicuous

FERTILISERS AND FOOD PRODUCTION

By SIR FREDERICK KEEBLE

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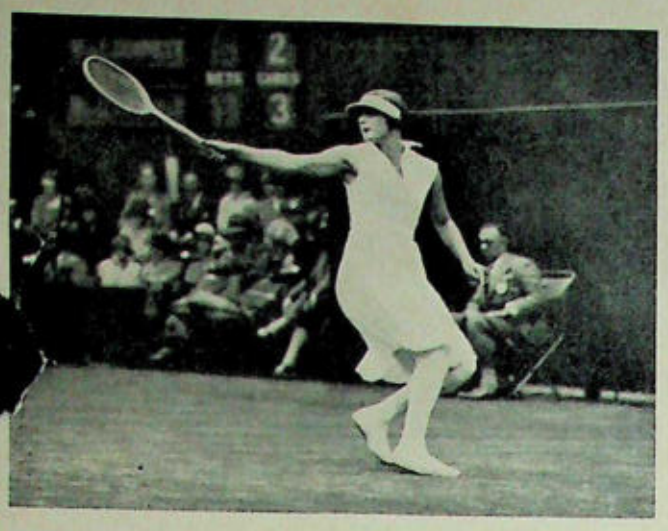
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OUR WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM
Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Mrs. M. R. King (centre) and Mrs. L. R. C. Michell



Miss D. E. Round

A FULL WEEK OF LAWN TENNIS

Promising Results of Paris—Our Wightman Team—Prospects for Wimbledon

By J. E. COLLETT

THE FAILURE of F. J. Perry to beat R. Menzel, the big Czecho-Slovakian, in the French championships, is a topic of conversation which has been sometimes more jaundiced than judicious.

One does not hold a brief for temperament, but one does state categorically that a man who has been playing continuously for such a long time as Perry has, and is strung, when in action, to such high tension as he is, must be liable to lapse at a crucial moment. In saying so, one is not necessarily admitting that he lapsed on this occasion.

At Bournemouth, in the hard court championships, when out of condition and practice, Menzel yet shaped as a likely champion. Later he was a disappointment when representing his country against Austria, but preliminary failure is the essence of the game of an imaginative and creative player.

Perry is more forceful than mentally imaginative in relation to his strokes, but his nervous imagination operates in connection with extraneous occurrences and exaggerates their import. He is gradually building for himself a dangerous complex. It is an open secret that during the Wimbledon championships last year he was subjected to some bully-ragging which amounted to organised annoyance, and he was affected seriously by it.

But casual errors by linesmen are unpremeditated; they are the concomitant handicaps in the hunt for championships; they may, and often do, cause the loss of the quarry, but nearly always because the huntsman loses his head.

LEE *V.* LACOSTE

The exploit of H. G. N. Lee in eliminating Rene Lacoste was perhaps not so remarkable in fact as in appearance. It is idle to suppose that Lacoste, who, even in his greatest days approached full form almost as slowly as S. H. Smith used to, can be at his apex. His previous matches had shown that he was still tentative, still short of his previous tenacity and sureness of touch. Lee afterwards failed to beat M. Stefani, but the two-handed Italian is often a stiff fence for the best players, though he fell an easy prey to Cochet in the final.

Briefly, but not disloyally, Miss Nuthall was not expected to beat Mme. Mathieu for the simple reason that she is not such a good player. Miss Nuthall has grown up into a more reliable but not a better singles player than she was in the days of her booming. She is emphatically a much improved doubles player, and many a match in the last couple of years she has pulled out of the fire for several partners.

She has been rewarded for her ability by retaining the French mixed doubles championship in partnership with Perry, which she won last year with P. D. B. Spence.

Despite these and other "failures" in France, people who are deploring our decadence still may consider with advantage the two men's teams we are staging internationally this week-end.

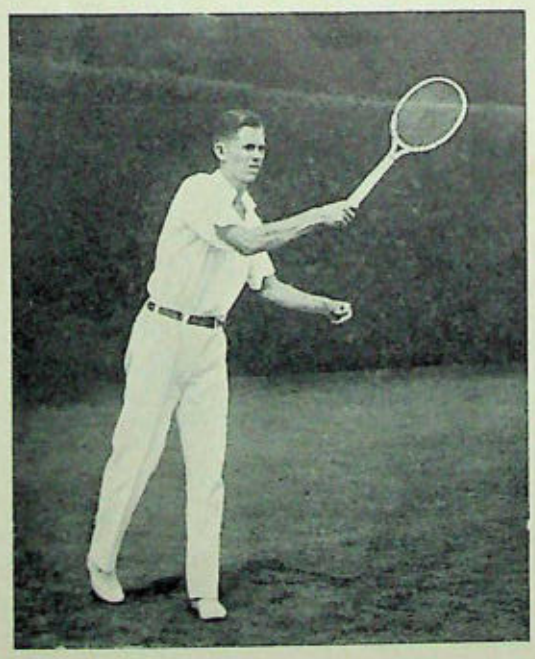
Against Poland, in the Davis Cup at Warsaw, are H. F. David, G. P. Hughes, H. G. N. Lee and F. J. Perry; against U.S.A., at Eastbourne, in a friendly match on Davis Cup lines, are H. W. Austin, I. G. Collins, Dr. J. C. Gregory and J. S. Olliff. These eight could render a profitable account of themselves against the eight of any country.

This, of course, is cliché, and so perhaps, now, is the suggestion that our best Davis Cup side is engaged, bar one, at Eastbourne, and not at Warsaw. *Qui vivra, verra*—which is also cliché.

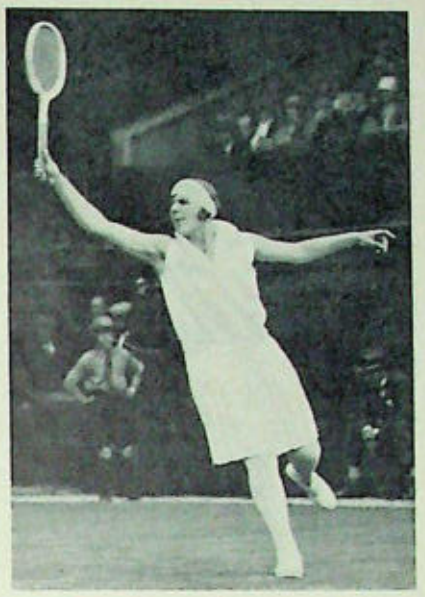
MRS. MAVROGORDATO'S TASK

Whether the best available team has been picked for the Wightman Cup some will have doubted, but the weight of the evidence is in favour of the selection committee having found a reasonable way out of a dilemma, even if they have passed it on partially to Mrs. T. M. Mavrogordato, the non-playing captain.

The two principal results of the final trials last week were to establish the increased match-winning ability of Miss D. E. Round and to prove the advance in attacking power of Miss M. Heeley, but the play as a whole was below form and only made one think that there were other players who might have had a successful knock in singles against either of the four ladies—Mrs. King (Miss Mudford), Miss Heeley, Miss Round, and Miss Stammers, who were striving for a place.



A YOUNG AMERICAN STAR
H. Ellsworth Vines, not yet 21 years old, is ranked first among United States lawn tennis players



Miss Betty Nuthall

Mrs. Mavrogordato is left with the task of placing her team, which consists of Mrs. M. R. King, Mrs. L. R. C. Michell, Mrs. E. F. Whittingstall, Miss B. Nuthall, and Miss D. E. Round. By the time most people read these remarks it will be known whether she has ranked Mrs. Whittingstall as the first string in the singles, and who has played in the second double, which the trials, owing to Mrs. Godfree's unfortunate ankle strain, indicated was Mrs. Michell and Miss Round.

One hears that according to the betting the odds are against Great Britain; I think that we shall win, but that it will depend on how much the doubles pairs have been able to put in their game in intermediate practice on grass.

Owing to the weather this year the behaviour of the turf wants a lot of understanding. There is plenty of grass, but there is a soft substratum, and there has not been enough sun to condition the surface. At all events the famous cover of the centre court has been protecting it from the rain for a week at least before the match, and everything else that could humanly be done has been done to prepare a perfect court.

VINES IS NOT UNBEATABLE

As one had the hardihood to forecast (despite Mr. Sam Hardy's phillippies), the American Davis Cup team is to compete at Wimbledon, and with them is young H. Ellsworth Vines.

The tournament troubadours sing of him. He is not quite twenty-one years old, and he is ranked first in the United States. When, in America, Perry was beating everyone, he could not beat him, save once in a best of three sets match. Vines has a tremendous service and a forehand better than his backhand. His methods appear to produce many errors, which his match sense and extraordinary self-control in crises is able to remedy.

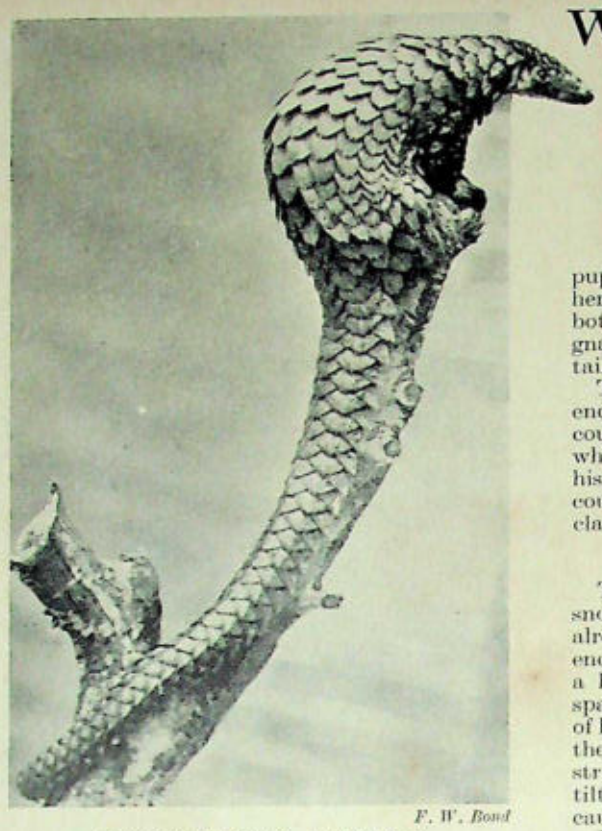
He was provided by nature with the personal approach shot to championship, an inability to accept defeat as inevitable, and he has cultivated it, till innate character has become a conscious asset.

But he is by no means unbeatable. He does not come to Wimbledon or to the Davis Cup with the honours in his pocket. He loses quite often in tournaments at home. For the benefit of the gatherings of the gossips, one may say that he has an idiosyncracy; he is tall, but in play has a peculiar crouch. His nickname is "Slim," and physically he surely is.

WHY THE PANGOLIN IS HARD TO KILL

Scales that Ward Off Rifle Bullets—A Coil that Defies Two Men's Efforts to Unroll

By W. G. ADAM



F. W. Bond

THE PANGOLIN AS A CLIMBER

EXPERIENCE IN CEYLON shows that, in a wild state, the pangolin seldom appears above ground during the daytime; nevertheless, he is not entirely nocturnal, for much of his burrowing and feeding is done by day. When he does happen to venture abroad in sunlight, he seems almost blind; so much so that, when frightened, he will frequently run into the legs of anyone standing in his way.

As a rule he takes his path through the thickest undergrowth, and even goes to the extent of half burrowing a collapsing tunnel under loose leaves if possible. When in fear of his life, the smallest pangolin will claw a hole into loosish earth with almost incredible speed, and disappear altogether in a few moments, closing the soil in behind him with his tail.

IN SEARCH OF TRUANT YOUNGSTERS

Even at night it is rare to find a pangolin above ground. Full-grown males and females do not emerge from their holes except to seek new ant-hills on which to operate, to drink when they cannot find sufficient moisture down in their workings, or to search for an errant youngster. This last sometimes happens in daylight, for the young pangolin is liable to wander.

I have twice watched a pair on such a quest, and their power of scent was most marked. They hunted parallel to each other, the male seeming to await his mate's convenience. They cast themselves right and left as methodically as tried hounds, proclaiming the re-found line by a series of muffled squeaks.

When they came up with their strayed little one, much squeaking and bustling joy ensued on the part of the elders, but the behaviour of the youngster plainly denoted mutiny. On the first occasion, the baby was small and was herded home with a great show of parental authority; but, in the second instance, it was of an age to look after itself and rolled itself into a ball in flat defiance.

The parents trundled the objecting young beggar homewards but he won his freedom in the end by pure obstinacy, for they could not push him down the hole.

PLAYING WITH HOUND PUPPIES

Ants and kindred insects are a pangolin's natural food, but he is not averse to fruit or soft vegetable matter in captivity. Of two kept in my bungalow, one lived under a cupboard without attempting to escape and took her place in the household without question. The other, a male, had to be domiciled in a box during the daytime, though he was faithful enough at night.

Both would eat mice, young rats, soft fruit, root vegetables, or juicy leaves after a time, though at first they fed on cooked rice and any variety of insect they could stalk in the lamplight. Everything was sucked in wholesale; there seemed to be no endeavour or need to chew. They strongly objected to strangers, at whom they would squeak in distaste, but they answered their names readily to those they knew.

Neither showed any objection to being played with by dogs, nor did they evince the least fear of them after a time. The female would occasionally spend an hour in an obvious game with hound puppies. She would run up a steep bank, convert herself into a ball at the top, and roll down to the bottom again, nor, even when dragged about and gnawed, did she make the least use of her punishing tail.

The strength and gripping power of a pangolin is enormous. When rolled into a ball, no two men could straighten out a full-grown male specimen; while, if the creature took to a blind hole where his fore-parts would be hidden, one strong man could scarcely pull him out against the hold of his claws.

LIFTING A HEAVY WARDROBE

They can lift almost anything under which their snouts can be forced. One of the tame pangolins already mentioned, when half-grown endeavoured to go to ground in fear under a heavy wardrobe full of clothes. The space was insufficient except for the point of his nose; however, he thrust that under the piece of furniture, lifted it up and struggled into shelter. The weight of the tilted wardrobe on his back seemed to cause no inconvenience.

Pangolins show great pace of movement at night, also a clever knowledge of dodging which will bring dogs to their noses in medium darkness. If they happen to catch a man's legs, when in full flight, they will send him flying. They roll themselves into a tight ball for self-defence, but keep up a constant slapping and grinding motion with their tails against their bodies in the hope of catching some convenient part of their adversary between the two.

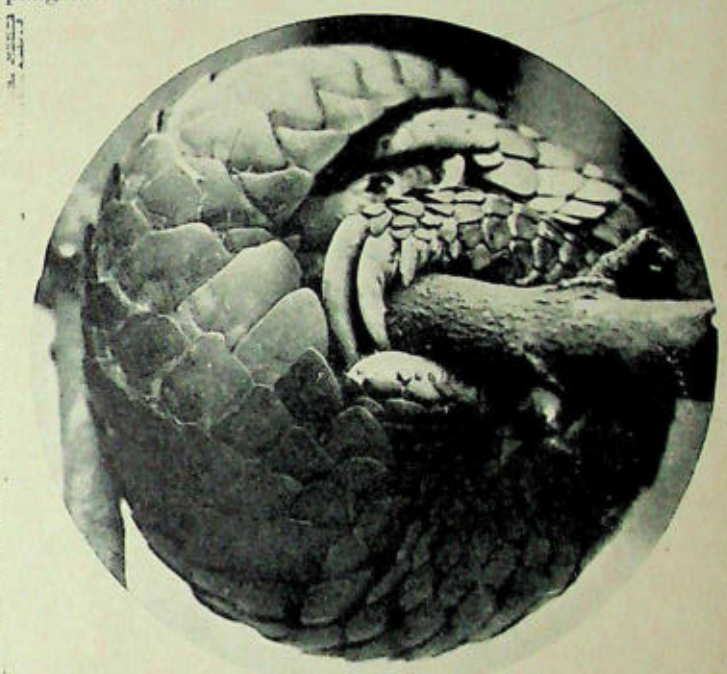
If this is accomplished, the pangolin begins to saw backwards and forwards with his tail, which—as, in his rolled-up position, the side points of the scales on the latter organ run opposite to those on the body—can inflict a horrible wound. I have seen a dog's fore-leg almost severed in this manner.

Under their scales, pangolins harbour a multitude of parasites—fleas, lice, ticks, etc.—but, from what could be seen by fairly careful examination of many specimens, these do not appear to irritate their hosts. At all events, the captive pangolins were never known to scratch. The flesh of these creatures is not at all bad eating; in fact, their great thick tails make delicious soup.

Out of three ant-hills, thoroughly excavated in order to examine the workings of pangolin residents, two had one especially deep tunnel each leading down into such damp earth that a small amount of water had collected into a tiny pool. The third ant-hill had the same type of deeply leading tunnel, reaching farther down than in the other cases, but, though the lower earth was decidedly damp, there was no actual water present.

Pangolins were only suspected in the first two, for there was no certainty that any had ever come out of the holes; but the one in the third ant-hill paid nightly visits to a small stream for water every rainless day.

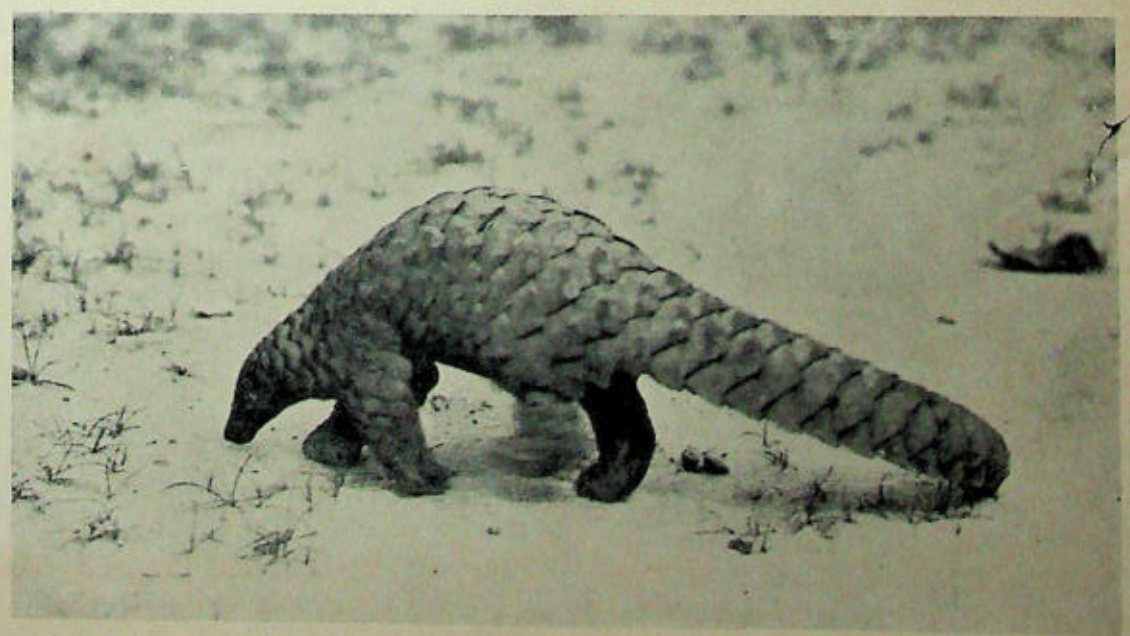
The scaly plating on the back of a really ma[ture] pangolin is so strong and stream-lined that it [will] ward off a .303 bullet fired, head on, from a dista[nce] of 100yds., without any inconvenience to t[he] creature; however, its head is easily vulnerable by a .22 rifle or a knife. The largest specimen I have ever known measured 5ft. 8½in. from nose to tail tip. Those I kept were 2ft. 3in. and 2ft. 5in., male and female respectively, when caught, age unknown. Eighteen months afterwards they measured 4ft. 1in. and 4ft. 3in., the female larger and heavier than the male. They bolted together just when I hoped they intended to breed.



F. W. Bond

ROLLED INTO A TIGHT BALL FOR SELF-DEFENCE

Migrant Butterflies.—A scheme for recording the arrival in this country of immigrant butterflies from abroad has been started by the Hastings and St. Leonards Natural History Society, who appeal for the assistance of all those who observe the first appearance, in their districts, of such common migrants as the painted lady butterfly, the two clouded yellows and the silver-Y moth. Cards to be filled in with the type of information required have been prepared, and a supply of these will be sent to anyone who wishes to help, if he or she will write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps to cover postage, to Dr. Norman Ticehurst, 24, Pevensey Road, St. Leonards, Sussex. Filled-in cards should be returned at intervals to the same address, when further record cards will be sent if required.



ONE OF THE PANGOLINS CAUGHT AND TAMED BY MR. W. G. ADAM IN CEYLON



SUCCESSOR TO MISS WETHERED AND MISS LEITCH. MISS ENID WILSON'S IRON SHOT AT THE 13TH IN HER MATCH AGAINST MISS MONTGOMERY IN THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Wilson reasserted her position in the Ladies' Championship at Saunton of being easily the best English golfer. Playing well within herself in the morning, she put on pressure in the afternoon and won by 7 and 6

BRITAIN'S FIGHT FOR THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

Ladies First at Saunton

BEFORE THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP began at Sandwich, the result of the international match between England and Scotland suggested that most of the good Scots professionals had gone to America. Not till the last round of the Open had been played on the Friday of this week could it be said whether they had come back.

The come-back was headed, as everyone was aware, by the holder, T. D. Armour, though till the championship began no one seemed certain of his current form; and by Macdonald Smith, who was on the spot, and had been credited with some abnormally low scores in practice on the Prince's links. Sarazen, the third American, was going strongly, and with his usual confidence.

These three were the threat against the British hope of retaining, for the first time for nine years, the whole three of the championships—Amateur, the Ladies' and the Open, two of which were this year already in British possession. If the conditions of play had been the same as in the amateur events, namely those of knock-out individual 18-hole or 36-hole matches, the hope would have stood higher.

MATCH PLAYERS AND MEDAL ROUNDS

Individually Great Britain has in Mitchell, Havers, Compston, Alliss, and Cotton, not to speak of the Whitcombes, Padgham, Seymour, Kenyon, Easterbrook, Perry and even Duncan, golfers capable of beating any American or Scots-American in a single round. The question was whether we had a performer capable of stringing together four medal rounds to make a winning score.

It should not, on paper, have proved beyond some of them. Havers, the last British professional to win, managed to do so in the year when he beat Walter Hagen, by one stroke, at Troon. E. R. Whitcombe failed by that one stroke at Hoylake the next year, when Hagen produced a last round of miraculous recoveries to beat him. In the following year A. Compston was again that fatal one stroke behind, when Jim Barnes, the Cornish American, was the winner. The veteran, Ted Ray, was in the same losing position.

STROKES THAT TELL

That one stroke has defeated Duncan, two strokes have defeated Percy Alliss and Gene Sarazen. We can only hope, writing before the event, that the strokes may this time tell for our side. The international match between England and Scotland, played by matches, was quite unilluminating. It disclosed in Dailey, the long Scot from Fife, who drives a very long ball, a golfer of parts, and it showed that a match player of Abe Mitchell's calibre, who can go out at Prince's two under fours, can yet be beaten in an 18-hole match.

But that was all. Before the Open Championship began Cotton at Southport had shown that he could string together the four rounds better than anyone else in a strong field. Abe Mitchell was two strokes better than Easterbrook. But these, apart from the golfers already named, who had been so near and yet so far, were the only ones who had demonstrated outstanding ability for four rounds, if we except the sturdy Kenyon, who won the Irish Open last year.

In the Ladies' Championship at Saunton, like that of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield, no such searching question had to be answered. Great Britain, with the aid of Greater Britain, was able to repel the mass attack of America, fine and sportsmanlike golfers though the American ladies were. Incidentally, the French attack was also shattered early in the combat.

AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION

On the first day one Scotswoman, Miss Jean Hamilton, put out Miss Maureen Orcutt, the American who had headed the qualifying competition; another Scot, Miss Doris Park, defeated Miss Helen Hicks, the hard hitter; and a third, Mrs. J. B. Watson, removed Mrs. Higbie. One Irishwoman, Mrs. J. H. Todd, defeated Mrs. O. S. Hill, and another, Mrs. J. B. Todd, sent back the best Frenchwoman, Madame Lacoste.

The next morning was the turn of Australia. Miss Susan Tolhurst beat Miss Virginia van Wie. It was not till the afternoon that England came powerfully into the picture—Miss Enid Wilson beat Mrs. (Glenna Collett) Vare.

Mrs. Vare is the best lady that America has sent to fight us, and few would have grudged her a championship she has struggled for so hard. After her first visit to England she wrote, when she had finished her unstinted praise of Miss Joyce Wethered, who beat her:

"The first thing driven home to the American girl playing in England for the first time is the very large number of women active in sport . . . and the strikingly large part of them of the highest



GREATER BRITAIN REINFORCES THE OLD COUNTRY

Miss Susan Tolhurst, Australian Lady Champion, driving against Miss Virginia van Wie of the United States, whom she beat at the 19th—a one shot hole for which the American lady required an eight!

calibre. There are more great golfers in the British Isles than Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch."

Her latest experience was to confirm that view, so far as it applied to the fortunes of the American team. But we still think that it needed the presence of a British golfer at least half-a-head above the others, as Miss Enid Wilson in her crushing final against Mrs. Montgomery showed she was, to make sure of beating Mrs. Vare herself, and that other courageous and persevering American, Mrs. Cheney.

When Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch both temporarily retired from British golf, the others, good as they were, could not prevent the title from going twice to France; and if it had not been for the intervention at the eleventh hour of Miss Diana Fishwick at Formby, which seemed at the time something of a miracle, Miss Glenna Collett, as she was then, would have realised her life's ambition of taking it to America.

THE LADIES RECONSIDER THEIR POSITION

It is said that, after the experience at Saunton of having two qualifying rounds before the play by matches, a return will be made to the system, which is the same as that in the men's amateur championship, of playing matches throughout. This was the old programme, and its alteration when first proposed some years ago was stoutly resisted by Miss Joyce Wethered, whose influence carried its retention for a few years more.

The reason for the all-matches system is the same among the ladies as among the men. It gives the army of unknowns on the whole a better chance, and though the "luck" in an 18-hole match is a byword, we think that there are few championships which the best man or best woman in them have not won, and the de Forests, the Fiddians and the McRuvies, as well as the Miss Wilsons or the Miss Montgomerys, are at the same time encouraged.

E. S. G.

WHAT IS THE BEST ROUND OF GOLF?

Figures Which Are Hard To Beat

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

ABOUT FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO I wrote an article in which I quoted the incidents of the best round of golf on record. I think it still remains, and always will remain, the greatest golf that ever has been, or is ever likely to be played, so I make no apology for referring to it once more.

Just before the Open Championship of 1911, played at St. Georges, Sandwich (which Harry Vardon won with a score of 303 after a tie with Arnaud Massey), Robert Harris and H. W. Beveridge went out for a practice round, in which they played against Harry Vardon and George Duncan, from whom they received a start of two holes.

At the turn the professionals, who were out in 31, were 5 down, the amateurs' best ball being 28. The 10th and 11th holes were halved in fours, which left the amateurs in the comfortable position of 5 up and 7 to play. They then proceeded to do the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th holes in 4 pars and a birdie, viz., 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, and lost the lot to 3, 3, 3, 3, 2!

Vardon did the canal hole with a drive, a brassie and a putt; Duncan the 15th with a drive, a cleek and a putt, and he was also within 6in. of a 1 at the 16th. That made matters all square and 2 to play. The 17th was halved in 4 and, to their eternal credit, the amateurs got a birdie 3 at the 18th, and won the match 1 up.

16 UP ON BOGEY

The best ball of the amateurs was 28 + 34 = 62, and the professionals did 31 + 30 = 61. The best ball of the four players was 28 + 29 = 57, or 21 under bogey. As a matter of fact they were only 16 up on bogey, as they had two comparatively bad holes, the 10th and the 11th in 4 each.

One day, perhaps, in some competition or other, one of the super-experts will continue to string together "birdies" and "eagles" for the whole of the 18 holes, and return a score in the fifties, granted that he does not become frightened at his own figures, which I admit is almost humanly impossible. The nearest approach to it was made by Aubrey Boomer in the third round of the Open French Championship, played at St. Cloud in 1929, when he did 33 + 28 = 61, a score which included a two and ten threes. What Bobby Jones did in two rounds at St. Andrews, someone will do in one, and be faced with a comparatively easy task of 33 home for a 59. R. T. Jones in the first round of the Open of 1927 did the first nine holes at St. Andrews in 4, 5, 4, 4, 3, 3, 4, 2, 3 = 32, and on his next visit there in 1930 he did the same nine holes in the second round of the Amateur Championship in 3, 4, 3, 2, 4, 5, 3, 5, 4 = 33. A glance at the above figures shows that his eclectic score for the nine holes produce the quite incredible figures of 3, 4, 3, 2, 3, 3, 3, 2, 3 = 26, a score of one under three, and ten under par, which is absurd. Still, I believe something of the sort will be done, one day, in one round.

ROUND THE WICKETS

(Continued from page 872)

if they fail. No doubt Carr banked on the wicket helping his bowlers as much as it had helped those of Middlesex, and he had every right to consider himself in possession of bowlers capable of tumbling Middlesex out cheaply.

As it happened, the wicket did not become abnormally difficult, and Middlesex declined to meet a sporting declaration in any spirit of recklessness until they were assured of first innings lead. But if Carr's experiment failed, it at least added a spice of adventure which made the game doubly interesting to spectators.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE THRILLS

If there were more matches like that between Middlesex and Gloucestershire last week we should hear less about the need for brighter cricket.

On the first day we saw two innings completed, the bowling of Parker and Goddard for Gloucestershire on a wicket which did not seem unduly helpful being matched by that of Hearne and Peebles for Middlesex, leaving Gloucestershire with a lead of two runs.

The nature of Gloucestershire's innings is best shown by the fall of the wickets—7, 96, 117, 126, 129, 130, 130, 130, 130, 133—the collapse being due chiefly to a hat-trick by Peebles.

On the second day we had some really exhilarating batting by two of the younger Middlesex men, Hulme and Price, and to finish the match on the third day Gloucestershire went down fighting hard, Hammond being seen at his best. From first to last, it was as keen cricket as anyone could wish to enjoy.

WELCOME HUNDREDS

Among several good individual scores which were made last Saturday, none was more welcome than Woolley's 146 against Glamorgan, for this innings showed that, in spite of some small scores this season, Woolley has not yet begun to lose the power and genius of his batting. The fact that he scored 82 out of his 146 by boundary hits—a six and nineteen fours—is eloquent of the pace he set.

Two other hundreds which were very welcome were those of O'Connor (115) and Cutmore (106) for Essex against Surrey. Both of these players are young enough to have chances of distinction before them. O'Connor has already had a trial of sorts for England, and he has abilities which ought to place him among the best all-rounders in the country.

Cutmore appears to be developing steadily as a batsman, and as he has unbounded confidence and is a good fielder, there seems no reason why he should not do much better yet.

IMPROVING ARMY ATHLETES

Finding Our Internationals in the Services

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

THE ARMY GROUND AT ALDERSHOT is just about perfect, and performances achieved in the championships last Friday and Saturday suggest that, whereas America relies always on her universities for something like 80 per cent. of her ever-successful Olympic teams, Great Britain may, in the near future, look to the Services for many first-rate representatives for our international contests.

2nd Lieut. W. H. Summers followed up his recent 9 7/10sec. in the 100yds. by taking his heat in 9⅘sec. and the final in 9 7/10sec. in the Army 100yds—a record for the meeting.

Nor was Summers the only Army record breaker at the 1932 Championship Meeting, for Sergt.-Boy Land, R.E., further improved his own figures by clearing 6ft. 2½in., while 2nd Lieut. C. H. Stoneley, Royal Corps of Signals, by running 440yds. in 50sec., equalled the record of Lieut. G. L. Rampling, R.A., who was unable to run owing to a recent operation.

ADVANTAGE OF GOOD-CLASS OPPOSITION

Stoneley, I consider, owes much of his improvement to the chances of racing he has enjoyed as a member of the Milocarian A.C. The same may be said of Capt. I. McTubbs, Coldstream Guards, who won the Army high hurdles in 15⅗sec., while Lance-Corpl. A. Kinally, Royal Tank Corps, who took the Army pole vault at 10ft. 9in., learned quite a lot by competing against good opposition at the British Games on Whit-Monday.

The effect of what may be termed "outside competition influence" was exemplified, also, in the running of the Army mile. Last month Trooper A. A. Harris, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, when representing the A.A.A. at Oxford, was beaten by 50yds. in that sensational mile won by J. E. Lovelock, O.U.A.C., in British record time of 4min. 12sec.

Last Saturday Harris determined to tear a leaf from his conqueror's book. Sprinting very fast the Hussar carried the quarter in 58⅕sec., the 880yds. in 2min. 3⅗sec. and the three-quarter-mile in 3min. 13⅗sec., only the odd fraction outside Lovelock's time in his record mile.

Harris, however, could not maintain the pace, took 76sec. for the final lap, and returned 4min. 26 7/10sec. for the full distance.

Apart from the Army meeting, many county championships were decided last Saturday, in which the first-class men were never seriously extended. In the Surrey Championships, for example, the A.A.A. champions, E. L. Page and T. Hampson, had no difficulty in retaining their titles, returning, respectively, 10⅕sec. for the 100yds., and 1min. 58⅗sec. for the 880yds.

The Middlesex Championships, poorly attended at the White City, were undistinguished, although it was pleasing to find Dr. L. T. Bond, the old Cambridge Blue, who holds the national pole vault record, winning the javelin event, since a recent operation has forced him to retire from pole vaulting.

GRAY TAKES TWO TITLES

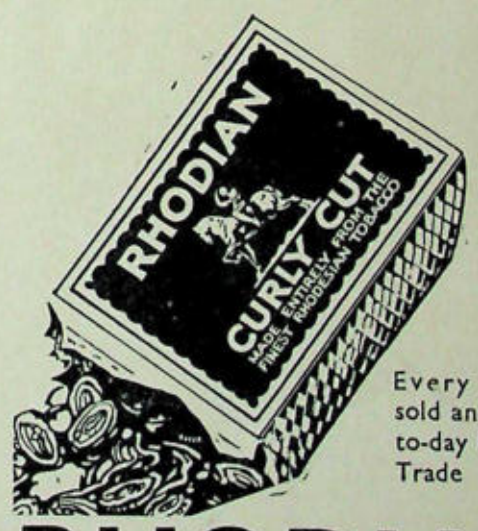
At the Essex Meeting perhaps the best performances were those of the A.A.A. high jump champion, A. J. Gray, who took the high jump at 5ft. 10in. and the long jump at 22ft. 0½in., while J. F. Cornes, O.U.A.C., was content to leave the mile alone in favour of the 880yds., which he won easily in 1min. 59⅕sec.

D. R. Bell, the old Cambridge Blue and British Universities Decathlon representative at the World's Inter-Universities Championships, 1930, journeyed from Ireland to defend his numerous Hertfordshire titles, and if he lost several, he yet produced excellent form with a new county discus record of 127ft. 10in., but was far below form in winning the shot put at 36ft. 2½in.

One wonders, however, why Hertfordshire ignores the pole vault and hammer throwing events, and Essex excludes all field events except the shot and the two jumps. It is not thus that we shall succeed in finding full and adequate field events representation.

On the contrary, the progressive policy adopted by the Universities Athletic Union, and in the Services, is already proving beyond question that Great Britain can produce first-class field events men, if they are given the encouragement of facilities for competition equal to those enjoyed by the runners.

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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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

SETTING CHILLED EGGS

SIR,—I wonder how many of your readers have experimented with placing a broody hen on chilled eggs ?

Having a broody and being presented with a basket of chilled eggs, imported from Lisbon (Portugal), I decided to try setting her upon them. They had been over a week in the house when I placed thirteen eggs beneath the hen.

After watching anxiously for 24 days I discovered that chicks were actually trying to peck their way through, and with a little help I possessed six fine, healthy chicks.

Considering that one had to risk their fertility, I think this a satisfactory total.

They are all strong and good layers, and seem to stand the English winter well. Of course, one gets a mixed collection of breeds ; some have bare necks and resemble a turkey, whilst others are good specimens of Plymouth Rocks, Minorcas, etc.

I have since set several broodies on chilled eggs and always with some good results.

If disappointed at the number of unfertile eggs finds, there seem to be unusually strong, hy fowls to make up for this loss.

efn-Bryn, Yours truly,
Swanage, Dorset. L. HARCOURT-TEPPER.

MAY ORCHIDS

SIR,—After this late, cold spring, I was much urprised to find the following orchids in flower in Kent, between May 12th–19th.

Early purple Orchis (*O. mascula*).
Great brown winged (*O. purpurea*).
Fly (*Ophrys muscifera*).
Early Spider (*Ophrys aranifera*).
Twayblade (*Listera ovata*).
Green Man (*Aceras anthropophora*).

Others showing blossom spikes were Butterfly, Sweet-scented, Common spotted, White Helleborine, and a variety of the Marsh orchid.

Yours faithfully,
Upper Manor Farm, M. R. HAMMOND.
Leckford, Stockbridge, Hants.

WHITE ROOKS

SIR,—On May 22nd, 1931, my employer shot a young white rook at the Callaly Dene rookery. A white rook was seen again this year, and strict orders were given that on no account was it to be shot or disturbed, but unfortunately it was found dying on the ground on the morning of May 24th. It appeared to be in excellent condition and there were no marks on it to show if it had been hurt ; it must, I presume, have been mobbed by the other rooks. Both rooks were pure white, with yellow legs and beaks and the same coloured eyes as ordinary young rooks.

I should be most interested to hear if any of your readers have had any similar experience. I have heard of white blackbirds and other albinos, but I have never heard of two white rooks being bred in two successive breeding seasons.

Yours faithfully,
Callaly Castle, J. GREWCOCK, Gamekeeper.
Northumberland.

A DRUMMING SNIPE ?

SIR,—We have, in a marshy field quite close to this house, a bird, the name of which we have never been able to discover, though we have lived here for thirteen years. It returns to this field every year in May, and leaves in June. As far as we can make out, its appearance is similar to that of a snipe, though a good deal larger. It has a peculiar flight, flying with rapid strokes of the wings in circles above the field, swooping down suddenly and at very frequent intervals, at the same time making a sound very like the bleating of a goat. It does this on fine nights as well as in the daytime, for, at 11 o'clock on two evenings recently, I have heard the strange bleating noise on looking out of my bedroom window. There is never more than one bird ; it is entirely "solitary." We have never been able to get near enough to see its colouring, but seen through a pair of rather weak binoculars while on the wing it seems as though the whole of the under part of its body were greyish-white.

If any of your readers would be kind enough to inform me as to what this bird is that has puzzled us for so long I should be most grateful. At the moment we regard it as a mystery that has never been solved. Could it be a godwit ?

Yours faithfully,
Cleeve Court, AILEEN LINZEE.
Streatley-on-Thames.

[From the description given, we should have no hesitation in pronouncing the bird to be a common snipe, drumming as usual in the breeding season. —ED.]

WILL FARM MECHANISATION PAY ?

SIR,—Having just received my copy of your issue of May 7th, I am much interested in a letter, written by Mr. R. Dudley, of Linkenholt Manor, Andover, Hants, in which—under the heading of "Agriculture at Ottawa"—he claims that "the labour on 500 acres of arable can be cut down to two men," by means of mechanisation.

If Mr. Dudley could explain how two men could cultivate that number of acres, given the use of all modern inventions of tillages, sowing, harvesting, and threshing (we shall certainly concede a "Combine" for the latter), he would convey a boon of inestimable price to farmers all over the world.

Without the slightest wish to be dogmatic, and with many apologies to many thousands of men who know ever so much more about farming than myself, I shall nevertheless venture to say that the use of horses on 500 acres will be much cheaper, on the average of years, than a tractor.

Yours truly,
Westmount, Montreal. G. W. COOK.

PIKE ATTACKS HERON

SIR,—In a smallish backwater of the Thames, near Abingdon, the other day, I came upon a dead pike in close proximity to a dead heron ; the legs and under-side, and neck of the heron were much torn, as also was the head region of the pike on both ventral and dorsal surfaces.

The pike was a good size, perhaps 20in. long, and I imagine would weigh 16lb. It is presumably an interesting case where a pike, happening upon a heron fishing, has imagined the legs a tasty morsel, unfortunately the biter being bit.

Yours truly,
Oxon. P. R. O'NEPHROS.

TOO MANY CROWS

SIR,—For many years I have watched with increasing indignation the onslaught of crows upon smaller birds' nests. Your Dublin correspondent writes of an attack upon a missel thrush—no doubt defending his nest. Owing to their early housekeeping in open sites, they are easily preyed upon. I have watched pairs putting up a fierce defence from daylight until dusk. Crows' nests are much on the increase in the town's suburbs, and naturally afford pleasure to eager watchers, and there is a great outcry if any effort is made to keep numbers in check, through ignorance of the harm which results when Nature fails to balance.

The year 1931 was the first for more than half a century we had no missel thrushs' nests in our garden, and I can only blame crows assisted by jackdaws, and wish both families were reduced by half. Yours truly,
Sunderland. STORM COCK.

[Clear distinction should be drawn between the carrion crow—the chief culprit—and the rook. —ED.]

FARM HORSES IN AUSTRALIA

SIR,—From the paragraph entitled "Australian Opinion of the Tractor," which appeared in the *Field* of March 5th, your readers may have inferred that the tractor had forced the horse off the farms in Australia.

For a period of about ten years, commencing in 1920, the tractor made considerable progress on Australian farms, and during that period horse-breeding declined. Following three lean harvest seasons, due to drought conditions, the farmers in 1929 turned their thoughts to the horse. Many of them—tractor users—were experiencing difficulty in procuring the means of running the machines. Then the financial depression became evident, which made things rather desperate for the mechanical farmer. Seasonal conditions changed, and with abundance of natural pastures the farmer realised that in the horse he had a wonderful ally—a friend who would help him through his financial troubles.

During the past eighteen months there has been a remarkable revival in the demand for and use of farm horses. In fact, the supply is unequal to the demand. Where, two years ago, it was hard business to sell a horse, to-day it is the only farm animal which has appreciated in value. High prices are being paid for farm workers, and, as an instance, I might mention two sales which took place recently in West Australia, when one draft of 60 farm horses averaged £43 12s., whilst another draft of 80 head made the excellent average of £45 6s. 10d. These prices recall the conditions which we experienced when horses boomed in pre-War days.

Breeding has taken on a corresponding change. Last breeding season—September to December—every available stallion was pressed into service. Many farmers who wanted stallions were unable to procure them. At the recent Sydney Royal Show there was a good sale for Clydesdale stallions. The best were not sold, but good average farm sires sold from 100gs. to 180gs.

The financial position ruling with us has simply served to emphasise the fact that the horse is indispensable and, as a factor in farm economics he cannot be equalled. It was sheer madness for the farmers here to think they could carry on their business successfully by using imported mechanical power—to propel and maintain which practically everything had to be brought from over-seas. Millions of pounds have been lost to the agricultural industry as a consequence.

I trust that the farmers of Great Britain will not lose faith in the horse. Although I know farming practice in England differs greatly from that out here, still, even with your small farms, there may be a tendency to succumb to the persuasive powers of keen salesmen who may claim that mechanised farming will solve the farm power problem.

Yours faithfully,
E. B. COMANS
(Commonwealth Clydesdale Horse Society).
Waverley,
Sydney, N.S.W.

EELS TRAVELLING OVERLAND

SIR,—Talking with a friend about the movements of the common eel, he asserted that there is no authentic record of eels moving *voluntarily*, and of set purpose, across dry land from one place, or piece of water, to another.

There have no doubt been many instances of eels having been found stranded on dry land after floods, but do they ever, of their own free will, leave the water in which they live ? I have always understood that they do, and it is specifically stated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that it is well known that eels travel overland at night in damp grass and wet weather, but I should be grateful for information as to where I can find a properly authenticated corroboration of that statement. Yours faithfully,
Hardenhuish Park, E. R. PORTAL.
Chippenham.

[That eels travel overground is now too well authenticated to admit of reasonable doubt. One of the most striking instances of recent years was reported in our columns on August 10th, 1929 (the drought year) in a letter from "Storm Valley" (page 215). On an evening in June over a hundred eels were seen crossing a road in a solid band as if travelling purposefully to some destination. —ED.]

HIBERNATING FROGS

SIR,—Those of your readers who are interested in the question of the hibernating of frogs could not do better than read the article which appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine of America*, May, 1932 number.

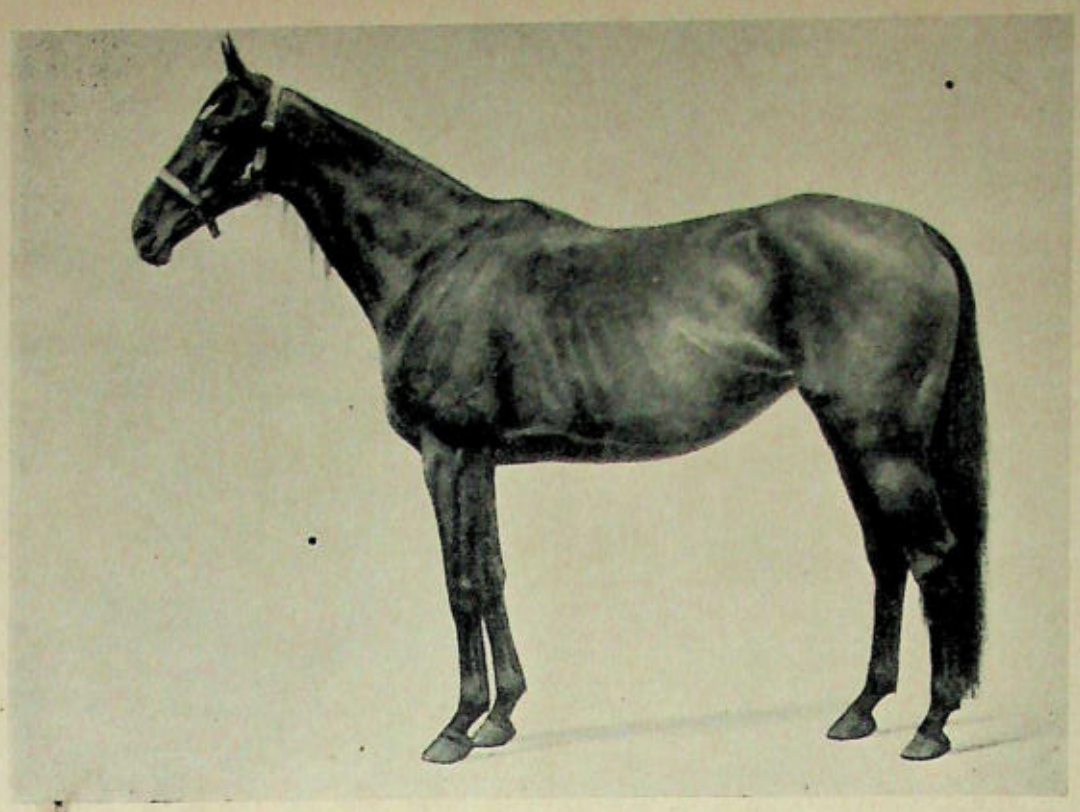
This article was profusely illustrated in colour, and was written by an assistant curator of the U.S. National Museum.

Under the heading "Frogs live all winter under mud" is the following :

"Near the borders of the ponds, buried under logs and stones in the mud, the frogs have begun hibernation for the winter. A wise provision of nature slows down their life processes to suit them to this complete inactivity and apparent inanition. In their summer activity, more than a few moments' forced submergence in water would have drowned them. Now, in hibernation, they can pass a whole winter beneath the mud, because they are not breathing. Sometimes, indeed, a warm spell in midwinter is sufficient to wake them from their lethargy, and their clicking calls may be heard in nearly every month of the year in some of our Southern States, where the winters are not severe."

So far as I am aware there is no place in London where the *National Geographic Magazine* is stocked, but doubtless copies could be obtained from the publishers at the Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D.C. There must be a good many subscribers to this magazine among readers of the *Field*, as I understand several thousand residents in Great Britain are subscribers.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 16. D. W. LAKER.



AYRSLAVE, A BREEDER OF MANY WINNERS
From the painting by F. M. Hollams
(See Letter "A Celebrated Mare")

CRANE IN HERTFORDSHIRE

SIR,—On May 9th, having heard that a very large bird had been seen near the River Colne not far from my house, I went to investigate and found a crane feeding in a rough field close to the river. The bird allowed me to approach to about 100 yds. distant, and then took flight a few hundred yards up the river. I hardly think it can have been a wild bird. More likely an "escape" from some zoo or private park. I saw it again on the evening of the 11th, at considerable distance, but did not disturb it.

I should perhaps mention that I have frequently seen cranes in the south of Spain, so there can be no mistake. The bird was evidently an adult male with a large plume. Perhaps the above may be of sufficient interest to publish in the *Field*, and possibly through your paper it may be ascertained from where the bird has escaped (if it is not a wild bird).

I may mention that I have taken what steps I can to prevent the bird being destroyed. The locality is a rather wild spot for so near London. Incidentally there were three herons in the same field as the crane.

Yours truly,
Herts. CHARLES HUMBERT.

DID THE ELEPHANT SINK THE FERRY?

SIR,—I am very interested in your series of articles on "Harbour Hints for Cruisers," dealing with the harbours from Lowestoft to Penzance, as I know this part of the coast well.

Your article on Southwold Harbour has brought an amusing incident to my mind which you might think worth while recording. You get from Walberswick to Southwold by a rather slow ferry which is run across the river on chains. The current up and down the river is extremely powerful during the ebb and flow of the tide, and this is probably the reason for the chains.

I was coming across on this ferry with a party of friends one day. When we were half-way across one of my companions said: "This is too slow for me, I'll race it across." He then took off his shoes and coat and jumped overboard, easily reaching the land first. But the most amusing part was seeing him running along the top of the dyke towards Southwold, dripping wet, while the ferryman yelled at him that he had not paid his fare!

Another tale concerning the ferry which, so far as I could discover, is true, was told me by an old acquaintance of the town. Some of your readers may know that it is an annual event to hold a circus on the common at Southwold. One year some of the circus troupe made for Walberswick, intending to cross over by the ferry, while the heavier wagons went the longer way round by the road.

Among this troupe was an elephant. The ferryman was at a loss to know what to charge for transporting it across the river. Should he charge 1/-, as for cars, carts, etc., or 2d., which was the charge for four-footed animals?

Eventually he decided that he would charge 2d., and the dispute was settled and the fare paid immediately. Half-way across the weight of the elephant proved too much for the ferry and it sank! The ferryman later tried to sue the circus proprietor for the cost of the damage, but (so the story goes) he was unsuccessful, the defence being that the elephant's fare had already been paid and that there was no guarantee as to the effect it would have on the ferry.

I was never able to gain definite proof that this story was true, although I heard it repeated by several people.

Yours truly,
Wimbledon, S.W. 20. W. G. LUSCOMBE.

A CELEBRATED MARE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a portrait of Ayrslave, who has just been destroyed at the age of 25 years. She was probably the last surviving daughter of Ayrshire. She bred sixteen foals without a miss, among them Air Raid, who won the Cesarewitch in 1918, carrying top weight as a three-year-old; Puttenden, winner of the Ascot Gold Vase and other races; Old Rowley; and other winners. Her daughter Scriburna, by Sunstar, produced as her first foal Shell Transport, winner of the Jockey Club Stakes last year.

Puttenden Manor, Tonbridge. Yours faithfully, F. M. FOX.

A ROD SAVED—A DINNER LOST

SIR,—Herewith an account of a fishing episode which took place on the banks of the Blue Nile at Khartoum, on April 28th, this year.

R.S.M. F. Himing, 1st Batt. Coldstream Guards, was fishing on the bank of the Nile at Khartoum North Barracks. He was using two rods, one a light, home-made, very primitive bamboo, baited with a minute worm; and the other a heavy, fully-equipped rod, capable of landing a 200lb. fish.

He was holding the light rod, waiting for something to happen, when without the slightest warning it was whipped out of his hand, and he watched it disappear out into the river. Suddenly he espied the rod about 200yds. away, coming downstream. When opposite him it circled towards the bank. Seizing the heavy rod and waiting his opportunity, he made a cast at the floating rod and hooked it at the first attempt. He hauled it in, and a battle royal ensued. Finally the fish was brought to the bank fighting furiously.

Meanwhile, Drill-Sergt. Swingler, who was standing by, armed with his "pace-stick" (without which, as all Guardsmen know, no drill-sergeant is complete), sprang to action and with one fell blow despatched the fish. His good deed cost him dearly; the stick splintered to smithereens. The apple of his eye was wrecked, and he departed, sadly wondering how the loss could be accounted for!



R.S.M. HIMING WITH THE NATIVES' DINNER
(See Letter "A Rod Saved—A Dinner Lost")

The fish proved to be a 21½lb. dog fish. The R.S.M., having visions of a good dinner in celebration, with the fish as principal dish, consulted the native cook who, with a beaming smile, politely informed him: "No good for white man—good for natives," and, whipping it up, departed at a jog-trot for Khartoum!"

Yours truly,
R. F. S. GOOCH
Khartoum, North, Sudan. (Lieut. and A/Adjutant, 1st Batt. Coldstream Guards).

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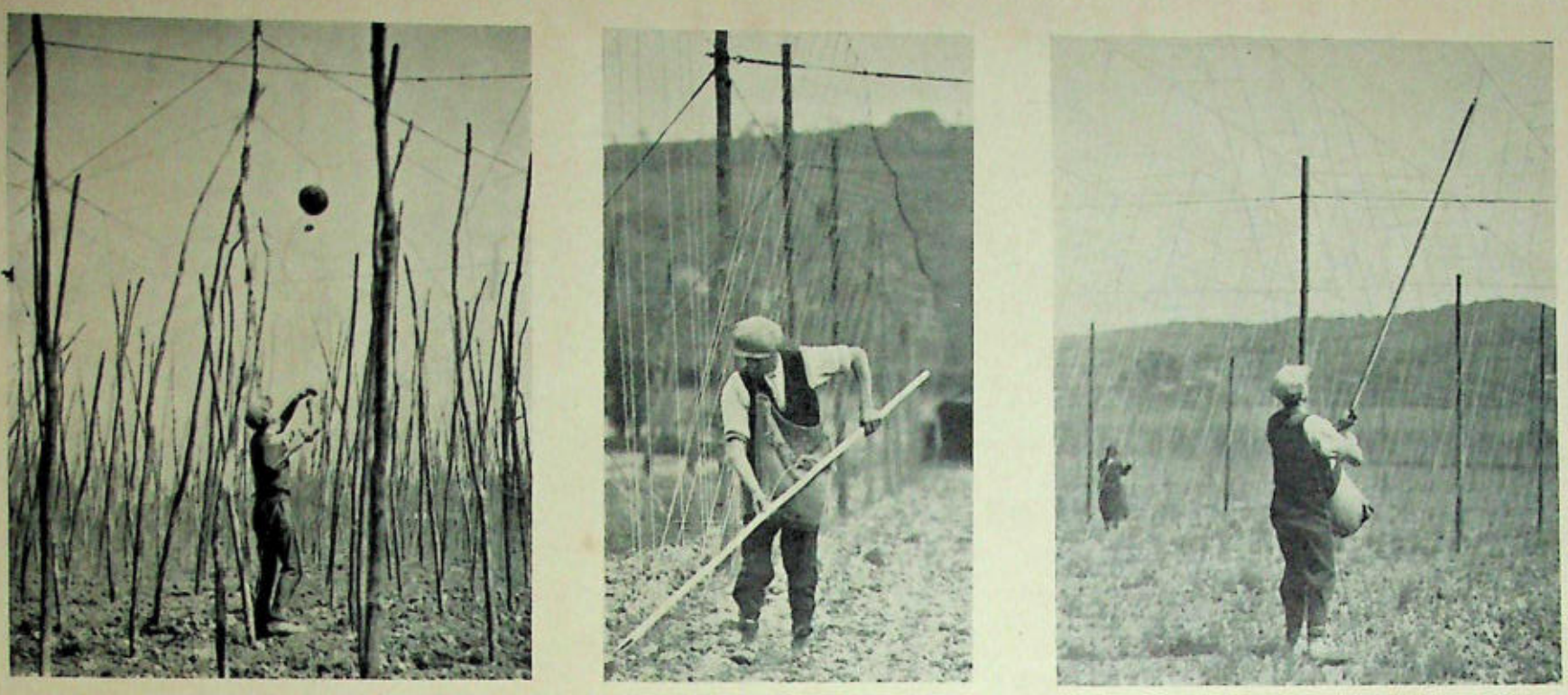
NEWCASTLE-on-Tyne
The Royal Station Hotel

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Another representative is permanently in attendance at

LEEDS - - - - The Queen's Hotel
(Room No. 113)

Enquiries at any of the above hotels will receive immediate attention.



OLD AND NEW WAYS OF STRINGING HOP POLES
Tossing the string up and over fresh set poles (left), and restringing permanent wires and poles
(See Letter "Hop Stringing in Herefordshire")

HOP STRINGING IN HEREFORDSHIRE

SIR,—A short time ago you printed a photograph showing winter work in the Herefordshire hop yards. Now send some of the work at present in progress, showing the poles in both the old and new ways. In the first the poles are set afresh each spring and the stringing is all new; it is carried across the rows of poles by tossing it up and over repeatedly—no doubt excellent exercise but tiring.

The other two prints show how the more modern system of wires and poles which are permanent are re-strung each year. The man uses a log pole through the end of which the twine is threaded, and hooks it alternately through the wire loops fixed in the ground near the hop plants, and through those on the wires overhead. A skilled worker covers the ground in this way at a fair walking pace.

Yours truly,
Hereford. M. W.

OAK AND ASH

SIR,—In view of your reference in your issue for May 21st to the leafing of the oak and ash, the following notes regarding the first leafing of these trees here may be of interest.

1930. Ash; approximate date, May 10th; summer, wet.
1931. Oak; May 13th; summer, very wet.
1932. Oak; May 16th; summer?

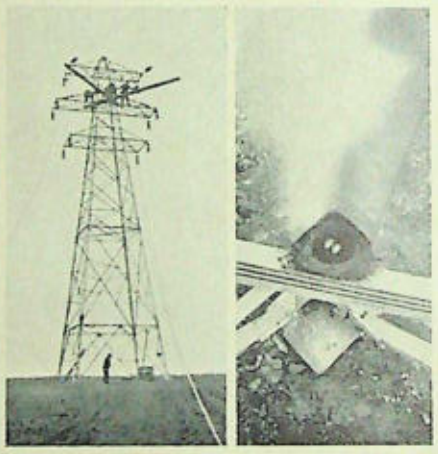
As the two trees under observation stand side by side the test is a very fair one, but so far the result of my observations does not appear to justify the old saying.

I believe it to be unusual for the ash to be first in leaf.

Yours faithfully,
Kirkstone, J. E. AUSTIN.
Wadhurst, Sussex.

A THRUSH'S STRANGE NESTING SITE

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of a thrush's nest built in a steel lattice tower while construction was still in progress. The thrush had laid two eggs when the nest was noted, and two days later a third egg was laid, although work had been continuing on the tower. The bird has so far not deserted, and returned to the nest each day while the men were absent for meals.



THE SITE AND THE NEST
(See Letter "A Thrush's Strange Nesting Site")

The photograph of the tower shows the nest as a black dot some 10ft. from the ground on the left-hand near leg.

Yours faithfully,
W. SWINCH.
Withington, Manchester.

A LARGE JACKDAW NEST

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in the jackdaw's nest, of which I enclose photograph. The birds commenced nesting last year between the ceiling and roof of a cottage. The noise this year became disturbing to the tenant, and the owner gave instructions for the place of ingress to be wired up. In doing so it was found that the heap of sticks measured about 4ft. by 4ft. 6in. by 7ft.

Yours faithfully,
Porchester, FRED C. HOPSON.
Newbury.



A HOME BETWEEN ROOF AND CEILING
(See Letter "A Large Jackdaw Nest")

THE MASTER EYE WHEN SHOOTING

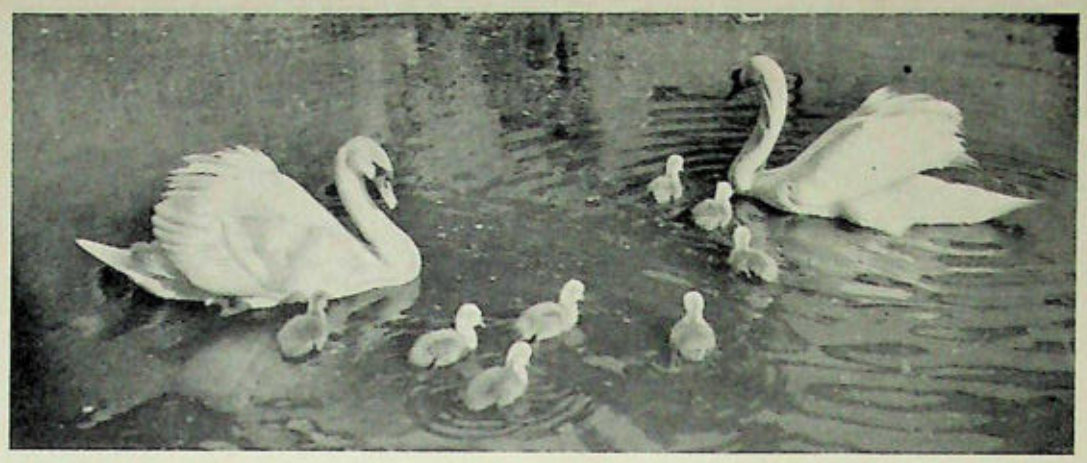
SIR,—Some letters having appeared on this subject, perhaps the following incident may be of interest. In the days when I was often shooting driven partridges, some three days a week, I was persuaded to shoot one day when my right eye was inflamed, so had a bandage over it. My right eye is the master eye in my case. The first shot was at a hare crossing in front, and, seeing my shot hit the ground some three feet behind, I fired the second shot three feet in front, killing the hare.

Seeing it no use trying to do this with birds, when partridges came I shot with my head well up, simply looking at the bird. From memory, three coveys came to me, but only three birds were killed, and these not in front. This was poor shooting, but it seemed to me that with a little practice one might do fairly well, shooting from the right shoulder, without the use of the right eye. Unfortunately, that day my right eye became so painful that I had to stop shooting.

Not wishing to pose as a shot, I am not using my name in signing this letter.

Yours truly,
K. C. H.

MR.
C. W. A.
SCOTT
during his
recent
record-breaking flight from
ENGLAND to AUSTRALIA
again relied on
K·L·G
PLUGS
"TOO GOOD TO 'MISS'!"



EIGHT CYGNETS—A LARGE BROOD
(See Letter "A Swan's Successful Hatch")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A Swan's Successful Hatch.—I enclose a photograph of a pair of swans and their family. As this is, I think, an unusually large family, I feel that it may be of some general interest. As many as five cygnets at a time have been seen going down the river on the back of one of the parents—a lovely sight it must have been!—Sir Stephen Renshaw, Hammerwood House, Midhurst.

Do Slugs Eat Worms?—On May 22nd I found hundreds of worms prostrate on the tarmac road, but no slugs. The same evening I found slugs by the thousand eating the dead worms. The slugs were the ordinary black and the pink varieties. Is it usual for slugs to eat worms?—Thomas Holtby, Dowthorpe Hall, Skirlaugh, Hull.

[Slugs, generally speaking, are vegetarians, but those belonging to the family *Testacellidæ* are carnivorous, preying chiefly upon earthworms.—Ed.]

Miss Lottie Dodd.—On page 780 of your issue of May 21st appears a photograph of Miss Lottie Dodd, and underneath it is written, "Lawn tennis, golf and archery champion." Although a very fine archer, Miss L. Dodd has never been lady champion, and I should imagine that this lady herself would be the first person who would want this mistake rectified.—John Pincke Lee, Tenber, Sonning Common, Reading.

Four in a Squirrel Trap.—Users of our trap may be interested to hear that on going to his trap one day one of our supporters found that it contained four corpses, as follows: One grey squirrel, one stoat, one ferret, and one hedgehog. Since our trap is quite incapable of hurting any animal, one wonders who started the row and also who finished it. In any case it would appear that there had been an unholy scrap.—L. W. Swainson, Hon. Sec., The National Anti-Grey Squirrel Campaign, Moorlands, Boxmoor, Herts.

Camberwell Beauty Butterfly in Yorkshire.—On May 18th, in a wood at Catterick Camp, near Richmond, Yorks, a Camberwell Beauty settled on the ground at my feet. Is it not a rare occurrence for this butterfly to be seen in Yorkshire so early in the year?—Miss Joyce Forster, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

[For this butterfly to be seen anywhere in England is, unfortunately, a rare occurrence to-day. This, whether it was a genuine immigrant or had been liberated, was presumably a hibernated specimen.—Ed.]

Robins in the Gymnasium.—In the gymnasium of Winchester College, regardless of all the noise and movement, two robins have mated, and now there are four young, which are being fed. They have made their nest in a pigeon-hole (about 6in. by 4in. by 8in.), with moss and grass. It seems rather marvellous that they should nest in such a noisy place, but doubtless they started before the term began. Now they are quite tame, and take no notice of an audience.—George Smith, Winchester College.

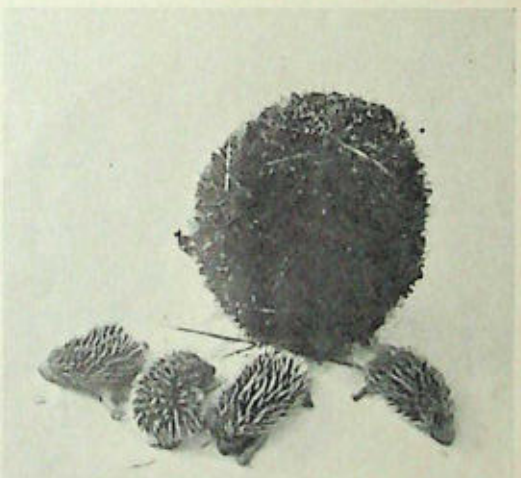
White Wild Geese.—Owing to the great scarcity of white varieties of any of the species of wild geese, Mr. Alex. M. Prain's letter recording three white pink-footed geese is of much interest, especially as he succeeded in obtaining one of these birds, and correctly identified it. There is always the likelihood that a white goose seen in company with normal birds might prove to be an example of the snow goose, which at times associates with other species. A few years ago, my friend Mr. C. H. Bouck saw a white goose with a gaggle of pink-footed geese in Aberdeenshire, which was undoubtedly a snow goose, owing to its small size in comparison to its companions.—F. W. Frohawk, Sutton, Surrey.

Short-eared Owl Perching.—I believe it is exceedingly unusual for the short-eared owl to perch on anything resembling a tree. Early this spring I put up a bird of this species from an Oxfordshire marsh, and it alighted on the large bough of an oak which stood out from an intersecting hedge, some 60 yards ahead. It left before I was within 30 yards.—M. Whiffen, Radley College, Abingdon, Berks.

[Although it is a bird of the open country, we should not say it is unusual for this owl to perch on trees.—Ed.]

Making Britain an Aviators' Country.—There are compensating factors in almost every infliction! The recent bad weather has at least had the effect of keeping a great many aeroplanes out of the sky. To that extent it has been a blessing in disguise to those of us who live in the country and are jealous of its amenities!—Lieut.-Col. P. R. Butler, Nether Wallop.

Hedgehog with Her Young.—Your readers may possibly be interested in the enclosed photograph of an adult hedgehog and four young ones. As will be seen in the photograph, the "prickles"



FOUR LITTLE URCHINS
(See Letter "Hedgehog with her Young")

on the young hedgehogs are perfectly formed. They were, however, quite soft and could be stroked in any direction.—W. McKill, Mitchelhill, by Biggar, Lanarkshire.

Grey Wagtails in Sussex.—It might interest your readers to know that a pair of grey wagtails are nesting near here and have hatched out five young birds which they are now busily feeding (May 27th). The nest is built in a rocky railway cutting and is easily seen from a bridge near-by. I think it is very unusual for the grey wagtail to breed so far south—there are, I think, only a few previous records of it having done so.—Chas. Gibbs, Cuckfield.

[At one time very local as a breeding bird in the South of England east of Devon, the grey wagtail appears to be steadily extending its range.—Ed.]

Magpies and Crows.—With reference to your answer to "K. D." in regard to magpies and carrion crows, could you say if one of a pair of either magpies or carrion crows is shot, after having paired, whether the survivor picks up another mate, as certain birds of prey do? My shoot, having been neglected for about seven years, is overrun with both magpies and carrion crows. I have shot a good many since March 1st, and am very curious to know if either kind mate again after losing their original mate.—J. M. Collier, Furzetor, Horrabridge, S. Devon.

[A widowed male of either species would be likely to mate again, but we think a bereaved female would have to await the attentions of a disengaged male.—Ed.]

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

MARKS & SPENCER

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether it is the more correct to calculate the gross yield on the 10/- Ordinary shares of Marks & Spencer as a little under 4 per cent., or the equivalent of a little more than 17 per cent. The shares can at present be obtained at about £4 10s., and in respect of the year ended March 31st, 1932, the company paid a cash dividend of 35 per cent. and distributed a capital bonus of 10 per cent. in "A" Ordinary shares. As a similar bonus had also been distributed in respect of each of the three previous periods, it seems that one is justified in beginning to regard the bonus in the light of an annual stock dividend, and thus, provided the shares are not standing at a lower price at the time of the distribution than that at which they were purchased, the yield, on this account, must be 10 per cent. free of income tax, equivalent to 13⅓ per cent. with income tax deducted at the usual rate of 5/- in the pound. If we add to this the yield of 3.88 per cent. on account of the cash dividend, the total gross yield becomes a little over 17 per cent. There can be no certainty, of course, that either the capital bonus or cash dividend will be maintained at last year's level, but surely this is always the case when calculating the yield on an Ordinary share.

The company was registered in 1926 and acquired its business from the originators of the "Penny Bazaar." It now sells goods at various prices not exceeding 5/- per article, and deals for the most part in china, glass, clothing and household requisites.

Since the company was made public, the results have been as follows:—

Year ended March 31st	Net profit after Preference Dividends	On Ordinary Capital Cash Dividend (per cent.)	Capital Bonus (per cent.)	Placed to General Reserve Fund
1927 ..	£50,717 ..	7 ..	— ..	
1928 ..	100,621 ..	13 ..	— ..	
1929 ..	161,049 ..	15 ..	10 ..	£6
1930 ..	256,088 ..	20 ..	10 ..	10
1931 ..	357,294 ..	30 ..	10 ..	120,0
1932 ..	467,710 ..	35 ..	10 ..	170,403

The issued ordinary capital now amounts to £878,460 divided into 1,200,000 Ordinary shares of 10/- each and 556,920 "A" Ordinary shares of 10/- each. The "A" Ordinary rank equally in every respect with the other shares except that they entitle their holders to no voting rights. The capital bonus has each year been distributed in the form of "A" Ordinary shares, and it is interesting to note that the sum withdrawn from the general reserve fund for this purpose was only £79,860 last year, which compared with the sum of £170,403 which was added to the fund from the year's earnings.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS*

Trade in this country since the War has been very severely handicapped by the quite unreasonably large gap between manufacturing costs and retail prices. The management of Marks & Spencer buys direct from the manufacturer, takes a very small margin of profit, and relies for its revenue on a very large and rapid turnover. In this way the prices paid by the shops' customers are very near the actual cost of production, and this value for money is very much appreciated in these hard times, which, to some extent, explains the remarkable expansion of the company's earnings in the face of the acute trade depression.

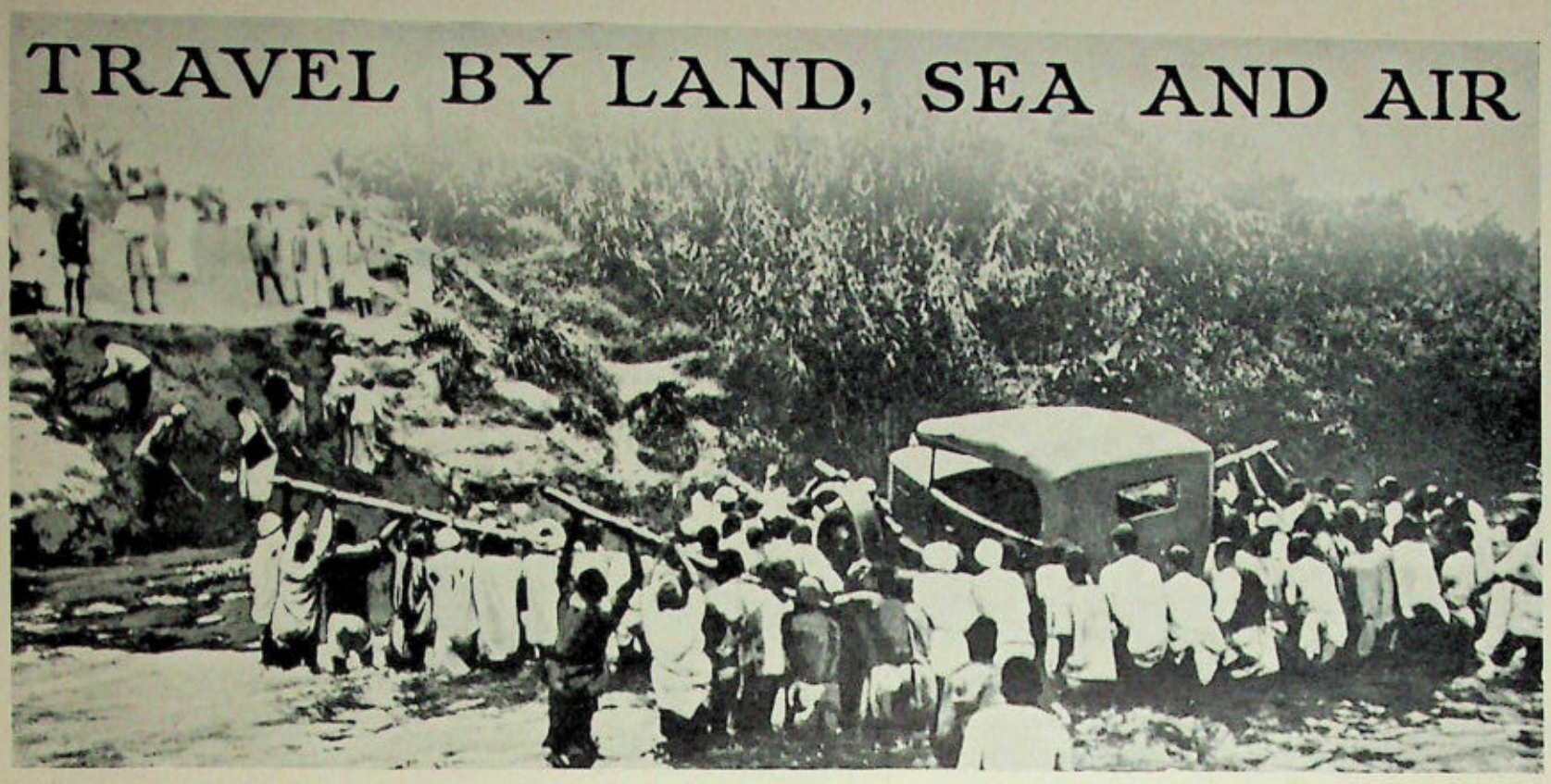
At the present time the company operates more than 130 stores throughout the country, 30 new buildings in course of construction, and the board have a large number of other sites under consideration. At the annual meeting held last month the chairman said that the board were satisfied that there was room for the profitable expansion of the business for many years to come, provided that the general economic condition of the country suffered no grave change for the worse.

In the light of the figures published last year it might, however, be said that the directors have already gone a long way to proving the company immune from the acid test of trade depression, for the decreased spending power of the public, which it is, of course, the apparent justification for expecting still better things to come that seems to vindicate a recommendation of the shares at the current price of about nine times their face value. Since January 1st, 1929, the shares have changed hands at prices ranging from 143/9 to 69/4½.

Pactolus.

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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A BRITISH CAR IN AFRICA CARRIED ON POLES ACROSS A RIVER TOO DEEP TO FORD
This 14 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley has spent the last six years in East Africa

BRITISH CARS IN THE DOMINIONS

Capturing the Overseas Market—Points Our Manufacturers Must Consider—Service Stations Essential

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

MUCH IS EXPECTED from the Ottawa Conference, which takes place next month, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Empire deliberations may be the means of bringing a considerable volume of business to this country, and that amongst our leading industries, the British motor car manufacturer will benefit considerably therefrom.

There are two very important points to consider in connection with this subject, the first question being: "Is the British motor car manufacturer doing everything in his power to make his products predominant in the Dominions?"

It is no use disguising the fact that until recently British cars were totally unsuitable for conditions in the Dominions. The cars themselves were under-powered and over-geared, while the suspension, although adequate enough for our English roads, was all wrong when these cars were shipped abroad to run on roads that were only an apology for such. The cooling system was, in many cases, totally inadequate for hot climates, and lastly, and possibly the most important point of all, service was practically non-existent.

A BAD MISTAKE

When I was out in South Africa a few years ago I was told that a certain British firm whose name shall not be mentioned, finding that their cars were not selling at home in the numbers that had been anticipated, sent a batch of 50 cars out to the Union.

These were in due course sold, but it was soon found that they would not stand up to the work they had to do and, in consequence, spare parts were called for to replace those that had proved faulty.

Not one single spare part was available in South Africa, which meant either that the unfortunate owner had to wait weeks and weeks before that replacement was despatched from the works in England, or he had to endeavour to get it made in South Africa.

Whichever method was adopted meant laying up the car for weeks, and it is not to be wondered at that this particular venture was responsible for doing a great deal of harm to the prestige of the British motor car manufacturer at large. News such as this soon spreads.

REGAINING PRESTIGE

This particular firm subsequently had to close down, but other British manufacturers who later tried to sell their goods backed with a proper service organisation had a great deal to live down before they could get going.

To-day, however, the position is totally different. It is now realised that before any business can be done service stations have to be erected, and large consignments of spare parts must be shipped over before so much as one car is sold to the public. It is a great pity that this method was not adopted from the start, for incalculable harm was done in the days immediately preceding the conclusion of the Great War.

One of the principal reasons why certain of our firms have not launched out in our Overseas Dominions is not very hard to seek. To establish efficient service depôts abroad is a very costly undertaking, and there are few firms to-day who can afford to lock up considerable sums of money without hope of obtaining any return for their investment for several years.

Competition is so acute and prices are down to so low a level, that if a manufacturer can sell his cars and clear a profit of £10 per vehicle after paying all his overhead charges he considers he is doing very well indeed. Owing to the expense involved in setting up an efficient export business it can be seen that a very large volume of business must be assured to make export worth while. The British manufacturer who has so many difficulties to contend with in his home markets cannot therefore be blamed if he hesitates before launching out in an entirely new undertaking overseas.

Next week Sir Malcolm Campbell will discuss the other side of the question: "Are the Dominions doing everything in their power to help the British car manufacturer?" with especial reference to competition with the United States.



WOMEN MOTORISTS' SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT
Mrs. Wisdom and Miss Joan Richmond, driving a Riley Nine, won the 1,000 miles race at Brooklands last Saturday, beating some of Britain's most famous racing motorists

WOMEN MOTORISTS' SUCCESS

Riley—Talbot Duel in the 1000 Miles Race

TWO WOMEN drivers—Mrs. Wisdom and Miss Joan Richmond—made motoring history at Brooklands last Saturday when, driving the former's Riley turn and turn about, they won the 1,000 miles race by the comfortable margin of 1½ laps at an average speed of 84.41 m.p.h. In so doing they triumphed over some of Britain's best-known racing motorists.

This race, of as gruelling a nature as any held on British tracks, demands much from those taking part in it, and the result is final proof that women, driving the smaller makes of car, are to be reckoned equal competitors with men on motor racing tracks as they are in the air.

Some of the "star" drivers had, it must be confessed, atrocious luck. Sir Malcolm Campbell's Mercédès developed mechanical trouble towards the finish and had to retire from the race. Earl Howe was equally unfortunate with his Alfa-Romeo.

The M.G. Midget driven by Norman Black and R. Gibson had a leaking petrol tank which necessitated frequent stoppages at the pits to refill, and in its later stages the race developed into a duel between two Talbots and two Rileys.

That one of the latter should have won a race in which only seven cars finished out of the 23 that started on Saturday morning is a great tribute to the Riley Nine, but a still greater tribute to the calm judgment and fortitude of its women drivers, one of whom (Miss Richmond) had never taken part in a race at Brooklands before.



PREPARING FOR A FLIGHT: WOMEN ENTHUSIASTS BRINGING OUT THEIR MACHINE FROM THE HANGAR

In these progressive days women are not merely content to "learn to fly," and there let the matter rest. They tackle all manner of jobs—and successfully, too—which, until comparatively recently, were left to man

THE FUTURE OF FLYING FOR WOMEN

Aviation's True Value—The "B" Licence and Blind Flying—How Amateurs are Helping the Movement

By THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE

AVIATION for women is just emerging from a condition which beset feminine motoring a few years ago, when the woman driver was the exception rather than the rule.

I am afraid it has been in many cases just the glamour, and not a real liking for the sport, that has attracted them to motoring and flying, and I have no hesitation in saying, especially in regard to aviation, that unless there is some more solid basis of interest beneath their adoption of the new pastime they are not only unlikely to become good pilots, but threaten to be a hindrance rather than a help to popularisation.

I think the principal difficulty has been that many people—of both sexes, for that matter—have been attracted to the sport under a misapprehension. They thought that flying an aeroplane was exactly the same as driving a car, except for the obvious differences. They could drive a car, and, therefore, with a little practice would be able to pilot an aeroplane.

This soon proved to be more or less true, only if they were content never to leave the confines of their aerodrome, when little or no knowledge of navigation is required. But that, of course, is not flying, any more than driving exclusively round a race track is motoring.

UTILITY AND SAFETY

The fact of the matter is that it is not possible to learn all that there is to know about navigation; but the more closely you study the science, the greater is your useful range of action—and, of course, your personal safety factor. Those people who were merely fascinated, without the ability or the desire to learn even the rudiments of navigation, soon found that the only flying they were able to do was a very tame business; and, in fact, I think one might say that aviation automatically eliminates the undesirables.

A certain amount of all-round knowledge is, of course, necessary in order to qualify for the "A" licence, without which the would-be flier can do nothing at all; and at one time it was the supreme ambition of the novice to be able to say: "I've got my ticket!" Having attained that ambition, he—or she—rested content.

"Why go to all the extra trouble of studying and practising for a "B" licence? I don't want to run an aerial taxi!" That was the general attitude; and so long as it remained, aviation, and especially aviation for women, was not likely to make much headway.

There is, however, a more earnest spirit nowadays, and the advantage of obtaining the more difficult "ticket" is more generally recognised. Just as at school or college you go in for all sorts of examinations, and maybe even take degrees in subjects utterly unconnected with any means of livelihood which you may adopt, so the necessary training for the "B" licence is invaluable, even though you have no intention of ever flying in any sense commercially.

Just to give one instance, there is the question of blind flying. To obtain a "B" licence no knowledge of this is necessary, yet it is always possible that a change of weather conditions will involve you in difficulties from which extrication is only possible through luck—or a knowledge of blind flying.

But to return more particularly to the question of flying for women. It can be understood that the study of so tremendously intricate a subject as the science of navigation—and unless you have studied it yourself you cannot possibly appreciate how intricate it is—is rather far from what many of them intended when they first light-heartedly decided to become fliers.

Those who survive the shock of discovering the necessity, therefore, are likely to make the kind of pilots who have already built up the very solid foundations of British amateur flying—earnest, reliable people who, while feeling the fascination of their sport, recognise and are willing to study the deeper problems connected with it; and are interested, moreover, in the advancement of this latest development of civilisation.



THE FIRST OF ITS KIND: AN ALL-WOMEN FLYING MEETING

Women's increasing interest and activities in matters aeronautical were particularly exemplified when, towards the end of last year the first all-women flying meeting was held at Sywell Aerodrome, Northampton. Amongst the many well-known ladies who took part were the Duchess of Bedford (holding bouquet) Kathleen Lady Drogheda (third from right), and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce (third from left)

THE FIELD

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W. A. Rouch

LADY HELEN McCALMONT WITH HER FAMOUS HUNTER HANDLEY CROSS

Her appropriately named chesnut for the third time in succession carried off the championship at Richmond Royal Horse Show, and also bids fair to do so at the International Horse Show at Olympia. Lady Helen is very keen on racing and sport generally, and her husband, Major Dermot McCalmont, has been Master of the Kilkenny (a four days a week pack) since 1921. At his Mount Juliet Stud The Tetrarch finds a well-earned retirement

What

The Spectator

says about the

AGA COOKER

(Hundreds are already in use in this country.)

It is difficult to retain enthusiasm for any other type of cooker after testing the "Aga." This is really indecently efficient. It can best be described as a scientific instrument for cooking. To put its most startling virtue first: though large enough to cook for sixteen people, it cannot burn much more than one ton of fuel a year—say £1 a quarter with anthracite at its present price. When I first read this (I have since tested its accuracy) I concluded that the cooker must be something in the nature of a glorified hay-box, relying on very slow cooking for its economy. I find that it cooks more quickly than gas if required. I said that it had almost every merit of electricity. This would imply the possession of a clean, unbroken top surface and no direct flame-contact with the bottoms of the pans. Both these advantages it has. Picture a rectangular cooker, 39 ins. wide, 28 ins. deep, 34 ins. high, porcelain-enamelled, with plated fittings. On the top are two circular hot-plates. The whole thing is so efficiently insulated as to be almost cold to the touch, and there are hinged insulating covers to shut down over the hot-plates and so conserve heat when they are not in use. Even the flue-pipe is only warm. In the front are two ovens, a door for ash-removal, and a tap. There is a tank containing ten gallons of hot water for cooking purposes. The only attention required is a refill once a day and "riddling" twice. At first sight the cooking space may appear inadequate for the numbers quoted; but this is not so. Moreover, such is the convenience and cleanliness, that even the crustiest and most conservative cook will be won over within a week. It is by far the best cooker I have found.

G. M. BOUMPHREY.

(The Spectator, Modern Home Page, 21st November, 1931.)

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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EDUCATING THE SPORTS SPECTATOR

ONE OF SARAZEN'S PARTNERS in a round of the Open Golf Championship misdirected his drive from two tees, and on each occasion found an onlooker, one of whom was doubled up by the ball. That is one way of educating the spectator, though it is not without objection. The less militant way was that of Sarazen himself who, finding the spectators crowding too near the tee for his liking, politely asked them to stand back, and then hit a screamer down the middle. Such politeness is possible only with players who have their temperament completely under control, or have schooled themselves to blindness and deafness to agencies outside the game, or to anything but the shot. They are the placid performers who have digested the lesson of the old Scots professional who said to the youthful Sandy Herd when he was complaining of some undeserved stroke of misfortune: "Man, ye'll never be a champion if ye let a little thing like that disturb ye!"

It is usually the champions who are not disturbed, and the near-champions who are. They are the victims, who, when things are not going quite as they should, are moved to the point of expostulation by the last straw of the spectators' ignorant intrusion on their concentration. It was only after two shots had gone astray, coincidently with the movement of a spectator behind the striker, that a competitor in the championship was moved to admonition. He told the last offender that the occasion was not a picnic, but a world's championship. We applaud his moderation while sympathising with him in his grievance, for golf is a peevish game.

It is golf, which now attracts thousands where it used to invite hundreds, that is most in danger from the ignorance of the onlooker, because the barriers to prevent him from crowding near enough to see are not rigid, and there is nothing of much interest to him except at the congested areas of the tee and the green. At both he usually keeps silent, if he does not keep still, though there is nothing to prevent him from applauding at the wrong place, which may be when the golfer whom he does not want to win has missed a putt. That has occurred. It is one of the things in which the golf spectator's education is incomplete, and nothing will perhaps complete it except a change of heart.

In the spectacle of lawn tennis, which has become one of the world's moving pictures, applause in the wrong place is the chief mark of defective education in the spectator. He has improved as time has gone on and we may now accept with shy pride the tribute of Mrs. Wills-Moody that the manners of those at Wimbledon are the best in the world. The spectator at the old Wimbledon who, when Tilden in a desperate final had won a point by a drop-shot, exhorted him to "Play the game, Tilden!" is now an anachronism, and we hope an impossibility. But it is not so long ago that a Wightman Cup player had to arrest her service while a schoolmistress was leading her team of schoolgirls out of the spectators' seats. On that occasion the player, a composed and determined lady, undertook the task of impromptu educator in a pointed manner.

Few have the self-possession to do so, and their need for this quality should be confined to the court, and not be challenged by any event outside it. We believe that the tradition of good manners and conduct at Wimbledon has been enhanced by the efforts of umpires and by the species of "rules of etiquette for spectators" now printed on the programmes. But those who run in such numbers to all spectacles to-day do not always read—programmes. We think that the chief educators should be the newspapers, whose readers are numbered by the million—and who send the million to the spectacles.

LAND VALUES

WHEN THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT came into office one of the first signs of a change of mind in authority was the quiet way in which the subject of the land value tax was shelved. At intervals since, various questions have been asked and letters written, enquiring as to the present position, and in the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given one or two ostensibly non-committal replies, which, although intentionally vague in phrasing, have left no doubt as to the present Government's intentions. The tax is to be dropped.

Members of Parliament, however, and landowners all over the country, are not always satisfied by answers given in Parliament, and it is no wonder that definite assurances are asked for as regards the Government's intentions. Sir Henry Kimber, for example, asks whether, since the Government does not think it desirable to repeal the tax, they consider its retention is to the country's advantage. The enquiry is pertinent. But he will probably receive little that is definite in reply. When one member of the Government is so deeply committed to the tax as is the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is easier for other members to express their disagreement with him in silence than in speeches.

THE LADIES' PLATE

We are within a few days of Henley Regatta, and once more, when the entries of the schools and colleges for the Ladies' Plate are published, the same question, unanswered year after year, will be asked by those who go to the course or watch the rowing reported in the papers: "Why cannot the draw for the Ladies' Plate be made more interesting and more valuable as regards encouraging rowing talent? Why cannot the schools be drawn against the schools, and the colleges against the colleges, until the final?"

In this way the interest of the competition would be doubled. Everybody likes to watch the schools, and comparatively few people care what happens to the colleges. Races between schools are watched with real excitement, whereas in a race between a college and a school everybody wants the school to win, and people are merely disappointed when, as may easily happen, one of the smaller schools is drawn against the Head of the River. But if the meeting of the best school and the best college were deferred to the final heat, the excitement of the racing would be kept up through the whole regatta. How is it that this patent need for rearrangement is obvious to everyone except the Henley stewards?

HAY TIME

Cutting started towards the end of last week in the Southern counties, and we are now entering on the most critical month of the year for the stock farmer. In these days of grassland farming, the farmer who has not much at stake is a rarity. If the weather is kind and the hay can be secured safely without spoiling by rain, there will be scope for economy in the cake bill next winter. Well-saved hay, cut when the grass is at its best, goes a long way in supplying the needs of dairy cattle and fattening stock, but overgrown, rain-washed stuff is good for little but bedding. There is enough of this quality in the country left over from last year.

SALMON FISHING IN SCOTLAND

The meeting held at the Fishmongers' Hall on the 10th of this month gives hopes of a better future for salmon fishing in Scotland. London sportsmen who fish north of the border, and they are many, have decided to support the movement for an association of rod fishermen on rather the same lines as the society which now looks after the interests of the nets. The immediate object of the Association is to watch the new Scottish salmon fishery Bill which is likely to come before Parliament this year. At present the rivers of Scotland still work under obsolete legislation passed in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the result is that one interest on a river can, through shortsightedness, block the progress of the stream as a whole.

Rod and net interests on a river must both, in the long run, benefit from a far-sighted policy of improvement, but hitherto the rodsmen's case has been inadequately represented owing to the lack of a central association. The new Bill should give a real opportunity for improving salmon fishing throughout the whole length of many rivers.

HOLIDAY PROSPECTS

Encouraged last year by the catastrophic readjustment of the pound to Continental currencies, English "Tourisme" continues to flourish, and surprising discoveries are being made of the holiday value to be obtained in this country. Not content with those towns and districts which have for so long provided recreation and entertainment for the stay-at-home public, the adventurous are turning enthusiastically to areas hitherto undeveloped, and several remote and unexplored places are likely shortly to blossom into popular holiday centres—the Forest of Dean is one, and one of the more deserving, of these potential playgrounds.

Unfortunately, this expansion of the tourist industry is certain to disturb a number of quiet, carefully guarded retreats, and it will be more difficult than ever to avoid the "madding crowd." Indeed, overcrowding and the fact that so many people will be dependent on the weather for their pleasure, threatens a nerve-wracking summer and an unusually acrimonious Silly Season.

THIS SLOGAN COMPLEX

This is the day of the slogan, which is often a parrot cry applied without rhyme or reason. One of the most popular slogans is "The Will to Win," and when, as happened last week, this country loses a championship or a cup to a good team or player from overseas, one has not long to wait for its application to our own representatives.

That Gene Sarazen should capture the golf open championship after a superlative performance does not seem to enter into the argument, but one of the strangest charges of the lack of the "Will to Win" was levelled at the English Wightman Cup team. For the first four matches necessary for an American victory our players were outclassed. That, with the issue decided, they were then able to win the three remaining ties was attributed to their lack of will power when the cup lay in the balance. Quite apart from the fact that different opponents were engaged it surely did the English ladies some credit that they were able to mitigate their defeat when they had every reason to be discouraged.

HAS COACHING A FUTURE?

"Do you think that we shall see this sight in ten years' time?" was a question we were asked by a well-known sportsman himself no mean exponent of the art of driving four horses—when the Coaching Club met at the time-honoured rendezvous, the Magazine in Hyde Park recently. And shall we? Are the eight teams which assembled there

quite sufficient to keep the spirit of the road, of the rattle of the bars, and the art of driving alive ?

Surely these two questions strike at the very heart of the matter. Though at the present time we have plenty of coaching stalwarts—men of the calibre and knowledge and experience of Sir Edward Stern (still faithful to his blue roans), Mr. W. W. Theobald (whose chesnuts move so well together), Mr. Sidney Allen (whose free-stepping bays always make the pulse beat a little faster), and the Hon. George Savile (who up to a year or so ago used to drive up to London every season)—there are few young men coming on who will profit by the experience and lessons of their elders.

True, there are military coaches, but with the mechanisation of the Army and strong opposition to the horse, we cannot hold out a great deal of optimism for the continuance of military coaching. There are few indeed of us who would care to see the coach relegated to the dusty purlieus of the museum, but such will be the case in a decade unless there is a casting overboard of prejudices, and an acceptance of new ideals. Coaching years ago nearly died out. It will do so again unless the Coaching Club receives an infusion of new blood, who will help to carry on the great traditions of driving.

FINDING THE TEST MATCH CRICKETERS

No one can doubt that, in choosing the teams for the cricket Test Trial match which opens to-day at Manchester, the selectors had in view the coming tour to Australia as much as the Test match against the Indian team at Lord's. That object is proclaimed by the omission of certain of the older players who could scarcely have been left out if the intention had been simply to produce the best available side to meet the Indian team. In that event, the South team could hardly have been complete without the wily little Kent "veteran" Freeman; nor would it have been left entirely without a left-hand bowler while Parker of Gloucestershire was available.

Several of the most promising of the younger players have rightly been given a chance, but it seems a pity that room could not be found in the South team for R. W. V. Robins, whose variability as a bowler has perhaps overshadowed his gifts as batsman, as fieldsman, and as a player with the real temperament for the big occasion. Incidentally, the South, without Robins, appear to have no recognised cover-point.

SUMMER BUTTERFLIES

Many kinds of census are taken from time to time in this country. There is one which, if it could be taken, would be of great interest to entomologists. What are the numbers of our butterflies as compared with those of, say, 50 years ago ? Have we in our fields and woods the same number of blues, hairstreaks, skippers and fritillaries that we had when those of us who are now middle-aged used to go out with butterfly nets ?

Some butterflies, of course, are more abundant in one year than another. That is especially the case with the migrants. There are great years, from time to time, for red admirals, painted ladies, and clouded yellows. But the real question of numbers is one which concerns our native butterflies, and it is unquestionable that in some parts of the country butterflies, such as the common blue, the small copper, the meadow browns and heaths, the graylings and ringlets, are far less numerous than they were. What is the reason ? Is it possible that the great drought of 1921 killed out whole families in certain districts ? It would be interesting to get statistics, however general, from different counties.

FISHING TO-MORROW

Now that the season for coarse fishing has opened, it is not only the trout fisher in the country but the town-dweller who has patiently waited for his chances of chub and roach who will be echoing Kingsley's delightful doggerel of the South Wind :

" O blessed drums of Aldershot !
O blessed south-west train !
O blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain !

" O blessed yaffil, laughing loud !
O blessed falling glass !
O blessed fan of cold grey cloud !
O blessed smelling grass !

" O bless'd south wind that toots his horn
Through every nook and crack !
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn
To bring *such* fishes back ! "



FARMERS AS CARETAKERS

Landlords Who Pay Farmers to Farm—Where the Depression is Worst—A Landslide in Prices

LANDOWNERS in the arable districts are finding more and more difficulty in letting their farms at anything like economic rents. In some districts farmers are actually being paid to keep the farms in cultivation. There are cases in Norfolk, Essex, Lincolnshire, Buckinghamshire and Wiltshire where tenants are acting as caretakers, and the landlords are glad to have been able to make any arrangement to keep their properties from falling derelict. This is an appalling state of affairs in a country which produces no more than half the food it consumes.

Certainly at the present time difficult arable land is not worth anything to a tenant if it is to be kept under the plough. With corn prices at disastrously unprofitable levels, the heavy clays and the light chalks are hopeless propositions. It is these two classes of soil which have suffered most severely in the depression of the past ten years.

RELIEF FOR THE WHEAT-GROWING COUNTIES

In the dry Eastern counties farmers have found it difficult, if not altogether impracticable, to imitate those in other areas by laying down their arable land to grass. A light rainfall does not favour the establishment of pastures in East Anglia any better than in Denmark. The land is best kept under the plough. Much the same is true of the chalks in Buckinghamshire, Berkshire and Wiltshire. Such land needs the sheep-fold to keep it in good heart and fit for growing barley and oats.

Happily some relief is in prospect for Norfolk and the neighbouring counties, which are pre-eminently suited to wheat growing. They will benefit by the Wheat Quota Act. A standard price of 45s. a quarter for wheat after this harvest will at any rate put one crop in the arable rotation on a reasonably economic basis. A special crop here and there may pay handsomely. Potato growers who escaped blight last summer secured a good return on their outlay. But their fortune was others' misfortune.

No one would pretend that the wheat quota scheme alone will stem the all-round landslide in prices. This measure needs to be supplemented without further delay by plans for the livestock industry which will preserve a fair share of the home market for the home producer. Until then landowners cannot look forward to rents which represent even a nominal return on their capital invested in land and buildings. Their tenants will remain caretakers, in fact, if not in name.

TENANCY CHANGES

An illuminating survey of the incidence of agricultural depression has just been published by the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford. Admittedly it is incomplete, but enough facts and figures have been supplied by land agents and surveyors in different parts of the country to give a fair picture of the state of affairs. Six hundred agents gave information which covered 20,603 farms and 3,149,160 acres distributed well over the country.

They reported that 1,385 farms (6.6 per cent.), covering 321,735 acres (10.2 per cent. of the land), were either subject to notice to quit or had been reduced in rental during the past year.

Taking the country as a whole, this may not seem too serious, but it must be noted that in some districts the tenancy changes affected 25 per cent. of the farms. It is evident that the depression has been felt most acutely on the larger farms. A large farm usually means a high labour bill, whereas on the small farm, where the staff is practically confined to the farmer and his family, the weekly outgoings are small. Though the rates of wages fixed by the county agricultural wages committees are not too high from the men's point of view, they are more than the industry can carry to-day. Those farms where little hired labour is employed have been weathering the storm most successfully.

It can be said, too, that the difficulties of farmers are in direct ratio to the proportion of arable land they farm. This is confirmed by the general tendency to lay land down to grass wherever possible to avoid the economic difficulties of arable cultivation to-day. In some cases landlords have themselves provided grass seeds, fences and water supplies for their tenants, and this concession covers up what is in effect a substantial reduction in rent.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

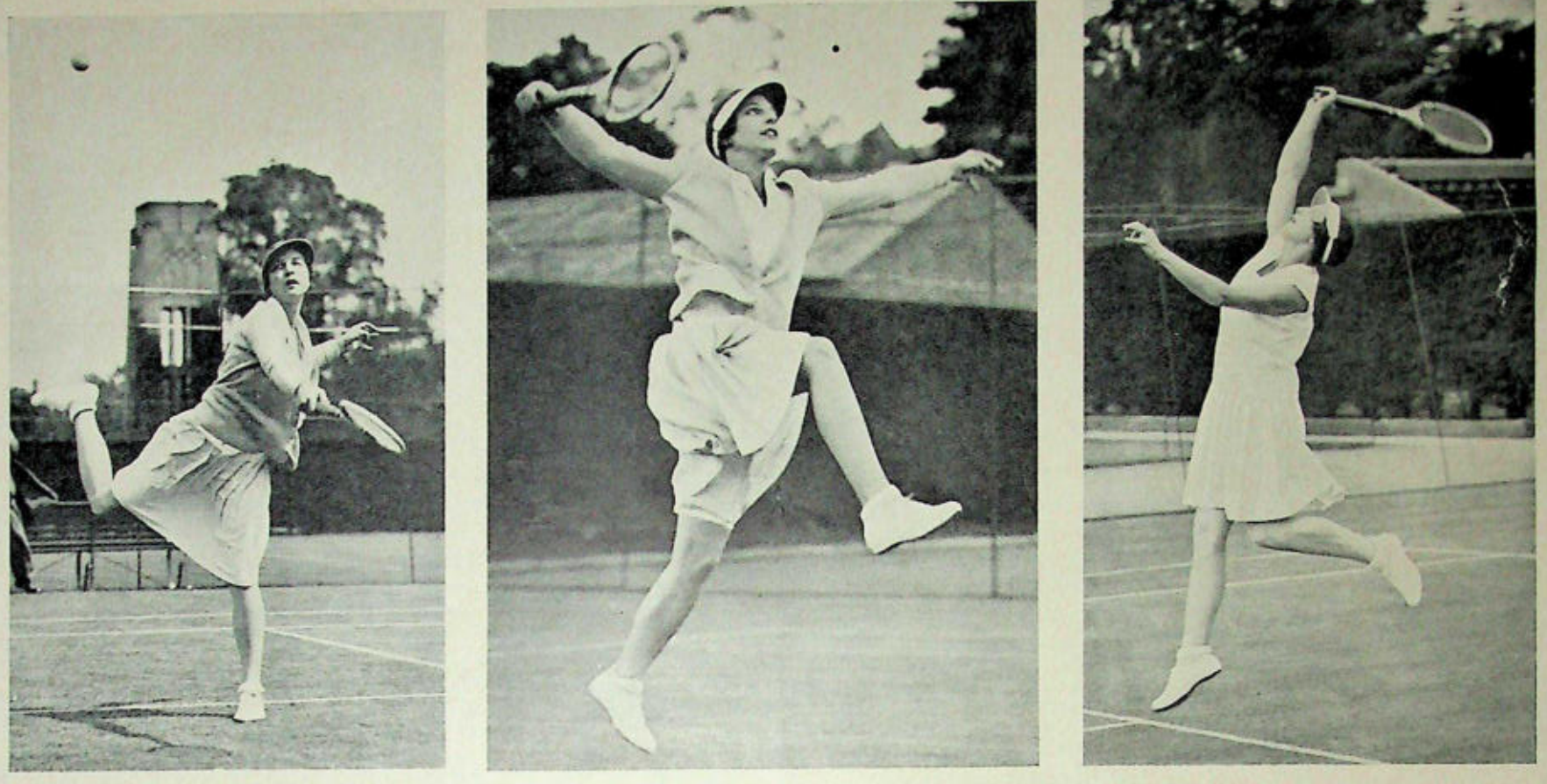
On the cheerful side of the picture there are the dairying districts, which until lately have generally paid their way. Milk producers near to their market, in Kent and Surrey, for instance, are still doing fairly well, but the dairy farmer in the South-Western counties has taken a serious knock since last Michaelmas. Small men in Somerset and Wiltshire, who supply the local creameries, signed contracts to sell their milk at an average price of 7d.–8d. a gallon through the year, and at the present time they are receiving 6d. a gallon. Milk cannot be produced at this price, even if the farmer and his wife work all the hours of daylight and employ no hired labour. These men have suffered severely also by the continued low prices for pigs and the slump in egg prices. Until last year the best of them were not losing money. Now even they, with low costs of production, are feeling acutely the effects of uneconomic world prices.

Looking to the future, what can be said ? The Ottawa Conference may bring relief to our hard-pressed home producers if the British delegates are not led into bartering away the farmer's heritage in the home market for an expanding market for our manufactured goods in the Dominions. We can never afford to forget that agriculture is one of our most important industries, judged by the number of people employed and the capital invested, and that British agriculture's annual output is worth more than the output of any one of the Dominions. We now have at hand all the means to make our countryside prosperous again, if our statesmen have the courage of their convictions.

BROADLEAZE.

FUNDS FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES

IN just six weeks' time the tenth Olympic Games will begin at Los Angeles. And £4,000 is still required by the British Olympic Association if our team is to be properly financed. This year our athletes are of a high standard, possibly better than usual. In the rowing events we have an excellent chance of success; and a transportable boat has already been built by one London club. It can definitely be claimed that "we've got the ships, we've got the men"; let it be seen that we have got the money, too. Subscriptions, large or small, will be welcomed by Sir Harold Bowden, Bt., British Olympic Association, 71, Eccleston Sq., S.W.1.



MRS. WILLS-MOODY IN LIGHT-HEARTED VEIN

On her return to English courts the American champion has shown herself in a different rôle and capable of an agility which she was once thought to lack. Her opponents are best qualified to say whether she has lost any of the "punch" behind her drive

HOPES—AND FEARS—FOR WIMBLEDON

Picking the Winner!—Chances of Cochet and Vines—Mrs. Wills-Moody as an Artist

By J. E. COLLETT

EARLY THIS WEEK the list of accepted entries for Wimbledon were out, but the annual pastime of endeavouring to pick the winner of the men's singles cannot be indulged in satisfactorily before the draw, and this article will be assuming the sacred shape of print while the draw is going on.

But in a spirit of vast self-sufficiency one is bound to declare that probably no one else will prove more fortunate a prophet than one might have been oneself. Without circumlocution, it is a more open race than ever.

Of course, we all want an Englishman to win, if possible. But is it possible? We have as an official team, H. W. Austin, F. J. Perry, H. G. N. Lee, and G. P. Hughes. Of these four only Austin and Perry have a chance.

Austin is doubtful, and Perry may at any moment go stale. Both in full condition are equal to the task of retrieving a title we have not held since 1909, and it were well if one of them did, because there is a strong public feeling that the reason we have not succeeded cannot be altogether lack of talent.

Granted that these two are in condition during the next fortnight, whom have they to fear among the other 114 entrants? The Americans—W. Allison, G. S. Mangin, F. X. Shields, J. van Ryn, H. Ellsworth Vines, and S. B. Wood, the holder—are all dangerous in their various degrees; Vines particularly against Perry, who would have less hope of beating him than Austin would.

AMONG THE BIG GUNS

The Frenchmen—J. Borotra, C. Boussus, J. Brugnon, H. Cochet, P. Feret, A. Merlin and E. du Plaix—are as a body not so formidable, but among them is Cochet, between whom and Vines the position of favourite might lie, if it were not the American's first Wimbledon, and if Cochet were not so unreliable on the centre court.

Borotra and Brugnon are older than they were and a fraction slower than the safety line for the big singles business. C. Boussus is a disappointment; he has not fulfilled his early promise, but is capable of occasional wonders.

Australia sends J. Crawford, H. O. Hopman and C. Sproule. One imagines that Sproule is not yet one of the greatest, and that his compatriots cannot be selected as condidates for the stable money on the basis of their preliminary performance in the Davis Cup.

Either R. Menzel (Czechoslovakia), G. L. Rogers (Ireland), J. Satoh (Japan), or G. de Stefani (Italy), might on a day beat anyone—but the day would not be a continuous one, reaching until the final.

The young German, G. von Cramm, has come on a lot since he was here last, but he is not likely enough yet to be a champion.

Dr. J. C. Gregory has often done well at Wimbledon, but his present best would not take him with the best of luck beyond the last eight, where he has been before. On the whole, one is led to suppose that Perry may have a chance if someone else is kind enough to knock out Vines for him,



OUR LEADING STYLIST

H. W. Austin, who, it is hoped, will have regained his full vigour for the championships

but that our other men are not to be reckoned on.

It is a pity that Fräulein Cilly Aussem's health may prevent her from defending her title. One of the joys of the athletic year has been to watch her method of covering the court. Many lawn tennis ladies have been credited with fairy feet, but scarcely one with such complete justice.

Socially also, if she cannot be here as a spectator, she will be missed, because no one can replace her *petite* presence and her smile.

One of the minor mysteries of Wimbledon is the nomination of C. H. Kingsley and Mrs. L. A. Godfree as the second of our official mixed doubles pairs. One is not sure that the first pair, G. P. Hughes and Mrs. Shepherd Barron, could not have been improved upon; but, with due deference to their splendid past record, are either Kingsley or Mrs. Godfree nowadays in the real running, and are there not some others who are?

Time was recently when it was thought that an effort was being made to shift that official old man of the sea—the respect due to the past, and to assume with courage the responsibility for the upbringing of the younger generation, but time is now when we can hardly believe it.

As far as the women's singles go, there may be less certainty of success in Mrs. Moody's opinion of herself than there is in public opinion of her. On and off the court she is an artist, and must be the more aware of her imperfections. As a player she is painting a similar picture every time.

The day she is beaten at last will be conceivably when, patience forsaking her, she has been unable to resist the temptation of reaching out after an adventure into a fresh phase, and suddenly has seen her canvas, decked out in gay contrasting colours instead of measured monochrome.

TOWARDS THE DAVIS CUP

The failure of Dr. Gregory and I. G. Collins, both at Eastbourne and Beckenham, will not enhance their claim to be able to get up steam quickly. On present form they can be dismissed as possible candidates for the later stages of the Davis Cup competition. It is up to them to reproduce their old form at Wimbledon.

Collins seems to be the weak spot, and he used to be the sure plank for bridging crises. Hence the pending dismissal—wobbly planks are distressing team mates.

Much more serious is the defeat of H. W. Austin

by S. B. Wood at Eastbourne, which is a venue where the loser generally plays at his best. G. S. Mangin is easier to beat than Wood; he is not ranked among the first American ten, of whom Wood is the seventh, so that Austin's defeat of him was not necessarily indicative of a return to form.

It is not impossible that Austin's recent illness will entail a longer convalescence in the pursuit of complete strength than may have been supposed. In any case the Davis Cup selectors, on account of his past physical history, will not be inclined to take any risk.

Wimbledon fortunately intervenes before the playing of the semi-final tie, and the inter-zone final is not till July 22nd, when, if we have not been eliminated, doubtless the risk will have been.

LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE WIGHTMAN CUP

Can Betty Nuthall beat Mrs. Moody ?

THIS YEAR the destiny of the Wightman Cup depended, as one thought, on the result of the doubles. In order to win we had to get the doubles match on the first day. We did not only fail, we flopped.

Except for brief moments neither Mrs. Michell nor Miss Round played well individually, and they showed none of the qualities of partnership which should be, but unfortunately too infrequently are the means of entry into teams for big international events. But looked at from a more charitable point of view, the very extent of their failure may paradoxically have proved their actual competence, because two fine players out of form coincidently as partners are apt to fall farther from grace in spectacular comparison than would lesser lights.

A PAIR TO STAND A CRISIS

Nevertheless, all said and done, the kindest-hearted critic cannot but think that Mrs. Shepherd Barron and Mrs. King, the present holders of the Wimbledon title, although beaten in the trials should have been a pair more to be relied upon to pull themselves together when things were not going well.

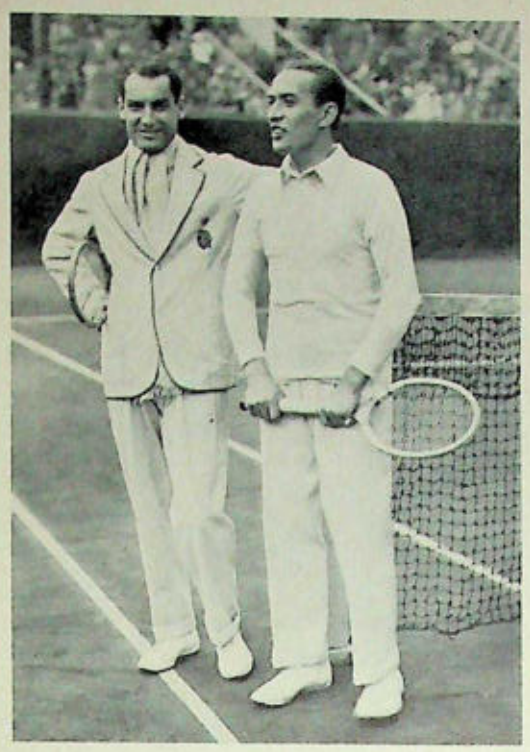
Mrs. Moody is definitely not as impressive as she was when she was here last. As imperturbable as ever, she has stylised her game to suit her demeanour to such an extent that the effort she has to make to avert incursions upon it is obvious, and one views her success as a thing less certain.

Mrs. Whittingstall bothered her with service and teased her with drop shots in their first set. The play was closer than the set score indicated, and Mrs. Moody was reacting when she lost the first four games of the second set, during which she was outplayed.

One was left wondering whether, if she had not known from experience that her opponent was subject to these spasms of brilliance which were seldom in sufficient sequence for a set, she would have been content to wait so equably for the turn of the tide.

Logically one must argue that given a woman who has no fear of Mrs. Moody's reputation, and can resist her opening gambit of precise care which emerges at half-set into steadily increased pressure, and break the rhythm of her mental process temporarily, we may have at Wimbledon a "surprise" set, if not an unlooked for defeat.

Asked, "who is the woman ?" one might suggest that although there are many who might beat Miss Nuthall, she is in Mrs. Moody's own mind the



H. COCHET, TWICE CHAMPION, AND G. DE STEFANI, OF ITALY

Stefani beat Menzel, the conqueror of Perry, in Paris before he was himself beaten by Cochet in the final of the French Championship

one of all our people most respected as likely to do the alleged impossible deed.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Whittingstall showed exactly how it could be done by anyone who could keep it up, but it requires a game of exceptional variety and strength, backed by an inflexible purpose.

If there is a girl who is a combination of Mrs. Whittingstall and Miss Scriven, she is theoretically the ordained person. Up to the moment of writing, however, this player is unknown, unless it is Mlle. Jedrzejowska, the Polish champion, of whom most people know nothing but her name and the high repute the Continent of Europe gives her.

Everything that has been said of Miss Nuthall as a doubles player was substantiated in the concluding event of the Wightman Cup match, when with Mrs. Whittingstall she beat Mrs. Moody and Miss S. Palfrey. The stubborn excellence and force of her overhead work seemed almost like revenge for the defeat of her country.

The schoolboy savagery of the spectator responded, and beneath the veneer of our enforced respectability we hid the desire to be vulgar joyously and to shout, "Go it, Betty!"

It was perhaps unlucky for Miss Round, who is inclined to be nervous, that she should have had to open the proceedings with her match against Miss Jacobs. It was certainly unlucky that she met the best Miss Jacobs; the average one was beaten by Mrs. Whittingstall next day, just after Miss Round had been producing a game against Mrs. Moody which was quite strong enough to have beaten the Miss Jacobs of the day before.

But then Mrs. Moody was enjoying herself in an exchange of great driving on both wings with as little fear of losing as Miss Round had hope of winning. It was the chop and the lack of knowledge of how to deal with it which had brought about the downfall of the latter against Miss Jacobs.

J. E. C.

AMBITIOUS BOXING PROGRAMME AT WIMBLEDON

Leading Heavy-weights in Opposition

MR. THOMAS HATTON has provided a wonderful programme for July 5th at the Wimbledon Stadium. Topping the bill is the contest between Reggie Meen and Jack Petersen for the British Heavy-weight Championship, of which Meen is the holder. This fight alone should ensure the promoter against loss.

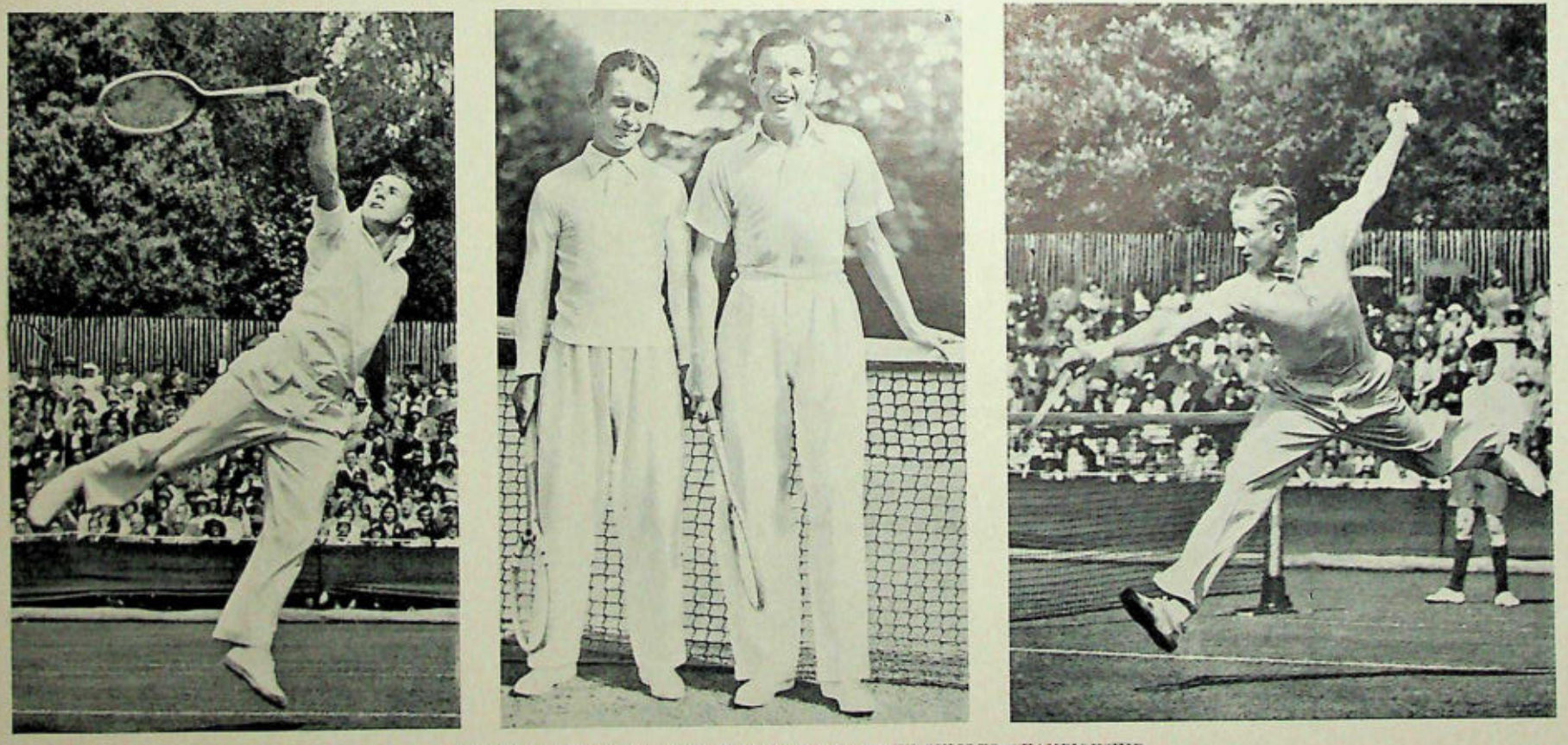
But on the same night Mr. Hatton is staging bouts between all the leading heavyweight contenders in the country.

Most interest will, of course, be centred on Petersen, who has captured the public fancy as no other British heavy-weight has done. But the remainder of the programme will bear close scrutiny. Jack Doyle, the Irishman with a tremendous punch, will box ex-Guardsman Gater.

Doyle is full of promise, but in this, his fourth fight, he is being tried highly. Gater is no champion, but he has had considerable experience and has fought many good-class men.

Charlie Smith, who suffered that surprising knock-out at the hands of Petersen, is to box Tom Toner, who has also lost to the Welshman. Neither of them can be counted as out of the running for the British Championship, so the fight might well be termed an eliminator.

Then Eddie Phillips, who could find backing for a match with Petersen, meets Eddie Steele, who fought so well against Neusel. This might well prove to be the fight of the evening. Phillips is one of the fastest of modern heavy-weights, and is a believer in sustained aggression. Steele, as he showed against Neusel, is no laggard.



YOUNG CHALLENGERS AND THE HOLDER OF THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP

From left to right: G. S. Mangin, Austin's conqueror in 1930; André Merlin, a rising French player with F. J. Perry; and S. B. Wood, holder of the Singles Championship

THE NORTH'S MOST POPULAR RACE-MEETING

Prospects for the "Pitmen's Derby" at Gosforth Park

PRIOR to the Ascot meeting notable weight-carrying performances in the big handicaps of the season had been few and far between. One outstanding performance in this direction was Trimdon's victory in the Yorkshire Cup under 9st. 7lb. We must, however, give Ut Majeur the credit for having made splendid efforts to win two big handicaps under exceptional burdens, while gallant old Brown Jack found only one too good for him at the weights when competing for the Rosebery Memorial in the week of the Derby. On the whole the quality of the handicap horses of 1932 must be pronounced as being well up to the average.

Ascot form will, of course, have a considerable bearing on the handicaps to be run during the ensuing month. The next big race of this character will be the Northumberland Plate, generally known as the "Pitmen's Derby." This will be run at Gosforth Park, one of the finest courses in the country, on Wednesday. Local interest will be as intense as usual, and arrangements to broadcast a description of the race have again been made.

Writing of this race more than 30 years ago, the late Mr. Charles Richardson ("Shotley" of the *Field*), himself an enthusiastic Northumbrian lover of racing, said: "It is talked of all through the spring and early summer, and the local "bookies" are all busily employed over it long before the weights make their appearance. In Newcastle-on-Tyne countless sweeps are subscribed to and drawn, Northumberland Plate dinners are given, and all business is practically suspended." Conditions have changed to a large extent, and Mr. Richardson's description of the race would have to be modified to-day.

SHRINKAGE OF ANTE-POST BETTING

For example, the ante-post betting it excites is relatively small, but this applies to many other races which in the old days produced a vast amount of betting long before the date of running. The shrinkage in the volume of ante-post betting on many important events is one of the most noticeable changes in modern racing. The Lincoln, the Grand National, the Derby, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire are among the few races nowadays on which a steady market is formed in advance.

It is not easy to ascribe a reason for this change in betting fashion. Perhaps backers have become more cautious and prefer to delay their operations until much nearer the date of the race than they did formerly. On the other hand, perhaps bookmakers find they cannot make much out of ante-post betting in these days, when the public is just as well informed as the layers are concerning the work that horses are doing on the training grounds.

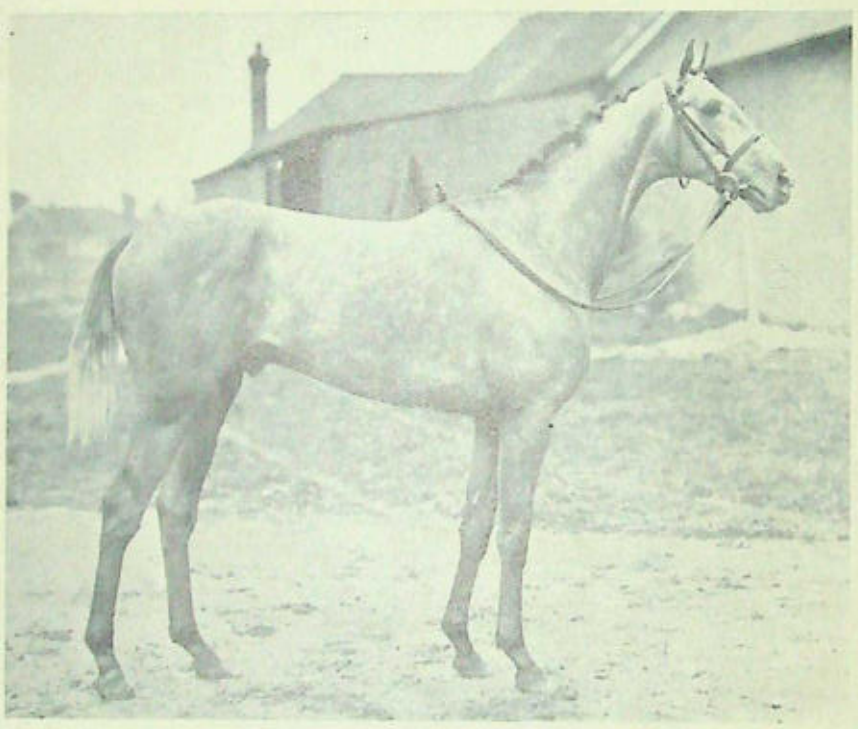
The modern practice of allowing two forfeit stages for the majority of important handicaps—one a week after the publication of the weights and another in the week before running—has also had the effect of diminishing the amount of ante-post betting.

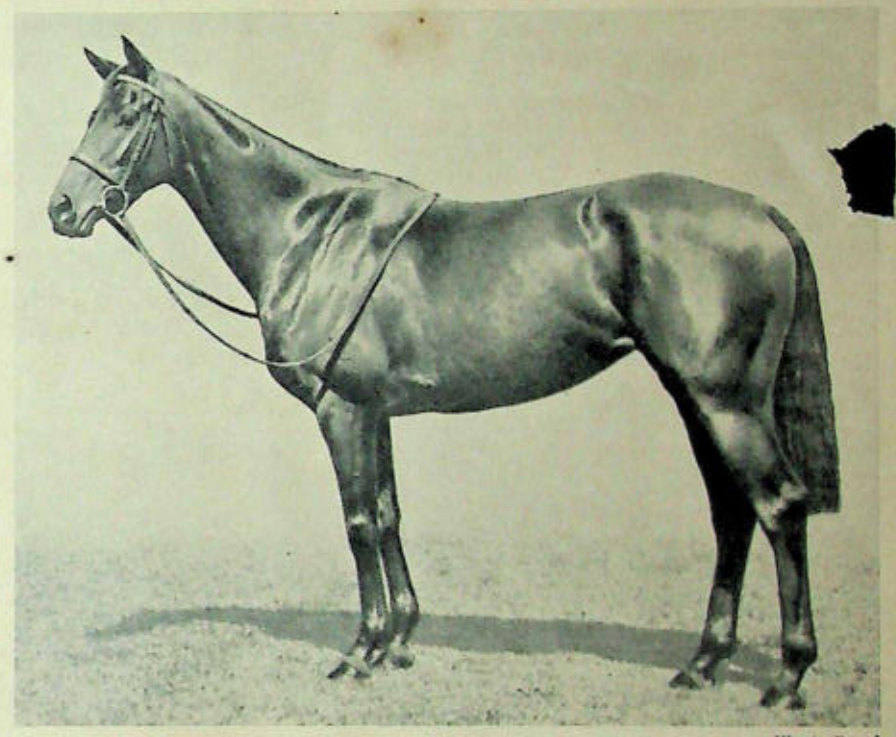
But rivalry between Northern and Southern stables still runs high in races like the Northumberland Plate, and success for any of the North Country stables is always welcomed at Gosforth Park. The leading stable in the North is well controlled by the veteran Mr. Dobson Peacock, with the assistance of his son "Matt." This establishment can choose between Another Band, Pomarrel, and Carmus on Wednesday. The first of these three has won three races off the reel this season, including the Newcastle Spring Handicap, so he is sure to be well supported by local interest if his number goes into the frame.

A TRIBUTE TO ARCTIC STAR

Another successful Yorkshire trainer, Mr. C. F. Elsey, has Prince Oxendon and Carmus in the race. Top weight has fallen to Arctic Star, and it is a tribute to the vitality and consistency of the Cesarewitch winner of 1928 that he should still be at 9st. 7lb. in a race of the importance of the Northumberland Plate. Last year's winner, Blue Vision, has gone up 18lb. in the handicap.

Mr. A. Douglas-Pennant, who manages his stable with considerable skill, has left in Son of Mint and Roi de Paris. The latter won the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom so easily that he does not appear to be badly handicapped at Newcastle at 7st. 3lb., but it has to be borne in mind that Chelmarsh will be meeting him on 13lb. better terms and Notice Board also has a big pull with him. To venture on a definite selection for the race, we choose Winsome Prince, which won the Babraham Welter in attractive style at Newmarket in the spring and appears to have been reasonably treated by the handicapper.





W. A. Rouch

TWO CANDIDATES WHICH POSSESS GOOD CHANCES IN THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE

What the St. Leger is to Yorkshiremen, so is the Northumberland Plate to the inhabitants of the Border country. Both Roi de Paris (Cerfeuil—La Pamade,) bred in France, and (right) Blue Vision (Etheric—Perimeter) which has a heavy weight to shoulder, should run prominently in the "Pitmen's Derby" at Gosforth Park

THE STATE OF THE BLOODSTOCK INDUSTRY IN IRELAND

A Serious Position for Breeders

By OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT

WITH EVERYTHING, unfortunately, once more in the melting-pot in Ireland, one is forced to ask what will become of our bloodstock breeding industry? Its importance to the Empire and to Ireland cannot be questioned, especially when it is remembered that five of the largest and most valuable studs in the Empire, namely, the National Stud, Lord Furness's Gilltown Stud, the Aga Khan's Stud, the Cloghran Stud, and the Ballykisteen group of studs, are situated in the Irish Free State, and that some 40 other almost equally large studs might be mentioned, foremost amongst which stand out the Straffan Stud, the Old Connell Stud, the Knockmaney Stud, the Greenfields, Adare, Moyglose, Glascairn and Slane Castle Studs, while more than 200 smaller studs at present shelter thoroughbred mares.

Altogether there are over 2,000 brood mares at stud in Ireland whose names appear either in the *Stud Book*, or its Supplement. The annual output from these studs exceeds 1,200 yearlings, the vast majority of which are offered for sale either in Dublin, Doncaster or Newmarket, and have been for the past few years sold for an aggregate of over half a million of money, while racehorses, which have run in Ireland and shown form there, are annually sold for a sum which is hard to estimate with any degree of accuracy, but which has been calculated to amount to about the same sum as is now realised from the sale of yearlings by public auction. The product of these studs are to be found racing and prominent on the winning list in every one of the British Dominions, as well as in the United States of America and in South America.

SUCCESSFUL IRISH BREEDERS

How successful Irish breeders are at present will be seen when we mention that during the present season the winner, Jerome Fandor, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, was bred in Ireland, and sold at Goff's Sales for 220gs.; the second horse in the race, Dooley, was also bred at the Curragh and sold at Balls Bridge for 100gs.

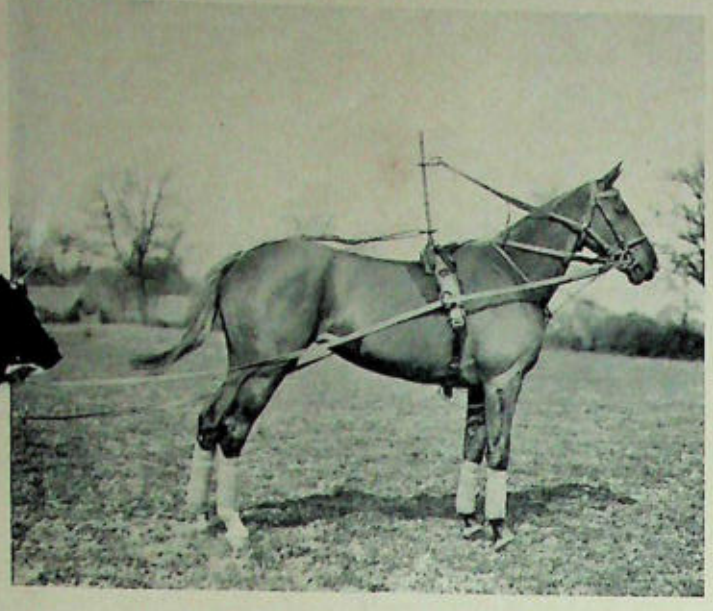
At Liverpool the Union Jack Stakes was won by Tolvadden, and he and the second in this race, Bulandshar, were both bred in Ireland. Arctic Star kept up his winning way at Lingfield, when he won the Leigh Memorial Handicap, and he and Brown Jack once played together in Mr. C. Rogers's paddocks in County Dublin as two-year-olds. Brown Jack, who was sold for 75gs. at the Dublin yearling Sales, has since won over £16,000 in stakes.

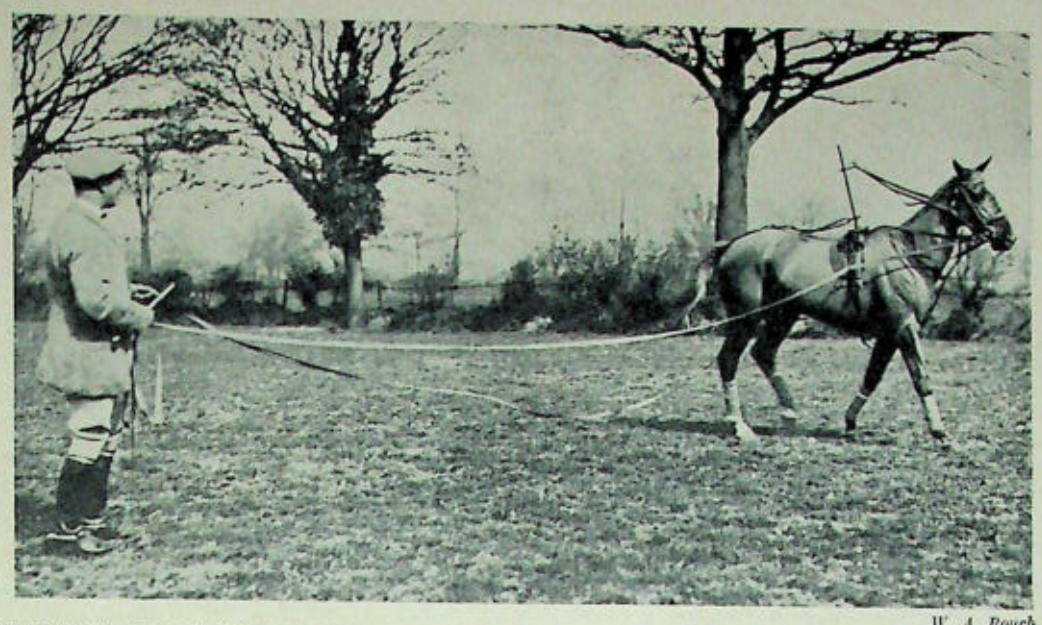
Coming on to Newbury we find Orwell, bred at the Gilltown Stud in Co. Kildare; and further we note that Clogheen, bred in Co. Tipperary by Col. Charteris, won the City and Suburban, while the County Limerick-bred Mariegoulde accounted for the valuable Hyde Park Stakes there.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Space would not permit us to go through all the Irish-bred successes of the year, both great and small, but mention must be made of the Co. Tipperary-bred Venturer's win in the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes, from the penalised Kildare-bred Hill Cat, and it must not be forgotten that Venturer is a half-brother to Knight Error and Sans Reproche.

Nor can we in this article touch on Irish-bred chasing successes, nor their many successes during the year in India and the Dominions. Instead, we must look to the immediate future of the studs. The very mention of the possibility of the South of Ireland becoming a foreign country, with its conflictions in the subject of income and other taxes, has caused stud owners such an amount of unrest as was not experienced even during the worst days of "the trouble" in Ireland, before the treaty was agreed upon and signed.





W. A. Rouch

EARLY LESSONS IN BREAKING A POLO PONY ARE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

The breaking tackle, dumb jockey, long reins, and a cavesson, which teach the pony to bridle and move in the right way, and (right) the pony being lunged. Here the lunging rein and cavesson are of great value, as they control the head and impart obedience

MAKING AND SHOWING POLO PONIES

Perfection is Only Attained by Regular Training

By LT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL, D.S.O.

THE MAN OR WOMAN who is capable of training or "making" a polo pony can, as a rule, show it with credit in the ring. The same art applies to both. The numbers of people who "make" ponies are comparatively small, not because there is any mystery in it, but because it is a tie, something that needs regular and daily attention, and consequently does not appeal to the majority of my generation, still less to the youth, both male and female of to-day.

Most polo players who show their ponies naturally prefer to ride them themselves, and, generally speaking, do so adequately, but it is a fact that in most polo pony classes several competitors are riding who have not any idea of how, or what, to do in order to show off their ponies to the best possible advantage. This does not for one instant imply that they are bad horsemen. Far from it.

PERFECT BALANCE ESSENTIAL

But it's a knack, this polo riding, and the man who excels at it is by no means necessarily good to hounds, and *vice versa*. We can all think of some who shine at both. And their names are by no means legion.

Many excellent books have been written on the subject of training the polo pony from his youth up, and the finishing exercises therein described are exactly what are demanded in the show ring, so no need for me to labour these points. Once a pony will canter, perfectly balanced, with a loose rein, at the slowest possible pace, *and* pull up instantaneously—from full speed—square to the front, with his hocks right under him, well, experience tells me "it is enough."

The pony thus sitting on his hocks, or his tail (as he often literally does) places himself at his rider's disposal, ready to go north, south, east or west, and his foot drill becomes automatically—one might almost say mechanically—correct. To my mind he is "school perfect" as far as training, yes, and showing too, are concerned. For the



LT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL

game, however, speed and bravery have to be added. It is almost impossible to appreciate these two qualities at their proper value in the ring.

A man is asked to judge a class of polo ponies, none of which he has ever seen before. After a few turns round the ring at the trot, which usually entails the instant dismissal of two or three that are "going short" (remember a judge has to eliminate before he can adjudicate, and he will therefore seize any legitimate opportunity for turning a pony out of the ring), he forms up the class in a line and asks the competitors to imagine they are trying to sell him their ponies, and that each will give a separate show demonstrating their capabilities, the only condition being that they are to ride with one hand, and at sixteen annas (full speed).

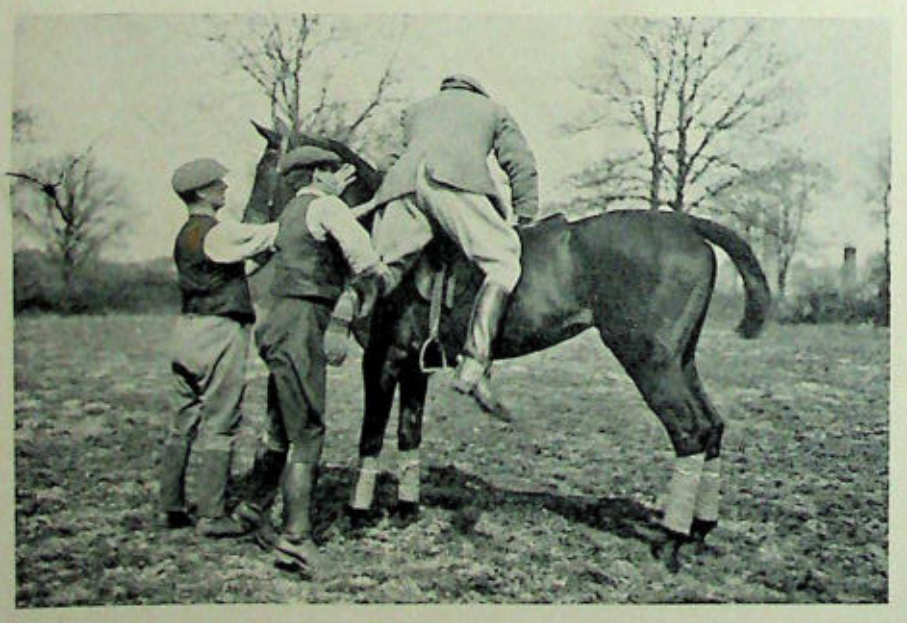
THE MAN ON TOP AT FAULT

It is here that many ponies find their Waterloo, their poor performances more often than not being due to their jockeys rather than to themselves. The survivors are then ridden by the judge and his assistant, both as a rule, though not invariably, first-class polo horsemen.

They select between them—after much argument—four or five ponies off which the saddles are taken: they examine these carefully as regards make and shape, and general market value, and finally announce their decisions by fixing the different coloured rosettes on the browbands of the fortunate winners. Fortunate or lucky is the correct adjective! Without actually playing them in a game—and a good hard game at that—it is utterly impossible to select the winners with any degree of certainty. So many ponies that put up a wonderful show in the ring are very different "propositions" in a match, but the judge can only go by what he sees, and, quite rightly, makes his decisions accordingly.

In training and showing polo ponies, "hands" are every bit as important as in any other form of equitation, almost more so. In a game it is practically impossible to bother over these niceties; situations frequently arise in which a pony has to be pulled about regardless of mouth or anything else. There is no such excuse in the riding school or show ring. Was it not Fillis who wrote:

"Good hands will give and take, but the trained hand takes and gives."





W. A. Rouch

WHEN A PONY CAN BE MADE OR MARRED

The pony should be accustomed to having a man on its back early in its career, and this is done by the method shown in the first photograph—an assistant raising the rider quietly to the pony's saddle. In teaching the pony to turn, both hands should be on the reins, and the rider should lean slightly inwards, using pressure with the legs as seen in the second photograph



AFTER TROUT IN DORSET
On a reach of the Dorsetshire Frome between Dorchester and Wareham

THE MARCH BROWNS

A Century-old Angling Problem Solved

By MARTIN E. MOSELY

A PROBLEM which has baffled possibly many generations of fishermen is the apparent inconsistency of the presence of the March brown on the water, not only in the spring, as its name would imply, but also right through the summer into the late autumn.

The solution to the problem will be found in the title of this article. There are two March browns. It is strange that the position should never have been suspected, or, at least, that no active steps should have been taken to verify suspicion, seeing that our knowledge of the fly can be traced back through angling literature for nearly 500 years.

Dame Juliana Berners, in her *Treatyse on Fysshing wyth an Angle*, written as far back as 1450, gives a description of a pattern tied with "donne wolle and the wings of a pertryche," which must surely be the imitation of a March brown. It is one of the twelve flies in the list given to us by the Dame, and we come across it again in Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* as the Dun Fly, an artificial pattern to be fished in March. Its present name appears in print for the first time in *The Fly-Fisher's Entomology* of Alfred Ronalds, published in 1836. It is, again, found in Aldam's reprint of the 70-year-old manuscript entitled *A Quaint Treatise on Flees, and the Art a Artifychial Flee-Making*, published in 1876. It is evident, therefore, that the name was in use in 1806, and no doubt even earlier still.

RONALDS NAMES IT

Ronalds was the first of the angler writers to attempt the task of determining the scientific identity of the fisherman's flies, and to publish their entomological names. In his time, knowledge of the Ephemeridæ was so scanty as to be almost negligible. He, therefore, made no attempt to determine the March brown more closely than to give it its generic name *Baëtis*, in which genus practically all the Ephemeridæ were then grouped.

Unfortunately, owing to his migration to Australia, Ronalds was not able to continue the close supervision which he had exercised with regard to the earlier editions, and, in 1856, a fifth edition was brought out by a gentleman calling himself "Piscator," who, with a greater idea of his entomological attainments than the conclusions he drew from them would seem to warrant, rushed in "where angels feared to tread" and erroneously supplied the specific name *longicauda*, thus identifying the March brown with a fly described by the great English entomologist, Stephens, and quite recently found to be the Autumn dun.

This was the first stage in a chapter of errors. Eaton in his *Monograph of the Recent Ephemeridæ* published in 1883, transferred *longicauda* and another species *venosus* to the genus *Ecdyurus*, and united them as one and the same under the name *venosus*, which was in accordance with the entomological rules of priority in scientific nomenclature. Thus, "Piscator's" error being unsuspected, the March brown became *Ecdyurus venosus*.

Recently Eaton has been proved in error, and the two flies have been separated once again, *longicauda* being the August dun. But the March brown was left as stated above, although *Ecdyurus venosus* is actually the false March brown which occurs during the summer months and not the fly of Dame Juliana. Izaak Walton and Ronalds' entomology. Halford's *Dry-Fly Entomology*, published in 1897 is the first work in angling literature to give this identification.

THE SOLUTION FOUND

A recent examination of the 100-year-old Ronalds collection of the models from which the figures in *The Fly-Fisher's Entomology* were copied, led me to suspect that the single example of the March brown in the collection which "Piscator" had determined as *longicauda* was not really an *Ecdyurus* at all, but that it was a species belonging to the genus *Rhithrogena* (akin to the yellow upright), unknown to the list of British Ephemeridæ.

There followed a re-examination of the March browns from the Tweed, collected by the late F. M. Halford, and from which his figure in *Dry-Fly Entomology* had been drawn, and notwithstanding the fact that the insects had been determined by Eaton himself as *Ecdyurus venosus*, they all proved to be the same *Rhithrogena* species as had been found in the Ronalds collection, probably from the Blythe in Staffordshire.

A visit to the Tweed to obtain the spinners which were not represented in the Halford collection settled the question, and a supply of both duns and spinners was obtained in April, 1931, at Innerleithen, below Peebles.

As a result, it was found that the true March brown which appears on the water from mid-March to the end of April, and on some rivers the early part of May, is, in fact, *Rhithrogena haarupi*, an insect described in Denmark by Dr. P. Esben-Petersen in 1909, and hitherto unrecorded in the list of British Ephemeridæ.

The *Ecdyurus* March brown, which is not represented in the Ronalds collection, appears from mid-May onwards through the summer, and in nothing like the numbers present during a hatch of the true March brown. The habits of the flies may perhaps furnish the easiest guide to the fly-fisherman for their separation. The *Rhithrogena* appears, as already stated, in the early spring, and it hatches out in sudden bursts. One moment not a fly is to be seen, the next, tens of thousand suddenly appear on the water with the trout rising madly to them. Quite suddenly again the hatch is over, and perhaps in an hour or so it begins once more as abruptly as it had ceased.

The summer March brown, on the other hand, is present in a dribbling hatch in which no great number of the fly is present at any given time. It continues more or less in evidence, if the weather conditions are favourable, right on into October.

There are various structural differences separating the two species. In *Ecdyurus* there are far more cross-veinlets in the wings than in *Rhithrogena*, so that in the latter the clear cells in the fore-wings are rather longer than in the former, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs. In the hind wing of *Ecdyurus*, the cross-veinlets are so dense along the outer margin that the wing is heavily shaded in this particular area, but the corresponding wing is uniformly shaded throughout in *Rhithrogena*. In the spinners, lateral diagonal streaks are present in the abdomens of *Ecdyurus* but absent from those of *Rhithrogena*, and the numerous cross-veinlets at the apical margin of the fore-wing are generally forked in the former and simple in the latter species.

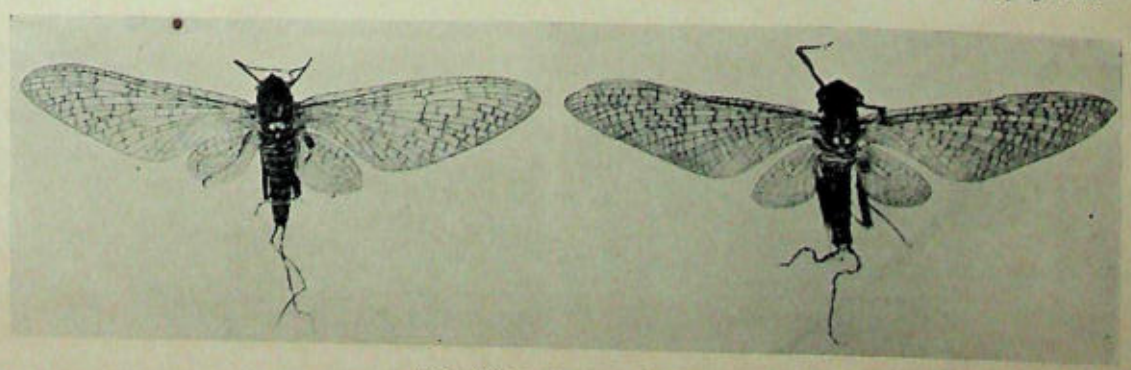
In my *Dry-Fly Fisherman's Entomology*, the March brown has been given in accordance with custom as *Ecdyurus venosus*, but a correction has been prepared which will be inserted in all unsold copies and which may be obtained, free of charge, by any angler interested, on application to the publishers, Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., Broadway House, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

PIKE AND EELS

WHILE fishing in a pool in North Warwickshire I hooked and landed on spinning tackle a pike. On removing the hooks from the mouth the nose-end of an eel could be seen protruding from the gullet, and in consequence a lifter was applied, when out came an eel about 15in. long and alive. This was introduced into the water, when it swam away. It was apparently quickly taken by a pike, which was seen to strike in the immediate direction in which the eel swam. The pike weighed 12lb.

H. S. S.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xii. and xiii. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xii.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xi.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages iv., vi. and vii.; "Pisciculture," page xii.



THE TWO MARCH BROWNS
Rhithrogena haarupi, dun — *Ecdyurus venosus, dun*

AMATEUR SKIPPERS OF THE BIG BOATS

Owners Who Race Their Own Craft



MR. T. B. F. DAVIS AT THE WHEEL OF WESTWARD, WITH CAPT. ALFRED DIAPER WEARING THE WINNING SMILE

THE FIRST-CLASS YACHTS will soon be lying at Harwich ready to sail their first race of the season under the "Lion of Harwich." Britannia, White Heather, Shamrock, Candida and Astra will be racing once more through the brown water, sparkling with sand and seaweed.

During the short racing season these five magnificent vessels will sail 38 matches round the coast from Harwich to Plymouth; they will race among the barges and tramp steamers of the Thames highway, through the famous roadstead at Cowes, crowded with its beautiful yachts and pleasure craft, and over the deep blue sea "down west" where their white canvas and slender lines are a



CAPT. MOUNTIFIELD
The veteran skipper of White Heather II.

strange contrast to the tan sails and bluff bows of the fishing fleet.

What of the men who sail these stately racing yachts, jockeying them for the weather berth at the start or gybing them with a splendid nerve round the mark when winds blow hard and seas run high?

To-day, the majority of these vessels are sailed by Corinthians, and no longer do owners leave the handling of their yachts to professional skippers. Britannia, Shamrock, Candida and Astra are all steered by amateurs.

The King's cutter, Britannia, now in her 39th year, is sailed by Major Sir Philip Hunloke, one of His Majesty's equerries. Sir Philip is probably the finest helmsman in a large yacht in Great Britain, and has been sailing Britannia ever since the beginning of her second racing career in 1913. No man, it may be said, has ever handled her with greater skill or finer judgment, and his experience of racing in little boats enabled Sir Philip to sail the great cutter Britannia with remarkable dash and nerve, driving her to her fullest in a cloud of spray and spindrift.

The other amateur helmsmen have been handling large vessels for only a few years. Mr. H. A. Andreae began sailing in the Big class when he built Candida in 1929, but before that date he had been racing in the second handicap class. It is no easy task steering a racing yacht of 170-odd tons, but although he took to the game comparatively late in life, Mr. Andreae sails Candida remarkably well.

ASTRA'S EXPERIENCED RIVALS

Until the beginning of last season, Astra's owner, Mr. Hugh F. Paul, had been racing in the handicap class with the yawl, Sumurun, a 92-tonner, and from this vessel he stepped aboard the 75-footer Astra, and sailed her throughout the season of 1931 with great perseverance and courage. He had to compete against such men as Sir Philip Hunloke, Mr. Andreae and Ned Herd, Shamrock V.'s professional skipper, and he did so with the very best will in the world.

The newcomer to the Big class is Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, who will be sailing Shamrock V., and perhaps his advent to the class is the most interesting event of the yachting season. Mr. Sopwith, who has not been yacht-racing for very long, is a natural helmsman—he proved that he possessed this rare quality when he entered the 12-metre class, owning first Doris, and then Mouette.

He was a match for such experts as Sir William Burton and Mr. "Johnny" Payne, and now he is to try his luck with Shamrock. There is not the slightest doubt that he will handle her as skilfully as he did Mouette, and probably with equal success.

Among this galaxy of amateur talent there remains one professional of the old school—Capt. Fred Mountifield, who will once again steer the 23-metre White Heather, now re-rigged with a steel mast and Bermudian mainsail. Mountifield has sailed White Heather for many years, and in the good old days before the War he raced her against Shamrock, the 23-metre sailed by Capt. Edward Sycamore. "Old Syc" as he was always known, was Mountifield's greatest rival, and many a fine match these two skippers sailed against each other!

A LINK WITH THE PAST

Perhaps there are some who would like to see White Heather sailed by a Corinthian helmsman, but at the same time it is a link with the past that she should be still handled by Fred Mountifield. Certainly no man alive could sail her better, and



MR. W. L. STEPHENSON
A recruit to the Big Class and White Heather's new owner

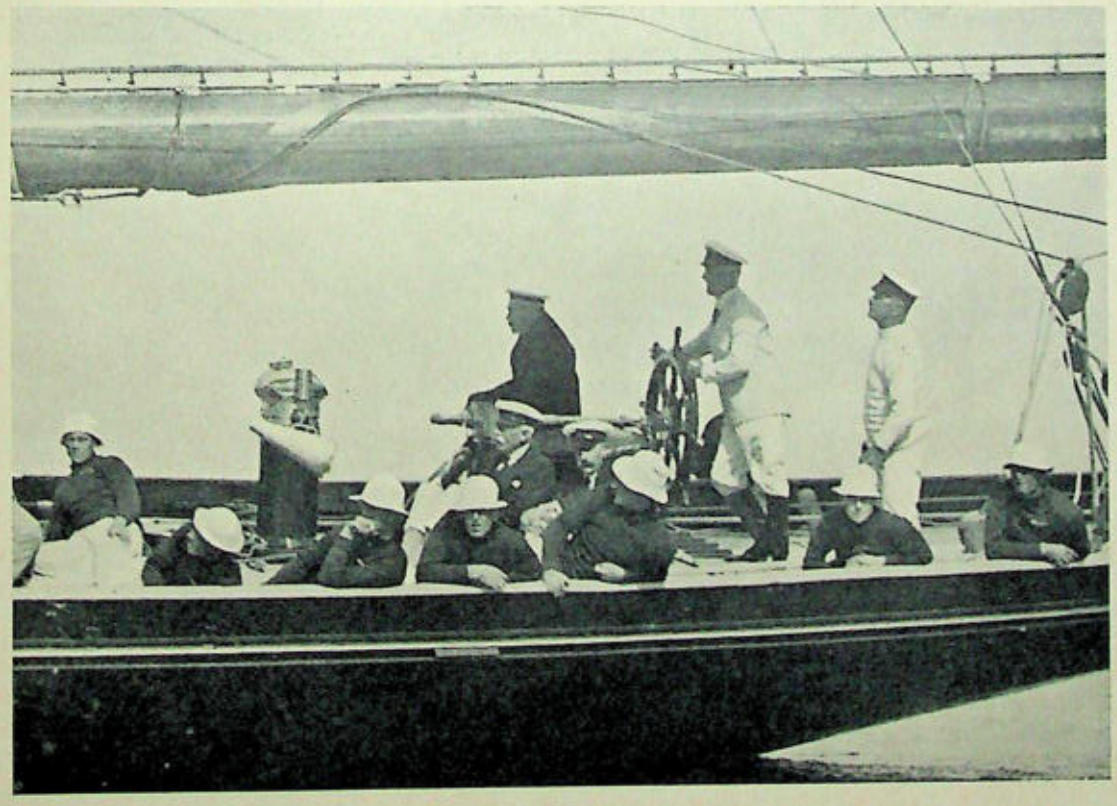
probably the younger amateurs will learn a tip or two from White Heather in the course of the season's racing round the coast.

Later in the summer the sloops will be joined by the schooner, Westward, owned by Mr. T. B. F. Davis and sailed by himself and his skipper Alfred Diaper, who has steered many famous racing yachts, and who manœuvres the great schooner as easily as he did the nineteens, which he sailed in pre-War days.

These, then, are the men who will be seen at the wheels of the first-class yachts enjoying the glorious sport of yacht-racing on the blue seas of summer.

SOLENT.

("*Harbour Hints for Cruisers*," *see page* 918)



THE KEENEST OF ALL YACHTSMEN
His Majesty the King on board Britannia with Sir Philip Hunloke steering

ON A HAMPSHIRE PHEASANT SHOOT

Some New Standards of Comparison

METHODS of making out shooting accounts, and of reckoning the cost of rearing pheasants by hand, have a special interest for many of us just now, when the young birds are running in front of the coops on the rearing field, and within two months or so will come the time for moving them into covert. I have been sent a copy of the accounts of a shoot in Hampshire which I have read with peculiar attention, because they are the first I have seen in which the *weight* of food has been calculated in regard to the number of birds in the rearing field and in covert. "Bird-weeks," too, is a phrase which will be new to some of us, though the meaning is perfectly clear in the analysis of the accounts. Here is my correspondent's letter:

"Statistics on the cost of pheasant shooting published in the *Field* recently have led to so much discussion that the following figures in respect of a syndicate shoot in North Hampshire may prove of interest. The shoot is about a thousand acres in extent, and the figures have been prepared in an attempt to arrive at the weight of food used per bird per week during the whole season. The proportion of arable on the shoot is small, and the fact that on two sides it is bounded by small holdings, the tenants or owners of which shoot for the pot, makes heavy feeding essential to stop the birds straying.

BIRDS ON THE SHOOT

"It is appreciated that the average number of birds on the shoot must be in the nature of an estimate. No hens were shot after December 26th. On the last two Saturdays of the season, when both beats were shot, careful observation was made of all birds seen, and from this and information received from the keeper as to the number of birds on the feeds each morning, an estimate as to the stock remaining was made, and the figure of 80 cannot be far wide of the mark.

"The number of birds killed at each shoot is known, the pick-up being included under the date of the shoot, also the number of birds turned into the woods in the middle of July, namely, 847. There were also a certain number of wild birds, but as 360 eggs were picked up from nests, and the wild broods were attacked by gapes, the proportion of wild birds to hand-reared would be low. Having regard to losses from various causes between mid-July and October, the estimated stock of 900 at the commencement of the shooting season seems reasonable.

"It will be noted that between October 3rd and the end of the season there has been deducted a figure of 99 in respect of wastage; this represents the difference between the number of birds killed and the estimated stock at the end of the season and the estimated stock at October 3rd, and is intended to cover strays, killed by vermin, and pricked birds, and works out at 13.8 per cent. on the number of birds killed.

"As it is considered that the number of birds pricked and subsequently dying would bear some direct relation to the number of birds shot, and the straying would be coincident with the disturbance of game, the wastage percentage has been added to the bag at each shoot and deducted from the stock.

ARRIVING AT THE FIGURES

"It will be noted that the average number of birds each week for the first nineteen weeks till October has been estimated at 1,000, and a word of explanation is necessary as to how this figure has been arrived at. From wild nests 360 eggs were picked up, and 1,000 eggs purchased with a guarantee of 90 per cent. fertility; the hatch was satisfactory with the exception of one consignment of purchased eggs, but in this case the shortage below the guarantee of fertility was generously replaced by the game farm with 200 day-old chicks. A number of birds were lost through gapes at various dates, and eventually 847 were turned into the woods in mid-July.

"It was noticed during August that some wild birds were also coming to the feed, and having regard to the number lost through gapes, when compared to the total hatch and the wild birds on the feed it is considered that the estimate of 1,000 birds for the first nineteen weeks is reasonable.

"It should be appreciated that the food consumed by broody hens is included in the total weight and cost, which on the basis of estimate adopted works out at 15.54oz. per bird per week for a cost of 1.36d.

"It will be noted that four cocks to three hens was the proportion killed; throughout the season cocks were always shot in preference to hens, and if when shooting outsides in October a beat was taken near the main woods only cocks were shot, and no hens were shot after December 26th except by accident. Feeding in the woods was continued up to the end of the season.

H. DOUGLAS BESSEMER."

Two or three points seem to arise. First, that these accounts refer to food only, and not to the total cost of the shoot. We have no details as to keepers' wages, beaters, cost of sitting hens, rent (if any) of rearing field, insurance, depreciation of plant, sale (if any) of game, and so on. So that we do not arrive at any definite conclusion here as to the total cost of rearing and shooting the pheasants accounted for.

WHAT OF THE WILD BIRDS?

Second, as regards the food itself. Is this a "dry feed" shoot? It looks as if it were, since there is no mention of eggs, rabbits, etc. Heavy feeding, we are particularly told, is necessary because of local conditions. And as to the average 2.22oz. of food per bird per day, as that is calculated on an average from May 22nd to January 30th, it looks as if the weight per bird from, say, September 1st onwards must have considerably exceeded 2.22oz. per bird per day. Two ounces is an ordinary handful, and a handful per bird per day certainly looks as if something had to be done about the pot-hunting neighbours.

And last, what of the wild birds? There were 847 birds turned into covert and 721 were shot, so that the stock of wild birds cannot be large. Perhaps the neighbours help there, too.

In any case, an analysis of this kind is most valuable for purposes of comparison. I feel sure that many readers of the *Field* will be grateful to Mr. Bessemer for the industry and care with which he has set out his figures. CHEVIOT.

FOOD ACCOUNTS FOR A 1,000 ACRE SYNDICATE PHEASANT SHOOT

Mean date of hatching, say, May 22nd. Bird Weeks.
Average of, say, 1,000 pheasants to October 2nd—19 weeks 19,000
Estimated 900 pheasants on shoot at October 2nd.

Number of birds killed	721	
Stock of birds left	80	
Wastage	99	
	900	

Percentage of wastage to birds killed, 13.8 per cent.

Date of shoot.	Number shot.	Add wastage per cent. to number shot.	Total deduction.	Stock left.		
October 3rd	35	5	40	860		860
October 10th	37	5	42	818		818
October 17th	48	7	55	763		763
October 24th	46	6	52	711		711
October 31st	92	12	104	607		607
November 7th	169	23	192	415	(two weeks)	830
November 21st	70	10	80	335		335
November 28th	100	14	114	221		221
December 5th	32	4	36	185		185
December 12th	21	3	24	161		161
December 19th	43	6	49	112		112
December 26th to January 30th	28 birds were shot on various dates, giving an average of about 100 birds left for five weeks					500
	28	4	32	80		
	721	99				25,103

Average number of birds on the shoot for the 36 weeks, May 22nd to January 30th, obtained by dividing the total bird weeks, 25,103, by the number of weeks—697 birds.

Weight of Food Consumed: Wheat 50cwt., maize 69cwt., barley 37cwt., oats 3cwt., special prepared game foods 58¾cwt. Total 217¾cwt. (The above includes food for broody hens.)	24,388lb.
Weight of food per week, May 22nd to January 30th	677lb.
Weight of food per bird per week	15.54oz.
Weight of food per bird per day	2.22oz.
Cost of food, including food for broody hens	£141 19 7
Cost of food per bird per week on average of 697 birds	1.36d.
Number of eggs set under hens	1,360
Number of birds turned into woods	847
Percentage of birds turned into woods to eggs set	62 per cent.
Number of birds killed, including wild birds	721
Percentage of birds killed to eggs set	53 per cent.
Percentage of birds killed to birds turned into woods	85 per cent.
Cost of food per egg set	2/1
Cost of food per bird killed	3/11¼
Birds killed: Cocks 412, hens 309. Total of	721

FLOODS IN THE MIDLANDS

An Estimate of the Damage to Game

THE ACTUAL LOSSES amongst partridges, pheasants and hares during the recent May floods are at present difficult to estimate. Partridges and pheasants love to spread their breed, and prefer to nest in hay fields, where they get peace and quiet, and in course of time lead their broods gradually back to arable land after harvest, when food in the meadows becomes scarce.

The loss of life due to a May flood, unexampled in severity, can therefore be understood. Pheasants and partridges sit tight and are loth to leave their nests late in May, and those which did get away had many hundred yards of water to cross, and in this area during darkness, as here the Trent "came over" during the night. This is always very serious, even in winter, as coveys love to "jug" at dusk in the quiet cool meadows.

I personally saw two dead hen pheasants washed ashore in my paddock, but the area of water was so huge and the wind so high that for weeks exploration was impossible.

A cyclist who had reached Newark from the south told my keeper that he had seen a quantity of dead partridges, pheasants and hares washed up at one spot, but, being a stranger, could not accurately describe the locality.

Another serious factor did not help matters. Much of the arable land which was not inundated by flood action became waterlogged, owing to the excessive rainfall, and I saw much moorland arable land where it was impossible to see the potato ridges. Consequently, there must have been many cases in which birds were flooded off their nests. I knew of one case where a hen pheasant hatched off her brood with an inch of water in the nest; she got them all away safely.

PREVIOUS FLOODS

Finally, it is interesting to compare this May flood with previous ones of the first magnitude. The worst on record was in 1795 during the winter, and next in order comes one which many of us can remember, viz., in October, 1875.

Between then and now much dredging of the Trent has been done, and the bed of large drains lowered. Consequently, the actual level to which floods may rise is affected to a certain extent. The high water mark of May, 1932, is 11in. lower than that of 1875 in this district, but all men of experience in floods agree that on this occasion a greater volume of water came down, and it rose more rapidly and did more damage than on any occasion within living memory.

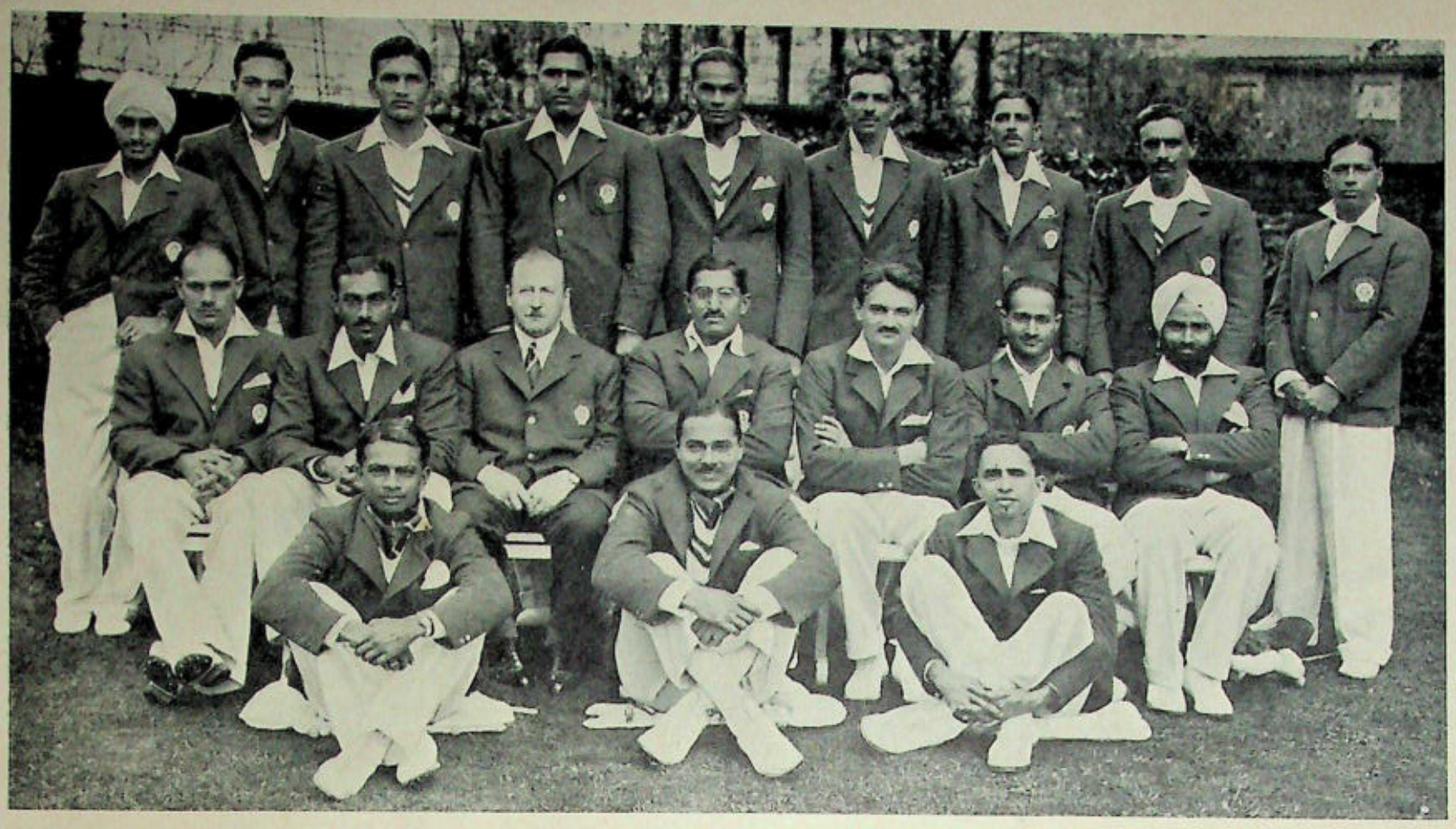
In the main street of the little village of Girton a grey stone has been inserted in the brick wall, and visitors notice three dates cut in the stone work:

1795.
Oct. 1875.
1852.

"When this you see pray think of me.—C. P."

And now I am adding "May, 1932," to their number. W. COAPE OATES, Lieut.-Col.

Wild Duck Meal.—In reference to a recent article on the rearing of wild duck, Messrs. Spratts Patent, Limited, draw our attention to the fact that they supply a specially prepared wild duck meal, at the price of 31s. per hundredweight. This is easily prepared and experience shows that its constituents are exactly suited to the needs of the young birds.



MEMBERS OF THE ALL-INDIA CRICKET TEAM: GIVEN A FAST, TRUE WICKET AT LORD'S THEY SHOULD MAKE A GOOD SCORE IN THE TEST MATCH ON JUNE 25TH

In the group are: Back row (left to right), Lall Singh, P. E. Palia, Jehangir Khan, M. Nissar, Amar Singh, B. E. Kapadia, S. R. Godambe, Ghulam Mahomed, J. Navle. Sitting: S. Wazir Ali, Capt. C. K. Nayudu, Major E. W. Ricketts, H.H. Maharajah Rana of Porbandar, K. S. Ghanshyamsinhji of Limbi, S. Nazir Ali, Capt. Jaginder Singh. Seated on ground: J. Naoomal, S. H. M. Colah, N. D. Marshall.

ALL-INDIA CRICKETERS SHOW US SOME LOST STROKES

Promise of a Close Test Match at Lord's

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE CRICKETERS from India were probably as much surprised as delighted last Saturday when they saw one of Lancashire's playing fields.

Aigburth is prettier than Tonbridge, and not at all like the vision which every Indian is likely to have of the county whose industrial history has for so long been linked up with India's.

There are smooth lawns at Aigburth and gracious trees. The River Mersey shines in the distance like a silver chain, and from the top of the pavilion you can see the Welsh hills—on a clear brilliant day.

Unfortunately it always rains at Aigburth whenever a first-class cricket match is mentioned. Last Saturday a short season of radiant summer was suddenly interrupted; an irritating drizzle robbed the day of two hours. Yet in the available time—four hours—the Indians played cricket exactly as the game ought always to be played on a gracious field. They made 305 for eight wickets.



FRANK WOOLLEY, THE KENT VETERAN

It is possible that Woolley will open the South innings with Jardine at Manchester to-day. If he is a veteran, Woolley is still a top scorer

BRILLIANT NAYUDU

A greasy ball handicapped a weak Lancashire bowling team—Sibbles was given a rest. Yet the rain made it possible for Hodgson—the one first-class Lancashire bowler on view—to cause the ball to "fly" at times; on the whole, therefore, the batting of the Indians could be admired, not merely negatively but positively—that is to say, the dashing cuts and leg hits were not altogether achieved from rubbish.

Not for some stretch of time have I seen cutting keener, swifter or more handsome than that of Nayudu, who is one of the finest batsmen to be found at the present time.

His century against Lancashire delighted everybody who witnessed it; not half-a-dozen cricketers of our period could have given us a pleasure so fresh and individual. Nayudu has stupidly been called the Bradman of India; he shows no resemblance to Australia's great and flawless and rather steely master.

COMPARISONS WITH BRADMAN

Nayudu is lithe and wristy and volatile. Bradman is sturdy and concentrated; he never suggests that elusive and poetic quality which is best called "sensibility."

Nayudu is a very sensitive batsman; from each of his strokes you get the impression of a newborn energy, a suddenly improvised if superb technique. I am not one of those extraordinary people who call Bradman a dull batsman; he is, indeed, one of the quickest and most finished stroke-players of all time.

But his incomparable machine has achieved too great an infallibility; he never surprises us, or himself—unless he fails to get a century. Nayudu is not at all mechanical; watching him from the ring you can get a delicious suggestion in his play of fallibility, even though it takes a bowler a long time to root it out.

Unlike Bradman, his skill is his servant, not his master. The glorious uncertainty of cricket is not endangered by Nayudu.

His brilliant 125 at Aigburth was made in two hours and three-quarters; he came to the wicket when his team had lost Naoomal and Wazir Ali for thirteen.

Then, despite the bad start, Navle and Nayudu scored 134 for the third wicket in 100 minutes. After lunch, they cut and drove 116 in an hour and a quarter.

Nayudu not only exploded the absurd notion that the cut is an impossible stroke against modern bowling; he also brought back to cricket the true leg hit—not a "push round the corner," but a gloriously rhythmical drive, sometimes *behind the ball*.

Lancashire were giving a trial to a spin-bowler named Bennett. The wet ball troubled the colt, but occasionally he sent down a "googly," and nearly every time Nayudu lay back, followed the break, and hit swingingly to long-leg.

He stood on his toes deliciously to rising balls from Hodgson, and cut hard and contemptuous of risk. He pulled a ball from Hopwood without any apparent effort, for a huge six. Nayudu is

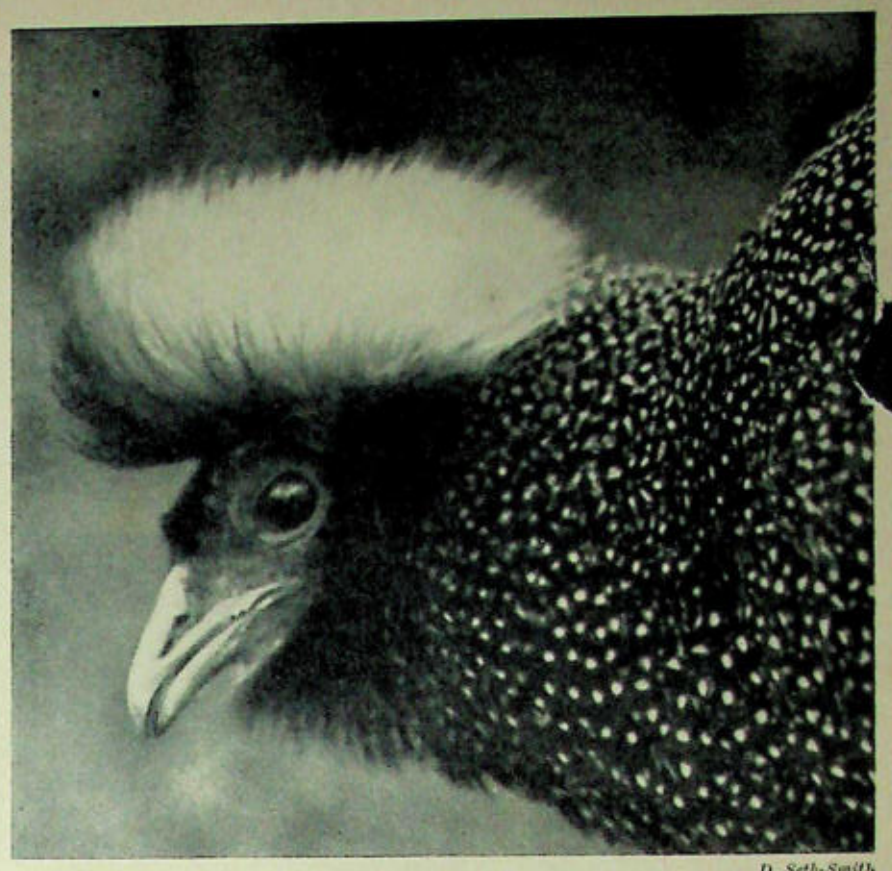
(*Continued on page* 923)



D. R. JARDINE, CAPTAIN OF THE SOUTH TEAM

In to-day's match against the North it will be interesting to see how Jardine shapes as a leader, with a view to his possible selection for the Australian tour next winter





D. Seth-Smith

THE AMAZING TRANSFORMATION OF RHEINART'S OCELLATED PHEASANT

Normally the male bird shows only an inconspicuous crest composed of dark, hair-like feathers, but when courting the hen, what appears to be a glistening white powder-puff appears upon his head

A COURTSHIP NO MAN HAS EVER WITNESSED IN THE WILD

The "Powder-Puff" Display of a Very Rare Pheasant

By D. SETH-SMITH

LIVING in the densely-wooded mountain slopes of Annam, Rheinart's ocellated pheasant, sometimes known as Rheinart's argus, is one of those birds of which we know very little because they are never seen alive in the wild state by human beings. The natives capture them with nooses set in their runs through the jungle, and a loud call, very similar to that of the argus pheasant, is the only indication of their presence. To catch sight of the living bird in such dense surroundings is said to be impossible.

A pair of these very rare pheasants, for which the Zoological Society is indebted to Monsieur Jean Delacour, came, however, to the gardens about two years ago, and have now become so tame that it is possible to observe their habits, and especially the display of the cock bird at the approach of the breeding season.

Rheinart's argus has no very brilliant colours to attract the eye, its general hue being brown or grey in varying shades, the plumage spotted throughout with white like that of a guinea-fowl. But the cock bird carries a wonderful tail, the feathers of which are of great length and breadth and spotted and marked with chestnut.

THE NUPTIAL DISPLAY

It is during the nuptial display that the chief beauties of cock pheasants are revealed, and so we were anxious to see what form of display would be adopted by this species.

Useless, of course, to hope to witness the display of any of the forest-loving pheasants when the sun is shining, for they love the shade, and on bright days are usually to be found in the most shady corner of their enclosure. It was on a gloomy morning at the end of March that I first saw this pheasant display. He was out in the open, and from a considerable distance I noticed a conspicuous white object moving about in the pheasantry. On closer inspection I saw that the bird's appearance was completely changed by the presence of what appeared to be a glistening white powder-puff upon his head.

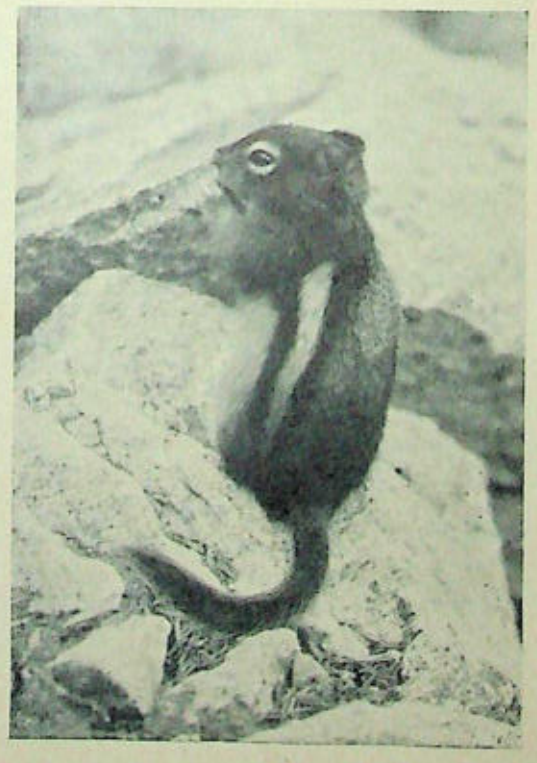
This is formed of the finest down-like feathers which ordinarily lie completely concealed beneath the darker feathers of the crest. He stood for quite a long time in a horizontal position with crest erected and cheek-feathers thrown forward, watching the hen who presently approached him, whereupon he commenced to trot round her with his tail spread to its full width and his neck stretched out.

There was nothing novel about this attitude, which is adopted by several kinds of pheasant, but the transformation of the head by the appearance of the wonderful and unexpected crest is a striking feature, and one can imagine that in the dark forests frequented by these birds this shining white object would be almost as conspicuous as a policeman's bull's-eye on a dark night.

"BIG CHIPMUNK"

The Beau Brummel of the Ground Squirrels

THE GROUND SQUIRRELS that are so characteristic a feature of the landscape in Western Canada could scarcely be called a handsome tribe. They are too ratlike, too short-legged and pot-bellied to inspire admiration. They lack the graceful build and bushy tails of the tree-dwelling squirrels and, in point of beauty, fall far behind their smaller cousins, the chipmunks.



"BIG CHIPMUNK"

A young golden-mantled ground squirrel about three-fourths grown

The handsomest of the ground squirrels is the mountaineer of the tribe: the golden-mantled squirrel of the Rockies. He is a medium-sized chap as ground squirels go, handsome as any chipmunk, and, in fact, so like one that he is more often than not called the "big chipmunk."

Indeed, he is handsomer than most of the chipmunks, for not only does he wear black and white stripes down his tawny back, but also a fine ruddy golden mantle over head and shoulders—hence the name. He has a somewhat abbreviated tail and it lacks the feathery abundance of the red squirrel's, but even so he is easily the Beau Brummel of the ground-digging tribe.

For his home he chooses the highest of the mountains, finding, like pika and marmot, a safe retreat in the rock-slides at the foot of the peaks. In British Columbia and Alberta I have found him commonly at timberline and beyond, and even on some of the near-barren peaks at elevations close to 8,000ft. The limit of vegetation must, of course, govern his range.

For like all ground squirrels, he is mainly a vegetarian, feeding hugely during the short alpine summer on the luscious herbage of the moist slopes, and laying up the store of fat that will sustain him through the long winter sleep. A long sleep indeed! Like his neighbour the hoary marmot he must spend more than half his life in slumber, hidden away from the winter that for the greater part of the year holds sway on these high slopes. Indeed, in the home of this squirrel, snow may fall in showers even in midsummer.

STORING UP NUTS

In many respects this squirrel forms a connecting link between the chipmunks and the other ground squirrels. Though a voracious feeder and dormant in winter, yet to some extent at least he lays in a store of food.

In August he may be observed scampering over the rock-slides with his cheeks swollen like an exaggerated case of mumps, and if he can be persuaded to divulge his booty, the latter will more than likely prove to be the nutty tubers of Claytonia, the spring beauty of the high slopes.

This is doubtless merely a sort of auxiliary food supply. A chipmunk under the same conditions would have to store a much larger quantity, or enough to keep him in provisions throughout the winter.

It is an easy matter to win the heart of almost any ground squirrel and easiest of all with this particular species. He loves man food. At every opportunity he becomes a camp follower. He munches the alpine-climber's scraps, plunders the packer's oats, visits the mountain hotels and tea rooms to become a shameless pensioner.

When his bulging stomach is full he packs off the surplus to his cache and never tires of the game. By the time the season of indulgent tourists has closed, these little gourmands are in many cases shapelessly fat.

HAMILTON M. LAING.

THE CHAMPAGNE STANDARD AT GOLF

Sarazen's Way and American Methods

SARAZEN set us too high a standard, that is the plain truth of the Open Golf Championship. Anyone who can do four rounds of the longest championship course in the kingdom in an average of 5 under fours was not likely to be caught by any professional golf at Great Britain's command.

How did he do it? Sarazen himself offered two modest explanations. The first was that he had made up his mind not to take more than 5 for any hole. That is simple. The resolution is as old as our pre-War professionals, and has been offered as a prescription for winning club medals. Sarazen's other answer was that he thought he putted better than the other fellows. He did indeed.

There were few rounds in which he was not down in one putt on five greens. But the surest example



THE UNOBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS
The Prince of Wales watching the last round of the Open Championship at Prince's, Sandwich.

of his putting on keen greens was that, when going for a 3 at one hole, he overran the hole by 8ft., and holed the return putt for his 4. It was a demonstration that he could "show us the shot" if he wanted to do so. In general he kept such shots in the bag. But there must be no mistake about it. In the heightened standard of golf, the winners have them.

They prefer not to have to show them. Between the first and last visits of Mr. Robert Jones to this country, his methods of playing underwent some alteration, approaching a more stereotyped technique. The late golfing editor of the *Field*, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, asked him on one occasion why he no longer "showed us the shot," and to that Mr. Jones logically made answer that it no longer paid to do so. Hitting the ball straight along in the most stereotyped manner possible was the only recipe for winning championships. *But it is necessary to go on doing it.*

ONE PUTT HOLES

There is nothing new in the idea that putting of a superior quality is needed to win a championship. Every championship of recent years has shown it. Armour was the best putter in last year's championship. Hagen has been the best putter for at least three championships. Even the great Bobby Jones won at St. Andrews by his putting—and his driving. He was not at his best with his other clubs. A consideration of the lengths of the holes on championship links shows the impracticability, amounting to impossibility, of anyone winning a championship if he takes 36 putts in a round, an average of two on a green.

Nor is putting the sole key to the raising of the standard of golf to its present height. There is the driving. The scores at Prince's of the champion and those who pursued him were made by golfers who could depend on hitting the ball 250yds down the middle from the tee, or farther if wanted. The standard of long driving is steadily rising, and the longest holes of the longest championship course become, in fair weather, a drive and an iron, and, rarely, a drive and a spoon.

Is this, then, all there is to championship golf—a tee shot and a pitch on to the green with one of the variously graded irons, from a No. 1 iron to a spade mashie or a mashie niblick? If that were the case, then we should seem to have found the wrong term in speaking of the champagne standard. Far from being a sparkling vintage it would be rather a sound *vin ordinaire*. But it is not all. There is the deft chip which puts the ball near enough the hole for the one putt, and which Hagen showed us in its most economic form.

SHOWING THE SHOT

There is also the recovery shot from the bunker or the rough. In the qualifying round at St. George's, Sarazen found himself once in the formidable rough with a downhill lie. Where lesser players might have taken a niblick and been content to get out, Sarazen took a spoon, tore the ball out, and put it on, or near enough to, the green to get



THE CUP GOES BACK
Gene Sarazen, the holder.

INTENSIVE COMPETITION

They all do it in America. If it had not been Sarazen who beat our cohorts this year, it might have been any one of the six or eight professionals who are at the top of the class out there, and who seem to take it in turns to beat one another. Their names are written at the head of their own championship—Hagen, MacFarlane, Armour, Farrell, Diegel, Burke, and Sarazen himself.

They have raised the standard of golf by this intensive competition among themselves. This year, as Mr. Robert Jones, the only amateur golfer to beat them, would say, it was Sarazen's turn, and we may conclude with a quotation from his philosophy of championships: "The professionals, you know, have a way of saying of the winner in a competition, 'It was *his* tournament.' And step by step, and hole by hole, and shot by shot, you may trace it back and see that he was bound to win—after it is all over."

THE RATIONALISING LESSON

This was Sarazen's tournament from the beginning, but we may be glad to remember, while admitting that the Americans have shown us how the effect of continual competition among the best exponents will raise the standard of four rounds strung together, it was an Englishman, Arthur Havers, who struck the highest pitch of a score of 68 in a record round. We can do it, and may, when we have learnt the rationalising lesson.

The rising school of British golfers may learn the lesson, even if they have not the spur of the huge money prizes which America offers, or the continuous competition in the highest class of golf which goes with the dollars. Nor need any complaint be made of the hothouse forcing system which has made American golf better, if at the same time it sets a standard which improves the game, its methods and its implements. America introduced new methods into sprinting and the high jump. But the records set up for those events did not stay in America.

RISING STANDARD REACHES THE AMATEUR

Nor need new records in championship golf do so, though we think these would have a better chance of becoming British if a little more money (and not all prize money) were expended on the professional.

Apart from this hope for the future, we may note that the rising standard is reaching amateur golf. One round of Mr. Eric McRuvie at Sandwich was an amateur record. Mr. H. G. Bentley's two rounds for the St. George's Vase, though not a record, were a fine performance. It makes him a candidate for the Walker Cup, though I scout the idea that Mr. J. B. Bookless should give up his place.

E. S. G.



SHOWING THE SHOT
One of the few occasions when Sarazen was in the rough.

HUNTERS, HACKS AND COACHING

Richmond's Prelude to Olympia

THE YEARS ROLL ON, but far from dimming the charm, each Richmond Royal Horse Show seems assuredly to develop some particular appeal of its own, and the 39th gathering was probably one of the most enjoyable in all the long history of great achievement and painstaking care as to detail. Richmond carries a weight of appeal that is all its own. Just let us for a moment picture England at its best, the time June—the month of roses—and the place the wonderful Old Deer Park of Richmond. The greensward in all its verdant freshness stretched away into the distance, where trees, which have seen the passing of so much history, closed a vista that was typically English in its freshness and charm. To the horse-lover, Richmond proves a magnet that draws everyone from north and south, east and west, and it has acquired through its wonderful organisation, and by the efforts of a very energetic directorate, the proud title of one of the premier horse shows in the land. To attain that title has been a matter of no little difficulty, but how successful Richmond has been in this respect is amply proved by the fact that this year there were no fewer than 852 entries in the various classes—a really wonderful record.

And those of us who still find joy in a good horse—whether it be in saddle or in harness—realise full well that at Richmond we shall see a good hunter, a good hack, and a well-turned-out four-in-hand. Could the heart of the horseman or woman ask for more? Let us take them in the order of our affections. Hunters must of necessity come first. The benefit of King's premiums was proven to the hilt when we saw such level classes in the ring. With the exception of two or three outstanding entries, the task of the judges—Mr. Herbert Nell and Major-General John Vaughan—was no enviable one.

At length, in the novice hunters class, they gave the winning ticket to Messrs. W. J. Smith's Middleton, a good-moving brown, which has the best of shoulders and was just a little better mover than Mr. John Drage's Melrose, a nicely moulded bay by Marshall Ney. In the lightweight class—a very level one, which numbered Blank Cheque and Cottage Pie among the entrants—Middleton was put down, and the prize went to Mr. O. A. Greenslade's Easter Egg, a chesnut of quality which uses his hocks in the right style, and which reminds me greatly of his sire Political, whose best son was probably Home Rule.

LADIES IN THE RING

Then it was the turn of the ladies, and a large field turned out to compete for the challenge cup presented by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

In this class we thought that Middleton would have a fairly easy victory, but Easter Egg scored again, probably because he was the better mover of the two. Would it not have been better to have allowed this class to be judged by ladies? After all, a lady is surely the best judge of a ladies' hunter, especially one which is ridden side-saddle.

And so we came to the heavy weights, the ring-side being crowded to see if Handley Cross would retain his laurels.

There was a sufficiently strong opposition to add piquancy to the situation, but Lady Helen McCalmont's free-striding chesnut, who, by the way, has fined down considerably since last season, and shows more quality, successfully vanquished his rivals and won the hunter championship—his third successive success. We shall not see a second Handley Cross again for some time, for as a show hunter he is exceptional, and you will find few horses with his power and scope which possess the same liberty of action.

Hacks always make a strong show at Richmond, and this year the classes which came before those two experienced judges, Major P. E. Bowden-Smith and Mr. Vivian Gooch, were no exception to the rule. For those hacks under 15 hands, Col. Sir A. Weigall's Radiant—a grand mover with glorious shoulders—carried all before him, and another useful sort which bridles well and moves in the right way, was Cheshire Cat, owned by Miss Jill Hermon-Erriman. And did not Mrs. Anthony Lowther lead a level hack class on her own Manoury? Another well-earned success was that of the dark chesnut mare Sally, which won the challenge cup for novice park hacks, with Major V. D. S. Williams (sometime Master of the Grafton) as a very good second on his well-mannered, strong-hocked Abdulla..

In the harness classes, Mr. Nigel Colman's Nork Magnet made a fine show, as did Dr. Bowie's A 1's Conquest, and Mr. W. S. Miller's Knight of the Thistle. The hackney classes were, upon the whole, quite up to strength, and effectually proved that the hackney has still a place in the horse world.

GIRL WINS DRIVING MARATHON

And it was pleasant, indeed, to see little Miss Colebrook winning the Driving Marathon with her father's fine pair of bays, which possess the smoothest action when moving which I have seen for many a day. It was, indeed, a popular victory, and a sign that the younger generation still find a joy in the sports and pursuits of their fathers.

If further proof be required to prove this statement, you had only to glance at the long files of entrants who competed in all the children's classes. The Scamperdale Trophy, which in itself has a rare sporting smack about it, went to the shapely, narrow brown mare Cadogan Diana, and Miss Audrey Hunt, her serious little face framed in golden ringlets, and Flash received the first prize, presented by Mrs. Hartley Hatt.

Once again Miss Pauline Jones was accounted to be the best girl or boy rider, and so secured the City of London Challenge Cup for the second time.

The silver cups presented by the Mayor of Richmond for the most suitably dressed girl and boy riders were awarded by Sir Walter Gilbey, who acted as costumier, to Miss Norah Walker and Master Douglas Weatherill, a plucky little rider, who sits his pony well.

Then as to coaching, we saw a fine show, especially with the big champion chesnuts driven by Mr. Claud Goddard, who this year was awarded the second rosette in the Judge Moore Cup, that coveted trophy going to Mr. Harold Colebrook's well-balanced Nimrod team, which looked none the worse for their journey from Hyde Park. And then in the golden sunlight of the dying day we saw Sea Count, admirably ridden by Major J. H. Dudgeon, carry off the Duke of York's challenge cup for the fifth year in succession. Surely that performance was well worth waiting all the day to see!

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

He judged the classes for the Mounted Police at Richmond and adjudicated in the cup presented by the Mayor of Richmond for the best-dressed boy and gir

AN EASY VICTORY IN THE WHITNEY CUP

Sir Ian Walker's Team in Form

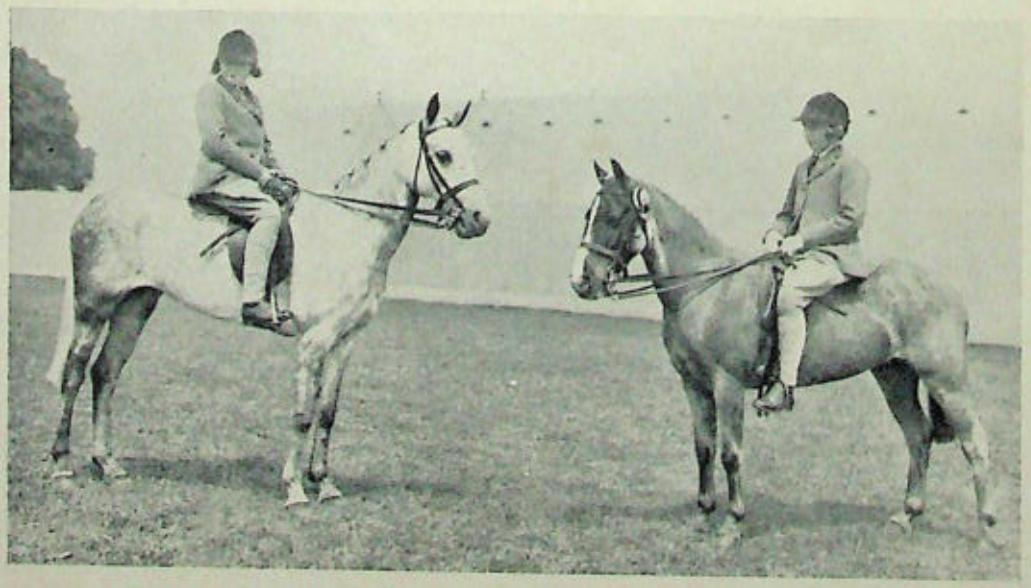
THE WHITNEY CHALLENGE CUP, which is played for every season concurrently at Hurlingham and Roehampton, was presented to these two clubs in 1910 by that great polo captain the late Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, the organiser of the famous American team the Meadowbrook "Big Four."

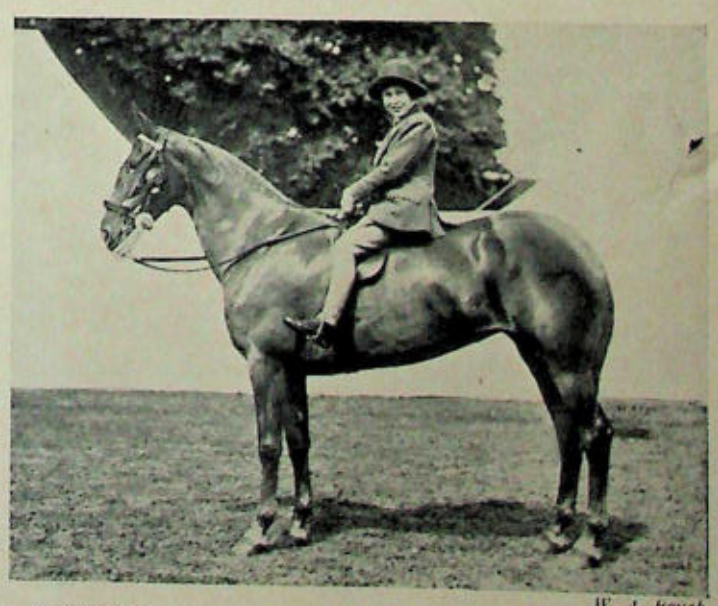
The first round tie played at Hurlingham resulted in the Ubique team, who conceded a goal and a half, beating the Cavaliers after a good hard game by four goals to three-and-a-half. Owing to a polo accident, Capt. B. J. Fowler, the Gunners' No. 1, was unable to play, Major E. D. Fanshawe of the Queen's Bays being substituted. There was an exciting finish to the game, for there was only a minute to go when Capt. H. C. Elton hit the winning goal for Ubique.

In the Hurlingham semi-final, Ubique received four-and-a-half goals from Osmaston, who won by nine goals to seven-and-a-half. Nearing the end of the game Capt. H. C. Elton had a fall through his pony coming down, and sustained a foot injury which will prevent him from playing for some little time. The Panthers, for whom Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin was in great form, won the other semi-final at Roehampton, decisively beating Someries House, who gave them three-and-a-half goals start, by eleven-and-a-half goals to six.

This time it was Hurlingham's turn to stage the Whitney Cup final, and it was the first game of the season played on the club's principal ground. Up to half-time the Panthers put up a good fight, and held their own well, each side by the end of the third round having hit three goals. But they were outplayed in the later stages of the game, Osmaston, who had conceded three-and-a-half goals, winning easily by eleven goals to seven-and-a-half.

OLD WESTMINSTER.





CHILDREN RIDERS OF TO-DAY: HORSEWOMEN OF TO-MORROW

W. A. Rouch

The Hon. Pamela Digby riding Poppy and the Hon. Sheila Digby, who was reserve child rider under eleven years of age at Richmond Royal Horse Show, and (right) Miss Pauline Jones, who, for the second year in succession, carried off the City of London Challenge Cup for the best boy or girl rider

IN AND OUT OF THE RING AT RICHMOND



W. A. Rouch

MAKE AND MOVEMENT, COURAGE AND FIRE

Mr. Harold Colebrook's team of bays, which won the Judge Moore Gold Cup at Richmond, with their owner handling the ribbons and (right) his daughter, who won the Driving Marathon, on the box seat of her father's coach



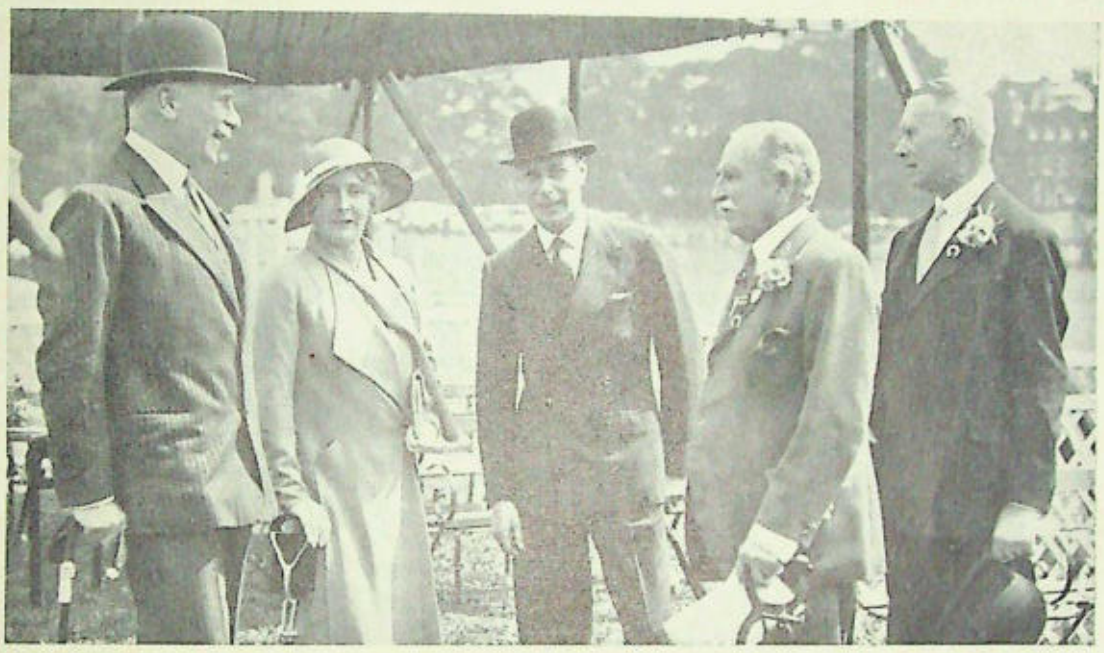
MISS COLEBROOK ON THE NIMROD COACH



W. A. Rouch

MAJOR J. H. DUDGEON AND SEA COUNT

For the fifth time in succession Sea Count has won the Duke of York's Challenge Cup for Officers' Jumping



BEFORE THE JUDGING BEGAN

H.R.H. the Duke of York with the Earl of Athlone (President of the show), the Countess of Athlone, Mr. Romer Williams, who does so much for the horse, and Mr. C. Capel Smith





W. A. Rouch

RECALLING ROTTEN ROW'S BEST DAYS

WINNERS OF THE LADY STERN CUP

The first photograph shows Mr. Horace Smith and his daughter Sybil, who were successful in the class for pairs of hacks. On the right is Mrs. Anthony Lowther and her hack, Manoury, which should make a bold show at Olympia

HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—RAMSGATE

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

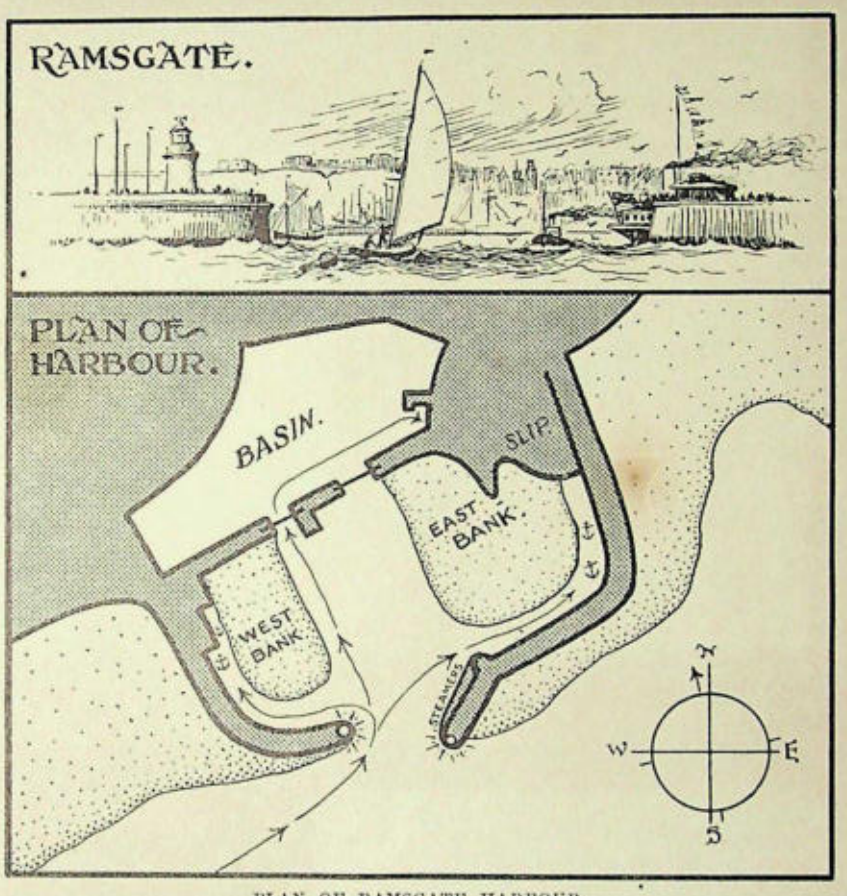
This is the seventh article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Previous articles: Lowestoft, Southwold, Deben River, Harwich, Colne, Blackwater and Crouch Rivers, and Thames Estuary

ON APPROACHING RAMSGATE from the north, the Broadstairs Knoll will have been left to starboard, whence a course will have been laid for the Quern buoy, which is a black- and white chequered can, and must be left on the port hand, *i.e.*, to the southward.

Now stand on towards the harbour mouth, whose appearance is shown in the accompanying sketch. On the west side will be noticed almost at the pier-end a circular granite tower which is the lighthouse. On the east side is another pier, immediately inside of which is the berthing place for the London excursion steamers. There is also a fog bell here, and both piers exhibit lights.

The three main considerations to be borne in mind are: (1) the strong tide which sets athwart the mouth; (2) the crowded condition inside and restricted manœuvring area at low water; (3) the baffling character of the winds.

By origin, Ramsgate is an artificial harbour designed so that, in the olden days of sail, vessels in distress could run here for safety, and even pile themselves on the extensive mud banks. If the Downs became untenable, there was always this port of refuge. Hence the inscription "*Perfugium Miseris*," which will be found to this day carved on the western lighthouse. Small yachts, having run up Channel from the westward, and caught in a hard south-westerly blow, will find it safer to avoid Dover and run through the Downs into Ramsgate, the entrance being so placed as to make the breeze from this direction a fair wind till within the piers.



PLAN OF RAMSGATE HARBOUR

The three main considerations to be borne in mind are (1) *the strong tide which sets athwart the mouth,* (2) *the crowded condition inside, and restricted manœuvring area at low water, and* (3) *the baffling character of the winds*

N.E.-GOING TIDE

With regard to (1) this applies chiefly to the N.E.-going tide, for which reason the western pier must be hugged quite close, or there will be a risk of being smashed against the opposite side. The width here is about 200ft., but is for practical purposes lessened when a pleasure steamer (indicated in sketch) is at her berth. In approaching, after coming from the north, do not enter until the harbour is seen well open, even if the tide is setting to the S.W. The Bermudian-rigged yacht in sketch is far enough to the eastern side for those conditions, but would need to be much nearer to the western pier if the tide were running N.E.

With regard to (2), in spite of the fact that Ramsgate outer harbour consists of some 40 acres, the anchorage is restricted to (*a*) the eastern gully; (*b*) the western gully. Except for a wide channel in the centre, the remainder of this outer harbour is all mud at low water. Therefore, having passed the western pier, turn sharp to port for the western gully, or to starboard for the eastern gully. The former is preferable, and the bigger craft will be directed to bring up soon after the lighthouse is abeam. Smaller craft will prefer to go further up to the position where one of the two anchors is shown, choice being determined by depth. This is the snuggest berth.

EASTERN GULLY BERTHS

The eastern gully is somewhat exposed to wind and sea coming in from the S.W., but yachts of even 40 tons (T.M.), drawing nearly 10ft., berth here, though not too far down the gully. Small craft are directed past the bend of the elbow, as shown by the two anchors. At high water, when the banks are covered, this part of the eastern gully may be so uncomfortable that it will be unbearable.

The custom of the port is to secure from bow and stern, and lay off a kedge anchor with a breast warp, so as to keep the yacht from banging against the concrete wall: but this cannot always be prevented, and the amount of rolling, even in the western gully, will sometimes surprise a stranger. There is the further nuisance of having to slack up these off-lying warps, at any moment, to allow of other craft passing into either gully. It is not less an inconvenience for the yacht entering or departing.

ENTERING THE INNER HARBOUR

Unless intending to remain only a night, it is better to make a job of it and berth in the basin or inner harbour. Enter by the western gates, which are opened from one-and-a-half hours before local high water until high water. Yachts usually berth at the north side thereof, but the quietest spot is at the eastern extremity as marked in plan.

A visit should first be paid to the Inner-Harbour Master, and permission obtained.

Adjacent to this basin are every facilities, including ship chandlers, motor mechanics, sail-makers, shipwrights. The basin is moderately clean, but there is one drawback. If bound down Channel, you must come out of dock one tide ahead; for the tide turns to flow S.W. at five-and-a-half hours after H.W. Dover; whereas the gates open conveniently if bound northwards. For the tide begins running N.E. about half an hour before H.W. Dover.

With regard to (3) it will frequently be noticed that the yacht burgees in the two gullies are blowing in different directions. The high land and high piers are apt to increase the difficulties of a yacht under sail entering at low water. Whilst needing plenty of way to get in out of the tide, she must lower canvas smartly to check way. In the summer there will always be noticed a local man in his rowing boat ready to run a line off immediately inside. Warps should so be secured to the iron rings in the wall as to allow the ropes to be cast off at any state of the tide. Therefore make a bowline. Land by climbing up the lofty wooden ladders.

The depths of the gullies vary according to circumstances, and the harbour bar is subject to the influence of gales. There are buoys on the East and West Banks for securing temporarily whilst waiting for the basin gates to open. If local help is required, inquire of the lighthouse keeper on the western pier. When a red ball is hoisted on the hill at the north side of the basin there are at least 10ft. of water between the outer pierheads. When an arm from the flagstaff is shown, and a bell is rung several times quickly during the day, it means that a vessel is about to enter; so keep clear. Especially is this to be noted in the summer when the above-mentioned pleasure steamers call at Ramsgate.

After being bombed from the air and shelled fro the sea during the War, Ramsgate is no longer important fishing harbour, though a few sma still survive. Keep a smart lookout for such vesse coming in or out of the basin at tide time.

(Next week: Dover.)

THE INTERNATIONAL "EIGHTS" ON THE SOLENT

Sagitta Proves Her Worth

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

FOR THE FIRST TIME for many years—in fact, for the first time since yachts were built to the present International Rule—the racing season on the Solent has opened without matches for the International 6-metre class. In view of the coming of the team of four American "Sixes" to take part in the International team match for the British-American Cup, this fact is all the more remarkable.

The Cup races are due to be sailed on July 18th, 19th and 20th, at Ryde, and July 22nd, 23rd and 25th at Cowes, but the fifteen "Sixes" in commission are, at present, either on the Clyde or at Burnham-on-Crouch.

As a set-off against this, the racing in the 8-metre class promises to be particularly keen. This class now consists of five boats—three from the board of William Fife and his nephew, R. B. Fife, and two from designs by Charles Nicholson. The Fairlie boats are Decima, owned and sailed by Lord Forster; Nona, owned and sailed by Mr. J. Lauriston Lewis; and Severn, owned by Mr. R. B. Worth, and sailed by Sir Ralph Gore. The Nicholson boats are: Suzette II., owned and sailed by Col. E. T. Peel; and Sagitta, owned by Messrs. C. E. & A. W. Nicholson, and sailed by them whenever possible.

In the four opening races of this season, the first prize has gone to a different boat each time—Severn, with three second prizes at the end of the first week's racing, being the odd man out. The results, so far, point to the closest possible racing throughout the season. Decima, formerly known as Sulaire, is a particularly taking boat, and, in the able hands of Lord Forster and his skipper, Bevis, she is certain to show her best form.

A TYPICAL FAIRLIE CRAFT

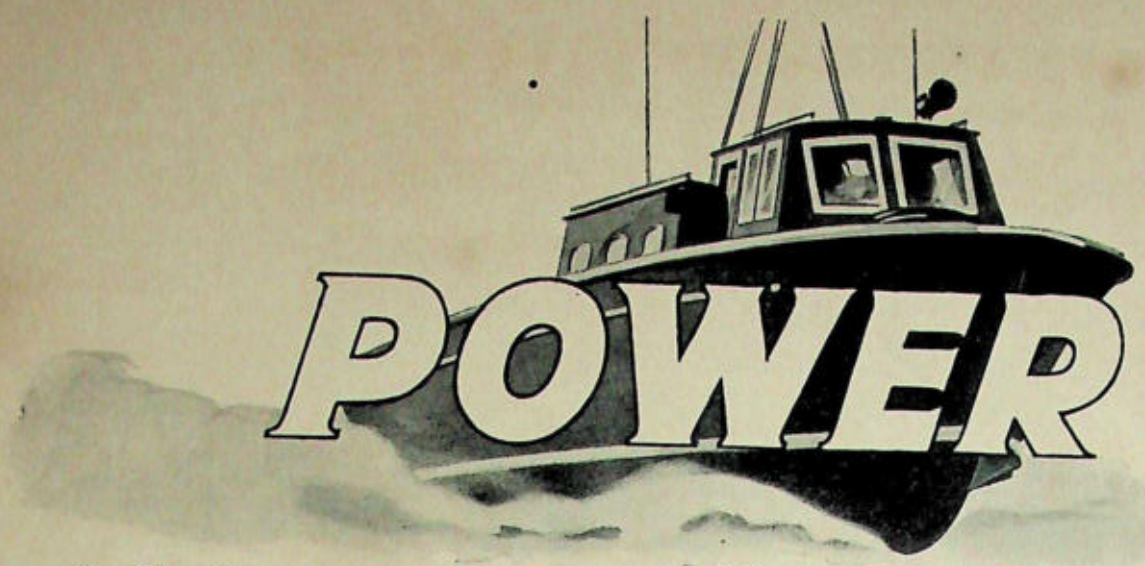
Severn, equally well handled by Sir Ralph Gore and Joe Oatley, does not give one the impression of being quite such a good boat as either Decima or Nona, although she is a typical Fairlie craft—a joy to see, either on the water or hauled up on the slip.

Her after body strikes one as being not quite so pleasing to the eye as those of Decima and Nona, but it has doubtless been designed with a view to meeting the requirements of the International Rule. Nona, in Lord Forster's hands last season was, I think, the pick of the fleet to windward, and, on the opening day at Hythe, under the flag of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Mr. Lauriston Lewis led the class home in masterly style.

This was in a light and variable breeze, and Nona is at her best to windward when it is blowing fairly hard. On the following day, Sagitta, with Mr. Charles Nicholson at the helm, and with the weather to her liking, scored a win at Cowes, at the first regatta held by the Royal London Yacht Club this season. It is noteworthy that Sagitta, which was regarded more or less as a failure when she was racing on the Clyde, has proved herself to be in the first flight in the hands of her present owners when taking part in the Solent regattas, and, perhaps, the best of the class in her own weather.

On the first day of the Island Sailing Club's regatta, Col. Peel secured another first prize for the Nicholson boats in Suzette II., and on the following day Lord Forster won in Decima, after being led for a long distance by Severn, which seemed unable to hold him when Decima took the lead. In breezes of varying strengths, Severn appears to be relatively somewhat slow in getting way on, with the result that the others get away from her or pick her up before she gets going.

It is, of course, too early in the year to estimate the different capabilities of the five boats, but, on the first week's racing everything points to a very even season's racing in the 8-metre class. Last year's champion boat—the Nicholson-designed Cutty—will be greatly missed, as she is not to hoist her racing flag this season.



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New Books

WHEN LAWN TENNIS BEGAN

Old Players Who Were as Good as Those of To-day—When W. G. Grace Played Golf

IF LAWN TENNIS is not yet the national game of England, it is certainly the most internationally popular of all the games England has taught the world; yet, as Mr. Wallis Myers reminds us in *Memory's Parade*, it is only 55 years since J. H. Walsh, the then editor of the *Field*, suggested to the All-England Croquet Club that its Wimbledon programme should contain a lawn tennis item; and induced his proprietors to offer for competition a silver challenge cup, of the value of 25 guineas, which was won outright by William Renshaw.

Intending players were warned that they "must provide their own rackets and must wear shoes without heels," and that they might obtain balls for practice on application to "the gardener." Since that modest, almost furtive, beginning,

> The entry for the singles has swollen from 22 players, all of one nationality, chiefly disciples of rackets and tennis, to 128 players representing 30 countries. The 200 spectators, paying a shilling for admission, who watched, beneath top-hats, gentlemen serving a ball from a point level with the shoulder across a net nearly 2ft. higher at the posts than at the centre, have increased to a multitude of 20,000 swarming in and out of covered stands and watching matches, the results of which are cabled all round the world.

THE CENTURY'S GREATEST PLAYERS

The present generation of players, who are rather fond of asserting that lawn tennis is a much faster, more exacting and more scientific game than it was 25 years ago, will be astonished, and possibly a little piqued, to learn that Mr. Myers brackets H. L. Doherty with W. L. Tilden as the two greatest players of this century, followed by R. F. Doherty, Cochet, Johnston, Brookes, Lacoste, Wilding, Borotra, Patterson and Gore, in order of merit.

The play of our women champions has developed in far more revolutionary style than that of the men. Yet Mr. Myers asserts that, of the bygone players, Mrs. Hillyard could run as fast in her girlhood as any modern girl can, and that Mrs. Sterry, Mrs. Larcombe and Mrs. Lambert Chambers were greater tactitians than nearly all the leading players in 1932.

Mlle. Lenglen was, of course, in a class by herself, but it is proof of Mrs. Lambert Chambers' greatness that had not Mlle. Lenglen been allowed to take a quite illegal rest when the match was one set all, the French girl would certainly have had to wait another year before securing her first Wimbledon championship.

RANJI'S "EXTRA TURN"

Lawn tennis memories form only a small part of Mr. Myers's present volume of reminiscences, perhaps too small a part, for chapters dealing with other matters are not of very general interest. He tells, however, an entertaining story of an encounter with W. G. Grace, at golf:

> In a half-serious, half-comic foursome in which the only expert golfer was George Beldam, the Middlesex amateur, "W. G." found himself so badly bunkered that those of us who had gone ahead expected only a roar of impotent rage from the barrier. Behold a ball breaking through a spray of sand and pitching sprucely on the green! Behind his cover, Grace had wrapped the ball in a handful of sand and projected it without using any club!

As a boy Mr. Myers was keener on cricket than on lawn tennis. Perhaps he is still, for even now he cherishes the memory of a Saturday afternoon on the Hove ground when, a county match having come to an untimely end, "Ranji" took up his position at the wicket and faced a cascade of balls, some bowled and some thrown from the other end, every one of which he turned neatly to leg. One can well believe this was, as Mr. Myers says, "an extra turn" dear to Brighton's heart.

Memory's Parade. By A. Wallis Myers. (Methuen, 7/6 net.)

GROWING MORE FOOD

Fertilisers and Their Economic Use

SIR FREDERICK KEEBLE'S BOOK, *Fertilizers and Food Production* (Oxford University Press; 5/-), brings together a store of new knowledge about fertilisers and their economic use in farming to-day. Throughout this book is interesting reading, which is no mean feat, because at first sight the subject does not lend itself to literary style. Sir Frederick Keeble has made his book very different from the text-book crammed full of indigestible facts and figures.

Many of the conclusions, and particularly the recommendations on grassland management, have been drawn from the experience gained by the Jealott's Hill Experimental Station, which has conducted fertiliser trials in all parts of the country under diverse conditions of soil and climate.

In an introduction, Sir Harry McGowan, the chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., emphasises that the most important and most fruitful task to be undertaken by the Government lies in securing the fullest possible development of our land.

Sir Frederick Keeble's book is a notable contribution to the problem. He makes abundantly clear that our soil can produce more food and employ more labour if confidence within the industry is assured.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS

A Monumental Task Completed

WITH THE PUBLICATION of the third volume of the Third Series of the *Letters of Queen Victoria*, Mr. G. E. Buckle has completed the great task which he inherited from his predecessors, Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson. The nine volumes constitute an historical record the value and interest of which it is impossible to over-estimate, and the present volume, covering the last fourteen years of Queen Victoria's long and eventful reign, is in some respects the most interesting of all.

The cloud that darkened the Queen's last years in the shape of the South African War naturally bulks largely in the correspondence; and over and over again her good sense and shrewdness are displayed in the many suggestions and the wise counsel given to her Ministers. Her personal reply to the German Emperor's suggestion of friendly mediation between England and the Boer Republics was so dignified and forcible that Lord Salisbury expressed himself delighted with her "strong language," and Sir Francis Knollys, the Prince of Wales's private secretary, wrote to Sir Arthur Bigge that it was "worthy of Queen Elizabeth."

The publication of these letters, published by the authority both of King Edward and King George, has done more to present a full and life-like portrait of Queen Victoria than all the biographies that have been written. Those in intimate touch with her during her lifetime knew and appreciated her great qualities, but it is only by reading these letters that others can realise her full stature as a monarch and "statesman." It only remains to congratulate Mr. Buckle on his masterly editing of the two series for which he is responsible.

Letters of Queen Victoria. Third Series, Vol. III. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Illustrated. (John Murray; 25/- net.)

AGRICULTURE'S FUTURE

Lord Lymington Further Develops His Ideas

LORD LYMINGTON'S new book, *Horn, Hoof and Corn* (Faber & Faber, 6/-), will be welcomed with particular interest by readers of the *Field* because he has now developed further the ideas which he set out in our columns last year. Lord Lymington is a great believer in livestock as the sheet anchor of British agriculture, but he does not rule out the wheat quota scheme as a necessary stop-gap while the fuller policy is being developed. He looks forward not only to more profits for farmers but also to the social regeneration of the countryside.

He has some frank things to say about agricultural landowners. "The true absenteeism of the landlord to-day is in brain and leadership which lies elsewhere: in industry and sport. This alienation has been hastened by the family lawyer and the whole gamut of lesser family servants whom it has suited that an estate should be kept an uneconomic amenity rather than a means of responsible livelihood. . . . The landlord still remains as the great potential nucleus of future experiment and progress."

OUR COUNTRY TOWNS

The Spirit in which to Visit Them

TO the English Heritage Series, published by Longmans at 3/6, Mr. Guy Parsloe contributes *The English Country Town*. When we enter a country town how many of us stop to think of the long train of events and personalities which, perhaps imperceptibly, have fashioned its form and spirit?

Mr. Parsloe gives the English country town proper reverence, presenting the bricks and mortar as a lively witness to the ups and downs and the comings and goings of past days. The small towns of England, like her men, do not yield up their secret thoughts easily to any chance acquaintance.

Neither the shallow sightseer nor the laborious antiquary sees the whole. Respect is needed, such as is due to someone who is both old and vigorous, together with the patience that is ready to let intimacy ripen, as things do under our soft skies, and the stranger must also bring the niceness of perception that befits those who consort with a "character." And then, as time goes by and the place grows used to you, there will be shy revelations and quiet hints, a slow unveiling of things hidden, and you will find yourself richer in the understanding of an individuality steeped in the experience, not of years only, but of centuries.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF LAW

STONE'S JUSTICES' MANUAL for 1932 represents the 64th edition of a book which on its first appearance in the "hungry forties" was advertised as a "Justices' Pocket Manual," or guide to the "ordinary duties of a justice of the peace." It is much more than that to-day. There are now more than 2,200 closely printed pages between the familiar blue covers of *Stone*, and the editor, Mr. F. B. Dingle, Clerk to the West Riding Justices, Sheffield, is to be congratulated on bringing such an essential book so thoroughly up to date. Very many people who are not, and never hope to be, magistrates, nowadays consult the book on very many subjects, and no more useful law book could be purchased for a public or other library only scantily supplied with legal literature. Magistrates and their clerks could hardly function without it. Messrs. Butterworth & Co., and Messrs. Shaw and Sons, publish *Stone* at 37/6. A thin paper edition costs 5/- more.

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WHEN I WAS A FRESHMAN

Memories of Cambridge Rowing in the Old Days

By STEVE FAIRBAIRN



"STEVE"
From the painting by James Quinn at Jesus College

Mr. Steve Fairbairn, the famous oarsman and coach, who has been coaching the Jesus eight for last week's May races at Cambridge, himself rowed in the Jesus Head of the River boat as a freshman in 1882. *He here gives a few reminiscences of rowing in his early days.*

LOOKING BACK on Cambridge rowing, perhaps one of the most striking changes that have taken place in the last half-century is in the attitude of rowing men towards the Press. It is said that the earliest attempt to report rowing in the papers was made by a small youth, who went up to the famous Goldie and informed him that he was the reporter from the Daily So-and-so, and would Goldie mind telling him what the Cambridge eight had done to-day.

Now Goldie considered that it was awful cheek for the Press to put their noses into his boathouse, so he said: "Oh, certainly. The Cambridge eight paddled up to the Jesus Lock at a steady 75 strokes to the minute, and then turned round to row a lock-to-lock trial. We started at a long swinging 80 and maintained this to the Railway Bridge, where we quickened to 90. Entering Post Reach, however, stroke picked it up, and took us home at three figures to the minute."

Next morning this appeared in print. It was the beginning and the end of rowing reports for some time.

HOCKIN AND THE BARGEE

Even in '79, when my brother rowed against Oxford, reporters were still treated badly, and on one occasion, when a newspaper man asked the crew to weigh, they filled their pockets with stones.

One of the best of old rowing stories is of Tom Hockin, who gained no less than 22 oars at Cambridge, Henley, and the 'Varsity Boat Race. He was sculling on the Cam on a cold winter day, when his scull struck a slab of ice and he capsized.

To get warm he went into a public house that stood where the Glasshouses now are. In front of the hearth there were two bargees, and Hockin pushed in between them, getting most of the fire; and when one of the bargees complained, he replied "Go to Hell."

"I've been there already," said the bargee.

"What is it like?" asked Hockin.

"Much the same as here," was the reply. "The big swells get all the fire."

ELEPHANTS IN THE CAM

At one time I used to coach Pembroke, who had a don rowing. He told me that one Saturday evening, in the Long, he was sculling home in the dusk when the gate of his swivel opened. He fell into the Cam, and was a little surprised, not unnaturally, to find three elephants in the water around him. Subsequent investigations, however, revealed that there was a circus on the common.

The greatest oarsman of all time was possibly Gulston, of the London Rowing Club. On one occasion he was returning from a wedding—immaculately dressed in patent leather boots, frock coat, white silk scarf, top hat, etc.—and took a hansom back to Waterloo Station. This was a 2/6 fare, but he only gave the driver a shilling. Whereupon the driver offered to fight him, and "Gully" invited him down.

As the man was getting down from the cab Gully took off his hat, scarf and coat, and the driver found him squared up for battle in a blue butcher's guernsey. Whereupon the driver apologised and got back into his seat.

It used to be the practice for members of the London and Thames Rowing Clubs to go out for long walks together in couples on Sundays. There was a certain London man who was renowned for his silence; only very rarely could he be induced to speak. One Sunday a member of Thames, with whom he had arranged to go out, remarked, on joining the London man: "That's a good-looking dog you have. What breed is it?"

He got no reply, and the walk was continued in silence. On separating in the evening the Thames man said "Good-night." To which the London man replied: "It's an Irish terrier. Good-night."

When I was a freshman at Jesus, rowing in the eight which was Head of the River, we were expected to go down because the boat was loaded with freshmen. First Trinity were the second boat, and one of their crew told me that they would bump us and would give our No. 6 a First Trinity cap as he was so bad.

This No. 6 was my old friend "Hutch" (A. M. Hutchinson)—a perfectly smooth and very fine oar with an excellent rowing record. That was how near First Trinity got to judging the value of an oarsman. Yet, alas! it is what very frequently happens; a good smooth oar is never judged at his true value.

GOOD ROWING IN THE "MAYS"

Use of Swivels is Improving Boat Control

IN RETAINING their place at the Head of the River in the May Races, Pembroke finished some two-and-a-half lengths in front of Jesus, although the latter in the first part of the course came within a length. The crew had improved beyond words in the last fortnight, and Mr. Nisbet is to be congratulated on producing such a fine crew. It seems almost a pity that they are to be broken up in order that the nucleus may once more row for Cambridge at Henley, for no college crew which has left Cambridge would have had a better chance for the Grand since the War. They were admirably stroked by Best, who never let either himself or his crew be worried when Jesus came near.

Jesus rowed very pluckily, but with such a powerful and experienced crew as Pembroke in front of them, their task was too great. They are aiming for the Ladies' Plate at Henley, and they should stand a very good chance.

A great surprise was to see Selwyn bump back Lady Margaret: the latter caught a series of crabs in the start, and Selwyn were a canvas away at Grassy, and although L.M.B.C. later looked as if they would go away, Selwyn made a fine bump at the Railings. Jesus at the time were several lengths ahead.

Third Trinity did not attain quite the level that they had promised earlier in practice, and were hunted home by First Trinity, who were only a canvas behind at the finish. Trinity Hall, although they went down to the fast Jesus second boat at the Railway Bridge, in front of Mr. Fairbairn, had a better crew than they have had for many years.

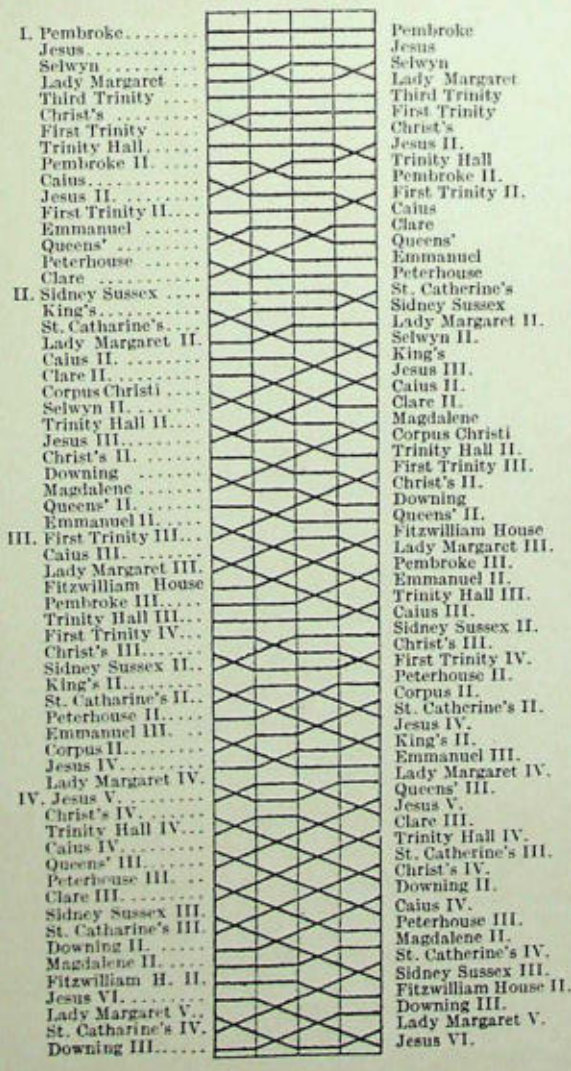
Once again Selwyn had a fast second boat, and made their fourth bump at the expense of King's. Jesus III. did well to win their oars over the second and first boats of other colleges, and thus left Jesus with the highest second, third and fifth boats on the river. Other crews to win their oars, besides the Head of the River crew, were First Trinity III., Queens' III., Clare III., and the third and fourth boats of St. Catharine's. The latter club had a most successful "Mays."

The standard of rowing all through the four divisions was high, a very noticeable point being the much better control which was prevalent among the crews, and which can be attributed to a large extent to swivel rowlocks.

The Head of the River crew were as follows: N. J. P. Newlings (bow), 11st.; L. Luxton, 12st. 5lb.; H. Ballantyne, 11st. 4lb.; M. G. Pascalis, 12st. 3lb.; D. H. E. McCowen, 12st. 8lb.; G. W. Cook, 12st. 5lb.; W. A. T. Sambell, 12st.; J. R. F. Best (stroke), 11st. 3lb.; J. M. Ranking, (cox), 7st.

OLD BLUE.

TABLE OF BUMPS



RIVALS AT MARLOW REGATTA

A Try-Out for "Grand" Crews

TO-DAY AT MARLOW will be held the first public trial between rivals for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. That the winner will be either Thames or London is as certain as anything within the realms of prophecy, since Cambridge—perhaps the most formidable, and certainly the most interesting of this year's Grand crews—will not be racing until Henley week itself, and we have still to wait another fortnight before a definite answer is given to that age-old question: "Would the best crew from the Tideway beat the best crew from the Universities?"

But between London and Thames there seems little to choose. A fortnight ago it was thought that the changes in the Thames Grand crew might react to the advantage of London, but since then the latter have been handicapped by illness. Not until this afternoon, when the two boats are drifting downstream under Marlow Suspension Bridge, will it be safe to be wise about the result.

* * *

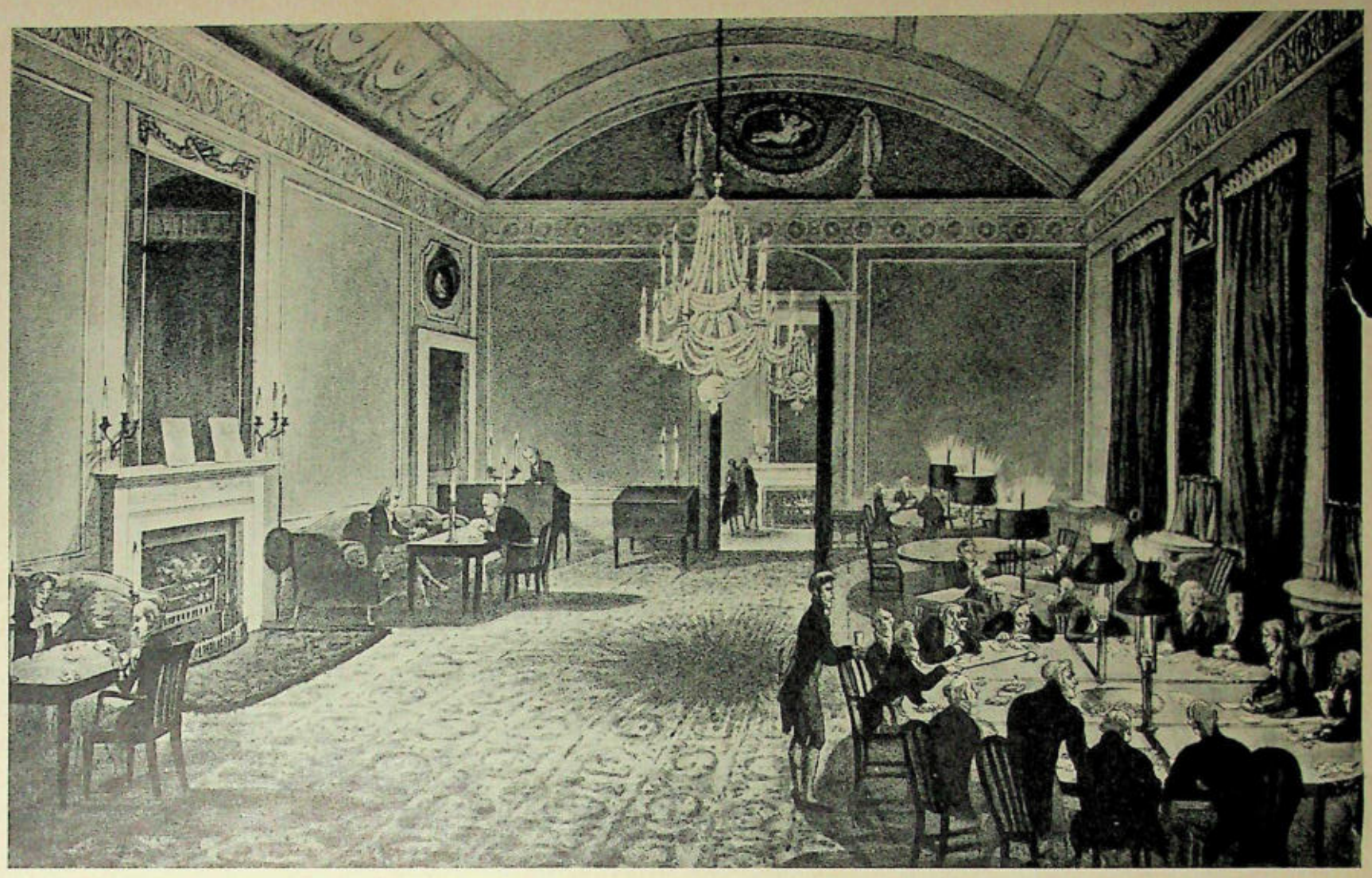
In the Thames Cup class the honours appear to be with Thames. London's second eight are at present nothing like as fine a crew as their Thames Cup winners of 1931, and Thames R.C. were able to beat them by a quarter of a length at Richmond last Saturday. On paper a quarter of a length may not seem much; but Thames looked as though they could have made it more, and even then they were rowing with a "sub."

* * *

Imperial College, who won the junior-senior eights, were the most spectacular crew at Richmond Regatta. According to at least one wrist-watch they were striking a "comfortable 44" throughout the latter part of the course. They won by 4ft., and it is not surprising that they were left lying flat in the boat after the finish. Imperial College now row with hooked arms, a contortion which apparently is officially known as "the racing elbow." As a crew it makes them look rather like a row of rabbits; but there is no denying that they won.

* * *

This will be the second year of Marlow's new race for the second eights of Public Schools, an event which tends to make Marlow more than ever a one-day edition of Henley. Already on its introduction last June the race achieved sufficient success to make one wonder why the Powers behind Henley do not take the hint and introduce that much clamoured-for event, a race for Public Schools only, or at least divide the Ladies' Plate into two sections, one for the colleges and one for the schools.



THE GREAT SUBSCRIPTION ROOM AT BROOKS'S
After the painting by Thomas Rowlandson

THE HISTORY OF BROOKS'S CLUB—II.

Some Fantastic Bets and Fox's Love of Gambling—Losing £500 an Hour for 22 Hours at Hazard

By Lieut.-Col. CYRIL FOLEY

ONE OF THE CHIEF *raisons d'être* for the establishment of London clubs was that there should be some private spot for recording bets as well as for gambling. The betting-book at Brooks's is characteristic of the time, and therefore a valuable relic. Some of the bets are fantastic, one being 500 guineas to 10 that none of the Cabinet were beheaded in three years' time. Another that Mlle. Heinel does not dance at the Opera House next winter, and so on.

I can well remember my father telling me stories of the gambling that took place in those days. Most of the frequenters of the West End clubs were men of leisure, without serious occupations, and did practically nothing else but gamble and play practical jokes on the watchmen and jarvies.

One day the driver of the hackney coach which had deposited my father and three others at White's Club, was drunk. The party got out by the door which was held open by the coachman, slipped round the back of the coach, and entering by the other door poured out in a continuous stream.

The driver let out nineteen, and then ran screaming down St. James's Street!

ALMACK'S SUCCESSORS

The club originally consisted of 150 members at an annual subscription of 4 guineas. But this small number soon expanded, and by 1776 had been doubled, by successive additions of 20, 30, 50 and 50. Fifteen years passed, and in 1791 another 150 were added, and in 1816, 100 more, bringing the numbers up to 550. Twenty-five more were added in 1823, and a like number in 1857, bringing the total up to 600, at which it remained till 1901, when it was raised to 650, as it at present stands.

The first manager, or rather "master," of the club was Almack, followed by Brooks in 1774, at whose death in 1782 one Griffin succeeded, whose name can be traced down to 1815, when the mastership devolved upon Wheelwright, who in 1824 took a certain Halse into partnership, retiring in 1831.



CHARLES JAMES FOX
After the original portrait by Opie

Halse thereupon took Henry Banderet into partnership, he himself retiring in 1864, and receiving a grant from the club of £500 on account of his interest in the unexpired lease of the house. From that time until his death in 1880 Banderet continued to be master.

No living man could have taken a greater interest in his business. It is said that in the 34 years during which he filled his post he was never known to be absent, except on one occasion when he was persuaded to take a holiday. But he found himself so miserable that by noon he was back at Brooks's, which he never afterwards left until his death.

To him is attributed the credit of having established in Brooks's that refined, if somewhat solemn, comfort which resembles rather the luxury of a first-class private house than a club, and which has led to its being humorously described as "like dining in a Duke's house with the Duke lying dead upstairs." When Banderet died the entire management was taken over by the club, as is the system at present.

After 1857 members were elected by general ballot, as they are to-day. The subscription in 1764 was 4 guineas, but was raised in 1778 to 8 guineas. This was increased in 1779 to 10 guineas, for two years only, "in consideration of the great expense Brooks had been at in erecting and fitting up the house." The latter compounded with those of the members who were willing, for 16 guineas "ready."

On April 17th, 1791, the subscription was again put up to 10 guineas and an entrance fee of 5 guineas imposed. In 1815 it was 11 guineas, and on March 18th, 1817, an additional guinea was demanded, to be paid on January 1st, 1818.

FOUNDATION OF RESERVE FUND

This guinea was in 1828 put to a reserve fund, and was discontinued in 1845. The gross amount of the sums so formed, including interest thereon, amounted to £13,688 18s., of which £2,576 6s. 5d. had been paid away. The entrance fee in 1815 was 9 guineas, in 1881, 15 guineas, in 1892, 25 guineas, and in 1901, 30 guineas. In 1846 it was proposed to elect 50 members on payment of 10 guineas, which included entrance fee and first year's subscription. Only 27 were eventually elected.

There is a very common impression that the eleventh guinea of the subscription was first imposed to pay the debts of Charles Fox, but of this there is no evidence whatever. That Fox's debts were paid by his friends is certain, and that he had many friends at Brooks's is equally so, and they doubtless were the chief contributors, but as individuals only.

The idea that Brooks's ever contributed in its corporate capacity is absolutely without foundation. The original rules are very strict on the subject of arrears, demanding that all subscriptions should be

paid between March 1st and June 25th, on pain of the defaulter being excluded and his name erased. This, however, seems to have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, for, notwithstanding the resolution of the managers, on May 3rd, 1806, Griffin reported the arrears to amount to £6,000, which large sum had in 1809 increased to £10,000.

The generous confidence of the masters in the ultimate solvency of members endured until the death of Banderet in 1880, and on one occasion it was said that he represented to the managers that a certain member was £800 in his debt, and although he was quite ready to trust Mr. —— to any amount, he did think that, under the circumstances, the latter need not insist upon having ortolans for his dinner *every* night.

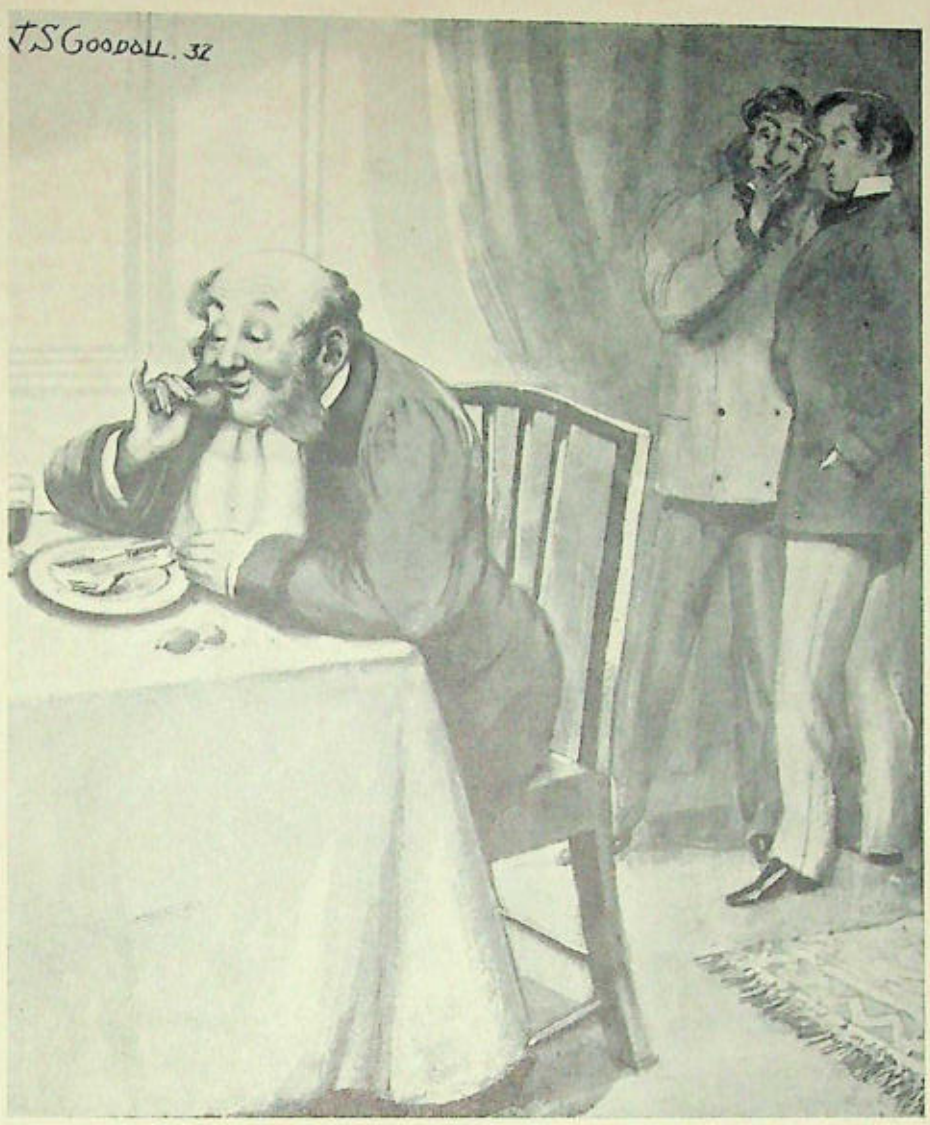
In 1804 a crisis occurred which nearly caused a migration. One of the club waiters, George Hedder, purchased the lease of the clubhouse, and refused to sell it unless he were admitted into a share of the house. Griffin, the manager, would not agree to this, and negotiated for the lease of the Duke of Leeds' house in St. James's Square, and for another in Bond Street as well. Seeing that Griffin meant business, Hedder, who had been dismissed, capitulated. It would be interesting to know on what terms.

PURCHASE OF CLUB FREEHOLD

In 1854 the club purchased the freehold from Mr. Haldimand, which had been held up to then by Banderet, for £25,000. This money was found, with £10,000 from the fund accumulated between 1829 and 1845, and the balance of £15,000 was borrowed and eventually paid off in January, 1878. Banderet then became the tenant of the club at a rental of £1,300 per annum.

The last great structural alterations were made in 1889-90, when No. 2, Park Place was incorporated in the clubhouse. Up to that time the coffee room was what is now the strangers' smoking room on the first floor, the only smoking room at that time being a small room at the back of the house.

Some small rooms, together with No. 2, Park Place, were turned into the present coffee rooms and the library above them and the old drawing rooms and coffee rooms given up to smokers and their guests. The hall and staircase also were entirely reconstructed. Another important reform, introduced after Banderet's death, was the institution of club bedrooms and also the privilege of inviting guests to dinner, and more recently—1896—to luncheon.



"... NEED NOT INSIST UPON HAVING ORTOLANS FOR HIS DINNER *EVERY* NIGHT"



"HE STILL PLAYED HIGH, AND LONG AND OFTEN"

Few innovations have been more successful than the admission of visitors to dine, as it has proved a very substantial increase to the revenue of the club, as well as a great pleasure to hosts and guests alike.

The change of situation of the coffee room to its present position was a surprise and a cause of regret to many, and was carried on a proposal suddenly made at the close of a general meeting, held July 24th, 1888, when many members, thinking that the business of the meeting was concluded, had either left or had betaken themselves to luncheon in the next room.

Any description of Brooks's would be incomplete without a reference to its most distinguished and popular member, Charles James Fox. Launched into Society, which was at that time one vast casino, at the age of sixteen, Fox succumbed to the universal disease of gambling.

Gibbon recounts that on one occasion he sat playing hazard for 22 hours on end, losing in that time £11,000, and that at the age of twenty-five he was a ruined man, and this, in spite of his father having paid £140,000 on his behalf for the relief of his debts.

It was not until 1778 that Fox, to use a modern phrase, took a pull at himself, in regard to his gambling. Even so it was not a complete one; he still played high, and long and often, and played on credit as well, but spent less of his time gambling than heretofore, until it gradually became less of a habit. There can be no doubt that he possessed the most wonderful personality.

Burke, his very antithesis in character, says of him: "He is a man made to be loved, of the most artless, candid, open, and benevolent disposition, disinterested in the extreme. Of a temper mild and placable to a fault, without one drop of gall in his whole constitution." And Gibbon says: "The power of a superior man was blended in his attractive character with the softness and simplicity of a child. Perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence."

"He possessed," said Erskine, "above all men I ever knew, the most gentle and yet the most ardent spirit." Of the love felt towards him by his friends there can be no stronger proof than that in 1793 they should have raised the sum of £70,000 to pay his debts and buy him an annuity, which, from a financial point of view, put him fairly at his ease.

That the memory of his exceptional character was a lasting one is proved by a letter of Lord Macaulay's, written on June 17th, 1831, in which he says: "Even now, after a lapse of five and twenty years, there are those who cannot talk a quarter of an hour about Charles Fox without tears."

And that being so it is not surprising that after his death some steps should have been taken by his friends and admirers to keep alive the memory of so attractive a personality, and yet it is impossible to accurately trace the origin of the commemorative Fox Club. Its existence is proved by the record of a dinner given on February 7th, 1829, nearly twenty-three years after Fox's death, at which twenty-nine members were present.

RECORDS OF THE EDINBURGH DINNERS

There is also another record of a Fox dinner about to be held, in a letter dated December 28th, 1820, from Lord Albemarle to Mr. Gurdon, asking him to act as steward at the forthcoming dinner. Lord Cockburn also records dinners held in Edinburgh, from 1821 to 1825, on Fox's birthday, January 24th.

It is possible that these Edinburgh dinners were more political than personal, and were an offshoot of the original Fox dinners. But however that may be, it is extraordinary that no records of the latter exist between the date of Fox's death in 1806, and 1821. Down to 1843 the meetings of the club were held at the Clarendon, but in that year, on an application signed by sixteen members of the Fox Club, a rule was passed granting permission for them to use the great room at Brooks's for their meeting.

There had been during Fox's lifetime a Whig Club to which he belonged, and it was there that he proposed the toast, at a dinner of that club, on May 20th, 1798, "The sovereignty of the People." This caused George III., some five days later, to erase with his own hand Fox's name from the list of the Privy Council. This did not, however, prevent Fox, on October 10th in the same year, proposing a similar toast.

(To be continued)

ALL-INDIA CRICKETERS SHOW US SOME LOST STROKES

(*Continued from page* 913)

amongst the most personal batsmen of the day; there are few that I would sooner watch on a true wicket.

Navle also batted cleverly for 64 in two hours. Normally he is a very slow scorer, but the Lancashire attack was so bad that only an English professional could possibly have resisted the many opportunities for easy fours. Navle may easily help in a good first-wicket partnership at Lord's in the Test match on June 25th. Given a fast, true wicket at Lord's, I shall expect All-India to get a good score, providing the innings is blessed with a prosperous start. I imagine the side is like the West Indies XI. in temperament—when they are good they are very, very good; and when they are bad, they are ——!

The later batsmen in the order of going in are short of defence. And the side really must guard against nibbling at the out-swinger; it is all very well for a born master like Nayudu to cut before the "shine" has worn off the ball, but the others must wait to try the pace of the wicket thoroughly.

Winning or losing, All-India are a band of proper cricketers. Since the War we have, in this country, tended to put too much value in our county cricket on a technical efficiency which can be pretty well guaranteed not to lose matches.

We have, for example, watched the cut go out of batsmanship, and we have tolerated the passing of this thrilling stroke simply because (so we have deceived ourselves) the cut is "not a business stroke."

In short, we have allowed cricket to lose many lovely hazards in the cause of winning championships or winning rubbers; here and in Australia.

CRICKET IS A GAME

The Indian cricketers are this year reminding us that cricket is first and last a game; and also they are reminding us that a batsman is not necessarily a fool if he gets caught in the slips trying a cut, or sends a catch to long-on, aiming for the boundary.

These mistakes are the breath of life to cricket—and few of our county professionals seem to know it nowadays.

I saw more honest cuts at Aigburth last Saturday than I have seen in county matches for several months, not to say years.

The task of finding a strong batting side for the North for to-day's trial match against the South must have given much trouble to the Selection Committee.

The runs are nearly all in the South, and when you have written down the names of Sutcliffe, Paynter, Keeton and Wyatt, I fancy you have exhausted the North's dependable batting—that is, of course, excluding players who are too old for a Trial match.

The North's XI. for the game beginning at Old Trafford to-day (Saturday, June 18th) is: Sutcliffe, Keeton, Paynter, Timms, Wyatt, Leyland, Larwood, Voce, Sibbles, Mitchell of Derbyshire, and Duckworth. There is plenty of bowling—but what a "tail"!

Still, the object of the Trial matches is really to hunt out bowlers; England can rest assured that heaps of runs will be piled up in Australia next winter by Sutcliffe, Hammond, Jardine, Duleepsinhji and—maybe!—Hobbs.

ROUND THE WICKETS

Two Great Catches

THOSE WHO SAW them are not likely to forget for some time two catches made at the Oval last Saturday for Surrey against Essex. The first was one of those spectacular one-hand slip catches that cricketers dream about but seldom bring off; the ball, one of Gover's fastest, was edged by O'Connor to the left of P. G. H. Fender, who shot out his left hand and held it perfectly.

We were reminded at once of the two similar catches in one innings brought off by Woolley against the Australians in 1921; we have certainly seen no better than Fender's since then.

The other catch was in its way equally fine. Eastman square cut a ball from Gover very hard and D. R. Jardine, the Surrey captain, fielding at point, took it with one hand low down.

Memorable for another reason was a catch made by the wicket keeper, Brooks—again off Gover's bowling—for it was given by one of the rashest of rash strokes; T. N. Pearce reached up as high as his head to a long hop on the off side.

GLOUCESTSHIRE REVERSES

The form shown by Gloucestershire in their defeats by Sussex and Yorkshire last week made plain some of the short-comings of the team which must militate heavily against them achieving anything like as good a position in the County Championship as they gained last year, when they finished second to Yorkshire.

In both matches Dipper and Hammond proved practically their only reliable batsmen, and there was a very long tail. They have, it is true, three or four batsmen of the enterprising kind who may at any time make a good score and demoralise the bowlers; but they fail too often to be pleasant, and that puts too much responsibility on Hammond to give him the best chance to play his natural game.

Similarly Parker has far too much bowling to do, and though he still accomplishes wonders and Goddard gives him valuable support, the team are badly in need of another good bowler or two.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

Lord Tennyson, the Hampshire captain, seemed to have good reason for putting Derbyshire in to bat on a drying wicket at Southampton last Saturday, but as Derbyshire made 318 he can hardly have been satisfied with the result.

Derbyshire are, in fact, a rather curious side this season. They have shown that they can fight hard in a tight corner, and they came very near to snatching victory from Hampshire last week at Chesterfield, when Hampshire had no more than 83 to get in their second innings.

Yet, against Surrey's moderate bowling, they failed badly in batting in both innings, and only a new bowler, Copson, had anything of a respectable analysis, after taking Sandham's wicket with the first ball he bowled in county cricket.

Most of the Hampshire bowlers are well able to make use of a helpful wicket, but this time Derbyshire were masters of the situation. Lord Tennyson has made as many such experiments as most captains but we should doubt whether he has gained much from them. More than once Kent at Canterbury have provided him with some very annoying experiences.

VARSITY HOPES AND FEARS

With the Oxford *v.* Cambridge match only a fortnight ahead, it is still difficult to form an idea of the relative merits of the teams; indeed, there have seldom been more doubts and disappointments in both sides.

At the moment Oxford appear to have about three batsmen of any class, Brooke, Chalk and Lindsay, with Brooke perhaps the most dependable; and if Barlow and Legard do not happen to come off as bowlers there seems very little else in the attack.

The Cambridge captain must still be uneasy about his opening pair of batsmen, but Wilcox has proved his mettle as a determined player, Ratcliffe has shown marked recovery of form, and Hadingham looks really like fulfilling the great promise he showed as a schoolboy. The bowling is not very varied, but Rought-Rought, Farnes and Pelham are all of the type who might easily run through a side.

On the whole, we should say that the odds, which were at first in favour of Oxford, have veered round slightly towards Cambridge.

MORE ATHLETIC RECORDS BEATEN

Rampling None the Worse for His Operation

F. A. M. WEBSTER

OWING to the coming Olympic Games, England has no full international athletic matches this season, but the two national teams selected to represent the A.A.A. against Oxford and Cambridge have proved themselves all too good for the Blues.

At Fenners, Cambridge went under to the A.A.A. by 79 points to 41. The greater number of records were broken at the Oxford meeting, but the standard at Cambridge was wonderfully high. S. Lockett (A.A.A.), a new Northern discovery, won both sprints convincingly, while J. O. Finlay, in the high, and J. Simpson in the low, hurdles produced beautiful form and fast times, all four races being run in the teeth of a stiff breeze.

The mile was disappointing, for R. H. Thomas aggravated a recent Achilles tendon injury and had to retire, but Cambridge get full marks for placing a procession of three, with J. S. Robins showing 4min. 20⅘sec.

A SUPERB JUDGE OF TIME

The half-mile proved what a superb judge of pace is T. Hampson, for he stated that he hoped to clock 1min. 55sec. to beat ground record, and that was exactly the time he returned. The three miles was a keen race, with J. W. Follows (O.U.A.C. and A.A.A.) lying third; while Tom Evenson (A.A.A.) reeled off a mile in 4min. 54sec., and two miles in 9min. 47sec.

The last mile was faster, and with Follows feeling for the lead Evenson went clean away to make a new ground record of 14min. 32⅘sec., with Follows showing his best time yet as 4min. 37sec. In the 440yds. there was a meeting between our two best quarter-milers—outside G. L. Rampling—and F. F. Wolff (L.A.C.) put up a great race to beat T. A. B. Parselle (R.A.F.) in 50⅘sec.

Both the A.A.A. pole vaulters showed marked improvement on their Oxford form, H. Ford winning at 12ft. on the jump-off from W. D. Behnke (Cambridge-American blue), while F. R. Webster, the Bedford school boy, cleared 11ft. to reproduce his British Games achievement.

In the field events, however, the greatest feat was achieved by R. L. Howland, the old Cambridge blue, who turned out for the A.A.A., and broke his own English native shot-putting record with a heave of 45ft. 11in.

He swings a bit, and is a trifle unbalanced at present, but is likely to touch 50ft. before our team is picked for the Olympic Games. Even on his present form he should go to Los Angeles, for he is the type of athlete who will acclimatise well in California.

The Cambridge match was followed by a wealthy athletic week-end. At Stamford Bridge the Oxonians, J. F. Cornes and J. E. Lovelock, were on scratch to attempt the world's three-quarter mile record, behind a bunch of pace-makers who hindered rather than helped them.

Cornes, I believe, made up his mind to afford Lovelock every facility for breaking the record of 3min. 4⅘sec. set up by T. P. Conneff (U.S.A.) in 1895, and the British record of 3min. 5sec. made by R. H. Thomas last year. The pace was terrific, Lovelock covering 440yds. in 56⅘sec. and 880yds. in 1min. 57⅘sec. Cornes led at the half-mile, and then Lovelock, deathly white, came away to cover the last lap in 64⅕sec., showing 3min. 2⅕sec. for three-quarter mile.

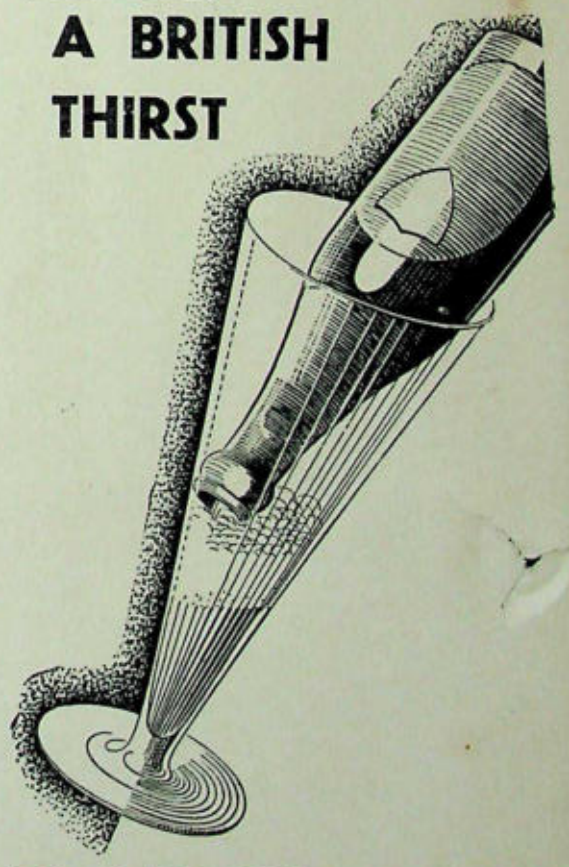
LOVELOCK'S ACTION CRITICISED

This beats both accepted records, but J. Ladoumegue (France) returned 3min. ⅘sec. last September, which record the I.A.A.F. has yet to consider. Lovelock now looks good for a 4min. 8sec. mile, and I do not agree with those critics who would lower his arm carriage in the hope of lengthening his stride.

Meanwhile, Lieut. G. L. Rampling, making a welcome reappearance after his recent operation, easily won the Kentish 440yds. in 50⅘sec., proving himself unharmed by enforced rest.

The district championships were characterised by triumphs and tragedies. In the Midlands, Lord Burghley retained his high hurdles title, but, hard pressed by J. Simpson over the low fences at 440yds., fell at the ninth flight, Simpson easing up to return 55⅕sec. It is a tragedy to see Burghley go down, but I feel Simpson must enjoy full credit for his win. Here, also, J. G. Helps, world's student champion, defeated C. Ellis in a 4min. 23⅕sec. mile.

BRITISH LAGER FOR A BRITISH THIRST



BARCLAY'S LAGER

SAY 'BARCLAY'S' AND BUY BRITISH

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc.

Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

PENGUINS' EGGS

SIR,—Penguins' eggs have recently been imported, and are now being sold in shops at 10½d. each.

It would be very unfortunate if the demand for these eggs became more common, because the penguin only lays one egg, which is sometimes stolen by a marauding gull, and, whilst in their breeding places they may be counted in thousands at the present time, it surely seems unnecessary to go to the trouble and expense of importing penguins' eggs when our native eggs are selling as low as 10d. per dozen.

Would it not be more economical from a national point of view and more patriotic in assisting our poultry farmers if we declined to participate in the new craze for penguins' eggs and did everything we could to help in the consumption of the products from our own poultry farms?

It is interesting to note, if anyone believes that the penguin exists in such numbers that its eggs can be taken with impunity, that the Kerguelen Islands have had to be put aside as a sanctuary for the protection of the penguins and other birds, on account of their having been massacred wholesale for their skins and oil.

Yours faithfully,
Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W. 1. RALPH R. HENDERSON.

DERBY WINNINGS

SIR,—May I appeal to those who have won in sweepstakes or otherwise over the Derby, to contribute a portion of their winnings for the benefit of old, worn-out and unfit horses, by sending a contribution to this society, which has already expended large sums of money purchasing these faithful animals and having them humanely destroyed, to save them from further suffering.

Yours truly,
(Secretary, "Our Dumb Friends' League"), 72, Victoria Street, S.W. 1. ARTHUR GOODIFF.

CORNCRAKES IN THE GARDEN

SIR,—Having always heard that the corncrake was the most timid and elusive bird, I venture to think that the following incident may be of interest to some of your readers.

While standing at my bedroom window on an afternoon recently, I was surprised and delighted to see a hen pheasant emerge from a flower bed, accompanied by a hen corncrake. The two ladies then proceeded to walk daintily around the bird bath on the lawn within 20ft. of the house.

Suddenly the pheasant looked over her shoulder, and discreetly retired, while a second later the cock corncrake appeared on the scene, and with scant ceremony chivied his lady love into the herbaceous border, and then in a clump of forget-me-nots performed his nuptial rites.

Yours truly,
Rockdunder, Wrington, Somerset. ENID. M McGONGAN.

WHY BAN MIXED POINT-TO-POINT?

SIR,—On reading an article in the *Field* entitled "Why Ban Mixed Point-to-Points?" and with several references to Surtees, I would refer the authoress to "Ask Mamma" and Lord Ladythorne's final opinion on the subject of ladies braving the elements and the chances of hunting, which I firmly believe to be Surtees' views on the matter.

We have only to watch a ladies' race and then contrast it with the lightweight race that preceded it to agree with him and what he might say in reply to "Mixed Point-to-Points."

I know that many men would dislike such a race on the grounds that there are hazards, falls and death from accident, which often occur as the result of the carefree and "get there I will" spirit of other riders, which should be a feature of all Point-to-Points.

This is accepted as "all in the game," and if we could imagine ourselves looking upon a Mixed Point-to-Point in the same light, then there are few further objections to this type of race.

There is yet one point to be mentioned, that few of us may realise, and those few very bitterly. The more women encroach upon our sports the less room, and at this hour of need, the less money is there for mere man. As a rough estimate the family balance sheet must be twice as difficult to balance owing to the indulgence of both sexes in expensive sports than 80 years ago. This may seem a selfish statement, and yet in some less fortunate families the girl is mounted and not the boy.

The Household Brigade Drag, that some of us have had the good fortune to go with, is considered a good school for a young Point-to-Pointer. I have only once seen a lady in the first flight, and thoroughly enjoying it, a type that we all like to see.

Yours faithfully,
Meerut, U.P., India. BLACKGOWN.

SHOULD WOMEN PLAY POLO?

SIR,—The vexed question of whether women should be permitted to join in polo games is causing a lot of heart-burning in our small Eastern community. There are three schools of thought:

(1) Those who affirm that women should not be allowed to play at all.

(2) Those who consider that women should be permitted to play in male chukkers, to "make up" if and when required.

(3) Those who think that there is no reason why women should not play in fast or even match chukkers.

It is hardly necessary to detail the pros and cons. The dangers, unfairness to men players; this on the one side. On the other, the feminine keenness and ability to play. The arguments are apparent. But it might be mentioned that the standard of play is lamentably low and that our "experts" have not sufficient knowledge of the game to keep their places on the field or the art of combining with other players, although some of them can hit the ball effectively.

Yours truly,
Siam. RABBIT.

"SCENT" FOR PAPER CHASES

SIR,—Referring to Mr. F. J. O. Prescott's letter in the *Field* of May 28th, complaining of his treatment at the hands of the Surrey authorities for "depositing litter" in the course of a paper chase, I suggest an efficient substitute in ordinary wood shavings, a sackful of which may be obtained at any saw-mills for about a shilling.

These shavings have all the advantages of paper, except that they are far more bulky, and a sackful will only last about three miles, and less than this over long grass. Sacks containing a fresh supply must, therefore, previously be left at intervals along the course. The "hares," on reaching them, drop the empty sack and continue with the new one. This disadvantage is amply repaid by the fact that there is no chopping-up of old newspapers.

For use over heath-land, where brown tufts of grass are much in evidence, shavings of some white wood, such as deal, should be used. This may be slightly more expensive.

This kind of "scent" cannot be called litter, and it complies with all the requirements stated in Mr. Prescott's letter. Shavings weigh extremely little, and the damp of a single night in the open turns them dark.

Yours truly,
Bromsgrove. A. O. G. C.

SIR,—Might I suggest straw as being likely to fulfil your correspondent's requirements as material for laying a trail for a paper chase? Clean golden wheat straw is very conspicuous on grass, and in normal weather does not blow and scatter much worse than paper.

Yours truly,
London, S.W. E. T.

SIR,—I am venturing to suggest that instead of the paper "scent" used by your correspondent, Mr. F. J. O. Prescott, something in the nature of "real scent" should be substituted. In other words—why not convert the organised mounted paper chase into an informal drag hunt? All that he would require would be a couple of, or even one good-sized, mongrel terriers, and a bag soaked in aniseed. Perhaps better than aniseed is a bag containing "high" cheese. A number of dogs which do not run aniseed at all well will hunt a drag laid with cheese with the greatest enthusiasm. Kipper is also a good thing.

Of course, there may be some special reason why a drag is not thought desirable. It would certainly dispose of essentials one to six, and it would preserve the element of the chase to the highest degree. It would call for skill on the part of the huntsman, and would serve to stimulate an interest in "hound-work" among the members of the field, many of whom may not be in a position to hunt with a recognised pack of hounds.

There will be no difficulty in training the dog or dogs, though several may be tried before one is found which will be absolutely suitable. Foxhounds or beagles may be used, but terriers will probably be fast enough and take less looking after. In a thickly wooded country, or in a country where there are gates to be opened and closed, it will be found quite difficult to keep the "pack" in sight. Indeed it is sometimes necessary to "hunt" the hounds, and two or three whips are required for the purpose of viewing them over rides. These would be needed on some of the Surrey commons.

The sport would probably be more uncertain than in paper chasing, but after all it is the uncertainty of hunting which is one of its chief charms.

Careful organisation and a "hare" with a great deal of common sense are the chief factors necessary for the showing of good sport.

Yours truly,
Yorkshire. M. T.

SIR,—I have devoted a considerable amount of time in studying the queries raised by Mr. F. J. O. Prescott in his letter on paper chasing, and regret to announce that the material he requires does not exist. I hasten to reassure him, however, that his chasing propensities may be actively maintained through the medium of Mounted Treasure Hunts. These, if well planned, give endless enjoyment and necessitate the competitors combining brain with horsemanship which, in these days, is no mean achievement.

Yours truly,
London, W. 1. C. G. D. A.

HOTEL TERMS

SIR,—As I may be coming home on leave in December I thought I would look up the cost of living at the various hotels and boarding-houses that are advertised in your paper. I naturally wanted to consider the cost first, and the comfort second. I think that Col. Van der Byl is the only person who has dared (?) to put in the costs. What is the reason for this? "Terms moderate"—"Apply for tariff," etc., *ad nauseam*. Why should I waste all these stamps? Surely they would not reduce their terms specially for me, would they?

Yours truly,
P.O. Sotik, Kenya Colony. H. R. H. STONE.

DISAPPEARING ROOKS

SIR,—I have just read in the *Field* of May 7th your account of disappearing rooks.

The same thing happened to a small rookery of eight nests in our garden at Chew Magna, Somerset. They first appeared on March 20th and I saw them daily for a week, when they suddenly disappeared, and I am told that they have not been seen again. I do not know that any farmers have been putting down poisoned grain, but I am willing to make enquiries. Unfortunately I will not be able to get to Somerset until August.

Yours truly,
Cheltenham. F. BIRKETT.

"DRUMMING" WOODPECKERS

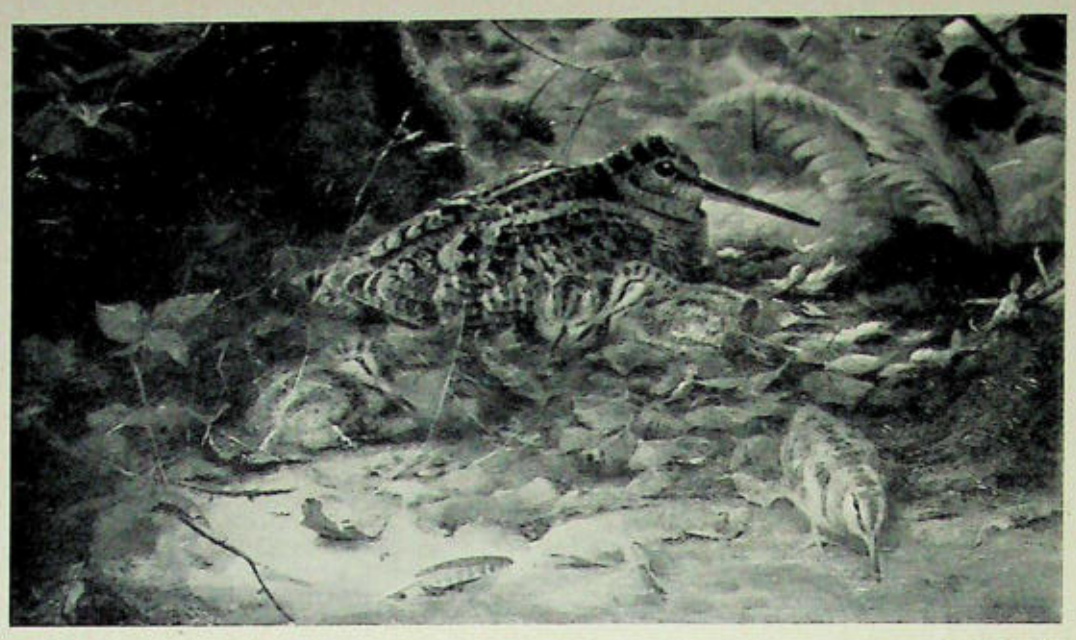
SIR,—Some observations which I made in Switzerland on the vexed question of the means by which the great spotted woodpecker produces the peculiar call may be of interest to some of your readers. This bird is quite common in the country round Genève, and may be heard on any day in spring. As the writer had the privilege of the entrée to Baron Rothschild's fine park at Pregny, good facilities for observing the bird were afforded. Also I was anxious to see the golden oriole nesting, and as it was reputed to nest in a wood at the back of Pregny, I was in the habit of motoring very slowly along the roads while watching for the oriole.

Frequently we heard the woodpecker, often quite near, and I instructed my chauffeur to listen carefully to hear if he could distinguish any difference in the "timbre" of the note. Although the bird was on elm, acacia, oak and other species, the man's answer to my enquiry was invariably "precisément le même, Monsieur."

The final decision came when one day we stopped, watching as before explained, and a woodpecker came and settled in a large sallow, not having seen us presumably, as we were quiet. The bird began and, with my binoculars, as the bird was not 50yds. from us, I could easily see that its head was turned completely round over the left wing, the call going on all the time. This experience naturally settled in my mind the conviction that the note is produced by the long tongue being caused to vibrate rapidly between the mandibles, while the bird is aspirating.

The same conclusion holds with the lesser spotted. All observers know that the note of this bird is quite distinct from its larger congener, is pitched higher, and carries farther. If the sound is produced by rapid blows of the beak on a tree it stands to common sense that the "timbre" will be the same for the same species of tree; only as a smaller bird it would not be so loud. But the sound made by the "auger-bird" will penetrate farther than that of the great spotted.

Yours faithfully,
Beckenham. H. A. A. DOMBRAIN.





YOUNG WOODCOCK AS DEPICTED BY THE ARTIST AND THE CAMERA.
The difference in the markings is particularly noticeable
(See Letter "Woodcock and Brood")

WOODCOCK AND BROOD

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a woodcock and her brood is from an oil painting by Joseph Wolf in my possession.

Perhaps you may care to publish it for comparison with the photograph of a sitting bird published, with Capt. Bohun de Mowbray's letter, in the *Field* of May 28th. It shows how exactly that unrivalled animal painter caught the expression of his subject.

The placid appearance of a brooding woodcock, well shown in Capt. Mowbray's photograph, and in a larger one which appeared in your issue of April 15th, 1930, is totally different from the intent expression of a bird boring, which, again, is entirely different from that of a wounded and frightened bird picked up in the hand. The whole outline of the curiously shaped head, with its high forehead, alters according to the extent to which the feathers are flattened down, slightly raised, or ruffled up. Few birds are more difficult to paint accurately, and few paintings of woodcock are as satisfying to anyone who knows the bird well as this picture of Wolf's.

Yours truly,
St. Leonard's Park, Horsham. A. L. BUTLER.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a young Speyside woodcock I met on May 12th—a small mite to be side by side with a Scotch fir perhaps 100 years old.

Hants. M. P.

AN ABNORMAL ROE HEAD

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of a rather unusual roe head, shot in Dorset with a rifle on May 14th.

Owing to the habits of this animal, malformation of the horns is not unusual. On many occasions I have shot roe with less than the usual number of six points. In Dorset four- and five-pointers are quite common, but this is the first occasion on which I have been fortunate enough to secure a head with eight points.

I think I am right in saying that anything over six is considered unusual, although there are several records in Millais's book *British Deer and their Horns*, of heads up to twelve, and even higher.

The measurements of this head are as follows: Right horn 9in.; left horn (malformed) 8¾in.

The left horn has the usual number of three points, but the right carries five. It will be noted that the brow points are unusually long. The beast had obviously been clean for some time, as the horn is of good colour.

Yours truly,
London, W. 14. H. STUART TEGNER.



AN EIGHT-POINTER FROM DORSET
(See Letter "An Abnormal Roe Head")

PATTENS

SIR,—It is not often one comes across this very much out-of-date footwear, but they are occasionally to be seen in old country houses. They were wooden clogs shod with iron rings to keep the wearer's feet dry when swilling down a yard. Some were made with instep strap only and others had a toecap in addition. The pair illustrated are in good preservation and are still of service.

Yours truly,
Worcester. ESTATE AGENT.



WELL PRESERVED ANCIENT FOOTWEAR
(See Letter "Pattens")

SILVER FOX CUBS' FOSTER MOTHER

SIR,—The picture of the cat with fox cubs, in your issue of June 4th, prompts me to send you the enclosed photograph of two silver fox cubs taken from their mother at seven days old, as she had too large a litter to bring up properly. I brought them up to the house and put them on the cat shown in the picture, taking away her kittens after two days. She has brought them up most successfully, and they are now six weeks old, and as tame and playful as kittens.

She insists on washing them every morning. At first they protested vigorously, but now they are resigned to the inevitable and submit with a good grace. She has taught them drastically not to bite her tail. It took about half-an-hour.

During the day they live on the lawn in a portable chicken run, to which the cat has access through a hole in the top. She is never far away, and when it rains goes in and makes them stay in the coop. She is a most devoted mother and recently attacked a stranger who tried to lift out one of the cubs.

The cubs are extraordinarily hardy, as they do not seem to mind in the least the handling they get from my small daughter.

Yours truly,
Friningham Lodge, Detling, Maidstone. C. M. STACK.

PEREGRINE'S LIFTING POWER

SIR,—From my window I saw a peregrine knock down a curlew, and, alighting on its quarry, commence to plume it. On my approach the falcon endeavoured to lift its heavy prey by rapid fanning of wings, while holding the curlew in its talons.

In vain: the curlew was much too heavy for that method's success, and the peregrine tried another way. Mounting in air, it stooped slantingly at the dead bird, fixed its claws in it *en passant* and carried it right away without a check of flight. Female peregrine falcons weigh about 2¼lb., curlew from 2lb. to 3lb., so that a falcon can, by skill added to power, lift its own weight into the air.

Yours truly,
Murray Road, Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

OWL AND DUCK SHARING NESTHOLE

SIR,—A week or two ago, when hunting a rabbit past an oak tree, one of our muscovy ducks, which we keep in the farmyard, flew out, closely followed by a barn owl. On climbing the tree I found the duck had a nest in a hollow formed by the union of four large branches. Leading out of the edge of the hollow there was a hole, the entrance of which was in such a position that the owl, on emerging, must stand on the duck's nest. I am unable to state whether the owl had a nest down the hole, as it is impossible to see properly without disturbing the duck's nest.

Yours truly,
Bawdeswell Hall, East Dereham, Norfolk. R. Q. GURNEY.



WATCHING HER ADOPTED CHILDREN
(See Letter "Silver Fox Cubs' Foster Mother")

A SWIMMING PLOVER

SIR,—There are a splendid lot of peewits about in the meadows—far more than a few years ago; and it is delightful to have them.

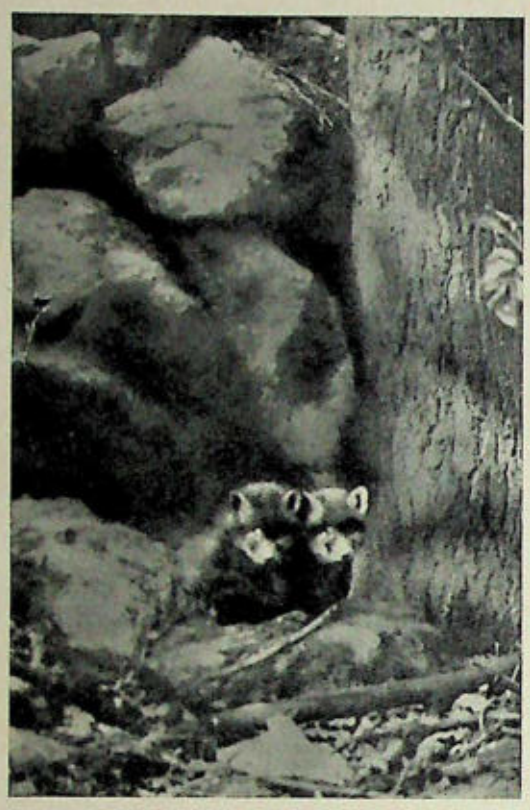
As I was watching for a rising trout (which did not rise to me) I saw a peewit on my side of the stream, just on the water's edge. It was feeding on something; and then quickly took to the water and swam across quite calmly (about 15ft.) and walked to its mate.

I have never seen a peewit swim before, and I never knew they could. But perhaps these flooded meadows have taught them they *must* swim if they want to get out on their walks!

Rotherham Rectory, Woodstock. Yours truly, F. R. MARRIOTT.

FOX CUBS IN THE QUORN COUNTRY

SIR,—I managed to take the enclosed snapshot with considerable difficulty. The circumstances are, perhaps, of more interest than the actual photograph which shows two very young fox cubs of a litter of four, whose headquarters were in a heap of gypsum, at the works of the Gypsum Mines, Ltd., Kingston-on-Soar, on Lord Belper's estate, and borders that well-known, but not too popular, part of the Quorn Saturday country known as Leake Hills, the vastness of which has left many a rider on the wrong side of its boundary, when hounds have eventually induced a fox to leave.



WITHIN 40 YARDS OF MINING MACHINERY
(See Letter "Fox Cubs in the Quorn Country")

That the vixen should have chosen such a spot is all the more remarkable, for the fact that it is within 25 yards of my own office, and within 40 yards of running plant, and men at work all day with picks and hammers.

Yours truly,
Hillside, Kingston, near Derby. H. WOODFIELD.

FLYING CHILDERS

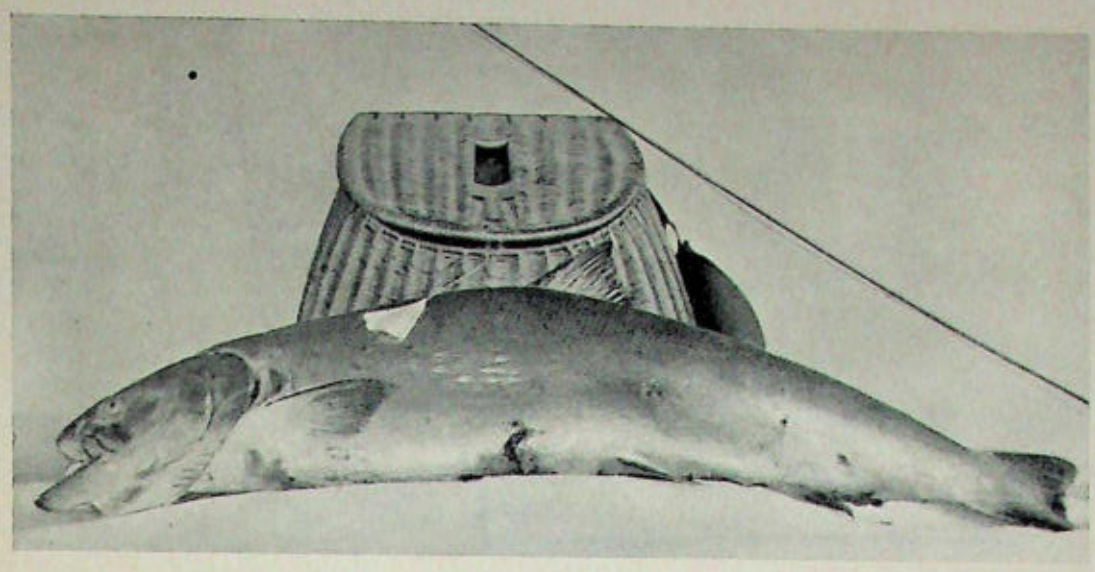
SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an old painting by J. Seymour, hitherto, I believe, unpublished, of the famous racehorse Flying Childers. There are several paintings of this horse in existence, but they all, as far as I know, show him in racing form, whilst this one shows him as a stallion in his teens, a really beautiful old horse with character and quality, and standing on a good set of limbs.

These old portraits of our early racers have a charm and interest for many people which no other class of picture has, and it is a great pity that none are to be found in any of our national collections, or that more of our wealthy racing men do not collect and preserve them. Their numbers dwindle year by year through the action of time and foreign buyers, until it has become very difficult to find portraits of horses prior to 1750.

As I hope in the near future to write a book on these old-time horses, I should be very grateful if any reader possessing portraits of noted animals would kindly send me particulars of them. I am trying to arrange for a few, including this one, to be on exhibition at the International Horse Show at Olympia.

Yours truly,
ERNEST E. HUTTON.

Eye, Suffolk.



28lb. SALMON CAUGHT IN THE SEA AT LITTLE RIVER, NEAR COMOX, VANCOUVER ISLAND
(See Letter "Fly Fishing for Pacific Coast Salmon")

FLY FISHING FOR PACIFIC COAST SALMON

SIR,—Having just seen the article by Mr. F. A. Ashton in your issue of May 7th on fly fishing for Pacific Coast salmon, I write to say that I can, from my own experience, confirm all that he says as to the sport to be had in this way in Vancouver Island.

When living at Little River Beach, near Comox, I did practically all my fishing from a boat, using a fly and light tackle, with splendid results both as to the sport enjoyed and the number of fish caught. There were few days between the last week in June and the beginning of October in which I could not be sure of getting two or three fish of from 7lb. to 12lb. weight in an hour's fishing close to the beach, and if we wanted more fish it was only a question of going on fishing. The best fish caught in this way weighed over 28lb. and took two hours to kill.

In the same issue of your paper I see that Sir A. Gibb writes of the fishing opportunities in New Brunswick and Quebec Provinces, where it appears that fishing rights have to be paid for, and guides and gillies employed. In Vancouver Island the hire or possession of a boat is all that is necessary; the climate is perfect and there are no mosquitoes.

Yours faithfully,
Ireland. SENEX.

A COLLECTION OF EGGS

SIR,—A small farmer, near here, has the finest collection of British and foreign birds' eggs which I have ever seen, and is anxious to dispose of the collection *en bloc*. He has every British variety except about twenty, and with foreign varieties over 650. I noticed all the woodpeckers, jack snipe, several eagles, an emu, etc. They are beautifully grouped and labelled, and I am writing this letter in the hope that some museum or well-to-do naturalist may inspect them and purchase them. He is a small man and has an invalid son. His address is Mr. W. Marriott, Croft Farm, North Searle, nr. Lincoln; nearest station, Swinderby, L.M.S.

The owner will only sell the collection in its entirety.

I am, yours faithfully,
Besthorpe, Newark-on-Trent. W. COAPE OATES (Lieut.-Col.).

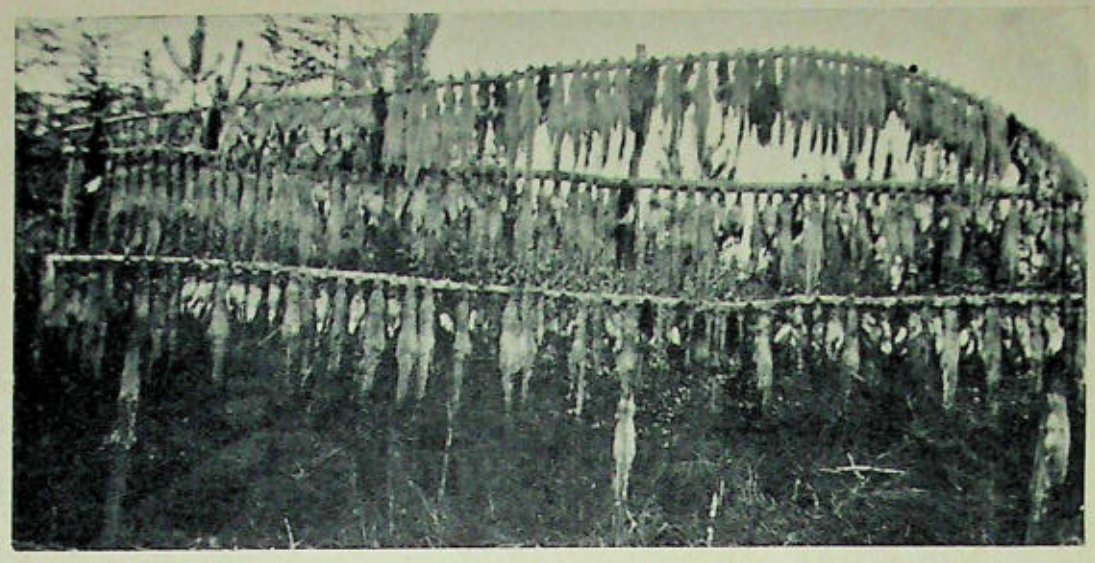
CAMBERWELL BEAUTY BUTTERFLY IN BEDFORDSHIRE

SIR,—Occurrences of the Camberwell Beauty in this country are always of interest, especially when no doubt exists as to their being genuine migrants. As very few examples have occurred here in the spring after hibernation it is especially interesting to record the capture of a female specimen on May 18th by Mr. Alfred V. Hedges, at Milton Ernest, Bedfordshire. The question now arises: Is this particular individual a genuine migrant or one that had been liberated last summer? In July, 1930, about 400 of these butterflies were released in and around London, also a large number in Scotland, near Stirling, by Messrs. Samuel Jones & Co., Ltd., and Lord Onslow stated that he "had done the same thing in Surrey." It would be of great interest and value to know if any of these butterflies were imported and released last summer (1931)? Formerly, in certain years, large numbers invaded this country, such as in the years of 1789, 1793, 1819, 1846, 1859, 1872 and 1880, since when no great invasion has occurred, and during the past half century only a few have been recorded.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.



FLYING CHILDERS AS A STALLION (1715). FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PAINTING BY J. SEYMOUR
(See Letter "Flying Childers")



THE RESULT OF AN ANTI-GREY SQUIRREL CAMPAIGN
(See Letter "Grey Squirrels")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Grey Squirrels.—Perhaps the enclosed photograph of a bag of 132 grey squirrels made by my keepers in the Laughton district of East Sussex, may be of interest to some of your readers. I think we can fairly claim to have assisted in the anti-grey squirrel campaign!—R. S. K. EYRE, Woodside, Crowborough, Sussex.

[The keepers' energy is to be commended, though not all will admire the elegance of the exhibit. It would be interesting to hear of similar records in other districts.—ED.]

Rook Trials.—Is there any truth in the story that rooks are reputed to hold trials? I have always heard that they have been known to sit round in judgment on one rook, and then at the end rush upon their victim and kill it.—J. C. S. J., Londonderry.

Rail or Road.—In my letter on this subject which you published in the *Field* for May 28th, there is a mistake, due, I have no doubt, to my bad writing. The book I mentioned is Pratt's *Law of Highways*, and you called it "Firth's." Perhaps you will alter this in your next issue.—"A RAILWAY SHAREHOLDER," London, S.W.

A White Song Thrush.—In an open shed at the side of my house a thrush built her nest, and on May 15th brought out five youngsters, one of which is totally white. I have seen white and partially white blackbirds, but never a thrush. Is this uncommon?—CHAS. A. WILSON, Kidside House, Milnthorpe.

[Yes. Albinism is far more uncommon in thrushes than in blackbirds.—ED.]

Starling with Literary Ambitions.—A starling flew through an open window into the head offices of the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus* on May 3rd, and laid an egg in the room it visited. It flew out again immediately after the "happy event" and did not even pause to look in on the writer of the paper's nature notes. The egg, which was unfortunately broken by dropping on the floor, was the normal length, but only about half the usual breadth.—R. G. FIRTH, Bradford, Yorks.

Poison-Detecting China.—I am very interested in the Celadon china, which is, I believe, found all over the East, and is reputed to have the property of cracking whenever a poison is put upon it. What is the secret of this china? Is there a collection of it in any museum or private house, and what exactly does it look like for purposes of recognition? I have only heard of it in one place, *i.e.*, *The Indian Borderland*," by Col. Sir T. H. Holditch (page 253).—J. C. S. J., Londonderry.

Elephants Removing Their Dead.—In answer to Mr. Denis D. Lyell's letter in the *Field* of June 4th, I write to say that my friend who wrote the letter, extracts of which I gave (*Field*, March 5th), is at the moment on safari in Kenya, but expects to be in this country shortly, when I have no doubt he will answer the criticism passed on his veracity by Mr. Lyell. May I add he has no knowledge of the correspondence which has taken place?—J. B.

——In my letter entitled as above (*Field*, June 4th) there is a sentence which has been printed as follows: "All the most expert elephant hunters I have heard of prefer single magazine small bores if they make a practice of usually taking the heart shot." The word "heart" should naturally read as "head," and it would have been less confusing had I put "brain." The error may be due to myself in writing badly, but so far as I can remember, on reading my letter over I put "head" and not "heart" in this sentence.—DENIS D. LYELL.

Left-Handed Baseball Players.—In a recent number of the *Field* "Curious" comments on the great proportion of left-handed batsmen in baseball. I think the answer is that, as a batter has to run to first base as quickly as he can after hitting the ball, and, as first base is at an angle of 45 degrees on the right front, a left-handed batsmen has a certain advantage as, at the end of his stroke, he is facing first base with his feet in a position to make a quick start. I understand that everyone who can learn to bat left-handed does so.—GEORGE L. HARRISON, St. David's, Pennsylvania.

Another Large Brood of Cygnets.—In view of Sir Stephen Rensbaw's letter in your issue of June 11th, I think the enclosed photograph of a pair of swans with ten cygnets may be of interest.



NOT QUITE A RECORD
(See Letter "Another Large Brood of Cygnets")

Surely this is a record? I took the photograph two or three years ago, but did not think much more about it until I discovered that the same pair of swans have nine young this year! They nest on a small island in the pond of Radley College.—C. J. L. REYNOLDS, Worcester College, Oxford.

[Broods of twelve cygnets have been recorded.—ED.]

Robinson Crusoe.—One of Daniel Defoe's biographers has stated that *Robinson Crusoe* was written in Kent. If my memory serves me well, it was stated to be the village of Hartley, near Gravesend, where the book was written. Can any reader give me any information on this point?—D. M. DAY, Ash, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

Cars Crossing Main Roads.—I saw recently with disgust a road-hog cross a main road at about 20 m.p.h. It occurred to me that if a steel rail, projecting, say, one inch above the surface, had been imbedded, numerous fatalities to the credit of this type would be avoided. Note how at level crossings the most savage driver becomes an 8 m.p.h. lamb.—E. E. H. GREEN, Hillside, Barnstaple.

Cuckoo and Meadow Pipit.—On May 16th I saw two meadow pipits with food in their beaks, evidently trying to feed an adult cuckoo. The cuckoo sat on a bush and kept on opening its beak, while the pipits flew around. Eventually the cuckoo flew away. Is it usual for meadow pipits to do this?—E. S. SKINNER, Eastbourne.

[Although the pipits had food in their beaks this, we think, was intended for their own young in a nest near by, and they were merely "mobbing" the cuckoo, which possibly had designs on another nest (with eggs) in the vicinity, and opened its beak as a threatening gesture.—ED.]

Several Letters are unavoidably held over.

IN THE CITY

SPECULATIVE FOREIGN BONDS

THERE IS PERHAPS a rather regrettable tendency at the present time for the holder of foreign Government Bonds, on which the continued payment of interest is problematical, to resign himself to his fate, and for the stockbroker to advise him to do so. Admittedly a large number of such bonds have by now fallen to such a level that at first sight it seems that the amount of money realised would hardly render their sale worth while, but all values are relative, and in times such as these just as many advantageous exchanges can be effected among "rubbish price" stocks as among gilt-edged securities.

It may be of interest, therefore, briefly to outline the position of a holder of such a bond as Brazilian 4½ per cent. 1883, which can at present be bought around £17½ per cent., in order to enable the holders of other speculative Foreign Government, State or Municipal stocks, to form some opinion of the relative attractions and values of bonds of this category that they now possess.

Under the Funding scheme of 1931 interest on this Brazilian 1883 loan is to be paid in the form of 5 per cent. 40-year Funding bonds, instead of in cash, during a period of three years. Thus a purchaser of £1,000 nominal would receive, in lieu of an interest payment in cash, £22 10s.—nominal of the 5 per cent. Funding scrip on June 1st and December 1st each year, until December, 1934, when, according to schedule, the interest will again be paid in cash.

The cost of £1,000 of the 4½ per cent. 1883 Loan at £17½, allowing for all expenses, would amount to £176 6s. The Funding scrip which will be distributed to the purchaser at the rate of £45 of stock per annum, can at present be sold in the market at about 30 per cent. of its face value to realise a net sum of £13 4s. 6d. per annum. This latter sum represents 7½ per cent. of the original outlay, and not being subject to the deduction of tax is equivalent to an income return of 10 per cent. less tax at 5/- in the pound. There can be no certainty, of course, that the Funding scrip will always be saleable at 30 per cent. or more of its face value, but there would appear to be every justification for expecting this price to be at least maintained.

THE THIRD TIME

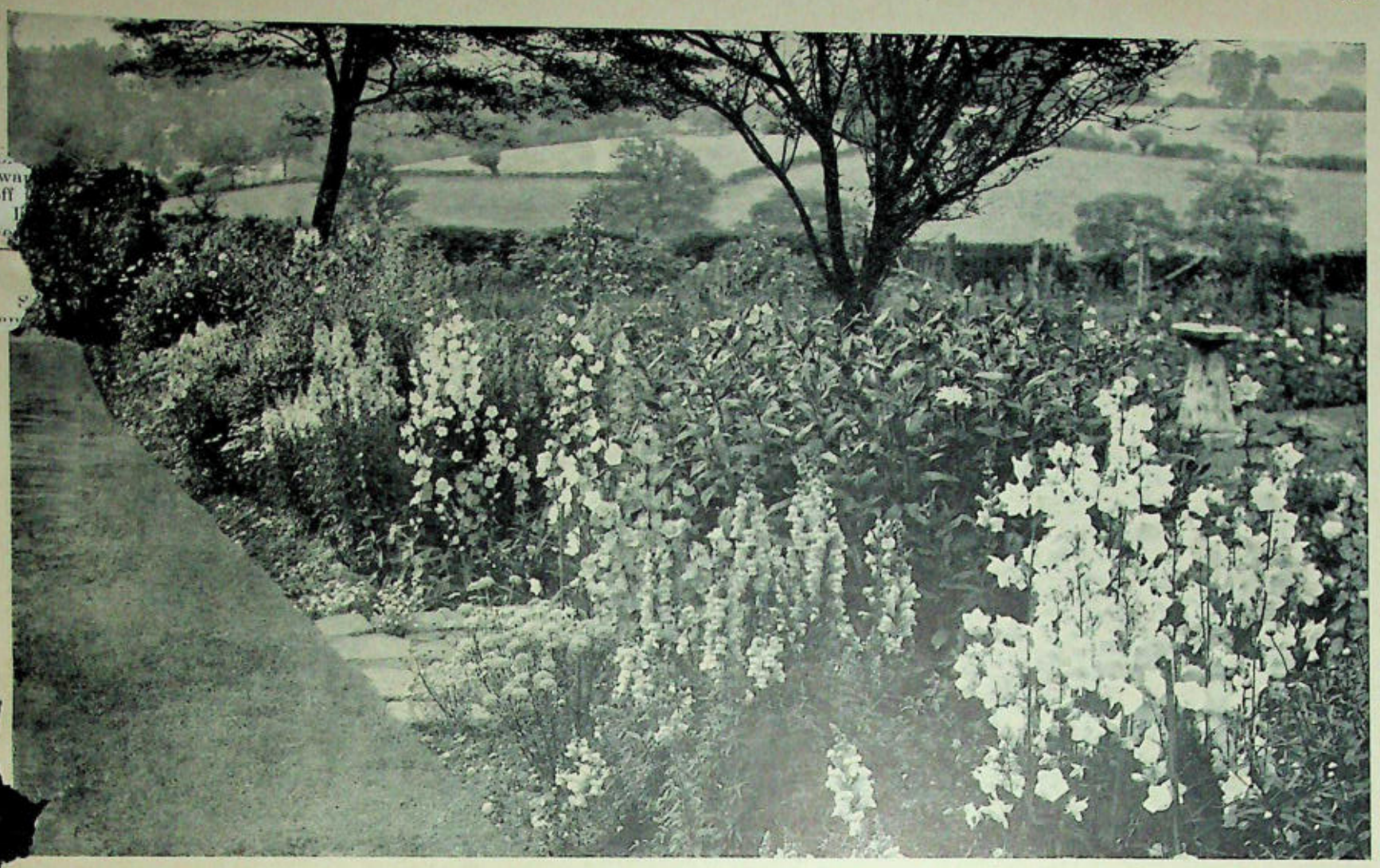
The Funding Bonds are due to be repaid at par in 1971, and meanwhile receive interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which is paid in cash on April 1st and October 1st. The yield at the current price of £30 works out at 16⅔ per cent. without allowing for the ultimate profit on redemption and since the scrip was first issued in October last year it has changed hands at prices varying from £48 to £29.

Brazil has never defaulted on the service of any of her Funding Bonds, although this is the third time in her financial history that resort has had to be made to the payment of interest on the remainder of her external debt in scrip instead of cash. Towards the end of the world depression of the 'nineties cash payments were suspended for the three years 1898 to 1901, when the Funding Bonds of 1898 came into being, but interest payments were duly resumed in cash in 1901, although the sinking funds did not recommence to operate till 1910. Then, again, in 1914, the year of the War, cash payments were suspended for another three years, and the sinking funds until 1927. The Funding bonds of 1914 were then issued, and cash interest payments were duly resumed in 1917, and the sinking funds in 1927. In October, 1931, it became impossible for the Brazilian Government to obtain the necessary amount of exchange to remit abroad the service of her external debt and the third series of Funding bonds are now being issued. Whether or not it will again be found possible to resume cash payments on the due date, that is, in 1934, no one can foretell, but the past history of the country's finances indicates that every endeavour will be made to do so. The 1883 bonds will yield more than 25 per cent. when cash payments are resumed, and the whole of the loan remaining in issue will be paid off at par within a few years after the sinking fund recommences.

There are many South American and European bonds which are unlikely to yield their holders anything by way of interest for some time to come, and which would not seem to possess the same scope for capital appreciation during the next three years.

PACTOLUS.

Spratt's Patent Limited.—Readers of the *Field* will be interested to know that Messrs. Spratt's Patent Limited, the well-known firm of manufacturers of dog biscuits and game food, have changed their address. The firm owes its origin to the enterprise of James Spratt, who entered on a single-handed venture in a little shop in Holborn. The business has now outgrown the Fenchurch Street premises, and has been removed to new buildings at Cereal House, 58, Mark Lane, E.C.3.



SNAPDRAGONS AND CAMPANULAS IN THE BORDER
If a little trouble is taken in raising one's own seedlings it will be easy to fill the borders with colour in the following year

The Country House

RAISING HARDY FLOWERS FROM SEED

Biennials and Perennials to Sow Now

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALTHOUGH the bitter cold of early June has made us feel that we have barely emerged from winter, it is time to sow seeds next year's blooming. Raising plants from d is quite the most economical way of filling one's rder, and it is much more interesting than buying nts. Also they can be transplanted at just the ht moment, which makes all the difference to ir healthy growth.

Wallflowers, foxgloves, forget-me-nots, violas, nterbury bells, can all be sown now, apart from ger subjects, such as delphiniums, hollyhocks, pins, verbascum, etc.

Wallflowers become more gorgeous each year. It important to remember that it is best to sow em in a bed facing west, and that they should transplanted twice. If transplanted only once llflowers are apt to make tap roots and to grow lanky plants, whereas what one wants are uts with fibrous roots and sturdy top growth. y should be transplanted the first time as soon they get into their third leaf, when they need t careful handling, and then about five weeks r put into their permanent quarters.

think it is a pity we now make a custom of ing wallflowers merely as biennials. A fine, ntary plant several years old, smothered in bloom, has a charm and character of its own, but it is usually only in cottage gardens that one sees wallflowers treated in this way.

EARLY FLOWERING WALLFLOWERS

Unless every flower head is cut off as soon as it is faded, however, it is no use keeping them, for they cannot both run to seed and produce flowers worth having the following year. Messrs. Sutton's have an "early flowering" strain, which come into bloom before the ordinary kinds.

Harpur Crewe is a charming little wallflower for the rock garden. The scent is delicious with a suggestion of mignonette in it. Messrs. Webb have a very attractive early flowering double wallflower. It blooms within five months of sowing, and grows to nearly 2 ft. They also have a fine new scarlet—Scarlet Emperor.

The Siberian wallflower is so ubiquitous that one is getting a little tired of it, but it gives a wonderful display of colour for quite two months. I saw an unusual yet simple arrangement a few days ago which struck me as very effective—a mixture of Siberian wallflowers, London pride (I prefer the still older name, "None-so-pretty") and tulips, the tulips being of mixed colours and sparsely planted.

BROOMS FOR "LIGHTING"

The effect was very pleasing, and backed with brooms and a few azaleas it was one of the prettiest early summer beds I have seen, and made at a minimum of cost. The planting had been skilfully done, plenty of London pride and just the right amount of wallflowers and tulips. The broom added considerably to the charming "light" effect.

Modern foxgloves are so beautiful that it is waste of space to grow the ordinary wild sort. And they are invaluable for shady parts where few bright coloured flowers will prosper. The giant primrose digitalis, which grows quite 4ft., is lovely, but there are so many varieties now that with a mixture of the apricot, rose, cream and spotted, one can fill a dull, shady bed with beauty.

The Shirley varieties have big thick leaves and immense flowers, ranging from white to a rich pink, and they grow about 6ft. high; the spotted gloxinioides strain are aptly named, for they are literally gloxinia-like.

Although foxgloves flourish in shade, these new varieties should be in a fairly sunny bed in the seedling stage to make sturdy plants, and if they are not put in their permanent quarters quite by October one runs the risk of their rotting in the centre. In planting it is essential to take care that the young leaves are not below the surface of the soil, especially on a heavy soil.

These newer strains of foxgloves deserve the little attention they need, and to get really fine plants the soil should be well enriched with wood ash, and if possible, well-decayed manure.

Heucheras used to be rather dull perennials, but the new hybrids are vivid in colouring, and they are invaluable for mixing with other flowers for indoor decoration. The sanguinea hybrids now range from cream to bright crimson. They mix well with larkspurs.

Canterbury bells are always a joy, and with these biennials it is important to sow early in the season. The double varieties are heavy and uninteresting, but fortunately the old cup and saucer kind have not been improved out of recognition. Like wallflowers, they like to be sown on a bed facing west, and the seedlings when large enough should be put in a sunny border for the winter.

The healthiest hollyhocks are those raised from seed. I have no admiration for the doubles, but the fine old singles, especially the deep claret, are, I think, amongst the most satisfying of all flowers. Messrs. Webb's new Imperator strain are beautiful—flowers nearly 6in. across with frilled outer petals and a rosette-like centre; also their anemone strain, in which all the petals are fringed.

Oriental poppies should be sown now. I have only once seen them grown so that they bloomed falling over a wall, and the effect was beautiful. Grown in a bed they are apt to look too floppy, even with careful staking. The colours now range from a blush white to orange and deep crimson.

Geums can easily be raised from seed. It is useless to grow them on sandy soil unless the site is well trenched and enriched. On the other hand these plants cannot stand a wet, heavy soil unless they have good drainage. In fact there are few plants so sensitive to extremes.

Violas are amongst the invaluable "all the year round" flowers. One of the most beautiful novelties is Unwin's Arkwright Ruby—a real ruby crimson with a dark blotch, and it has a charming scent. It comes true from seed.

Garden Tent at Colchester—Gardening exhibits at the agricultural shows are a valuable attraction, and the tent at the Essex Show proved no exception to the rule. During both days the stalls were surrounded by keen garden lovers, and unanimous praise paid tribute to the enterprise and Wares of the exhibitors. The most spectacular exhibits were the sweet peas of Messrs. Dobbie, of Edinburgh, and four varieties much admired were St. Walton (salmon pink), Magnolia (cream), Violet Queen (violet), and Red Bay (red), and the carnations, especially Variegated Laddie, Meta, Leila, and Othello, shown by Messrs. Engelmann, Ltd., of Saffron Walden.

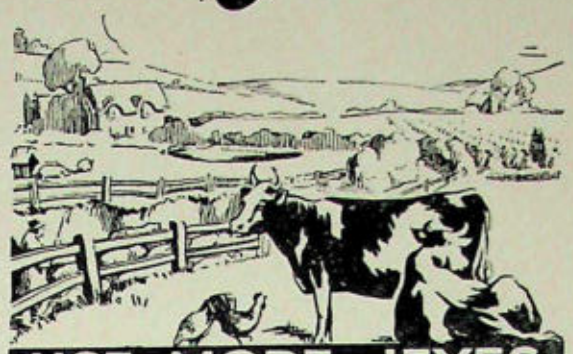
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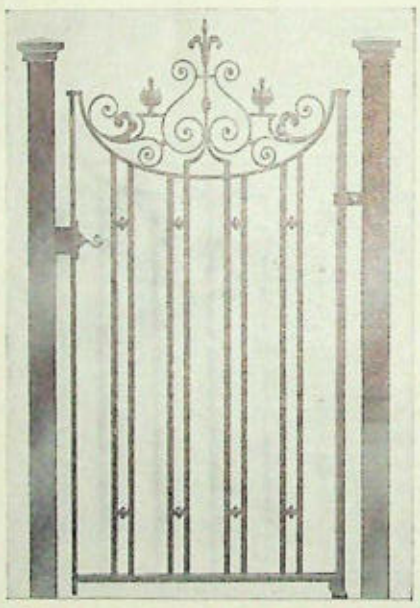
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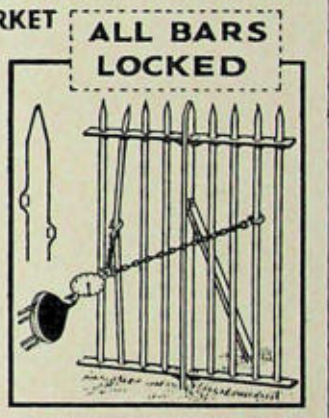
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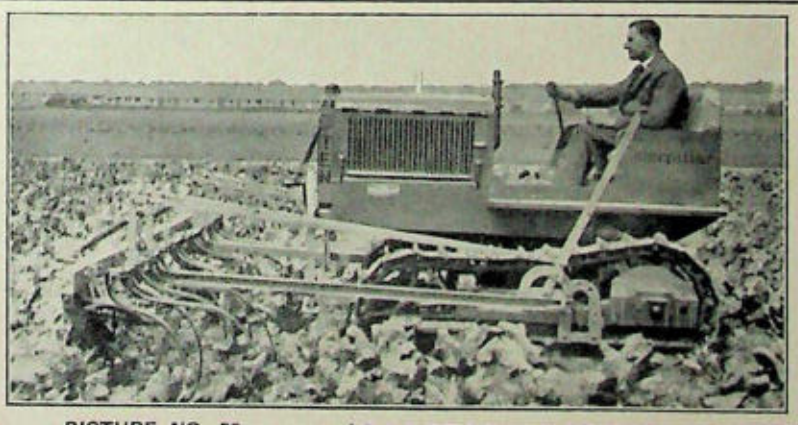
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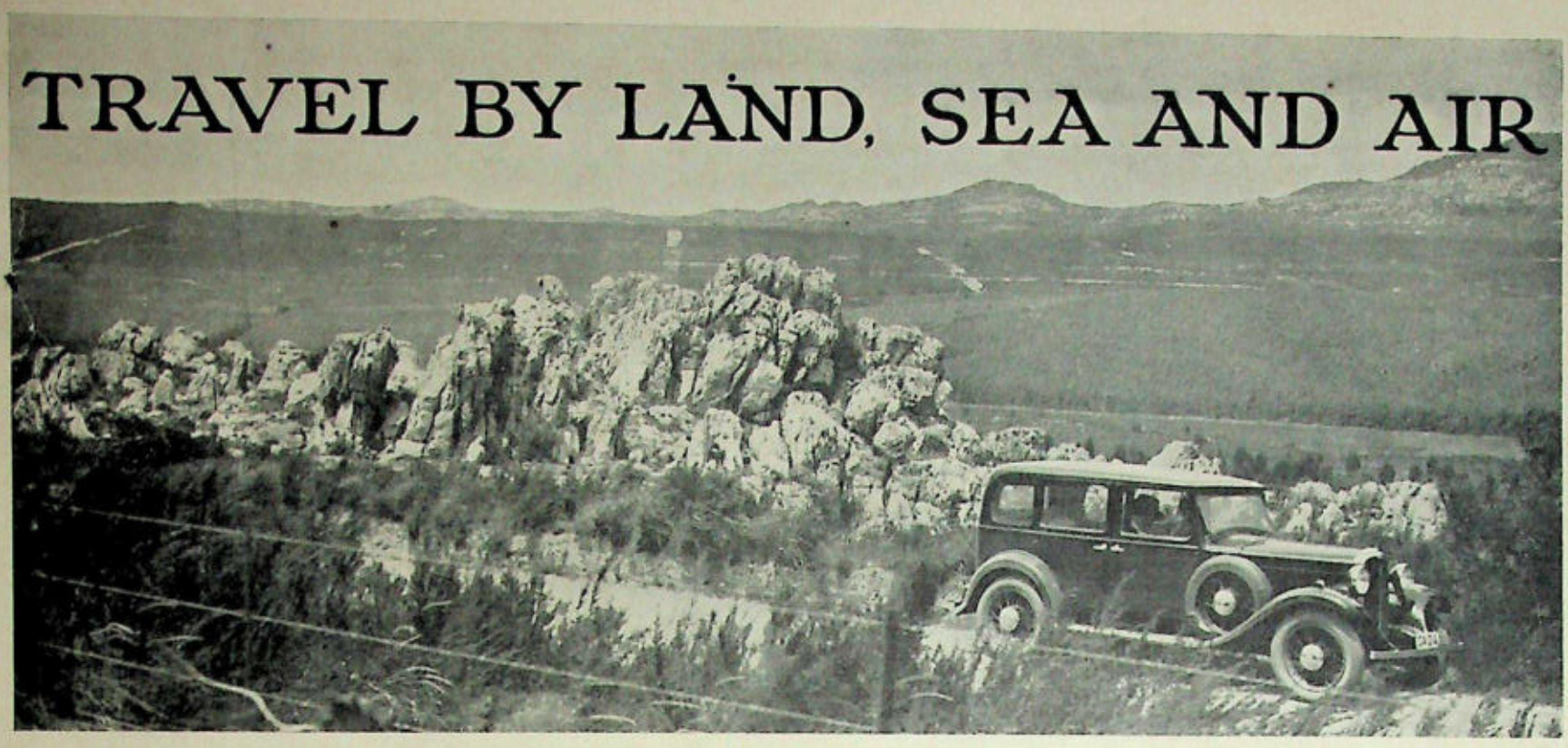
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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A HILLMAN "WIZARD" IN SOUTH AFRICA: ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM MOSSEL BAY TO CAPE TOWN
A small section of the Union Government's afforestation scheme is seen in the background

BRITISH v. AMERICAN CARS

Which Are the Better for Use in the Dominions?—Criticism of British Makes from Canada—A Question for Ottawa

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

IS THE BRITISH motor manufacturer doing sufficient to make the British car's success in the Dominions assured? I have before me a letter, recently received from a correspondent in Hamilton, Ontario, from which I would like to give the following extract:

"It is all very well to have people tell you, and to come to the conclusion yourself, that the cars made in England are satisfactory here. A closer examination must convince you that while they are satisfactory they are not by any means as satisfactory as the cars we use."

Now that is a most interesting statement, and much might be learnt therefrom. In other words, my correspondent wishes to point out that although the cars which are now being dispatched from this country are good, the American-built automobile is better.

OVERSEAS REQUIREMENTS

This statement is reassuring inasmuch as it implies that we are on the right track at last, and that it merely means studying overseas requirements a little more and altering our cars accordingly.

The writer of this letter goes on to say that he visited Olympia last year, and spent hours trying to find a British manufacturer who would supply him with a car fitted with left-hand drive, but was unsuccessful, and he concludes by saying that British firms expect the Dominions purchasers to take what they have to sell and are not willing to make what they want to buy.

I cannot understand why our firms in this country are not willing to supply cars for the overseas markets fitted with left-hand drive, if this is really required; it must surely be an idiotic policy not to cater for the public demand.

The American manufacturer is not to be caught napping in this respect. Although practically all the cars he makes for his home market are fitted with left-hand steering, he knows very well that he cannot hope to sell any cars so equipped in England.

Before making any shipments to this country, the steering is altered and fitted to the right-hand side. Our people should adopt the same policy if they wish to compete on even terms with their American cousins.

It is, therefore, absolutely essential that every British manufacturer should study the requirements of the Dominions closely if he wishes to make a real success of his undertaking, and his slogan should be to supply the public with what they require, and not what he wishes them to buy.

The second question I should like to put forward is, "Are the Dominions doing everything in their power to help in this movement?" I believe New Zealand is working very hard to that end, and always has done, but are all the other Dominions doing the same?

AMERICAN "EMPIRE-BUILT" CARS

The position in Canada is difficult, admittedly, since many American firms have erected their works just over the border and the vehicles they turn out, being constructed in Canada, are termed Empire built.

At the present time there are some thirteen American factories in existence, and the opinion that these cars are Canadian produce is not shared in all parts of the Empire.



A HALT IN THE LAKE DISTRICT
Looking across Derwentwater towards Keswick with Skiddaw and Blencathra in the background. The car is an Austin Ten-Four

Whether such cars of American origin but built in Canada, just across the border, should enjoy any privileges which may be agreed upon at the Ottawa conference next month for Empire-made vehicles, is a point of great importance.

This question should be closely watched, otherwise American factories situated in Canada will, under Empire preferences, be able to compete with our own manufacturers under false pretences.

Canada may become the leading motor manufacturing country in the Empire—but all the profits thus accrued will find their way eventually into the United States, and not to this country or to the Dominions.

AUSTRALIA'S POSITION

In Australia the position is different. The Commonwealth Government is doing everything it can to encourage Australian home industries. They are building their own coachwork; their factories are making road springs for motor vehicles, and many other component parts of equal importance.

The result is that, owing to the protection given on all Australian-made parts, any manufacturer importing motor cars into that country must have these particular parts removed from the cars before shipment, so that upon arrival the Australian components can be fitted.

In other words: it does not pay a manufacturer to send over the complete car, since so many parts are now being manufactured in the Commonwealth.

Before despatching a car from this country for export to Australia, the chassis has to be assembled complete in every respect, tested, and then partly dismantled before shipment, and this adds considerably to the manufacturer's overhead costs.

As time passes, more and more factories are springing into existence in Australia, making all kinds of motor parts, and this in time will mean that cars from England will arrive in a very depleted condition unless the manufacturer is willing to pay the heavy duty levied on these particular parts.

COMPETITION IN SOUTH AFRICA

Unless concessions are granted to the British manufacturer at the forthcoming Ottawa conference, the position will become increasingly difficult as time goes on.

There are, I believe, great possibilities in South Africa, but General Motors have their own erecting factories installed in Natal, and unless British manufacturers are willing to incur enormous expense in following their example, or unless special concessions are granted to British goods, competition will be very great.

It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that the forthcoming Ottawa conference will include some consideration of the position of the motor manufacturing trade.

MOTORING NOTES

In an analysis of cases dealt with under the A.A. free legal defence scheme during March, the most numerous were obstruction and parking offences, which totalled 21.05 per cent. Exceeding the speed limit ranked next with 19.83 per cent.

* * *

Regulations for the B.R.D.C. 500 miles race being held at Brooklands on September 24th, are now practically ready for publication.

Lord Wakefield has generously come forward to assist the event, and is presenting a trophy and £200 cash for the winner of the race.

* * *

In a recent article in the *Field*, Sir Malcolm Campbell made mention of chromium plating in such a way as to imply that the plating required polishing; this was, of course, an error in phrasing, as chromium only requires an occasional wiping with a rag, when dirty.

DO WE NEED A NEW AIR SPEED EVENT?

The End of One of "the Greatest Spurs to Progress"—Nations which Seek to Capture the World's Speed Record—Discouraging the Freak Machine

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

THE BIG GAP left in the aviation calendar by the fact that the Schneider Trophy Contest is no more is only just beginning to be felt; the full effect of the cessation of this memorable series of events may not be realised for a time, for the contest has, in latter years, been held biennially, so that there would, in any event, have been no active preparations this summer.

Nevertheless, there is universal support for the view that the end of the Schneider Trophy Contest has removed one of the greatest spurs to progress that aviation has ever known.

The scientific, technical, industrial and practical sides of aeronautics were stimulated to unprecedented efforts by the international challenge, and there can be no doubt that the Royal Air Force learnt much that has helped its efficiency as a fighting unit by the work of the High-Speed Flight. But the most important thing about the end of the Schneider Trophy Contest is that, for the time being at any rate, high-speed research is virtually dead in this country.



FULL SPEED AHEAD FOR NEXT SATURDAY'S R.A.F. PAGEANT AT HENDON
Rehearsals are daily being carried out to ensure perfection for the R.A.F. pageant on June 25th. The photograph shows five machines rehearsing the dropping of supplies by parachutes

The High-Speed Flight was formed for training the Schneider Trophy team; it was more or less disbanded or, at least, greatly reduced in strength after each contest, and the possibility of it being reorganised in a complete fashion seems very remote.

OUR RECORD IN DANGER

Britain has the world's speed record in the air to her credit, but the figure at which it stands is not unbeatable; and both France and Italy—particularly the latter—are hard at work in an endeavour to capture it.

Our own winning machines are lying idle; yet it is admitted that the performance of the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S.6.B. machines that won the Trophy outright could be improved. If France or Italy were to break the record, would an attempt be made by this country to recapture it? It would be extremely unfortunate if this were not done.

Those in close touch with aviation—the many who know what the Schneider Trophy Contests did to give Britain the world's air leadership—are asking whether a new high-speed event, designed in the light of recent experience, is necessary.

RESEARCH PROGRAMME ESSENTIAL

It is in the interest of all concerned—particularly the Air Ministry—to promote a continuous research programme that will lead to increasing the speed of aircraft. Experience shows us that without the stimulus of an open international competition development lags behind.

In the case of the last and final Schneider Trophy Contest, the normal progress in engine and aircraft development of many years was successfully crammed into about one year. There are, of course, aviation events of international character; but none of them has achieved that measure of importance that is essential if the tradition of the Schneider Contest, in an amended form, is to be maintained.

The recently announced *Coupe de la Meurthe*, promoted by the French Aero Club and due to be held for the first time next year, is a competition in which high speed will play a big part, but it is really more of a reliability trial.

Furthermore, the *Coupe de la Meurthe* is a contest not confined to aircraft of any one type, whereas one visualises the replacement of the Schneider Trophy Contest by an event for sea-going aircraft. It is only in striving to attain the highest possible speed in specially-designed machines that progress in the manner desired can be achieved.

It is probable, of course, that if the Schneider Trophy had not been won outright the event would have continued to attract the national support it had received since 1927. There are many who have felt that in trying to keep as closely as possible—although this became increasingly difficult as the years went by—to the founder's intentions, too much was being sacrificed.

The machines built had, of necessity, to be compromises, since a navigation or taxi-ing test and a sea-worthiness test was imposed. In the last two contests, this test was not so rigorous as it had been before when the sea-worthiness tests in question were carried out on one day and the flight tests on the following day "weather permitting."

SACRIFICES FOR SPEED

The sea-worthiness tests tended to become a mere formality, the main issue being speed, and speed alone, and all was sacrificed within the bounds of safety to the achievement of that end.

It is fairly evident that the Schneider Trophy Contest may be said to have outlived its sphere of usefulness, but, as has been pointed out, the need for an open international competition to foster the development of high-speed research is most desirable.

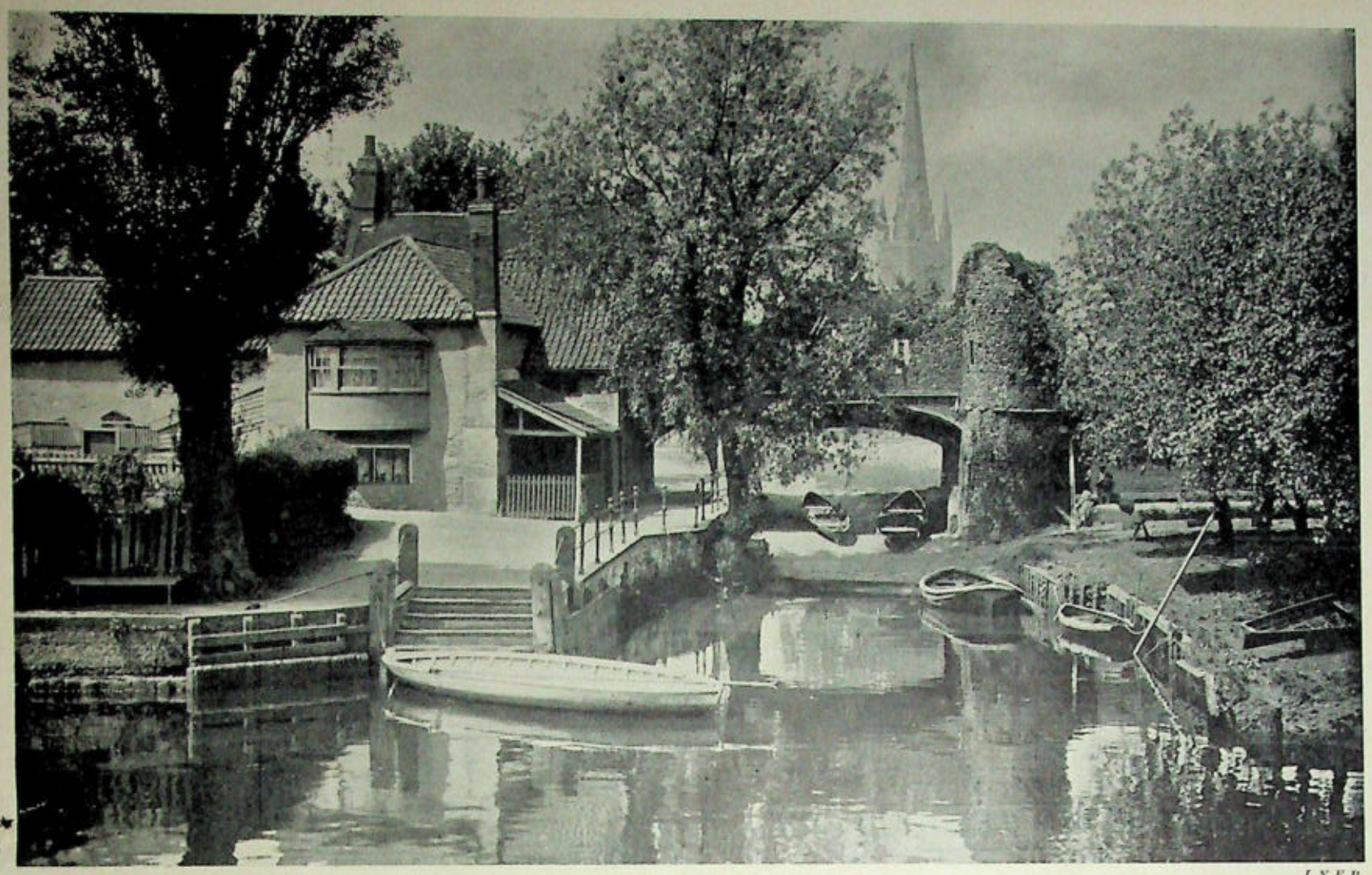
The aim, therefore, should be to inaugurate a new event in which the same keen element of international competition will enter, but from which greater value for the general good of aeronautics will be obtained. This really calls for the pooling of ideas from all the countries that have competed in the past, so that full use may be made of the experience gained.

RULES FOR NEW CONTESTS

The freak type of high-speed machine produced and designed to do no more than traverse a short course at the highest possible speed should not be encouraged. The science and technique of cornering at high speeds must be studied, and the reliability of flying over many hundreds of miles be tested; and these points, and many others, would have to be carefully borne in mind in the framing of rules for a new contest should it prove possible to inaugurate one.

The maximum speed that may be attained by aircraft is definitely not in sight. As has already been mentioned, the existing high-speed machines could, after modification, better the present world record.

Without the spur of competition and the rivalry that comes of one nation vying with another, the still untapped potentialities will not be readily realised. If a new speed event is to be set up, it must be one to which international support is pledged at the commencement. No international competition of this nature can be discussed in this country without mention being made of Lady Houston's far-sighted and public-spirited generosity.



L.N.E.R.

PULLS FERRY, NORWICH, WITH THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND
Norwich is within easy reach of Yarmouth and other towns on the coast

ALONG THE COAST OF THE VIKINGS

From Felixstowe to "The Top of Norfolk"

"AGE CANNOT WITHER nor custom stale the infinite variety" of the East Coast of England. Back from the sea the landscapes vary, architecture is not quite the same, speech has its shades; the aspect of the sea, even, changes like the glint of the sun upon its waves.

Its air is strong and brisk—if you sigh for the soft and enervating zephyr you must seek him elsewhere; there is not much stagnant air on these coasts. So for a holiday that, in Kingsley's words, will "brace brain and sinew," the East Coast offers allurements of sea, sky, colour and atmosphere with the ever-present charm of an attractive, and often historic, hinterland.

UP TO IPSWICH

The true East Anglian coast really begins at Felixstowe, close to the estuary of the Orwell, so happily named after Felix the Burgundian Bishop of Dunwich. Up that same Orwell to Ipswich, full of memories, old and new, one may make a jolly little excursion. Felixstowe believes in itself and lacks none of the attractions to which sojourners by the sea are accustomed, from a good sandy beach to a pier, while the interesting old Landguard Fort is always a pleasant walk.

As we move up the coast we grow more East Anglian, and when we get to Aldeburgh we find some touches of ancientness. Once upon a time it was full of men who put out to sea with nets that took herring and sprats in mighty hauls, but the erosion of the sea cut into its importance, and now it combines memories of Crabbe, who was born there, and a highly picturesque Moot Hall on the beach, with an odd out-of-the-way atmosphere which gives it a delightful air of originality and unlikeness to all other places.

Happily the sea has not treated it so ill as it has treated the not very distant Dunwich, once Felix's episcopal seat and a flourishing town, and now utterly forlorn.

Southwold, a little farther up, is a remarkably attractive watering-place, relatively high, and in the midst of pictorial surroundings, in which may be included its satellite, Walberswick, which claims to be the most picturesque village on this coast; it is greatly beloved of artists.

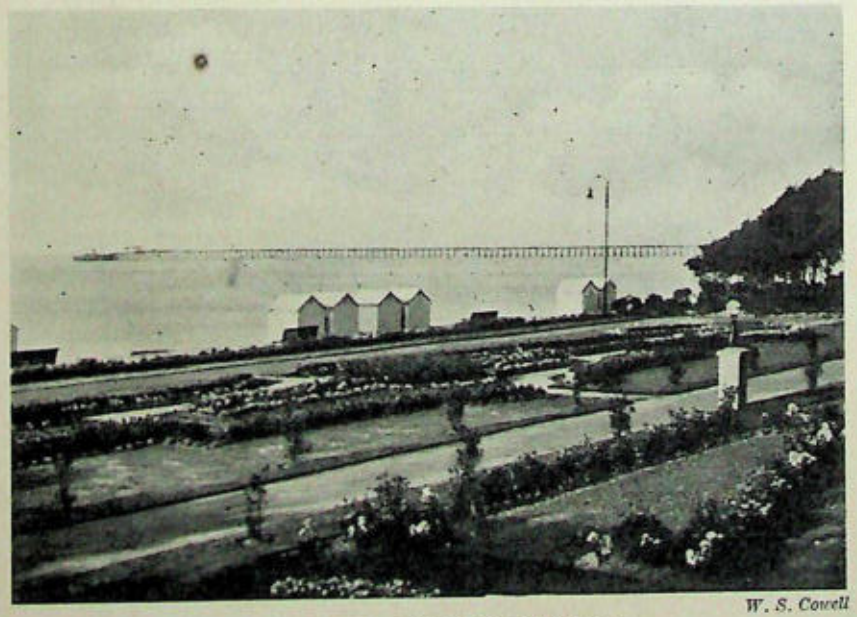
The walk along the Southwold cliffs is delightful, with a fine sea view, and if we turn our backs to the sea we have the famous and majestic parish church, beneath the shadow of which lies Agnes Strickland the historian.

It was in Sole Bay, off Southwold, that the English and French fleets fought the Dutch in 1672, when there was much heroic but not very conclusive work, and Lord Sandwich, the Duke of York's second in command, was blown up with his ship. Here, and in the hinterland, one may drink one's fill of interest.

Different indeed is the atmosphere of Lowestoft, with its busy harbour and fishing fleet and proximity to the Broads. To these attractions of its own it adds all the equipment of a popular seaside resort—piers, parades, esplanades, fine bathing, and all the imaginable amusements. Of the older part of the town it may be said that it is "just like a picture."

Trimly cultivated public gardens contend for charm with heather and gorse, and let it not be forgotten that Ness Point is England's easternmost spot.

So much for the variegated charms of the Suffolk coast, and at Great Yarmouth we are in Norfolk. No more original town can be imagined than the home of the "Yarmouth bloater," with its delightful quay, its immense church, its many likenesses to Holland (David Copperfield noticed them), and queer narrow "rows" or courts. Yarmouth is full of delights, perhaps because it so differs from the ordinary "sea-side."



W. S. Cowell

FELIXSTOWE: THE CLIFF GARDENS

DECOROUS CROMER

If, however, we would see the *fine-fleur* of the East Anglian coast, it is farther up to Cromer that we must travel, with its own Overstrand and its near neighbour, Sheringham, both of them at "the top of Norfolk." Cromer, seated on its cliffs, is the land of golf and on the edge of "Poppy-land," a quiet, decorous, well-bred place, where one may roam or muse, or pace the parade and piers, and listen to excellent music.

Better still, perhaps, one may watch the effects of light and atmosphere. More practical delights are the firm level sands, the safe bathing, and the first-rate sea-fishing. Cromer is a true health resort, and vies with Margate as a cure for throat and kindred troubles, and much the same may be said of Sheringham, hard by.

FIRM, CLEAN SANDS

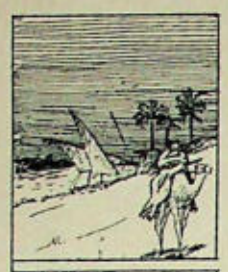
Sheringham's climate is deliciously equable, bracing and invigorating, and it is all glorious with gorse and heather, and the thick woodlands on the high ground behind. It still preserves some suggestion of its origin as a fishing village, the sands are firm and clean, the bathing first-rate, you may fish in the sea or in inland waters, and of the fame of the Sheringham links nothing need be said. One must not paint the lily.

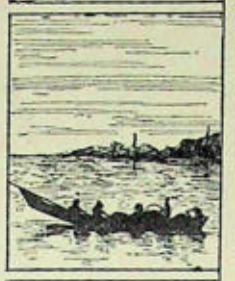
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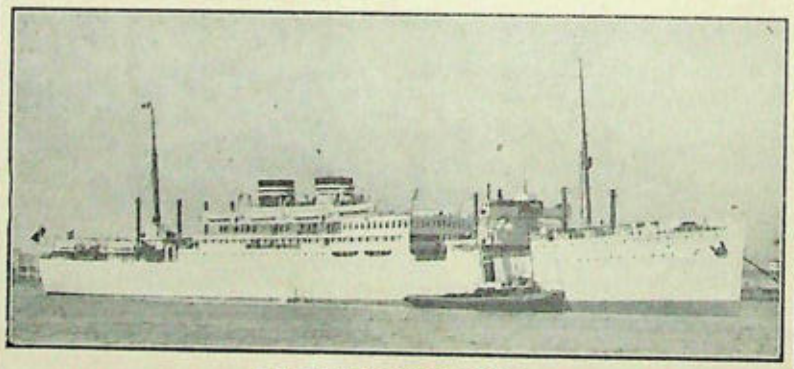
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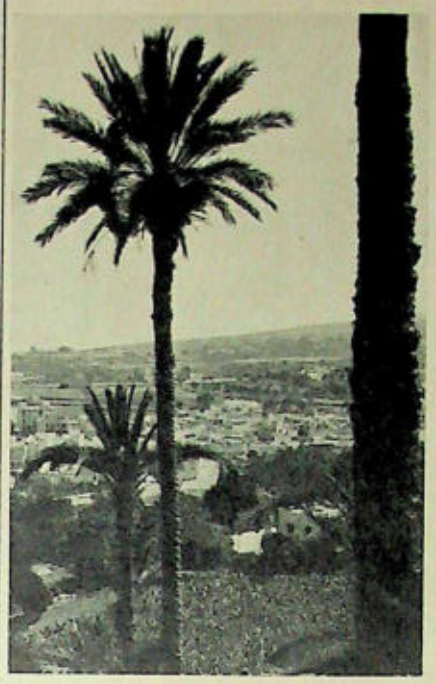
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TENERIFFE HAS CHANGED

And For the Better



LOOKING OVER SANTA CRUZ FROM THE HILLS ABOVE THE TOWN



THERE ARE TAXIS AND OMNIBUSES FOR THE TRAVELLER IN SANTA CRUZ TO-DAY

PRE-WAR and post-War contrasts made in most corners of the earth are apt to be violent, and to anyone returning to Teneriffe after long absence the change made by the passage of time is most marked.

The motor car, when it had reached to small towns of European countries, took a long time to penetrate into the island. One of the main reasons was that in this mountainous corner of the globe there were no roads worth the name for it to travel on.

In those days the only way to make a journey across the northern end of the island from Santa Cruz was by means of a carriage drawn by mules over a dusty road full of potholes, and to get to Oratava was a day's journey.

NATIVE ATMOSPHERE

Now the holiday-maker on tour can spend only a few hours ashore, and yet see the finest parts of the island, from Tacaronte to Oratava. This is just as well, for to those who are taking a cruise to Teneriffe in the hot season the port of Santa Cruz is likely to be grilling, and the opportunity that is generally afforded of visiting the beautiful stretch from Laguna to Tacaronte and thence along the road overhanging the coast to Oratava, should not be lost.

It is fortunate that Teneriffe is included in many ocean tours, for modern conveniences have not spoilt it in one particular, the native atmosphere that is peculiar to it as distinct from Madeira or Las Palmas, which have so long been tourist centres. In the island, crowned by the snow-capped peak, you feel a strange old-world Spanish element around you, and have a greater sense of that peculiar attraction of "going foreign."

It is to be hoped that those who have the privilege of making a brief acquaintance of Teneriffe at this season will be induced to take a trip and enjoy a holiday there when the island is at its best, from the end of our autumn until the end of spring.

ROCK AND SEA

Then it is a paradise of flowers. The bougainvillea is ablaze, there is all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and off the beaten track can be found landscapes painted in yellows and blues with wild flowers. Even where the tourist passes on his way to Tacaronte and Oratava the roadsides are gay with geraniums, lilies and montbretias, and garden terraces are a riot of colour.

Apart from the flowers in their season, the glory of Teneriffe lies in the panoramas of rock and deep blue sea, with as deep a blue in the sky above. In the cool season the port of Santa Cruz itself has its attractions in its quaint buildings. Time has improved it also, for now marine walks replace a formerly rather insanitary foreshore.

R. N. R.



ON THE ROAD IN THE MERCEDES FOREST



ROCKY COAST NEAR PALMA

MAJORCA IN JUNE

An Island of Peace and Good Hotels

HAVING ONCE ARRIVED in the island of Majorca, the traveller will surely find difficulty in leaving it, unless he craves the delights of Paris, Deauville or Monte Carlo.

Casinos and fashionable bathing beaches are not yet to be found there; it is no place for golfers, and tennis enthusiasts will be disappointed; there is a theatre in Palma, but plays and concerts are few and far between. Nor should the visitor expect to see the Spain of imagination: dark-eyed beauties, with high combs and long mantillas, flaunting fans in Goya fashion, or picturesque dancers in flounced skirts, with shawls, high heels and castanets.

For these he must go to Andalusia; but the Mediterranean Islands, lacking such attractions, have another lure, which to the discriminating taste amply supplies their lack.

Palma itself is a place to linger in. Its soft amber stone is pleasing to the eye, harmonising with the colour scheme of sea, mountain and sky, and taking on marvellous hues in the light of sunset. A host of little shops, "small holdings" which take a personal interest in their customers, line the narrow streets where one must press into their doorways to allow room for the clanging tram to pass; larger shops are hidden away on streets made of steps, and too steep for vehicles.

A FINE CATHEDRAL

A cathedral of extreme beauty ranks among the great ones of Europe; a *Lonja* of rare and lovely style is a reminder of Moorish influence, and everywhere the patrician houses have their cool patios, with green plants and marble stairways, into which one may peer without restraint.

Ridiculously cheap trams take one to all parts of the city and suburbs, particularly to the best-known one, El Terreno. Here the English hotels are congregated the Victoria, the Mediterraneo and others, with terms from 22 pesetas per day, and many pensions where board and lodging cost only a few shillings per day. All these look out over the beautiful bay. Bathing establishments are connected with the hotels, and some delightful small beaches may be reached beyond the tram terminus at Cas Catala.

Palma may grow rather warm in late June, for it faces full south and is protected by the chain of mountains which fringes the north-west coast; then the visitor should depart for the small places by the sea where cool winds blow.

First in a round tour of the island will come the fine sandy beach, bold headlands and wooded hinterland of Camp de Mar, where a modest fonda is now joined by a first-class hotel. The nearest town is the small one of Andraix, three or four miles away, which, like most of the island towns, has its small port, where the usual fonda is to be found, simple hostelries, which may not provide a bathroom, but which are clean and well kept, with good food.

ALONG THE COAST

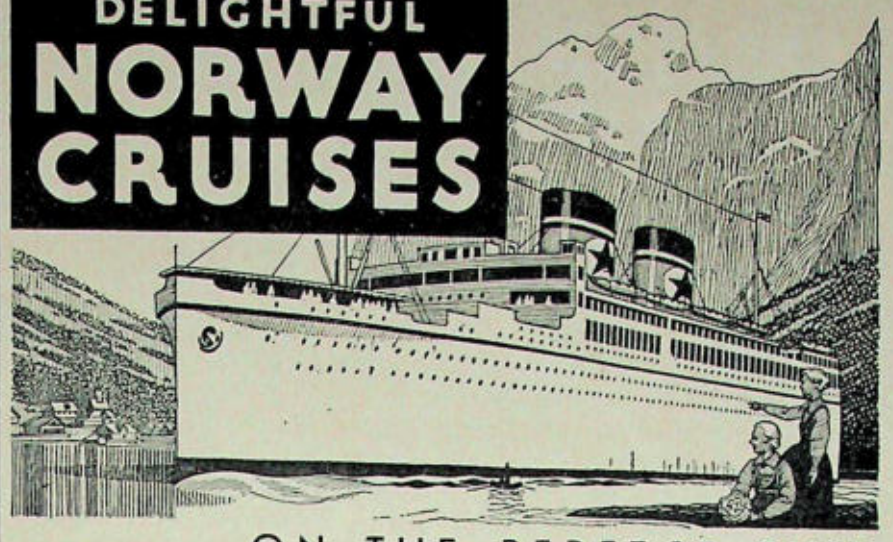
Deyá, beloved of artists, stands high above the sea in splendid scenery, with a small beach away down below for the energetic, and next comes Soller Puerto, a tiny enclosed bay with fishermen's cottages, and the Hotel Costa Brava, with a flowery terrace overlooking the water. Soller itself, four miles inland and connected by a light railway to its port, and by an electric one to Palma, is likely to be hot in summer and, for English people, is chiefly a starting point for mountain excursions.

The magnificent coast from Soller Puerto onwards must be seen by boat, as no road is possible. After reaching the extremity of the island one would probably sail round the rocky headland into Formentor Bay where, set in woods between mountain and sea, is the superbly placed Formentor Hotel. The proprietor has taken pains to furnish his hotel in charming Majorcan style and a garden gay with flowers stretches between it and the sea.

By the magnificent new road from Formentor or by motor boat, one may next reach Pollensa-Puerto, the favourite place for foreigners. The bay is fringed with the modest homes of the original fishing village, and half-a-dozen hotels cater for visitors. The bay is ideal for sailing and impromptu regattas are frequent, the circle of surrounding mountains making a setting of great beauty. Alcudia Puerto in the next bay is much smaller and quieter, with two hotels, and a long stretch of sand for bathing. Finally on the east coast there is Cala Ratjada, also a small fishing village with two hotels, and with green valleys and fresh water streams reminiscent of Brittany to add to the charms of its sandy beach.

B. BRADFIELD.

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SALMON FISHING IN THE NANSA

One of the Best Rivers in Spain

THREE British sportsmen, having come to Spain on their own initiative, in 1928, travelled over several of the Spanish fishing districts, and described the conditions they found there in the *Field*. Their criticisms were, in the main, that otherwise good salmon water was being spoiled by unwise and often illegal methods of fishing. As a result of their visit, these three sportsmen drew up a report on the Cantabrian rivers they had visited, praising their wonderful natural conditions. Their observations led them to the conclusion that the district of the River Nansa, in the province of Santander (North of Spain), had great possibilities as a salmon fishing centre.

It suffices to point out that the earlier lessees, in spite of a long term of illegal methods by which the river had been impoverished, captured in the course of 1927 more than 700 salmon. Experts calculated that the wealth of the Nansa district could be increased in five years' time to an annual haul of 4,000 salmon if strict supervision could be carried out on the river.

In Spain to-day fishing is considered important. For the betterment of the river the Nansa district has been put into the hands of the "Patronato Nacional del Turismo," the Board which has charge of the development of tourist facilities. The reserve is divided into two parts, separated by a free zone. The whole of the reserve, since even in the free zone there are magnificent spawning beds, is under the inspection of the Patronato Nacional del Turismo.

As has already been stated, the River Nansa flows through the province of Santander in the North of the Peninsula. Access to the district is gained by the Cantabrian Railway, from the city of Santander to the station of Pesuès, and from there by road to Piedrasluengas. The journey by car from Santander can be made by the road that runs from that town to Oviedo.

The first section of the reserve between the foot of Pesuès Bridge and the El Arrudo Bridge is an excellent salmon fishery. The road which serves it, as has been said, goes from Pesuès to Piedrasluengas, following the course of the river through a valley with the beautiful and varied scenery of a hilly country. The stream is conveniently sheltered from the wind by the hills forming the narrow valley. In this first section (which is the lowest reach, since the salt-water limit is found before reaching the bridge of Pesuès) the best salmon beats of the reserve are to be found, and the four best fisheries of the district. Trout can also be caught in the whole length of the section, but for classification purposes this section must be considered as primarily for salmon, and secondly for trout.

Farther up the Nansa is the free section between the Arrudo Bridge and Puente Nansa. In this section there are a few casts open to the public, and at the height of Celis there are some good spawning beds which in future will be closely guarded by orders of the P.N.T.

The second section lies between the bridge of the Puente Nansa and the district of Rozadio. This second section throughout its length is excellent for trout fishing, and although there are a few salmon casts, these are only of the second class; so this part may be classified as trout fishing with the chance of a salmon. The principal spawning beds of the river are to be found here. Salmon cannot pass the natural weir of the Rozadio Mill, just before reaching the bridge, so this has been made the limit of the policed zone. This second section is approached by two roads close by; they run parallel to the river on either side. It is beautiful country, and there is plenty of game in the woods near the river.

Accommodation is available in the immediate neighbourhood in hotels and inns.

In this district are given all necessary guarantees, not only regarding the policing of the river, but also that fishing on each beat will only be carried on by the lessee thereof.

The close-season ends in the second week of February.



R.M.S.P.

AT THE MARKET, CORUNNA

Observe the heated argument in progress on the right of the picture

CITIES OF OLD SPAIN

Neglected Ronda, and Burgos and Its Cathedral

FOR the intelligent traveller, for whom the actual journey is something to be vitally enjoyed and not merely a tiresome means of reaching a destination, the route by which that destination is approached is an important factor.

All the main approaches to Spain are dramatic, as though staged by an expert producer. By the land route one threads the western spurs of the Pyrenees, after which the line crosses the yellow plains of Old Castile to the heart of the country at Madrid.

The sea routes are equally romantic—to Bilbao, the port of the mysterious, furtive Basque Provinces; to Santander, between the great Biscay rollers and the jagged peaks of the Cantabrian mountains; to Corunna in a deep sea-cleft of Galicia; to Cadiz, which is the historic threshold of Andalusia; to Gibraltar, the most magnificent of all the approaches.

Late spring and the autumn are the best seasons for the interior of the country. For the Mediterranean coast and the south of Spain generally early spring and winter are the most suitable times.

MADRID AS A BASE

With Madrid as a base one can cover a wide stretch of the most famous regions in a short stay. Segovia, Toledo, Alcala and the grandest scenery of the Sierra de Guadarrama all lie within easy reach both by rail and automobile service.

Cadiz is the base for Seville, Cordova and the western Andalusian towns; Gibraltar for Ronda, Malaga and the magnificent country of the Sierra Nevada; Barcelona, Cartagena and Valencia for the historic provinces of Catalonia and Murcia.

Spanish cities such as Seville and Toledo are amply heralded throughout the world. But for some reason or other Ronda never seems to have attained the fame it deserves. Ronda is one of the most satisfying and exhilarating places in Spain.

THE TAJO GORGE

Perched like an eagle's nest among the peaks of the Sierra de Tolox at a height of nearly 3,000ft., Ronda is a watch tower over some of the finest views in the country. Roman and Moor have both left the traces of their one-time suzerain might in the old city. To-day the great gorge of the Tajo separates the Moorish town from modern Ronda. For 350ft. the gorge plunges sheerly down, with the Guadelvin River thrashing along the bottom.

At the narrowest point two fine old bridges span it, making those superlative architectural curves that engineers of to-day never seem able to repeat.

Of the northern Spanish cities Burgos is undoubtedly the most interesting. It was the home of the national hero, El Cid, and its cathedral is among the masterpieces of the Gothic style. Burgos stands on the main railway route from France, and is quickly reached from Bilbao or Santander.

An old, dreaming city, it has witnessed some of the most stirring episodes in Spanish history. As the market for an immense and fertile area it is full of interest for the variety of national types to be met with in its streets and squares. It is wholly Spanish, yet brisker than so many of the inland towns.

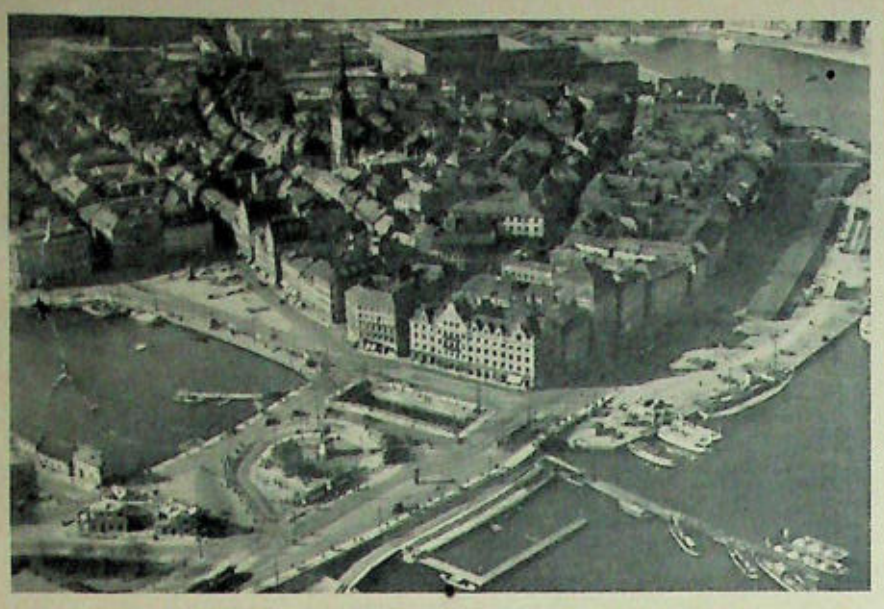
Around Burgos are many delightful "undiscovered" centres, along the valley of the Pisuerga and among the foothills of Sierra de la Demanda.

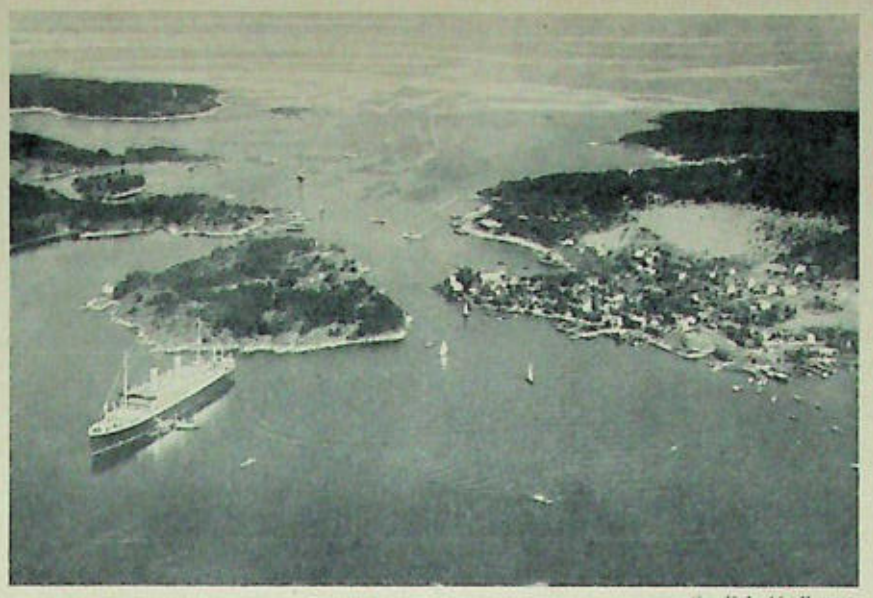
GEOFFREY PINNOCK.



R.M.S.P.

LOOKING ACROSS CADIZ FROM THE CATHEDRAL





Swedish Air Express

SWEDEN FROM A MODERN ANGLE

An aerial view of Stockholm, and a liner among the islands off the coast

SWEDEN IN SUMMER

A Holiday Coast with Many Attractions

TO the rocky west coast of Sweden—in parts not unlike Cornwall—perhaps the best way is by liner from Tilbury to Gothenburg in 34 hours, sailings every Wednesday and Saturday during the summer. From Gothenburg little steamers thread the delightful Bohuslon Archipelago to Marstrand, with its seventeenth century fortress (the island resort that has never seen a motor car), to Lysekil and Stromstad and, at the end of a beautiful, deeply indented fiord, Uddevalla.

At all these places the chief attractions are the bathing from the sun-warmed rocks, more than usually pleasant because of the extreme saltiness (and, therefore, buoyancy) of the tideless sea, the fishing and the sailing. The healthy air should also be mentioned. Hotel accommodation is good and inexpensive at all these resorts.

The western coast below Gothenburg possesses a number of seaside towns and villages in great favour with visitors. To the charm of a rocky coast, sprinkled with excellent beaches, is added that of a sheltered situation, for the Danish coast not many miles away breaks the force of any westerly wind, and the cliffs shield the beaches from the east wind. In addition to these general advantages, Bastad possesses a magnificent golf course and tennis courts.

Skelderviken, farther south, is quiet and superbly situated, with a long and attractive beach. As a complete change, the little town of Molle, on the very tip of the curious peninsula of Kullen, is perhaps the most romantically situated of all, with great precipitous cliffs, broken by valleys.

For those who prefer train journeys to sea voyages, the seaside resorts of Falsterbo, Ystad and Borgholm would be most conveniently reached by the Continental route to Sweden via Berlin or Hamburg, and the Baltic train ferry, Sassnitz-Trolleborg. Falsterbo, the largest and most fashionable resort, is only a short journey from Trolleborg; excellent bathing and sun bathing on its sandy beach, golf links, tennis, yachting, riding, fishing are to be enjoyed there. L. H.

A SELECTION OF SUMMER CRUISES

July 9th.—Ardeola (Yeoward): From Liverpool, to Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira. Twenty-three days, from 27 guineas.

July 16th.—Hector (Blue Funnel): From London round the coast to Glasgow, six days, from 9 guineas.

July 23rd.—Highland Brigade (Nelson): From London, spending five days in Lisbon, back August 4th, from £11.

July 23rd.—France (French Line) to the Faroe Islands, sixteen days.

July 30th.—Viceroy of India (P. & O.): From London, Fjords and Northern Capitals, 20 days, 34 guineas.

August 6th.—Orontes (Orient): From Immingham, Northern Capitals, 20 days, from 30 guineas.

August 6th.—Adriatic (White Star): To Spain, eight days, from £8.

August 12th.—Atlantis (R.M.S.P.): From London: Germany, Holland, France, Spain, 22 days, from 34 guineas.

August 21st.—Stella Polaris (B. & N.): From Newcastle to Northern Capitals, 20 days, from £34 7s.

September 9th.—Arandora Star (Blue Star): From Southampton: Sicily and Spain: 22 days, from 40 guineas.

September 24th.—Lancastria (Cunard): From Liverpool to Morocco, Balearics, Spain, fifteen days, from 15 guineas.



Where Anglers Triumph

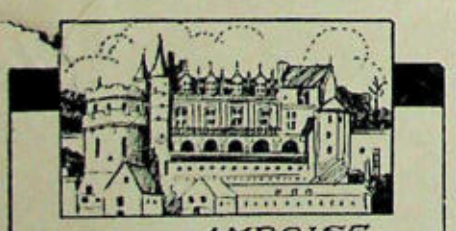
Now is a splendid time for anglers in Ireland—waters are in good condition: there has been a record run of salmon up the rivers, and news of many record catches is coming in.

Make it Ireland this year and come now—splendid sport, beautiful scenery, a holiday that will leave you with thrilling memories.

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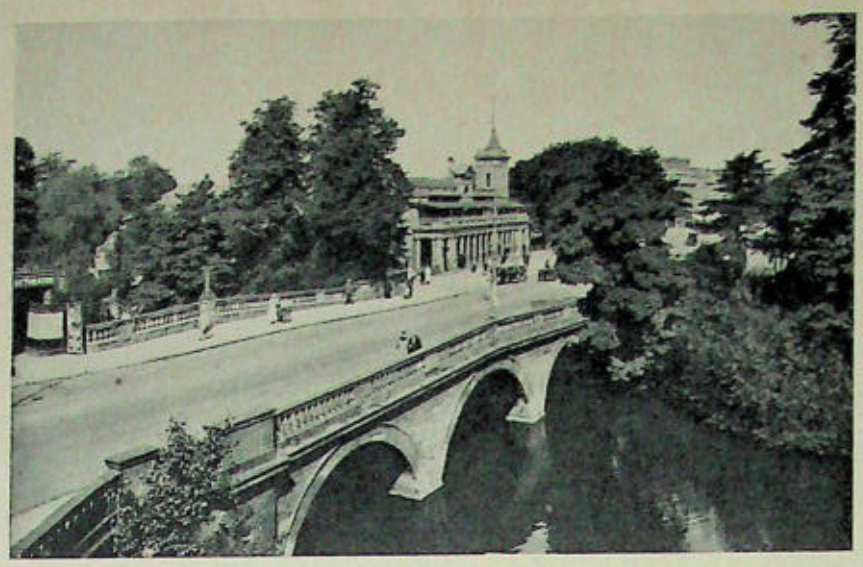
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LEAMINGTON: THE BRIDGE AND PUMP HOUSE



L.M.S. Photographs

NEAR LLANDRINDOD THE ITHON VALLEY

WESTWARD FROM THE HUB OF ENGLAND

Leamington Spa and Llandrindod Wells

AFTER a swift and comfortable run by railway, to descend from the train at Leamington and make one's way to the Parade is to step into a happy similitude of a Parisian boulevard, with its colour and variety, its changing life and tree-flecked shadows. And if we cross from the Parade to the Jephson Gardens the Parisian similitude is strengthened, for Leamington is a town of brightness and gaiety, of parks and foliage, with its own little river, the Leam.

In every way, indeed, it is the antithesis of a town of invalids—fashion and vivacity are much more in evidence than invalidism. People go to Leamington for health and find it there, as Ruskin did; but the hale and hearty go there also for the sparkle of its life. You may meet your friends in the Roman Doric Pump Rooms, but you need neither drink the waters nor bathe in them.

Why anybody should take the trouble to go to foreign spas when he can get equally effective treatment in this bright and vivacious place is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary was in the habit of remarking, "no fellow can be expected to understand." The mere aspect of Leamington is enough to vivify the weary and to whet the appetite for amusement of the flâneur.

Moreover, once there, you are in one of the Gardens of England, close to the Forest of Arden, with ancient pictorial Warwick and its noble castle next door, and Stratford-on-Avon less than half an hour away by car.

Almost exactly in the centre of England, Leamington, with its gay streets and squares, its brilliant public gardens and many amusements and distractions, is surrounded on every hand by places of "historic interest and natural beauty."

If we go thence westward to the border shire of Radnor and reach Llandrindod Wells we are in a very different, yet decidedly attractive atmosphere. In an open but hilly situation, here is fine and bracing air, and a delicious sense of quiet and repose. You may almost forget that "towniness" exists, and many people are as much invigorated by its tonic air as by its many baths of varied mineral character.

The hardy do not despise it in winter, but it is essentially a summer spa, with cooling breezes from the hills which blow away fatigue. At the same time Llandrindod Wells is neither frumpish nor dull; it is, indeed, tending to become fashionable, and to grow into a lusty rival to Harrogate and Buxton.

GOLF AND FISHING

You may play golf, boat on the lake, fish in the Ithon, go to concerts or the play, listen to good bands, lounge in the Rock Park Grounds and play bowls, or play tennis as hard as you like at the Recreation Ground.

Nobody compels the visitor to immerse himself in sulphur baths or swallow strange, unaccustomed drinks, though most of those who do the one or the other, or both, are the better for it. Thus the business of health may be agreeably blended with lounging or sight-seeing, for there are pleasant excursions close at hand, and not far distant the Wye in its lovely valley will lie before you.

G. A.

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Illustrated Guide free from Spa Manager (Dept. 19), Leamington Spa.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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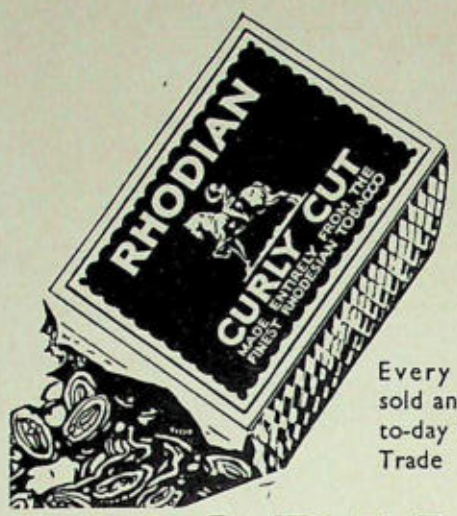
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OUR ATHLETIC PRESTIGE AT STAKE

IN THREE WEEKS the party of athletes, swimmers, cyclists and others who will represent Britain in the Olympic Games will be leaving this country for Los Angeles.

The team will not be finally chosen until after Henley and the A.A.A. Championship meeting on July 2nd; but however it is finally constituted, it is now certain that the original hope of sending 120 sportsmen and sportswomen to represent Great Britain will not be realised.

The financial depression which has affected every phase of national life in all countries will leave its mark on the Olympic Games of 1932. It was anticipated originally that a sum of about £15,000 would be available to the British Olympic Association, and that it would be possible to send out and maintain a team of 120 at a cost of about £120 per head.

Unfortunately, with the pound worth less than four dollars, the per-head expenses have automatically risen to £150. Worse than this, the subscriptions raised by the British Olympic Association have necessarily been much smaller than was hoped for. Sir Harold Bowden, the enthusiastic and energetic chairman of the council, in the sporting appeal which he made in our columns a few weeks ago confessed that the task of collecting money has been vastly more difficult than anyone had foreseen, and said that wealthy sportsmen who, on previous occasions had given three-figure subscriptions had been able to write only two- or even one-figure cheques.

We understand that in spite of this Sir Harold Bowden has been successful in collecting more than £7,000, a sum sufficient to send a team of about 50. The Olympic Association will be able to draw to a certain extent upon its reserves and so swell the number, but many athletes who should be representing Britain on this occasion and for whom Olympic experience would be invaluable, whether for themselves or for the younger members of their clubs in the future, will be prevented from going out unless further funds are forthcoming.

Even at this eleventh hour it is not too late for sportsmen to support our representatives at Los Angeles. This Olympic meeting is one of peculiar significance to Great Britain. During the past few months we have begun to show the world that in the political and financial spheres we have lost none of our old traditional qualities or old capacity for leadership based on the character of the race. But there is nothing that makes so deep an impression upon ordinary people of all countries to-day as proficiency at sports and games. It is true, as has been repeatedly pointed out, that the whole world will be watching the Olympic Games through the medium of the daily Press, the wireless and the cinema, and the achievements and good sportsmanship of our representatives may have an influence upon the world's affairs which will extend far beyond the regions of sport.

For this reason, if for no other, we most cordially support Sr Harold Bowden's last-minute appeal, which will be found upon another page. Every £150 received will mean an additional British representative at Los Angeles. We hope that before the teams are finally chosen a week hence the Olympic fund will have reached such proportions as to permit of a substantial addition to the number of athletes comprising the British team.

RISKS OF THE GAME

ALL WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE for the organisation of sporting meetings will be grateful for the decision of the Court of Appeal setting aside the verdict of the jury against the Brooklands Racing Club in respect of an accident to a spectator. In a trial before Mr. Justice McCardie and a special jury, a naval officer, Lieut. Christopher Hall, had been awarded £988 and costs in respect of a broken leg and other injuries caused by a collision between two racing cars, one of which cannoned into the crowd. The Court of Appeal held that there was no negligence, and that the spectators attended the meeting at their own risk.

This is obviously common sense. No one ought to be able to claim damages for damage caused by, say, a cricket ball at Lord's, or, for that matter, a falling aeroplane at Hendon. And in the same way, surely no school authorities ought to be liable—as they have been in the past—for prosecution owing to an accident to a boy taking part in the ordinary school games. Players and spectators alike must be supposed to know, and knowingly to take, the risks of the game being played.

HIGH SUMMER ON THE TROUT STREAM

For the first time this season many of the smaller trout streams have run down to "low summer level," and the brightness of the gravel is dimmed with the film of algæ, the larder of those small forms of life for which at this time of year trout disdain surface food. During the hot hours of the day the stream seems lifeless, except for the motionless form of a yearling pike whose presence would scarce be noticed but for the whorl of mud which follows its sudden dart for cover. But stir that bright green root of starwort and the hidden wealth of the stream is revealed as a couple of shapely trout shoot swiftly over the sun-flecked bottom to seek new shelter in the depths of a shady pool, disturbing another which was lying just beyond the sill as they go.

This last was a possibility missed, and the lesson may help line the creel, for with no fish to disturb on the shallows it is often much easier to place a fly effectively over the sill of a pool where a good trout may be taking advantage of the better-aerated water of the ripple formed by the gravel bar at its downstream end.

RECORD CRICKET

We may hope that the record partnership score of 555 made by Sutcliffe and Holmes at Leyton last week will stand for all time. The famous Yorkshire pair deserve all credit for the calculated batsmanship which enabled them to play through seven-and-a-half hours without slackening of skill or concentration: but there is little fun in watching the same pair of batsmen—even batsmen of the Sutcliffe and Holmes class—methodically wearing down moderate bowling and then clouting it all over the field.

The 34-year-old record of J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe was beaten by only one run, but that was sufficient for the honour of achievement. It might appear that men who can bat like that are just the sort we need for Australia. It will ever be a mystery why Holmes has played only once for England in a Test match.

MISSING RUNS

The fact that for some time there was a doubt about Sutcliffe and Holmes's record, owing to the oversight of a no-ball in the scorers' books, deserves to be included among the curiosities of cricket.

Such mistakes are very rare, but it is interesting to recall that a somewhat similar error was made at the Oval in 1876 in an exciting finish between Surrey and Middlesex. It was at first thought that Middlesex had won by one run, but Mr. C. W. Alcock, the Surrey secretary, who had been keeping the score independently, made it a tie.

Reference was then made to the Press books, which in those days were carefully kept so that the position of the batsmen after every run could be traced, and on checking them it was found that a mistake had actually been made and that the result was really a tie.

IN THE UMPIRE'S CHAIR

At Wimbledon the umpire receives a bronze medal for a fortnight's intensive attention. Some might think it ought to be a gold one.

The seat of the umpire is a hard one. Only in the Centre Court can it be considered one of the seats of the mighty. In the outer courts its occupant is seldom regarded with affection by both players at the same time, and among the spectators even deference is sometimes lacking. Few among them honestly believe that the umpire can see better than themselves, and the less modest among them are not afraid to say so.

He, good, patient man, like the Psalmist who "kept silent, yea, even from good words, though it was pain and grief to him," cannot answer his unofficial critics. He has to bear with them with what fortitude and forbearance he can summon. This is a point which we think might usefully be added to what the *Field* has already said about the education of the spectator. It is important that everyone at lawn tennis, whether spectator or player, should make it his first duty to respect the umpire. He is doing his best.

BOUNDARY REVISION

During the present year the provincial newspapers are finding much amusing and profitable copy in the reports of County Council meetings and Government Inquiries where the question of boundary revision has had to be considered under the Local Government Act, 1929. Tremendous contests are in progress or are threatening all over the country, and many revolutions have already been effected, but few tremors of these parochial earthquakes have reached the wider world, partly because they are so widespread and partly because what interests us as a parish rarely excites us nationally.

Nevertheless, local patriotism is a healthy, if heady, enthusiasm and many age-old feuds and antipathies that had almost been forgotten have received a much-needed stimulus. It is inevitable, of course, that the larger units should absorb the smaller, but the latter will not necessarily lose all their individuality, and any resentment they may feel ought to freshen village life considerably, whether the economic benefits of centralisation are realised or not.

INN SIGNS

Country inns have for some time been improving, and many small houses are now better equipped to withstand the competition of those pretentious hotel restaurants which spring up so quickly on or near the main highways. In most cases the character of "the village pub" has been preserved, but in one respect there is need for more imagination and care—and that is in the renewal of signboards, the design of which ought to be the concern of artists.

Some brewers are particular in this matter, and their signs add a delightful distinction to the countryside; others are both dull and monotonous or offensively vulgar, and the gaudy enamel plate seems to be growing in favour. Not only that, but the old, inconsequent names are being altered to

standardised types. Fortunately the Council for the Preservation of Rural England has interested itself in the signboard and is introducing the brewer to the right kind of design and to very willing artists.

WINDMILLS

To make oil sketches of all the windmills in the country, which number, it appears, 2,000—800 more than in Holland—may seem a somewhat tedious, though perhaps not a thankless task. It is being attempted, we believe, by a private individual. Since he has been at work over a hundred have been destroyed, and at that rate there will soon be very few left. His very definite intention to paint all and not only unknown or picturesque windmills has a slight suggestion of a Dancing Marathon or a Pole-Squatting Championship, and from an exhibition point of view the pictures may be a little monotonous; but a complete catalogue, above all by an artist, will be valuable. And quite possibly his idea will be developed, for there are many other distinctive features of the changing English scene which deserve to be recorded as systematically in line and colour. A similar service, for instance, might well be done for village churches, for tithe barns or for bridges as the beginning of an exhaustive and an official artistic survey of the whole country.

POLICE DOG TRIALS

To those who associate Lady Howe's beautiful fields and coverts at Idsworth chiefly with field trials for retrievers and spaniels in autumn and winter, it may have seemed an amusing contrast to find them on Monday and Tuesday last the scene of competitions among Alsatians and Great Danes. And there were other contrasts besides the make and shape of the dogs.

The working trials which began on Monday were those of the Associated Sheep, Police and Army Dog Society, and they opened with tests of tracking in which the various dogs were required to fulfil certain standards of nose and intelligence. One of a pair of gloves is placed on the ground at the starting point, and the other is taken over a track of several hundred yards, with bends to the right and left, and hidden. The dog is then brought up to smell the first glove and find the second.

NOSE AND PACE

It is interesting to watch the methods of the handlers and the behaviour of the dogs, in comparison with the work required of retrievers and spaniels. In retriever trials, for instance, a dog is expected to go out fast to the fall of the bird and to come back as fast as he goes out; and spaniels are judged by the liveliness of their quartering and the pleasure which they show in their work. But Alsatians and Great Danes do nothing, so to speak, at the double. They go out on a leash of 30ft. or so in front of their handlers, at a walk, and carry their heads high; they go slowly as they get the scent, and look as if they were taking very little interest in their performance, but they find their glove almost without fail, and show that they have wonderful noses, for the track on which they work may have been laid an hour or more.

And as regards pace, it becomes obvious to the spectator wondering why the tracking should be done always at a walk, that if the dog were not on a leash and kept close to his handler, his work would be useless. If he were allowed to run ahead, the criminal whom the police dog is supposed to track would merely shoot him. The need for slowness becomes plain as "safety first."

MIDSUMMER

Light and heat have been long in coming this year, and now that we have at last seen the sun, the longest day is already behind us. But there are more than one or two Midsummer Days, as Henley knew when he wrote his Ballade:

With a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise,
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams—
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!
The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
While the West from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

* * *

And it's O, for my dear and the charm that stays
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!
It's O for my Love and the dark that plights—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!



CRICKET'S CALL FOR HELP

Are the Counties Helping Themselves?

IN SPITE OF SUNNY DAYS, which have brought their own natural enthusiasm for cricket, overshadowing the memory of rain-ruined matches, there remains beneath the surface of county cricket real anxiety about the future. Without a doubt, all of the counties have suffered very severely as a result of the wet weather, both last season and this, and it has become clear that, in these hard times, funds will not be so readily forthcoming as they have been in the past to help them out of their difficulties.

On the principle that desperate situations need desperate remedies, various schemes for remodelling the game have been put forward by well-wishers; but it seems pertinent to ask whether the counties themselves are doing as much as they might be doing to help themselves.

It is to be feared that many of them are still living hopelessly in the past. They complain that other sports are attracting spectators from their grounds, forgetting that while the tendency in other sports is to speed up the play and add to its thrills and also to the comfort of those who pay to watch them, little or nothing has been done to add to the attractions of cricket.

It would have been thought, for instance, that, faced as they are with a more serious crisis than ever before, the county clubs and players would have left no stone unturned to enlist increasing support from the public—that, in particular, dull play would have been avoided at all costs, and definite steps taken to make the game as lively and entertaining as possible.

DRIFTING BACK INTO OLD WAYS

So far there have been few indications of any such movement. Even the "bribery"—as Lord Hawke so aptly described it—of increasing the number of points awarded for a win in the County Championship has by no means done all that is required, and there is a tendency to drift back into the old ways.

Scarcely a match takes place in which we do not see batsmen still playing the stalemate sort of game which puts safety first and last. Many of them are of the school which, in recent years, has spread the pernicious doctrine that a batsman must carefully play himself in before he attempts to make a hit of any sort. During the process they seldom make a scoring stroke, except off a ball which would be guaranteed by a committee of stone-wallers to be absolutely safe to hit.

But there are many others who *can* play enterprising cricket if only they will. At the Oval recently I watched Townsend, of Derbyshire, batting with perfect ease and a style that any young cricketer might have envied; he can be as entertaining as any batsman; yet for most of the time he was merely playing the ball gently back to the bowler or to a fieldsman without any attempt to look for runs.

CAUTION CARRIED TO EXCESS

Only a very few players have ever successfully done that and at the same time pleased spectators Willie Quaife, of Warwickshire, was an outstanding example and he became a favourite because, although he hardly ever scored fast, he was always *doing something* with the ball—placing it with flowing strokes in various directions in a way that rarely failed to charm spectators. But he had versatility—and that quality is sadly lacking in many of the modern batsmen who have attempted to imitate his methods.

Of unadulterated passive defence, the present season has produced examples as unattractive as any in the past. For instance, playing against Lancashire, Bailey, of Hampshire, batted for three-and-three-quarter hours for 48, and at one period scored only twelve in an hour and a half. G. T. S. Stevens, of Middlesex, scored only 27 in an hour and three-quarters, also against Lancashire, and Geary, of Leicestershire, once took as long as two-and-a-half hours to score thirteen. Even Hammond, the great Gloucestershire batsman, was at the wickets for three hours for 37 against Yorkshire.

What spectators thought of the methods of Sutcliffe and Holmes when they were laying the foundation of that fearful record-breaking partnership at Leyton last week was made plain on the first day, when the batsmen were roundly barracked for their slow play. Sutcliffe took three hours and a quarter to score his first hundred and Holmes took half an hour longer.

WHERE ARE THE TAIL-END HITTERS?

As irritating as these stodgy methods by famous batsmen are the solemn efforts of tail-end batsmen to play themselves in in the orthodox fashion. To see a lively tail has become an exception; yet the old-fashioned custom for the last two or three men to hit out boldly and trust to Providence was quite as effective and infinitely more appreciated by spectators than the scraping for runs of most of the present tail-enders. Indeed, real hitters of any kind can hardly find a place in modern cricket unless they happen to be bowlers as well.

The moral of all this is that it is high time the county clubs and players made a real effort to give spectators what they want to see. Let us be clear on one important point. County cricket is no longer a game played for the delectation of the club members. It is a public entertainment, just as much as a concert or a theatrical performance; and the support of the public, which has become vital to its existence, can only be secured if the entertainment is good.

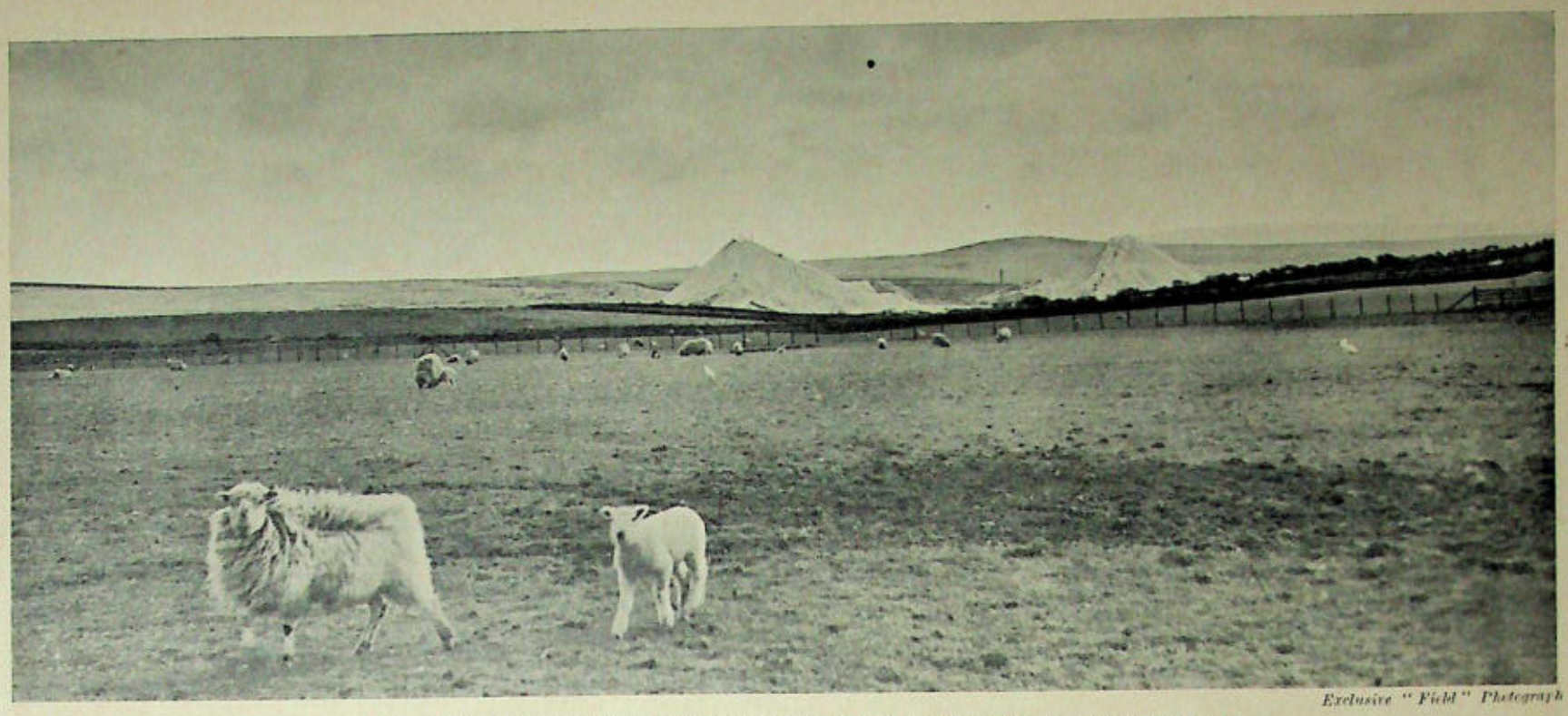
"GET ON OR GET OUT"

In league cricket in the North of England they have a way of giving pungent advice to the batsmen—"Get on or get out!" No one wishes to make of county cricket a mere circus, but if county committees would inculcate something of the "get on or get out" spirit into their teams they would be doing much to fill their grounds. It is as well to remember that even our worst stone-wallers have another side to their batting. Hearne and Mead, for example, can score as quickly and hit as hard as any batsmen when they like.

There is another matter to which county committees might profitably give attention. At present, if a match is finished in two days, the third day is absolutely wasted and the ground remains empty, with consequent loss of revenue to the club. Why not take a leaf out of the past and arrange on the spot a single wicket match to fill up the vacant day?

I venture to think that if this practice were generally adopted, so that the public could count definitely upon seeing a single wicket match between famous players on any vacant third day, it would prove almost, if not quite, as great an attraction to spectators as the county match itself.

F. I. W.



Exclusive "Field" Photograph

EWES AND THEIR LAMBS GRAZING INTENSIVELY ON THE NEW PASTURES AT ROUGHTOR FARM

The miniature white tors in the background are formed by the overburden of the china clay working, which is an important industry in North Cornwall

RECLAIMING A CORNISH MOOR

Pioneer Work by one of the Prince of Wales's Tenants

IT DOES NOT NEED an expert agriculturist to know that the reclamation of heaths and moorlands is of prime importance in this country, and yet there is little or no evidence of such work being undertaken, either by the State or private individuals. In these tragic days of unemployment, shortage of labour cannot account for this.

At a first glance, the explanation seems to be that reclamation does not pay, and neither does it, when it has to be undertaken by an ordinary farmer with little or no available capital and with a limited acreage in which to operate. The work can only be done by large-scale undertakings with sufficient capital to allow them to wait for profits. The Prince of Wales has shown on the Duchy property in Cornwall how private enterprise can absorb manual workers and increase the natural food supply by properly managed reclamation.

ON HIGH MOORLAND

On the high bleak moorlands of Roughtor, near Camelford, Mr. A. W. Patten, one of the Prince's tenants, has made a productive farm at 1,000ft. above sea level, on a site which seven years ago was a waste of heather and gorse.

Generally in Cornwall the fertile land is found on the shales, slates and alluvial deposits, but the core of the county consists of large masses of granite, of which the moors of Roughtor are the highest and largest.

These granite soils vary in depth from 3in. to 9in., below which an impervious moorpan usually exists. This latter prevents natural drainage, and where the land is level, results in the accumulation of stagnant water during the greater part of the year. The drier portions are covered with small gorse, intermingled with a coarse herbage of poor feeding quality, consisting of bent, sweet vernal, matgrass, sedges and heather. Such land is of little agricultural value, much of it, in the Roughtor district, being let at an annual rental of 9d. per acre.

HOW A START WAS MADE

In 1925 the Duchy of Cornwall fenced in 768 acres of this moorland, and reclamation was started by breaking up 100 acres of the newly-enclosed farm.

The work consisted of ploughing the tough fibrous turf with a specially constructed turnwrest, or one-way plough. A wide furrow was found necessary in order to invert the sod and so facilitate the decomposition of the rough herbage and its matted roots. All boulders and large stones were removed and employed in the building of "hedges," which are constructed of stone, filled in with turf and soil. To afford a further shelter to stock, the top of the "hedge" has been planted with thorn and beech.

A dressing of lime at this stage hastens the rotting of the newly-ploughed turf, which is lightly harrowed and sown with a temporary mixture of grasses and clover and then well rolled. After lying in this state for eighteen months or two years, the land is again ploughed and a crop of oats taken, the black oat being preferred at this stage.

The following year oats are again grown and seeded out with a more permanent mixture of grasses and clovers. Provided the land has been well ploughed, limed and judiciously supplied with phosphates, this permanent seeding may remain down almost indefinitely, without serious risk of reversion to the original moorland.

SEA SAND AS FERTILISER

Analytical tests of soils taken from various parts of Roughtor Farm showed a marked deficiency of lime and phosphates. The soil being extremely acid, no permanent improvement can be expected without an adequate application of lime. Cornish soils are generally deficient in lime, and owing to the absence of limestone deposits in the county, heavy freightage renders adequate treatment with lime almost impossible. Consequently, sea sand from the north-west coast of Cornwall is extensively used throughout the district. This sand may contain anything up to 70 per cent. $CaCO_3$ in the form of minute marine shells, and it has been used with great success at Roughtor.

Lime further assists in the nitrification of the rich humus matter found in all granite soils and liberates the potash derived from the disintegration of the orthoclase felspar of the granite. On reclaimed land, all crops respond to a dressing of phosphates, and, as the soil is of an acid nature, basic slag or North African phosphates answer well. In both cases the organic acids react upon the insoluble phosphates and quickly render them available to the plant.



Exclusive "Field" Photograph

A PRETTY BUNCH OF ABERDEEN-ANGUS CALVES AT ROUGHTOR FARM

Mr. A. W. Patten, the tenant, runs black polled heifers with his sheep on the pasture and moor

CREATING USEFUL PASTURE

Up to the present oats are the only cereals grown at Roughtor Farm, although good crops of wheat have been recorded on adjoining land of similar characteristics. The rainfall at Roughtor was, during the past two years, 73in. and 72in. respectively, and, as much of this fell during the summer months, the potato and root crops were a comparative failure, but in normal seasons these crops are generally satisfactory.

The land is sound and healthy for all classes of stock and, despite its frequent dampness, such diseases as liver-fluke and hoose are unknown. It is found necessary, however, to give all cattle and sheep an occasional change to soils other than those of granitic origin. Should this precaution be neglected, the animal becomes affected by a complaint locally known as "moorsick" and, unless a change is forthcoming, will gradually pine away and die. Whether this is due to lack of some mineral essential to the animal body or to the accumulation of toxins in the system, research has yet to decide. On reclaimed land, where liming has been carried out, the necessity for a change is much less urgent, but always desirable, even when the natural food is supplemented by artificials.

At Roughtor Farm, judicious grazing, frequent burning of moors in spring and allowing cattle access to rock salt, have made the once dreaded disease of redwater a thing of the past.

A FARM ON RECLAIMED MOORLAND



WHEN THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL ESTATE SPONSORED THE RECLAMATION AT ROUGHTOR FARM, A MODERN HOMESTEAD WAS ERECTED FOR THE TENANT
Roomy buildings and a Dutch barn are great assets in a country of wind and storm



Exclusive "Field" Photographs

TURNING THE FURROW ON LAND THAT WAS NOTHING BETTER THAN MOOR SEVEN YEARS AGO
Oats are the only cereals grown at present, but it is thought that wheat would also yield satisfactorily

THE RIGHT TYPE. OF BATSMAN TO BEAT THE AUSTRALIANS

Woolley Brightens the Cricket at Manchester

By NEVILLE CARDUS



WOOLLEY MADE 50 FOR THE SOUTH IN THE TEST TRIAL
He is just the type of batsman to upset Grimmett in Australia

LAST Saturday's play in the Trial match at Old Trafford was blessed by glorious sunshine from morning till evening, and a crowd of 20,000 watched the toiling cricketers.

Under the blue sky these men and women of Lancashire forgot for a while the worries of the modern world; they cheered every good piece of skill generously—and no cricket crowd in the world is more generous in its applause than Old Trafford's. Woolley, when he goes in to bat at some grounds, gets only a few handclaps, formally polite. When he walks out to bat at Old Trafford, appreciation and approbation follow him all the way.

Last Saturday Woolley did not go forth to bat alone; for once in a way he "opened an innings"; and G. O. Allen was sent in first with him. Woolley's presence at all in this "Trial match" between the North and the South was unexpected. Moreover, it was significant of much.

We can be certain that Woolley was not asked to travel to Manchester merely to give distinction to the South's batting. Nor, are we free also to suppose, that he opened the South's innings "by accident." Here were straws showing the way of the wind.

It is no secret that Woolley is likely to go to Australia soon—to open the England innings with Sutcliffe. He is still the greatest match-winner in all cricket of the present time.

A WAY TO BEAT GRIMMETT

And if he does visit Australia again, his selection will show that at last the judges of the game in this country have realised that the Australians are not to be beaten by mere stonewalling. Grimmett will win Australia another rubber unless some English batsman attacks him straightaway.

At Old Trafford Woolley began the South's first innings as though Larwood and Voce were schoolboys. True that Voce all but bowled him twice in his first two overs. But Woolley never looks as safe and efficient as your ordinary county professional.

The charm of his play is its mingled mastery and graciousness. Woolley is always playing cricket; whether in or out of form, his game is the same, free and volatile. If he is beaten by one ball, he will show you from the very next ball the most ravishing drive in the world. It happened that way on Saturday.

Voce troubled him and, as I say, nearly bowled him; Woolley none the less was eager to force Voce to the boundary from a back stroke and cut him enchantingly through the slips.

In an hour Woolley made 50, then he hit a full-toss straight to square long on, where Larwood held a catch, to the open anguish of the crowd.

Woolley was careless the way he got out, but he must obey the law of his nature. The opulent and brilliant scores he makes are the measure of the risks he runs. Truth to say, Woolley usually does not suggest that he is taking risks, so complete is his scoring technique.

BLUNDER OF FIRST WICKET PARTNERSHIP

The experiment of sending G. O. Allen in first was a sad blunder. He was outclassed and bowled for 2 runs. The Selection Committee were to blame in not choosing for the South a single opening batsman of experience. Still, there were at Jardine's disposal better aspirants to the office than Allen. Why couldn't Jardine himself have gone in first with Woolley?

The big stand of the day was achieved by Duleepsinhji and Hammond, who took the South's score from 173 for two to 247 for three, in 2 hours and 40 minutes. Duleepsinhji's share of this partnership was 128.

He played stylish cricket, sweet with flicks to leg, and late-cuts. Yet I somehow found myself looking for qualities which Duleepsinhji did not give us. The wicket was perfect; it was, indeed, an unfair wicket for bowlers, overprepared by the modern groundsman's soothing syrups, so that it was possible for batsmen to play back to Larwood with time to spare.

On this batsman's bed of roses Duleepsinhji did not achieve more than good craftsmanship; his innings lacked originality of conception; he was always doing the expected thing, hitting the loose ball in the proper direction and playing the good ball sensibly.

In circumstances like Saturday's, where runs are to be had for the picking, I expected genius, not only talent, from a cricketer named Duleepsinhji.

But "Duleep," compared to Hammond, was as the radiant light of the sun compared with the sulky glow of a coke fire.

Hammond stonewalled for nearly four hours and three-quarters for 130; he reached 50 in two hours, then with the South's score prosperous enough for only two wickets, and with the North bowlers sweating hopelessly in the heat, Hammond proceeded to add another 30 in an hour and a half.

STONEWALLERS WILL NOT WIN TEST MATCHES

It was a sadly pedestrian innings from the artist who, a week or two ago, delighted Lord's with a masterpiece against Middlesex. Hammond is a "moody" batsman. But I fancy that the slow play which he so frequently exhibits in representative cricket is deliberate.

Apparently he labours under the mistaken notion that stonewalling is the proper game with which to beat the Australians. His captain ought to inform him that no Australian batsman who possesses a range of scoring strokes ever gets runs sluggishly on a good wicket when his side is safe.

It is a thousand pities to see Hammond letting his beautiful cover drive go rusty in a big match. That is playing the Australians' game, if you like!

The preposterous nature of the Old Trafford turf on Saturday stood in the way of a true trial of the bowlers. The Selection Committee would do well in such games to see that the turf is not prepared to an extent that transforms Larwood into a medium-paced bowler, once the ball has pitched. Sibbles, too, was handicapped by the drugged wicket.

If it is argued that for the purposes of an English team in Australia it is necessary to know what a bowler can do on "a perfect pitch," the reply is that in Australia the best wickets enable a bowler of Larwood's pace to bounce the ball at least stump high; there is always a little "bone" in an Australian turf.

The pitch at Old Trafford on Saturday prevented an illuminating trial—any batsman worth his salt could get runs on it, and no bowler less gifted than a Sydney Barnes could hope to make the ball do a single spiteful thing on it.

Mitchell's spin attempted to circumvent the levelling influences of the cushioned earth; he is a clever lad who, given more control over his length, may go a long way.

Voce bowled quite well, and with Larwood and Sibbles rendered innocuous, the North really did well to keep down the South's total to 384 for six in six hours' play.

ROUND THE WICKETS

A Surprise for Notts

HOW TRUE is the saying that anything may happen in cricket was demonstrated by Somerset's remarkable victory over Notts last week by thirteen runs.

Somerset have always had this knack of springing surprises, and the most astonishing thing was that they outplayed Notts throughout the game. On the records of the counties you would not have said that Somerset had any chance of doing that.

J. C. White's bowling played a conspicuous part in their success, and in batting L. Hawkins and Wellard were able to show that aggression pays as well as defence.

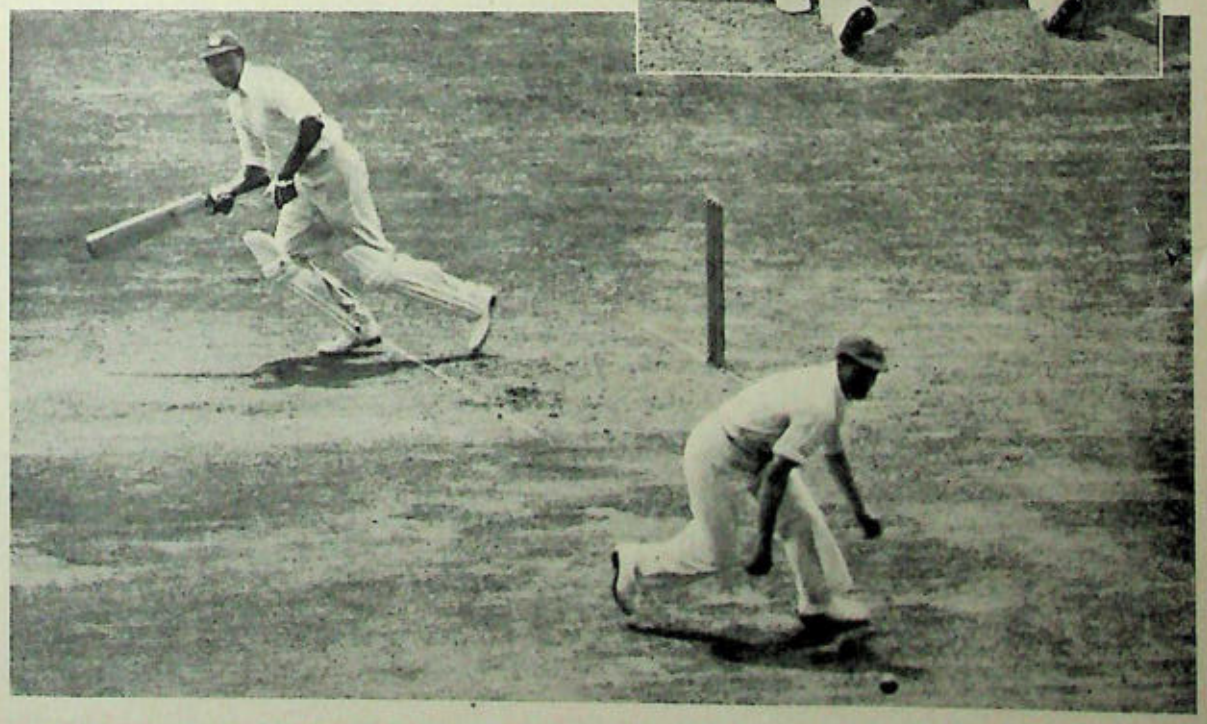
This defeat may well have a bearing on the chances of Notts winning the Championship, for the side has not been pulling as well together as might be expected from the talent it contains.

More like its true form was shown in the

(*Continued on page* 962)



HOLMES AND SUTCLIFFE (YORKSHIRE) GOING OUT TO MAKE THEIR RECORD FIRST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP OF 555 AGAINST ESSEX AT LEYTON



DULEEPSINHJI (SOUTH) GETS A BALL FROM LARWOOD (NORTH) AWAY TO LEG IN THE TEST TRIAL
With his score at 128 *he was caught and bowled by Voce, the best North bowler. This was Duleepsinhji's third consecutive three-figure innings*

WIMBLEDON'S HALF-WAY STAGE

Preliminaries Which Showed the Form of Champions

By J. E. COLLETT



J. CRAWFORD AND H. O. HOPMAN

The well-tried Australian Davis Cup doubles pair, who visited Wimbledon last in 1930, *the year in which Crawford won the mixed doubles with Miss Ryan. Hopman caused considerable surprise last week by defeating Ellsworth Vines in the third round of the London Championships at Queen's Club*

SUCH SLIGHT FORETASTE of this Wimbledon of wonder of 1932 as was given by the Queen's Club tournament for the championships of London on grass stimulated speculation. What, for instance, should young R. J. Ritchie do, quite early in the proceedings of the men's singles, but refuse to be beaten easily by H. Ellsworth Vines, who only won 5/7, 6/4, 8/6?

It is true that Vines was not all the time at full force, but he was some of the time, and then Ritchie stood up to it with a measure of success of which his father, M. J. G., had reason to be proud. "Dickie" has a stout heart in a little body; he tackled Vines' thunderous service splendidly and was cool enough to avert and prevent his net attacks.

THE DEFEAT OF VINES

When Vines was eliminated by H. O. Hopman in the next round people were to some extent prepared, but to win Hopman had to be very good. To begin with his touch was awry; he was not worried and wisely did not press himself unduly in the first set, which he lost to love.

It is possible that Vines thought he had an easy job on because Hopman gave no outward sign of distress, but on the American's side there was no evidence that he was not putting out his best on the day while losing the next two sets, 2/6, 3/6.

The conditions were not against him. The court was excellent and the weather warm and clear. His racket hand certainly was plastered for blisters, but his grip did not appear to be affected seriously. The facts were that when Hopman found his touch he was the cleverer and more accurate.

His service from the right-hand court was cut across to the far forehand corner of the receiver's court, that low-hit ball, skimming from the pitch, which another Australian, S. N. Doust, made familiar in our tournaments; his service from the left court was a kicker to the backhand corner; the two were varied with an unexpected faster one down the centre.

It was neatly and accurately done and much more useful than Vines' happy-go-lucky cannon balls which mostly went "wonky" or failed to penetrate. One can understand that Vines must be more difficult to beat in a five-setter.

His long, lean frame, crouching to receive service, rearing itself up to its height from a curving coil to deliver service, his face of a boxer, his almost lounging interim movements, the fierce speed he can generate in the flight of the ball, and his great reach combine to produce a personal and playing equipment of which the impress becomes more insistent as a match wears on.

Hopman had a short run as hero. K. C. Gandar-Dower put him out next day with one of his already famous exhibitions of sheer hard work and acrobatic heterodoxy. Gandar-Dower wins the wrong way as delightfully as anyone ever did, if indeed there has been one truly resembling him before. His relentless brain drives his unwieldy looking body remorselessly—he can think nothing hopeless. "You've got to be good to beat Gandar," is the saying in other games as well as lawn tennis.

Gandar-Dower is not exactly good, he is just gorgeous. But he, too, was only an overnight hero. H. Timmer, the golden-haired Dutchman, beat him in straight sets the next afternoon. The utmost efforts of retrieving and all the cunning creatures that were conjured from the prolific basket of the Englishman's imagination were unavailing against sound, straightforward, deep driving, steadiness and sturdy volleying.

Thus was orthodoxy temporarily avenged, but on finals day it fell again before the mantle of Norman Brookes, which has passed with his wizard's wand to the modern lot of Jack Crawford. What are we going to do about Crawford? When he is on his game one cannot see anyone to beat him; when he is not, you do not beat him—he beats himself.

CRAWFORD THE JUGGLER

He has reintroduced to the game the broadheaded racket of his master, a literally top-heavy weapon with which also literally he can juggle with the ball. He carries much less superfluous flesh than he did, and, as he showed when he beat J. Satoh, he can run.

He does not like to; he prefers to potter about in a space of a few feet to which the other fellow seems compelled to return his magic. To what agony of enjoyment the crowd might be subjected



MR. C. R. D. TUCKEY CHOOSES AN EXPERIENCED PARTNER FOR THE MIXED DOUBLES

Mrs. C. O. Tuckey, who with her husband made a famous Surrey doubles pair, has her son as partner for Wimbledon. She first began regular play in 1904, *winning her first challenge cup at Criccieth in the following year. She won the All-England Ladies' Doubles Championship at Buxton in* 1909 *(with Miss Aitchison), and the mixed doubles (with Hope-Crisp) in* 1913

if he and Henri Cochet, both at their best, meet on the centre court! As the draw is, it could not happen till the final, and as things often are with both men, either may lollop out early to a lesser player.

But one is writing of Queen's Club. After the first set, during the losing of which Crawford dithered around, with a worried expression now and again breaking through the curtain of his half smile, Timmer was merely the persevering means of showing us what his opponent could do with under-spin on the backhand and the sudden flat forehand drive propelled forthright into an opening.

Crawford and Hopman's winning double against R. Miki and J. Satoh was on the road to perfection and fit for the Wimbledon championship. They moved and made their strokes with human understanding and mechanical precision.

BEATING MIKI AND SATOH

The Japanese pair, strange for them, ended up almost heartlessly. They had beaten I. Aoki and G. Lyttleton Rogers, the conquerors of Dr. J. C. Gregory and I. G. Collins, and they took court in fine fettle. They went down 6/4, 6/1, 6/1, convinced perhaps that old Mr. Luck had temporarily removed his sign from the North to the South Pacific.

But Miki, whose view of fate is more Western than Eastern, kept a cheery countenance through the trials of the mixed doubles and had some revenge, with Miss Round as his partner, when they beat Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, 6/4, 1/6, 8/6. The Australians were 0/3, and 2/5 down in the final set, and Crawford himself a little tired.

But his wife proved an untiring and undaunted lobber with an instant eye for a winning alternative, and they nearly managed it. The match came late, the last of the meeting, but was strong enough in interest to hold a number of the spectators to the end.

Meanwhile, the women's doubles had supplied a consolation to Great Britain for a Wightman Cup failure. Mrs. Michell and Miss Round, who had more or less collapsed the week before against Mrs. Harper and Miss Jacobs, beat Mrs. Harper and Miss Palfrey in hollow straight sets. The losers had beaten Miss Ryan and Miss Jacobs in the semi-final, when Miss Palfrey gave an account of herself sufficiently creditable for folk to declare her the best American doubles player.

In the final she was pretty bad, and Mrs. Harper not much better. It was a match of a similar sort to the Wightman Cup rout, with the result materially reversed. Mrs. Mavrogordato, our non-playing Wightman Cup captain, congratulated the winners afterwards. One could believe reasonably that she might have felt that reliance in her judgment had been rehabilitated and the selection committee reprieved. Anyway, it comes to that.

POLAND'S LEADING LADY

Lastly, though second in order of the day's play, the women's singles final, in which Mrs. D. A. Burke beat Miss Jedrzejowska, 1/6, 7/5, 6/4. The winner was simply overpowered in the first set, and one thought that here was a gradely girl competent in time to hit the ball with something of Mrs. Moody's strength and genius.

Mrs. Burke is a volleyer of merit, and goes to the net at the earliest opportunity. She was passed with absurd ease. Her cause seemed lost if she had to depend on her ground strokes. But after the first set the Polish girl was not within 15 of the same form. As to Miss Jedrzejowska, one might suppose that she was in the end as much a disappointment to herself as she was to the spectators, whose fancy she flattered at the start. Her form in the second and third sets seemed to have sparse relation to that of the first. The logical deduction was the existence of some physical or mental distress for which there was no traceable cause.

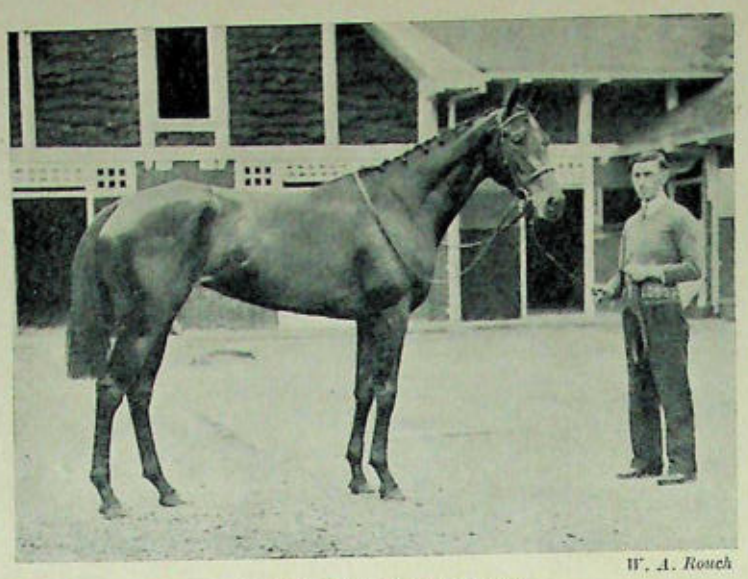
Those determined eyes set wide in the nut-brown face, and the firm mouth and chin advertised nothing but a will to win which should have surmounted the obstacles then presented instead of landing their owner in a whirl of double faults and over-hitting.

But there you are! One of the principal attractions of lawn tennis is that it is a puzzle to its professors.



POLAND'S LEADING LADY PLAYER

Mlle. J. Jedrzejowska, who reached the final of the ladies' singles at Queen's Club last week, when she was beaten by Mrs. D. A. Burke



W. A. Rouch

A GOOD WINNER AT ASCOT

Udaipur (Blandford—Uganda) winner of the Oaks for H.H. Aga Khan, which beat a good field in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot

RACING LESSONS OF ROYAL ASCOT

Solario's Fame as a Stallion—Fine Performances by Hyperion and Manitoba

ASCOT RESULTS will assuredly give a fillip to the sale of Solario when Messrs. Tattersall's offer him at the Second July Sales. He is steadily qualifying for the position of champion stallion, and the faith the late Sir John Rutherford had in him—a faith which found practical expression in the refusal of a firm offer of £100,000 for the horse—has been completely justified. Solario's winners at the Royal meeting were Dastur, Andrea, Orpen and Rose en Soleil, winners of £11,330. The positions of the four leading sires were as follow when the last race at Ascot had been run :

	Stakes Won.
Blandford (1919) by Swynford—Blanche	£18,614
Gainsborough (1915) by Bayardo—Rosedrop	£17,853
Solario (1922) by Gainsborough—Sun Worship	£15,997
Abbots Trace (1917, dead), by Tracery—Abbots Anne	£14,488

It is clear that an exceptionally interesting struggle for leadership among the stallions will mark the remaining stages of the season. Pharos, last year's champion, was standing in France in 1929, with the result that hardly any of his two-year-olds are in training in England this year. Even Lord Derby had no two-year-old by this horse to send to Stanley House. Thus, if Pharos is to take a prominent place on the English winning list this year it will be by means of offspring sired by him, before going to the French Stud.

LIMELIGHT WINS FOR THE KING

His only winner at Ascot was Limelight. And what a wonderful scene of enthusiasm that success evoked! If His Majesty had won the Derby the pleasure of the public could scarcely have been more convincingly displayed. It was a memorable occasion in racing, and can be accepted as a sign of the immense appreciation with which the racing world regards His Majesty's whole-hearted support of the Turf.

One of the lessons of the Ascot meeting is that no matter how bad monetary conditions may be the sporting and social worlds will not be denied the pleasure of assisting at the greatest racing pageant of the year. Ascot is unavoidably an expensive week, and in these hard times one might have expected a falling-off in the size of the crowds. On the contrary, bigger musters than last year were recorded, and from the standpoint of the weather it was the most perfect Ascot we can remember.

THE TOTALISATOR TURNOVER

The totalisator did a good business, the turnover for the four days being £260,145 as compared with £227,711 last year. Nobody can estimate what the turnover was in Tattersall's Ring, though it is certain to have put the "tote" figures completely in the shade. Still, the Racecourse Betting Control Board are thankful for small mercies, and a few more meetings like Ascot would bring about a welcome improvement in the deplorable financial position of that body.

Which of the memories of the racing at Ascot are likely to endure the longest? Limelight's triumph and the demonstration which followed it will be talked of for some time, but the performance which holds an unchallenged place in the annals of the Turf is that of Brown Jack in winning the Queen Alexandra Stakes for the fourth successive season. Pulses quickened as the old horse came into the straight with his ears pricked, and bookmakers as well as backers could not forbear to cheer him.

Yes; consideration leads one to regard Brown Jack's achievement as the most memorable of all the fine performances seen at Ascot. But next must come Trimdon's triumph in the Gold Cup. Gen. Lambton's horse was not a public favourite, presumably because it was doubted whether the rather firm ground would suit him.

Mr. J. Lawson will never do anything finer in his profession than to win two Ascot Cups and other good races with Trimdon, for the horse has required the utmost care and patience. His leg troubles were such that Lawson could not get him on to the racecourse until he was four years old, and since then Trimdon has experienced at least one serious breakdown. A week before Ascot there was just a doubt as to whether he would be able to fulfil his engagement, but all came out right, and he won the Cup more easily than last year, when Singapore was concerned in a desperate finish.

The race showed us that although Salmon Leap has improved, he is still not quite so good over the Gold Cup course as Trimdon, whose victory was the more meritorious in that he had to make all the running. There is some prospect that he may win the Cup again, as it is not actually decided that this gallant stayer will be sent out of training this year. It may be a little hazardous to go on with Trimdon as a seven-year-old, but it has to be borne in mind that he has done considerably less work on the racecourse than the majority of his contemporaries.

ON THE WAY TO CLASSIC FAME

Manitoba has fulfilled our prediction that he would make a big name for himself. In winning the Coventry Stakes this colt has taken a step on the road to classic fame, yet we are by no means satisfied that he is the best of the two-year-olds seen out at Ascot. We are rather inclined to favour Lord Derby's Hyperion, which favourably impressed us when we saw him run at Doncaster in his first race.

By winning the New Stakes by three lengths he definitely established himself as a youngster of the highest quality. His pedigree is immensely attractive, as he is by Gainsborough out of Selene, one of the gems of his owner's stud. The trainer who can produce a better two-year-old colt than Hyperion and Manitoba will be exceedingly fortunate. We believe these two will be a good deal discussed in connection with the classic events of 1933.



GALLANT BROWN JACK!

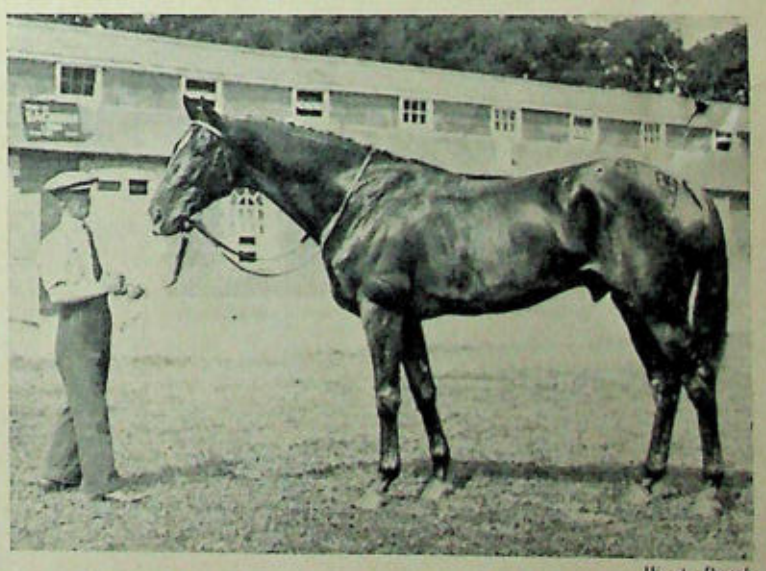
For the fourth year in succession Sir Harold Wernher's game son of Jackdaw and Querquidella won the Queen Alexandra Stakes, a unique record for one of the most popular horses of the century

RACEHORSES' LIKES AND DISLIKES

The Curious Case of Banned

DO HORSES take inveterate dislike to human beings? That is the question which seems to arise from the case of Banned, which twice threw his jockey at Ascot. It seems safe to assume that Banned has evil memories of a jockey in colours. Probably he associates colours in his equine mind with something unpleasant. And in this connection the brain of the horse is acute. Are there not many cases on record of horses becoming ferocious through ill-treatment, and never allowing the man who administered it to come near them?

Who will contend that a horse is vicious when it is foaled? It is the treatment received during its life which mars its temper. Surely viciousness, after all, is only fright. Probably Banned some time in his career received a thrashing or some other form of punishment from a jockey in colours, and being a thoroughbred of courage and high temper, he means to take every care that punishment shall not be awarded again. The only course which seems open to make Banned see the error of his ways is to Pelmanise his mind, so that he will associate a silken jacket with things pleasant.



W. A. Rouch

ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST HORSES IN TRAINING

Heronslea (Bachelor's Double—Dinah Desmond), trained at Middleham

THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT

Keen Competition at the Scottish Regattas



G. L. A. Blair

A NEW CLYDE EIGHT-METRE
Col. William Wordie's Mylne boat Froya

ALTHOUGH THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT, which opened yesterday, is again shorn of some of its spectacular glamour and popular appeal by the absence of the "J" class yachts, it maintains its old-established reputation for keen and interesting sport. A programme of eleven races is being carried through at most of the regattas. In these races a fleet of fully 50 boats is competing, and, in addition, there is a numerous muster of steam, motor and auxiliary yachts.

So far as the racing is concerned a great deal of interest is centring on the performances of the six-metre yachts. The problem of selecting a defender to oppose the American challenger in the Seawanhaka Cup contest is still far from being solved. Since the opening of the season on the Clyde there has been a succession of light weather days, and at the majority of the Saturday fixtures courses have had to be curtailed. It is hoped that during the present series of regattas the breeze will provide a better test for the yachts, and thus help to relieve the worry of the Selection Committee of the Royal Northern Y.C., which has the custody of the American trophy.

HONOURS EQUALLY DIVIDED

At the Royal Clyde Y.C. regattas to-day and on Monday (June 25th and 27th), the six-metres, as well as competing for the usual prizes, will engage in a points' competition for the Maia Challenge Cup, which has been bequeathed to the club by the late Major Adam Boyd.

Records of the class during the earlier races this season are interesting as showing how evenly the honours have been divided. In nine starts Coral won three first flags, one second, a third and a fourth; Susette, in ten starts, secured two first prizes, three second, and two third; Fintra's score was two wins and a fourth; Priscilla's, two wins; and Valdai's, one win, one second and three third prizes. Mr. J. H. Maurice Clark's new Mylne-designed Vorsa did well although she failed to get her head in front. In ten races she was second on four occasions, third on two, and fourth once. The other new "six" Maida, owned by Mr. John G. Stephen, Col. C. G. MacAndrew, M.P., and Mr. James Napier, and designed by the first-named, was most disappointing, as in ten tries she was able to capture only two third flags.

The young owner of Coral, Mr. W. L. Horbury, junr., is a Liverpool yachtsman, and this is his first season's yachting on the Clyde. He goes north from Merseyside each week-end to take part in the racing. When the House of Commons is in session both the Hon. J. P. Maclay, M.P., owner of Susette, and Col. MacAndrew, M.P., travel by train from London to Scotland on Friday night, and after racing on the Clyde return to town on Saturday or Sunday night. The Hon. Mrs. Maclay is as keen a yachtsman as her husband, and is a member of Susette's crew in her races. Col. MacAndrew had a change from his Parliamentary duties and from yachting during part of this month when he was in camp in command of the Ayrshire (Earl of Carrick's Own) Yeomanry at their summer training at Ayr.

KEEN DUALS

In the eight-metre class Mr. W. Frank Robertson, who is chairman of the Clyde Navigation Trust, which controls the harbours of Glasgow, is showing that he is as clever as ever as a steersman. He is sailing Caryl with outstanding ability in keen duels with Mr. A. S. L. Young's Saskia. Col. William Wordie's new Mylne "eight" Froya is also competing in the class; but so far she is not making much impression against the Seawanhaka Cup winners. The Clyde Yacht Club's Conference instituted a new class this season, a B section of the eight-metre class which race on a limited handicap basis. The section is a great success, and the racing of the seven yachts which comprise the section is one of the features of the present fortnight.

The yachts are Amita, Thora, Fulmar, Falcon, Thamar, Margaret and Hestia. The last-named is the successful Stephen "eight" Coila IV. which was absent from the racing lists for two seasons, and which is now owned by Mr. Ian F. Marshall, a young Clyde yachtsman, who has sold his 30-footer Sunshine to a South of England owner. The other classes for which races are being given at the Fortnight include yachts over and under 15 tons, the Scottish Islanders, the two (old) raters, in which about a dozen boats are entered, the Gareloch one-designers, the 14-foot international dinghies, and the Pleiads.

MR. FRED J. STEPHEN

One of the outstanding yachtsmen taking an official part in the Fortnight is Mr. Fred J. Stephen, Commodore of the Royal Northern Y.C., the premier Scottish club. Mr. Stephen takes rank as one of the cleverest helmsmen of six-metre and eight-metre boats in the country, and he had a remarkable prize-winning record with his own-designed four Coilas. Over two years ago a breakdown in health forced him to give up active participation in racing, but, with his health restored, he follows the sport with close interest on his steam yacht Medea. This yacht, which is 137 tons T.M., was built by the great shipbuilding firm of which he is the head, Messrs. Alex. Stephen & Sons of Glasgow, in 1904. It represents a feat of which the firm is justifiably proud, the vessel being completed and handed over to her owner in the record time of 51 working days. J. A.

THE OPENING OF THE 12-METRE CLASS SEASON

Vanity Holds Her Own at Burnham

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

THE RACING SEASON for the International 12-Metre Class opened at Burnham-on-Crouch on June 18th, under the flag of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club. There was a light easterly breeze, which suited Mr. J. R. Payne's tenth season yacht Vanity admirably, but there can be no doubt that clever handling over the 32-mile course round the Wallet, Spitway, Swin Middle and Whittaker gas buoys, must have contributed largely to her six-and-a-half minute win from the second boat, Mr. O. R. Fairey's Flica—built six years later.

Morwenna, also built in 1929, and now owned by Capt. Bolitho, was over ten minutes astern of the winner, which averaged a little over seven knots for the course. The newest vessel of the fleet, Sir William Burton's Veronica, built in 1931, was fourth, with Mr. Glyn Terrell's sixth season Iyruna, close astern.

NINE YEARS' EXPERIENCE

It is interesting to note that, in spite of the experience gained during the last nine years, the original crack boat of the class, Vanity, is still able to hold her own—with a bit to spare—under certain conditions of weather. Much of her continued success may be due to the great skill and experience of her owner, but it goes to show how difficult it is to outbuild racing craft under the International Rule. Vanity, by the International Rule of measurement, has 2ft. 6¼in. less sailing length than Morwenna—the biggest yacht in the class—but she has 180 square feet more sail area, which probably helps to account for her relative superiority under light weather conditions.



G. L. A. Blair

TWO NEW "SIXES": VORSA AND MAIDA
Mr. H. Maurice Clark's Mylne-designed Vorsa has had a fair amount of success, but Maida has yet to prove her merit. She is owned by Mr. John G. Stephen (her designer), Col. C. G. MacAndrew, M.P., and Mr. James Napier

The greater length and power of the newer boats naturally place Vanity at a definite disadvantage in strong breezes. When the 12-metre class is at full strength, a little later on in the season, and all the boats have found their best form, the racing promises to be exceptionally keen and even, which, in view of the class having become popular in American waters, and of possible international 12-metre team races, bodes well for the future of the sport.

LORD FORSTER'S SUCCESSES

Excepting for a two days' regatta under the flag of the Castle Yacht Club, there has been a break in the racing on the Solent. Lord Forster's Decima, steered by her owner, secured the first prize in the international 8-metre class on each day. On the opening day there was a nice north-easterly breeze, and two of the five starters were single-reefed and, after a splendid race, Lord Forster led home Mr. Lauriston Lewis's Nona and Mr. R. B. Worth's Severn by 11sec. and 20sec. respectively.

Col. Peel's Suzette II. was fourth, and the closeness of the race may be judged by the fact that only 41sec. covered the four boats at the finish of the race. Messrs. C. E. & A. W. Nicholson's Sagitta had the misfortune to tear her mainsail and had to retire from the race.

On the second day there was again a north-easterly breeze and, under ideal conditions, Lord Forster, after a magnificent race with Sagitta, won, this time by 37sec.—the five boats finishing within a margin of 3min. 1sec. Lord Forster has now three first prizes to his credit with Decima, while Sagitta, Nona and Suzette II. have each scored one first.

"ROUND THE ISLAND RACE"

While there has been a lull in the class racing on the Solent, an event has taken place which has created more than usual interest. On June 18th the Island Sailing Club held their second annual "Round the Island" Race, which is open to yachts of from 5 to 25 tons Thames measurement. Last year there were 21 or 22 starters, and the challenge bowl, with the first prize presented by Com. F. F. Tower, was won by Mr. Peter Brett in his little West Country converted fishing boat, Merry Conceit, with Mr. T. C. Ratsey's Harrier in second place.

This most sporting event has proved to be so popular that no fewer than 32 entries were received, and, with the exception of one yacht which was unable to turn up, every one of the 31 yachts crossed the line at the start. The course was from the Island Sailing Club line, to the eastward, round No Man's Fort, Bembridge Ledge Buoy and Bridge Buoy at the Needles—all marks to be left to the starboard—and back to the club line.

In addition to Com. Tower's prize, second, third, fourth and fifth prizes were given by the club and also mementoes for every other boat completing the course within the specified time of 24 hours. The race was sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association and the measurement rule and time allowance scale of the Royal Ocean Racing Club.

A SIXTY YEARS OLD STARTER

The 31 starters included Mr. Thomas Ratsey's famous old Dolly Varden, built in Cowes by Messrs. John Samuel White just 60 years ago; Lieut.-Col. A. de Lande Long's Fife-designed light weather International Rule "eight" Félise; Mr. J. Dudley Head's ex-International "six" Cutty Sark—now the most successful boat in the Q class; Mr. E. Schalburg's Fife-designed ex-36-footer Falcon; Mr. J. T. Hunt's 22-ton cutter Spica, winner of the Channel Race, promoted by the R.O.R.C., in 1930; a couple of the old Solent One-Design class boats, Mazurka, owned by Mr. E. W. F. Williams, and Gadfly III., owned by Mr. F. G. Pritchard-Flanders; Merry Conceit, last year's winner, now owned by Mr. Rodger de Quincey; and Mr. F. Young's Guiding Star, better known as the hard weather 2½-rater Gareth of 38 years ago.

Falcon was the scratch boat, and was set to give allowances of from 39min. 52sec. to 5hr. 9min. 24sec. for the 52-mile course—Dolly Varden receiving 48min. 32sec.; the 8-metre Félise, 53min. 44sec.; Harrier, 2hr. 25min. 36sec.; and Merry Conceit, 3hr. 57min. 28sec. There was too great a difference in the size, quality and type of the competing craft for anything to be learned from the result of this race, which was won by Cutty Sark, with Félise second and Harrier third.

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THE MONK WHO MADE "BUBBLY"

Dom Perignon's 250th Anniversary at Reims

ON TUESDAY, June 28th, the Mayors of Reims, Epernay and Hautvillers will forgather in the city of the first-named to do honour to the memory of the famous cellarer of the Abbey of Hautvillers, Dom Perignon, who 250 years ago discovered the process of imparting the sparkle to the wines of his district.

The celebrations are expected to be both gay and colourful, for, after a luncheon at the abbey, the statue of the famous monk is to be blessed by the Archbishop of Reims and crowned with vine blossoms, and a pageant is due to follow. To many, no doubt the celebrations that are bound to take place indoors, will be even more attractive than those of the pageantry itself.

It is only right that the inhabitants of the Champagne regions should render such homage to the memory of the man who brought so much fame and wealth to their country. He was a genius in his line, yet at the same time it is but proper that due credit should also be given to the vineyards themselves that produce this nectar. The wines of Reims and Ay were considered superlative for



DOM PERIGNON
The Benedictine monk whose memory will be honoured at Reims on Tuesday next

many centuries before Dom Perignon elaborated the complicated procedure of endowing it with its "beaded bubbles."

Twenty years after the Battle of Hastings, the Pope, Urbane II., was making these wines famous by his preference for them; and in the sixteenth century the Emperor Charles V., Henry VIII. of England, François I. of France, and Pope Leo X., all owned vineyards at Ay, in order to assure themselves of this liquid treasure. Only the wines of Burgundy were able to offer any opposition to their unrivalled supremacy, and for many a decade the partisans of each waged an acrimonious penned warfare as to their merits.

WINE AND SONG

The belligerent bibbers finally called a truce, though not till 100 years of bickering had elapsed, and decided to share the honours in a conciliatory pronouncement wherein each wine was given its merits in equal share. It is noteworthy that these polemics took place before Dom Perignon had discovered his process, and that the agreement adjudicated to the Reims wines the quality of song and gaiety and "faisait chanter en meilleure musique."

Originally champagne was a red wine like Burgundy, and later it was pressed into a pink wine, and to-day even the majority of the grapes that go to form the blend that gives us the clear limpid drink that we know, are of the black variety.

Dom Perignon was appointed to the post of cellarer of the Abbaye in 1688, and remained in that capacity for 47 years. As might be expected, the monks kept the full measure of their successful methods a well-guarded secret. Dom Perignon confided it to his successor, brother Philip, who in turn passed it on to Lemoine, and thence to the Abbé Grosland, with whom it seems to have died at the time of the French Revolution. The main outlines were preserved, but it is denied that Dom Perignon ever utilised the addition of sugar or liqueur to obtain his results, or, for that matter, the opening of the bottles and changing the corks.

THE RIGHT CHAMPAGNE GLASS

The famous cellarer obtained his results by the judicious blending of the various growths, based on scientific annotation as to their periods of fermentation, and the late period in which the vendange had to take place. He advocated that this wine should be drunk in long cornet-shaped glasses, so that, as he said, one could delight in admiring the graceful dance of the bubbles of gas. Connoisseurs are to-day realising the wisdom of this type of glass, and the wide cup-shaped glass in fashion in pre-War days is, fortunately, being neglected.

At first this sparkling wine was known by other names than that of Champagne. It was generally called Vin de Pérignon, and vin or flacon, petillant, mousseux and sautant. Saute-bouchon, that is to say pop-cork, was another descriptive denomination.

It was, of course, well known that the skins of black grapes should not be allowed to remain too long with the juice during the pressing, if they were not to taint the wine red or pink. Dom Perignon insisted, also, that the plucking should take place half an hour after sunrise, and that it should cease by 9 a.m. if there was a clear sky, so that the grapes should not have been warmed too much and increase the danger of the wine becoming tinted. Great care was taken in conveying none but sound grapes to the pressing, that the bloom should be preserved as much as possible, and that there should be the least delay in carrying it out.

Towards the end of his days Dom Perignon was afflicted by blindness; his sense of taste was, however, so delicate that he was able to continue his task of supervising the blending. An almost legendary capacity is attributed to him in these days of darkness, of being able to tell by the taste the very exact vineyard on which each bunch of grapes was grown.

In the Champagne district the toast of Dom Perignon is not uncommon even nowadays. Champagne is *par excellence* the wine of goodfellowship and goodwill; it would have been a happy inspiration if the Disarmament Conference being held at Lausanne had chosen Reims for its venue. We might then have looked forward more optimistically to an amicable solution of the international problems confronting the world.

THE PANTHERS' POLO VICTORY

A Well-Deserved Success in the Roehampton Open Cup

THE FIRST of the season's three open cup tournaments was played at Roehampton last week in delightful weather, half-a-dozen teams competing.

Sir Harold Wernher's team, Someries House, playing in his green and yellow racing colours, won the first of the semi-final ties, beating Osmaston by seven goals to three. Mr. Humphrey Guinness played brilliantly for the winners; but Capt. "Pat" Roark, the international of the Osmaston team, was not at his best. Having recovered from his recent indisposition, Major Philip Magor was able to play for his Panthers team in the other semi-final, in which they easily beat the Cavaliers by eleven goals to three. The losing side was led by Col. V. N. Lockett, the 1921 England captain, who was himself in great form, but was not well supported.

This left the Panthers and Someries House to fight out the final. Except that the Spanish player the Marquis de Portago replaced Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby at No. 1, the Panthers had the same team as last season, when they won the tournament, the other members of the side being Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, Major P. Magor and Mr. J. A. E. Traill. Someries House comprised Col. Sir Harold Wernher, Mr. Desmond Miller, Mr. P. W. Dollar and Capt. H. C. Walford. That afternoon Mr. H. E. Guinness had to play for the Royal Scots Greys in an inter-regimental tie at Tidworth, and Mr. P. W. Dollar (4th Hussars) substituted him in the Someries House side. He played well, but is not, of course, of Mr. Gumness's international class. Capt. Walford (17th/21st Lancers) was prominent for Someries House, who were beaten by the Panthers by nine goals to five. It was a keen contest, but hardly as good a game as one would expect in an open cup final.

OLD WESTMINSTER.

WHO WILL WIN AT HENLEY?

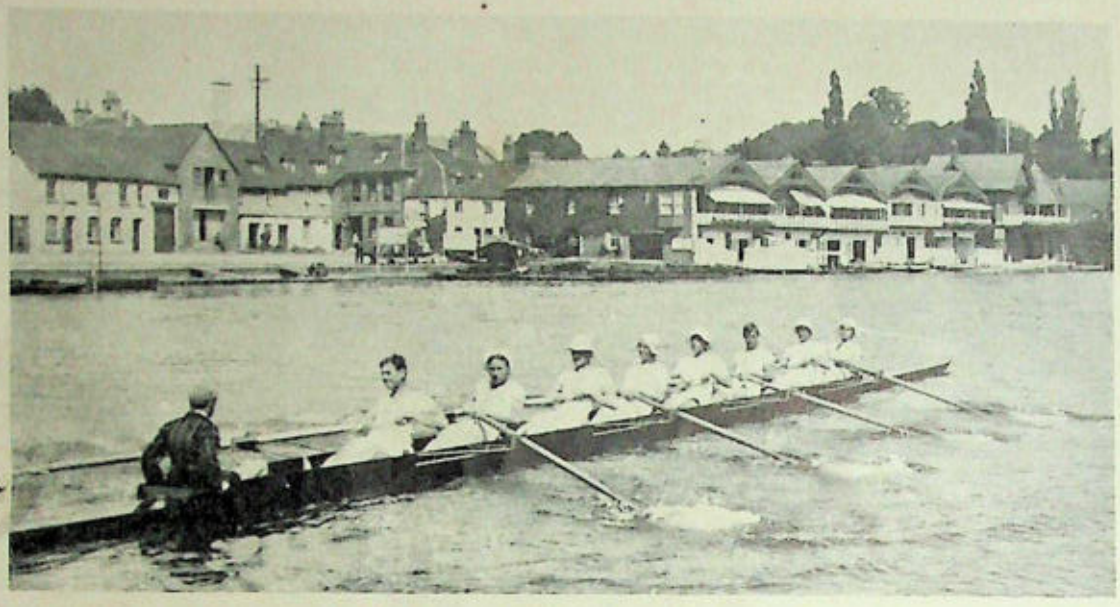
Chances of London and Leander in the Grand

"BUT why have Jesus entered for the Grand?" must have been a widely murmured comment when the entries for Henley were published at the end of last week. And, indeed, those words "Jesus College, Cambridge, 'A' Crew," which by order of alphabet come at the top of all the entries, are perhaps the most significant in the whole list.

Jesus, in entering for the Grand, must believe that they have some chance of beating the Cambridge University crew which is now rowing under Leander colours. Yet this Leander crew contains four men (if we include the cox) from the Pembroke crew which kept its headship in the "Mays" three weeks ago, and which proved itself for so short a course; and, indeed, they were the better crew, as a crew, throughout the race. But that does not mean that Thames will beat London when the crews meet again at Henley.

Thames, at Marlow, were rowing well. They were very polished; seen from the umpire's launch, their eight blades struck and feathered perfectly together, and they had plenty of drive; indeed, they were probably rowing at their best. London, on the other hand, showed plenty of room for improvement. Their time was not good, their blade-work was a little ragged, and they were inclined to "bucket."

If during the fortnight between Marlow and Henley they can get together as a Grand crew



LIGHT BLUES AND DARK HORSES FOR HENLEY

The Cambridge crew which won this year's Boat Race, and is now rowing under Leander colours, in training at Henley for the Grand Challenge Cup

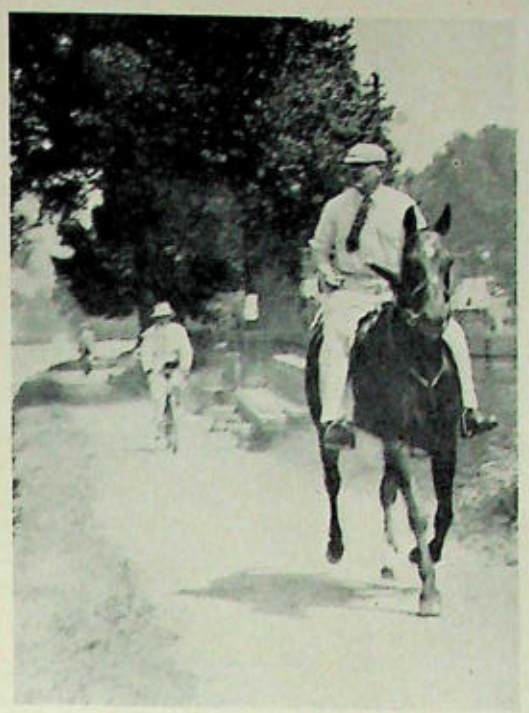
definitely faster than Jesus. And the Leander eight ought, in its turn, to be faster than Pembroke. If it is not, and if Jesus can beat it, then the whole principle of making up a composite University crew must fall to the ground. If Jesus win the Grand, then Cambridge must have been represented by the wrong crew in the Boat Race.

Leander, however, ought not to be in much danger from the college. Whether they will be fast enough for London and Thames is another matter. Opinions naturally differ as to their merits on the Henley stretch. A well-known professional says, "They are a fine lot." Your old Blue has his doubts; he usually has. Over the Boat Race course Leander were undoubtedly good; the question is—will they have been together long enough, since the end of May Week, to be able to row the higher rate of striking necessary at Henley?

At Marlow last Saturday Thames beat London in the Grand by one length; quite a decisive win should, then their chances at Henley will be excellent. When it is remembered that Gogarty, who stroked London at Marlow, had only been in that position in the boat for a few days, and that he had never before stroked in a race in his life, it is not surprising that they were beaten. That they did so well promises excellently for Gogarty's future as a stroke.

There is only one foreign entry for the Grand, namely, the Société Nautique de la Marne; and they have already been beaten by London on the occasion of the latter club's visit to Paris a few weeks ago, though they stuck to the English crew to the finish.

One result of the entry of Jesus in the Grand is that the Ladies' Plate is left an open race. To judge from the results of Marlow, it seems that it may fall to Oxford. Magdalen, who have long been regarded as a likely crew, rowed "Grand" at Marlow; they were beaten by London by three-quarters of a length, the time for the heat being



MR. PETER HAIG-THOMAS
THE LEANDER COACH

4min. 15sec. Oriel, however, who won the Thames Cup race, rowed the course in 4min. 16sec., so that it would not be surprising to see them beat Magdalen at Henley. This year there are nine schools entered for Henley, including one newcomer, St. Edwards, Oxford, a school with rowing ambitions.

In the fours the most notable entry comes from Germany, and is that of the Berliner Ruder Club in the Stewards. Last year the Berliner Ruder Club, it will be remembered, sent over an excellent eight, which was only narrowly beaten by London R.C. in the Grand. They rowed a strictly orthodox style, with fixed rowlocks, and it will be interesting to see how much this is modified for rowing in a four.

Mr. Guy Nickalls has deplored the falling off in pair-oared rowing, but the entry for the Goblets should give him some satisfaction. Here there is some promise of excitement if names mean anything. Edwards and Clive have to maintain their prestige against H. R. Carver and A. G. Wansbrough, the famous Cambridge stroke; the Old Salopians, W. J. P. Goodbody and A. G. H. Willis; the two Offers of Kingston; the Pembroke, Cambridge, pair, Sambell and Luxton; and W. H. Migotti and J. H. Lascelles, who put up no mean performance in winning the pairs at Marlow.

Brocklebank is general favourite for the Diamonds. Last year he caused much surprise by very nearly beating Pearce, and he is now greatly improved. He has another famous old Cambridge stroke, Letchworth, sculling against him; and Letchworth has every bit as much determination and grit as Brocklebank; no one who saw him can forget his performances as a stroke when he practically made his crews win. From the Tideway the strongest challengers are Guye and Southwood, and there are two German entries, Boetzelen and Buhtz.





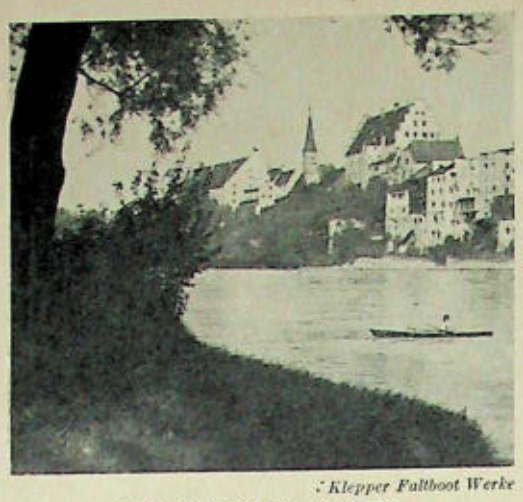


THREE "POSSIBLES" FOR THE DIAMONDS

G. Boetzelen (left) who reached the final of the sculls two years ago; T. A. Brocklebank, who was only narrowly beaten by Pearce, the holder, last year; and (right) D. Guye, winner of last year's Wingfields

CANOEING IN GERMANY

Waterways for the Expert and Beginner—An Ideal and Inexpensive Holiday



Klepper Faltboot Werke

WASSERBURG ON THE INN

On the Inn are some of the most picturesque towns in Europe.

GERMANY IS PERHAPS the really ideal country for canoe touring, not only on account of its many suitable rivers, but also because the sport being very popular there, facilities for the canoeist are more developed than anywhere else.

Thus, for example, along nearly all the most favoured routes he finds a number of small hotels which specially cater for him (the best being those officially recognised as "Canoe Stations" by the D.K.V., the German Union of Canoe Clubs), where prices are low, landing-stages are provided, the boat is garaged free, and often free camping grounds are available. Then again, a packed collapsible canoe goes on the railways at the same rate as a bicycle, costing only 1 mark 20 for 250 kilometres; this, however, does not apply to wooden canoes, unfortunately. Again, good maps and guides of nearly all the rivers are procurable, a very important point for the neophyte.

Space allows of only brief descriptions of some of the chief rivers, those chosen being the Rhine, the Moselle, with which the Saar can conveniently be combined, and a combination of parts of the Main and Neckar.

A CHOICE OF RIVERS

Others worthy of mention are the quiet little Lahn, with scenery rivalling that of the Austrian Danube (but with too many locks); the placid Weser, with a charm of its own; the Elbe, beautiful near Dresden, but a long way to go for the British tourist; the wonderful lakes and streams around Berlin. An ideal combination for the more experienced canoeist is the Inn, with some of the most picturesque towns in Europe, the Danube from Passau to Krems, the Moldau through Prague, the Elbe, and then these Berlin lakes; and perhaps the Danube, although the German section is nothing like so fine as the Austrian part mentioned.

Nor is Germany lacking in rivers that make special appeal to the really expert canoeist—the Iller, Lech and Isar, for example.

The Rhine is, of course, the river that every canoeist feels he must "do," at any rate, once; it is not, however, suitable for the beginner. The guides published by the D.K.V. are good; but a point not sufficiently emphasised therein is (in the writer's opinion) the desirability of packing up at Säckingen and taking the train to Rheinweiler, just below Basel (especially with a collapsible canoe), thus avoiding two tricky bridges and four portages, one of which is difficult and one almost impossible, at any rate at anything approaching high water.

FROM CONSTANCE TO SCHAFFHAUSEN

The guide also does not, I think, make enough of the charming section from Constance to Schaffhausen, past delightful villages with picturesque covered bridges; nor of the backwaters in the Basel-Mainz section—that of Berghausen is particularly lovely, though the upstream entry is hard to find and Ketsch and Erfelden are good. From Karlsruhe down, canoes have to carry number-plates, and the best way is to apply personally before the trip starts (even months before), at the "Wasserbauamt" of a large Rhine town, *e.g.*, Cologne, Coblenz, Mainz, Mannheim, and get a number allotted. Your application will be dealt with promptly, and you will not be called upon to pay a fee.

FROM GERMANY TO HOLLAND

The famous section from Bingen to Coblenz may prove a disappointment—there are too many tourists, and the section is over-praised for the scenery just below Schaffhausen is far finer. On the other hand, the "black" industrial section from Düsseldorf to below Duisburg is not nearly so bad as it is painted; even in the heart of it one finds long stretches of peaceful meadowland where one might be a thousand miles from any factory.

Kaiserswerth, with its ruins, and incidentally with excellent camping sites just opposite, is also in this section, so do not be induced to end the trip at Cologne. In fact, for preference, go right on into Holland, taking the "Crooked Rhine," once the main river, from Wijk bij Duurstede to Utrecht.

The Moselle is the river *par excellence* for the beginner. There are absolutely no obstacles or portages, enough current to be helpful without being dangerous, very pleasant scenery (rolling hills and vineyards chiefly), and most friendly people. "Ahoy!" seems to be the first word the children learn! Also—an important item—the chain of "canoe stations" is probably the best in Germany, which is saying much.

To be Irish, the best place to start the Moselle is on the Saar; but do not be misled by the D.K.V. guide into starting at Taben. Go higher up, to Besseringen, and you will be repaid for one short and easy portage by some ten miles of scenery as fine as on any tourable river in Europe. Then Saarburg, with a waterfall in the main street; the Moselle above Trier, which must of course be visited; Berncastel; Beilstein, an unforgettable little gem of a village, almost unspoilt—but nearly every village is charming—and so down to Coblenz; and, if one has the time, down the Rhine to Bonn or Cologne, or right into Holland.

COMPLETE CHANGES OF SCENERY

The trouble about the Main is that there is so much to see that one does not know where not to stop. The best guide here is *Auf dem Main durch Franken*, though containing many errors and printed on horrible paper. Perhaps the best starting point is Staffelbach, some eight miles from Bamberg (after visiting this town, of course).

Some places to note especially are Volkach; Karlstadt and Würzburg and Wertheim and Miltenberg, of course; but above all, Sluzfeld, which is like a town in a mediæval manuscript.

The scenery is, in general, placid, with an absolute solitude between wooded banks for hours on end. From Staffelbach to Miltenberg there is only one portage and one lock to delay the traveller.

At Miltenberg it is best to leave the Main and go by train to the Neckar. The change is complete. In place of picturesque villages and towns amid comparatively monotonous scenery, we have here an ever-changing alternation of rocky wooded banks, vineyards and dense forests where herons abound, but relatively few places to visit. Wimpfen is a good starting point, or, if one is pressed for time, Eberbach; although it is almost worth while starting higher up for the sake of the delightful village of Lauffen. Heidelberg is the suitable terminus (unless one goes on into and down the Rhine); and there are in all five portages at power-stations, and two more to come shortly, but all are easy and at most one can, alternatively, be locked through for a small fee.

COSTS AND COSTUMES

Expenses will be very low, especially if a tent is taken: 3 marks per day exclusive of railway fares should be a safe figure. Costume can be reduced to a slip, in the boat, and a shirt and shorts, even in towns. Finally, the tourist should remember that he will be right off the beaten track—this being indeed the great charm of canoe touring—so that some little knowledge of German is desirable.

R. RAVEN-HART.



Klepper Faltboot Werke

"THE WONDERFUL LAKES AND STREAMS AROUND BERLIN"

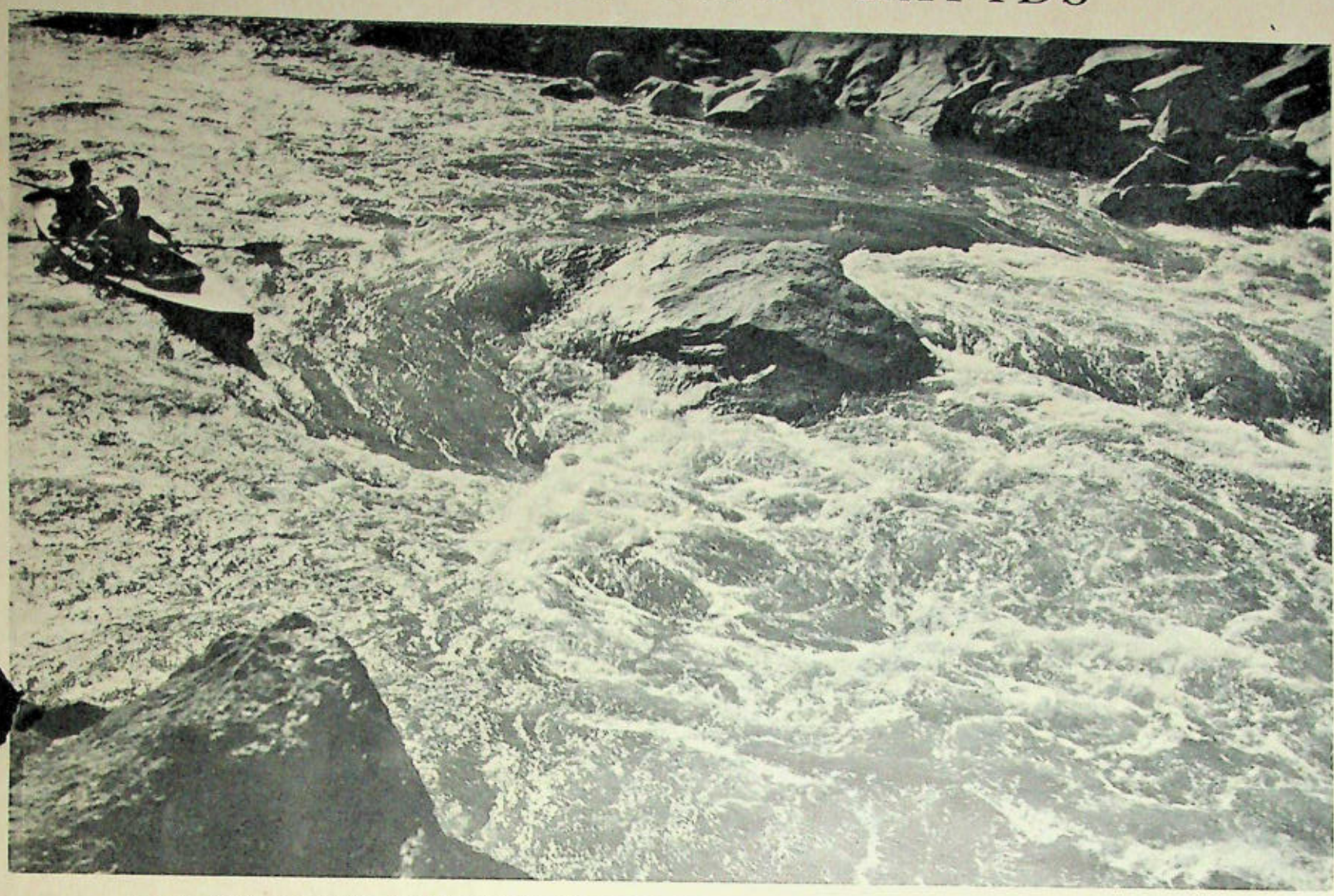


Klepper Faltboot Werke

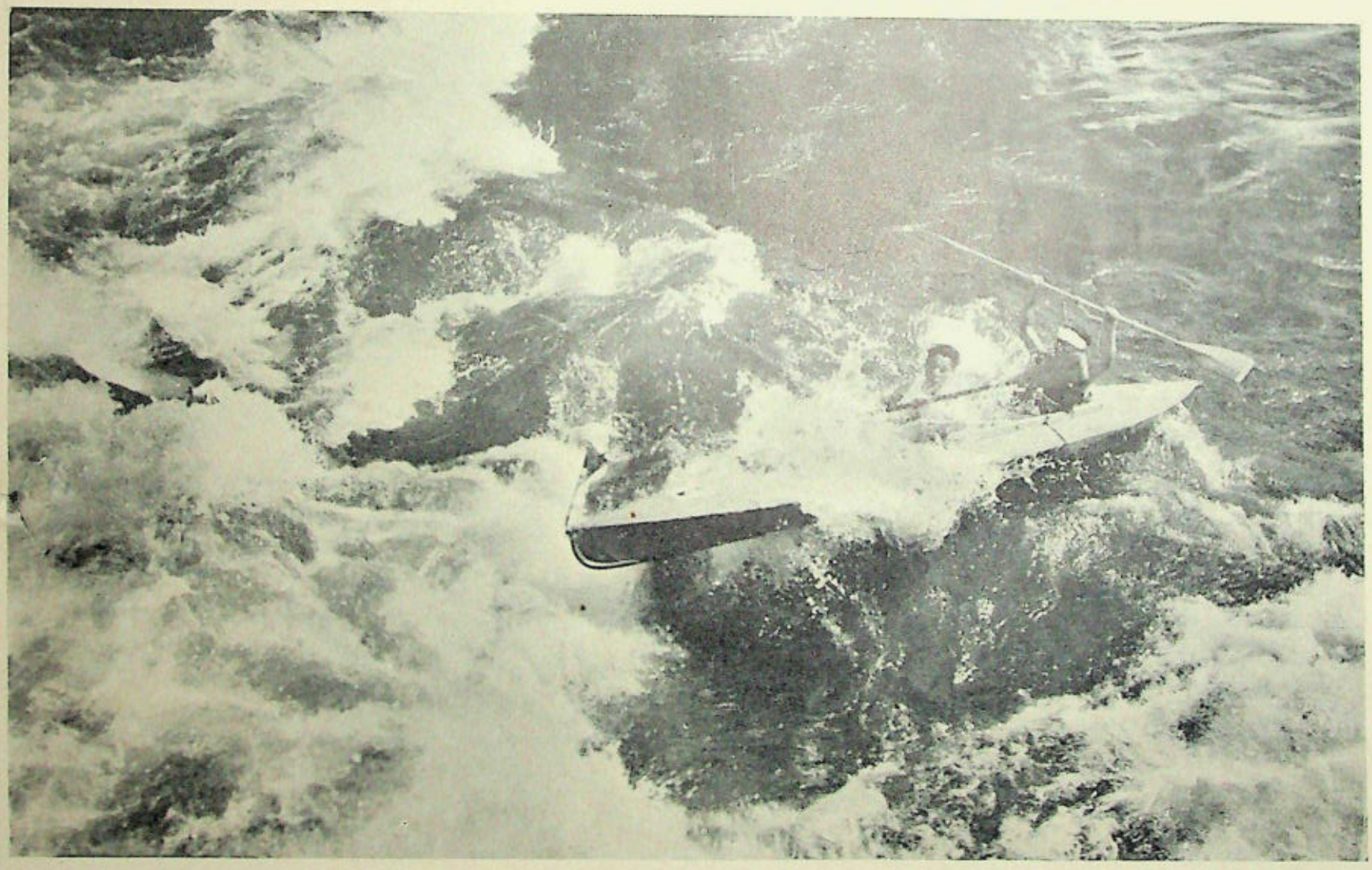
ZELTINGEN ON THE MOSELLE

One of many charming villages

SHOOTING. THE RAPIDS



WHEN HEAD AND HAND MUST WORK IN HARMONY: NEGOTIATING THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE LECH



A BREATHLESS MOMENT ON THE ILLER, ANOTHER OF GERMANY'S RIVERS WHICH MAKES AN APPEAL TO THE EXPERT CANOEIST

PHEASANTS' EGGS IN JUNE

Some Problems of Price and Hatching

WHAT IS THE VALUE of June eggs? It is a question often asked as regards pheasants' eggs set late in the season, and there are more than one or two answers. Personally, I have done fairly well with eggs gathered in June, and I know others who have done so, though the game farms naturally enough do not recommend these late eggs, partly on the score of their probably diminished fertility, and partly, of course, because the young birds will be late. However, that does not always matter.

But as regards my own eggs set later than May I have always known their source. I have always been sure as to when and where they were picked up. And unless you can be sure of that, it is pretty plain that you may be disappointed. I have just received a letter from a correspondent signing himself "Twentieth Century," who gives his experience as to eggs added to the number he planned to set at the beginning of the season. He does not give dates, but the eggs were evidently sent to him at a later date than he had hoped for. This is his letter:

"For many years I have been accustomed to obtain all the pheasants' eggs I require from my pen birds. This year, however, I had not enough hens penned, and, requiring some more eggs, I purchased some wild birds' eggs from a large estate, and I am convinced that everything was done to ensure satisfaction. Owing to the number of orders which the estate had, they were not able to deliver the eggs to me for a week or ten days after the date I required them. My first sitting of eggs from my pen birds hatched 83 per cent. The subsequent sittings averaged 90 per cent. The wild birds' eggs which were purchased averaged 65 per cent.

CAUSES OF LOW FERTILITY

"This is the first time that I have ever bought any eggs in this manner, and I should be glad to know from any of your readers who derive their eggs in this manner, if this is the normal result which one should expect.

"It had not occurred to me at the time of ordering, but I can see so many causes which would contribute to this result, namely, the eggs might be left in the covert for some time without being gathered, or the bird might have been killed by vermin or disturbed from its nest by a dog and the nest deserted, which would be unknown at the time the eggs were gathered. There are so many causes which might be contributory to the result which are obvious and need not be enumerated.

"With our pen birds the eggs are gathered every day, and if there is any difficulty with rooks or jays they are gathered twice a day. They are placed on a long sloping table with narrow divisions lined with felt, so that the bottom egg being taken out, the rest turn automatically and 1,000 or more eggs can be turned by a keeper in a few minutes.

WILD EGGS V. GAME FARM EGGS

"Wild eggs are quoted at a cheaper price than game farm eggs, but when one takes into consideration the low percentage hatched, the cost of the sitting hens, the feeding of the hens, preparation of the nesting boxes and coops, and the keeper's time, all of which are wasted, I have come to the conclusion that wild eggs at a low cost are expensive in the long run. It also seriously upsets the quantity of birds you are anticipating turning into the covert, and if you have an arrangement with your keepers, as I have, to pay them three separate bonuses—(1) on the percentage of chicks in the field derived from the eggs set; (2) the percentage of poults turned into the woods against the number of chicks originally in the field; and (3) the percentage of pheasants killed to the number of poults turned into the woods, obtaining a low average from your wild birds' eggs upsets the first of the arrangements with your keepers, which is undesirable.

"I am referring now to my own estate, but for anyone hiring a shooting it would be advisable, if he was told that 6,000 eggs were being put down, to enquire where the eggs were derived from, as if they were wild bird eggs, and probably late in the season, he might not get more than 3,000 chicks from his eggs and probably his bag would be very much less than he anticipated."

"Twentieth Century," I think most people who have reared pheasants will agree, has set out most of the reasons, and they are pretty plain, why he did not obtain a good percentage of hatching from the eggs sent to him from the "large estate" from which he purchased wild eggs. If he had bought an extra supply from the pens of a large estate, no doubt he might have done better. But wild eggs, picked up anywhere at unknown dates after laying—what else could he expect? What else would a game farmer have prophesied? And as regards the difference of price, suppose that 100 eggs from a game farm cost you £6, and you hatch out 90 chicks, while 100 from a private estate cost you, say, £4, and you hatch out 65, there is not much in it as regards the price of each chick, and if you calculated on a good hatch from your cheap eggs, you are short of your numbers for the covert.

AVOIDING UNDERCUTTING

There is one point, however, as regards "Twentieth Century's" letter that is perhaps worth clearing up. "Twentieth Century" presumably was partly attracted to the idea of wild eggs from a private estate because of the apparent saving in cost—a point which appeals to most of us nowadays. And he may have asked questions which have been asked by others, which are: Why are eggs from the game farms as expensive as they are? Why are game farm eggs pretty nearly always the same price? And why are no prices advertised in the *Field*?

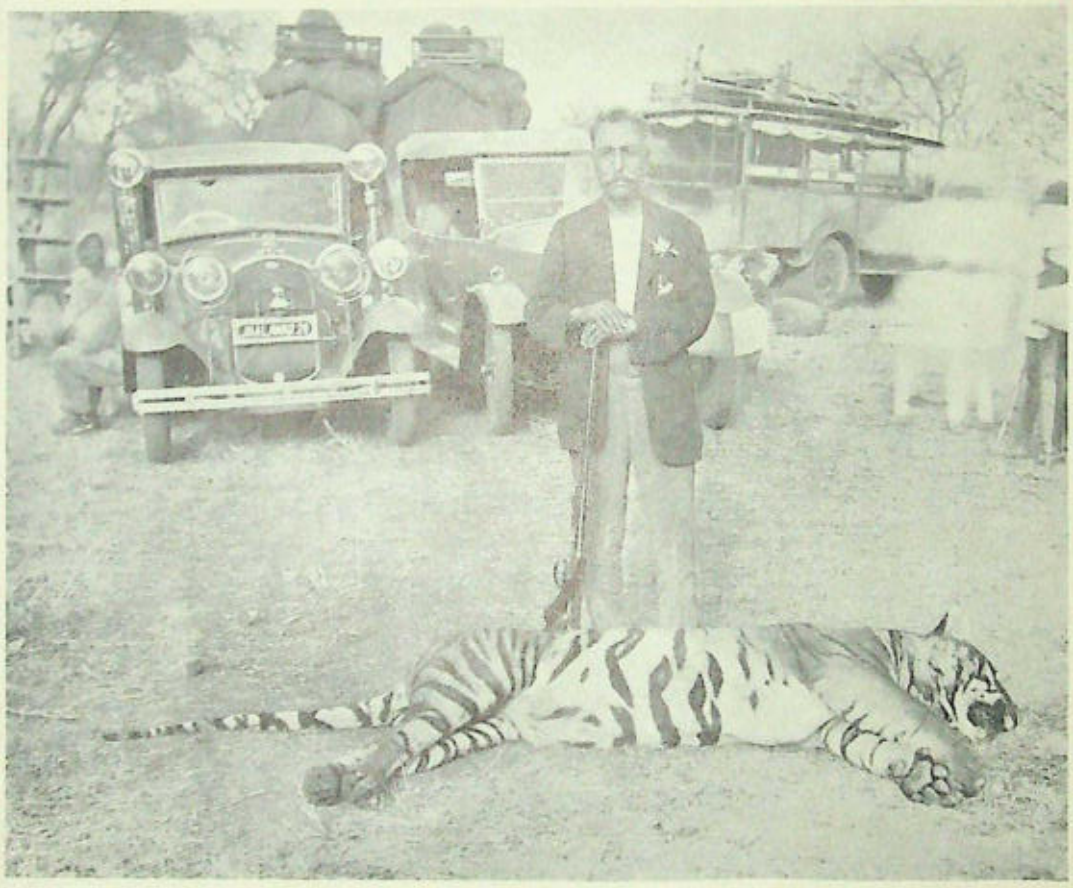
This is the reason. Pheasant eggs hatched from a healthy stock under healthy conditions, which are likely or can even be guaranteed to possess a certain average of fertility, cannot be economically produced under a certain cost. Before the beginning of the season the game farmers meet, and after considering prices of food, labour, and so on, decide on the lowest price at which the eggs can be economically sold. They agree to maintain this during the season; and it is obvious that if they once began undercutting one another, their whole effort of business for the year would be frustrated. Nor would it be of the least assistance to the public if as a consequence of failure they went out of business one after another.

DELIVERING THE GOODS

And so the *Field* does not publish the prices of eggs offered for sale by other firms who are not game farmers, or by private estates, for this very reason of undercutting. Suppose that some firm were to offer pheasants' eggs at a price known to be lower than the game farm standard. Suppose that a gamekeeper were to see the chance of selling a few eggs from his own employer's, or possibly another employer's estate, if he advertised eggs at a lower rate. And then suppose that another gamekeeper—— But the thing is obvious. When prices are not advertised such temptations as these—they have led to trouble in the past—are greatly lessened.

And, after all, there is a further point worth remembering. A first-rate game farm does deliver the goods.

CHEVIOT.



A FINE TIGER FROM RAJPUTANA

Prince Sardar Md. Yusuf Khan of Afghanistan with a tiger measuring 9ft. 7in. shot on May 11th last in the Jhalawar State, which lies in the south-east of Rajputana. The jungles in this State provide fine wild game, and the ruler, His Highness Maharaj Rana Shri Rajendrasinghji Dev Bahadur, is a keen shikari

HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTERS WITH BIG GAME

Some Amazing Escapes

FEW HUNTERS escape from a hand-to-hand encounter with any of the dangerous fauna without some permanent disability. Considering the size and strength of a human being, it is not to be expected that he would stand any chance when at grips with a lion, yet it is astounding how little damage is sometimes done.

One man I know had a lion chewing at his arm for over a minute. He nearly lost his arm, but surgery saved it, and to-day, though terribly scarred, he is but slightly inconvenienced. Another had his foot bitten through and has not even a limp to hinder his activity. A third fellow was lucky enough to induce a lion to bite his "sit-upon" with no serious effects. I myself was under a lion for what seemed like minutes, but was probably only seconds, and had my thigh badly bitten. That lion was equal to a trained surgeon, as he missed muscles, bones, artery and nerve, though his teeth met in the middle of my leg.

The surprising thing about all these victims is that none was bitten in the stomach or throat, either of which would have been fatal.

Maulings by a leopard are almost worse than those by a lion, because the former feeds on fouler meat. One man was attacked by a leopard and actually half strangled it with his bare hands; at any rate the leopard made off, which is rare. The hunter was terribly torn about the wrists, but he can still shoot.

Buffalo weigh a tidy amount, and their feet are pretty hefty, yet some people manage to get trodden on in unimportant portions of their bodies. A friend of mine had one bone in his hand broken by a buffalo who got him down. Another selected a young and innocent beast who, when he had downed my friend, did not know what to do and merely bruised him a little. Perhaps the luckiest man of the lot was he who went for a ride on the boss of a wounded buffalo and, when thrown off, was fortunate enough to have the animal's attention distracted by a fellow-hunter. This happened in Kenya a few months ago.

Apart from the pain of wounds administered by wild animals, more especially lion and leopard, the shock is tremendous. Though interesting to view in retrospect, the experience is not worth repeating.

SIMBA.



THE BONNIEST SWING ON THE LINKS

Alan S. Newey at the end of his swing. His opponent is John de Forest, amateur champion

GOLF'S BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE

Chief Winners of the Season

IN THE MATCH between Amateurs and Professionals which is to be played next month at Royal Mid-Surrey, the young golfers who are expected to become better as they grow older are given every encouragement to do so by their selection. The team chosen by the English Golf Union includes H. G. Bentley, of Hesketh; Eric Fiddian, of Stourbridge; A. S. Newey, of Maseley; and, of course, John de Forest, of Addington, the amateur champion.

It also takes in W. L. Hope, of St. George's Hill, who did better than any other amateur in the Open Championship at Prince's, and was, in fact, sixteenth in order with a score of 299 for the four rounds; A. S. Bradshaw, of Oxford University and Stoke Poges; T. A. Torrance, captain-elect of the Walker Cup team; L. G. Crawley, the Hartley's, C. D. Gray, and Stanley Lunt, of Moseley. Some of these can no longer be regarded as youngsters, though A. S. Bradshaw is on the border line. E. R. Tipple, who is among the reserves, is on the sunny side of it, and the foregoing names, with T. A. Bourn, R. Straker and Capt. H. C. Tippet, may be regarded as the flower of English golf, a good deal of which, it will be observed, is blooming in the Midlands.

Add to these names that of Eric McRuvie, whom some believe to be the best striker of the ball in these islands, and five can be selected from among them whose united ages are little more than a hundred years. Moreover, these five would be selected on the form of the year. Of J. de Forest it is unnecessary to say more than that no one who appears in the final of one year's championship and wins it the next can be set down as anything less than brilliant and steady.

H. G. Bentley has won the French Amateur Open Championship for the second year in succession, and won the St. George's Vase with a score of 147 for two rounds this month. It was a good score against a strong field in conditions far from easy. Nobody need entertain any doubts about Bentley's future.

A. S. Newey was the golfer who ran Noel Layton so close in the Prince of Wales's Cup at Prince's, and was beaten by only one stroke, tying with Eric Fiddian for second place. Of the other Eric, who should never have lost the Amateur Championship, but have kept it in Scotland, we have already spoken. We may add that McRuvie had an (amateur) record round of 69 at Prince's.

YOUNG LADIES AND A PROFESSIONAL

Of the bright young ladies there is less at present to say. Miss Enid Wilson, as young as any, heads the list, and sustains the position of champion, which she has won by power and application. Some of the others who were bright last year have faded away a little in this season. On the other hand, a new Irish Champion has arisen in Miss Latchford, who succeeds Miss Pentony, and who had not before appeared near a final; and the new Welsh Champion, Miss Isabella Rieben, is only eighteen. Her mother won the championship three years ago. But there are youngsters like Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Diana Fishwick, young enough to come again and win more championships.

The other winner of the year up to date is J. Burke, who has won the Irish Native Championship again for the third year in succession. After paying tribute to him, we may turn to Arthur Lacey, professional at Burnham Beeches, for contemplation of success, though his age, it must be admitted, is as high as 28 years. He has won the French and Belgian championships in succession this year, with scores of 295 and 291 for 72 holes.

The figures speak for themselves. It is only since the War that they have not been good enough to win our own championship, and we can continue to hope that either Lacey or the other young professionals, of whom there are certainly five as good or better, may be able in future years to knock off the few extra strokes and keep our own championship cup in Britain. We do not want it to become known as another America's Cup.

E. S. G.



THE COCK O' THE NORTH: H. G. BENTLEY, OF HESKETH, FRENCH OPEN CHAMPION

He was among the first four amateurs in the Open Championship and next day won the St. George's Vase

AMATEURS IN THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Some Remarkable Performances

By Lieut.-Col. CYRIL FOLEY

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about the Open Championship was the play of the amateurs. Five of them—T. A. Torrance, H. G. Bentley, W. L. Hope, Lionel Munn and William Tulloch—played right through the Open (six rounds) and then competed on the Saturday in the St. George's Vase at Sandwich. That means two qualifying rounds, and four rounds proper, in the Open, and two in the Vase at St. George's, or three rounds at St. George's and five at Prince's.

Now both these courses are nearly 7,000yds. in length, in spite of which every one of those five amateurs broke 80 in each of their six rounds connected with the championship, and after five days of mental and physical strain (less, of course, than that which caused Bobby Jones to lose 8lb. in weight, because the latter was a likely winner and they were not) narrowly failed to break 80 on three occasions on the Saturday, through sheer exhaustion.

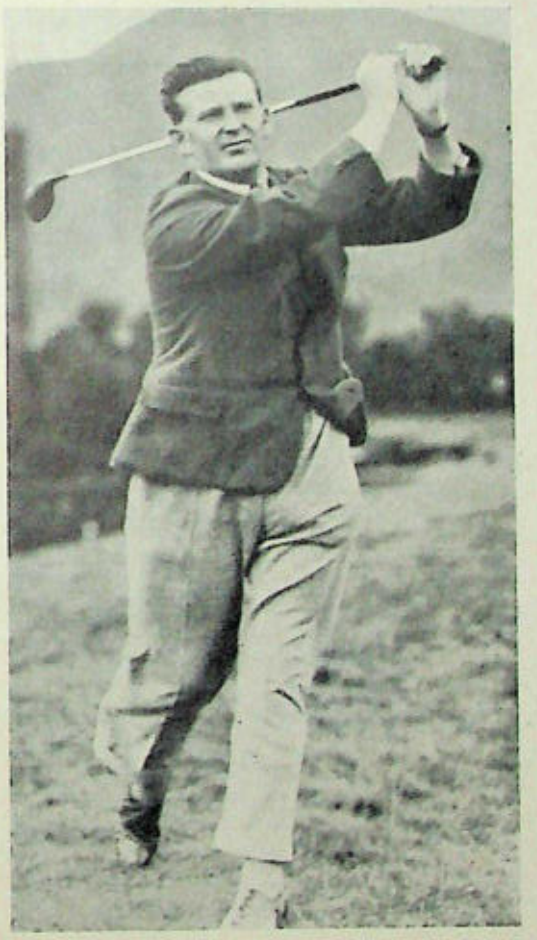
FIVE GOOD SCORES

This performance is without doubt the most remarkable which has ever been recorded in the history of British amateur golf, and speaks volumes for the high state of efficiency of its present-day standard. That five amateurs should succeed in breaking 80 on courses stretched to the length of Prince's and Sandwich, in 37 rounds out of 40, is so exceptional a performance that I append their individual scores below:

Name.	Qualifying Rounds.	Championship Rounds.	Vase.	Total.	Avge.
T. A. Torrance..	78, 71	75, 73, 76, 77	76, 76	602	75.25
H. G. Bentley ..	73, 78	75, 78, 79, 74	74, 73	604	75.50
W. L. Hope	78, 72	74, 79, 75, 71	81, 77	607	75.87
L. O. Munn	77, 72	74, 75, 78, 76	76, 81	609	76.12
W. Tulloch	77, 74	75, 77, 76, 73	79, 80	611	76.37

The average for the 40 rounds works out at 75.8.

There was a general consensus of opinion that the arrangements made for the competition by Capt. Baird, the secretary of Prince's, were of the most complete and comprehensive nature, and could not have been bettered. A special word of praise is due to the green-keepers for the care, labour and attention they expended on the whole course, which gave them the satisfaction of arriving at a result as near perfection as is humanly possible.



THREE TIMES A WINNER: J. BURKE, OF LAHINCH, IRELAND, A WALKER CUP SELECTION

He won the Irish Native Championship this month for the third year in succession

HINTS FOR HOLIDAY FISHING

Sea Trout Provide the Best Chance of Sport in High Summer—and Welsh Streams Offer Sea Trout

MY OBJECT in writing this article is simply to give a little information to anglers who have the Cambrian Coast in mind for their holidays, with the hope of getting a bit of fishing while their families, perhaps, are climbing or walking in the hills. There is good sport to be had in fishing for sea trout—or sewin, as they are called locally—when these fish are running, which they begin to do about the end of July. August and September are considered the best months, but October is also good.

There are a number of rivers along the coast from Carmarthen round to Rhyl in Denbighshire. All, or nearly all of them, are well stocked with sea trout in due season. Details of these rivers are given in *Where to Fish*. There is a river within easy reach of most of the many seaside resorts dotted along the coast. Some of the rivers are rented by associations who issue cheap day and period tickets.



JUNE ON A DERBYSHIRE STREAM
The Duke of Rutland trout fishing on the Wye near Haddon Hall

Besides the establishments at the seaside resorts there is plenty of accommodation available in the villages and farmhouses near the rivers. Board and lodging, with ordinary farmhouse fare, is cheap in all these outlying places. They are very clean and comfortable and you are made welcome, and allowed to live like a fisherman, going and coming as you please.

DWYFAWR AND ITS TROUT

My favourite beat is the Dwyfawr. There are several miles of river to play about in which are easy of access from Criccieth, and the fishing is cheap. For the past four years I have made my headquarters at Llanystumdwy, a village one mile west of Criccieth and right on the river bank where I have spent many an enjoyable time and had some good sea trout fishing. This river holds a lot of sea trout. During a flood they run up in shoals. This applies also to most of the other rivers right round the coast.

For those who are not acquainted with the ways of these very wily fish, let me hasten to say that when rivers are in ordinary summer condition they are extremely difficult to catch. Dainty must be the fly and fine the cast, and both must be cast in the lightest manner if you wish to be successful. I usually use a 3yd. cast, taper to 3 x, and flies to match.

In the daytime fish will be seen playing about in the tail of a pool—that is, they will be seen if one approaches the pool without being seen. Stand perfectly still when you get near the pool and watch. Before long a fish will be sure to jump and show itself and others may be seen swimming about near by. Move away very cautiously and get well above them; get out a long line and send your flies across and down stream; watch the line very carefully, and at the least sign of movement strike at once—do not hesitate or your fish is lost. Above all, keep a tight line.

DAY AND NIGHT FISHING

Sea trout usually take in a very leisurely manner in the daytime and in low water. Just a pluck at the fly is all that is felt, and by the time it is felt, if the line is the least bit slack, a strike is often too late. Hence the suggestion that you keep an eye on the line and strike at the least movement or stoppage. Occasionally one will come and take the fly on the run, and then the fun begins. You never know which way it will go or what it will do next.

Do not attempt to be rough with a fish or you will most surely lose it; but when you have got control, guide it to the net as soon as possible, and remember your light tackle while you are doing it.

And then for night fishing. Sea trout take much better at night. They are not so easily scared; but it is necessary to be cautious even at night. Do not show yourself more than you can help, and do not wade unless you are compelled to do so, say to cross the stream. The tackle used at night need not be so fine as that for day fishing. But do not make the mistake of using any old stuff. Usually the larger fish are caught at night, so that the fishing is much better than by day.

WHAT TACKLE TO USE

And now for tackle. I use a 10ft. 6in. trout rod, ordinary trout reel and line large enough to hold 50yds. of backing. And flies; now comes the difficulty, as so many people have an idea that you require whacking big flies for sea trout. I invariably use small flies and usually get fish, even in the lowest water. I prefer hackle flies to the winged variety. I have two favourite patterns, a silver march brown and a black spider with dark orange body. I never fish without one or both on the cast. Other useful flies are dark partridge spider, Greenwell's Glory, silver and teal and coch-y-bonddu, all on No. 2 hook; and if you wish to try the dry fly, watch for the fly on the water or use the fly appropriate for the month. In low water the dry fly is often very successful.

For night fishing, a fly tied on hook size 4 or 5 is about right. Avoid flies with bushy bodies, such as the Zulu. A bright silver body is usually attractive. Pattern is not so important as style of dressing, so that fancy flies are often used for night fishing. The idea is to get a fly which is lively in the water.

Finally, keep out of sight in the daytime, wade deeply to achieve this, if necessary; fish fine and far off, and you will be unlucky if you do not get some fish.

HOLIDAY ANGLER.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR A HOLIDAY

Lake Fishing in Cumberland

FOR THE MAN of moderate means a delightful and not too expensive holiday, with possibilities of very good sport, may be obtained by a visit to the western lakes. Most people look upon Windermere and its environs as the lake country—how little they know the lakes! For the real charm of lakeland you must go to Cumberland.

For this is a smiling land, inhabited for the most part by real British folk; and even if the angling is not as good as may be had at times in Scotland, there is always sport amid lovely surroundings, and there is good accommodation. The angling is both good and varied, a choice of lake, tarn and stream. You have Lakes Crummock and Ennerdale, mountain tarns in numbers to choose from according to your energy for walking, and the mountain becks on which a clever angler can often make a good basket of game little trout, and perhaps a fish not far short of the pound mark to top his creel.

Crummock Water on the right day is the pick of these western lakes. The fishing is in the hands of Capt. N. Richardson, R.F.A., of the Fish Inn, Buttermere, and Major Worster, of Scale Hill Hotel, Loweswater, at the other end of the lake, the lake being about three-and-a-half miles long. The trout run a fair size and big ones up to 4¼lb. are obtained on occasion. Three years ago Dr. Eaton got one 8¾lb. one evening on Ennerdale on a moth. Capt. Richardson has refitted the Fish Inn in a most charming old-world style with all his old family furniture.

There is a boat belonging to the hotel on the lak and the charges for fishing are 2/6 per rod per da and 5/- for the boat.

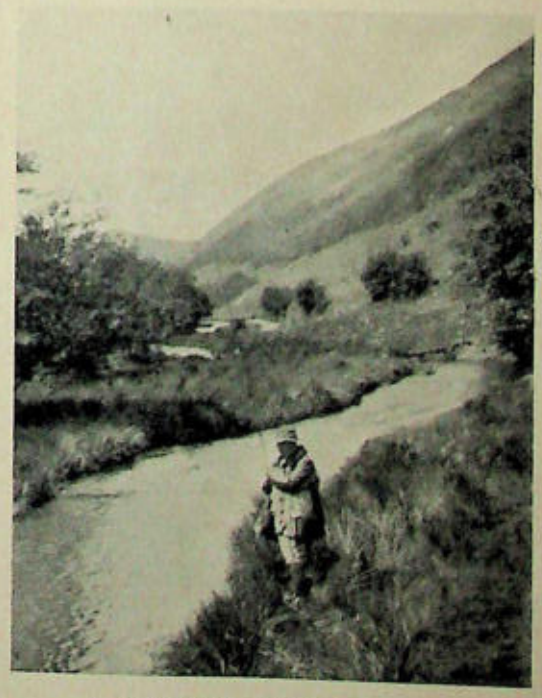
The earlier summer months are usually best for lakeland fishing, though in August and September sea trout can be got on the Cocker, Calder, Irt and Ehen whenever conditions are favourable.

LAKELAND VISITOR.

A NEW FISHERMAN'S MAP

MISS MAUDE PARKER is, we are glad to see, continuing her good work of making maps of the salmon rivers expressly for fishermen, and has now added to her former trio (Tay, Tweed and Dee) a decorated map of the Spey. As before the names of the casts (verified by the owners) are given, and in this map the names of the marches and the fishings have been added. It is illustrated, as were the former ones, with some most attractive sketches of many of the beats. From the fisherman's point of view these maps are an example of "applied art" of a most welcome kind. We are glad to see that Bartholemews are now undertaking their production. They can be obtained through any tackleist, 5/- on cloth, bound, or 3/6 for the wall of a fishing hut.

Reports from rivers and other news items will be found on pages xiv.-xv. For advertisements of "Angling Requisites," see page xiv.; "Hotels offering Fishings," page xiii.; "Fishings for Sale and to Let," pages vii., viii. and ix.; "Pisciculture," page xiv.



A SEA TROUT STREAM IN WALES
Fishing the Dwyfawr



AFTER A RISE

"The fish has taken a nymph just below the surface . . . and is now waiting for more food to come down"

(*Side-Lines, Side-Lights and Reflections.* Seeley, Service & Co.)

MODERN CHALK STREAM STUDIES

A New Book for the Angler by Mr. G. E. M. Skues

WHEN OUR OLD CONTRIBUTOR "Seaforth and Soforth" (his connection with the *Field*, by the way, must now be quite one of the longest among men still living) brought out his second edition of *The Way of a Trout with a Fly*, he suggested that he had already given to his generation all that it was in him to give. His generation, however, thought otherwise and so bombarded him with requests for a further volume that, as he says in his preface, "certainly unwillingly, I have pitched the various manuscripts together and am flinging them at their heads with a 'Here, confound you, take the lot!'"

There will be few of his friends but will consider that the lot has fallen unto them in a fair ground, for here are crops for the reaping. It is curious how well the book fits together considering, and it is obviously true, that he has taken the articles without appreciable alteration or revision as they have appeared from time to time in the angling Press. Here can be found every phase of a fisherman's practice and meditation on South-country fishing, with occasional excursions elsewhere; inconsequent, witty, or purely reminiscent, but all with the inspiration of the low-voiced rivers of the chalk country to give them life. One is continually coming across some old acquaintance which invokes a mental "I'm glad to find this again," which is surely as good a justification as need be for the publication of the volume—and for the importunity of its author's friends.

RIVER MANAGEMENT

Many of these articles might well have been lost to a future generation of anglers had they been allowed to remain in the "decent obscurity of newspaper and magazine files." The opening chapter, for example, "An Itchen Retrospect," is a valuable contribution to the "river management" side of angling. It deals with a reach of the Itchen which he has fished now for nearly half a century—a reach for many years nearly connected with this paper, for it was rented by Mr. Irwin Cox, formerly one of its proprietors, who was generous in his invitations to the staff to share its amenities.

He made what is now recognised as the mistake of introducing grayling, which eventually increased to such an extent as to spoil the trout fishing. The history of the rise and fall of that reach and its subsequent recovery under judicious management to a higher level than ever makes instructive reading, and the part played by pike, both in the decline and ascent, will probably be an eye-opener to many trout fishermen.

Another resurrected note of value is Mr. Skues's first article on nymph fishing, which was published in the *Field* in December, 1899, some ten years before the appearance of "minor tactics." This was discovered by H. T. Sheringham only a few weeks before his death. "It is a bitter complaint of the dry-fly man," it begins, "that the trout are taking more and more, as each succeeding year goes by, to the vicious and reprehensible practice of bulging, or feeding on the nymph about to hatch," and ends by prophesying that the chalk stream fisherman some day "will learn to combine a judicious mixture of wet-fly science and dry-fly art."

That was written 33 years ago, and for many years after that one heard, and made, continual complaints about those hopeless evenings when the fish bulged persistently and "would look at nothing." The complaint has died out imperceptibly—it was only when we read the passage we realised that those perennial reports of bulging trout spoiling the fishing had for some seasons now been a thing of the past. It must be seldom that a writer has lived to see his prophecy so completely fulfilled.

Some of the most enjoyable pages are devoted to a critical and entertaining examination of some well-known angler's tackle which at one time or another has passed through his hands—Marryat's fly book, for example, on which he has written, largely in parenthesis, what is really a brief history of the development of the floating fly. Halford, Marryat, Holland, H. S. Hall, and probably Francis Francis, all stood sponsor for it, and its baptism was in the Itchen.

"It is to me a matter of great interest that the evolution of the modern eyed floater was worked out largely on that Itchen Water above Winchester, which is now fished by James Rolt, K.C., and myself. Indeed, my experience of it goes back to 1883, when I began to fish it through the kindness of the late Irwin E. B. Cox and there met Francis Francis and William Senior."

Many years afterwards Senior's tackle was also to pass through his hands, and it gives him material for another delightful chapter of inference and anecdote—his rods, mostly of the old-fashioned powerful type, except for the "Fairy" of his later years; his flies and the apparent lack of any special preference for red spinners (Wm. Senior's pen name); his extraordinarily fine trout casts, "invariably of a fineness which I have not dared to use for years past for the trout of the Itchen." But Senior was a coarse fisherman as well as a fly fisher, and he probably acquired his liking for multiple Xs from an acquaintance with roach. The thickness of one's gut is more a matter of habit, perhaps, than many of us realise.

OUR ANGLING EDITORS AND THE WEATHER

It was curious, though, in Senior's case, for Mr. Skues records later that, like Francis Francis, he was extraordinarily unlucky in his weather—and fine gut is no help in a storm. So persistent was the weather's malignity that even his old friends did not always welcome his presence on a water. "It really seemed as if Senior's ascent to the angling editorial chair had involved the descent on him of the mantle of Francis Francis's desperate luck in weather."

Perhaps there is something in that inherited weather theory. Sheringham used to complain that a thunderstorm followed him round like a dog anxious for a country walk—and were it not that the Fates are fond of seeing to it that complaints are not made without proper cause, we could add later evidence in support of the belief!

There are papers here, too, on such practical subjects as fly-tying—nymph dressings in particular—which are sure to be studied by the amateur fly-tier since Col. Harding's book on the peculiarities of a trout's under-water vision has brought the subject much to the fore. Here are suggestions for obtaining feathers "on the cheap," a most difficult art nowadays, when the value of feathers has become distressingly well known to purveyors of birds. But before nymph fishing becomes general someone will have to attempt standardisation of some kind, though Mr. Skues does not favour it. "I am not attempting to stereotype any pattern . . . I am trying to produce each new insect as it comes along with an up-to-date dressing."

This book of "Seaforth and Soforth" will certainly hold its place among men's particular possessions. It is full of the chance happenings of the trout-fisher's day which he has seized and recorded before the inspiration had passed him on the stream.

Side-Lines, Side-Lights and Reflections: Fugitive Papers of a Chalk-stream Angler. By G. E. M. Skues. (Seeley, Service & Co.; 21/- net.)



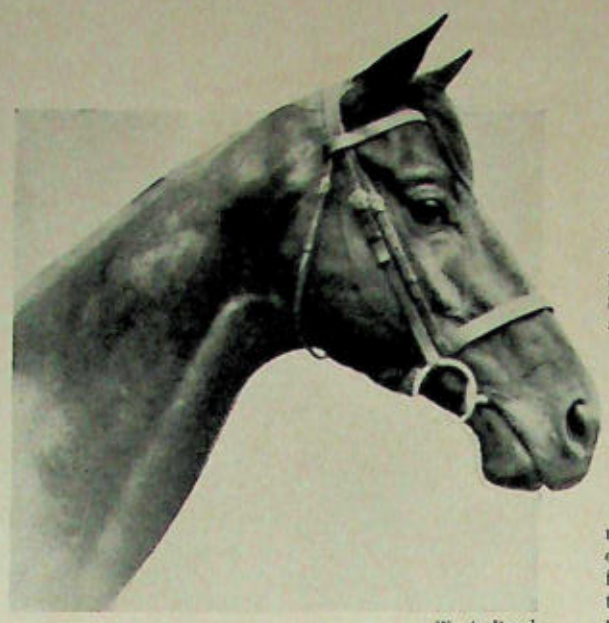
A RISE IN SLOW, CLEAR WATER TO A SPENT SPINNER

"The fish has risen gently to the surface and has just sipped in the spent spinner"

(*Side-Lines, Side-Lights and Reflections.* Seeley, Service & Co.)

A VISIT TO THE EATON STUD

And Other Notes On the Newmarket July Sales



W. A. Rouch

STANDING AT THE EATON STUD

Twelve Pointer (Royal Realm—Fin Glen), whose stock are noted for their genuine qualities

CHESTER, that ancient walled town, which has seen the passing of Pict and Dane, Saxon and Norman, was bathed in the golden sunlight of June last week when I passed through its galleried streets on my way to the Eaton Stud. And what memories came flocking to the mind when I arrived there. It was almost as if one were treading hallowed ground, for are there not traditions of Ormonde, Bend Or, Flying Fox, Orme and Sceptre, which will never be effaced so long as racing remains in this country as our national sport? It was pleasant to realise also that the present Duke of Westminster has not allowed those traditions to lapse. Indeed, it is safe to say that the Duke cares little for racing, but devotes much time, attention and money to breeding bloodstock.

CONCERNING TWELVE POINTER

Between him and his good horse Twelve Pointer (the present lord of the harem at the Eaton Stud) there is a great bond of affection. The upstanding, strong-backed, and muscular-quartered son of Royal Realm knows his master, and the Duke has a great admiration for the good horse which carried the Grosvenor "yellow, black cap" to victory in fourteen races, and won over £12,000 in stakes, including the Cambridgeshire, carrying top weight; the International Two-Year-Old Stakes at Kempton Park; the Houghton Stakes, Scottish Derby, Challenge Stakes, Select Stakes, and the Atlantic Stakes, Liverpool, when he beat Polyphontes which received 8lb., and afterwards won the Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park. Surely this is a useful record? At the stud, too, Twelve Pointer has proved his worth, and last year he sired the winners of 24 races, with a value of over £6,000 in stake money.

The majority of the yearlings which the stud are sending up to the July Sales, claim this good-tempered, lop-eared stallion as a sire. And I spent several happy hours inspecting them at the stud farm, where the whitened bones of the mighty Touchstone keep watch and ward for all time. To the Newmarket July Sales, the stud are sending up a dozen yearlings—four fillies and eight colts. I saw them when they had just come in from their daily exercise, and let it be said, I found much to admire in the rippling muscles under clean coats, and the general appearance of fitness possessed by the whole string. Probably pride of place for both looks and conformation and racing qualities is possessed by the lengthy, free-striding, dark-brown filly, which, all except in coat colour, is a true daughter of Hurry On. This useful filly, whose dam Edna was never trained, should be able to race, claiming as she does St. Frusquin as a maternal grandsire.

A COLT WHICH WILL GO FAR

Then comes a well-moulded, bay filly by Twelve Pointer from the John o' Gaunt mare Princess Joan, which moves well, as does the good-coloured chesnut filly by the same sire out of Eaton Grey, a daughter of The Tetrarch.

And what of the colts? Two single themselves out for attention as they walk with easy, springing strides round the paddock, fetlock deep in green lush grass yellow with buttercups. I think first place must be awarded to the racing-like colt, which has plenty of length from hip to hock, by Twelve Pointer from Bucharest, by Buchan out of Lammas, by the Derby winner, Lemberg. This is a colt with glorious shoulders, strong quarters and a lean and sensible head. To my mind he should go far in his racing career. But there is not a great deal to choose between this handsome colt and the slashing bay colt, a true son of Twelve Pointer and that sterling old mare Eager Eyes, who is by the Eaton-bred Troutbeck (winner of the St. Leger) and which, when I saw her in a tree-encircled paddock, grazing lazily in the sun, belied her twenty years.

LIKELY TO MAKE AN EARLY WINNER

One of the "sharp" sort which is likely to win races early in his career is the dark-grey colt, which one can tell at a glance is a true son of Tetratema, for do not the grey blotches, the bloodlike head and the strong galloping hocks instantly set us on the right track? The colt by Trigo from Vibration is all quality, and so is the sturdy, deep-barrelled, rich chesnut colt by Papyrus from Love Story, whose muscular limbs and strength behind the saddle carry an appeal of their own. And so I left Eaton, carrying away with me memories of famous horses of the past and yearlings of promise for the future.

It seems probable that buyers will have an exceedingly busy time at the Newmarket Sales, for from his Cleaboy Stud in West Meath, Major L. B. Holliday (the new Master of the Grove) is sending up a very representative batch. There is a compact bay colt, by Warden of the Marches from the appropriately named Shingled, by Friar Marcus out of Latest Fashion, which should go far, and there is also much to like about the rangy, well-quartered filly, by Soldennis from Imperence—a half-sister to Lucky Sarah.

From the Gaston Grange Stud comes a bay colt by Friar Marcus out of Grasmere. This is an exceptionally nice colt. Very much like his sire, this colt stands just 15 hands, has great depth and very powerful loins and quarters. He has the very best of limbs, and already measures 8in. below the knee, and is a beautiful yearling with quality written all over him. The filly by The Black Abbot from Argelander which Mr. John R. Keeble is sending up from his Essex stud, is the first yearling for sale by that very speedy horse the Black Abbot. Carrying a rich brown coat, this filly is well-grown and has a rare racing appearance.

THE NATIONAL STUD BATCH

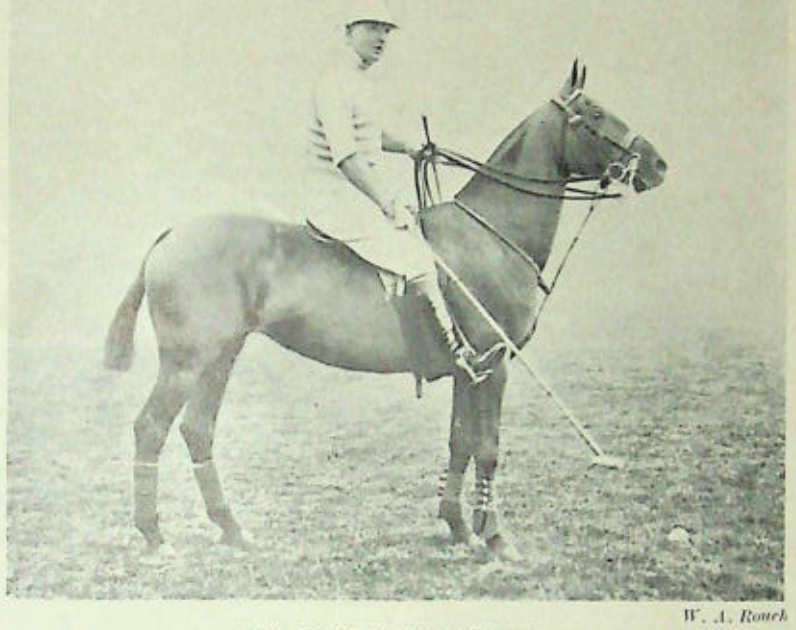
Major K. Greville Williams is sending up a true daughter of Solario, whose dam Start was a winner. This is a filly, too, with good shoulders and plenty of heart room. So, too, is the stockier brown filly, by Buchan, which is the second foal of her dam Perella, by Silvern from Mary Mona, the dam of Warden of the Marches and Maryland.

The National Stud yearlings make a lengthy list. Which shall we choose? I have not been able to see this good lot, but I hear very favourable accounts of the chesnut colt by Diligence from Sister Stella, and also about the Diophon—Endowment colt, which is made on galloping lines, and should do well in training. There is also a well-moulded brown filly, by Blandford from Simon's Shoes, dam of the useful Sandals; and you may find fresh admiration in the beautiful lines of the free-striding filly by Solario from Tillywhim, whose bede roll of winners is a lengthy one.

Probably the pick of the well-bred batch which the Sezincote Stud are sending to the sales is the level, free-moving colt by Son-in-Law from that useful, well-bred mare Haintonette, which has a great deal to commend him; as has the bay colt, already christened Tarquinius, who claims Foxlaw as sire and the Stedfast mare, Batavia as a dam.

WHAT WILL PRICES BE LIKE?

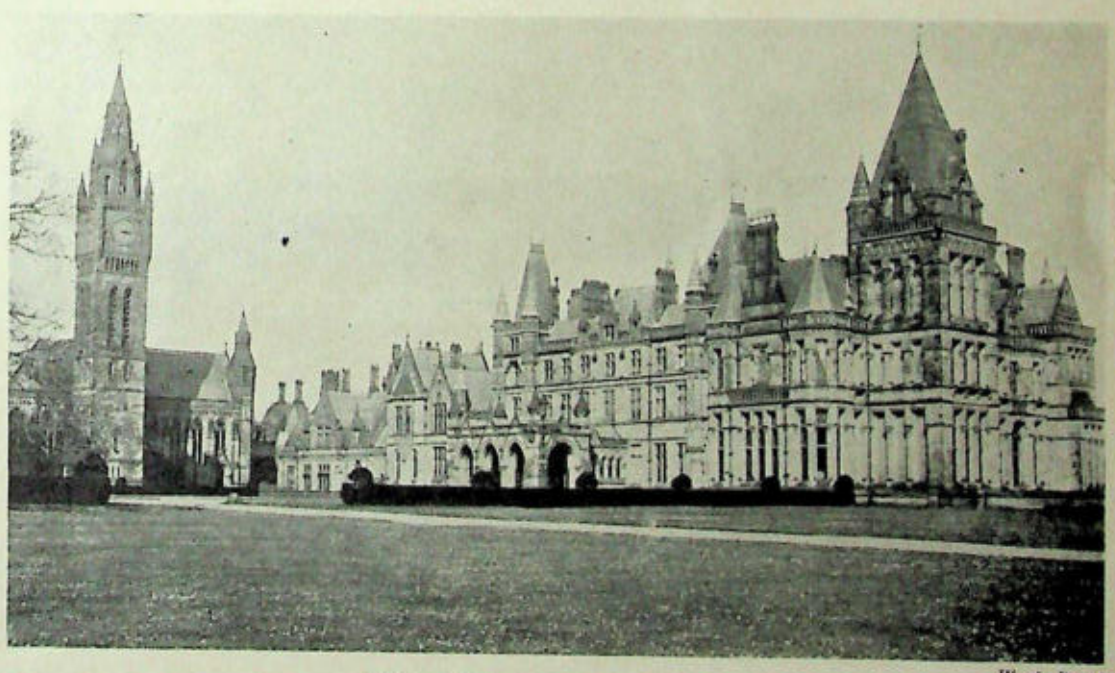
And in this review of some of the principal lots which will come into the ring on June 29th and the following days, the question arises: "What will the prices be like?" There will be no long prices, no fast and furious bidding to send the daily newspapers into black-leaded headlines, but there will be the right price for the colt or filly of racing shape and conformation. That view has been expressed with confidence several times in the *Field*. In a time of money shortage and world-wide depression, I re-echo it once more, for is not the heart of the bloodstock industry still sound, and is not the British thoroughbred without peer in the whole world? WILLIAM FAWCETT.



W. A. Rouch

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER

To the Newmarket July Sales the Duke of Westminster is sending a long string of yearlings. A fine polo player, the Duke is more interested in the science of bloodstock breeding than racing proper



W. A. Rouch

FAMED IN THE ANNALS OF RACING

A view of Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's place in Cheshire. At the stud nearby were bred racehorses of the calibre of Ormonde, Orme, Flying Fox, Sceptre and many other classic winners

THE SEASON OF YOUNG BIRDS

A Multitude of Nestlings—But No Increase in Avian Population

By T. A. COWARD

LATE AS THE OAK TREES were in unfolding their buds this year, many already show tattered, riddled foliage, for the larvæ of several different kinds of moth have been busy defoliating the trees for weeks. But from the upper branches comes a hissing, wheezing medley of sound, and through the dense green leafage we can see wings fluttering, and winged forms moving from branch to branch; starlings old and young, though gorging themselves on grubs for their own satisfaction, are doing service to the trees and to the forester.

Far too numerous and destructive in autumn in orchard and field, the starling, normally an insect eater, at this time is a friend; the old birds, as they nip from its wind-swung thread some grub shaken from its meal. The dainty wood-wren, its yellower greens harmonising even more closely with the leaves than those of its congeners, moves like a fairy bird through the slender twigs; and the chaffinch, clumsy alongside these leaf-warblers, finds insect food palatable as well as suitable for the infantile digestions of its family far below.

Surely there was mud enough in May for the housemartins, yet many are still building under the eaves. On the sill below is the hard-caked masonry of last year, hacked off before they added fresh building material; many have to travel farther now, to lanes and pond margins, for tarmac supplies fewer and less lucrative puddles than the roads of a few years ago.

Although the nightingale has ceased nocturnal music, the crepuscular song of many birds is continued almost until the morning outburst of the awakening chorus. It is then that the late thrush or blackbird, singing in the garden, or the sedge-warbler chittering in the marsh is mistaken for the nightingale, and even the robin, wide awake and vocal until nearly midnight, is not recognised by those who think themselves familiar with its winter carol.



Stanley Crook

TWO YOUNG LONG-EARED OWLS

satisfying their own needs or feeding belated or second broods, are working no harder at reducing the pests than the brown youngsters that have but recently begun to fend for themselves. The discontented and not very amiable notes of these birds explain the clamour in the tree-tops.

Starlings are not the only grub devourers. Willow-wrens and chiffchaffs move amongst the leaves, and dance out on whirring wing to hover

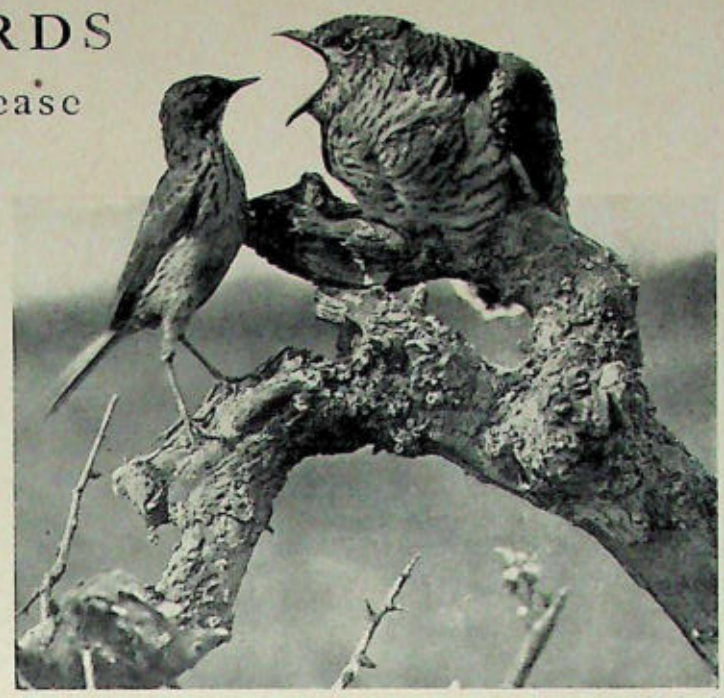
HEAVY MORTALITY AMONG NESTLINGS

Everywhere are signs of an increased avian population, for fledged young are leaving the shelter of home for the busy, dangerous world. On the pool a fleet of downy ducklings, not yet to be dignified (or otherwise) by the title flapper, closely follow a female mallard, almost clinging to her tail as she leads them across the open towards the reed-fringe. More than a month ago there were broods as far advanced as these, but disaster follows many attempts at early nesting, and the eggs from which these infants emerged were no doubt a second attempt to raise a family.

A pair of grebes, farther out, have parental cares; each carries a babe in short down in a cradle between its lifted wings, a babe decorated to the neck with longitudinal stripes. Where are the others, one, two, or even three, which emerged from the chalky eggs?

Perhaps some of the big pike which lurk in the reeds know the answer; perhaps the old cob swan, who grunts threats when his territory is approached, could explain. At any rate, infant mortality is high amongst young grebes and yet the numbers remain constant or slightly increase.

The young coots have reached the gawky, ungainly age; their parents have cast them off, and perhaps are busy with second broods, for these



Stanley Crook

A YOUNG CUCKOO WITH ITS FOSTER MOTHER, A MEADOW PIPIT

occupy the attention of their relatives, the moorhens.

Indeed, there are a very great many young birds about, but will the avian population be above the average next year? Almost certainly not, for Nature designs to keep numbers in correct proportion. A slight increase of any one species, if it continues for a few years, means trouble, if not for us, for other creatures.

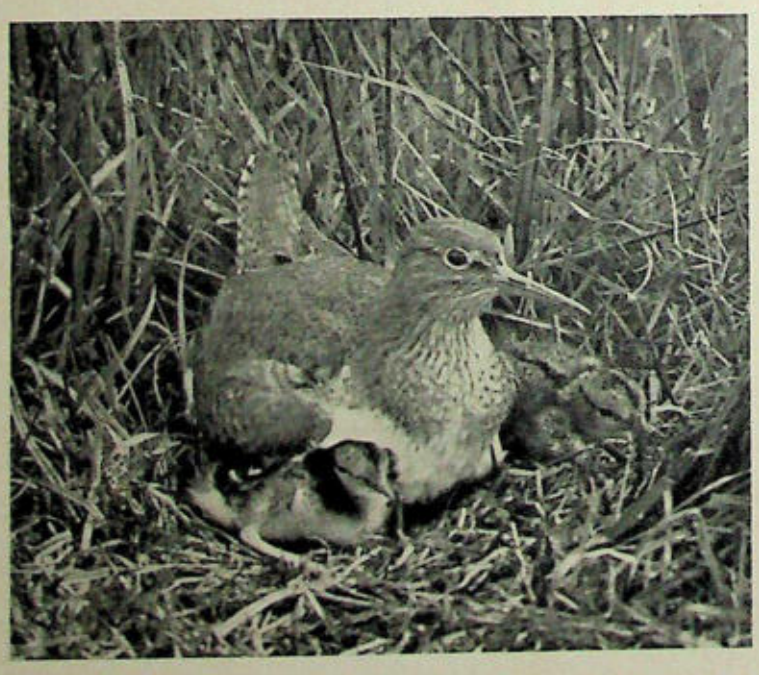
We see the result of increase in the starling and little owl; we see decrease in the corncrake, and in certain localities, the swallow. But in most cases, after an increase or decrease, natural balances are readjusted, and on the whole the numbers of our birds remain steady.

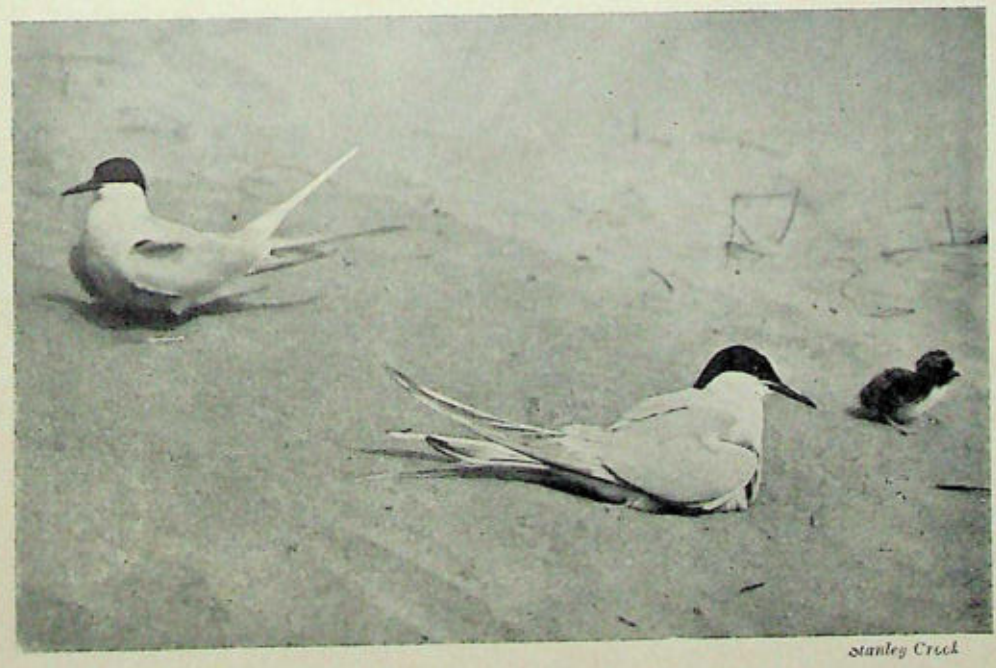
FISH THAT CHANGE SEX

Nature's Method of "Keeping the Balance"

AMONGST RECENT ARRIVALS at the Zoo Aquarium is a splendid specimen of the Scorpion fish (*Sebastes madurensis*), a species which has only on one occasion previously been seen alive in England. Measuring over 15in. in length, flaming scarlet in colour, and profusely covered with spines, it calls to one's mind some of the more lurid heraldic designs. This somewhat startling livery nevertheless acts as a perfect camouflage, enabling the fish to harmonise completely with its native sea gardens off the coast of Madeira.

This fish is of peculiar interest on account of its being able to change sex, a faculty shared by the little Mexican fresh-water sword-tail fish (*Xiphophorus*). Both species bring forth their young alive; yet after having reared three or four families the females will become active males. Since there is usually a much greater preponderance of females, this appears to be Nature's way of levelling up the sexes, and thus keeping the balance. J. A.





Stanley Crook

MIDSUMMER NESTLINGS OF LAKESIDE AND COAST

The nestlings of both sandpipers and terns are active from birth—it is not easy to obtain such photographs as these, of a common sandpiper brooding her young and (right) a baby Arctic tern with its parents

TWO LIKELY ATHLETES FOR OLYMPIC HONOURS

Hampson and Rampling in Fine Form

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

ONE ANTICIPATED sensational performances in the Southern Counties Championships last Saturday; for, apart from the fact that the White City track was probably yards faster than those upon which the Northern and Midland events were contested a week earlier in less clement weather conditions, there is little doubt that the pick of British talent in bulk is concentrated in the South.

The sensations were mild ones, but there were some surprises. In the first place no one anticipated that E. L. Page, the English champion, would lose his 100 yds. title, but J. C. Heap's victory in 9⅘sec., which equals English native record, was a fine performance. None the less, I am far from happy about the Olympic, or even the A.A.A., chances of our crack sprinters.

INJURIES TO SPRINTERS

Dr. F. P. Reid, the Scottish champion, it will be remembered, developed muscle trouble and could not run for the A.A.A. against Cambridge, after he had beaten evens on Whit Monday. On Saturday G. T. Saunders pulled a muscle after returning 10sec. in a preliminary heat, and it was said that Heap was again experiencing pain in the groin and from a thigh muscle.

On the whole it looks as though S. C. Fuller, who won the semi-final in 9⅘sec. on Saturday, and finished third in the final, together with S. Lockett, the Northern flyer, may be the biggest danger to the, presumed, best men in the A.A.A. Open Championship at the White City on July 2nd.

Another cause for anxiety is the form being displayed at present by our high hurdlers. In the A.A.A. v. C.U.A.C. match, R. St. L. Thornton, the inter-University record holder, hit a fence hard and was out of the hunt, and the crashing at the White City on Saturday was really bad. Capt. Tubbs, who seemed to be left at the post, drew level at the seventh flight with R. St. G. T. Harper, who was leading, but went down at the next fence, Harper also hit the eighth, and D. O. Finlay rapped the ninth hard, and lost to Harper in a desperate finish in 15⅕sec.

DANGERS OF TRAINING ON GRASS

This was surprising, as Finlay was inside evens on the Stamford Bridge grass track recently. The secret of Finlay's trouble may be due to the fact that he has probably done his training on grass, and finds pace and stride-length altered when he has to race on cinders.

The outstanding performance, in my opinion, was achieved last Saturday by A. R. P. Ellis, who only left Stowe School last term. In April this boy won the Public Schools Javelin Throwing Championship at 130ft. 4in., in impossibly bad weather conditions, using the Youth's Javelin, which weighs approximately 1lb. 8oz., and measures 7ft. 6½in.; but on Saturday, using the full-sized Olympic weapon, 1lb. 12½oz. in weight, and 8ft. 6in. in length, Ellis took the Southern title with a fine throw of 163ft. 1½in.

On the question of Olympic representation, one hears with regret that the leg strain sustained by R. H. Thomas is more serious than was at first anticipated, meanwhile the young Oxford three-miler, J. W. Follows, who is British born, returns to America next week, and, as he will be on the spot, one wonders if it may not be possible to find a place for him in our Olympic team for the 5,000 metres at Los Angeles.

WILL HAMPSON BEAT WORLD'S RECORD?

Apart from that, there were two happenings at the Southern meeting which served to revive our Olympic hopes. The first was the absolute imperturbability of T. Hampson; he won the 880yds. in 1min. 55⅗sec., equalling his own Southern record, and finished out with that characteristically ruthless acceleration which spells ruin for any runner opposed to him.

I think he will beat world's record the first time he is seriously challenged. Meanwhile J. V. Powell (1min. 56sec.), and a hitherto unknown runner, A. Lye (1min. 58sec.), showed remarkable promise.

The second circumstance to give Olympic enthusiasts cause for a sigh of heart-felt relief was the return to the track, and his old form, of G. L. Rampling. Various operations have enforced a rest upon this wonderful Army runner, and that rest has done him no harm, for he was well clear of his field in the 440yds. before a furlong had been covered, strode on, but eased perceptibly over the last 50yds., and won in a common canter to return 49⅕sec.

He must, however, drop the abominable trick of throwing a glance over his shoulder to see what the other fellows are up to; for, if that trick once becomes a habit, it is going to cost Rampling some important races.

ROUND THE WICKETS

(Continued from page 948)

following match against Hampshire, when some virile batting after early failures was backed up by some impressive bowling by Larwood and Voce.

KENT ON TOP

The victory over Derbyshire by 23 runs, which took Kent to the top of the Championship table last week, provided yet another instance of the match-winning value of Freeman's bowling. It also provided another instance of Derbyshire's failure to drive home an advantage, as was the case in their match against Surrey, though they may be accounted somewhat unlucky in having, against Kent, to play the fourth innings on a crumbling wicket.

In spite of Freeman, the odds against Kent finishing at the top of the Championship must be very great, for by no stretch of imagination can the rest of their bowling be considered good, and their batting has shown some unusual fluctuations. But they must certainly be given credit for fielding like a Champion County, and for this reason no county can feel safe against them while Freeman retains his form.

SURREY UPS AND DOWNS

Surrey had some of their weakness rather badly exposed by Sussex last week at Hove, where they were beaten by an innings and 24 runs after Sussex had run up a score of 536.

Hopes that Surrey's bowling would be strengthened this season have not been fully realised. The team has certainly benefited from the addition of F. R. Brown, but even he has not gained as much control and accuracy as would make his undoubted talents most effective, and for the rest Gover's fast bowling is still very variable, and M. J. C. Allom seems to have lost something of the aggressive quality which promised to make his fast-medium bowling good enough for an England team.

Nor is the batting as dependable as it was last season, and more than once the side has had cause to be thankful that Hobbs retains his powers so finely. Most inexplicable have been the failures of Sandham, but he is too good a player to remain out of form. He showed, indeed, a welcome revival at Taunton when he and Hobbs added another to their long list of partnerships.

NOT QUITE LIKE YORKSHIRE

Middlesex have proved such stubborn fighters this season that they were expected to extend Yorkshire, and the match provided an interesting study for those who have been wondering whether Yorkshire's recent lapses meant deterioration.

The Middlesex batsmen certainly seemed to flatter the bowling in the first innings, for although the wicket was of that variety which gives a fastish bowler a chance to make the ball fly, neither Bowes nor Dennis was very impressive.

Macaulay was as steady as ever and kept down runs, but did not look like getting wickets, and Verity had the best analysis, because he kept the most difficult length and spun the ball cleverly.

The fielding was not quite up to the high standard that Yorkshire achieved last year. The batsmen made several short runs which bustled the fieldsmen a good deal, and once there was an overthrow for four.



SPORTING IMPRESSIONS

"On moor & fell, midst wood & stream"

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ETIQUETTE IN SQUASH RACKETS

Masking an Opponent's Stroke

IN asking for advice on a point in squash rackets play, a correspondent has raised a question dealing with a situation in the game which may be of general interest to squash players. We therefore give his query below, together with the opinion of a competent authority on the game to whom his problems have been submitted.

The first question concerns the situation which arises where one player is able so to dominate the game that he commands the centre of the court, and when it sometimes happens that his opponent, though not actually baulked in returning the ball, is placed at a great disadvantage by not being able to see the ball until the last moment.

Whereas this situation often arises fortuitously, it is conceivable that a skilful player might deliberately play a shot calculated to impair his opponent's view of the ball, without actually baulking him in his stroke.

On the other hand, if the dominant player does move away immediately after playing his shot he places himself at a disadvantage, and gives his opponent an opportunity for an easy "kill." What is the accepted etiquette in such a case?

The point is one well known to those who mark and referee matches, namely, the difficulty which arises when the player in front returns the ball in such a way "as to impair his opponent's view of the ball, without actually baulking his (the opponent's) stroke."

Rule of the game No. 17, entitled "Fair View" deals fairly and adequately with this situation, though in practice referees experience some difficulty in applying it, and a good deal is left to their discretion.

In principle, it is now accepted etiquette that a player after striking the ball must—

(*a*) give his opponent a straight run to the position where he can best and most easily return the ball.

(*b*) Give his opponent the full view of the front wall on to which to return the ball—thus in both cases doing his best to give his opponent a fair view of the ball from the moment it has left his (the striker's) racket.

Assuming these propositions are agreed, if the player in front returns the ball past and unduly close to himself, he must step aside as soon as he has struck the ball in order to give his opponent a fair view both of the ball and of the front wall. If he does not, and the ball is returned unduly close, a let could be claimed and allowed. The striker by moving aside may give his opponent the chance to make an easy kill, but that risk he must suffer because, by returning the ball in the direction he has chosen (either intentionally or unintentionally), he has in effect put himself out of position.

If the player in front returns the ball short and in front of himself, so that his position is likely to block his opponent's view, the striker must again step aside to allow his opponent a straight run through and a fair view of the ball. This is not often done, but it should be. The striker alone knows when playing his stroke where the ball is going to be returned, and having this knowledge there is no reason why he should not move or commence to move as he makes his short stroke in the direction which will give his opponent a straight run through.

The conclusion to be drawn, therefore, is that the player in front must always be prepared to move aside after playing his stroke.

Making Cream at Home.—A simple method of making cream at home from fresh milk and fresh butter is provided by the Pentecream. A very acceptable cream can be made at a fraction of the cost of the authentic product, and now that strawberries and other soft fruits are coming into season, many housewives will appreciate the Pentecream, which is priced at £3 13s. 6d.

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 cordially invited. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life, Nature Lover, etc., etc. Title, rank and full name and address of writer should be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred.

AN APPEAL TO SPORTSMEN

Sir,—Let me express, on my own behalf and on behalf of the British Olympic Council, our most cordial thanks for the handsome contributions which your proprietors and you personally have made to the British Olympic Fund. May I trespass still farther on your generosity in asking for a few inches of your space to make an eleventh-hour appeal to your readers?

We hoped to send 120 athletes to Los Angeles. The money we have collected is only enough to provide for 50, and even by drawing on our reserves we cannot very substantially add to this number. I would beg those who have not yet subscribed to help us with their cheques to send more British representatives to the Los Angeles Stadium. For every £150 received we can send one additional man. We have till July 2nd to make our final selection. If only readers of the *Field* would in the next few days follow the example its proprietors and editor have set, Britain would make a far worthier show at the Games.

I need not stress the importance at this crisis in our history of maintaining British prestige in the eyes of the world.

Yours truly,
HAROLD BOWDEN.

British Olympic Association,
71, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1.

DECADENCE AT OXFORD?

Sir,—I hope it is not too late to offer some criticism of an article entitled "Poor Rowing in Oxford Eights," published in your number for May 28th. As an Oxford man I may say that I resent all criticism from anyone who terms a barge a houseboat; but it is not on this score that I wish to criticise "H. L.," but rather on the generally misleading character of his whole article.

In the first place, no boat club, not even the New College or Christ Church Boat Club, have anything like as many as 40 members from whom to choose their crews. Out of these only a limited number can be called good oarsmen. It must be obvious, therefore, that "evenness of physique," though an ideal, is quite out of reach of any of the smaller boat clubs, and that men must be chosen with a view to their usefulness and not their appearance. Good coaching would undoubtedly remedy many of the technical defects which are now most in evidence; but coaches are very hard to get these days, and unless both old Blues, and, indeed, very old Blues, instead of pouring forth scorn from the depths of their armchairs, volunteer to help us in our difficulties, we cannot hope to improve our less distinguished crews, which are left to plough the waves in ignorance.

With regard to "H. L.'s" suggested reforms, neither is particularly meritorious. In the first place, I would point out that no harm is done by having as many boats on the river as you can fill; not only does it give racing experience to those who may have to take a higher place next year, but also it provides a school for coaching. It is only experience which can make a good coach. In the second place, although suggestion (*b*) is obvious, the rival schools of rowing could never decide upon one unanimous policy—orthodox or unorthodox. Furthermore, "trials" provide a good enough school for the discovery of hidden talent. It is there that the "essentials of oarsmanship are inculcated, with the object of getting the best material available for the 'Varsity Eight."

Finally, I will answer the last paragraph, which to outsiders is as misleading as it is harmful to the University of which the writer was himself a member. Why must he fail to see the 20 or more members of B.N.C. or of Magdalen who were following their crews, shouting till their lungs almost burst, and fasten upon one perhaps phlegmatic or disinterested member of the University in an attempt to create a false impression?

It was by such foolish pratings as this that Oxford was brought into disrepute a few years ago, and declared by the ignorant to be a decadent, if not immoral, place. It is not "a sad," it is a bad "commentary to make." And, in conclusion, I am prepared to bet that if I had been able to wander round the parks many years ago, while even W. G. Grace was batting, I should have heard, perhaps, even "H.'L." himself discussing the latest hits at the Empire, and comparing the popular stage favourites of the day.

Yours faithfully,
Oxford. C. P. E. H.

TWO BIG ADDERS

Sir,—Recently I found an adder in a stoat trap and killed it and measured it on my stick. When I got home I found its length was 34¼in. I then looked up adders and found that 26in. was a large one, so thinking I must have made a mistake, I returned with the tape and measured it again, and found it really was 34¼in.

The next day, in the same trap, I took a second adder, which measured 28⅛in. I have never seen one before much more than 24in. long.

Ipley Manor, H. BRANFORD.
Marchwood, Southampton.

BLACK LAMBS

Sir,—I wonder if the following would interest your readers. A farmer near here had 60 Scotch ewes (quite white); they are twelve months old, being lambs last year. They were put to a jet black ram, two years old, and so far 30 have lambed, and there are 31 jet black lambs. It appears to be rather a curious thing that so far not one lamb has turned after its mother. I wonder if any of your readers could give a reason for this?

Yours truly,
M. C. HOSKIN.

Long Newnton Rectory,
Tetbury, Glos.

HIBERNATING FROGS

Sir,—Last Easter Sunday I was driving slowly in the early morning, and on one small stretch of road I counted between 60 and 70 dead frogs, obviously run over by cars. There were lots more, but I gave up counting. Not far from this bit of road there is a pond and some dykes across the marshes, and I conclude these frogs were finding their way from various banks, walls, etc., to the pond to spawn. I think this also gives strength to the idea that frogs do not actually spend the winter at the bottom of ponds in the mud, but find their way there at the spawning season. What is now puzzling me is, do the frogs set off in a sort of battalion at night? There were so many dead ones and all in a direct line to this pond, and only on this one small bit of road.

Yours truly,
Ilford Grange, E. L. GOULD (Mrs.).
Near Lewes, Sussex.

EXPORT OF PEDIGREE PIGS

Sir,—The efforts of the *Field* to develop the export trade in pedigree livestock are in every way commendable. The fact that members of the National Pig Breeders' Association sold upwards of 800 pigs to overseas customers in 1931 is an instance of the importance of the export trade.

There are, of course, enormous possibilities in the home markets; and it is obvious that the value of stock exported compared with the value of imports of pig products is infinitesimal; but quality rules quantity in this matter, and the influence of the export trade in improving the standard of herds is a vital factor in stock-breeding. It would be unwise to disregard it in considering the development of British pig production.

An analysis of the exports of Berkshire, Large White, Middle White, Tamworth and Wessex Saddleback pigs in 1931 shows that the majority of the animals were consigned to countries outside the British Empire. Russia, for example, bought upwards of 150 Large White and some 50 Berkshire pigs, while Lithuania, Roumania and Yugo-Slavia were also extensive buyers.

The continued embargo on the admittance of British livestock into New Zealand, and for the greater part of 1931 into Canada also, has definitely restricted our business with the Empire. It is a matter for regret that New Zealand is still unwilling to use the London Quarantine Station, and so permit a resumption of trade in livestock exports from our shores. Other Dominions and colonies have made full use of the station with complete success. Not a single case of disease has occurred in stock which has passed through this efficient "filter."

Your correspondent "Dominion Farmer" suggests that breed societies should collect from their members a quota of animals that would travel on one ship as the most economic unit. Cost and the difficulties of such an arrangement would be considerable, though they should not be insuperable. Societies would need to be convinced, however, that the time is opportune to launch such a scheme. The risk of sending stock abroad on the off-chance of selling cannot be ignored. Unlike manufactured articles, livestock cannot be warehoused until a market is found. It is a "perishable" commodity, and any loss in its disposal must ultimately descend upon individual exporters.

There may be good in the scheme, but, unless the Dominion agriculturist is in a position to pay a fair price for our good animals, the result of experimental consignments might so disappoint and discourage senders as to kill the idea for a very long time.

Yours truly,
ALEC HOBSON, Secretary,
National Pig Breeders' Association.
92, Gower Street,
London, W.C. 1.

AN INCLUDED EGG

Sir,—I keep a few light Sussex hens. The other day one of these laid an egg 4½oz. in weight, measuring round the middle of it 6⅞in., and round the ends 8¼in. When opened the egg was found to contain a perfect yolk and also another perfect egg, with a hard shell of medium size, which on being opened contained a yolk and white, as in an ordinary egg. Is this an unusual occurrence? The hen which laid the egg does not seem to be any the worse. I shall be interested to learn whether any of your readers have had a similar experience.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HEAPE.

Forde, Ashford Carbonel,
Ludlow.

[A similar case was reported in the *Field* of May 21st, p. 789, and three other eggs exhibiting the same malformation have been submitted for examination recently. The explanation suggested is that the abnormality is brought about by a reversal of peristalsis—the worm-like movement of the walls of the oviduct (egg canal) which propels the egg downwards from the ovary—so that a fully-formed egg, instead of being laid is returned to the upper part of the oviduct, and, after the muscular spasm has subsided, begins a second journey downwards with another yolk, and is again shelled before being finally laid.—ED.]

TROUT TAKING WATER RATS

Sir,—It may be of interest to some of your angling readers to hear that a trout was taken on fly on this lake a few days ago, which weighed 1lb. Since it was observed that the fish in question had a "gillaroo-like" bulge, we opened it up, and to our astonishment three freshly-swallowed baby water rats, weighing some 4oz., were found in it—an unusual trout diet, surely.

Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, Yours faithfully,
Llanwddyn. A. W. GRAHAM-MARTIN.

SALMON AND THE HOUGHTON CLUB

Sir,—While thanking you for your appreciative review of my *Further Chronicles of the Houghton Club*, may I be allowed to correct an impression which may be created by your reviewer's suggestion that the Houghton Club is the only club in the world where salmon are vermin.

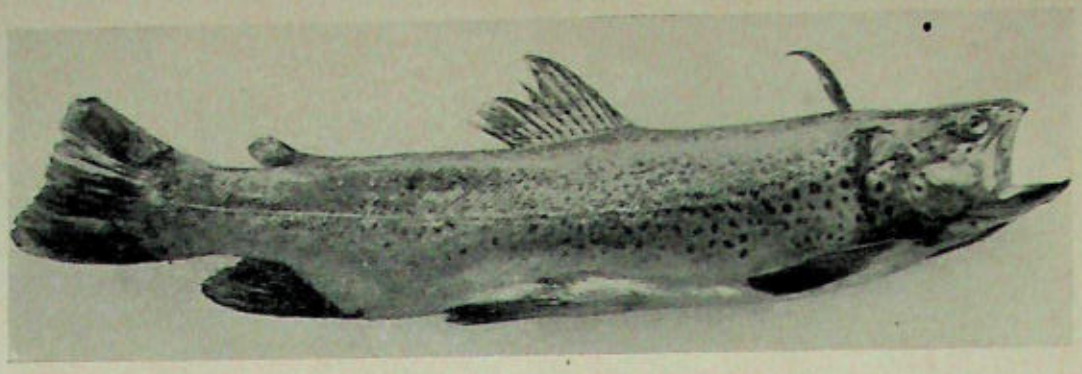
This might easily be interpreted to mean that Mr. Haig Thomas's fish was hooked by some illegitimate means, and that the club are addicted to such practice. As a matter of fact, Mr. Haig Thomas, while fishing for trout, saw a salmon rise and, changing to a small salmon fly, hooked the fish, which at once dashed through the Bossington Mill hatches and broke away. Such excitements with salmon do occur from time to time, but only one has ever been successfully landed.

Owing to the high water resulting from the heavy rainfall of last month, salmon are reaching our waters much earlier than usual this year, and on May 29th one of our members hooked and lost a salmon on a floating Mayfly, and rose another later, wasting the best part of a good trout rise in his keenness to secure the salmon.

It is true that in 1914 we were in opposition to the proposal to allow salmon *unrestricted* access to the unique trout waters of the Middle and Upper Test, but we should like to be given the opportunity of repudiating the suggestion that we regard as vermin the salmon that do manage to reach our waters.

Yours truly,
33, Dover Street, W. 1. R. P. PAGE.

[We can assure our correspondent that we are quite incapable of harbouring any such *arrière-pensée*! The remark was merely a complimentary reference to the club's attitude in 1914, which averted the danger of the trout fishing in the Test being exchanged for the opportunities of a second-rate salmon river; an attitude which we hope to see firmly maintained.—ED.]



4¼LB. BROWN TROUT WITH EXTRA DORSAL FIN
(See Letter "A Curious Fin")

A CURIOUS FIN

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a brown trout caught in January at the Penstock Lagoon, Tasmania.

The fish weighed about 4¼lb. when caught, and was in good condition. The abnormality consists in an extra dorsal fin, which had five distinct spines. So far as I can learn, this abnormality has not been previously noticed in Tasmania.

Yours truly,
A. V. GIBLIN.

Hobart,
Tasmania.

[We submitted the photograph to Mr. J. R. Norman, of the Natural History Museum, who writes:

"The Tasmanian trout presents an interesting abnormality, and one which is new to me. Of course, fishes with supernumerary dorsal and/or pectoral fins occur from time to time, and I have seen examples of extra dorsal fins in several species.

"Little seems to be known as to the causation of these supernumerary fins, but there is little doubt that they originate during very early embryonic life, possibly by some damage to the egg."
—ED.]

THE "POKING AIM"

SIR,—I am with your correspondent "Ch: Ch:" in his interpretation of the term "poking" in the shooter's vocabulary. When a "gun" gets a bit "rattled," after ruining a shot which should have scored, he (or she) is apt to begin "poking"—*i.e.*, following the progression of feather or fur, with the gun; and then it is all up with the chance of scoring his (or her) normal average of kills.

"Ch: Ch:" evidently finds "snapshooting" (which certainly is not "poking") effective, but he would soon discover that where a *cross wind* of variable force obtains he would be in difficulties.

In such case it is necessary to *swing* (not to "poke" or "snap") the gun from the tail of the quarry to a point in front thereof (the distance of which must be commensurate with the force of the wind) before "loosing off," whether it blows from left to right or *vice versâ*. Some noted "shots" are far more efficient where one swing is concerned than in the case of the other.

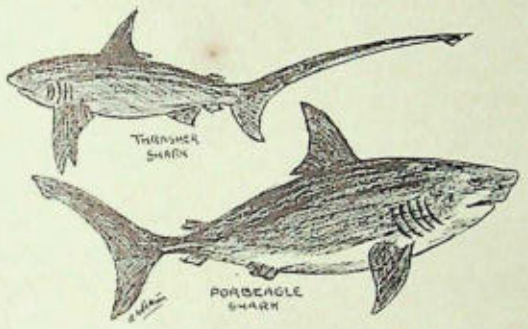
Personally speaking, all my best endeavours—either "at the traps" or "in the field"—consummated when the wind necessitated my swinging from *left to right*, when a strong cross wind was blowing from the left.

Yours truly,
HARDING COX (Major).

The Garrick Club,
London, W.C. 2.

SHARKS OFF THE NORFOLK COAST

SIR,—Recently (May 17th) I visited Barron's Show, on the front at Yarmouth, where, in an annexe, I saw three dead marine animals, viz.: a porbeagle shark, a thrasher, and a rotund little porpoise, all captured unwittingly in the mackerel nets. Doubtless big sea fish harass the edges of the shoals, and get mixed up in the crowd. On Whit-Monday many among the thousands of trippers drifted from the crowds to visit the unexpected. This 8ft. shark was a lot of trouble to get aboard, and more so as the fishermen cut away



(See Letter "Sharks off the Norfolk Coast")

the entanglements of the meshes, and a livelier time in getting it inboard, several fellows having to handle its 5cwt. without damage on either side.

Two days after, a handsome small thrasher shark was brought in by the crew of a motor-boat. It measured 32in. from snout to base of tail, that sabre-like propeller measuring another 32in. Later, a small porpoise joined the exhibits. All three are comparatively harmless.

A porbeagle rarely turns up during the herring fishing longer than 7ft., but I have a record of a 9-footer taken 9ft. in length. My largest thrasher recorded locally was 14ft. 5in., taken in July, 1867.

Yours truly,
A. H. PATTERSON.

Yarmouth.

AN OTTER'S SEAL

SIR,—Can anyone enlighten me on the etymology of the term "seal" to mean an otter's track. When did it first come into vogue, and how much is it used at the present day?

The Masters of Game and Turberville both give "markes" and "marches"; all modern writers and those of the last century that I am acquainted with, use the word "seal," yet by the waterside I have consistently heard the term "padding" used—a term I prefer to use only for fox tracks. To leave the mediæval writers out of the question, "seal" appears to have the sanction of tradition behind it—why use "padding"?

Yours truly,
OTTER.

["Seal" merely means the impression or mark of a foot on mud. The term is used by Blome in his *Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686.—ED.]

A MIXED BROOD

SIR,—A pair of blackbirds and a pair of thrushes were seen building in a pyracantha which grows on a wall in the forecourt of this house. My electrician noticed the birds and went to look for the nests, but found only one, which was lined with mud.

Later he found in the nest four blackbird's and three thrush's eggs. He saw a blackbird sitting on the eggs and a thrush near it in the pyracantha. Later, he found one thrush's egg smashed on the ground, and just before hatching he saw a non-fertile blackbird's egg which had been thrown out. A few days after the blackbird began to sit the thrushes abandoned the nest.

The final hatch consisted of three blackbirds and two thrushes, and the blackbirds fed all five. The young birds were practically fully fledged before I was told, and it proved impossible to get a photograph of the whole brood. They left the nest on the day on which they were photographed and have not been seen since.

Yours truly,
GEOFFREY FRY.

Oare House,
Marlborough.



BLACKBIRD AND THRUSH HATCHED IN THE SAME NEST
(See Letter "A Mixed Brood")

A SWAN RECORD

SIR, I am sending you the nesting record of a pair of mute swans which have been in sole occupation of a little loch close to our house since 1923. The same pair have hatched out the following broods of cygnets during the past ten years:

1923	..	5 cygnets.	1928	..	3 cygnets.
1924	..	6 ,,	1929	..	5 ,,
1925	..	4 ,,	1930	..	5 ,,
1926	..	7 ,,	1931	..	Nil
1927	..	3 ,,	1932	..	6 ,,

Making a total of 44 cygnets.

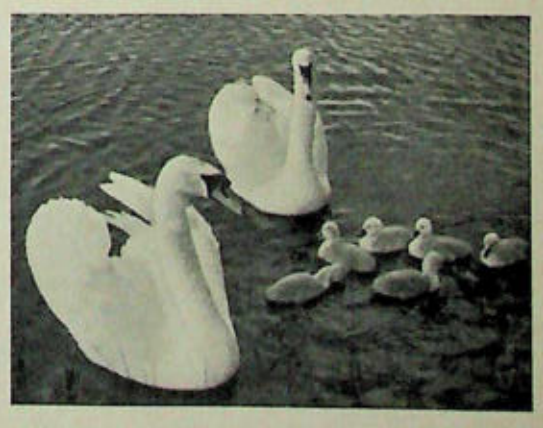
Of these 44 there are only two, as far as we know, which have died before reaching maturity. This surely is a wonderful record.

You will see that in 1931 there was no brood. This is accounted for by the fact that the swans foolishly built their nest on the side of the loch, instead of on a little island, and they were attacked, when sitting, by boys, and their eggs were destroyed. The boys, I am glad to say, received their deserts at the hands of the local authorities.

This year they again made their nest on the side of the loch and the first two eggs which they laid were stolen. On our finding this out, steps were at once taken to put a pile of rushes on the island, and, while the men who placed the rushes there were still standing by, the swans came and made a new nest and within 24 hours an egg had been laid. On May 28th they hatched out six cygnets, a photograph of which I enclose.

Yours faithfully,
C. J. HIRST (Col.).

Houstonfield,
Houston, Renfrewshire.



THIS YEAR'S BROOD
(See Letter "A Swan Record")

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(Room No. 113)

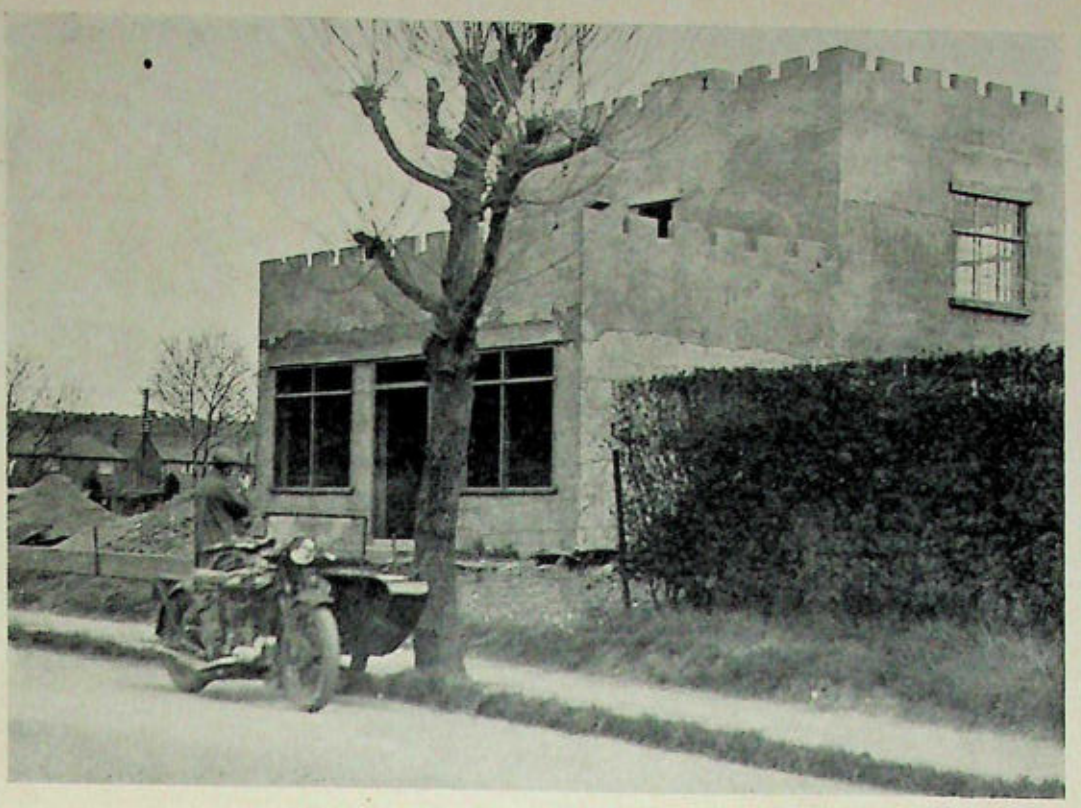
Enquiries at any of the above hotels will receive immediate attention.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL HOUSE DESIGN

SIR,—I am wondering what reactions there will be among fellow readers to the building shown in the accompanying picture. It is being erected in Longfield, Kent.

It is interesting because the design is, at least, unconventional. But opinions differ so widely as to what designs do harmoniously conform with rural surroundings that it will be of immense interest to have your readers' views.

Yours faithfully,
Kent. A. E. E.



MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN RURAL SURROUNDINGS
(See Letter "An Unconventional House Design")

TIT STORING FOOD

SIR,—I have in my garden a bird table on which I keep fat, monkey-nuts, etc. The other day, while I was watching a cole-tit flying about in my garden, it suddenly flew up against the wall and then came to a branch and began pecking at something white that it had. After a little while it again flew to the wall and then flew away. On closer examination I found a small piece of fat about ¼in. square put away in a little hole in the mortar. Is it a common habit of tits thus to store away titbits, or is this the habit of one particular bird? The store-hole is only 10ft. from the table with a continuous supply of fat upon it.

Yours truly,
11, Percival Road, Clifton, Bristol. A. CROOME LEACH.

EGYPTIAN DANCERS

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see a photograph of one of the famous "Tummy dancers" of Egypt. She is seen on the right, and in dancing



A "TUMMY DANCER" AND HER ACCOMPANIST
(See Letter "Egyptian Dancers")

stands quite still, merely moving the upper part of her body. The woman on the left is singing, and at the same time beating time on the bottom of a native water jar which has had a piece of parchment placed over it.

This is quite an unusual picture as these girls can only be seen at the native dancing halls at night time.

Yours truly,
Cairo, Egypt. M. C. S.

BE FAIR TO THE MOTORIST

SIR,—I read with great pleasure the article by Sir Malcolm Campbell on Lord Buckmaster's Bill. May I, as a life-long reader of your paper, draw the attention of your readers to a few points with which Sir Malcolm has not touched upon. Before going into these points I should like to give my credentials. I have been owning and driving cars for ordinary use—town, travelling to shoots, meets, etc.—ranging from 6 to 135 h.p., for a little longer than Sir Malcolm, and though it would, of course, be a gross impertinence to even suggest that I was anywhere near him as a driver, I can say that I have a good deal of road experience (and luck); I have never touched man, woman, child or dog.

I do not know, and I suppose nobody else can estimate the number of miles covered by motor vehicles in England, Scotland and Wales, per diem, but I am inclined to think that things would be seen in better proportion if even a rough estimate of accidents per 1,000 miles could be aimed at. Then the people who use the road are so diverse in their actions. There are, of course, an enormous number of motorists who are good and careful drivers, and a few who ought to have their licences suspended for life. There are a considerable number of pedestrians who are good and courteous users of the road. Some others retain the first instinct of the lower animals, viz., self-preservation, and there are many others who do not attain to this degree of intelligence. The motorist has to deal with all of them and anticipate any folly they may commit.

Personally I never come back from even a ten-mile drive without a warm feeling of satisfaction that my skill, foresight and judgment have saved a certain number of fools from the result of their own almost sub-human stupidity. This last sentence may seem to smack of vanity, but I am sure that every motorist knows that it is true, and what is more, the casual way that people cross the road in front of cars proves that even they know and trust to the tremendous control which a driver has over his car.

Yours faithfully,
Exmouth Club, Devon. LEWIS ASPINALL (Capt.).

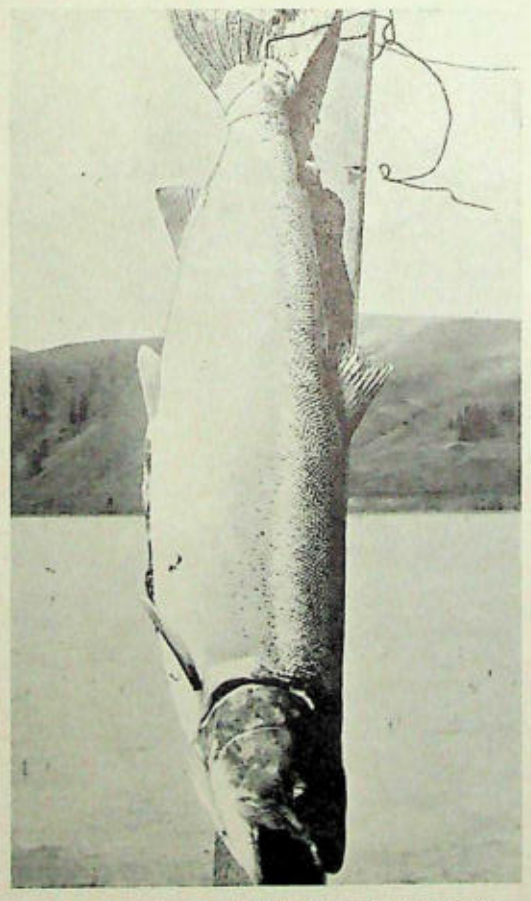
THE RECORD STEELHEAD TROUT

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph of the largest steelhead trout officially recorded, caught by myself with rod and reel.

The weight and measurements of this fish are charted by the American Museum of Natural History in their official list. The weight was 28lb., length 38in., girth 27in. Caught in Okanagan Lake, B.C., date February, 1904, lure 2½in., copper spool.

I know, however, that heavier steelhead than this have been creeled, both before and since my own fish, but these have probably been taken on trolling hand lines, which the Museum does not recognise in their records, although there is no stipulation as regards what bait is used.

Yours truly,
Ewing's Landing, B.C. R. LECKIE-EWING.



28LB. STEELHEAD TROUT CAUGHT WITH ROD AND REEL
(See Letter "The Record Steelhead Trout")

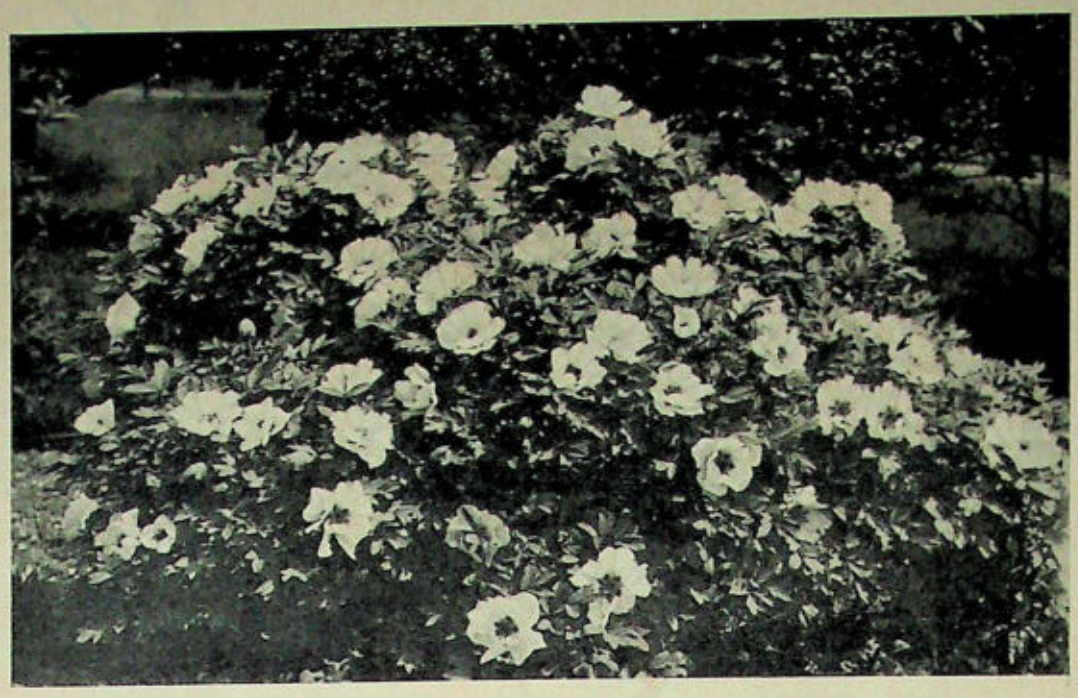
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A HERTFORDSHIRE TREE PEONY IN FULL BLOOM
(See Letter "Tree Peonies")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Tree Peonies.—In your issue of May 28th you published under "The Country House" article a photograph of a tree peony. I enclose a snapshot of the tree peony in my garden which may interest your correspondent.—R. T. CAMPBELL, Shirley House School, Watford, Herts.

Nest in a Nest.—We have a chaffinch sitting near this house, having built her nest inside a blackbird's nest, which was blown over by a storm and deserted by its rightful owner.—Mrs. M. HARDY, Feltwell, Norfolk.

Tom Moody's Birthplace.—May I correct "L. J. S., Melton Mowbray," in your issue June 4th? Tom Moody was born at Broseley in Shropshire, a place noted for its clay tobacco pipes and roofing tiles.—E. J. E., Broseley.

Freak Eggs.—On May 29th I was shown a chaffinch's egg pointed like a guillemot's, and with the greater amount of blotches at the pointed end. Again, on June 5th, I was shown a hedge-sparow's egg 1.1in. long. At one end .5in. wide and the other .375in. It was not a double-yolked egg.—P. L. K. THOMPSON, Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset.

Kestrel in the City.—Some little time ago I was standing at the Capel Court entrance to the Stock Exchange, and watched a kestrel hovering and finally stoop at a pigeon over the Bank of England. No harm was done to the bird, however, beyond the dislodgement of a few feathers. A friend who was standing by me confirmed what may, I think, be described as a most unusual occurrence.—A. L. A., London, S.W.

Colour Changes Through Fright.—I have read your correspondence on this subject, and perhaps it may be of interest if I relate an incident which occurred some 20 years ago. A young Scotswoman and a London man, both of notable families, were engaged to be married. The bride-groom and the best bridesmaid travelled North together and, breaking their journey at York, were married before a registrar. They notified the prospective bride by wire, and when she woke up the next morning she had a broad band of white hair across her head, which still remains and is very fascinating. I am sure this was due to shock.—COMPTON, Yorks.

Cure for "Sweet-Itch."—I shall be obliged if you, or any of your readers, can give particulars of a cure—or failing that, a palliative—for "sweet itch" in horses, causing them to lose the hair in their tails and (or) manes. What is the cause of it? Is it infectious or contagious?—GEE, Sherborne.

[Sweet-itch may be defined as a seasonable eczema, but the exact cause is unknown. It recurs annually in spite of treatment, but the irritation may be alleviated to some extent by dressing the affected parts with a solution of washing soda in water, ½oz. to the gallon, and the addition to the food twice daily of 60 grains nitrate of potash, 60 grains sulphur, 240 grains cream of tartar.—ED.]

Grouse Killed by Wire.—Grouse often kill themselves against telegraph and telephone wires, and that in spite of the fact that the keeper attaches heather to them. It may seem wonderful that they should be so silly as to knock against an obstruction to their flight visible at a distance of a mile, but to those who have seen a much strung-out pack pass over a moorland fence, leaving some of their number behind, the mystery is one no longer. The leading birds see the fence in good time, and lifting over it, drop to their former flight-level. This proves fatal to the rear-guard, which, owing to its position, cannot see what is happening in front, and see the obstruction only when it is too late to rise over it.—DUGALD MACINTYRE, Invergordon.

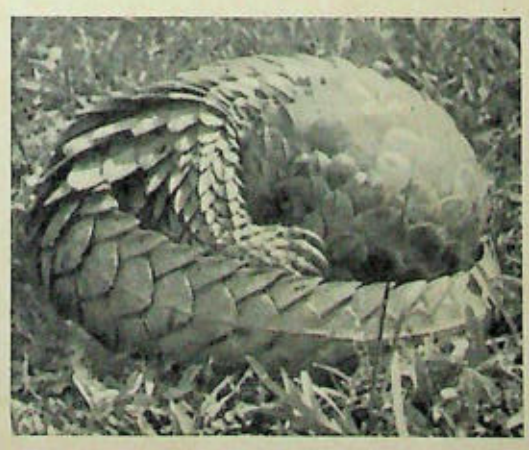
Owl Fledgelings Fond of Milk.—I enclose photograph of one of my daughters with two young brown owls. These we picked up in a wood on



BROWN OWL ORPHANS
(See Letter "Owl Fledgelings Fond of Milk")

May 13th, and have fed mainly on raw liver; they are also fond of milk!—E. B. CROCKFORD, Hill Village Road, Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

Habits of Pangolins.—Having read Mr. W. G. Adam's article on the Ceylon pangolin with interest, I venture to send the enclosed photograph of a West African pangolin or scaly anteater curled up in his attitude of defence, with his head tucked away out of danger. Although I waited patiently he refused to uncurl, so I had to take his portrait as he was. None of my "boys" had ever seen a scaly anteater before.—I. N., Bucks.



WEST AFRICAN SCALY ANTEATER IN ATTITUDE OF DEFENCE
(See Letter "Habits of Pangolins")

IN THE CITY

HOME RAILWAYS

ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION the view has been expressed in these notes that, whatever may be the fate of the holders of Home Railway ordinary stocks, the interest on the various debenture stocks will continue to be regularly paid on the due dates during the lifetime of even the youngest of us.

In more normal times these debenture stocks used to be quoted in the market on a yield basis of about ¼ of 1 per cent. higher than British Government securities, as is illustrated by the following figures:

	Jan. 1st, 1928 Offered Price	Yield per cent	Jan. 1st, 1929 Offered Price	Yield per cent
	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
Consolidated 4 per cent. Loan	85¾	4 13 0	87⅞	4 11 3
L.M. & S. Railway 4 per cent. Debenture Stock	81½	4 18 3	83	4 17 6
Differences	4¼	0 5 3	4⅜	0 6 3

At the present time Consolidated 4 per cent. Loan is quoted more than 21 points higher than L.M. & S. Railway 4 per cent. Debenture Stock, and the difference in yield is well over 1 per cent. It may be doubted whether this abnormally large disparity in price and yield will prove to have been justified, and when the prevailing distrust of every form of investment other than a British Government security disappears, it may even be found that those who invested their capital during the summer of 1932 in Home Railway debenture stocks, on a yield basis of more than 5 per cent., acted m[ore] prudently than those who purchased the und[er] British Government securities on a yield ba[sis] less than 4 per cent.

Every financial adviser, be he broker or journa[list] is unwise to nail his opinions to the mast more th[an] is absolutely necessary, but indulging in folly, the writer sets it down as his definite and carefully considered opinion that British Government stocks are much too highly priced at the present time in comparison with Home Railway debenture stocks.

As regards the former class of security it is more than probable that still higher levels will be reached in the near future, and it is not expected that the view expressed above will be vindicated by a change in market values during the next few months.

AN IMPOSSIBLE ACTION

The laws of this country confer the right of foreclosure to holders of any debenture stock should the borrower fail to pay the necessary amount of interest on its due date; that is to say, that should the railways ever fail punctually to pay interest on their debenture stocks, holders would have the right to seize and sell their free-hold property, engines, investments and all the companies' other belongings. Surely the time has not yet arrived when it is reasonable to imagine that any of the four large group railways could be allowed to go out of business altogether, leaving the section of England that they serve without any mode of transport other than that provided by local motor or aeroplane undertakings?

It would seem more reasonable to suppose, should the unbelievable come to pass and the railways be left without the wherewithal or earning power to pay the interest on their debenture stocks, that the Government would intervene with some scheme of nationalisation of the four main groups of railways, when the latter's debenture stocks would assume the status of a debt of a public board comparable, say, to the various stocks of the Port of London Authority.

In any case, even the most ardent believer in the rapid metamorphosis of means of transport would probably admit that it is quite unthinkable that the railways will cease to exist during the next fifteen years, and might therefore raise no objection to a purchase of the 5 per cent. debenture stock of the London & North-Eastern Railway Company, which is redeemable at par in April, 1947. This stock can at present be bought at about £98½ and the redemption yield is nearly 1¼ per cent. more than that of Conversion 5 per cent. Stock, which is redeemable at par in 1944. The amount required to pay the interest on the four issues of debenture stock of the London & North-Eastern Railway Company is £4,183,512 per annum, whereas the amount available to pay this interest, on the basis of the 1931 earnings, was £9,353,017.

Owing to the national importance of an efficient railway system these Home Railway debenture stocks are a safer form of investment than the current market prices would seem to indicate.

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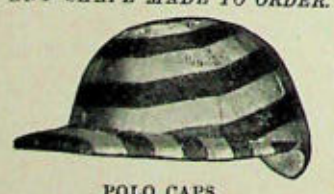
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HARBOUR HINTS FOR CRUISERS—DOVER

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

This is the eighth article of a new series intended for both the sailing and motor yachtsman as a simple, handy guide for entering the principal harbours round the English coast from Lowestoft to Penzance. The aim has been to omit all superfluous details, and indicate how to make direct for the best anchorage. Used in conjunction with, and supplementing the charts which the yachtsman will have on board, it is hoped that this series will relieve him of anxiety when entering harbours for the first time. Previous articles: Lowestoft, Southwold, Deben River, Harwich, Colne, Blackwater and Crouch Rivers, Thames Estuary, and Ramsgate

ALTHOUGH MILLIONS OF POUNDS were spent during the early part of the present century to create a vast naval harbour, and during the War Dover was one of the most important of our bases, to-day it remains a scene of sad isolation; for it is the most inhospitable of harbours in anything but the finest weather. In a southerly gale the outer harbour for all craft up to the size of destroyers is most uncomfortable; even between the Prince of Wales and Admiralty piers there is a persistent roll on the quietest of occasions.

But the worst feature is to be found in the currents. Owing to the strong tidal stream of the English Channel having been interrupted by the projection of the long breakwaters so far from the shore, some awkward complications have to be reckoned with or a vessel will be set on to the very obstruction she has sought to avoid. Some years before the War it was customary for a line of transatlantic steamers to make this a port of call; but the tricky currents caused such accidents and narrow escapes in entering, that the liners gave up calling.

TWO ENTRANCES

There are two entrances—eastern and western—and it should be remembered that under all circumstances the eastern is preferable, especially for small and moderate-sized craft. With the combination of a S.W.-running Channel tide and a S.W. wind, there is always a nasty jobble off the western entrance. If it is blowing fairly freshly these "ripples" (otherwise "race") will be found quite unpleasant; but in a wind of, say, Force 7, there is so confused a sea that a 25-ton yacht might be in danger.

A sailing craft running before a S.W. wind and anxious to seek shelter quickly often has the following experience. Off the western entrance she gybes in the midst of the turbulence and comes on a northerly course, bringing the crested seas menacingly on her port beam. The tide is setting her hard to the eastward, so she proceeds to hug the western pier. But (if it happens to be about two hours before high water) the local harbour current sets her on to this western pier.

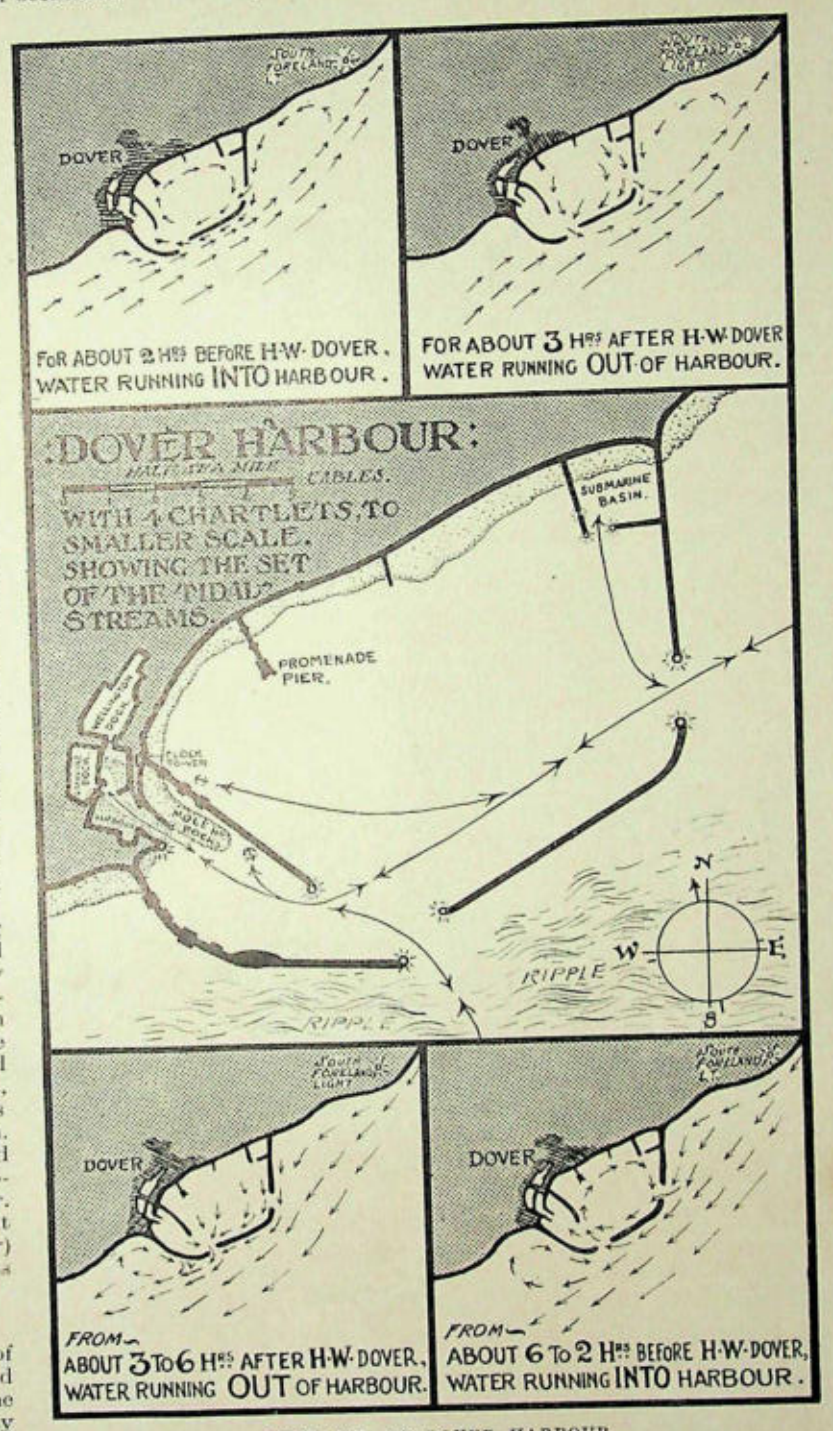
ACT QUICKLY

Amid the consideration of wind, tide, waves, current and narrow entrance, with the further possibility of railway steamers coming in or out at high speed, the yachtsman has to think and act quickly. Keep plenty of way on the ship, whether under sail or under power; since there is ample room for manœuvring within the harbour.

If running up Channel in dirty weather with fair wind and tide, it is still safer and simpler to avoid the western and choose the eastern entrance, although this will mean a slightly longer distance. It may require some personal determination not to be lured in by the western opening; but, except under most favourable conditions, small vessels should generally choose the eastern way. The snuggest anchorage is to be found at the north-east corner, known during War days as the Submarine Basin. It is possible, however, that before long yachtsmen will not be welcome in there.

Should the S.W. winds blow hard for a day or two, the best berth is on the north side of Prince of Wales Pier, but as far in towards the shore as the draught of water will permit, and not too far from the shelter of the pier, which, incidentally, has open viaducts. If stopping only a night, a more convenient anchorage exists on the south side of that pier. Both of these berths are indicated in the accompanying plan.

The advantage of the second anchorage is that if the weather becomes intolerable you are well placed for running into Granville Dock, the gates



ENTRANCE TO DOVER HARBOUR

The four small charts indicate the direction of the current to be expected

of which are usually open from about one hour before high water till half an hour after. Do not anchor in the fairway leading to the dock, and avoid the Mole Rocks to the north-west; but bring up midway between the fairway and Prince of Wales Pier, where a tug is usually lying alongside.

Granville Dock is extremely convenient if one wishes to leave the yacht and run up to Town till the next week-end. Its proximity to the railway station, ship chandlers and shops, will be appreciated. On the other hand, so much dust blows off the road that is is difficult to keep the decks clean. If permitted, the best berth inside this dock is sharp round to port on entering, where you may be able to tie up alongside some local vessel.

Reference to the four chartlets in the accompanying plan will simplify the act of entering, and indicate direction of the current to be expected, bearing in mind that the eastern entrance has not merely a weaker current but one that sets more truly. During the two hours preceding high water the current flows east and the harbour is being filled through both entrances by the Channel stream.

But it will be observed that a vessel coming in at the western entrance, and hugging the western pier to avoid being set on the eastern detached breakwater, would be caught on her starboard bow by the current which has swept through the harbour and is now emerging at this entrance. At this period of the tide the western entrance is undesirable, whilst the current across the eastern mouth sets fairly, and can be allowed for.

For about three hours after high water the harbour is emptying itself at both mouths pretty strongly, but at least it sets fairly in both cases. Thus, with plenty of power in the ship and not too much sea about, a vessel could force her way in by the western entrance. From about three hours to six hours after high water the harbour is still emptying, but the water comes out almost entirely from the western entrance, inasmuch as the tide scours round the beach south-west of the South Foreland and past the eastern entrance in such a manner as (so to speak) to dam the latter.

The current at the western entrance is therefore now very strong but uncomplicated. The fact that in the offing the Channel stream may be still running east while the inshore tide is running west causes rough water to extend for about a mile seaward. A backwash from pier and breakwater with a S.W. wind completes the ugly "race."

From about six hours after, till two hours before high water, although the Channel stream is running to the westward, the harbour is during these four hours filling again, and this is a good time for entering, the current at each entrance setting in fairly. The best time for entering Dover Harbour is half an hour before high water, when the tide is slackest. If bound west, leave Dover during the fifth hour after high water; if bound east, leave during the hour immediately preceding high water.

(Next Week: Newhaven).

"NO-FOUL" BOXING

The Danger of the American "All-in" Rule

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NEL TARLETON, our feather-weight champion, progressed a step further towards the world's title by reason of his draw with Al. Brown, the coloured bantam-weight champion of the world.

The decision seemed to favour Brown and, as it has since transpired that Tarleton boxed in anything but a fit condition, his performance must be looked upon as extremely gratifying. Tarleton drew with one of the greatest boxers the world has produced.

Brown is a freak; abnormal in physical development and uncanny in his speed and in his ability to punch from all angles and from seemingly impossible positions. Yet at Liverpool his speed and punch were matched and he was frequently outboxed. He may be only a bantam-weight, but he would start favourite against any feather-weight and most light-weights. Tarleton's performance was first class. The only disappointment was his failure to snatch the decision. I am compelled to alter my opinion about his prospects of a world title, and my opinion of his boxing ability is reversed, though I still do not consider him to be the equal of Foreman.

He boxed at Liverpool in a manner unequalled by any British feather-weight since Driscoll, and though he has not the perfect style of the "master," he cannot be far removed from him in point of actual skill.

The leading American feather-weight at the moment is Tommy Paul. Negotiations for a match with him are, I understand, on foot, and, if he can be persuaded into the ring, Tarleton's chances must be considered as rosy. In this country he would start a hot favourite, but in the States, boxing under "All-in" rules, his chances of success would be greatly diminished.

The effect of the American "All-in" rules can be judged from the Marcel Thil—Gorilla Jones contest in Paris. Jones was champion of the world. In the States he is considered a clean fighter, but in Paris he fouled consistently throughout the fight. His title of middle-weight boxing champion was a mockery.

The "No-foul" rule obviously encourages foul fighting, for the guards may prevent injury, but the blows are nevertheless weakening, and the boxer is encouraged to hit low deliberately. It is but a step to gouging and biting, and within a measurable distance of the abolition of boxing as a science.



ST. ANNE'S, CLONTARF: A VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT FROM THE DRIVE
St. Anne's and its well-known gardens are shortly to be sold by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff

The Country House

MINIATURE GARDENS

A New Fashion and Its Possibilities

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

GARDENING IN STONE TROUGHS has certainly come to stay, and one foresees many possible and delightful developments. Personally, I find this form of gardening enchanting, not only because doing anything on a dolls' house scale has an attraction of its own, but because I I sure it will lead to a revival of a very attractive n of gardening which is centuries old. Mr. rence Elliott was, I believe, the first to make ese trough gardens, and the idea is so simple, although so clever, that it is difficult to understand why thousands of people did not think of it. But the trough garden is really only a somewhat modified revival of the raised beds of mediæval days, and I am sure the development will be on these lines.

What more attractive than a few of these trough gardens in a sunny courtyard in early spring? We are in apparently for a cycle of long, cold springs, and these raised and easily protected little gardens are a miniature foretaste of spring in the open garden. Also everything planted in them is shown to the best advantage, even the smallest plants. I remember seeing a few years ago an exhibit (I have forgotten by what firm) of a spring garden planted in a bed raised two feet from the ground and faced with brick. It was made in a paved court and surrounded three sides. This is, of course, the same idea as the trough garden, but a fairly expensive undertaking.

Old troughs are by no means easy to get now, for enthusiasts search the countryside for them. Stone troughs are the best, concrete are hideous and useless, and common glazed earthenware sinks, though far from ideal, are a makeshift. I know a working girls' hostel where a miniature garden made in a discarded sink is the pride of the household and gifts are hailed with rapture.

SUPPORTING THE SINK

To turn to the practical side. It is important to see that the drainage is right. The mere fact that there is a hole covered with crocks does not mean that the water will be all drained away unless the sink is at the right tilt. This should be tested before putting in any crocks and turves, for if even a little water remains permanently, the soil will certainly go sour and the garden will be a failure.

There are various means of supporting the sink—old bricks are cheap—and it should not be more than about 2ft. from the ground. Broken crocks must be put over the drainage hole and some all over the bottom. On these a really generous supply of well-broken up turves which are nice and fibrous, and then sifted earth (fairly rich soil with plenty of sand).

A few little rocks add considerably to the attraction. Placing rocks in these little gardens is far from being as easy as it looks. In fact, the simpler the result the greater the skill. Putting them in last is almost certain to be disastrous, for they are always sure to look as though they had been crammed in as an afterthought! Rocks which are on the large side are another mistake. The ideal is rocks in proportion to the size of the garden and placed before the top soil is added, and then they will look natural. Rocks are not necessary, but skilfully placed they add to the effect.

Personally, I do not care for dwarf trees in these trough gardens. For one thing, nearly everyone puts them in; and for another, the interesting ones are rather expensive, and anything that savours of money is out of place in a toy.

A WIDE RANGE OF PLANTS

The range of plants one can grow is fairly large—tiny bulbous subjects, alpines, small annuals, and so forth. For colour in the early spring saxifrages are invaluable; one would, of course, have some of the *S. Burseriana* hybrids, notably the diminutive *S. Minor* with its dense growth and fringed flowers, the free-flowering *S. Haagii*, which produces its gold flowers in March and April. The popular and easy *Elizabethæ* and *Jenkinsæ* *S. Faldonside*, *S. cochlearis minor* (half the size of the type), or the dainty *S. cæsia*—it is impossible to name more than a few. Certainly also one includes scillas, muscari, chionodoxas, and a few of the smallest crocus species, the hoop petticoat, narcissus and *N. cyclamineus* and *N. minimus*, the most diminutive of trumpet daffodils on stems only 2in. high. Then the minute daisies; *Bellium minutum* and *bellis* Dresden China (except that the latter is becoming a little too popular). Of the violas, *V. gracilis* and the hybrid *V. sulphurea*, both so free and continuous flowering. The deliciously scented flowers of that North American treasure *V. blanda* should not be lacking. Nor the beautifully coloured *V. tricolor*, Arkwright's Ruby, with its rich wallflower-red bloom.

SMALL ANNUALS

Primulas are rather on the large side. Of the Juliæ hybrids Jewel and Pam are the neatest in growth. *P. acaulis rubra*, the Eastern form of the common primrose, produces its pink flowers in abundance. Of phloxes, *P. Douglasii* is suitable. Of the silenes, *S. alpestris* is easy, but it needs part shade.

Of the dianthus species the old Cheddar pink or the Continental form *D. arvernensis*, which in June will be a mass of sweet scented pink flowers.

Annuals discreetly chosen and sown rather thickly—Virginia stocks, nigellas, papavers, etc., make effective patches. Fairy roses somehow always look out of place, though I do not know why they should. If a shrub or so is wanted I should have something unusual, such as the golden-leaved alpine ribes, which grows only 12in., or the pretty little *salix pygmeus*.



THE YEW GARDEN, ST. ANNE'S, CLONTARF

THE ESTATE MARKET

St. Anne's, Clontarf

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The gardens, to which much care was devoted by Lady Ardilaun, include waterfalls, rock gardens, and a "glen" with a stream running through it, and the yew gardens are among the finest in the British Isles. Altogether the estate amounts to about 481 acres, and in addition to St. Anne's itself, there are seven houses, four lodges and six other cottages.

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PROVERBS . concerning . DOGS . . No. 2

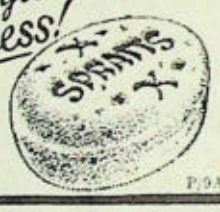


Never was a dog drowned that could see the shore

Just one of those proverbs, and they are legion, which illustrate the pluck, the tenacity, the "will-to-live" of the dog. No doubt about it, every dog loves life, your own cared for, cherished pal as much as any. And it is on you that he depends, to help him achieve his full span of years. For his sake—for your own for that matter—feed him wisely. Not on "scraps." They only hasten physical decay. Give him Spratt's Meat Fibrine foods. They will make him, and keep him, the healthy, happy dog he should be.

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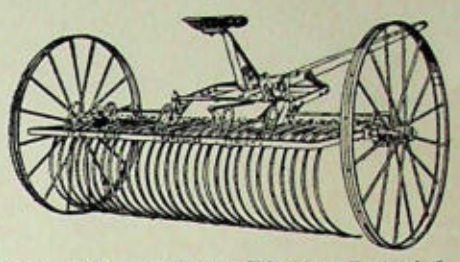
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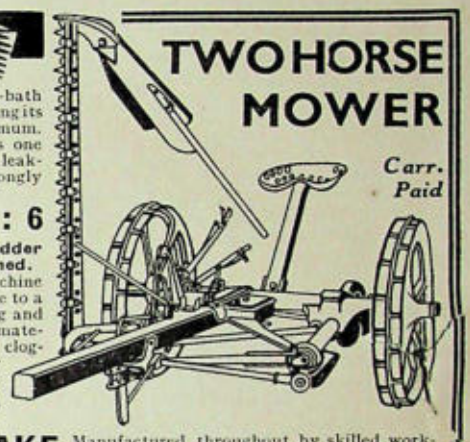
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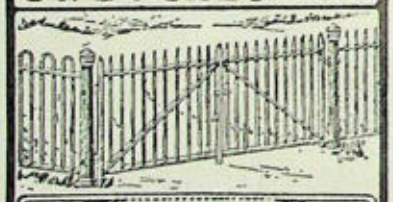
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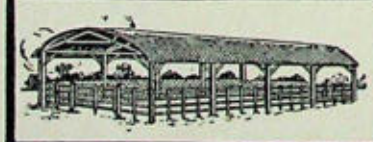
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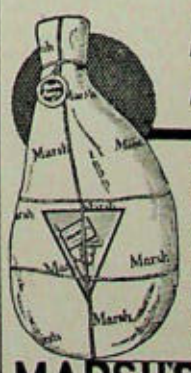
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HE HISTORY OF BROOKS'S CLUB—III.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Diplomat—A Lord Chancellor Arrested and Bound Over to Keep the Peace

By LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FOLEY

THAT HIGH GAMBLING was still in vogue at Brooks's up to the end of the eighteenth century is shown by the following. In 1797 the committee of White's ruled that no member of the club should keep a faro bank. This was done to avoid the state of things which had recently prevailed at Brooks's.

There, Lord Robert Spencer and General Fitzpatrick, both reduced to their last shilling, had opened a faro bank. Lord Robert retired with £100,000 as his share of the winnings, and never played again. History does not relate what the General did, but let us hope he did likewise.

One of the most extraordinary incidents connected with a member of Brooks's Club occurred to Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, a third son of Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich. He was in the Diplomatic Service, and had been elected a member of Brooks's in 1808, at the age of twenty-four.

Napoleon, who was at that time in the Peninsula, was anxious to divert attention from the Spanish Insurrection by a war with Germany. England, who was about to send an army to Spain, was equally anxious that Austria should join up with Germany in the war which was imminent, and Bathurst was sent to Vienna in 1809 by his kinsman, Lord Bathurst, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to see if he could induce her to do so.

In this he was successful, and on April 8th the war began. In July the Battle of Wagram was fought, and in October, peace between France and Austria was concluded. Bathurst appears to have been under a strong impression that Napoleon had a grudge against him for having induced Austria to declare war, and took the precaution to travel home to London by Berlin and north Germany.

Not only that, but he assumed the name of Koch, and made his secretary adopt that of Fisher. On November 25th, 1809, he arrived at Perleberg, between Berlin and Hamburg, about midday, stopped for lunch at the posthouse and ordered fresh horses for his journey to Lenzen. He then went to the White Swan and ordered an early dinner, intending to continue his journey after it.

FEAR OF NAPOLEON'S SPIES

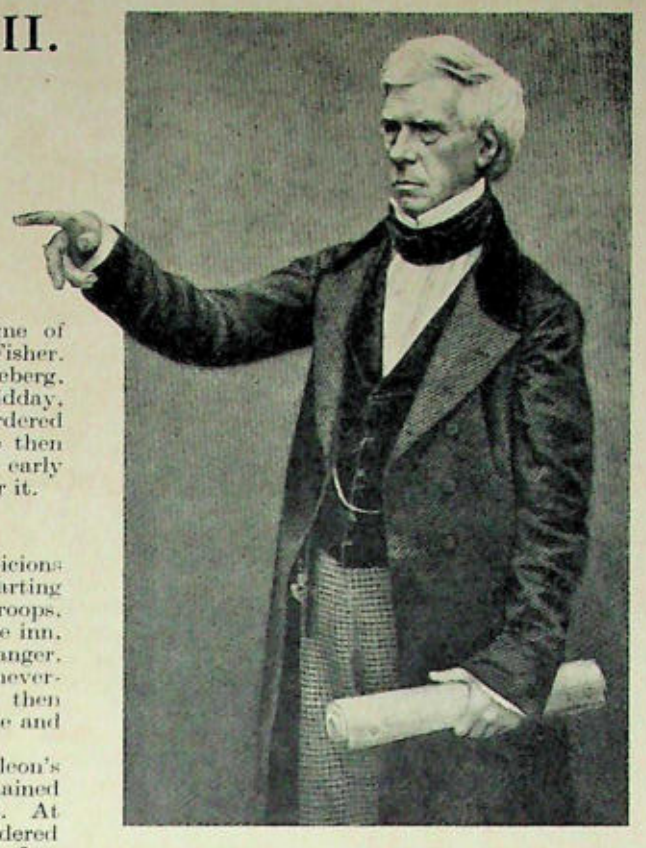
His subsequent actions show that his suspicions must have been well founded. Instead of starting off after dinner, he called upon the O.C. Troops, a Capt. Klitzing, and asked for a guard at the inn, saying he felt convinced that his life was in danger. Capt. Klitzing laughed at his fears, but nevertheless gave him a couple of soldiers. He then retired to the inn, countermanded the carriage and said he would not start till nightfall.

He did this, because he thought that Napoleon's spies would not be so alert after dark. He remained in his room writing and burning papers. At seven o'clock he dismissed his guard and ordered the carriage to be ready at nine. Just before starting, he stood in the porch of the inn watching his luggage being put on the carriage, and then strolled round the head of the horses. And that was the last that was ever seen of him.

Some little time elapsed before it was realised that the case was serious, but finally the secretary reported it to Capt. Klitzing, who at once used every endeavour to ascertain his fate. The next morning the river was dragged, outhouses, woods, marshes, ditches were examined, but not a trace could be found.

It was not until nearly three weeks later—December 16th—that two poor women, gathering

"HE REMAINED IN HIS ROOM WRITING AND BURNING PAPERS"



LORD BROUGHAM

sticks in a wood, found a pair of trousers which were unquestionably Bathurst's. In the pocket was a paper with writing on it. Two bullet holes were in the trousers, but no traces of blood about them, which could hardly have been the case had the bullets struck a man wearing them.

The paper was a half-finished letter to Mrs. Bathurst, scratched in pencil, stating that he was afraid he would never reach England, and that his ruin would be the work of Count d'Entraigues. The latter, a political intriguer, had done a good deal of work in 1797 at Venice, and carried out all the plots of Louis XVIII. and the Coalition. He was afterwards in the service of Russia, and Councillor of the Russian Legation at Dresden, where he betrayed the Emperor Alexander by handing to the English Cabinet the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit.

Later on he escaped to England where he thenceforth resided, continuing to maintain correspondence in the interests of Louis XVIII. He was assassinated with his wife, near London, on July 22nd, 1812.

One cannot fail to be interested and thrilled by this ghastly adventure, which reads more like a shilling shocker story than a true incident. It is evident that Bathurst must have had something more than a strong premonition of the plot against his life; and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine any further possible precautions than those which he actually took to safeguard himself. We must assume that he had definite information.

THE RAIKES-BROUGHAM DISPUTE

In the *Creevey Papers*, Vol. II., page 105, an amusing account is given of the row between Mr. "Dandy" Raikes and Mr. Henry Brougham. Raikes was 50 years old at the time, and Brougham 59. Both had been elected in 1816. Raikes was one of the dandies of White's, and a friend of Beau Brummell, and also, curious to relate, a Governor of the Bank of England.

Brougham was an Advocate and a politician, being M.P. for various constituencies from 1810–30, and Lord Chancellor in 1830. He was also one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. Raikes, at the time, had been a member of Brooks's for eleven years, without ever having set foot in it. That he and Brougham were not bosom friends is clearly proved.

On March 4th, 1827, Raikes watched Brougham go into Brooks's, followed him in, and going up to the table where he was eating his luncheon, grossly insulted him. Brougham applied to Gen. Ferguson to carry a challenge to Raikes, but the latter bluntly refused, saying he had had quite enough of that sort of thing. Brougham eventually got Gen. Sir Robert Wilson to deliver the challenge.

In the meantime, Spring Rice, who had heard the insulting words, being terrified that the development of the affair would lead to the loss of Brougham's vote that night on the Catholic question, had rushed off to Bow Street. The consequence was that Brougham was taken into custody and bound over to keep the peace. This probably enabled Brougham, who died in 1868, to live to the good old age of 100 years.

(To be continued)

GIG, PHAETON, AND VICTORIA

Will Driving Ever Come Into Its Own Again ?

WAS DRIVING FOR PLEASURE nearly dead in the closing days of the last century ? Did the gaily coloured gig, the phaeton of black and gold, the pair with Victoria of immaculate panels, with their beau brummells of the world of coachmen and footmen, go down in a golden sunset at the close of the last century ?

Perhaps not quite, but is horse-driving for pleasure now quite dead in this not so very young century, and, whether it is or is not, can it be revived ? How many, if asked, would answer, and with conviction, " Not with these roads ! " Yes, these roads, but what about these roads ? Just let us consider them in comparison with the roads of last century.

They are certainly slippery, but yearly are becoming less so, and various forms of shoeing serve to help horses with their foothold. There are still an enormous number of horses in the London streets, and when did you see the last one down ?

This is of interest because it is a fact. The Tally-ho Stage Coach ran throughout the 1930 summer season daily from the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, to the Burford Bridge Hotel, Boxhill, a distance for the double journey of 60 miles, or 360 miles per week. There were six teams of horses used daily. Not one of these horses fell.

NO TRAFFIC HAS A MONOPOLY

At least 40,000 hacks a year take the asphalted roads to the Downs at Eastbourne, and the number of horses which slip up is negligible.

Traffic nowadays is fast moving, but an almost incredible mileage of roads has been widened, and there is plenty of room for fast and slow moving vehicles, and no particular type of traffic has a monopoly.

When horses do fall on these modern roads, their knees are not cut to ribbons as they were in the days of macadam roads. How well one remembers the flints that stood up no more than half an inch to bring a horse to his knees. How easily a cart will run over our roads to-day. No mud drags at the wheels, which never sink into the road, which, wet or dry, are the same.

The younger generation which thinks of transport in terms of motors may ask where is the pleasure ? That generation does not know (and how strange it seems, too) the extraordinary fascination of sitting behind a good trapper, has not seen the even play of the shoulders, the quarters extended to face the hill, and, again, on falling ground, has neither seen nor felt a good horse balancing himself with head tucked in, quarters well under him, and the traces bellying out as he takes the weight of the cart on the breeching. Two straight lines of reins, an arched neck and ears pricked forward, each in turn to be flicked back to catch the driver's slightest word, or the movement of hand on rein. They do not know, this generation, the joy of driving a good horse in a smart gig or dog-cart, yet it is among them we must look for the drivers.

It has been suggested that the art of carriage-building and harness-making is lost, but where a commercial demand exists, the supply will be forthcoming.

A contemplation of the driving horse of the future is interesting and necessary if, happily, he should return to the road and, let me say in parentheses, I consider with the more slippery roads of the present day the four-wheeled cart is preferable to the two-wheeled. With their smooth and easy running surfaces, these modern roads suit the generality of horses better than those of old—a horse close to the ground in front is suitable where he would not have been in the old days—indeed, I would say more suitable. And for this reason, wet or fine, the surface does not vary, but it is hard, and the less a horse hammers, the better for his legs.

If most types of horses are suitable, what a chance for the " misfit " again, and if for him, so for the farmer, harness-maker, coach-builder, farrier, and the many different allied trades. The young man and maid of to-day are emulating their fathers and grandfathers and taking to the saddle. Let them pick up the reins from the tail-board, climb into the seat and learn of the joys of driving.

MARTIN GALE.

International Horse Show

An authoritative account (illustrated) of the International Horse Show at Olympia will appear in our issue of July 2nd.

AT THE ROYAL NORFO SHOW

Col. Charles Seymour's Hard Gallop

IN THE OPEN CLASS FOR brood mares Royal Norfolk show, held at Norwich re The Bint took first prize for Mr. Mitchel Bridge second for Major the Hon. F. Crossle the Irish-bred Telegram third for Mr. Keit the county class The Bint was again first. Mr. Tom Cook, M.P., who shares the Mastership the North Norfolk Harriers with Mrs. Cook, h second prize for Conceit. Mr. Keith's chesnut col by Valparaiso—Telegram headed the foals in the open class, with Miss Fitt's bay filly Lone Beam, by All Alone—Sunbeam, second, and Mr. Mitchel 's Lonely Lady, by the sire last named from The Bint, third. In the county class the placings were similar.

JUDGING THE SADDLE CLASSES

In the saddle classes the same judges, Capt. Wickham-Boynton and Mr. John Drage, placed the prize-winning four-year-olds in the following order : Mr. E. A. Rowell's bay gelding Cosset, by Jilted ; Mr. John Towler's brown gelding Penden, by Puttenden ; and Mr. Bernard West's brown gelding David III., by David Ganach. In the county class Cosset and David III. were respectively first and second, the third prize now going to Bay Wreath, a bay gelding by Baydrop, shown by Mr. E. W. O'F. Wilson. Of the light weights Mayfly, a six-year-old bay gelding by St. David, credited Capt. R. G. Buxton, hon. secretary of the West Norfolk Hunt, with the chief prize, second and third money going respectively to Major W. N. Arnold for Hasty Dick, by Hastatus, and Capt. Eustace Makins for the Irish-bred Dusty Rose. Of the middle weights the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Bloodstone was easily the best of a dozen, Mr. R. Bullard's Irish-bred Mighty Power filling the second berth, and the four-year-old Cosset third.

Of seven heavy weights Beacon, a bay gelding belonging to Mr. W. F. Batt, was placed first ; the Hon. Dorothy Paget's twelve-year-old Bumptious second ; and Mr. Bullard's grey son of St. David, Alfred-the-Great, third. A rather hard-pulling son of Gateboy, on whom Col. Charles Seymour, who was Master of the West Norfolk for 30 years, seemed to enjoy a somewhat lusty ride round the ring at the age of 70, was held in reserve. PALAFOX.

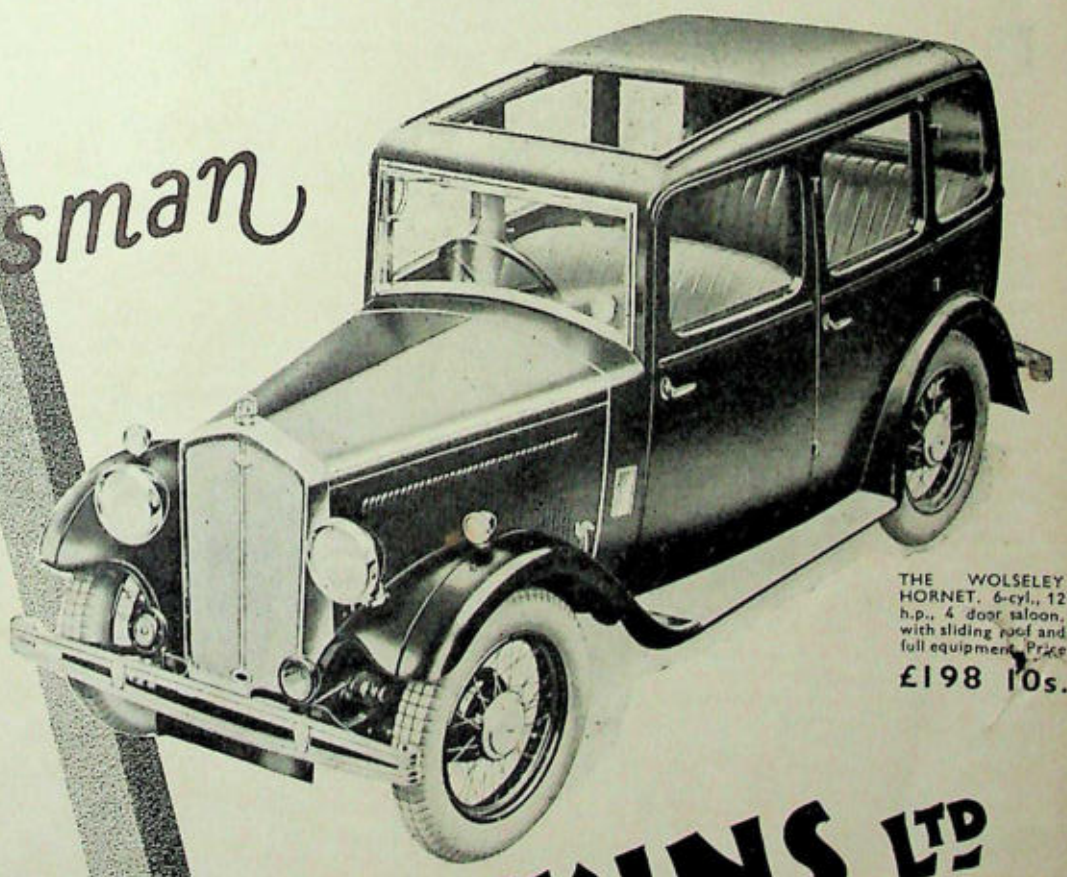
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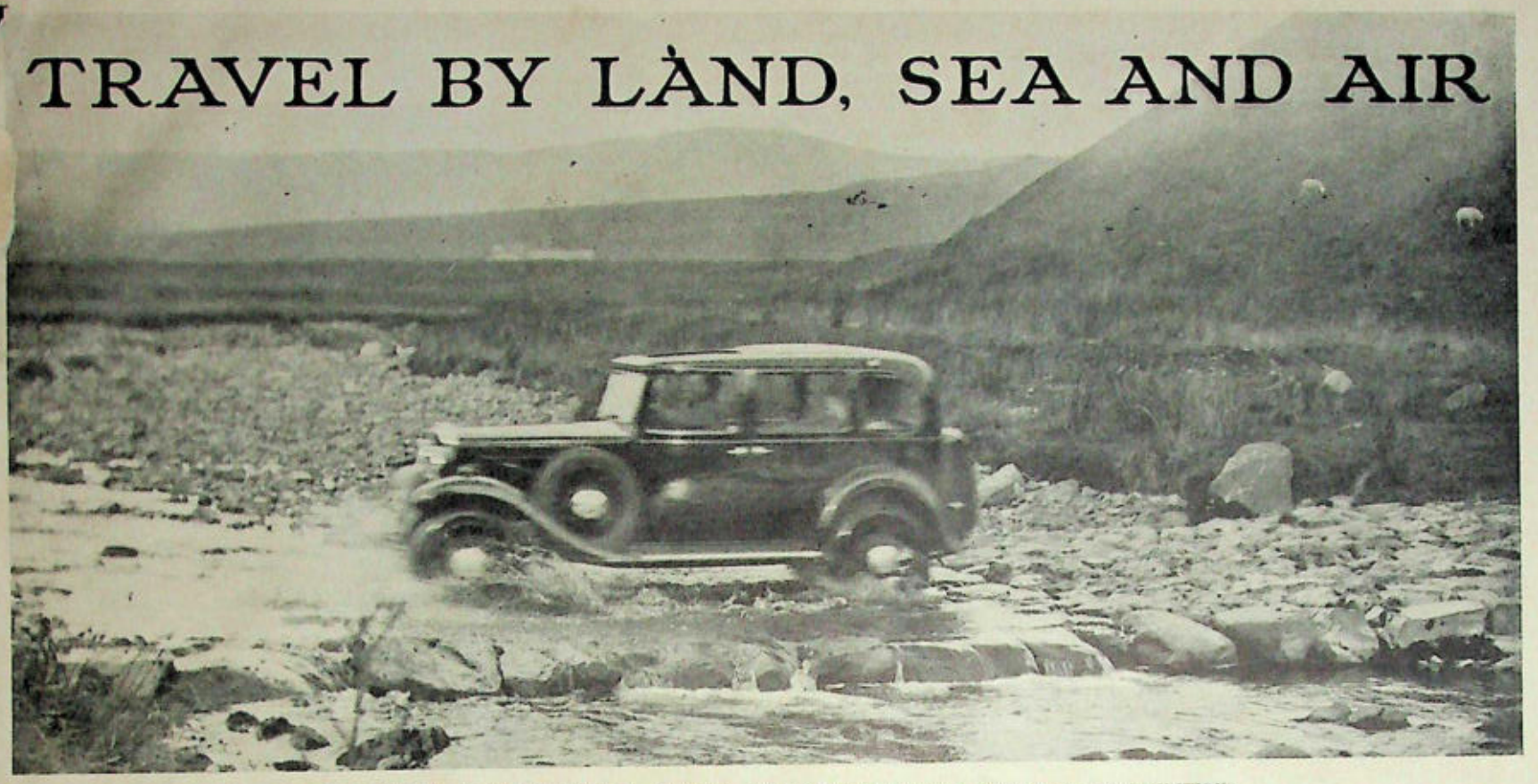


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THE CAR THAT IS WANTED IN THE DOMINIONS

Why America's Export Trade is Successful—Points Which Should Be Studied by Our Manufacturers—Sunshine Roofs and Sleeping Accommodation

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

DURING the past eighteen months, several of our leading manufacturers have made bold ds to capture part of the overseas ade which by rights should be eirs, but if they wish to continue hold this market, as well as expand eir export business, they must study e local conditions thoroughly.

The primary and all-important uestion is, what type of car is most eded by our Dominions? Having oduced the ideal type of vehicle, the next point which automatically arises is how it can be sold at a really ompetitive figure.

New Zealand is 100 per cent. British, and in consequence she will always buy goods made by the Mother Country if it is at all possible for her to do so. Indeed, have heard of instances where the overnment has accepted tenders from ritish firms at a higher price than se sent in by our foreign comitors, merely because they were ious to help the Mother Country. ere have also been many cases where ndividuals have done likewise, purchasing higher-priced British cars for the self-same reason.

SUITABILITY—NOT SENTIMENT

But we cannot continue to expect our cousins to buy our goods for sentimental reasons only; we must produce the most suitable article, offering it at the right price, and so by this means, and this means alone, capture the world's markets.

Ever since the Great War our manufacturers have been greatly hampered by the h.p. tax, and have, in consequence, had to build cars that, although eminently suitable for our home needs, were totally unsuitable when used in other parts of the world.

The American manufacturer, on the other hand, was placed in a very different position. Firstly, owing to the very large population in the States, 90 per cent. of all the cars which the American made were for his home markets; secondly, and most important, owing to the varying climatic and other conditions which exist in the entire length and breadth of the United States, any car which he produced had to be suitable for these conditions.

In other words, any car built for use in America would *ipso facto* be able to give an equally good account of itself if dispatched to any distant part of the globe.

It is therefore owing to these conditions, plus the enormous demand from her home markets, that made America's mass production possible, and which in turn gained for the American manufacturer such a leading position immediately after the War.

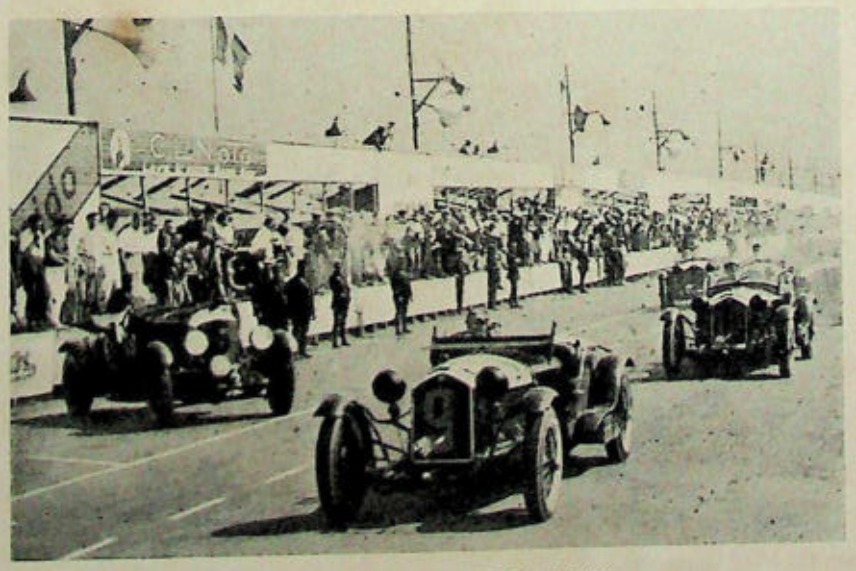
During the years that followed, British manufacturers were trying to sell their cars in the overseas markets, but owing to their cars being unsuitable, as well as their prices being too high, they met with no success.

To-day the position is different, owing to the fact that our manufacturers are at last realising the position and are now building cars that can hold their own against their foreign competitors.

But we must not rest content with what we have recently achieved; we must continue to improve our cars for export so that they will more than hold their own against foreign competition.

One of the reasons which induced me to choose South Africa for my attempt on the world's land speed record in 1929 was that I was told that by doing so I could help the British motor car manufacturer. This appealed to me strongly, and was the cause of my final decision to risk so much in this venture.

Soon, however, I came to the painful conclusion that the reason why the American car was so successful over there was due entirely to the fact that their products, both in performance and price, were suitable, whereas ours were not. If I were asked to give briefly my opinion as to the type of car that was required for the Dominions I should outline the following specification.



LE MANS 24-HOURS' GRAND PRIX
The scene at the start of the race. Only nine of the twenty-six entries finished after a most exciting struggle. The photograph shows Earl Howe's and Sir Henry Birkin's Alfa-Romeo getting away at the fall of the flag

TOP-SPEED PERFORMANCE

A six-cylinder engine having an R.A.C. rating of anything between 20 to 25 h.p., certainly not less than 20 h.p.; and the car to be geared so that it can negotiate all ordinary hills on top gear. In other words, it must have a top-speed performance. This is imperative because in South Africa and Australia, at any rate, the roads are merely apologies for such, and driving consists of alternations between acceleration and jamming on one's brakes when meeting ridges and uneven surface.

Further, both hands are required on the steering wheel, and if the driver has to be continually groping for the change-speed lever the car would sooner or later get out of control, since the surface of the road is so often composed of loose sand or clay which, whether wet or dry, causes frequent skidding.

THE COOLING SYSTEM

Great attention should also be paid to the cooling system, with a large factor of safety either way; and radiator shutters should be supplied so that the car is as suitable for hot or for cold climatic conditions. The brakes should be powerful and capable of long life, and their adjustment should be made accessible and easy to operate.

The minimum ground clearance should be 10in., and even more if possible, whilst both oil and air filters should be fitted to the engine. The car should be fitted with long and flexible springs, and with such a margin of safety that there would be little likelihood of the leaves breaking. The body should be of the all pressed-steel type; and the most popular type

of coachwork would obviously be the four-door saloon.

I often wonder why we seem to be the only country which specialises in fitting the sunshine or sliding roof to the closed car. It occurs to me that this fitting should help to assist the sale of our cars abroad. I would suggest also, that a large percentage of bodies built for export should be fitted with the back of the front seat to hinge down, so that the occupants could sleep full length in the car if they wish to do so.

Ordinary attractive colour-schemes are not necessary because they show up the dust and mud too much, and the interior upholstery should be of leather—cloth being most unsuitable in hot climates, for, amongst other things, it retains the dust.

SALES ORGANISATION

Regarding sales organisation, there is much here that we can learn from America. I have noticed that these large concerns usually make a feature of having a competent engineer in charge of each area, so that any problems that arise can be coped with immediately. Another important point is the fact that American firms insist that agents shall always carry a very comprehensive number of spare parts, and, moreover, they do not give away large areas of country to any one agent, which, for obvious reasons, is wise.

Last week I mentioned the fact that in some parts of the world left-hand steering is essential; this is but one instance of the necessity of studying local conditions and requirements.

I do not think, however, that we can hope to completely capture the world's car markets until we are in a position to produce the right car at a much lower figure than that ruling to-day.

Indeed, I was astonished to learn that a well-known and popular American car that had a rating of nearly 30 h.p., and which was completely equipped in every respect, was sold by the agents in South Africa for £625, only actually costing them ex works in the States, £198!

With this large profit to play with, after paying the cost of shipping and customs *ad valorem* duty, it meant that the agent was in a position to offer a very much larger price for a second-hand car when this was traded in, than his competitor could do when the latter was working on a discount of only 20 per cent. to 25 per cent.

THE GRAND PRIX d'ENDURANCE

British Car Comes in Third

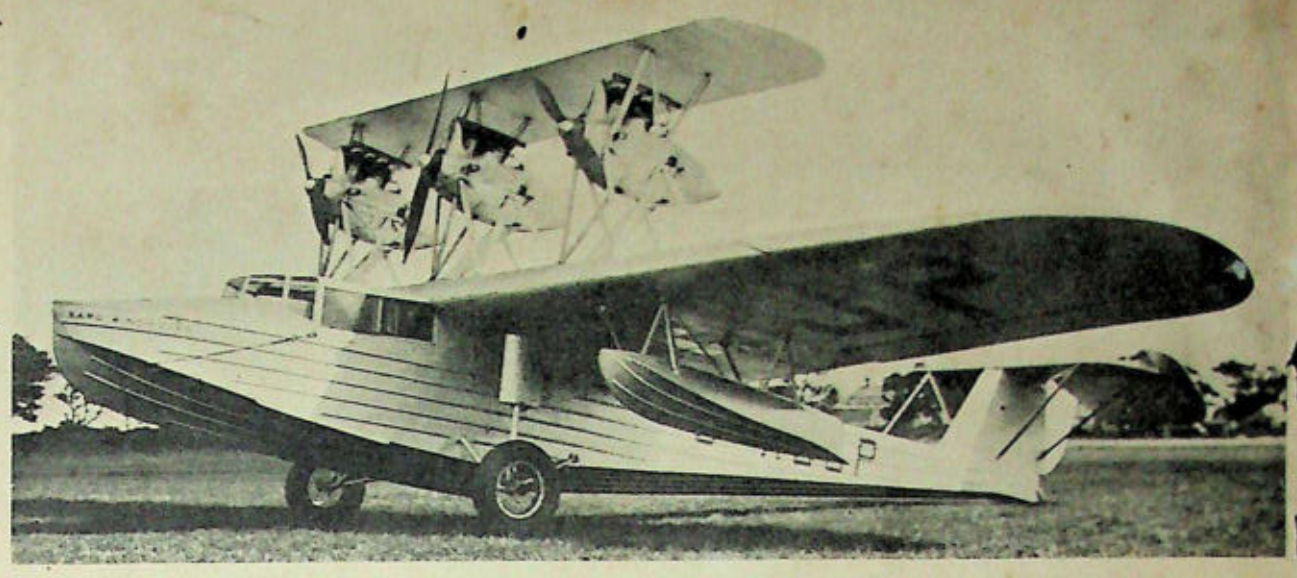
VICTORY for a French-owned Alfa-Romeo car marked the end of the 24-hour race of the tenth Grand Prix d'Endurance which was run at Le Mans last Saturday and Sunday. It was one of the most gruelling and exciting contests on record, and out of the 26 cars which charged away at the start only nine finished—three British, three French, and three Italian.

The results were as follows: 1, Alfa-Romeo (Sommer and Chinetti), average speed 76.38 m.p.h.; 2, Alfa-Romeo (Cortese and Guidotti); 3, Talbot (Lewis and Rose-Richards); and 4, Alfa-Romeo (Mme. Siko and Sabita).

With the fall of the flag, wild driving was soon indulged in, and a bend known as the White House accounted for a number of crashes; indeed, within a few hours of the start, the spot was a pile of wreckage.

Earl Howe and Sir Henry Birkin, partners in an Alfa-Romeo, had bad luck in the early hours of Sunday morning, when water poured through a blind gasket into the sump, forcing them to retire from the race.

In this annual motor battle of the nations, British drivers have had five successive victories, but it is at least a consolation to know that a British car was third, and that another British car, an Aston Martin, won the Rudge-Whitworth Cup for the best performance on handicap.



WILL IT BREAK THE WORLD'S ENDURANCE FLYING RECORD? A TRIPLE-ENGINED SARO WINDHOVER MACHINE

According to present plans the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce intends to make an attempt on the world's endurance flying record of 23 days, now held by America, on 7th July. Many elaborate arrangements—amongst them is a new method of refuelling 1,000 gallons in 4 minutes—are being incorporated in the machine, which contains a shower bath and small kitchen, whilst its registered telegraphic address is "Upaloft, London"

REGULAR NIGHT FLYING IS ESSENTIAL TO PROGRESS

Bringing Australia to Within a Week of England—What We Lose by Lagging Behind — America's Extensive Airway System

By COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

UNTIL NIGHT FLYING is developed and practised regularly on the airways, commercial aviation cannot render maximum useful service to industry and trade. This is a fact which has been repeated over and over again ever since the possibility of regular commercial aircraft operations have been proved.

Yet still, on the British airways at any rate, we seem almost as far from regular night services as we were five years ago, while it is no overstatement to say that the United States of America is the only country in the world that has wholeheartedly tackled the problem on an extensive scale.



CAPT. V. E. BREMER PREPARING FOR HIS FLIGHT FROM FINLAND TO SOUTH AFRICA

The Finnish airman, Capt. V. E. Bremer, recently completed an outstanding flight, the first of its kind, Helsinki—Cape Town—Helsinki, in his Armstrong Siddeley Genet-engined Junkers junior machine

This is because Americans saw, right from the first, that the chief use of aviation must be for high-speed mail carriage, while in Europe generally, and the British Empire in particular, mails have been considered subsidiary to passenger work.

The United States offered an ideal testing ground, and, with lavish Government assistance, unceasing technical research; and the courage to go on unfalteringly in the face of apparent failure, America has to-day an airway system that is probably the most extensive in the world.

The main transcontinental airway from New York to San Francisco was the first to be lighted; and to-day practically every important route is properly provided with beacons, while every aerodrome is equipped with lights for night landings.

On the Continent of Europe, the need for night services has been recognised, but shortage of funds has held back development. Nevertheless, many important routes have been equipped for night flying. The notable work done in Germany was ably discussed not long ago in a paper read by Dr. Rudolf Benkendorff, of Berlin, before the Royal Aeronautical Society, and those who are interested in technical details are referred to that paper.

CONTINENTAL PROGRESS

What is important here, however, is that it showed that Germany realises the need for night flying so as to increase the usefulness of the air mail service; and to a slightly lesser extent, France does the same.

What of this country? The position is far from satisfactory. It is true that we are, to a certain extent, dependent upon the development car ried out by our Continental neighbour but the fact remains that no advantag has been taken by British machin of the facilities that already exist.

FOREIGN MACHINES AT CROYDO

The only regular night servic operating to and from Croydon a flown by foreign machines, whil there is no scheduled night service o any of the Empire trunk airway although aircraft do, from time time, take off before dawn and la after dusk. Yet no country stan in greater need of air mail servic The air mail time to both India a South Africa could be shortened, n by hours, but by days, if night flyin were indulged in, and there is technical reason against this.

A little while back it was thoug that night flying could not be regular maintained except on a fully-lighte airway, like those in America. Th late Sir Sefton Brancker, however when Director of Civil Aviation pointed out with characteristic fore when discussing air beacons, that the were unnecessary, for they could n be seen in bad weather, and in goo weather they were superfluous.

RELIABILITY AT NIGHT

Wireless direction finding to enabl the pilot in the air to ascertain position with absolute certainty, one might mention that transmiss and reception of radio is better at night. Other technical advances are in process of being developed that will ultimately make it possible for aircraft to land in fog, or at night in conditions of very low visibility.

Perhaps a slightly greater risk is inherent in these methods; but with mails, as distinct from passengers, such risks are justifiable in the interests of higher speed and the development of technique, as the lessons of American experience teach.

This country stands to gain fro night flying more than any othe We are looking for an expansion inter-Imperial trade, and night a mails, bringing Australia, just t quote one example, within a week o this country, and halving the time to India, can do much to hasten that day and increase its effectiveness when it arrives.

BEACHES AND OLD TOWNS OF NORMANDY

And a Southward Journey to Tours

Dieppe is approached one is struck by the richness of the Norman coast. To the north- t curves toward Le Tréport ; ard there lies, like the gay of a well-stocked garden, a resorts, whose very names— ery en Caux, Veules les Roses, he like suggest a summer ce.

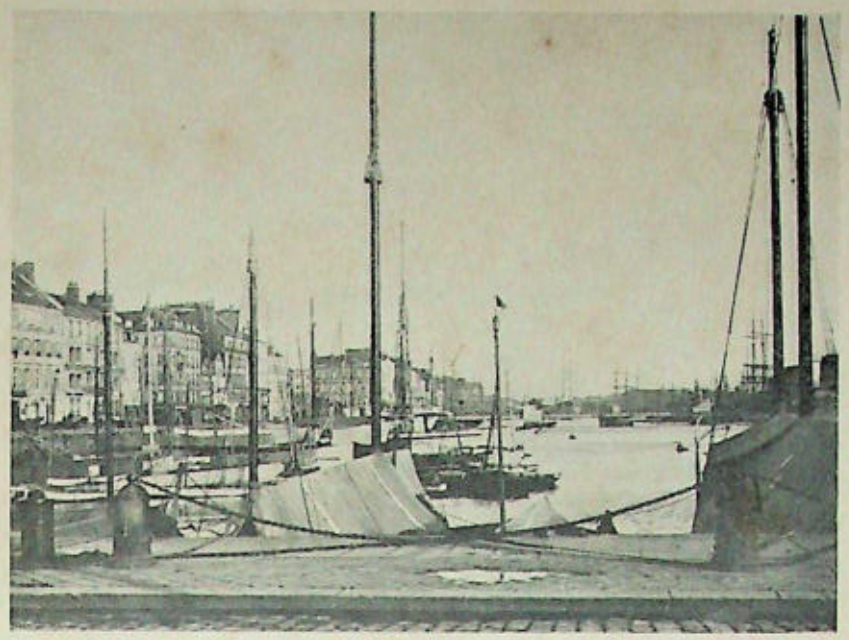
the coast breaks, to allow the hure of the Seine, that same which has swept under the of Paris, past Argenteuil and , which has eddied round the Les Andelys ; widening, it ed past the spires and quays en, finally to meander past Caudebec to the sea.

een the river and the coast s the *pays de Caux*, with a of valleys and woodland. The nal names, the *pays de Caux*, , the Bocage, have not been v have an appropriate odour y and, what is more, their s the individual character of t part of Normandy. This n *departement* forgets or

HER-BEATEN HARFLEUR

pe itself is familiar : the cliffs, ht little harbour, the grey town, sting with the colourful promen- and beaches and the castle. n Dieppe and Fécamp the watering places are best reached l.

Havre has a pleasant seaside Ste-Adresse, with numerous It is close to Harfleur, weather nd somnolent. Now out of the ocean, Harfleur was once shing seaport, and Henry V.



MANY-MASTED LE HAVRE



THE CHATEAU, AMBOISE, "RISING GRACIOUSLY FROM THE RIVER"

barefoot to the church to nks for its surrender. From easing gardens of the château see Honfleur, more active yet venerable ; and all Normandy hing to show more curious than urch of Ste-Catherine.

ville, on the west, is a sedate standing above the sea and o some unusually high cliffs. ble roads lead inland to the Forest of Touques. Coastwise, the road descends through Hennequeville to Trouville which, with Deauville, Villers, Houlgate and Cabourg, now forms one vast resort, of which Deauville is the acknowledged centre.

But, despite this continuity, each place has contrived to preserve its individual nature. Trouville—almost democratic and spontaneous in its pleasures—does not quite overlook the proximity of the farms and market towns of the rearward countryside. Deauville, more exclusive, is perhaps more formal in its amusement.

NORMAN COUNTRYSIDE

All the resorts of this celebrated group have their peculiar characteristics. But at any of them, one is between the sea (it seems an extraordinarily enticing sea) and the smiling Norman countryside. Everywhere there are magnificent hotels—and other, less magnificent, but fully satisfying hotels.

The world plays tennis and polo ; it rides and swims. There is sunbathing and the casino, and for those who wish to travel farther afield, there are the ubiquitous automobiles of the Société Auxilaire de Transports de l'Ouest et du Sud-Ouest. Of course, one does not have to say all that. The French delight in initials, and "S.A.T.O.S." suffices.

Most travellers in France want to visit the châteaux of Touraine, and it is a good plan to combine the frivolous with the historical by taking a fast train southward from the Norman *plages* toward the Loire. The town of Tours is a convenient centre.

From it one can make excursions to Amboise, rising graciously from the river ; to Chenonceaux ; to grandiose Azay and Ussé ; to Loches with its leafy prospects and grim *porte des Cordeliers* ; and to the embattled walls of Chinon.

Tours itself is delightful. Of all cities it is pre-eminently Gallic : it exhibits the French propensities for reconciling the classical façade with the Gothic pinnacle and for moulding nature into elegance. Shops, hotels and entertainments are admirable. While Touraine, of course, has wines which need no literary bush. L. W.

A MODERN "TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH"

The Spa by the Sea

IN the century and a half that have elapsed since Sheridan wrote *A Trip to Scarborough*, that happy town, so splendidly placed upon the sea, has grown vastly in favour with most types of holiday-makers, for it enjoys the double advantage of being a spa where you may drink healing waters, and a seaside resort of fashion and frivolity.

Its old and new town, its sea front and esplanades offer allurements of great variety. You may roam about the fishermen's quarters, where all is odd and fresh to the eye, or join the well-dressed crowd which, especially on a Sunday, acquires an appetite for lunch by a stroll along the South Esplanade.

Scarborough is at once so trim and so modern, so ancient and so picturesque that it is entitled to think well of itself, and who shall gainsay its claim to possess the finest bathing beach in England ?

Few are the spas and fewer still, perhaps, the seaside towns with so long a story behind them—a story illustrated by what remains of the frowning castle on its cliff, which for many centuries has been a Crown possession, after undergoing many sieges.

In this town of many amusements, life in great measure centres around the spa, overlooking the bay. You may be seriously concerned with the North or Chalybeate, or with the South, or salt spring, or having no such needs, you may make it your morning or afternoon lounge, stroll through the picture gallery, listen to one of the first-rate daily concerts, go to the theatre, play billiards or read the papers. Thus the spa is almost a town within a town.

PARKS AND GARDENS

That outer town is full of great attraction, for Scarborough is unusually rich in public gardens. It is an up and down place with graceful bridges over such green chasms as the Valley Park which separates the main part of the town from the South Cliff. The Valley Park is a delightful plesaunce with a stream and lakes. Then there are the Holbeck, St. Nicholas Cliff, and Clarence Gardens, all full of flowers and verdure.

Never empty, Scarborough, with its agreeable temperature and relative absence of rain, is in its highest favour in summer. But, summer or winter, it is impossible to walk through its strangely contrasted sections without realising the romance of its situation.

Unluckily romance came to it in unwelcome form during the Great War, when German dreadnoughts bombarded it.

Both along the coast and inland there is abundant material for excursions. Not far away, for instance, rises the Derwent, with much that is beautiful and interesting upon its banks. P. DE B.

"Allons en Angleterre."—A cunning mixture of English and Continental styles marks the appearance of a brochure recently received from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son. We understand that these booklets are being distributed throughout the Continent, particularly in France, Switzerland, Holland and Germany, as the Cook-Wagons-Lits contribution to the "Come to Britain" Movement. It is certainly a most effective means of attracting foreigners to England, for its striking cover and contents cannot fail to arouse interest. Quaint pen and ink sketches alternate with photographic views of British beauty spots, which are, in turn, described in the language of the country in which the booklet is to be circulated. Additional efforts to focus attention on Britain as a holiday country are being made in the Paris offices of Wagons-Lits-Cook, where the windows are being specially dressed to advertise "Maintenant, Allons en Angleterre," as the brochure is named.



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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDEN

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to q which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and t post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information must not be delivered on Saturday. No fee is charged for these service do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six), be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Ca Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; ano will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Sea Trout from Loch Lomond.—No disease could be found in any of the organs, the only abnormality being the light colour of the flesh and liver. The spleen was darker than usual, but the heart, kidney and other organs appeared normal. No signs of reproduction cells were present, and it would appear from the colour of flesh, liver, etc., that it was a fish which had not fully recovered after spawning.—*W. L. E., Dumbartonshire.*

How to Free a Lake of Flannel Weed.—The use of copper sulphate is a well-known specific for the destruction of algal growths, but it needs to be used very judiciously if damage to trout is to be avoided. Your best plan is to put, say, 2oz. of copper sulphate into a small bag of sacking and pull it about on the surface (from a boat) at the end of a long cord until dissolved. The dose can be repeated at the end of a week after the effect is seen if the first application proves insufficient. Flannel weed usually contains a lot of food in the form of shrimps, etc., so that if fishing can be made possible by raking holes of sufficient size in the mats of weed this is preferable to destruction by a chemical algicide.—*E. K., Yorkshire.*

Trout from Buckinghamshire.—The fish were in good condition as regards shape and colour. All had been feeding heartily on caterpillars which were pale yellow or green. All had the base of the stomach much inflamed, suggesting that the caterpillars had something to do with the trouble. It was not possible to ascertain whether, in fact, the caterpillars were poisonous, but it seems strange to find all specimens showing the same symptoms after feeding on a similar diet. Some caterpillars are rejected by birds and toads for some unknown reason. The jumping out of the water suggests the capture of these caterpillars as they hung from the trees. Fish invariably make for the shallows when sick. We cannot say for certain that the caterpillars were the cause of death, but all the evidence available points to that suspicion. Are there oak or other trees overhanging the pond which are suffering from a plague of caterpillars?—*J. W. C., Bucks.*

The following books dealing with Angling are recommended: "Elements of Angling," by H. T. Sheringham, 7/6; "Fishing: Its cause and cure," by H. T. Sheringham and E. Studdy, 5/- and 2/6; "Where to Fish," by H. D. Turing, 5/-; "Fly Fishing," by J. C. Mottram, 7/6; "Sea Trout," by J. C. Mottram, 6/-; "Practical Letter to Young Sea Fishermen," by John Bickerdyke, 5/-; "A Mixed Bag," by Red Spinner, 3/6. To be ordered at all booksellers or from the Publisher, The Field Press (1930), Ltd., Hatfield Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 1.

Farm

History of Aberdeen-Angus Breed.—Mr. James Sinclair is the author of a comprehensive history of the Aberdeen-Angus breed, which is published by Vinton & Co., Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4. Price 25s. 6d.—*R. D. H., London.*

Culling Hens.—Probably it would not pay to keep these hens on for another laying season, though they may seem in good condition. They would lay some eggs in their third year, but probably not enough to pay for their keep.—*R. C. A., Sussex.*

Combine Hay Baler Tests.—A series of tests has been arranged by the Institute of Agricultural Engineering, St. Giles, Oxford, which has imported a machine this summer. If you communicate with the institute it may be possible to arrange to see the combine hay baler at work.—*L. N., Suffolk.*

Floors for Pig Houses.—Concrete is very generally used for the flooring of pig houses, and if the site is reasonably sunny, well drained and not damp, we should not consider taking up the existing floors to substitute rammed chalk. Possibly the experience of the previous tenant may be a useful guide.—*N., Herts.*

Garlic in Cow Pasture.—Once garlic becomes established in a pasture it is difficult to eradicate. Regular cutting before the weed flowers will help, but the only certain cure is to grub up the bulbs. Ploughing up may be the last resort, but even then the weed persists for some time. It is certainly true that garlic taints the cows' milk.—*M. C. F., Salop.*

Mushroom Growing.—Growing mushrooms for market through the year is an

Farm (*Continued*)

expert business, calling for consid... You may like to consult Bullet... entitled *Mushroom Growing*, pu... the Ministry of Agriculture, price... bulletin is obtainable direct f... Stationery Office, 120, George St... burgh, or through any booksell... *Kinross.*

Saanen Goats.—The original breed... of the Saanen goat is in the Sim... the Canton of Berne, Switzer... breed is common in Germany... acclimatised in England and A... well as Continental countries. An... the Swiss breeds of goats appe... current issue of the *British G... Year Book*, obtainable (price... Secretary, Mr. H. E. Jeffery, ... Diss, Norfolk.

Freezing Test for Milk.—... receiving wide recognition ... scientific single test for detect... of water to milk. Pure m... little in freezing point from —... is stated never to be nea... —0.53 deg. C. Experiments are... ducted at the National Institute ... in Dairying at Shinfield, near Re... we think you will be able to pur... you require from the Eimer and... Company, Third Avenue, 18th an... Street, New York, who supply the ... apparatus, which is recognised offic... America.—*C., Argentina.*

Manufacturing Milk Prices.—D... present month milk producers are ... 4½d. a gallon for surplus milk und... form of contract. This price is b... average wholesale price for th... month of Canadian and New Zea... per lb. less 2d., and has no direct... the market value of the product... tured from this milk, which is... liquid requirements. It is recogn... National Farmers' Union, as well... individual producers, that thi... assessing the value of surplus milk... be allowed to stand for another co... particularly since cheese from the... is not subject to the general ... import duty on milk products.—*L.*

Kennel

Feeding Dogs.—You ask us ra... cult question, because, owing to ... in which the needs of individuals ... breed vary, it is not possible to ... how much food should be allowed... day. Very roughly, we should sug... of 3lb. a day for the Labradors, ... the spaniels; but that would ... subject to modifications accord... condition of the dogs. Hound me... food, but we should also give a... meat fibrine dog cakes, allowin... to have them in a dry condit... require a certain amount of me... should not consider salted herrin... Fresh herrings, cods' heads and s... until the bones are soft, are usef... do not have a certain amount o... or plenty of big bones to gnaw, ... are that they will get pyorrhoe... largely a complaint induced by sof... *Lady F., Forfar.*

Post-Mortem Exami...

Mortality Among Young Ph... Definite evidence of coccidiosis wa... in the birds submitted for inspecti... disease is probably the cause of th... In endeavouring to prevent the sp... disease, the birds that do not ap... affected should be frequently m... clean ground, if possible, and fifte... powdered catechu should be dissol... gallon of their drinking water. ... disinfect all utensils, burn all bir... and do not again use the same ... rearing field until next season.—

Gapes Suspected as Cause ... Pheasant's Death.—The post-m... ings in connection with the bi... inspection indicate that the ... exhibited during its life were not ... presence of gape-worms in the tra... pipe), but to avian diphtheria ... roup), a highly infectious disease d... by the presence of white patches i... and on the tongue. If only th... affected the disease can often be ... if the throat becomes invaded th... to be done is to destroy the bir... the carcass.—*A. B., Marlborough*